

History of Henry County, Illinois

Henry L. Kiner

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HISTORY PUBLISHED.

New Work on Henry County is Delivered By Publishers.

The Henry County histories which were issued during the winter have been delivered to the subscribers whose biographies appear in the volumes. The work is published in two volumes of which one is biographical and the other historical. The historical feature was furnished by Henry L. Kiner of Geneseo, who was assisted by various persons in the different parts of the county. Miss Louise Fitch contributed the notes about Galva, P. J. Stoneberg wrote about the Bishop Hill colony, the Swedish Methodists in Henry county and told of the Sunday School work in the county. James K. Blish of Kewanee was also a contributor. C. M. Cyrus edited the biographical sketches.

The local people did their work well, but there are so many things the matter with the new history that we can't refrain from calling attention to some of them. One thing that will make Galva people sore is that street scenes photographed at least fifty years ago are printed without any explanation of their age, and are apparently representations of present-day conditions. Kewanee is up against the same thing. One page of Woodhull scenes contains two Bishop Hill views. The historical volume is not alphabetically indexed, but that is only an inconvenience.

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HISTORY

OF

HENRY COUNTY

ILLINOIS

1131

By HENRY L. KINER

Also Biographical Sketches of Many Representative Citizens of the County

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME I

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2. Henry County, Ill. - Biog
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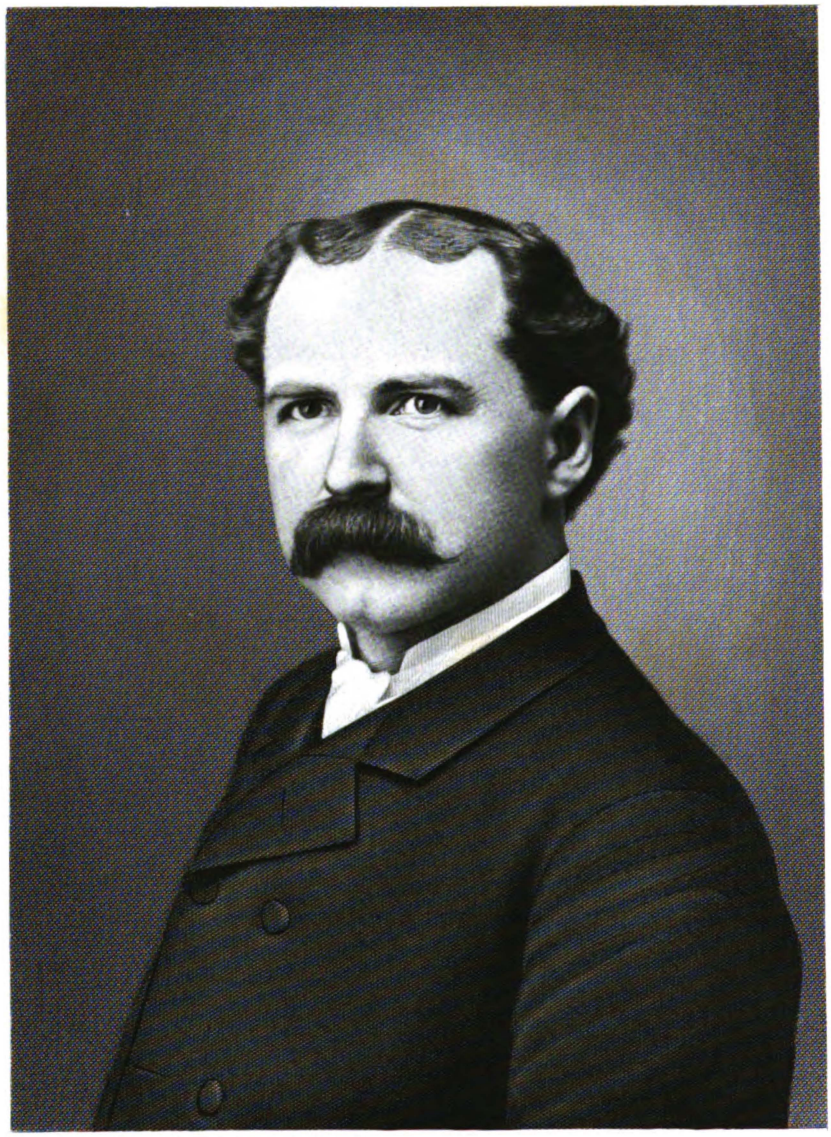

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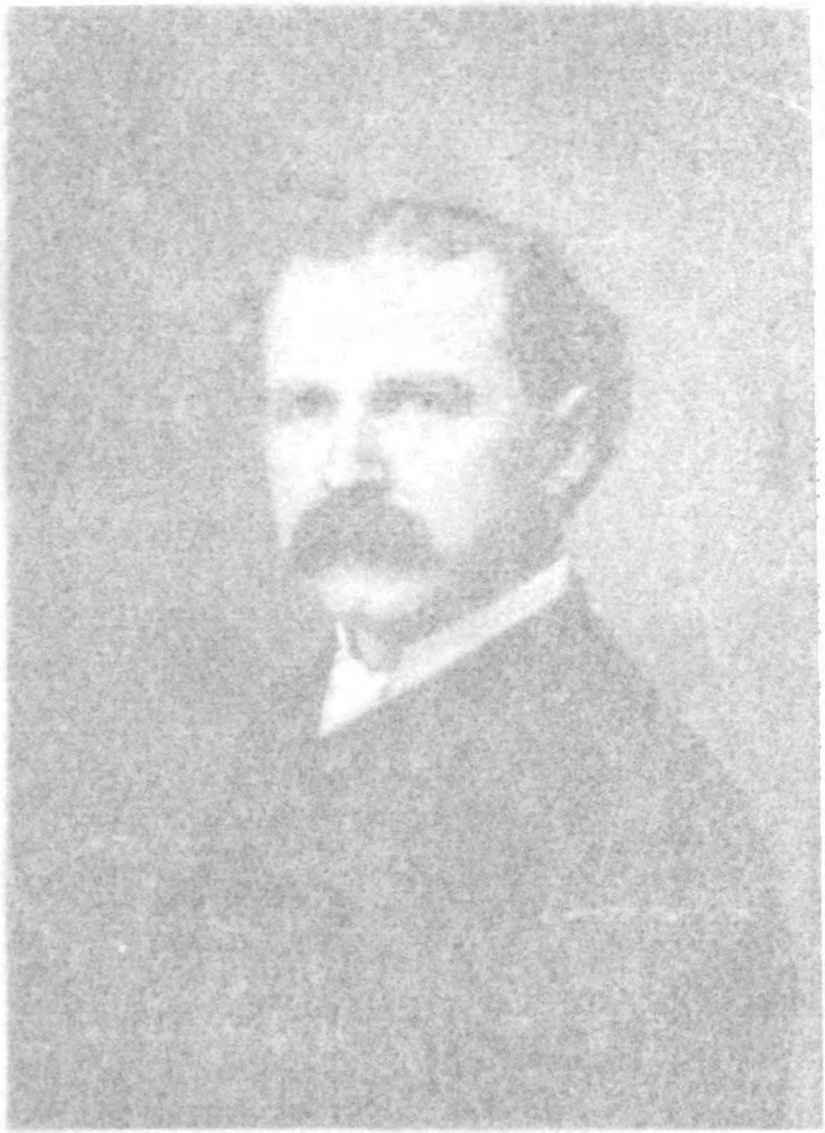

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RING UP THE CURTAIN.

This is a history of Henry county, written up to be read, it is hoped. It is not a compilation of musty records, a gazetteer of places, or a tabulated census report. I have said this somewhere else in the book, which again proves that history repeats.

I made promises in the prospectus, which I have endeavored to make good in this book. I have covered the promised ground.

The curtain rises. The Angel of the Years stands in the mellow radiance, in his hand a book.

"God grant he'll read the good with smiles,
And blot the bad with tears."

HENRY L. KINER.

Geneseo, Illinois, November 9, 1909.

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ODE TO GLENN'S OLD WOODEN PLOW.

BY HENRY L. KINER.

Three yoke of straining oxen toiled o'er the spangled sod;
'Twas springtime in the '30s and the land was fresh from God.
In the rear the virgin furrow shone along the virgin soil—
'Twas the first of multi-millions to reward the yeoman's toil.

Old plow, thy wooden moldboard a statehouse dost adorn;
Thou art the antecedent of untold stores of corn;
The pioneer precursor of a golden gift of wealth,
The harbinger of happiness, of honor, homes and health.

O, origin of opulence, I bow my head to thee!
O, Glenn, you builded better than you knew, it seems to me:
For with this plow you only thought to open up a field,
An Empire rose before you, with all its royal yield!

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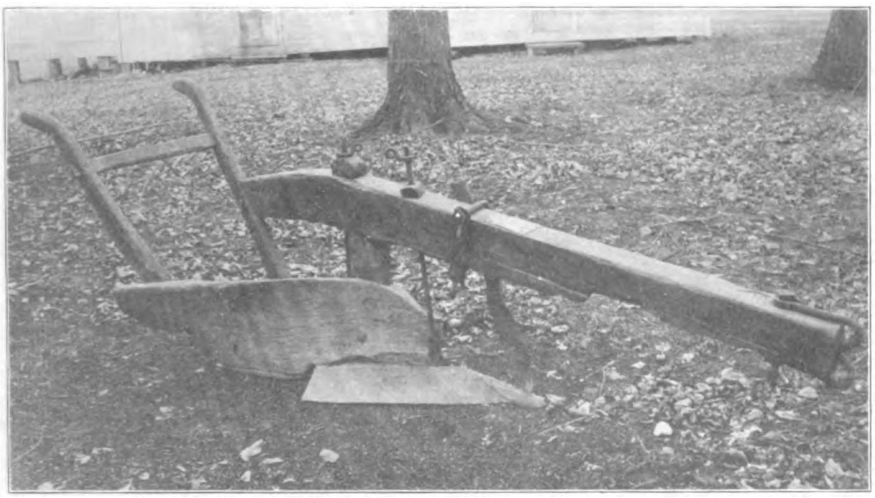

JAMES GLENN'S WOODEN PLOW
Turned first furrow in Henry county, in the spring of 1836, Colona township

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IN THE BEGINNING.

Begin at the beginning:
I abhor all wandering as the worst of sinning.

—LORD BYRON.

Henry County was once a part of the Northwest Territory. This vast region was held by the French, and was sometimes called New France. French Jesuit priests penetrated the country, and France assumed possession by right of discovery. Among these priests were Fathers Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, and Tonti of the iron hand. Tonti died in the Illinois River region, and his body was exhumed within about two decades ago, by workmen making an excavation. The remains were recognized by the iron hand.

These French priests established a fort at Starved Rock, and another at Peoria Lake. The latter was called Fort Clark. It was on the site of the present city of Peoria. These forts were built more than two hundred years ago.

It was Fort Kaskaskia that was later changed to Fort Clark. Fort de Crévecoeur was also known as Fort Saint Louis II, Fort Saint Louis du Pimiteoui, Fort Pimiteoui, and Old Fort Peoria (Pimiteoui, was the name of what is today's Peoria Lake).

The tenure of France existed principally because there was nobody to say them nay. Nobody cared. Nobody took any interest in a vast howling wilderness, which, at that time, nobody dreamed would ever be anything but a howling wilderness. As proof of the slightness with which France held the country, it is on record that she swapped it in 1732 to the Company of the Indies. What she got for it in the swap is not recorded.

It is said that the King of France, being in sore doubt as to what to do with his howling wilderness, consulted a famous soothsayer of the time.

"I see trouble, only trouble! Shoot it!" wailed the clairvoyant from his tranced lips.

Wherefore was the king in sore distress. How could he shoot a howling wilderness?

"Gadzooks! I have it," said His Royal Highness. "I'll trade the howling wilderness for a howling dog, and shoot the dog."

The region was under the control of the Company of the Indies from 1732 to 1759. The governor-general was M. Penier; and M. D'Artaquette was local

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governor. The latter was slain in a battle with the Chickasaws, while fighting in aid of Louisiana.

The Company of the Indies failed. The French again assumed control and title. Then comes the following recorded history:

Illinois at this time was a part of Louisiana and a province of Canada. The Company of the Indies failing, the French government again assumed the control and title to the country.

When the Canadas were ceded to Great Britain, in 1776, by the "Quebec Bill," then all this portion of the Upper Mississippi Valley became a British province, and was placed under the care and government of Canada. Had any of us been pioneers here then we would have been Canadians. The treaty of Paris was in 1763. Thomas Gage was commander-in-chief of the British troops in North America; he issued a proclamation in 1764, permitting the Catholics in Illinois to exercise their worship in the same manner the Catholics did in Canada, and to "travel wherever they pleased, even to go to New Orleans."

In October, 1778, the House of Burgessess of Virginia created the county of Illinois, and appointed John Tod, of Kentucky, civil governor or commander, and authorized "all the civil officers, to which the inhabitants had been accustomed," to be chosen by a majority of the citizens. Then all this county was a province and belonged to Virginia. And John Tod established the first civil government in this valley.

Kaskaskia was settled by the French as early as 1707.

In 1788 Governor St. Clair was made Governor of the entire Northwest Territory, and the seat of government for this vast wild was Marietta, Ohio. The territory was at that time divided into three counties: Hamilton, now Ohio; Knox, now Indiana, and St. Clair, now Illinois. Hence, the student of Illinois history will know that St. Clair county was formed in 1788; is the mother county of all the counties in the State, and is the starting point in tracing county's genealogy in the long line of carving the many counties out of the one.

The next change was that, what is now Illinois became a part of Indiana, and the capital was at Vincennes. This condition of affairs continued until 1809, when a territorial separation was effected, and the Illinois territory was divided into two counties—Randolph and St. Clair. And for two years what is now Henry county was a part of St. Clair county. On the 14th of September, 1812, Madison county was formed, and then the young and old swains of Henry county, had there been any here, would have had to go to Edwardsville to get their marriage licenses. Unless they had adopted the soldiers' plan in the early day and married a squaw. In that case no license was required. The wife was purchased, a pony or two, according to the quality, being the usual price.

January 4, 1817, Bond county was organized, and then this was Bond county. We might have been Bondsmen.

March 22, 1819, Clark county was created; and so little was known of this part of the world that the act creating Clark county fixed the northern line as "extending to the Canada line."

January 31, 1821, Pike county was formed. Then had the reader or any other white man been here, he would have been a Piker!

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January 28, 1823, Fulton county came into existence, and then we would have been Fultonians, if anything.

January 13, 1825, Knox county was organized, and this then included Henry county. The same act, it seems, created Henry county, so far as to give it a name. Whom or what it was named for is problematical.

The law at that time required there should be three hundred and fifty inhabitants in the territory before a new county could be organized. The Legislature often created a county, and provided it should be organized and become in fact a county when the proper population had become residents of the county territory.

In an act of the legislature "forming new counties out of the counties of Pike and Fulton, and attached portions thereof," approved January 13, 1825, section 6 creates Henry county by defining the boundaries.

By an act approved January 15, 1831, "To establish the county seat of Knox county, and for other purposes," the boundaries of Henry county were reestablished and the county attached to Knox county for judicial purposes, until organized.

It was enacted by the legislature January 5, 1835, in section 3 of said act, that the boundary lines of Henry county are defined as follows: "Beginning at the southeast corner of township 14 north, in range 5 east of the fourth principal meridian; thence north between range 5 and 6 east, to the middle of the channel of Rock River; thence down along the middle channel of said river, with the meanders thereof, until it intersects the fourth principal meridian; thence south with the said meridian line to the southwest corner of township 14 north in range 1 east; thence due east on the line between townships 13 and 14 north, to the place of beginning.

These boundary lines made Rock River the entire north and northwest boundary line of the county, and included nearly one-half of the territory of what is now Whiteside county.

By an act approved March 2, 1837, Henry county was organized and the proper commissioners appointed to locate the county seat, and to do and perform such acts as were necessary to enable the county to assume its position as an organized county.

The shifts and devices of the pioneers challenge our admiration, as well as excite our mirth. The first corn planted in Henry county was by Earl P. Aldrich, in the farm he opened north of Geneseo, in the southern edge of the Rock River forest. How the family watched that little cornfield! Deer came up out of the woods at night to nibble at the luscious green plants. A herd of hungry deer would soon despoil a large area of growing corn. No fence will keep a deer out. A running high jump of ten feet is nothing for a deer. So it was necessary to get up in the middle of the night at times to shoo the deer away. I believe that a scarecrow man was rigged up in the center of the field, which effectually kept the deer at bay.

What rejoicing there was when roasting ears were ready! The family had been living on a meat and game diet till all the members were ravenous for vegetable food. With true pioneer thoughtfulness and hospitality the neighbors were invited in. The house was not crowded, though it was far from commodious. The neighbors, like angels' visits, were few and far between. What a royal time

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it was! The cows had made rich milk from the nutritious prairie grass, which was abundant everywhere. So there was plenty of good fresh butter. The green corn and fresh butter were delicious, and it was a feast to be long remembered.

But that was nothing compared to the time of rejoicing which came with the ripened corn! How the family had longed for hot cornbread! Little Henry, the first white child born in Henry county, used to get up in the middle of the night and sneak out to the cornfield to see if the corn was feeling well. He put an extra gun and a club in the arms of the scarecrow man who kept the deer away.

At last this deer-bought field of corn was ripe. With true pioneer hospitality, the Aldriches invited their scattered neighbors to a feast of corn pone.

So eager was everybody for the pone, that nobody thought till the last minute of how the big yellow corn was to be transformed into meal. The first mill in Henry county was built at Andover in the winter of 1836-7. This was twenty-five miles or more distant, which wasn't much of a drive for those days; but the trouble was that this field of corn ripened in the fall of '36, and the mill was built during the following winter, and the machinery set up in the summer of '37.

But, "where there's a will, there's a way." Behold, here came the tug of war. Were common old circumstances to put down and out a family of pioneers, especially when that family had guests invited? Perish the thought!

Somebody grabbed an old tin pail, and an old 10-penny nail. In a remarkably short time the bottom of that pail was punched full of a myriad holes. The corn was not dead ripe,—they hadn't waited for that,—so the grains were rigid and firm in the ear. The strong hands of the pioneer rasped the golden ears over the bottom of that old pail, which pail was held firmly between the pioneer legs, and a golden shower of meal went through upon the white cotton cloth below. Whether the latter was a table spread or a bedspread or both, I have been unable to discover; but that makes no odds.

A shout of delight hailed the great mound of meal. The grating did not cease till the pail was full to the top.

Then a fresh difficulty arose.

To the consternation of all hands and the cook, there was not a sieve to sift the meal!

Must all be lost? Must the banner of the pioneer trail in the dust of defeat? To quote the great Constantine, "Nix cum arouse!"

The genius of the pioneer woman arose to the occasion.

Mrs. Earl P. Aldrich raised her right hand in token of triumph. All gasped and shut up, while that ingenious lady walked to a corner of the cabin, raised the lid of a box, and produced her best leghorn bonnet. This bonnet was woven in open lattice work. Into it Mrs. Aldrich dumpt a quart of the meal, and this was followed immediately by a vigorous shaking.

Well, nobody would have believed, to look at that meal, that it had not been sifted through a sieve made for the purpose. The golden meal glowed and radiated in the golden sunshine, and in a remarkably short time all the meal was sifted, all the pone was baked, all the hot baking was buttered, and the whole regal feast disposed of.

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Talking of this meal reminds the writer of the paucity or lack of all manner of common conveniences during those pristine periods of the past. The family meal of flour, brought from the far off mill at Andover, or yet farther off miles away up the winding rivers, just had to be set outside the little cabin in a barrel, because of the cluttered condition within. Some cabins, 10 by 12 feet in dimensions, with bed, cookstove, table, chairs and other plunder, hardly afforded a space for a person to dress and undress. I attended an old settler's meeting once in which somebody told a story. I know who it was; but refrain from mentioning his name because he "fired up" once, when I gave him credit for a certain story about "buying out a circus." I don't want him to burn out his carburetter. This gentleman was staying over night with a pioneer. He had a bed in a corner on the floor. He was just dozing off when he heard the pioneer wife ask,

"Hiram, did you turn the chickens?"

"Forgot it," drawled Hiram. He got out, and went outside.

Next night the storyteller heard the same conversation. He had been wondering all day what was meant by "turning the chickens." His curiosity was roused to that pitch that he wriggled to the door, and cautiously peeked out.

The pioneer's poultry was roosting on the meal barrel. Some had their heads in; some out. The pioneer was carefully turning all those whose heads were out.

FIRST CORN.

Some claim that a man named Buttler, who settled at White Oak Grove, was the first man to raise corn in Henry county. It is likely that Buttler and Earl P. Aldrich each had a patch of corn in the fall of '36. James Glenn might have raised a patch of sodcorn in 1835, as he settled on section 20, in what is now Colona township, in April of that year. James Glenn, however, was busy that April of 1835 in erecting a house. This house was undoubtedly the first house in Henry county. James Glenn continued to live on the farm he got direct from the government until his death within the last decade. The next house was built by the man Buttler, at White Oak Grove. He sold out in the fall of 1835, and was lost track of. He probably felt crowded, with Glenn just a few miles away, and pulled out for the vast, illimitable, changing west. The house which Buttler built is believed to be yet standing, near the residence of Dan Moore.

While James Glenn was planning his house, and plunking away at the walls and roof, his neighbor, Dr. Baker, dwelt in his wagon. Baker was the laziest white man in Henry county. He used to loll around, watching Glenn work, and feeling afflicted at the sight. It is told of Baker that he came upon a man making rails one warm day. He begged of the man to quit till he got by, as it injured him deeply to see a man working in hot weather.

How as lazy a man as Baker ever came to be the initial Caucasian in Hustling Henry, is "yant our ken." The writer has heard of but one lazier man than this pioneer of Henry. His name was John Hole. He was so lazy that he compelled his wife to write all his letters. He signed them with a J for John, and then punched a hole in the paper.

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Speaking of the first cereals, a man named Washburne is credited with raising the first wheat. Others sowed wheat the same fall; but Washburne beat them to it. When the mill at Andover was completed, Washburne turned up with the first grist. Washburne's was recorded as the first grist for which toll was taken, after the bolt was put in.

Before the Andover mill got to running, a mill had got under way on Spoon River, in Knox county. Many early settlers from far and wide over the billowing seas of yellow prairies, went to Spoon River for their Spoon victuals.

COUNTY ORGANIZATION.

Major James M. Allan originated the separate organization of Henry county. Major Allan was given to long horseback rides. He emigrated from Kentucky to Geneseo by this primeval mode of locomotion. His was a majestic figure on horseback. He suggested General Winfield Scott in appearance astride a steed. Major Allan, however, was a commanding figure anywhere. Over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, broadshouldered, keen-eyed, he was a man to look back after when passed on the street. His eyes were deepset beneath overhanging brows, and his eyebrows were long and pendant, giving him a piercing look. His voice was rolling and majestic, in keeping with his person. When he spake, every word seemed to weigh a ton.

The Major, having found that the people were with him in his idea of separate organization, decided to get aboard a horse and visit the legislature, to have the necessary act passed. The legislature then met at Vandalia, away south two hundred and fifty miles. Amid the enthusiastic cheering of the populace gathered at Brandenburg's Tavern, the major bestrode his gallant horse one pleasant day in 1837, and the noble steed galloped airily out of sight across the country.

> "Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay
> With the Major two hundred and fifty miles away,
> From the Vandals of Vandalia."

That poetry will content persons addicted to Alfred Austin, present poet laureate of England.

Over the plains, the pampas, the prairies, away to the South, through Knoxville, Peoria, Tremont, Springfield, sleeping as chance afforded, in a wayside cabin, or by the wayside rolled in the saddle blanket, with the saddle for a pillow and healthful weariness for a sedative, he finally reached Vandalia.

Compare our facilities now, with this. Were the gallant major alive now, his resonant voice could be heard in Vandalia, while he sits in Geneseo. He could call up the member from this district, and converse with him as fully and freely and distinctly, with all the variant tones and inflections and subtile shades of meaning, as if they stood face to face! It is wonderful, even if we have grown callous of the marvel by constant use. Flying machines will follow. Tennyson melodiously predicted these when writing Locksley Hall, seventy years ago:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

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ONE OF THE FIRST LOG CABINS IN THIS PART OF HENRY COUNTY
Built in the fall of 1836, one mile east of Kewanee. Dismantled a few years ago



FIRST TWO-STORY RESIDENCE, KEWANEE

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...ction was held at Bran...
...commissioners, sheriff, ...
...John P. Hanna, Charle...
...and Arba M. Seymour ...
...In contemplating t...
...who lost his temper with ...
...a comrade when star...
...the crime of killing ...
...you went and ate up ...
...Here, there were only ...
...one of them! What'll t...
...an embarrassing situation ...
...kicked out of the precinct b...

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Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through a thunder-storm!"

Imagine the old stars and stripes flaring fierce in the fiery fusillade of the lightning, "plunging through a thunder-storm," in a dead sea after some flying foe, with a cyclone climbing toward the seat of action from the sultry and sullen southwest! If that isn't a thriller, I contend that it is a mighty good imitation of one.

As a result of Major Allan's activity on behalf of the people, an enabling act was passed March 2, 1837. Commissioners were appointed to locate and name a county seat. These were Francis Voris, of Peoria county; Jonas Rewalt, of Fulton county; and Isaac Murphy, of Warren county.

ELECTION NO. I.

The first election was held at Brandenburg's Tavern on June 19, 1837, to elect three county commissioners, sheriff, coroner, surveyor and recorder. Judges of election were John P. Hanna, Charles Atkinson, and Roderick R. Stewart. James M. Allan and Arba M. Seymour were clerks.

Voters were few. In contemplating this first election, I am reminded of the Colorado judge who lost his temper with a poor fellow who was on trial for having slain and eaten a comrade when starving in the wilderness.

"It isn't so much the crime of killing the man," fumed the judge; "but what I look at is that you went and ate up one-third of the voting strength of the entire county! Here, there were only three voters in the county, and you had to go and eat up one of them! What'll the county do if there's a tie? What will relieve such an embarrassing situation? Hanging is too good for you. You ought to be kicked out of the precinct by a blind mule. I've a good mind to do it myself!"

The prisoner promised to fetch in a fresh voter within a few days, and the judge let him go.

The result of this old-time election is printed below, just as it has been conscientiously swiped from the records:

For Commissioners	No. of votes.
Ithamar Pillsbury	54
Philip K. Hanna	55
Joshua Browning	43
Rufus Hubbard	21
Recorder	
Joshua Harper	24
Thomas R. Saunders	22
Eben Townsend	11
Surveyor	

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Arba M. Seymour 58
Sheriff
Robert McCullough 31
Stephen Marshall 24
Coroner
R. R. Stewart 58

We will give the entire list of voters in the order in which they voted: George Brandenburg, Samuel Sullivan, David Wiley, Washington B. Colbert, Samuel Withrow, John L. Smith, Thos. R. Saunders, Smith Bennett, John McLinn, Henry Sullivan, Jas. Withrow, Neely Withrow, George A. Colbert, Edward C. Hall, Preston Browning, Alfred Beck, George Tyler, George Goyer, Edward A. Mix, Thos. Miller, William Hite, Elisha Cone, Cromwell K. Bartlett, Wm. C. Bartlett, William H. Hubbard, John Sullivan, Henry G. Little, Ithamar Pillsbury, Eben Townsend, Albert Jagger, William S. Woolsey, Adrian Van Winkle, Alfred Ball, Thos. Glenn, Earl P. Aldrich, Stephen Marshall, Anthony Hunt, Solomon Penny, Caleb Pillsbury, Jesse Woolsey, Wm. Potts, Samuel Clark, Jerome Brittain, Ebenezer Walters, Joshua Browning, Geo. McHenry, Robt. McCullough, Jas. P. Dodge, Wm. McNevin, Philip K. Hanna, Joshua Harper, Rufus Hubbard, John P. Hanna, Chas. Atkinson, Roderick R. Stewart, Jas. M. Allan, Arba M. Seymour, Reuben Cone.

EARLY PREACHERS.

Rev. Philip K. Hanna and Rev. George A. Colbert will be remembered as the earliest Methodist ministers. In those days the circuit rider was a feature of the landscape. With his well-equipped saddle bags and his stout horse, he pervaded the prairie and forest, carrying glad tidings of great joy to the scattered populace. He even ante-dated the gaudy red peddler wagon, with its glittering tinware and huge hummocks of rag bags, and the Italian image vender with a barn door covered with plaster paris eidolons, balanced upon his otherwise useless head. At first these preachers gathered their congregations in the groves, which Bryant calls "God's first temples." In the winter they gathered in a settler's cabin. Later on, they flocked to the district schoolhouses.

Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury was the first Presbyterian preacher. He was a very hero in worldly matters, also, looking always to the best good, both temporal and spiritual, of his people, and of all the people. He was a great power for good.

The writer remembers Rev. P. K. Hanna distinctly, having, as a very young man, met the reverend gentleman when a very old man. The preacher was tall and slender, a distinguished bearing was his, and an appealing presence. He was always dressed in black, and looked the typical clergyman. There was something the matter with one of his eyes, or it seemed so to me. It appeared to look always straight ahead, while its neighbor revolved. I was too modest to ask about it.

One of the well-remembered preachers and teachers of early Geneseo was Rev. S. H. Waldo. He was of a later generation than Hanna and Colbert.

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For many years while on the downward slope of life, he taught a private school in Geneseo. Along about war time and after, his school was popular. Nearly every youngster in Geneseo attended Prof. Waldo's school at one time or another. He was of the strict and severe type. Tall, straight, reverend of aspect, rigid of feature, he was a terror to young scamps. It is not likely that a more intense quality of human dignity was ever wrapped up in one human epidermis.

His active brain wore every atom of hair-root from the interior of his skull. Then he got a wig. This he wore with profound majesty. Men and women live today who once regarded that wig with suppressed awe. Still they loved the old man. I loved him with the rest, and I do most earnestly revere his memory.

But I cannot dismiss the good old man without relating an incident in which he was the central figure.

It was the day of the linen "duster." Man arrayed his form in a long yellow garment that covered his anatomy from head to heels. A group of men standing around talking politics, looked from a distance like a village of Indian tepees. Prof. Waldo clung to his long after other men had abandoned theirs. One day he came upstairs to The News office, in Blackiston's block, Geneseo. It was in the prime of summer-time, and Prof. Waldo wore his duster. Also his wig, and a wide-brimmed hat.

Now, the printers, somewhat in defiance of the dignity of the editor of The News, were given to playing pranks upon each other. One Lew Thomas had taken a very large and very decayed eggplant, which some farmer had left a month before to get a puff for its size, fastened it over a doorway with a string attachment, the string being tied to a dark silk thread drawn across so that a very tall man would run into it. Jack Christian, foreman, a London-born cockney, was six feet four inches high, and when his lofty brow thumped the thread, something happened to him. For several minutes he was not himself, that is, he was not a Christian. He laid for Lew, and affixed a tottering tub of water over the transom at the head of the stairs to souse Lew. But Prof. Waldo hit the stair trail just ahead of Lew.

In the scene which ensued I did not wish to take a hand; but I had to. The descending tub knocked Prof. Waldo's hat and wig off, and drenched his duster, so it clung to his gaunt frame in a most absurd fashion. He was certainly the most instantly and thoroughly transformed man I ever beheld. The printers could not refrain from laughing. I hustled the good old man into my private office, where I explained that it was unintentional as far as he was concerned. Explained and explained to the sound of roaring laughter in the next room, and when I was blue with savagely suppressed emotion. I believe I never suffered for a laugh as much as then, before or since. And that dear old man sternly regarding me out of suspiciously acute eyes, with his duster clinging clammily to his thin legs, and his wig hastily put on hind end to, and all skewhaw!

OTHERS OF THE WELL-REMEMBERED.

Major James M. Allan was a power in the land. Not only was he a great influence for progress in the prairie days; but for all his long life. A monument

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county from east to west. A more immediate monument is the John C. Hammond Hospital, which elegant and commodious structure was built for a private home by Major Allan. He subsequently disposed of it; it became the North-Western Normal school, conducted by Cook and Stevens, and later was purchased by the philanthropic "Johnny" Hammond, and presented to the city for use as a hospital. This purpose it serves in a most satisfactory manner. John C. Hammond, the donor, died in the hospital his bounty had provided, in 1908. So well was he beloved that the city of Geneseo, at request of Mayor Kiner, suspended all business during the hours of the funeral. He was a true son of his grand old father, Joseph Hammond, who built, furnished and presented to the city the fine public library, at a cost of eleven thousand dollars.

Major Allan was the first county clerk. He was a central figure in all the movements toward the settling and civilizing of the future great agricultural county of Illinois. Though austere in manner, he could unbend and become a most genial comrade. He was a frequent visitor to the sanctum of the old Geneseo News office. His mind was alert and active upon all subjects of interest to mankind. I recall the great comet of 1881. This vast phantom of the skies was a source of wonder and investigation to Major Allan. He got the writer interested. Each of us read every book on astronomy we could get hold of, and every newspaper and magazine article. We would sit and argue, and disagree, and compromise, and grow warm, and cool off, and get mixed, the while the printers were vainly appealing for copy. Comets didn't come often, and when they were around, they had to be attended to. I recall one bold theory of the Major's. He got the idea that the tail of the comet does not stream out behind; but that it is ahead of the body. I fancied the phantom rushing through space with inconceivable velocity, the great fan-like tail flaring out behind, just as it would be with a torch held on high, by a man running swiftly. We argued hours on that subject.

My old friend John A. Douglass, of Munson, and his family were camping out on Penny's Slough about the time of the comet, and while digging for fishworms in a little run, came upon the bones of some extinct monster. These were exhumed, and cleaned, and left at The News office to be seen of the multitude. The teeth indicated a beast of prodigious proportions. The upper grinders weighed seventeen pounds, and the lower grinders twenty-four pounds. Portions of the jawbone in which these teeth fit, were still intact. The teeth were in a fine state of preservation. There were two enormous horns, not tusks, but hollow horns. One of these had probably been exposed to the air a good while, and was badly decayed. The other was in good condition. Major Allan took an unending interest in these relics. I can see him now, down on his "hunkers" on the floor, going over and over every detail of these bones and teeth for the thousandth time, and deducing theories as to what the beast was like. For a time he leaned to the idea that it was a species of elephant. At first we each believed the remains to belong to a mastodon; but we found articles descriptive of that huge animal which upset that theory. As no scientist had ever located the elephant upon any part of the North or South American continents, the hazard was bold to place one in the northern end of one of the northern states. I believe we never did get this subject satisfactorily settled.

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YE BONIFACE OF ELD.

George Brandenburg of Dayton, in Hanna township, was the first innkeeper of Henry county. His house of call was on the old Rock Island and Dixon mail stage line. This ancient hostelry was prominent in most of the earliest affairs of Henry county. It was from here that Major Allan started on his famous two hundred and fifty mile ride to Vandalia, to have the county organized. It was here that the first election was held. It was around the huge drum stove of the big public room of the tavern that all questions of public policy were discussed. Hither came the politician, the preacher, the poet and the practitioner. Hither came the story-tellers with their tales of "hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field." How the historian could lighten his labors, and enlighten his neighbors with these tales of eld!

Years and years ago, I rounded up one of these ancient story-tellers. He was grizzly, grim, the last of his race. He was weak and old. I urged him to give me just one tale, the fiercest and most fatal experience of his long and hazardous life. I implored him to make it short. I was afraid he would die before he finished.

"Once upon a time," he began in the fine old way of the ancient story-teller, "I was prospecting for gold in a narrow canyon. Night was coming on. I was very tired. I built a fire to fry some bacon. That was a fatal error. A band of hostile savages saw my smoke. They crept up the canyon. I had eaten my bacon, and was stooping to drink from the sparkling brook that babbled down the valley, when Zip-Zip-Whiz! came a flight of arrows. When I arose, which was immediately, my hat resembled a pincushion. The Indians had shot at my head; but didn't consider the reflection of the bright water, so shot too high. They never touched me. Throwing all my soul into my legs, I went up the canyon by leaps and bounds. Yelling like a flock of shingle mills, the savages came tumbling after. Narrower and narrower the huge walls of the canyon closed in. Soon I could spread my arms, and touch each side. The great stone walls were a hundred feet in the perpendicular. I ran on and on. I came at last to where the canyon abruptly closed in a sheer mass of rock that seemed to touch the evening sky. The Indians were right in my rear."

"Why, what did you do?" I gasped, as he paused to fill his lungs; "didn't they——what?"

"Course, I couldn't get out o' that. They killed me," he responded, quietly.

Roderick R. Stewart was the boniface of the first tavern in Geneseo. He conducted an hostelry much superior to the average hotels of the time. He was an impartial magistrate, a competent public officer. He provided good food and clean beds for the wayfarer. His own exalted character created an atmosphere of superiority in the house, in which the braggadocio and the vile cowed into silence.

Two of the old-time inns of Geneseo yet exist. One, the American House

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Without denying to these inns and bonifaces of ye olden time their full meed of praise, yet it cannot be denied that the Dean of Geneseo Landlords was Uncle Abram Miller. Mr. Miller married a daughter of Southworth, a Spring creek farmer. For a generation he conducted an hotel which made Geneseo a favorite stopping-place over Sunday for the hosts of traveling men all over northern Illinois. On Saturday afternoons they would begin to flock in. The traveling public was unanimous in voting the Geneseo House the most homelike hotel in the state.

The Millers are a race of innkeepers. Abram Miller's three sons became innkeepers. Ira C. and C. Burd Miller conducted the Geneseo House after the death of their father, always maintaining it at its high standard. Clint, the youngest, kept hotel in Minnesota, Michigan and elsewhere. The writer and family were with Clint a week when he ran the big La Fayette summer resort hotel, at Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis. This hostelry had a southern piazza as long as two city blocks. Dances were held on the piazza.

The first Geneseo House was part log, part frame. It burned. The second was all frame. It burned. The third was brick. It burned. These hotels were on Main street, at the site of the Swedish Lutheran church. The fourth Geneseo House is down town, corner State and Second streets.

The old Harrington House burned on the site of the present Geneseo House. The night of the fire, Forepaugh's circus was in town, and the acrobats and manager were ensconced in the house. No fatalities occurred at any of these fires.

The writer made his home with the Millers for nine years. He feels justified in pronouncing them ideal home-makers for the wayfarer.

"And sometimes in the weary round
Of life, since did my life begin,
I've sighed to think I've always found
My warmest welcome at an inn."

GONE, BUT UNFORGOTTEN.

Eben Townsend was a stanch figure, to the fore in the early days. His habitat was Andover. He was already old; but he was iron-willed, and made things hum. He was of strong individuality. Henry G. Little, whose habitat was Kewanee, was a strong central figure in the limelight of the long ago. He was often elected to places of public trust. Jesse Woolsey might have been registered among the landlords, for he kept a public house at Andover. Then there was Joshua Harper, a cousin, I have been told, of Harper Brothers, the great publishers of New York. Mr. Harper was a true gentleman of the old school. Tall, elegant of dress, refined of manner, benignant of feature, he was a man far above the average of men in every good respect. He built a typical gentleman's country seat on East Main street, Geneseo, where he died a quarter of a century since, full of years and honors. I recall the fact that workmen, putting the house in repair for the Ben Ward family, which family yet occupies the premises, came upon a mine of ancient literature in the loft. They brought an armful of it to my editorial office. There

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CABIN BUILT IN 1837 BY ABNER B. LITTLE, KEWANEE



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each one, poured the jars
That did the trick. The boys
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were copies of the first edition of the Geneseo Republic, and of a local paper issued from the loft of the old VanWinkle grain warehouse. The editor of the latter paper rests beneath a modest monument in our beautiful cemetery of Oakwood.

Hyatt, first editor of the Republic, became a millionaire through the invention of celluloid. This substance, which has entered so largely into the manufacture of manifold articles, was thought out, combined and perfected by this man Hyatt. He got the substance patented under the name of celluloid, and immedately the whole world was laid under tribute. Everything made of celluloid had to contribute to Hyatt's coffers. And every year new uses are found for it. It is only within a score of years that it has been used for cuffs and collars. I well recall the first of these I ever saw. Lem Watkins kept a dry goods store where the Farmer's National Bank of Geneseo is now. He bought a lot of celluloid collars and cuffs; but he couldn't make the boys believe that they wouldn't sweat out and wilt down like other collars. Lem vowed and vummed; but it was useless. He even published a challenge in the Geneseo News, offering to give anybody a collar and pair of cuffs if they could wilt them with perspiration, or if the goods couldn't be cleaned instantly with a sponge to look like new.

No good. The boys believed it a guy, and refused to buy and be laughed at. Then Lem lit onto a new idea. He got half a dozen fruit-jars, put a collar and pair of cuffs into each one, poured the jars full of water, and set them in the front window. That did the trick. The boys would go in, handle the collars that had lain in water for days, find them all to the right, and buy instanter.

FIRST COURT.

The county was organized June 19, 1837. On June 27, 1837, the commissioners met at Brandenburg's Tavern, in Dayton, and after being qualified, the first county commissioner's court for Henry county was formally opened. James M. Allan was appointed clerk, Robert McCullough going on his bond for one thousand dollars. Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, one of the commissioners, administered the oath of office to Major Allan, and the court was ready. Charles Atkinson was made treasurer, took oath and gave bonds.

The clerks and treasurers of counties up to this time were appointed by the commissioners, but by an act of the legislature, February 7, 1837, those offices were made elective from and after the August election of 1837. Accordingly at that election (August 7, 1837), the people returned Mr. Allan to the clerkship, and Mr. Atkinson was elected treasurer. At the September term of the commissioners' court (September 4, 1837), the clerk gave bond in same amount as before, with Robt. McCullough and John P. Hanna as sureties. No record is discovered of treasurer's bond or surety.

The first recorded order of the court was on June 27, 1837, authorizing Charles Atkinson [illegible]

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the direction of the supervisor. One-half of one per cent. was fixed as the rate of taxation upon pleasure carriages, horses, cattle of every description, watches, wagons, hogs, sheep. Mules, clocks, and other property that might be mentioned, went "scot-free" it seems. A road tax of one dollar and twenty cents was placed upon each taxable quarter section of land. At a term of the commissioners' court, held March 5, 1838, every legally ablebodied man was required to work on the road five days in a year. On application for a license to sell goods being handed in, George Brandenburg, for the snug little sum of five dollars, was permitted to merchandise in Dayton. Later in the day, on a similar application, Geo. Tyler was authorized to run an opposition establishment in Cleveland. These were the beginnings of the commercial enterprise of the county. On the second day of the court the county was divided into five road districts.

No. 1 included townships 16, 17, 18, N. 1 and 2 E.
No. 2 included townships 14, 15, N. 1, 2 and 3 E.
No. 3 included townships 14, 15, N. 4 and 5, E.
No. 4 included townships 16, 17, N. or so much as is S. Green River 3, 4, 5, E.
No. 5 included townships 17, 18, or so much as is N. Green River 3, 4, 5, E.

COUNTY SEAT.

Richmond was the first county seat. This was in Munson, at the geographical center of the county. Major James M. Allan had located the spot, by riding to a government tree in the Spring Creek woods, which marked a survey, and counting the steps of his horse due west to section 17, 16, 3. He bought section 17, gave the county one hundred and twenty acres, and Richmond, a knoll upon an uninhabited prairie, became the county seat. Geneseo, Andover, Dayton and Ford Town, the latter a long-forgotten staked-out town on Spring Creek, were in the lists for the county seat. After locating the county seat in the midst of the prairie flowers, the commissioners fared to Andover, where they lodged, and supped, and made out their bills for finding the county seat. They then went home. Voris charged thirty-six dollars for twelve days; Raywalt, thirty dollars for ten days; Murphy, twenty-one dollars for seven days.

The records show that Major Allan had a partner in the county seat matter, as the deed for one hundred and twenty acres gift land to the county is signed by James M. Allan and Gilbert C. R. Mitchell. The deed is of date October 16, 1837.

October 17th the commissioners assembled, to formulate plans concerning the county seat. The surveyor was empowered to lay out and make a plat of the town. For this he was to have forty dollars. The surveyor laid out a quarter section, forty acres for the Allan interest, one hundred and twenty acres for the county. The lots were four by eight rods, with streets six rods wide. A public square or park was provided for, on both sides. Three choice lots were granted to George Harris, provided he would erect a hotel by June 1st of the year following. Harris was also to have three other choice lots, which he was to pay for in labor.

Harris hiked around, and got the hotel up. A big sale of lots in Richmond was advertised for the first Wednesday in June, 1838, in papers of Peoria, Chicago, Canton and Galena. Prior to this vendue, a private sale was ordered, first class

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lots for fifty dollars; second class, twenty-five dollars; one-third down, balance in six months. It was also ordered that a proposition to build a temporary court-house be received at the December term of court, the building to be eighteen by twenty-four feet, a story and a half high. There is nothing to show that propositions were made at that term; but at the term, of December, 1837, the clerk was ordered to let the job to the lowest bidder. Geo. Harris got the job. He built the courthouse and his hotel during the ensuing year, though neither structure was fully finished. The hotel was thirty-six by forty feet, two stories high. This was the most commodious hotel in the county in 1838.

Something suspicious must have got into the air; for we find that at the June term, 1838, the commissioners pledged the faith of the county to give back to buyers of lots their money, if the county seat be moved. Sales were slow and seldom. The clerk was ordered to sell to the best advantage he could. August, 1838, the term of office of the first commissioners came to an end. Marcus B. Osborn, Sylvester Blish and John P. Hanna were elected to succeed them. According to an act of the legislature, lots were drawn to determine the tenure of the officeholders: In this manner it was fixed that Osborn was elected for three years; Blish, two; Hanna, one.

George Brandenburg was paid twelve dollars for furnishing courtroom for one year. Justice was not blind to the fact that economy is wealth. However, to enhance the importance of Richmond, it was ordered at the regular December term that henceforth all county elections must be held at the county seat. There was an uneasy feeling that George Harris might get lonesome and light out of Richmond, leaving the hotel and courthouse to the wolf and the complaining owl. The August election, 1838, rounded up just seven voters in Richmond. The order compelling people to vote at Richmond only was repealed on June 17, 1838. At this term of court it was ordered that our representative in the legislature should put up a protest because Henry county had suffered materially with not having any circuit court since her organization. So a term of circuit court was held the next spring, when just ten cases appeared on the docket. One of these was a criminal case. A counterfeiter had been nabbed. This chap had to be guarded day and night, or sent to some other county to prison. So, it was ordered that proposals for building a jail be received on January 1, 1839. The proposals were all too high, and court adjourned without making a contract. Here forges to the front again the old reliable George Harris. It was a good bargain that was hit off with Harris, and we find a subtle recognition of the rising value of Harris in the eyes of the authorities, in the fact that they then began to write his name George W. Harris. George W. was to have the jail done by September next.

But the jail was never built.

Circuit court convened in April, 1839, with Judge Thomas Ford on the bench, and James M. Allan, clerk. The impenitent counterfeiter, weary and heavy-laden with irons and long watching for a chance to make his exit, took a change of venue to Ogle county. The court adjourned, with the counterfeiter, to the George W. Harris Hotel. Here comes another culprit into the records, though what he did to get into the limelight is not apparent. The

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brotherly steel when, for the first time in the history of Henry county, there arose upon the air that awful cry of

"Fire!"

The fire must have been attending to business a good while before the unthronged streets of Richmond rang to the loud alarum bells, brazen bells—which the same was the dinner bell—for the conflagration was beyond control.

Then there was gathering in hot haste, and cheeks went pale at the very apparent proposition that Richmond's hotel district was doomed. The courthouse being in close proximity to the hotel, was soon a sheet of flame. There being no chance to save anything, it must have been a dismal sight for the pioneers, to stand helplessly by, and watch the wild west wind send the flames into the austral air.

The two prisoners hopped hot-footed to the woodpile, and wielded the ax upon their binding ties. The rivets were beheaded, and the men were free. They at once jumped into the hotel, and aided the other people in getting the furniture and utensils out. To the credit of these two men be it recorded that they worked like Trojans, and made no effort to escape.

Right here the records present a pathetic bit of detail. I quote:

"Porter, the counterfeiter, who was a small man, attempted to take down the coats hanging in the barroom. One of them belonged to Abram Miller, of the Geneseo House. He found he could not get it down without tearing the loop. This he thought a pity to do, and ran out to get a stool to stand on so as to reach the hook. When he returned, the tail of Abram Miller's coat was in a blaze. He succeeded, however, in carrying to a place of safety a small stand, in the drawer in which was the complimentary document which afterward enabled a jury of twelve men to order him cared for at public expense at Alton for the term of one year."

This was certainly a case of the eagle seeing his own feather in the arrow which killed him.

That coat of Abram Miller's! The poor fellow should have thought twice before acting as he did. This reminds me of the boy whose father insisted that he should, under all circumstances, think three times before acting once.

The old man was standing backed up to the open fireplace, preaching this precept at Johnny, when the boy began with monotonous deliberation, thus:

"I think once."

A pause, to let the sentence soak in.

"I think twice."

Another soaking.

"I think three times, that your coattail is on fire!"

The old man had just time to get out of the garment, and fling it in the grate.

Here a cloud rises in the sky. Though the courthouse was not completed at the time of the conflagration, it had progressed sufficiently to show the good will and intention of the builder, to complete it according to contract. Harris wanted pay for the building as far as he had gone with it. This the commissioners demurred at; but ordered an election to decide it, and some other affairs. The election July 9 resulted in a subdued victory for Harris. He got thirty dollars in addition to what he had already drawn, and the rather important figures

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as to the amount he had already drawn are unknown. Harris gave up the contracts for building both courthouse and jail. This was July 10, 1839.

All that was left of Richmond was a stable. Public buildings were a necessity. There arose upon the air a clamor for change of location. A meeting was held at a schoolhouse in the Rock River regions, which demanded of the commissioner's court a convention of the people to take action on the affair. The sense of the meeting was reduced to writing. The document is short, sharp and decisive. Some idea of its tenor may be gained from the following closing paragraph:

"It is further resolved at this meeting, by an unanimous vote, that we concur with the majority of legal voters of the county (when they shall be taken) for the relocation of the county seat of said county; and we further disapprove of the minority *remonstrating* against any location that may be made by the majority.

(SIGNED) GEORGE COLBERT, *Chairman.*

Saturday, June 1, 1839. GEORGE TYLER, *Secretary.*"

A meeting was also held at Andover, calling upon the commissioners to ascertain the will of the people. This meeting demanded the consideration of the following matters, at the election:

1. The Revenue Law; 2. The Internal Improvement System of the State; 3. Adjusting the Claims of George W. Harris; 4. The Removal of the County Seat.

The Andover meeting suggested the following in favor of removal: that there have been strong objections from the first to the present location; that it is remote from timber; that it is destitute of water power, of facilities for steam power; that it is not on the direct route of travel; the difficulty of obtaining suitable persons to hold office at the town of Richmond. This memorial was signed by fifteen citizens, among whom appear the names of I. Pillsbury, William Ayers, Joseph Tillson, and others.

Court was held at Geneseo for several terms subsequent to the burning of the city of Richmond. The population of Richmond dwelt in the stable, and the court held one session in the biggest box stall. It was then decided that Geneseo was better than that.

At the December term of court, 1839, the legislature was petitioned to legalize the acts of the court in Geneseo, that the officers might be permitted to hold their offices in their dwellings to January 1, 1841, and that the courts might sit at Geneseo.

At the session of the legislature 1839-40 an act passed relocating the seat of justice for Henry county. Alexander Turnbull of Warren county, M. W. Conway of Rock Island county, and Harmon Brown of Knox county, were empowered with the title of commissioners of relocation. They were also required to name the town.

No action was [illegible]

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a goodly share of the real estate in the village. The trouble was that real estate was too overwhelmingly plentiful to be an inducement. Land and lots lay everywhere, to be had for putting a fence around them. Fertile soil, now such a valuable asset, and the thing most worth striving for, belonging to this terrestrial ball, was in those days a drug on the market. It was like the blue sky, it belonged to everybody. Men went out and pastured flocks and herds all over the domain, as if the green soil was as free as the blue sky. Morristown, or Charles Oakley and Joshua Harper, who represented Morristown, offered a quarter section, sixteen town lots and one thousand dollars in cash.

The land and lots didn't pull much; but that thousand dollars! The thing was settled. Morristown was the county seat. There is a solemn addenda to all this riot of proceedings, in which a murmur arises to the effect that Geneseo did make a more liberal offer than Oakley & Company, but that the offer came after the commissioners had made their decision.

MERRY WEDDING BELLS.

There was marrying and giving in marriage in those dewy old prairie days. The spirit of sweet, unsullied Nature was voiced in a continual song. The meadow larks of the prairie wild sang their lovenotes, and in the primeval woods

"A bird overheard sang 'Follow,'
And a bird to the right sang 'Here';
And the arch in the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear."

Just as these things were when circuit rider Rev. John Odell made love to pretty Hattie Hanna, the first girl born within our borders.

The first marriage within the present limits of Henry county joined in holy wedlock Mr. James P. Dodge and Miss Samantha Colbert. The bride was the fair daughter of Rev. George A. Colbert, and the license was issued from Knox county, before Henry county was organized. The date of the license is February 7, 1836. The record is upon the books in Knox county. It would interest the writer greatly could he secure a history of this first couple. It would be of great interest to know the life story of the first couple united upon our soil. If the story can be dug up, it will be, and printed somewhere in this book.

The first marriage recorded on the books of Henry county is that of Mr. Louis Hurd and Miss Caroline W. Little, of Wethersfield, August 22, 1837, Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury officiating.

How I would love to get this life story, too! I'm going to Wethersfield some day, in the interest of this history, and I shall make strenuous efforts to get the history of this primal pair, this Henry county Adam and Eve.

Officiating at this marriage put new ideas in the brain of the Reverend Ithamar. What was the matter with his getting married, himself? Rev. Ithamar immediately oiled and curled his locks, put on his best dashboard, his polished shoes, his tall ministerial hat, then, girding up his loins, he fared forth and found Miss Caroline E. Miller, meekly awaiting him at Andover. Miss Miller modestly expressed her willingness to become the wife of a clergyman, as it would give her an opportunity to accomplish great good in the world. Ah, yes. Of course.

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So Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury and Miss Caroline E. Miller were wedded on December 18, 1837, Rev. Enoch Mead officiating. The sweet bride, all blushes and dimity and lace and loveliness tangled together, made a scene that was never set down, as it should have been. Leaning upon the strong arm of Rev. Ithamar, she said she always felt that compensation for losing the county seat must come somehow to Andover. Next to annexing the county seat, annexing the Reverend Ithamar was the best thing.

Then marrying and giving in marriage became as common as the call of the curlew. The lovesong of the swain was as frequent as the pipe of the snipe along the fallow lea. The warble of the lovewrought maiden was as warm as the melody of the mottled meadowlark.

December 24, just six days after the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury's marriage, W. B. Goss of Savanna, Jo Daviess county, was married by the aforesaid Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury to Miss Ellen Baldwin of Cleveland. During the year 1838, there were five marriages in the county; in 1839, six marriages are recorded. This year Geneseo witnessed the first wedding within her limits; James M. Allan and Susannah D. Stewart were married by the Rev. Jairus Wilcox, March 6, 1839. In 1840 there were ten couples united. In this year Morristown enjoyed her first wedding in the persons of Mahlon B. Lloyd, Esq., and Miss Amelia L. Davenport, December 30. During 1841 there seemed to be a very sudden increase of marriages, there being twenty-two recorded, of whom James Knox, afterwards representative to congress, found a wife in the person of Miss P. H. Blish of Wethersfield, January 20, 1841. In 1842 there were twenty-three marriages; in 1843 fifteen; in 1844 eighteen; in 1845 twenty-one; in 1846 twenty-five; in 1847 twenty-three; and they gradually increased till 1851, when there were sixty-three marriages in the county.

AND NOW THE DOCTORS.

I do not know for a certainty what occult wire is thrilled with the current of association, which has suggested to my predecessor, the listing of doctors after weddings. Perhaps it may be the thought of too much hilarity at the nuptials, a too intense spiritual innings at the infare, causing biliousness, and suggesting physicians. Or, it may be, the homeward going over roadless reaches and bottomless sloughs, wrecked wagon, runaway rigs, plunging horses, accidents to guests, all these things suggest the surgeon.

Be that as it may, we have come to the doctors. May we have to come to them seldom! They are good men and true, but we never come to them without we need fixing.

Oddly enough, the very first settler in Henry county was a doctor! His name was Dr. Thomas Baker. He didn't long remain. In a county where he was the entire population, there seemed no urgent demand for either a doctor or a baker. So he folded his

He only stole

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Once a man was so lazy that his neighbors, thinking to alarm him out of his lethargy, bought a cheap coffin, surrounded the man, chucked him in to the "windowless palace of rest," and started for the burial ground to inter him alive.

On the road they met a man with a huge load of corn, going to market. The man inquired who was dead.

"Nobody. The fellow in the coffin is too lazy to live. We're going to rouse him to action, or bury him."

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed the man, breaking into a cold sweat. "I'll give him this load of corn to live on, if you'll let him go."

The man in the coffin, overhearing this generous offer, roused up a bit, and demanded "Is it shelled?"

"No, it's in the ear," replied the farmer.

The fellow fell back in the coffin with a sigh, and murmured, "Then, go on with the funeral."

That might have been Dr. Baker. James Glenn, his next door neighbor, was building the first house in the county, and Dr. Baker might have beaten Glenn to it, and won that honor, but he lay languishing in his canvas-covered wagon day after day. Finally his wife, or, perhaps, it was Glenn, hitched up the doctor's team, and the team starting forward, bore him away, nobody knows where. I acknowledge an uneasy sense of dissatisfaction at the inglorious record of our first white settler. I get a grain of comfort from the old adage "A bad beginning makes a good ending." Certainly Dr. Baker's neighbor, James Glenn, was a type of the flourishing farmers who were soon to find their fortunes in the county's fertility. Perhaps Dr. Baker couldn't farm, and, as Glenn refused to get sick, there was nothing for the doctor to do. But, why did he come to a totally unpopulated district? The quality of the man's judgment is implied in the fact that he settled near Colona, when the whole county was wide open to him. Where Geneseo was to be was only a dozen miles toward the rising sun.

But, goodbye, Dr. Baker! You were our first white settler. This no man can gainsay.

Dr. Maxwell was the next early physician. He settled in the Rock River region, in what is now Phenix township, in the winter of 1836-7. He is said to have been a good physician, an active man, full of good works. His career is chiefly remarkable for what is unknown about it.

Dr. Enos Pomeroy came to Geneseo in 1837. He died in this city. He had a wide practice. I put up many prescriptions for Dr. Pomeroy, when I was an apprentice clerk in Moderwell's drugstore on old Main street, in 1869. I recall one prescription particularly. It had as one ingredient, digitalis or foxglove. It was at a time when I was alone in the store. I had a fast and furious hunt after that foxglove. I was particularly anxious because I did not want to impress a physician with the idea that I was not on to my job. The doctor lingered and lounged; he hummed a tune, then whistled it. I was frantically foraging for the foxglove. After while, the tune began to drag. The keen eyes of the old doctor began to contemplate me in a queer way. I felt that it was all up with me. Dr. Pomeroy would complain to the boss, and I would be crushed.

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ONE OF THE OLDEST RESIDENCES OF CAMBRIDGE

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Then, just when I gave it up, I found it.

A gleam of glory illuminating my face, I held the drug aloft, and exclaimed, "It takes time to run a fox to earth!"

The pun tickled the doctor, or, it may have been relief at the discovery of the drug. Anyhow, he was in a great good humor when the boss came in. I overheard him repeating my pun to John Moderwell, up in front. The doctor was a good friend to me for years.

In 1845, Stephen T. Hume, M. D., settled in Geneseo. He was an eastern man. He had settled first in Moline; but soon came to Geneseo, where he at once won the confidence and esteem of the people, and built up an extensive practice. After a long and honorable career as a physician, he relinquished the field to younger men, and withdrew from practice to enjoy the fruits of his labors. He soon became identified with the banking interest. For years he was elected and relected president of the First National Bank of Geneseo, one of the strongest and most conservative financial institutions in this country.

I am fain to grow reminiscential this fine Spring morning. I want to here set down an incident which had neither prelude nor subsequently, yet proves how the devil will knock at any man's door.

One day I retired to the director's room in the First National Bank, to write a letter, a common practice for me. I have always been made to feel delightfully at home in the old First National. There sat the aged Dr. S. T. Hume, signing national bank notes. There may have been a little less than wheelbarrow load of ten and twenties heaped about. Many were in sheets of five notes, uncut. It occurred to me, how easy to grab an armful of these bills, jump through yon window, and run for riches and wealth galore! But I didn't do it. A long and honest life, ingrained sentiments of honor, together with the fact that my pace is not overly swift, anyhow, prevented what might have been called the Jesse-Jamesing of the First National Bank of Geneseo.

AS TO CHURCHES.

"Old roads winding, as old roads will,
First to a church, and then to a mill."

Analyze the opening lines of this antique ballad, and you have the principle actuating the beginnings of most settlement movements in America. First to a church, and then to a mill, indicates the situation exactly. The spirit must have attention before the body. These devout settlers of "New England's stern and rockbound coast," came to find that religious freedom which they promptly denied to everybody else. They would brave the battering seas for a thousand leagues to find a spot where they could worship as they wished, and burn at the stake the heretic who didn't worship as they did.

While these radical tenets were afterward modified somewhat by public opinion, it was when a cluster of settlers took root in the soil, the tall steeple [illegible] midst soon after.

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worship was held. This was continued till the colonists were able to build a church. They built a church just as soon as possible, every one giving as liberally as his or her means would allow.

Few counties are more liberally supplied with churches than Henry. Almost all Christian beliefs are here, even to a Mormon church of Latter Day Saints at Kewanee. Churches, too, have services in many languages.

It is well. Without the precepts of the Christian religion, this country would be governed by the sword and the knife. The old song says "Salvation's the best thing in the world." It is. It is also the best thing to have with us when comes the inevitable day when we must get out of the world. Could there be rigidly executed the one principle of Christ's religion to be found in the Golden Rule, "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," this world would be a Paradise, and there would be no place or need for Penitentiaries. The highest, holiest courage, the manliest manhood, the best of all the earthly attributes of grand living and noble dying, are here in the healing sweetness of the religion of Jesus Christ. Yet, every day I hear the God of a billion worlds, as well as this gentle Jesus of ours, I hear their hallowed names profaned and ripped out among ribald stories and songs, by men whose brains have been gnawn out by lice, men whose mouths stretch across the broad and dirty desert of their faces, a sinkhole of iniquity, and a sepulchre of rum.

A CHAPTER OF FIRSTS.

First white man, Dr. Thomas Baker.
First white child born, Henry S. Aldrich, December 16, 1835.
First female white child, Hattie Hanna.
First cabin, James Glenn, May, 1835.
First tavern, Geo. Brandenburg, in Dayton.
First town, Dayton.
First postmaster, Brandenburg, Dayton.
First election, Dayton, June 9, 1837.
First county commissioner's court, P. K. Hanna, Thomas Pillsbury, and John Browning.
First sheriff, Robert McCullough.
First coroner, R. R. Stewart.
First recorder, Joshua Harper.
First surveyor, Arba M. Seymour.
First term of county commissioner's court, in Dayton.
First county and circuit clerk, James McAllan.
First treasurer, Chas. Atkinson.
First license granted by court, to John P. Hanna and George Taylor.
First school taught by Narcissa Stewart, afterward Mrs. Dr. S. T. Hume.
First chartered ferry, over Rock River, at Cleveland.
First newspaper, I. S. Hyatt, Geneseo Republic, 1856.
First plow in county, James Glenn.
First furrow, James Glenn, 1835.
First school commissioner, James M. Allan.

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First census, Arba M. Seymour, 1840.
First pauper, John Thomas, 1840.
First doctor, Thomas Baker.
First wedding, J. P. Dodge—Samantha Colbert, February 7, 1836.
First lawyer, Samuel P. Brainard.
First term circuit court, Richmond, 1839.
First case in circuit court, Job Searls vs. Moses T. Stimson.
First criminal indicted, John Porter, counterfeiting.
First dairy, 1837, Cromwell K. Bartlett.
First land purchase, William Paddelford.
First frame house, in Cleveland, by Atkinson and Wells.
First temperance society, Geneseo, 1836.
First wagon road petitioned for, Andover to Geneseo.
First land entry from government, Giles Williams, north half of section 34, township 18 north and 2 east, now Hanna township.
First wheat sown, Washburne, 1835.
First mill, Andover, 1836-37.
First militia officer, James M. Allan, major, 1837.
First member congress, John S. Stewart.
First member state general assembly, Joshua Harper.
First grafted apples, Winter Pearman's.
First recorded marriage, Lewis Hurd and Miss Caroline Little, by Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, August 22, 1837. There may have been an earlier marriage; but it was while this was a part of Knox county.

WEDDINGS.

In the Prairie Days they wedded without much preliminary preludes. There were cases of ceremonies like:

"Have her?"
"Yis."
"Have him?"
"Yaw."
"Hitched. Two dollars."

Honest people in the Prairie Days, who read their Bibles, did not skip the phrase "Multiply upon the face of the earth." Families were large, ranging from half a dozen to a dozen.

After Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury had joined Lewis Hurd and Miss Caroline Little, August 22, 1837, he himself wedded Miss Caroline E. Miller of Andover, on December 18, 1837, Rev. Enoch Meade officiating. The keen observer will note that both the first and second brides were Carolines. It makes a note of poetry come up out of the prairies of the past.

Our first and second Eves combine
On the sweet name of Caroline.
O, 'tis a name to glow and shine
Along the long ancestral line!
Blest be the name of Caroline!

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Five weddings are recorded in Henry county in 1838. In 1839 there are six. Thus began the multiplication table which now gives us forty-five thousand population.

James M. Allan and Miss Susannah D. Stewart were wedded March 6, 1839, Rev. James Wilcox officiating. In 1840 the weddings had increased to ten. Up to this time, no divorce is recorded. Everybody was happy, and the wild goose flew high. He had to. In 1840 Morristown, the incipient county seat, had her first wedding, when Mahlon B. Lloyd and Miss Amelia L. Davenport were married on December 30. In 1841, there were twenty-two marriages. Whoop! In this year James Knox, a future congressman, was married to Miss P. H. Blish, January 20. In 1842, twenty-three weddings; 1843, fifteen. What? 1844, eighteen. The boys had just begun to find out from each other that it isn't all skittles and beer after marriage. In 1845, twenty-one; 1846, twenty-five; 1847, twenty-three; 1851, sixty-three. Brave year, 1851. I was born that year.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

I put right here a romantic episode, because it won't fit anywhere else. Neither does it fit here. But it's a weird story, and should be told:

A generation ago, two young men lived afar towards the borders of Bureau county. They grew weary of breaking the stubborn glebe and hopping clods all summer, and chasing the muskrat to his lair in the winter. So they gat their heads together and said one unto the other,

"Behold, let us get rich!"

It was about this time that a youth of the neighborhood returned from a medical college. He was pretty hard up when awake, and not much troubled with soft down when asleep. He blew all he had left on earth into a jar of quinine and a red shingle with his name painted on it in black letters.

He hung the shingle out, and waited with patience for patients. It was horribly healthy. He ate most of the quinine himself, pulled down the shingle, and was just starting for Omaha, when the two conspirators encountered him; and besought him to lend them his ears. He said they were all he had to lend. They did a plan unfold whose lightest word tore up his soul, froze his young blood, and did make his pompadour to stand aloft like chills upon the fretful pumpkin-vine.

But the young doctor was game. He left the conference looking hopeful. Whereas but a short hour ago he was smoking a cigar of such vile structure that gods and men repudiated the reeking atmosphere for four rods round him, now he swaggered into the biggest store and bought a ten-center. That's the way he came to the center.

To a ranch on a far wide Nebraskan plains fared the two young farmers, vast plains where the jack rabbit flirteth with the Jill rabbit, and the voice of the Bryan is heard in the land.

Here they established their little alls in a shack, bought some young cowlets, also young bullets, and began to grow up with the country.

Then one of them fell ill of smallpox. It got out among the scattered ranches, and everybody heroically held aloof.

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Only the pale young doctor with the fringes on his pants, went near the shack. Every day he rode out, remained a professionally brief spell, then rode away again. The young doctor pronounced it the worst case of black smallpox he had ever seen. He gave out that everybody should keep away. Which they did with great unanimity.

One day there was crape on the latch of the shack. Again the young doctor warned all to keep away. With great kindness and courage, the doctor himself helped bury the lad.

The life insurance company which had the ten thousand-dollar policy on the young rancher, either saw or heard something which made it suspicious. The legal representative of the company wanted to see the body. After it had been buried the same day it died! The idea! Who would examine it? No one in that county. Very well, then. The lawyer for the company would himself dig.

Did he? Yea! Found a log in the coffin. The supposititiously dead rancher had hopped into the hills, and was at that moment hoping to see a head appear over the divide with his third of the swag in tow. Each was to have a third. But the conspirators, and the doctor who had made out the death certificate, all in due and proper form, got into jail and afterward into the pen.

Moral: Honesty is the best politics.

THE SOIL.

John Wesley Withrow smiled reminiscentially.

"Yes," he remarked, replying to a question, "they all settled along the timber, the newcomers. One reason was building material. They could cut logs in the woods with which to construct their cabins. But, back of that was another reason, and a curious one it was. The old chaps used to wave their hands kind o' backwards at the prairies, as if they were pushing them away, or putting them out o' sight, and say 'O, well, of course some poor chaps may locate out there, because the timber country is all taken up; but it isn't fit for people to live on. It will never be settled. Never in the world. Some day the herds may get so numerous that they will be allowed to range out a good ways to eat the prairie grass. But live out on that bleak, open, windblown country, bah!' And they would shake their heads and all agree to that."

The history of Henry county soil selection is probably the history of every county in the state. "The Imp of the Perverse" which Poe says pervades the practices of men, led these tillers of the soil to do exactly the wrong thing at every epoch of the game. When the country was absolutely aboriginal, and the settler could have just what he had a mind to select, every man of them took the poorest clay soil along the forests. Then, when the second era of selection came, every man chose the highest prairie land he could find. This was error No. 2. At the very last, and after two or three generations have passed, actual reason, observation and experience have proven that the lowlands are the best for farming. Not a rain ever fell in Henry county but that the lowlands have been enriched at the expense of the uplands. This is more especially true since the land has been cultivated, and, consequently, washes more.

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North of Mineral, Annawan and Atkinson are vast reaches of flat country, much of which has been a swamp till very recently. St. Peter's Marsh, for instance. The writer has seen the time when that vast morass could have been bought for a dollar an acre, and the buyer would have been laughed to scorn for throwing away his money.

That land is now mostly redeemed. It is rich with the accumulations of thousands of years. The black soil is several feet deep, and is rich to rankness. When in a state of nature, the growth of grass upon it would hide a man on horseback. When drained and planted to corn, the result is a crop that makes the output of a hill farm resemble a shadow crop. Samuel W. Allerton, a Chicago millionaire, has a four thousand-acre farm north of Atkinson, which he purchased from the gifted and eccentric Heman H. Haaff. Allerton has land so flat and low that the water must be pumped off. There is a system of main and lateral tile, leading to a sump at the base of a dike, whence it is pumped from the sump over the dike into Green River. Scores of men and teams are employed upon this great farm in the busy seasons.

Now, a farm in the lowlands commands the best price, because it has the best soil. In the beginning a man who would deliberately select a farm in the bottoms. would be judged by a jury of his peers as flagrantly fit for the fool-house.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The long ago acts of the county commissioners should be condensed, as the doings of departed factotums are apt to be as tedious reading as the "Begats."

In the beginning, the county commissioner's court was the all-potent head of Henry county. This court paid the county's bills, and was at the head of affairs. On June 27, 1836, this court assembled at Dayton, and there and then the first official business of Henry county was transacted. James M. Allan was appointed clerk; Charles Atkinson, treasurer.

The first business was to issue a ferry license. It was stipulated that the tax on this ferry be one dollar and fifty cents.

Taxes were also affixed for the purpose of revenue. These were one-half of one per cent on pleasure carriages, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, wagons and watches. All else was free. There was a road tax of one dollar and twenty cents on each quarter section. Every man of legal age must work five days on the highway. George Brandenburg and George Tyler paid five dollars each for licenses to sell goods.

"The second day of the court the county was divided into five road districts as follows: First included towns 16, 17 and 18 north, and 1 and 2 east; 4 and 5 east; fourth, 16 and 17 north. The Supervisor of first was John P. Hanna; second, Albert Jagger; third, John F. Willard; fourth, John C. Ward; fifth, Neely Withrow. There were then only about one hundred voters in all the county, and here was quite a big undertaking for those men to build the bridges and make the roads passable.

[illegible] Browning's

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Joshua Browning. It was provided that the road be laid out without cost to the county! This economy prevailed with reference to roads till 1838, when it was ordered that a highway be laid out from Andover Mills, "in the direction of Peoria," at the county's expense. The first bridge appropriation was fifty dollars to apply in part for a bridge over Green River on the road from Cleveland and Dayton to Andover. Following this was a ten dollar appropriation for a bridge over Camp creek, on this same road.

The justices' districts and election precincts were the same as road districts. These were five— "The town of Dayton," which was Brandenburg's dwelling, stable and woodshed, first district. Second district "The Company House;" third, H. G. Little's dwelling; fourth, John C. Ward's; fifth, Joshua Browning's.

"Josh" Browning passed to the majority in 1908. The writer was on terms of intimacy with him. He had all the abandon and candor of a frontiersman. He was given to relating tales of his prowess in his youth. He was, undoubtedly, a noted athlete. He was tall and spare, and could be quick as a squirrel. He told me that in his settos with the border ruffians of his time, he came a "coup" that knocked them out every time.

"Fixing my eye steadily on the eyes of the ruffian," ruminated Josh, "I'd sort of jerk back for a good start, and him all the time wondering, mind ye, what the dickens was going to happen. Then I'd start and rush to within about two yards of him, go up in the air, keel a summerset, and plant my feet in his chest, with the whole weight of my body added to the kick. That ruffian would be so completely astonished, knocked out and done for, that a rabbit could spit in his face without him sassing back."

So much for Josh's abandon. Now for his candor.

A lot of North county folk, with Byron Coe at the front, engaged me for a Fourth of July address at the Rock River Camping Ground. When it was all over, Josh came up and held out his hand, which I cordially grasped. He then looked me all ove r, about like a man would look all over the very first phonograph he had ever heard, and exclaimed "I'll be gumswizzled if I thought it was in ye!"

It is an historical fact that a man freezing to death was the immediate cause for running the line between Henry and Rock Island counties. A Methodist minister with a bundle of money in his clothes, was found frozen stiff on or about the line. Rock Island county seized the body, and assumed possession of the bundle. Instant indignation possessed our pioneers. They didn't care so much for the bundle; but they wanted the body. Perhaps it was the other way. It was a long time ago. A survey was ordered, and the spot where the minister's mortality had succumbed to the inevitable was inside the Henry county line. Henry county brought suit against Rock Island county; but the records do not show that either body or bundle was ever recovered.

Charles Oakley took out a permit to build a dam at Green River. Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury was permitted to dam Edwards River.

Cleveland's first houses were erected by Chas. Atkinson and George Taylor. Thomas Glenn and Geo. Brandenburg did the carpenter work. Date, 1836.

James M. Allan was appointed county school commissioner. Luke C. Sheldon, Joshua Harper and George Brandenburg were appointed trustees of school lands in township 17, range 1, east; Roderick R. Stewart, Elisha Cone and John C.

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Ward for township 17, range 3 east; James S. Miller, Asa Wisher, Albert Jagger for township 15, range 2 east; Joseph Goodrich, Sullivan Howard and Robert Coultas for township 15, range 5, east; Henry G. Little, J. F. Williams and Sylvester Blish for township 14, range 5, east.

The reader will observe a healthy cropping up of new names herein. Heretofore less than a dozen names, yes, call it half a dozen, represented about all the office-holders and men of affairs. The prevalence of this little group of pioneer names reminds me of an incident in which I figured, in the days of the old Geneseo News.

A burglary had been committed in an humble hamlet. I called up the burg on the long distance, and asked the girl operator for the postmaster.

"He's sick," she replied, and chugged up the ear spout.

I rang again, and demanded the mayor or president of the village council.

"He's sick," snapped the girl. She was mad at being bothered. She hung up the barker. I rang again.

"Get the village clerk," I demanded.

"He's sick," snarled the maiden fair, and banged up the ear horn.

I rang again.

"Give me the supervisor of your township."

"He's sick," rasped the girl. She was awfully mad now.

"Well, my dear girl," said I, soothingly, "you must be having an epidemic. What is it like? Perhaps you could get me the local preacher."

"He's sick. The postmaster, mayor, clerk, supervisor and local preacher they're all one man. He's sick, I've told you half a dozen times. Haint that enough, Smarty?"

LEGAL MOVES.

June, 1838, James M. Allan was appointed county treasurer till the August election. He was to receive ten dollars for services during the past year, ten dollars for attending to military lands, and five dollars for stationery. The order for the money contains an explanation that this fee is in addition to that which has already been paid him by the day through mistake.

August election, 1838, Marcus B. Osborn, John P. Hanna, and Sylvester Blish were elected county commissioners.

April 1, 1839, Milo M. Pollock, Edgar Jacks, John H. Wells, William H. Hubbard, and Wm. McHenry were appointed assessors, and James D. Tabor, collector.

Marcus B. Osborn was appointed to receive the "hush money" from the state, appropriated by the legislature of 1838-39 to soothe the sentiments of the counties which did not receive the Illinois Central Railway or other lines voted by the state. The "Sucker State" had a craze for internal improvements at this time, by which she was almost swamped.

In 1839 Major Allan resigned as school commissioner, and Judge Joseph Tillson was appointed in his place.

In 1840 James D. Tabor was made tax collector. Arba M. Seymour was made census taker.

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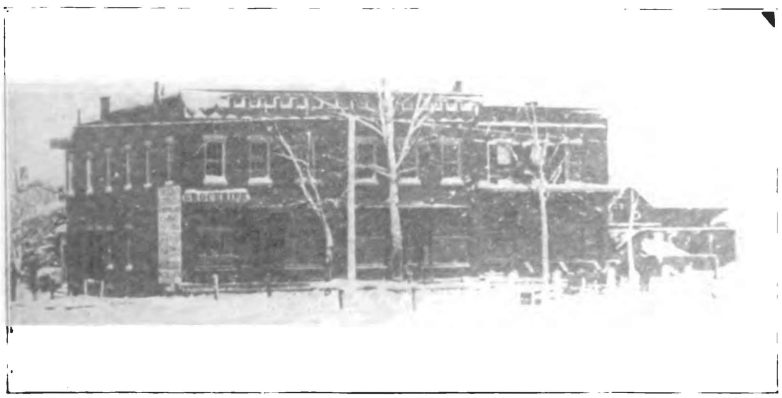
HARRINGTON HOUSE, BURNED, JULY, 1869, GENESEO



RESIDENCE OF M. W. BACON
One of the oldest frame houses in Geneseo



SAWYER'S HALL—A. T. COE, GROCERIES—BEVERIDGE'S MEAT MARKET, GENESEO

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August, 1840, John Carson was elected county commissioner instead of Sylvester Blish, whose time was out.

In 1840 the pioneer pauper ensued. He was John Thomas.

August, 1841, William Ayers and George McHenry were elected county commissioners, Osborn and Carson retiring. In 1842 James D. Tabor was again collector, and Joseph Tillson was appointed assessor. Charles C. Blish was surveyor, John C. Ward, treasurer.

In 1842 Francis Loomis was elected county commissioner.

June 7, 1843, the county court met for the first time at the new county-seat, and made the following order: "Pursuant to adjournment, the court met this day at Sugar Tree Grove, and in consequence of the inclemency of the weather it is ordered that the court adjourn till tomorrow morning." The next day the weather was no better, and the same order was again made. But the next day (June 9) the weather had improved, and the court met and went to work to lay off into town lots the town and name it Cambridge.

In 1843 Luke C. Sheldon was elected one of the commissioners, Marcus B. Osborn, collector. James M. Allan again elected county clerk. Alfred W. Perry was deputy sheriff in 1843.

August, 1844, Amos B. Cole was elected county commissioner.

Lewis M. Webber was county collector and sheriff.

Francis Loomis was reelected commissioner in 1845, and L. M. Webber, sheriff.

In 1846 a tax of thirty cents on the one hundred dollars was laid for county purposes.

Elisha Calkins and William Ayers were commissioners in 1847. James Bernard, probate justice.

In 1849 Henry Sleight was county probate justice.

By act of the general assembly of 1850, the county commissioner's court was abolished and in lieu thereof the county court, consisting of a county judge and two associate county judges, was established.

At the March term of the county court in 1857, Justus F. Dresser was made sheriff.

Samuel P. Brainard was elected county clerk in August, 1847.

William H. Blish was elected county treasurer, Lewis M. Webber reelected sheriff, and Champlin Lester elected school commissioner.

August, 1848, William Miller and Stephen Palmer were elected commissioners, and Matthew B. Potter was collector and sheriff.

The probate court met August 17, 1849, James M. Allan, judge; M. B. Potter, sheriff; and Samuel P. Brainard, clerk. E. Otis was deputy county clerk, William Miller and John Piatt, associate justices; Henry G. Griffin, school commissioner; W. H. Blish, treasurer. At the February term, 1851, Joseph Tillson, judge; Thomas F. Davenport, clerk; and Henry G. Little, sheriff. December term, 1853, Stephen Palmer was county judge. September term, 1854, Stephen Palmer, county judge; John Piatt and Robert C. Potter, sheriff; D[illegible]

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At a special term of the county court, March 17, 1856, the county, through its agent, contracted to the Winnebago Swamp Land Company the swamp lands belonging to the county. The company agreed to drain the lands at once "as far as the same may be practical," and to pay the county seventy thousand dollars in ten years, five per cent. interest.

December 1, 1856, Justus F. Dresser gave bonds for the faithful discharge of "the duties of collector of taxes for the year 1856."

DESERTED VILLAGES.

Oliver Goldsmith pictured a deserted village so graphically that, to read it in the proper spirit, leads on to melancholy.

Henry county has its quota of vanished villages. Richmond is gone. This was once the county seat. It would probably puzzle the proprietor of the premises to point out the position and place it once occupied. It was never populous. In its palmiest days it consisted of an hotel, courthouse and stable. The hotel burned down, and the courthouse had a sympathetic conflagration. The populace then moved into the stable. Several terms of court were held in the stable.

Dayton was also a county seat. This village played an important part in the opening of Henry county. There is not a vestige of the village left. It has gone back to farming land.

Cleveland, also an important point in pioneer days, is almost a deserted village. Its old time glory has departed. It is beautifully situated on the romantic Rock River. There the first ferry over Rock River was established. Even down to a third of a century ago, Cleveland was a busy town. When I first knew it, Taylor Williams was taking vast quantities of coal from the Cleveland mines. There was a crowd of miners there, they were well-paid and contented, and everything flourished. George III, of the Brandenburgs, grandson of the first innkeeper, was time-keeper or something at the mines when I made my first pilgrimage thither, in the interests of the Geneseo News. I went down in the mine with him, and immediately wished I hadn't. At the bottom of the shaft was a "sump." Here a wheezy, self-torturing old pump snorted away to keep the water out. It filled the gloomy galleries with horrible bellowings. We staggered through endless tunnels as black as Erebus. We came upon groups of half-naked men, with red fire on their foreheads, while kegs of powder were here and there. We got away from them, and plunged into silence and blackness profound. What if the roof should cave in! That was so oppressively on my mind that it gave me the horrors. I begged George to pilot me back through the miles we had traversed.

"Miles! We've come only a few hundred yards." He grinned an awful grin, illumined by the sputtering red light on his head.

"Yards, miles!" I repeated. "We are right under the Rock Island railway now. I can hear the trains."

George roared a hideous roar, and said it was the pump. I never was much happier than when I got up into the sunlight. An old mule was dozing in the sun. I wanted to run up and hug him. George said the mule was twice as dangerous as the mine, and I subsided.

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There was a Ford town somewhere on Spring Creek. It has been utterly erased. I have heard of a Sod town, somewhere to the northeast. There isn't even a sod left there. Just a little way north of the Henry county line is the old village of Portland. A group of picturesque brick buildings are left there; but it is without village organization. It was in Henry county once. So was Prophetstown.

PICTURESQUE.

Miss Nellie Stuart Russell, writing of the Southwest county, says, picturesquely: "Fifty years ago this part of Illinois was little more than a vast tract of virgin prairie, given over to the fox and the prairie chicken, resounding to the cry of the wild duck which hid her eggs in its swamps, and the howl of the wolf as he loped with his pack across it broad levels."

A revered old-time Presbyterian of Woodhull suffered through a long life under the name of "Annanias Schofield." The poor old soul did his best to palliate the infliction of such a name by misspelling it.

FORGOT HIS HUNCH.

A Comedy of Errors happens when least expected. There lived one Clancy in the edge of the Big Woods in the North county. Clancy had been afflicted from birth with a deformed shoulder. Clancy was toying with a toddy in a Geneseo saloon, when a professional gentleman of the town came in, and backed up to the drum stove to warm himself. His gaze fell on Clancy's deformed shoulder.

"You have broken your shoulder," he said to Clancy.

Clancy was scared.

"Go right to Wells & Antes,' and get that huge fractured bone off your lungs, or you'll be a dead man before dark!"

The professional man meant it. His voice had the ring of sincerity.

Clancy was so frightened that he forgot his deformity. He rushed to the office of the old-time surgeons.

He was cast off the battlements.

LAWYERS.

Major James M. Allan was Henry county's first lawyer. His life, albeit, was in the main devoted to agriculture.

In 1845, Wm. H. and Samuel P. Brainard arrived, and they were probably the first lawyers depending for a livelihood upon their profession. Business was scanty. Samuel got himself elected clerk of the circuit court. The fees did not amount to much, and he secured the office of county clerk. But the emoluments of both offices together were exceedingly small. Sam's wallet looked like it was inflated with bumblebee's feathers. One of Sam's remembered sayings is "If my stomach can think, it's a long ago made up its mind that my throat's been cut." In 1849 gold was discovered in Sutter's dam in California. Sam concluded to grind the legal mill no more:

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There was a lawyer of the name of Sam,
He'd a legal mill by the site of a dam;
The gold fever rose one Autumn night,
Then Sam had no mill by a dam site.

Sam joined the California Argonauts in 1850. Haven't heard of him since.

William Brainard was elected circuit clerk. With a wisdom beyond his years, he got in as county school commissioner, and soon was in wealth up to his ears, selling and transferring school lands.

Jerome B. Carpenter was a lawyer. He came to Henry county in 1848, remained three years, went to Chicago in the latter city's worst mood, then trekked for Texas. If he moved once more in the same general trend, it was probably to Hades.

John S. Buckles was a brilliant lawyer of the olden time. He came from Indiana to Henry county in the early '50s. He was a wit, and a great man in his profession. He died in 1874.

William Smith was a Geneseo lawyer for many years. He was a man of deeply philosophical nature. The writer and Smith sometimes scaled the heights and fathomed the depths. Once he glowingly reported a new discovery. Men of the sea will say that all icebergs drift south. These mountains of ice, Smith said, accumulate at the South Pole till the mass disturbs the poise of the planet. The earth upsets, floods inundate the land. Noah's flood was one of these. Mammoths, elephants and other tropical animals frozen in the polar ice prove that the planet upsets and zones change places.

"What becomes of the icebergs when they reach the Pole? Do they climb it?" Thus the scribe.

"No, they slosh around in the water, I suppose."

"Wouldn't they displace their weight of water?" I asked.

"Kiner," and he spake more in sorrow than in anger, "your question has spoiled one of the best scientific theories I ever heard of."

Smith died at Topeka, Kansas, where his wife recently passed away. He has two sons, Charles, a brilliant lawyer, and William, one of the geniuses of the middle west. His motto is "Excelsior."

Henry Cady lawed about Cambridge and Geneseo in 1860. He went to Lake county. People didn't fight enough in Henry.

Andrew Crawford was a member of the firm of Shaw & Crawford, lawyers, Geneseo. Crawford became wealthy in railroad building and banking. He died in Chicago. He is the only millionaire buried in Oakwood cemetery, Geneseo. His partner, Geo. W. Shaw, is yet a lawyer in Geneseo, in company with his son, Joseph.

N. C. Bates was an old-time Henry county attorney. He went to Newton, Iowa, and died there.

Allen Grunder was an old-timer. He never set a river on fire, or did any other extraordinary thing while here.

Whitfield Sanford might be classed with the early lawyers. He moved to

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Judge J. H. Howe, M. L. Easton, Lucius D. Bishop, O. B. Ayres, Albius Vance (afterward governor of Nebraska) were early Kewanee lawyers.

Charles Dunham, of Geneseo, and Charles K. Ladd, of Kewanee, mark the era between the old-timers and the newcomers. Both are dead. Each was a man of strong individuality, powerful personality, and of great magnetic force. Both men impressed me as being immensely bigger than their environment. They appeared to be always loading a cannon to kill a crow. There is an element of the grotesque in a locomotive engine puffing and blazing and blowing off steam to jerk a string of baby-buggies out of a mudhole. When I saw Charles Dunham or Charles Ladd, either able

"The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling band,
And read their history in a Nation's eyes,"

When I saw such men making the rafters ring about the location of a line fence, or the ownership of a span of mules, I sat me down and purred

"This makes the judicious grieve."

I knew Dunham the better of the twain. He was a wonderful worker. When he went into a case, he knew absolutely all its merits. He knew his opponent's arguments as well as his own. Day and night he fastened to that case, till he had mastered it in every detail.

A characteristic anecdote:

Dunham was conducting a case in Chicago. A crisis was reached. A frenzy had fired judge, jury and audience. The judge had given a ruling on some point greatly affecting the probable outcome, and adverse to the Dunham interest. Dunham arose to take exceptions to the ruling. The pompous Chicago judge ordered him down. If you knew Dunham, you know that the devil couldn't down him when he knew he was right. He deferentially seated himself; but at once arose again.

"Judge," said he," if you will read section 7, paragraph 11, on page 407 of Blackstone's ———."

"Dunham!" The judge was purple with rage: "I'll not allow a country lawyer to come into my court and browbeat me. Sit down! I know the law, every word affecting this case. I know I am right, and you are wrong."

Again, with that fine courtesy with which the man could convey a subtile insinuating sarcasm, cutting as a Damascus blade, Dunham became seated. Immediately he arose in protest.

"Dunham, sit down or I'll call an officer, and have you removed from this room," shouted the judge.

"Perhaps," suggested an attorney opposing Dunham, "you had better read [illegible] from Geneseo." He sneered and glanced around the

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"Gentlemen," he turned to jury and jurists, "I wish to apologize to Mr. Dunham. He is right. I am wrong. I ask his pardon."

It was all the old man could say. He sank into his chair, utterly overwhelmed. It is needless to add that Dunham won the suit.

I have had some treasured conversations with Mr. Dunham. He has always impressed me with the amount of reading he found time to do. He was always up to date in current literature, and his judgments concerning the literature of the past were wonderfully accurate. He was a man with whom I loved to converse. I always left him with a sense of having acquired something, of having had a profitable session.

The lawyers we have registered herein have made history. The county is well-supplied with lawyers who are making history. Their careers will be noted and commented upon by men of the future, "in summers which I shall not see."

FIRST SCHOOL IN WETHERSFIELD AND HENRY COUNTY.

The author is indebted to Mrs. Ella Hume Taylor, daughter of the first teacher in Wethersfield, or Henry county, for the following cuttings from the Kewanee Star-Courier:

H. W. Otis, one of the first settlers of southeastern Henry county, writes to the Kewanee Star-Courier that he is reminded of the early history of Wethersfield schools by a statement in that paper to the effect that "Charles C. Blish was the first male teacher employed in Wethersfield, and taught what was probably the first winter school in that part of the county. This was in the winter of 1840-1, etc." Mr. Otis says "the first school taught in Wethersfield was by Miss Stewart, of Geneseo, who became the wife of Dr. S. T. Hume. This was in the summer of 1839. The above school was taught in the old hewn log church which stood on the corner east of James Wiley's shop in Wethersfield. Of Miss Stewart's thirteen scholars, four are dead and nine are living. The dead are Harriet Williard, who died in early life, Captain William Bryan, who was shot dead on a Southern battlefield during the Civil war. George Blish died in Chicago and Philip P. Potter died in Canon City, Colorado. Those living are Mrs. Nancy Goodrich Day, widow of Dr. Day; Mrs. Jane Goodrich Slocum, widow of Egbert E. Slocum; Mrs. Sarah Frances Little Alvord, now of Duluth, Minnesota; Mrs. Kate Potter Baker widow of Charles Baker, now living in Atlantic, Iowa; Mr. Joseph Goodrich of Chicago; William Goodrich of Kewanee; Robert Page of Blooming Prairie, Minnesota; Harvey H. Byran of Pomona, California, and your humble correspondent of Red Oak, Iowa."

Editor Star-Courier.—Dear sir: In your issue of April 22, it was stated that "Charles C. Blish was the first male teacher employed in Wethersfield and taught what was probably the first winter school in that part of the county. This was in the winter of 1840-1, etc."

The first school taught in Wethersfield was by Miss Stewart of Geneseo, who became the wife of Dr. Humes. This was in the summer of 1839. The second school was taught by Miss Dorr of Princeton, who became the wife of Mr. Bacon of Marshall county. This was in the summer of 1840. The third school was taught by a Mr. Keeler, an Episcopalian minister, who came with his

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wife from Andover. This was in the winter of 1840-1, and in the spring of 1841 Mr. Keeler and wife returned to their home in New York City.

Mr. Blish taught the school in the winter of 1841-2, instead of 1840-1, he being the second male teacher. Mr. Blish was a good disciplinarian and taught a grand good school.

The above schools were taught in the old hewn log church which stood on the corner east of James Wiley's shop in Wethersfield. Of Miss Stewart's thirteen scholars, four are dead and nine are living. The dead are Harriet Williard, who died in early life, Capt. Wm. Byran, who was shot dead on a Southern battlefield during the Civil war. George Blish died in Chicago and Philip P. Potter died in Canon City, Colorado. Those living are Mrs. Nancy Goodrich Day, widow of Dr. Day; Mrs. Jane Goodrich Slocum, widow of Egbert E. Slocum; Mrs. Sarah Frances Little Alvord, now of Duluth, Minnesota; Mrs. Kate Potter Baker, widow of Charles Baker, now living in Atlantic, Iowa; Mr. Joseph Goodrich, of Chicago; William Goodrich of Kewanee; Robert Page of Blooming Prairie, Minnesota; Harvey H. Bryan, of Pomona, California, and your humble correspondent of Red Oak, Iowa. All of these are sons and daughters of the early settlers and hardy pioneers of Kewanee and Wethersfield and Henry county. Your old friend, H. W. Otis.

FIRST BLACKSMITH.

C. J. T. Little was the first blacksmith in Henry county. He opened shop in the spring of 1837, in Wethersfield. His patrons were from near and far. Even Geneseo, twenty-eight miles away. They tell of a Geneseoan who took a span of horses there to be shod all round, and got home the same day, when Little had to make every nail out of bar iron, split and drawn by hand. Whole nights would Little work. He made the mill irons for Gordon, who built a mill on Green River, at the mouth of Spring Creek. Almost every stroke on this job was made after night, when the customers had gone. (I find this in a scrap book kindly loaned by J. K. Blish, of Kewanee. I never heard of this Gordon mill. There was a sawmill on Green River, a little down from Spring Creek's mouth, on the Judge Waite farm. The ruins may yet be seen in low water. Perhaps this was the Gordon mill. Editor.)

The historian sympathizes with blacksmith Little. Little quit in time to live out his days. My father was a frontier blacksmith in Otter Creek township, La Salle county, Illinois, and did not quit in time to live out his days. He died at thirty-eight. He never worked all night; but he made nails till eleven and twelve at night, and was often routed out at four in the morning, by men with horses to shoe, who wanted to be first. I am sorry to admit that I used to blow the bellows, and that I kept the flies off the horses in summer, with a wooden handle fastened to a horses' tail. Great lazy farmers would sit and watch me tug at the bellows and shoo flies till I was ready to drop, and never offer to help. The job was not heavy, but I was little.

So was the first Henry county blacksmith, Little. Blacksmithing is killing. To this day I'd rather shoo flies than shoe horses.

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BRIDGELESS BAYOUS.

In the Bridgeless Days, the ingenuity of the pioneer was often taxed to the uttermost. Trackless prairies he could guide his swaying ox-team across. If he had no compass, the sun and stars were his guides, and there were groves here and there which he knew. But the dreaded "slough!" Ah, there was the sticker!

It became the custom, after tracks were made to important points, to camp out on the edge of a slough, and wait the coming of another teamster. There was no hurry. Heaven was full of days, and they were all coming this way. So the teamster waited. When the second teamster came, they doubled teams on one wagon; got it across, then went back for the other wagon. When the slough was very bad, they waited for the third, even the fourth or fifth team. Five yoke of good cattle could haul what any ordinary wagon could sustain.

When Captain Sullivan Howard was hauling boards for the first frame house in Kewanee, he had to go seventy miles, to a sawmill on Spoon River. This was in December, 1836. His cattle got stalled in Spoon River. This compelled him to enter the water to relieve the wagon of part of its load. There came up the most sudden and violent freeze ever known on the prairies. A man named Willard was with Sullivan, helping to unload the boards. The clothes of the two men were frozen stiff the instant they were out of the water. Luckily a house owned by John Smith was near. The men got to the warmth and shelter of Smith's cabin. They could not have lived an hour otherwise.

Once Willard and a friend were overtaken by darkness, while driving an ox-team in the prairies between what is now Rochester and La Fayette. There came up a fearful storm. The way was lost. They nearly perished. Willard said to his friend "Take care of yourself, if you can. I have made my last effort." Just as he was about to throw himself upon the ground to die, a flickering light was seen. The cattle and wagon were abondoned. The men made for the light. It came from the cabin of Henry McLenahan. Willard sank, exhausted, into a chair, and asked if they could remain over night. The house was very small, several other persons besides the family were staying there, and the butchering had been done the day before, the hogs being piled up in the house. McLenahan said he could hardly accommodate any more; but three other cabins were not far off. Willard declared he would have to be carried out. He wouldn't go otherwise. They were made comfortable with food and blankets, and in the morning McLenahan and his friends went forth and found the half-dead cattle, which they rounded up and fed.

In the Summer of 1839, the astonishing news got about among the few families on the fringes of the forests that James Glenn had been to Chicago with a load of wheat. He had brought back a lot of plunder which he had purchased with the wheat money, and had made the round trip in ten days! Glenn was the hero of Henry county.

Tom and Charley Davenport begged their father to let them take the teams and try for Chicago. Tom was afterward the secretary of the old Settler's society for many years. Consent was given. On a bright September morning they started with forty-five bushels of wheat, and eleven bushels of oats, the latter

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RESIDENCE OF HON. W. L. WILEY, GALVA
One of the early residences still in existence

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[illegible] January 16, 1836, orga[illegible]
[illegible] were made part of our do[illegible]
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for feed. A half-bushel of cooked provisions was stowed away in a wagon. The first night they camped at Portland, second at Dixon, third among the blooming "rozzum" weeds, and the fourth at the "Point," nine miles out of Chicago. The fifth day they were in Chicago, sold their wheat of fifty-five cents per bushel, bought four barrels of salt and a few other things, and headed for Henry and home. First night out at the Point, the evening of the seventh day they reached Dixon, arriving at home the evening of the eighth day, thus beating Glenn's time nearly two days. Their total cash outlay was twenty-five cents paid for ferriage over the Chicago River. They sold their wheat to Frank Sherman, of the Sherman House. Sherman carried the wheat from the wagon to his little warehouse. The proceeds of the trip was all the money the family received or required for the entire year, including taxes on their two hundred and forty acre farm.

PORTLAND AND PROPHETSTOWN ONCE OURS.

By the act of January 16, 1836, organizing Henry county, Portland and Prophetstown were made part of our domain. Subsequently these two fine townships were made a part of Whiteside.

Prior to the year 1836, when the tide of travel and the alluvium of settlement began to make an impress upon the Prairie state, there was an evident disposition to shove the vast and unwieldy territorial boundaries almost any old way to get the matter off the hands of the authorities in charge, whoever they were. Before 1825, for instance, the whole northern part of the state down to a line south of Peoria, was called Tazewell county. On January 13, 1825, an act was passed setting off Peoria county. Peoria was then known as Fort Clark. After this, February 17, 1827, Jo Daviess county was formed. This satisfied the powers that were until 1836, when the floodtide of emigration setting in, and the settlers insisting upon knowing where they belonged, caused a general relaying of lines, the formation of numerous counties, and the adjustment of surveys and territorial lines to new circumstances and environment.

"MISS POMEROY'S ACADEMY."

Here is the first time I have ever heard the Old Seminary in Geneseo referred to as "Miss Pomeroy's Academy." It is in a letter to a Geneseo editor, who printed the following concerning it on February 28, 1908:

The editor this week received a letter from an old timer, a Mr. C. M. White, at least there is every indication that he spent some of his days in Geneseo when it was not more than a stopping place. This is the substance of the letter: "I am willing to wager that I was in Geneseo before you came to the town or was born? Say do you know anything about the underground railroad and the station agents?

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way (save the underground.) What I most wish to know is who is there among the old settlers of Sharon, who can tell about the old settlers—the grave stones in the cemetery, and who would not get cross if asked." The best source of information concerning the olden times in Geneseo is the venerable Dr. S. T. Hume and his daughter, Mrs. Ella N. Taylor. To them we read the letter knowing full well that the period referred to by Mr. White would be fresh in Dr. Hume's mind. In fact Dr. Hume is now the only living man who was here in 1845. He lived in Sharon from May, 1847 to October of that year. He says there were several "underground railroad" stations in Geneseo—John C. Ward, R. R. Stewart and Dr. Enos Pomeroy were three who sheltered those who came to them—and Elisha and LaFayette Stewart and the Manville boys were of the many young men willing to help them on to the west station—Lyndon. The building referred to as "Miss Pomeroy's Academy," was the Geneseo Seminary built in 1845 by nearly everyone in town at that time—for all helped in some way. Miss Pomeroy was an assistant to Rev. Addison Lyman, the principal, from 1845 for several years. She is still living as Mrs. Flarel Bascom, at Ottawa, but is quite feeble. The Congregational church which was organized September 13, 1836 in Bergen, New York, before the colonists should leave to make a new home in then "far west"—still exists, Rev. W. B. Millard being the pastor. The Chicago and Rock Island road was finished to Rock Island February 22, 1854 and Dr. Hume was on the first train to reach Rock Island on that date. The road was finished through Geneseo about December 1853. The late I. N. Stewart was the first station agent.

PRAIRIE GRASS.

Edward Blair, philosopher: The native prairie grass never produced any seed. It was never designed by the Creator for the future use of man. I have often wondered by what process of nature, in the dim and distant past, were these prairies covered with this never-dying verdure.

GENUS SUS.

Edward Blair, prairie boy: "The greater part of the hard work fell upon me. Butchering day was the one I dreaded most. In those days the farmers killed and took their hogs to market dressed. Some had fifty to sixty head. My part was to keep the water hot for scalding, and shoot the hogs. The first two or three hogs I would shoot, I would tremble like an aspen leaf, due, I think, to the sensitiveness of my nature. As the day passed away, this feeling entirely left me. Today I turn aside, rather than press forward, to crush out the life of the smallest insect that creeps upon the earth. When dressed, these hogs had to be taken to Peoria, fifty miles. No matter about the weather or roads, the hogs had to go."

In another part of this book, Major Allan of Geneseo tells of taking a herd of hogs through deep snow to the Illinois River. The road had to be broken the whole way with a horse-hauled snowplow. Wes. Withrow says that when coming back from that trip, they held the road against all comers. They would shout at people they met, "We made this road. Get out!"

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A generation ago, Charles Martin and James Duncan had a slaughter house and rendering establishment in the edge of the Green River forest, a little northeast of the old bridge, half a mile west of the present one. Before Green River was straightened at a cost of half a million dollars, the wooded flats in those regions were frequently flooded. Aged oaks stood up to their knees in water. In very high floods, the turnpike could not be traversed. But the hogs had to be got to the hoggery. Curt Martin, Geneseo's present assessor and street superintendent, was selected as hog navigator. He had a scow that would navigate a ton of hogs. It was safe and easy when the hogs kept still; but perilous in the extreme when they lost their wits and went to rampaging around. Hogs have been filled with the devil, anyhow, ever since they ran down into the sea. They have a fool way of bunching and massing which, when they did it on the scow, made life a burden to Curt. Martin. Sometimes the leader would study Curt's face one apprehensive second, decide that there was going to be trouble, and run grunting to the bow. Panic would ensue. In a second the herd would be massed in front, and the helmsman, Martin, would be sticking up in the air, the rudder "rastlin" with the wind. Then they'd see a big gar or something, and rush back to Martin for protection, when souse the old scow went, with Martin climbing up the gunwhale. If he hadn't been a Martin, we might have no assessor now, a fate too awful to contemplate.

RAILWAYS.

Henry County is not as well served as she might be with lines of transportation.

The main lines of two great systems traverse her soil—The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific on the north, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy on the south.

This leaves a space of twenty-eight miles broad between the two systems. Few localities can be found on the map of Illinois where such a wide, roadless region can be found. This will probably be covered some time by an electric service.

A railway was projected through this territory, right of way bought, and much of the grading done, when it was secured by the Alton, and the work discontinued.

The old Rock Island and St. Louis road, now a part of the Burlington system, traverses the western rim of our domain. The Peoria and Rock Island, now a part of the Rock Island system cut through the country in a northwest-southeast direction. The Galva and Keithsburg branch of the Burlington serves our southwestern townships.

Abortive attempts have been made to build several electric lines. These are as certain to come as telephones were. The entire map will be cob-webbed with them. We shall see them in the light of the dawn of destiny. Already a short line connects Galva and Kewanee.

Since the above was written, the following has appeared in the Geneseo Enterprise newspaper:

Six miles of the electric road from Tampico to Hooppole has just been com-

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noon and by Saturday night the steel was laid to the Ben Dow farm. It will not be very long until Yorktown which has been an inland town since the Illinois prairies were settled will awaken to the toot of a locomotive and Hooppole will be seven miles nearer a railroad.

Steel for two more miles of track was shipped from the mills Sunday and this will be sufficient to take the road to Aaron Brant's farm south and west of Yorktown.

Mr. Sawyer of Yorktown has purchased six town lots in the electric addition to that village. The lots are north of the right of way and the farthest east. The price paid for the six lots was three hundred and forty dollars.

Negotiations are under way between J. J. Burns of the railroad company and the heirs of William McLain to purchase or rent a three cornered tract of land on the east side of Main street and just south of the Burlington railroad right of way. This parcel of ground will be used for a depot site or an office will be erected on it.

Since the appearance of the above newspaper paragraph, other desultory newspaper articles concerning this road have appeared. I have no doubt that, when Mrs. John Minch sends in her review of Yorktown township, we shall have the true status of the matter. It looks to me like the effort of men without capital to do something which requires capital. The people want the road; but hold aloof for fear of getting pinched through the promoters' handicapped methods.

THE CENTRAL MILITARY TRACT RAILROAD.

BY JAMES KNOX BLISH.

Only those who were in this county prior to the advent of railroads can fully realize conditions as they then were, or what transportation facilities represented to an unsettled country. For the first fifteen years after active settlement of this county began the inhabitants were without transportation other than by horses or oxen and wagons. The nearest grain markets were Rock Island, Peoria, Lacon, or other river towns or far away Chicago, which means that practically no grain was taken to market. Cattle and sheep could be marketed on the hoof, and hogs in the dressed carcass to packers in the river towns. Small wonder then that the more enterprising of our citizens were untiring in their efforts to promote the building of railways. The first railroad to be built through our county, was the Chicago & Rock Island, which was surveyed in 1850, and in operation in 1854, through the northern part of the county. In 1852, chiefly by the efforts of the leading men in Aurora, Princeton, Wethersfield and Galesburg, a line was surveyed from Aurora to Galesburg, which was called the Central Military Tract Railroad, as it ran its entire length through the center of that fertile district which had been set apart as military bounty land for soldiers in the war of 1812 and which extended from Mendota to Quincy. This line formed a connecting link between several other railroads either in process of construction or projected. There was a line in operation from Chicago to Aurora called the Chicago & Galena Union. A line was being

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built from Peoria to Oquawka, passing through Galesburg, called the Peoria & Oquawka Railroad, and another line was under way from Galesburg to Quincy, called the Northern Cross Railroad. All of these lines, owing to the efficiency of the various men and committees aiding the work, were speedily completed and put into operation. It is a matter of record, that nearly every inch of the right of way for these several lines of railroad was donated by the people through whose lands the tracks ran, and never in the history of this county did they make a more "profitable donation." The summer prior to the laying of the track was probably the liveliest that the country had ever known. The grading of the road was let to numerous contractors in sections of from three to five or six miles each. The demand for laborers and teams was active and wages correspondingly increased. We had a "boom" but hadn't learned what to call it. Cabins, boarding houses, stables and sheds sprang up like mushrooms along the line of the survey, and the dirt soon began to fly—at least we thought so then, not having at that time even dreamed of a steam shovel. As the policing of the country was very inefficient and whiskey was sold at every grocery, it may be imagined that there was very some lively and exciting times in connection with the grading of the road. Disputes were usually settled on the spot, with little regard to court rules or magistrates. Occasionally some one who had gotten the worst of the argument in the shape of a broken head or draped eyes, solicited the aid of some nearby justice of the peace, usually to discover that his opponent had winged his way to some other place.

The Central Military Tract Railroad was put into operation in sections, and the railroad management seemed just as anxious to get the road in operation as the people along the line. Few old towns were reached by this line, but prospective metropolises sprang up all along. Princeton and Wethersfield were left about a mile to one side. Princeton stretched herself until she now reaches the railroad, but Kewanee was started just north of Wethersfield and for many years the old town slumbered. The plan of operation of the new road was to run a train to the end of the track, as soon as it reached a town of any importance. From the terminus, stage coaches connected and went further west. Thus Earlville, Mendota, Princeton, Kewanee, were at different times the operative termini of this railroad. The spring following the grading of the road saw a new set of workmen laying ties and iron. This was an interesting sight to the people along the line. Materials were delivered at the nearest station, and hauled out to the scene of labor by a queer little locomotive procured from some eastern road, with only one drive wheel on a side and a pair of trucks in front and behind. This engine was called "The Pigeon," all locomotives at that time bearing names. Old residents will remember the Pigeon, with its squeaky little whistle and tinkling bell. After having done its work on construction, it passed on west and was seen no more. While Kewanee was the active terminus of the railroad, the train, (we had but one a day then) arived from Aurora about three o'clock p. m., and was met here by

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on the ground to see the transfer from the coach to the cars, after which they would wander away until the excitement of the arrival of the afternoon train would call them together again.

The greater part of the cash behind the building of this railroad came from Boston, and the management was held in that city for a very long period. As long as the old management lasted the "Burlington," as it came to be called, was not in the stock market. This same management, perceiving after a short time the possibilities of this new country, obtained the control of the Peoria & Oquawka and the Northern Cross Railroads, and united them with the Central Military Tract road under the name of the "Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad." It is aside of the purposes of this sketch to follow the growth of this small aggregation into the gigantic corporation now known as the "Burlington System." To those who saw the beginnings it is little short of marvelous, all having been accomplished in a little over half a century.

From the completion of this and other railroads in this county, began the real and permanent prosperity of the people. Settlers from far and near poured in; towns sprang up along the lines, and those who for years before had undergone the hardships of pioneer life, now reaped their earthly reward.

TEACHERS OF YE OLDEN TIME.

Undoubtedly the first school teacher in Henry county was Permelia Stewart, wife of Dr. Stephen T. Hume, late of Geneseo, and mother of Mrs. Ella Hume Taylor, of Geneseo, the enthusiastic secretary of the Henry County Historical Society. She taught her first school in Wethersfield. The schoolroom and its appurtenances have been described and alluded to in several places in these pages. Miss Stewart appears to have made a lasting impression for good among the Connecticut folk, who were fresh from the centers of learning in the east. She is always referred to by her former pupils in terms of affectionate respect.

The old time teacher's duties or obligation possessed one feature which modern teachers, happily for them, know nothing of. This was called "boarding round." The terms of contract between all boards of directors and all teachers in the olden time included this clause: The teacher must board round. The time was, by common consent and for the sake of convenience, a week at a place. The teachers of those days had to be very versatile, to fit into all the cogs in the machinery of such a life. One week he or she would be blest with a home in a refined family, where the children were quiet and obedient, where grace was said at table, and family worship was a feature of the morning and evening. The very next week fate would cast the teacher into a family where the profane oath and ribald conversation prevailed; where the children were rude, impudent and defiant, where the men smoked intolerable tobacco in unutterable pipes; where the whiskey jug was haled from beneath the bed morning and evening, and the men pitched horseshoes all day Sundays. The beds, the food, the drinking water were as different as the characters and habits of the people. But the successful school teacher had to fit in all these homes like

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a halo on the head of a saint. If he or she didn't, his or her occupation, like Othello's, would soon be gone.

There was another side to this custom. Sometimes the teacher was a burden on the back of a long-suffering community. The writer's memory stretches back more than half a century, when this "boarding 'round" custom yet prevailed. The Union District had a man teacher every winter, owing to the deep snow, and the big obstreperous boys. This man teacher made himself obnoxious by his habit of chewing tobacco, and expectorating on the floor. How can a teacher expectorate well, who does this? I recall that my gentle mother would kindly request this man to use the cuspidor provided for his benefit. He would do so the first load or two, then forget and patronize the floor. He chewed voraciously. Not daring to chew in school, he made it up outside. He was absent-minded, like many teachers and professors. Father, or one of the hired hands, made a bootjack, a forked-contrivance for extracting boots. In those days the males all wore boots. The boots would get wet, and there would be a grunting struggle every night to get them off. The first night of the bootjack's debut, a big Norwegian farm hand made a grab for that weapon or utensil, and found it all gormed with tobacco saliva. The absent-minded teacher had mistaken it for a cuspidor. Holding up his wounded hand in evidence, Ole broke out with:

"Aye tank yuh ban skule taycher lak hal. Yuh ban better tak other yumpin' yimminy yob, whair yuh don't ban left minded. Such mind yuh got, all on one side, lak yug handle."

Ole's speech made such a deep impression on my mind that I never forgot it. I used to go round repeating it to Brother Sam, and the pigs, and other animals.

Our Union schoolhouse was typical: A small frame, woodcolored shack, surrounding a big drum stove; at the farther end a raised platform with a pine desk, where the teacher sat enthroned. All round the walls was a sloping board, used as a writing desk. The middle of the room contained pine benches without backs. It was pine everywhere, and the resinous odor of new pine. Never a swab of paint, anywhere.

Corporal punishment prevailed. One of our teachers had a startling way of flinging his "ruler" at a recalcitrant. The latter had to immediately pick it up and take it directly to the teacher, who would then and there mete out punishment. Most often it would take the form of a more or less vigorous paddling of the open hand with the "ruler." Sometimes it was to stand with the face in a corner of the room, until released. Sometimes it was to hold a book out at arm's length, till relieved. Once he sent me for a bundle of willow sprouts, sarcastically remarking that he would show me what they were for when I returned. He scorned the trifling twigs I brought, and furiously flung them from a window.

"They're too small, I tell you. Fetch big ones, a yard long," he shouted.

I murmured that I would as soon wait for these little ones to grow; but he bowsed at me, and I went.

[illegible]rd long, three of them. I also carefully [illegible]ged them

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that he grabbed all three at once and brought them down on my devoted shoulders. The switches instantly flew into forty pieces, the school broke into an uproar of mirth, and I flew "like forty."

HUNTING AND FISHING.

The first settlers of Henry county found that nature had provided an abundance of game and fish. Deer were plenty. Grouse, rabbits, squirrels, waterfowl and the smaller game birds, such as plover and snipe, fairly swarmed in the forests and prairies. It was easy to keep the table supplied with the most delicious of meats. The waters of the streams were clear as the air, as there was no plowed land with their alluvial wash, nor herds of cattle to wallow in and rile up the waters. Game fish, such as pickerel, pike, bass and croppies, abounded in the pools and streams, and bit eagerly. After the day's work was done, the settler with his sons would go forth and fetch in fish and fowl enough to fill the larder for several days to come.

But it was with the first settlers, and those who followed them, as it was with the people of the plains and the buffalo. The impulse was to slaughter and slay right and left. Even within the memory of the writer, men have come in from a prairie chicken hunt with loads of little half-developed birds that could have been killed with a stick. These hunters would sit around the groceries and boast of how many chickens they had killed. Every gunner's object was to beat every other gunner, and slay the most. Men within a few years have gone out and with shotguns slain all the squirrels they could see. The object never was to get enough and be satisfied with that. The object was to brag over the other fellow's kill. Now it is doubtful if there is a prairie chicken in Henry county. The war of extermination has had its legitimate effect. Ducks, geese and brant are nearly all gone. Once the woods swarmed with wild pigeons. They were almost as plentiful as the leaves. For years there has not been one.

Seldom, in any walk of life, has there been such wanton waste of the gifts of nature. Nothing has ever equaled this unutterable folly of our predecessors in this glorious land, except the one instance of our own people on the plains. Not only did they shoot down the lordly buffalo, unconstrained of self, unrestrained of law, but they welcomed the English blood-wallowers to their aid. With self-loading guns and steel bullets they rode into a herd and shot and shot, till the green plain was red with gore. They didn't even remove the hides, but left the kings of the plains to rot where they fell. All day long, and day after day, this sickening exhibition was kept up, till the air reeked with the effluvia of thousands of rotting bodies. Vast herds, once countless as the sands of the sea, were utterly extinguished. All at once the country awoke to the fact that its buffalo were all gone, except a few specimens which had to be herded and guarded in Yellowstone Park, or they would have followed those that went before.

So it has been with game in Henry county. Of all the myriads of game birds and game animals, hardly a specimen survives. The war of extermination has accomplished its work. A few quail yet "pipe along the fallow lea:" but

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KEWANEE HOUSE ABOUT 1870



TREMONT STREET, NORTH FROM SECOND, 1874, KEWANEE

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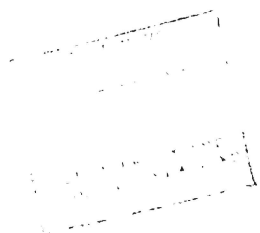

[illegible] two or three nice pickerel
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the same spirit is manifested toward them. Farmers try to protect these insect-eating birds by putting up signs "No Hunting," on their fences. But the worst outrage was to make the poor, innocent, cooing little mourning dove a "game bird." This was done by the astute legislature. Game bird! I have walked in the streets of Geneseo when these burnished and beautiful birds would make their little strut within a yard of my feet, as they sought for stray kernels of grain on the street. They were more approachable than hens. Game birds! The shame of it! Now they are nearly all gone. Rarely is one seen or heard. One lone dove has her habitat somewhere in the foliage around my home; but she is never seen. She hides, and coos her mournful monody out of sight of the monster whose pleasure it is to take innocent life.

Fish would swarm in our streams again, were it not for our idiotic fish laws. Two decades ago the government took a hand in the fish interests, by filling our waters with German carp. These hog-rooters stand on their heads all day, rooting, rooting. The game fish can not endure the liquid mud that is the natural element of the carp. He vanishes. Years ago it was a common occurrence that a good angler got two or three nice pickerel in a half-day's fishing in Green River. I have known seasons to go by when not one was caught. About all the native fish that can endure the habits of the carp is the mud cat. They can stand anything. The mud cat would regard the traditional skunk in a tanyard as a delectable creature, like a butterfly among the blooming beans.

Years and years ago, The Geneseo News tried to beat it into the heads of the legislators that seining with a two-inch mesh should be allowed at all times, except during spawning season, say three months from April 1st to July 1st. The seine removes the turtles that devour the spawn, the gars, and the big fish of all kinds, which eat up the little ones. A fish that can't go through a two-inch mesh has no business in the water. He will eat from one to four quarts of little fish every day.

Compare the Illinois River with Rock River, or any other stream in the entire country. The Illinois has been seined to my personal knowledge every year for fifty years. It is today the best fish stream in the United States. I have read somewhere that it furnishes most of the fish that are marketed in the entire country. It is seined from end to end every year. It is a common thing to catch a dozen pike or bass with hook or line almost anywhere on the Illinois. Seines are prohibited in Green River. You can't catch a dozen bass or pike in a week in its wate[illegible]

This past winter the owners of lands abutting upon Penney's Slough leased the fishing privileges to men from abroad. Hundreds of dollars' worth of carp were seined out and sold. Carload after carload of fish were shipped from Geneseo. Tons of carp were caught at one haul.

The greatest historic catch on Penney's Slough was made by Mr. J. E. Wright and the writer. I don't remember the day, or month, or year; but it was in the good old summer time. We fished with hooks and lines, did Wright and the [illegible] fish between us

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SPECULATOR'S TIMBER.

Off and on, now and again, I used to hear about the "Spekkelater's Timber." I heard the term about father's blacksmithshop, which was a center of information and gossip. I would not mention it in this history, because this happened in La Salle county, Illinois, but the same conditions were everywhere, and, of course, that includes Henry county. Me and Sam, my brother, used to discuss what it might mean. I said the speculators were a lot of rich men away off somewhere, who had bought up the woods, and were trying to keep the poor people from getting wood to burn. When the poor people were all frozen to death, the speculators would turn round and take their farms. Sam didn't believe much of this, on the general principle that whatever position I took was wrong. But Sam studied a good while, and said he couldn't make hog, dog or mutton of it. So we passed it along.

Then one day old Jakey Kline came weeping and wailing, and would have gnashed his teeth, only he hadn't any. Father asked him what was the matter. Jakey said he had gone into the woods to cut some sled runners, and, by mistake, had got into his own land instead of the speculator's. Father consoled him, saying he could righten it another time, and everything was for the best, if we only looked at it right.

Jakey said that he felt that he couldn't lean much on Providence when stealing speculator's timber. He said it didn't sagashiate right. He meant that the eternal verities were not harmonized. Come to reflect, I guess his way of putting it is the plainest. Once Jakey felled an ancient oak, which bore down a young hickory, holding it fast by the top, while the bole bent like a bow. Jakey crawled astraddle of the top and cut it loose. Ever since he picked up his body and the axe a hundred and seven yards to the rear of that tree, Jakey had no confidence in being protected by Providence when purloining from speculators.

It is a curious fact that these eastern speculators never invested much in the prairie lands. Being eastern men, they did not have faith in the future of the prairies, till it was too late, and the lands had been secured by settlers.

AS TO THE OFFICERS.

James D. Tabor was the first sheriff. He did not set his successors a very excellent example, and is, in degree, responsible for subsequent derilections in that important office.

Tabor's first term ended in 1840. Henry county people are noted for generosity to their sheriffs and other officials, so they elected Tabor again, though his books were not straight. The Governor refused to sign his commission. A new election was ordered, and the voters of Henry county elected a man they positively knew to be crooked, because the action of the Governor in withholding his signature was notorious. Tabor by some dodge or quirk got his commission, and

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In 1838 the legislature decreed that the commissioners determine their terms of office by lot. Osborne drew the long, and Hanna the short term. Hanna was reelected in 1839.

John Carson was elected commissioner in 1840. In August, 1841, Wm. Ayers beat Osborne one vote.

In September, 1841, George McHenry was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Carson. At that time the following were elected: 1842, Francis Loomis; 1843, Luke C. Sheldon; 1844, Amos B. Cole; 1845, Francis Loomis; 1846, Elisha F. Calkins; 1847, Wm. Ayres; 1848, Wm. Miller, and Stephen Palmer. Calkins had removed from the county.

In 1849 under the new constitution, a county judge, (also probate judge) and two associates called county justices, were elected: J. M. Allan was elected judge, and William Miller and John Piatt, associates.

In 1850 Allan was elected to the legislature, and a special election for judge resulted in the election of Joseph Tillson.

1853, Stephen Palmer was elected judge, and Robert Getty and John Piatt, Associates.

In 1857 the township organization system was adopted in the county, and the board of Supervisors succeeded the old county commissioners' court.

1857, M. B. Potter was elected county judge.

1844, Lewis M. Webber succeeded Tabor as sheriff. He was reelected by a majority of one vote. Webber went to Rock Island and followed merchandising.

M. B. Potter succeeded Webber in 1848. The law prohibiting a sheriff serving two terms in succession then went into effect. Henry G. Little was elected in 1850. Potter again in 1852. T. F. Davenport in 1854. J. F. Dresser in 1856. P. H. Sniff in 1858.

James M. Allan is a native of Tennessee; reared in Alabama. His father was a Presbyterian minister. The Major came to Illinois in 1835, and to Henry county in 1836. A large man physically and mentally, and a man of big heart, naturally full of goodness and charity. He was appointed circuit clerk in 1837, by Judge Dan Stone, and reappointed by Thomas Ford. He filled the office until the election of Samuel P. Brainard, in 1848.

Thus the official affairs of Henry county are brought down to the ever memorable era of the great Civil war. The quiet, peaceful agricultural domain was roused like a sleeping lion from his lair. Now there was a hurrying in hot haste, and "cheeks went pale that but an hour ago, blushed at the praise of their own loveliness." Up from the South there came the sullen throbs of the thunder-drums of doom. A little way back in the above, reference is made to Wm. T. Allan, "who left the South, and came North to escape the ownership of inherited slaves." This man was a station master on the most mysterious railway under the heavens, or under the earth. That was the "Underground Railroad." He conducted the station in Geneseo, and Owen Lovejoy conducted one in Princeton,

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that those thunderdrums of doom throbbed low down beyond the southern horizon. A county a little south of old Henry sent a man to Washington who was great enough and brave enough to say the negroes were free, and old Henry county helped back up that statement. She did it at the cost of the blood of some of her grandest sons. God bless them, and all the others who "went to glory or the grave."

FLORA AND FAUNA.

Among the many things for which I thank my parents is that they brought me out of the Pennsylvanian mountains into Illinois before the fresh face of smiling Nature had all wrinkled into cornfields and potato-patches. True, Nature has been little despoiled by agriculture, only changed. She yet smiles. Some one has prettily said of the soil of Illinois,"Tickle it with a hoe, and it will laugh with a harvest."

Beautiful as Nature's face yet is in Illinois, I repeat that I am glad that I was brought here in time to see the prairies. It was in 1854. I was young and fresh as a spring morning, and I leaned to Dame Nature, and she leaned to me, each loving and laughing. How the boom of the prairie chicken reverberates through memory's halls! The sweet cadence of the meadowlark twines itself about that rolling thunder of the pinnated grouse. The bobwhite predicts "more wet" from the summit of the sheaf of oats, and even the oats are shocked. The garrulous blackbirds chatter in the willows, all talking at once, like stimulated strangers from over the seas. The sandhill cranes soar in vast circles a mile or two in the air. The henhawk hovers and hunts, the acknowledged pirate of the air. Plovers plume themselves on the burnt meadow; vast clouds of wood pigeons wing their swift way toward the nearby forest that fringes the creek. The oary-footed flocks fairly cover from view the open spaces in the ponds, and rise in squawking mists from the marshes. There are the muskrat nests, reed-built, domed above the murky tarn. The long red mink revels and riots in the river's edge. Let him look out for his hide! It's worth $5, and the boy wants the money! Rabbits and squirrels fairly fall over each other in their prankish joy of living. The curlew lights upon the fence, raises his wings with a long inspiration whistle, puts the tips of the feathers together, then lowers his pinions with a prolonged exhaling note. "The many-wintered crow yet leads his clanging rookery home." The tall yellow-blossomed resin-weeds loll lazily in the summer air, just as if they don't care a cent about being called "rozzum weeds." The wild-rose affects the waysides, apparently not caring to be born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the prairie air. Then there was the catnip, the pennyroyal, and the unnamed plant a foot high, with little narrow and numerous leaves, crowned by a cylindric cap on which sifts a purple bloom, the tea of the leaves of which nameless herb was so beneficent in stomach-trouble, about green apple time, and a little before watermelons were really ripe. And the thick soft grass, bestarred with brilliant flowers! How the red lilies flamed out of the tall slough-grass! And the menacing little snakes, that never did anything but threaten! Running out their forked tongues and simulating a ferocity they were far from feeling! All these elements of prairie life, when the air was white with long trailing balloons built by undiscovered nations of spiders far to windward. And

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round all, and over all, and through all, the magnetic magic of the Nature thrill! The sensation of being so near the Maker of all this,—only these prairies, their freshness and dew, their blossoms and birds, between the soul and God Almighty!

THE PROTESTANT IDEA.

Wethersfield, Andover and Geneseo were the beginnings of civilization in Henry county. They were religious colonies. In 1834 and 1835, protestants were in a ferment lest Catholicism seize and rule the vast, illimitable, changing West. Two hundred years before, La Salle, Marquette, Joliet and Tonti of the iron hand had come over nameless lakes and down rivers, into the land of the Illinois. They had established missions here and there, sowing the seed of Catholicism in the virgin soil.

Back in the older lands of the eastern states, the Protestant Idea took root. The West was on the eve of settlement, and colonies ought to be established to spread the Protestant faith.

The New York association, in the year 1835, sent Messrs. Pillsbury, Slaughter and Pike to select a location for the Andover colony. When Pillsbury returned to New York in the fall of '35 he received a letter from Rev. Dr. Caleb J. Tenney, of Wethersfield, Connecticut, proposing another colony. An interview between these men resulted in the Wethersfield colony. It was legally styled "The Connecticut Association." Following is a nearly complete list of the members of the association. In the seventy-four years since then, a few of the names have been lost:

Caleb J. Tenney, D. D., Selden Miner, Roger Wells, Martin Kellogg, John Francis, Chauncey Coleman, Weltha Willard, Rev. John Marsh, Ann Marsh, Joshua Goodrich, George Wells, Horace Blane, Henry Robbins, Colonel Sylvester Blish, Rev. Samuel Redel, William Butler, Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, Miles Adams, Elizur Goodrich, Samuel Calpin, E. Porter, Rev. Horace Hooker, Wm. Tenney, Geo. P. Shipman, Russell H. Nevins, Timothy Stillman, Allen Talcott, Rev. George Calhoon, Francis Loomis, Edward Payson, D. D., Rev. George Stebbins, Rev. John Woolbridge, Gershom Bulkley, George Bulkley, Gardner Spring, D. D., Merritt Butler, Osmond Harrison, Rev. Harvey Talcott, Norman Hubbard, Jonathan Hubbard, Sullivan Howard, George Richards, Jasper Gilbert, Rev. Alpha Miller, Nathan DeWolf, J. I. Belden, Nathan Kelley, Stephen Topliff, Dr. A. Welch, Geo. B. Holley, Rev. Chauncey Booth, Richard T. Haines, Rev. Ralph Emerson, Robert Gibson, and a few others I am not now able to name.

The stock of the association was valued at two hundred and fifty dollars per share. During the winter of 1835-6, one hundred shares were sold, and twenty-five thousand dollars paid into the treasury. In February of that winter, Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, Colonel Sylvester Blish and Elizur Goodrich were made a "Committee of Purchase," to proceed to Illinois, and select the site. The prudent New Englander selected wisely. Rev. Pillsbury had already established a colony. Goodrich was a civil engineer, competent to survey. Colonel Blish was a sound business man, energetic and trustworthy.

The committee started. Baltimore was first on their itinerary. Over the mountains they climbed to Wheeling, down the Ohio by steamer, up the Mississippi

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to the Illinois, up that stream to Peoria, thence overland to Knoxville, Henderson Grove, Andover. Andover was a situation, rather than a city. It was a Mark Twainish place of opportunities. Like Mark's city, it had houses to build, stores to erect, churches to construct, schoolhouses to frame, streets to lay out, sidewalks to establish and population to get. The annals of Andover have it that "a house or two was or were there; but none of the colonists had arrived, nor did they till July of that year." I have seldom seen greater perfection of grammar, or paucity of houses. Posterity regrets that, under circumstances so favorable to complete returns, there is such an inexactitude regarding the number of the edifices. One must reflect that a difference of one-half would be appalling in the case of some cities. But the committee found neither food nor houses at Andover. Hungry and desperate, the members started for Barren Grove,—a titular appellation not appealing to famished men. There was but one cabin in the twenty miles,—at Sugar Tree Grove,—a more appealing title; but the cabin was deserted. The annals before me is reminded that Rev. Pillsbury had been out the fall before, assisting in locating the lands for the colony at Andover, and had been on the ground now to be located for the Wethersfield colony. Barren Grove covered the site of Kewanee and Wethersfield. "It was fifteen miles long and six miles wide." This is not so jarring as the failure of the chronicler to state whether the party got any substance to eat after arriving.

Hungry or filled, they began the survey. Colonel Blish and Rev. Pillsbury were full of enthusiasm, if of nothing else; but Surveyor Goodrich became pessimistic. It was a howling wilderness, with houses fifteen miles asunder. It wouldn't be settled in one hundred years. He had tears in his eyes when he begged the other two that they take the money back east, and call the chimerical affair off. But the soldier and preacher made Mr. Surveyor Goodrich thump his theodolite over the crawfish chimneys, measuring and staking till ninety-nine quarter sections had been located in townships 14-5 and 15-5. The first entry was filed May 7, 1836. Why they halted at ninety-nine quarters is a mystery. Perhaps it was in accord with the hymn about the ninety and nine, that were out in the wilderness bleak and bare.

Next March they fastened to another quarter, rounding out the hundred. Five thousand dollars were returned to the stockholders' treasury. Pillsbury would not permit the use of his name upon the entries, and the transfer from the government was made to Goodrich and Blish. They deeded the land to the secretary and treasurer of the association—Chester Bulkley—who deeded to individual members. Each member received one hundred and sixty acres of prairie, twenty acres of timber, and a town lot.

The isolated people in these wilds were a law unto themselves. Feeling accountable to nobody, some of them retrograded to first principles. A case in point is related by Henry G. Little. He and his wife were stopping with a Kentucky family at French Grove:

He says:

"We all slept in the same room. The man was a tyrant over his wife, who never sat at the table with us; but stood at his elbow as waiter. One morning, before we were up, I heard the man tell his wife, 'Your mother said before I married you I would have to give you a good licking once a month, and now

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you'll catch it.' While he went for his stick, wife and I drest and left the house, meeting the man with several large switches."

"Being asked why he did not interfere, Little responded:

"Interfere! The woman would have pitched into us as well as the man, and scratched our eyes out. Besides, the Kentuckian nearly always carried his pistol. When we went into breakfast, the woman showed marks of the rod on her face and neck. Her eyes were red and her red hair was frizzled all over. She stood at her husband's elbow, a subdued and loving woman, occasionally putting a kiss on her husband's forehead."

The reader will note that Little's narrative alludes to no misdemeanor on the part of the wife. No aggravating circumstance had roused the man's ire, so that he did the deed while the boiling blood bewildered his brain. No. He awoke from a refreshing sleep, calm, undisturbed and performed the act from a sense of duty, an obligation he owed his dear mother-in-law, who must have been a sweet old saint.

The committee of purchase having returned and reported a committee of three was sent to survey a town plat, and divide the timber into twenty-acre lots. This committee was: Rev. Joseph Goodrich, John F. Willard and Henry C. Little. Goodrich was a returned missionary from the Sandwich Islands. Too many Sandwiches had made him sick. He wanted to go west in the interests of Protestantism and self-preservation.

The records, however, imply that Goodrich fell by the wayside. It is set down that Willard and Little arrived November 11, 1836. They found John Kilvington in a cabin in a grove a mile and a half northeast of the intended site of Wethersfield. With true frontier hospitality, the new arrivals were made welcome. But the services of the county surveyor, who lived twenty miles away, could not be had till Spring. Willard and Little returned to French Grove, Peoria county, where Little had secured a cabin, and engaged the services of Surveyor Nelson Simmons. The entire party now consisted of Willard and Little, Simmons the surveyor, William Wheeler, William T. Little, Sullivan Howard and Simeon B. Stoddard. They reached the promised land on the evening of November 16, 1836, on foot. The 17th and 18th they surveyed the town plat. Toward evening of the last day, Willard seized his axe and expressed the determination to stay and built a cabin. The others started for Fraker's Grove, twelve miles away. The party had had no food since an early breakfast. The evening was misty. No landmarks were visible. Old man Dunbar dwelt at Fraker's Grove, and the party had designs upon his provender. There were two Indian trails, one leading to Hickory Grove, north of the present town of Galva; the other leading to Fraker's Grove, near LaFayette in Stark county. There was no house at Hickory Grove. The wrong trail was taken. When they reached Hickory Grove they were almost exhausted. The mist had dampened everything so that no fire could be started. Simmons declared he could go no farther. He attempted to lie down; but the others would not allow it. They said they'd sit on him, if he did. A fresh start was made, to find Fraker's Grove and Dunbar's cabin with its adjacent smokehouse. They had a compass: but it

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dered in the wilderness at night. A man with a light drab coat was placed in front with the compass. The others followed in single file. They would go a few rods, then feel the compass. They reached Dunbar's at midnight. Here an unforeseen difficulty confronted them. While Dunbar, roused from his warm nest, was docile and decent, Mrs. Dunbar was hostile and hysterical. While the famished flock tottered in the front yard, parleying with old man Dunbar, who stood, candle-illumined, in the doorway, the old lady's voice could be heard, sniffling and smothered under the bedclothes, declaring she'd never get up at midnight to get supper for a lot of strays.

"Call it breakfast instead of supper," pleaded an inspired stray.

"That's different," exclaimed the old lady. Immediately she could be heard kicking the clothes off, and grumbling that early breakfast were decent; but late suppers were disreputable. The old man fired up, then began to lug pork from the adjacent smokehouse. The old lady had a store of corndodgers, and the pioneers stayed by the pork and pone till the prairie hens were roosting in the tree-tops.

Willard wrought at his cabin alone, walking two miles mornings and nights from and to Kilvington's. N. Butler and Joseph Goodrich "bached" with him through the long and severe winter. Willard and his comrades in their lonely cabin, Glenn and his family and the Aldrich family far to the northwest, and maybe a few more in snow-covered cabins under the eaves of frowning forests, were the total population of Henry county that winter.

Abner B. Little cast the first vote in Wethersfield. The election was held on the first Monday in August, 1837.

This history is under many obligations to the memories of Henry G., R. A., and other members of the Little families. Their recorded writings and addresses have much of historical value. These have been carefully preserved by James Knox Blish, of Kewanee, and kindly placed at my disposal.

Appropriately, the first child in Wethersfield was a Little one. This was a daughter, born to W. T. Little's wife, in 1837. The next child was a son to Mrs. Captain Sullivan Howard.

R. A. Little built a log house in Wethersfield, sixteen by eighteen and sixteen persons lived in it in the winter of 1837-1838. Appropriately, they must have been Little people.

William T. Little plowed the first furrow in Wethersfield township.

THE FIRST BRIDE OF HENRY COUNTY.

Mrs. Caroline Little Hurd, died October 8, 1903, at seven p. m., at Wethersfield, where she was married to Dr. Lewis Hurd on August 22, 1837, at the age of sixteen.

Henry county would be entirely square, if it wasn't for Rock Island county. Such is the influence of example.

Henry county, Illinois, is situated in the northwestern region of the greatest agricultural state in the world. It is in the list of the six best agricultural counties in Illinois, as publishers would class the six best sellers among their annual product of books. Henry county is thirty-six miles square, or would

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BUFFALO AND NORTH STREETS, GENESEO, IN '60S



STATE STREET, GENESEO, IN '60S



PEARL AND BUFFALO STREETS, GENESEO, IN '60S

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...ile of the famous corn belt, w...
...horseshoe into Central Nebr...
...wide, a thousand miles long.

...surface is almost a level ...
...Bottom on Rock River is ...
...a deeper soil than the uplan...
...at the expense of the u...
...direction of competent engin...
...water in the marsh country in ...
...River has been straightened ...
...The stream, formerly sluggis...
...straight channel, clearing ...
...formerly. Straightenin...
...-year bonds paid for the ...
...times over in the score ...
...Henry county ...

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be, were it not for Rock Island county. Rock River bites a bit out of the northwest corner of our county, and bestows it upon Rock Island county. It is a rocky bit of chicanery. (Pronounced shenanegan by the Pagans.)

Henry county is thirty miles square, save a strip of twelve miles by six, in the northwest corner, cut away by Rock River, and four thousand miles deep. Also it has a highway to heaven thirty miles square. This never gets crowded.

The surface is undulating and diversified. The original plain was prairie, with here and there a grove of natural forest fringing the streams. The streams are the Rock River, on the northwestern border, running southwest and emptying in the Mississippi, near Milan, Green River, running from east to west through the county, about one-third the county's breadth from the northern limits and debouching into Rock River, and the Edwards River, in the southern townships, emptying into the Mississippi. Green River's tributary creeks are Mud Creek on the east, and Spring and Geneseo creeks in the central portion. Also Jack's Branch, of Phenix.

The soil of Henry county is a black loam, about a foot deep. Henry county is close to the middle of the famous corn belt, which begins in central Ohio, and forms a great half-horseshoe into Central Nebraska. The "belt" is one hundred and fifty miles wide, a thousand miles long, and supplies the maize of the world.

Henry county's surface is almost a level in the wide bottom districts of Green River. Dutch Bottom on Rock River is also a level. These bottom and marsh lands have a deeper soil than the uplands. Every period of precipitation enriches the bottoms at the expense of the uplands. Drains, laid on scientific principles by the direction of competent engineers, have done wonders in caring for the surplus water in the marsh country in the northeast regions. Within recent years, Green River has been straightened at an expense aggregating a half million dollars. The stream, formerly sluggish from its tortuous windings, now runs rapidly in its straight channel, clearing the lands of water in a fraction of the time required formerly. Straightening Green River has been a wise investment. Twenty-year bonds paid for the work, and the rescued soil can pay these bonds many times over in the score of years. Corn and hogs are the main products of Henry county. So profitable is the production of these commodities, that lands have doubled in value within a decade. The writer recalls the sale of the Clough farm in Edford for one hundred and ten dollars per acre. The sale was succeeded by a gasp of astonishment. Lands at the time (in the early nineties) were held at around seventy-five dollars per acre. Last week (this writing is being done the first week in May, 1909), Jesse Lamont sold his farm, joining Geneseo on the east, to A. E. Nordling for two hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre.

Good farming in Henry county is a certain road to wealth. The towns and villages fill with retired farmers. Professional men, merchants, mechanics, seldom, if ever, retire on a competence. The rich soil of Henry county makes its owner rich.

In the early days, wheat was raised. Long ago the farmers learned that it pays better to raise corn and hogs and buy flour.

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Aside from the bottom lands, the surface of Henry county is gently rolling enough to afford excellent drainage. In a few localities, and confined to small areas, there is an occasional spot of a few acres which is too rolling.

This fact once caused me to pay fifty dollars each for two dinners.

When editing the Geneseo News, I made a side issue of real estate. I had a client from the bottom country (this was before the day of scientific drainage) who had grown sour with wallowing in the wet. He had sold his farm, and wanted to buy a high and dry one. I sold him one. It was exceedingly high and dry. Ravines and ridges, ridges and ravines! The acres had a tumultuous appearance, as if playing leapfrog. But it was high and dry, and my web-footed client closed the bargain. He and I got in my buggy and headed for town, where he said, we would go to a bank, and he would pay five hundred dollars on account. I was to receive one hundred dollars for making the sale. I would retain my commission, and deposit the four hundred dollars left to the credit of the seller. As we were passing the first farm, a group of threshers spied us. They were just going to dinner. The owner of the premises would not listen to our excuses. He ordered our horse unhitched. In we went. After dinner the host demanded what we were doing out there? My client spoke up in his innocence.

"Huh!" puffed the host; "I've seen corn two feet high washed down those ridges by a heavy rain, till the bottom was like a cornrick."

"I don't want that farm," said my client as we started home

"O, tell me something I don't know, and I'll pay you for it," said I bitterly. "Those two dinners cost me one hundred dollars."

Osco township, Henry county, is supposed to be the most perfect six miles square of farming land in the universe. Astronomers tell us that earth is the most fertile of the worlds. The United States are the most productive of earth's divisions, Illinois is the most prolific of the states, Henry county is the most fruitful of the counties, and Osco is the most procreant of Henry's townships. There isn't a foot of ungenerative surface in Osco's limits, except beneath the corncribs and granaries. Other townships in Henry county are just as good, only they have here and there a spot of marsh or hazel bushes, or some other trifling obstruction.

Henry county is bountifully underlaid with bituminous coal in some localities. The Aldrich mines on Rock River were the first opened in Henry county. Cleveland, also on Rock River, produced much coal, at one time giving employment to eight hundred men under Taylor Williams. Briar Bluff, Minersville and Barstow, all on our western limits, yielded much coal. Alfred Perry, a noted and forceful pioneer, opened the Briar Bluff mines. He had a huge fight with a railroad company, which company was brought to the fulfillment of its contract with the iron-willed pioneer, Colonel Alfred W. Perry. James and Michael Bradley were identified with the coal interests at Minersville in the rough and ready days. A strike among the men in those days was a reign of terror. The Bradley brothers tell of some hair-raising episodes, for which room may be found elsewhere. There are deposits of coal about Atkinson, and much heavier deposits near Kewanee. The latter have aided greatly in building up Kewanee into a manufacturing queen of the prairie. Kewanee has been fortunate in the nourishing policy of the Quincy railway. Though the main line of this system

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is the only railway in the place, the manufacturing interests have had the lowest rates of transportation. Galva and Cambridge have coal deposits. In some of the older workings, the coal has been exhausted.

Henry county is highly successful in the rearing of stock. Cattle are bought abroad, shipped in, and fed here for market at a good profit.

The county is divided into twenty-four townships. These townships, with the exception of Hanna, are six miles square. Hanna is cut in twain by Rock River.

As a land of fertility, for climate, productiveness, good homes, schools and churches, for general intelligenece and right living, in peace or war, Henry county, Illinois, is far to the front.

MILITARY TRACT.

References to "The Military Tract" are occasionally seen in the press. Users of the term assume that their readers will understand what is meant. Many older men cannot explain it, and to the younger generation it is a myth. It has a hazy halo, such as hangs over Golconda, Farther India, and the Mountains of the Moon.

As a hunk of Henry is in the military tract, it behooves me to clear up this mystery: The military tract comprises five million, three hundred and sixty thousand acres more or less, three and a half million acres of which were appropriated as bounties, in quarter-section lots, to the non-commissioned officers and men who volunteered their services in the war of 1812. These military bounty lands are situated between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. From the confluence of the streams to the northern lines of surveys is a distance of one hundred and sixty-two miles. Seventy-two miles north of the place of beginning of the fourth principal meridian touches the base line, which runs thence west to the Mississippi River. The military bounty lands extend ninety miles north of the base line. The northern boundary of Mercer county continued east to the Illinois river, marks the northern border of what is commonly known as the military tract. The territory thus described, includes Calhoun, Pike, Adams, Brown, Schuyler, Hancock, Macdonough, Fulton, Peoria, Henderson, Warren, Knox, Stark and Mercer counties, and parts of Henry, Bureau, Putnam and Marshall counties.

PEAT BOGS.

In the regions round about St. Peter's Marsh, and along the cattail swamps away north of Annawan, there are peat bogs. Peat is a substance of vegetable origin, consisting of roots and fibers in various stages of decomposition and found, as a kind of turf or bog, in low situations, where it is always more or less saturated with water. When dried, it is frequently used for fuel. In parts of Ireland, it is the main reliance for heating the homes of the peasants. It makes a low, steady and intense heat. In times past, these peat bogs in the upper Green River region have caught fire, and burned steadily for months. The only means of extinguishing burning peat is a prolonged rain, sufficient to

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fill up the bog. This peat ought to be used for fuel. There are untold quantities of it, to be had for the digging.

LO—THE POOR INDIAN.

While browsing in the bound files of the Henry County News of 1874—think of it, thirty-five years ago!—I came upon a reminiscence which time had obliterated from my memory. It seems that somebody had been digging in Shabona Grove, the forest south of Atkinson, and had come upon the skeleton of an Indian. This was determined by the presence of flint arrow heads mixed with the bones. The Atkinson correspondent of The News, which at the time was my brother Sam, either in earnest or for fun, made a sensational writeup of the occurrence. He especially emphasized the alleged custom of the savages to bury gold, and silver ornaments with their chiefs. He said that the place where the body was found was evidently an Indian cemetery, and if the chief's burial place was found, the finder would be richly rewarded. In the issue following, it was recorded that the Atkinson boys had become greatly wrought up over the prospects of a big find. They had labored zealously, rooting up the turf for many rods around; but finding neither chief, or any more common Indian remains. One boy lugged to town a vast aggregation of bones, the skull of which he could not find. Scientists determined these to be the framework of a mule.

EARLY RAILROADING.

The first railways were ramshackle affairs. The T-rail was not in general use in the middle of the last century. On the ties long wooden beams were laid, says Dr. Willard; on top of these beams, which they called stringers, were fastened straps of wrought iron, an inch thick and three inches wide. These were spiked down, the heads of the spikes being rasped off to make the track smooth. Sometimes the heads of the spikes being rasped too close, would pull through. When this occurred at the end of a rail, the iron would curl up and form what was called a "snake-head." Sometimes these fearful harpoons would pierce the car floor, causing awful disaster. Engineers carried hammers and spikes with which to fasten down these iron horrors.

BIG INJUN ME.

In the winter of 1835-6 fully two thousand Indians were encamped on Rock River, between the present sites of Prophetstown and Lyndon. These were mainly Winnebagoes. They were at peace with the whites; yet they gave the scattered settlers a good deal of bother, and some genuine anxiety. For it requires a whole lot of food to supply a camp of two thousand rough out-of-door people. A hungry man is a dangerous man, especially when there are a good many of him. In this they resemble wolves. Asa Crook had lived at Prophetstown all fall in his covered emigrant wagon, or "Prairie Schooner." As winter came on, he built a hut of poles, brush and bark, on the shores of Coon Creek. Asa was always of a generous mood, but he knew that to begin feeding the

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Indians would clean him out, and his own family would starve. So he gave the red men the frozen face. Down at the Aldrich and Hanna settlements, the same policy was pursued, though Wes Withrow says sometimes when the men were absent, the women would give the red beggars hot loaves to conciliate them, and remove reflections upon the use of the tomahawk. The pioneer ladies were sometimes much amused to see the eager jaws closing on the hot "pone," and the grimaces the stoical faces would make. There was great relief among the few and far between settlers when the big camp broke up in the spring, and straggled away.

EARLY DAYS.

A short story of the early days, written by County Clerk Welton.

Frank G. Welton, county clerk of Henry county, read a very interesting story of the early days at a meeting of the old settlers. It was as follows:

Old settlers of Henry county: I am delegated, on behalf of the village of Cambridge, to bid you welcome, and in so doing, it may not be inappropriate to trace briefly the history of this village, and call attention to those facts in the history of the county which were responsible for the birth of Cambridge.

In March, 1837, an enabling act was passed by the legislature authorizing Francis Voris, of Peoria county, James Rawalt, of Fulton county, and Isaac Murphy, of Warren county, to locate and name a county seat for this county. The oath was administered to these commissioners by William McMurtry, a justice of the peace in Knox county, October 3, 1837, and they immediately met at "Judge" Brandenburg's in the town of Dayton on Rock River and then proceeded to Geneseo, where they listened to the arguments in favor of Andover, Geneseo, Morristown, Fordtown and Richmond, all of which were applicants for the honor. Fordtown was located on Spring Creek, a few miles southeast of Geneseo, and Richmond was to be located on the southeast quarter of section 17, township 16 3, the land on which is now located the center schoolhouse in the town of Munson.

Major James M. Allan, who owned the prospective town of Richmond, donated to the county one hundred and twenty acres of land, and thereby secured the location of the county seat. The following day the county commissioners met and arranged with the surveyor to survey and plat the new town of Richmond, for which he was to receive the sum of forty dollars. The entire southeast quarter of section 17 was platted, one hundred and twenty acres for the county, and forty acres for Major Allan. The county then donated "three choice lots" to George Harris on condition that he "erect a public house sufficient for the accommodation of company by the first of the following June," which he did. In December, 1837, a contract was let to the same George Harris for the erection of a court house, which was never entirely finished, as in April, 1839, the town of Richmond was entirely destroyed by fire, with the sole exception of one stable. The villagers lodged in this stable for a time after the fire, and one term of court was held in it. After that and without any authority of law, the court was held at Geneseo; and in December, 1839, the court petitioned the legislature to legalize its acts while at Geneseo and authorize it to be held there until proper provision could be made at the county seat and

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also, that the county officers be authorized to transact the business of their offices at their own houses until January 1, 1841.

During the winter of 1839-40 an act was passed authorizing the relocation of the county seat, and appointing as commissioners for the purpose Alex Turnbull, of Warren county, M. W. Conway, of Rock Island county, and Harmon Brown, of Knox county. This time Geneseo and Morristown were the principal contestants. Morristown overbid her larger, more confident and wealthy antagonist and secured the coveted honor, giving therefor one hundred and sixty acres of land, sixteen town lots and $1000 in cash.

In 1841 a "commodious court house," (so styled by the county commissioners) eighteen by twenty-four feet, one and one-half stories high, was erected and partially completed at Morristown. Morristown was located five and a half miles from the west line of the county and five miles south of Rock River, the northern boundary of the county.

The location of the county seat at Morristown was not satisfactory to the people of the county and a feeling of dissatisfaction with the plan of having commissioners for the purpose had arisen. This feeling increased and resulted in the circulation of two petitions, one asking the legislature to relocate the county seat at Geneseo, the other asking its location near the center of section 7, township 15 3, then bare prairie, now the village of Cambridge. This latter petition secured the signatures of the majority of the voters of the county and a bill for its location here was passed by the legislature, approved by the governor and became a law February 21, 1843. This act provided that the courts should continue to be held at Morristown until suitable accommodations were provided at the new location.

In April, 1843, Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury deeded to Henry county the southeast and northwest and northeast southwest section 7, township 15 3, being the two fractional forty acre tracts on which had been located the county seat.

In June of that year the county commissioners met in an unfinished log cabin at Sugar Tree Grove, directly east of the new location, and arranged with Charles C. Blish, of Wethersfield, for the sum of fourteen dollars to survey and plat the village of Cambridge, on the lands conveyed to the county by Rev. Pillsbury. Thus was Cambridge brought into being.

Many in the northern and northwestern portions of the county were opposed to the new town and lost no opportunity to under-rate the locality and its facilities, urging that it was destitute of water, was not in any direct line of travel, that people could not be induced to settle in the new town, that it would be difficult to induce suitable persons to hold the county offices if compelled to live there, and other arguments of a like character.

A mail route was shortly established from Wethersfield through Cambridge to Geneseo; and for a brief time a semi-weekly mail from Peoria was enjoyed. But the carrier soon refused to go through Cambridge, and would only throw out at Cosner's Corners, ten miles east of Cambridge, mail bag put up for that [illegible] "Shabbona

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forwarded. Those having important business with or from the county seat soon became unwilling to entrust it to the mails, and even this improper and insufficient provision was soon taken away by discontinuing the route, thus leaving Cambridge without mail service. A route was next established from Princeton to New Boston via Cambridge and Andover, by which a week mail was furnished, and soon thereafter a route was established from Cambridge to Rock Island over which a weekly mail was carried by "Uncle Bobby" Robinson, who lived immediately south of this village, where J. F. York's house now stands. "Uncle Bobby" was a character, very honest and trusty, and made more money by attending to errands along his route than by carrying the mail.

The growth of the town was remarkable only for its slowness. The idea that the county seat would be removed prevailed, was fostered, and several times attempted, and people were afraid to venture in for several years.

When the county seat was located here the county owned an unfinished court house at Morristown which the citizens of the vicinity of Cambridge, mainly those located at the east end of "Sugar Tree Grove," proposed to move to this village. In September, 1843, a contract was made with the county by which these citizens, among whom we find Stackhouse, Hanna, Mascall, Cady, Osborne and Malcolm, were to do so, and for compensation were to receive eighty dollars and the use of the house for three years for school and other public purposes when not wanted by the courts. The building was placed on runners and in two days was drawn with ox teams to Cambridge and placed on the southeast corner of the school square, where it remained and was used for court and other public purposes until the fall of 1844, when it was sold to E. and S. Gaines, who moved it into a lot opposite the northeast corner of court square, put an addition to it and occupied it as a dwelling and store, in which they did a good business for many years. The original building is now occupied as a part of a dwelling in this village.

In the meantime Sullivan Howard had erected a court house on court square, completing it in July, 1845, which was used for court purposes until the present structure was erected and accepted in September, 1880.

The first building erected in Cambridge was of unhewn logs, put up by John Russell, located opposite school square on the south, between the buildings now owned by Dr. Eaton and Dave Wilkey. He occupied it as a residence while he was building a house on the next corner east, after which he used it as a blacksmith shop.

The first hotel was built by A. H. Showers in 1848, a portion of which is still standing, being a part of the home of Letitia Wilkey, on the corner directly south of the court house.

In 1852 Mr. Showers built the front part of the present "Cambridge House," and in 1856 sold it to A. and N. B. Gould, who added the third story and conducted a hotel for about five years.

To this village, born as a result of three contests, the latter a most masterly fight, nurtured through adversity, owing its life to the unremitting watchfulness of its leading citizens—among whom are the two Goulds and Richard Mascall—to this village, with its one thousand, five hundred inhabitants, with its comfortable and happy homes, its handsome streets, its magnificent system of water-

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works and electric lights, I sincerely and cordially welcome you, and extend to you a freedom of the village, and if you do not see anything you want, ask for it and we will promptly produce it.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

Edward Blair in Kewanee Star-Courier: Prairie fires started with a head fire three or four rods wide. These head fires were driven at a fearful rate, and woe to all life in their path. After this fire had swept across the country, it would leave long side fires extending back to the starting point of the fire. These side fires burned slowly, and could be stepped across anywhere. In windless weather they would burn for days. We used to plow furrows or burn guards to protect property. We attempted to burn a guard around Wm. Kent's stacks once; but got the stacks afire, and burned twenty-five tons of prairie hay.

THE OLD.

Old things are best. Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old books to read, old friends to converse with.

The old friends are the best friends;
None are so good and true:
We greet them when we meet them
As the roses greet the dew.

—Peans of The Prairies.

OLD POSTOFFICE.

Curtis C. Martin, Geneseo's assessor and superintendent of streets, says that time was when the Geneseo postoffice was west of the creek. He says that the hole where the cellar was, and parts of the brick wall of the cellar, may yet be seen on clear days. As for that, what did they want of a cellar in a postoffice? They couldn't keep the dead letters there.

FORGE OF LIFE.

Thus on the flaming forge of life
Each burning deed and thought,
With sweat and toil and heavy strife,
Are turned and wrought and wrought.

—After Longfellow.

Kewanee multiplied on the face of the prairie so fast that the pioneers could hardly keep up with the procession. They can't yet. The city is a stronghold of big schoolhouses. But they got so behind in the early days that they had to open a school in a blacksmith shop,—Bryan's shop it was. Teacher, Sykes.

SOCIAL LIFE.

The first settlers insisted upon wide neighborhoods. People a dozen or even twenty miles away were neighbors. If there was a dance within a dozen miles

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PARK VILLA
Built by Dr. Pomeroy, burned March, 1873, Geneseo



WILLIAM SMITH'S LAW OFFICE AND OFFICE OF DR. R. H. ANTES, GENESEO

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to which the typical old settler was not invited, he felt slighted. Neighborhoods contract as the population thickens. Now a neighborhood in a country region is generally reckoned as within a three mile radius, and usually is restricted to the school district. In a village it includes two or three blocks. In a city, half a block or less. In a metropolis, there are no neighborhoods. No man knows his neighbor.

Shooting matches with the rifle were rife among the men. These were usually dated to the days preceding Christmas. Our forefathers did wonders with the old flintlock rifles. The turkey was usually put into a box, with his head protruding from a hole in the cover. The shooters took turns shooting at the jerking, wabbly head. They paid ten cents a shot, the man who hit the turkey's head being the winner, and taking the bird. They shot at a distance of one hundred yards. The old flintlock came down in response to the pull on the trigger, making a smashing sound, like throwing a jackknife into a saucer. From three to seven sparks of fire ensued, and if the gunner's luck was good, and the wind was right, maybe the powder in the pan would ignite. If it did, it would set fire to the train of powder exuding from the touchhole, and thereby reach the charge behind the bullet. Now, the gunner who shifted his weight from the initial leg, or turned to spit, or blow his nose, was sure to miss, for the time was ripe for the gun to go off. This it did with a "p-e-e-o-w-w-" and a wail as long as the wind. Those who stood steadfast, even though the pangs of hunger assailed, and didn't romp around any, stood a show of hitting the turkey's head, and having him for dinner on Christmas.

Goose pulls were another diversion. The goose was hung alive upside down at a height to be reached by horsemen. The participators paid ten cents each, and rode at a gallop beneath the goose, making a grab at his elusive neck. The fellow who seized the goose and pulled him down, was entitled to the bird. This was rather cruel on the goose, when the cry went up "everything is ready, and the goose hangs high," which cry has passed into the proverb. But it wasn't very pleasant for the turkey, either, though he may not have realized what was going on till it was too late.

There were dances in the winter, seldom in the summer. Those who objected to dances, got up revivals. These revivals were generally held at schoolhouses, and were attended by almost the entire population for many miles around. Where the evangelist was of the right mettle, these meetings were scenes of great fervor.

The women had their "quiltings." Sometimes some poor fellow would fall sick, or lose a horse. Then the neighbors would make a "bee," and all turn in and spend a day doing up his work. These were social affairs, and often wound up with a dance in the evening. The quiltings were in the same spirit, the object being to assist a neighbor woman to put together the quilt which she had been piecing so long and patiently. A big dinner and abundance of gossip were the attractions.

A peculiar dispensation of Providence placed a fiddler within reach of every neighborhood which really wanted to dance. There is something occult and mythical about this. I cannot account for it. I simply state it as a fact. These fiddlers were usually men of mark, differing from their neighbors, sometimes in a way almost weird.

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"Old Brunker" was our boyhood fiddling hero. I stood in awe of him. Some rare enchantment about him or his fiddle, made his melodies more musical than any I ever heard before or since. He had a way of singing his "calls," blending his voice with the sound of the violin, and weaving and waving his old crooked body in a rhythmic reel and coil, that had in it an element of the unearthly. Walt. Smith took advantage of being several years my senior to stuff me with the idea that Old Brunker's breath was so full of alcohol that it would make a young boy like me drunk just to get a whiff of it. Walt. said it made boys with curly hair just about delirious. How I stood around and suffered for breath! When fate fetched me near Brunker (who should have spelled his name with a D) I would compress my lips and hold my breath till I turned purple, and the people said it was too hot for me, and I might throw a fit. But, the drunker old Brunker got, the better he played, the more musically he called, and the more rhythmical were the writhings of his misfit frame.

Then, as the country filled up, there were debates, and spelling schools, and singing schools at the schoolhouses. Diversions various there were, such as fishing parties and camping parties, and marriages and giving in marriage. What with donation parties, for the minister, and kissing parties among the young people, and occasional festivals, and cornhuskings with their red ears, the social life was really enjoyable.

RECORDS OF ELD.

George S. Wells of Geneseo presented the editor of this volume a deed for a tract of land in Geneseo, which deed was made by the U. S. Government to Roderick R. Stewart, and signed by John Tyler, president of the Union. This venerable document's chief value rests in its antiquity and the signature of the second partner in the Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign of

"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

"Tippecanoe" was the elder Harrison, who died in office, and was succeeded by his vice president, "Tyler, too." The writer regards the venerable document with deep veneration. Its parchmentlike aspect makes a mysterious feeling come upon the bosom of his great deep, as if Cleopatra was doing the Salome dance in the immediate atmosphere.

There are yet older deeds. White men never saw Henry county till 1832, yet William Barrows patented by military warrant the southeast quarter of section 5, Weller township, on October 28, 1817. This document was signed by James Monroe, president. Henry was then a part of Madison county, so the patent was recorded at Edwardsville, December 28, 1818. This latter year Barrows sold to William Hobby the quarter section at one dollar per acre. The deed was acknowledged before Wm. Stephenson of Boston, Suffolk county. This was the year that Illinois was admitted to the Union.

Also on the year that Illinois came into the Union, the United States issued a patent to Uriah Lockett for the southwest quarter of section 1, in Weller township. On February 2, 1819, Lockett sold to H. Stewart. This was Groundhog Day. Consideration two hundred and fifty dollars. Both parties were from Tennessee.

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No Tennessee Groundhog could get much ground in Henry County now for such money.

Comes John Greenup of Ohio, Geauga county, on November 22, 1820, and sold to W. Skinner of the same place, the southeast quarter of section 4, Weller township, consideration two hundred dollars.

The United States being indebted to S. Staples for services in the War of 1812, bestowed upon said Staples the southeast quarter of section 6, Weller township. The records of Madison county, of which Henry was once a part, show that Staples sold the quarter on November 22, 1819, to J. Rundlett, price two hundred dollars. This deed was acknowledged before James Ladd, Notary, of Rockingham, N. H.

October 15, 1818, the southwest quarter of section 5, Weller township, was patented by James McCartnee. He sold it the same year to F. Maker, for one hundred dollars. The deed is acknowledged in Baltimore.

June 20, 1820, J. Van Ransalear sold the southwest quarter of section 8, Weller township, to J. R. Van Ransalear, and, so say the records, thirty-six quarter sections in other counties, all for two thousand dollars. Talk about Groundhogs! They didn't wait till February 2d to wake up, in those sweet wild times.

July 30, 1819, R. Cushman patented the southwest quarter of section 8, Weller township, and sold to J. Van Ransalear.

All these transactions were made without anybody seeing the land, to find if there was a lake one hundred feet deep on top of it. It reminds me of when Professor Comstock of Henry county bought some "nice high and dry lots" in a town in Kansas. In a year or two he ran out to see his lots, and found them in the middle of a cemetery.

Why were these transactions in Weller? Dickens had not yet brought to light and delight, the immortal Samuel Weller.

WHERE THEY REST IN THE SOIL THEY LOVED.

He must have a dull and sluggish soul who can look without emotion on the quiet graves of the early settlers of this county, who can tread upon their mouldering bones without a thought of their privations and their toils, who can from their tombs, look out upon the rural loveliness, the fruitfulness and peace by which he is surrounded, nor drop a tear to the memories of the dead who won, by the stoutness of their hearts and the sweat of their brows, the blessings their children have only to cherish and enjoy.

A PAPER CITY.

Betimes I have gotten an aged resident into a reminiscential reverie, and he would talk of a Humbug city.

This mysterious municipality was located on Green River, about two miles northeast of Geneseo. It is said that even the godlike Daniel Webster was taken in and properly skinned by this catastrophi-

I think it ---

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As nearly as I can set forth, the story is substantially as follows:

Two young men, artists, found themselves stranded upon the Illinois prairies. They had come out west to paint Indian pictures. Neither was George Catlin. Catlin obtained the confidence of the red men, and painted many pictures of them, and sold them at tremendous prices to the courtiers and hangers-on of the court of St. James. Long after, Ed. Deming of Geneseo did about the same thing. He got the confidence of the red men, painted many portraits of their chiefs, and obtained fabulous figures for them, from the nobility of Europe. Deming's parents are yet residents of Geneseo, "The Maple City."

But the young men to whom we refer, came at an inauspicious period. Black Hawk was being chased out of the country with the remnant of his band. Shabona was being hunted down by Sac and Fox spies, who ambushed the Winnebago camps everywhere to get a shot at Shabona, "The White Man's Friend," as they called him with withering contempt. The Indians everywhere were suspicious and alarmed. In this restless condition, the two artists found the aboriginals. They couldn't find one who would hold still long enough to have his picture painted.

So the artists went broke, away out here, a thousand miles from nowhere. Then, in this desperate predicament, fertile fancy got in her work, and imagination opened her golden mine.

The two artists set to upon the canvas upon which they fain would transfer the outlines of the chiefs, and they did paint a city. It was painted with great accuracy of detail. It was located upon Green River. Wharves there were, where steamboats were discharging cargoes, and taking on cargoes. Factories with black smoke rolling from their tall chimneys emphasized the importance of the city as a manufacturing center. All around the edges were marked "Coal Fields," "Stone Quarry," "Forest of Pine." Long reaches of Green River were to be seen, whereon the festive excursion boats contributed to the gayety of the nations. Away down at the extreme verge of the southwest corner was a spot, a mere dot, which was labeled "Geneseo," in little crooked italics.

With this magnificent painting drawn from life, the two young artists made their way back east. They starved and struggled over swamp and mountain. But they made it.

Their painting made a great sensation. If this young city was even half as fine as the picture, it was bound to be the metropolis of the western world. When it was discovered that these young men had had the forethought to purchase a large tract of land adjoining the city on the south, which they intended to cut up into lots, the desire to secure a block or two of these lots developed into a passion. Men paid the big prices asked, and thought themselves lucky to get the lots on any terms.

While the godlike Daniel Webster was bumping his weary way over the gopher-holes to see his holdings in the grand city founded on the River Green, his expenses being paid by other purchasers of lots, who wanted a complete report of their prospects for sudden wealth, while Daniel was bumping over the plains and through the virgin forests, two young artists were battering their way in a sailing-ship over the deep blue sea, toward Europe. They had a first cabin, and acted as if they owned the sea.

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OLD SEMINARY.

Moss-grown and bat-infested, the old Seminary stands upon its old original site in Geneseo. Its windows are boarded up, giving the building the pathetic aspect of a structure gone blind. Mournfully cowers the ancient Seminary beneath a roof which was useful once. But now the roof rains within the walls for a long time after the clouds have gone. Poor old blind academical arena, it is in sad case. It weeps for a new roof. It ought to have a new roof. The walls are good and sound. The floors were good some years ago; but may be decayed now, because of the leaking roof for many years. It is too bad to see it go to wrack and ruin, this building which has sheltered so many forefathers and foremothers of the city, and within whose venerable walls they have acquired the education which has made of them useful, intelligent men and women in the world.

The old Seminary is a relic of the Colonial days. It was one of the first structures put up in the new city. For many years it was a landmark. Whites and Indians located themselves by this big object on the prairies. For there were no trees or farm buildings anywhere to obstruct the view. Mrs. Ella Hume Taylor, in her Chicago address, published in this volume, intimates that many were the sacrifices of the little colony for the building of the old brick Seminary. Even the women and children helped. And there it stands today, staring with blind appealing eyes at a "wicked and untoward generation," while "none are so poor as to do it reverence." P. S. It will be torn down, to make room for the new Township High School.

Mrs. Ella Hume Taylor hands me the following circular. It is printed in antique fashion:

CIRCULAR OF THE GENESEO SEMINARY.

TEACHERS:

J. K. Burnham, principal. Teacher of Latin, Greek, and the higher branches of mathematics and English literature.

Miss Jane A. E. Earl, teacher of French, Painting, Drawing, and ordinary English branches.

Mrs. Pierce, teacher in Music.

TUITION:

Latin, Greek and higher branches of Mathematics, and higher English, per quarter	$5.00
Common English branches, per quarter	4.00
Piano Music, per quarter	10.00
French, German, Painting and Drawing, each per quarter (extra)	1.00

TERMS:

The fall term will commence on Wednesday, September 20th, and continue thirteen weeks. The second term will commence on the first Wednesday in

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January and continue ten weeks. The third term will commence on the second Wednesday in March, and continue eighteen weeks.

LIST OF TEXT-BOOKS:

Mathematics.—Thompson's Arithmetic, Colburn's Mental do., Davie's Algebra, Bourdon, and Lagendre, Preston's Bookkeeping, Davie's Surveying.

English Department.—Town's Speller and Readers, and Peters' Rhetorical Reader; Wells' Grammars, Mitchell's Geography, Goodrich's History, Cutter's Physiology, Olmstead's Philosophy, Silliman's Chemistry, Upham's Mental Philosophy, Watts on the Mind, Milton's Paradise Lost, Campbell's Rhetoric.

Department of Languages.—Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar and Reader, Kreb's Guide to writing Latin, Cooper's Virgil, Anthon's Cæsar, Crosby's Greek Grammar, Anthon's Greek Reader, Olendorf's French and German.

The Principal of this institution has taken great care to secure the services of the most skillful and approved teachers to cooperate with him in conducting the institution. We mean to afford young ladies and gentlemen the best of facilities for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the more substantial as well as ornate branches of English and Classical learning. Our town of Geneseo is a beautiful, healthy and accessable location, and the high moral tone and character of its society is too well known to need remark. Every necessary effort will be put forth by the faculty and trustees to secure board and comfortable quarters for pupils at moderate rates.

Lectures upon the various branches of Art, Science and Literature will be delivered weekly by gentlemen of the place, eminently learned and adapted to that mode of teaching. Our town also furnishes ample means of almost every kind for moral and intellectual improvement.

Geneseo, September, 1854.

CITIES.

Cities began to spring up over the state. Galesburg to the south, Galena to the north, Bloomington, Danville, Peoria, Chicago.

Our grandparents went to the cities over long reaches of winding roads. There were no turnpikes, no bridges. They gradually got used to city ways, even after the introduction of horsecars. One dear old soul glowed with delight, saying:

"I'm gittin' onto city ways. Uster turn two summersets every time I got off'n them streetcars. Now I turn only one."

Towns sprang up, centers of population, where postoffice, store, blacksmith-shop, church were to be found. The settler went to town over roads the length of which would stagger a man of the present. In the early day, Geneseo drew trade from Andover, Bishop Hill, and all over the country, to the Knox county line. I recall hearing Major George Shumway tell, at the banquet at the Geneseo House given by the Merchant's Retail Club in the winter of 1907, that he was told by his father that if he would be good, he could some day go to Geneseo. Notwithstanding the shock to his system, George was good enough to pass. His

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HISTORIC OLD SEMINARY, GENESEO



HISTORIC SEMINARY AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Built by the Geneseo colonists

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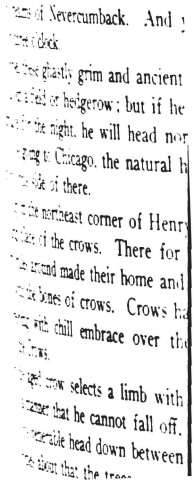

father lived near the southern line. They started before daybreak one May morning. It was George's first visit to a city. The sun was high in the sky when the Shumway one-hoss shay turned into State street. George was overcome with the magnitude and grandeur of the scene. He believed the brewery and the hotel to be the two largest buildings in the world. State street was one dream of beauty. Down at the railroad, a train of cars whistled. George leaped from the wagon and ran over fourteen teams loaded with corn before they could stop him.

GROVE OF THE CROWS—RACE FOR LIFE AND THE MAN WHO WENT ROUND.

Anybody standing on a Henry county prairie in the days of auld lang syne, might observe, if a trained observer, like a typical newspaper man, that, after three or four o'clock in the afternoon, every crow he saw was flying northeast.

Three quarters of a hundred years have flapped their dark wings to the mysterious realms of Nevercumback. And yet the crows fly to the northeast after about three o'clock.

Of course, these ghastly grim and ancient ravens may hop and flutter hither and yon about a field or hedgerow; but if he is mounted aloft, and flying for a roostingplace for the night, he will head northeast.

Nor is he going to Chicago, the natural home of the ravenous; but he halts a long way this side of there.

Way up in the northeast corner of Henry county, in Yorktown township, is the abiding place of the crows. There for untold generations have the crows for forty miles around made their home and habitat. The ground in that grove is white with the bones of crows. Crows have a limit to life. When they feel death creeping with chill embrace over their sable skins, they scoot for the Grove of the Crows.

Here the aged crow selects a limb with parallel limbs and twigs, sits upon it in such a manner that he cannot fall off, draws his aged talons tightly under him, pulls his venerable head down between his shoulders, and calmly awaits.

So it comes about that the trees are often full of defunct crows, in various stages of decay. So well-perched are they, that they often repose for months aloft in the trees, like their cousins, the Indians.

It is said that it is a weird experience to foregather in this ghastly grove during a tempest. Our oldtime friend, Jacob Arnett, who came to Loraine in 1837, was once in this grove, waiting for a hurricane to pass. It was the time of young crows, and the ground was littered with gawky, squawky, half-baked crows, tumbling and blowing weirdly about among their dead grandparents.

Some of the eggs had not been hatched. Uncle Jake was kept busy dodging these and the young crows and their ancestors.

When the storm abated, the time of day had arrived for the pilgrim crows to return from stealing corn, bird's eggs and the like. The air was black with them, centering in from all directions.

... two horsemen whom he had

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he did not see them, headed his horse for home, which was twenty miles to the westward.

Mr. Arnett bestrode a magnificent horse, an animal of remarkable bone and muscle. Mr. Arnett was a light man, weighing probably never more than one hundred and forty younds. In his old age, he weighed much less.

It soon became apparent to Mr. Arnett that he was being pursued. He was in the habit of carrying large sums of cash on his person. He had a big roll at this time.

I have expostulated with him often for this habit. He has come into The News office to pay his subscription, stripping a ten or twenty from a roll big enough to choke a cow.

Apparently the purpose of the pair of pursuers was to keep their quarry in view till dark, then close in and rob him of his money and horse, and of his life, if he made much fuss.

But, as dark drew on, it was evident that Mr. Arnett's big racer had too much go left in him to be overtaken by the badly-blown horses behind. The latter horses were smaller, and the men heavy.

Sensing these facts, the pair behind began shouting. They wanted to get Mr. Arnett's confidence by making overtures. But Mr. Arnett, though he heard the shouting, never looked around. He made as if he hadn't heard. The horsemen had come about fifteen miles in the manner described. Dark drew slowly down. Night drew her sable mantle round the world, and pinned it with a star.

The gallant big charger under Mr. Arnett, sensing the good box stall and abundance of grub only five miles away, responded nobly to Mr. Arnett's demand for more speed.

"No lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
No swifter icy rivers flow
Adown the airy Alpine snow."

The noble animal brought his master safely home, and, in turn the master watched the racer's stable all night, aided and abetted in the vigil by an old-time rifle, long as a fence rail. But the marauders had concluded it was more healthy to switch. Afterward a band of horsethieves was located in that same Grove of the Crows, and hunted out of the country.

ROUND AND ROUND, AND YELLING.

I may forget it if I wait, so I'll tell an anecdote here that was told me by Uncle Jake Arnett. He crossed the plains in the early golden finds in California, and, buying a lot of pack mules, went to freighting between Oregon and California. On day another freighter with a pack of mules caught up, and they journeyed on together. The newfound company was a stubborn-headed man, who knew all things, and could be told nothing. They came to a swift mountain river. Lots were drawn as to who should cross first. Jake won. He got three burros.

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were safely ferried. Then Knowall began. He wouldn't fool with three mules like Jake did. He put his entire ten aboard. Jake implored him to keep the scow headed upstream. Knowall laughed, pushed off, and tried to pole straight over. The current caught his craft.

"The last I ever saw of him," said Jake, "he was kiting down stream, going round and round, standing in the middle of the mules, and yelling like ——."

AGAIN THE COUNTY SEAT.

Even Squire Joshua Harper, he of the munificent one thousand dollar gift to locate the county seat at Morristown, admitting that the latter village was hardly adequate as the seat of justice, the location fight was on again. One term of court was held in Geneseo, April 6, 1840, and two terms in 1841. The sessions were then held at Morristown till the early part of 1843. The county seat was then located permanently at Cambridge, a point convenient to all parts of the county, and a wide-awake, fine town.

No courthouse being built in Cambridge, court continued to meet in Morristown. Cambridge, to make sure of the county seat, got permission from the county officers to remove the courthouse from Morristown. The building was moved in the late summer of 1843. Ox teams were yoked to the temple of justice, and the outfit went straining and groaning across the prairies, to the consternation of the ground squirrels. With many a yo-heave-ho and yank, the yankee job was done, and the temple placed on the southeast corner of the schoolhouse grounds, in the midst of Cambridge.

To the consternation of the groundlings, justice did not pursue her temple. Being blind, perhaps she couldn't find it. Anyhow, court continued to convene in Morristown. Sessions were held in September of 1843 and May, 1844. What they were held in does not appear. September and May being fine months, mayhap they were held in the open air.

Cambridge, however, has been the place of holding all the sessions since May, 1844. The old Morristown structure was used till the construction of the old time wooden structure which served the county for a time. The latter was built by Sullivan Howard, an early settler of Wethersfield. It cost about three thousand dollars. It was completed and accepted July 8, 1845. The old wooden jail was built in 1853-1854. A new wooden courthouse was built in 1866. It served till the construction of the present magnificent structure of brick and stone, which was built in the late '70s. The last of the old wooden courthouses was sold to a farmer north of Cambridge, who hauled it to his domain, and uses it as a barn.

In 1858 a small fireproof building for the county records was built near the courthouse, at a cost of ten thousand dollars. In this were the offices of the county clerk and county treasurer.

FIRST JURY CASE.

The first case to come before a Henry county jury, was of an ecclesiastical

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disturbed the peace of a congregation which was assembled for worship. Said Hiram Pearce did, against the peace and dignity of said assembled congregation, and against the peace and dignity of the state of Illinois, make use of ribald and profane language, and did then and there behave himself in an unseemly, disorderly and immoral manner. He was found guilty, and fined twenty dollars.

Often it occurred, especially in the summer sessions of court, that the little structures with which they had to put up at first were found to be suffocating and overcrowded beyond endurance. When this occurred, judge, jury, lawyers, culprits and all concerned, filed forth and found the shade of a tree or haystack, where the proceedings were continued.

A man's acts are governed to a considerable degree by his environment. If a man is well-fed, comfortably-housed, and if his liver is on friendly terms with him, he is prone to be lenient with his fellowmen. But if a man, or, say a dozen men in a jurybox, are made to eat the back sides of tombstones, drink slumgullion disguised as coffee, and sit squeezed and sweating in an atmosphere redolent of unwashed hosiery, he is prone to give the prisoner at the bar the worst of it. Many a palpitating pioneer has been let off easy just because a judge had the sense to adjourn court to reassemble behind a haystack. 'Twas meet and fit there to seek justice. All flesh is grass. Therefore a stack of hay is typical of humanity.

And, talking of haystacks: some of the attendants at court at Cambridge in the early days, were fain to find their slumber in the embrace of friendly haystacks. Other lodging it was hard to find. Many a member of the bar has trudged from Cambridge to Andover to find food and lodging. As the evening shadows fell, a hegira of hotfooted lawyers might have been seen, hiking for the cabins of the farmers, imploring in luminous eloquence for a chance to sleep in the trundle-bed.

November, 1849, under the new constitution, a county judge (who was also probate) and two associates, styled county justices, were elected, to-wit: J. M. Allan, judge; Wm. Miller and John Piatt, associates. In 1850, Allan was elected representative to the general assembly, and a special election for judge to fill the vacancy occasioned by his resignation, resulted in the election of Joseph Tillson. In 1853, Stephen Palmer was elected judge, and Robert Getty and John Piatt, associates. In 1857, the township organization was effected and the board of supervisors discharged the duties of the former court.

TOBACCO PRESS.

The early settlers of Henry county soon began to raise their own tobacco, or, those of them who used the narcotic. But it was unsatisfactory in its crude, unpressed condition. Eagerly they yearned for a tobacco press. They say the Man

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DEMOCRATIC THEN.

Henry G. Little was a republican. In 1850, he went to Chicago with a load of grain. He felt safe in leaving his home in Wethersfield. Blithely he bellowed at Buck and Berry, and right nobly the oxen retaliated. O, responded! But I'm excited. This guileless republican was seized upon in his absence, and elected sheriff. Now that was awful. It was worse than our Irish bull. The county was democratic then; but Little was elected by a handsome majority. He was elected to the legislature in 1856.

SELDEN MINER'S PERPETUAL MOTION.

Selden Miner of Wethersfield was a pioneer with an ingenious turn. He had a yoke of oxen and an old mare, all of which were shirks. He hitched the mare ahead of the oxen. He tied a small rope from each end of the mare's whiffletree to a ring in the nose of each ox. If the oxen lagged, the pull on this rope would make them realize their duty. He put a prod in the end of the wagon tongue. If the old mare undertook to shove her share of the burden upon the oxen, contact with the sharp iron reminded her of what she was there for. It is easily seen how the team could be started, but how it was stopped is a mystery.

AN ECCENTRIC.

Elisha Walcott of Wethersfield had property near Hennepin, twenty miles away. He raised onions on the Hennepin place. When traveling back and forth, he always took a cow, a sack of meal, and a bunch of onions. When hungry he would milk the cow into a can, pour in meal, and guzzle it down, topped off with onions. One bitter night he had wet feet, and fearing they would freeze, hastened to a spring, where he sat with them in the water all night. He saved his feet, but lost much reputation for sense. He was a kind, innocent soul, who fed tramps, presumably on meal, milk and onions. He had a theory that feet never freeze in the spring.

AND SOME WERE UNIQUE.

Unique characters give zest to life, as the tree or hill diversify the monotony of the plain. Henry county has not been forgotten in this respect. I have been reminded of this by Elisha Walcott, the eccentric, who saved his feet in the spring. But there are others. For instance,

WHITNEY.

Andrew Jackson Whitney of Geneseo is an old soldier, with a quaint turn for joking. His is a most elaborately solemn visage. The solemner the expression, the hotter the hyperbole.

It was "Jack" who originated the story of the man with the remarkable rubber boots. Two rival factories had contended long for the honor of making the most elastic boots for the use of firemen.

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Says Jack: "They kept making the rubber limberer and limberer. One day one of the factories got afire. The boss was in the top story. Quickly pulling on a pair of firemen's boots which had just been completed, he leaped from a window to the ground. To his astonishment, the boots bounced him back up to the window again. Desperate at the approach of the flames, he jumped again, only to be bounced up to the window again. And there he kept jumping and bouncing back, till they had to shoot him to keep him from starving to death."

I had told Jack of a plague of cats about my barn. People would move out of houses, leaving the cat. The cat would starve around the premises till desperate, then make a bee-line for my barn, where he would instantly contract the measles or scabhead from the others.

"Is there a way to get rid of them?" I wailed.

"It's hard to do," affirmed Jack. "Once I had a measly cat. I wanted to be rid of him the worst way. I got some poison of a kind that produces a painless passing and gave it to him. Instead of passing out in twenty minutes, like it promised on the bottle, the cat spent that twenty minutes hollering for more. I gave him all there was in the bottle. He rubbed my leg with his grateful back, and sang me a sweet song. It made me ashamed of myself. I got a gunny-bag and put him inside, in company with forty pounds of brickbats. I took the bag to the creek, and flung it into the deepest hole I could find. When I got home, he was sitting on the porch, licking the moisture off. He rubbed my leg in joyful greeting. Ashamed! I couldn't look him in the face. Then I shot him with a rifle, but he didn't appear to mind it. I let loose at him with a musket loaded with buckshot, and he appeared to think that I was fooling with him. At last one day I decided to put a finish to all this foolishness. I grabbed that cat, rushed to the woodpile with him, and at one fell swoop of the ax, I cut his head off. Then I went to the front porch and sat down to cool off. Man alive! I hadn't been there two minutes till that cat came round the corner, carrying his head in his mouth!"

Mr. Whitney is living in the enjoyment of a ripe old age. He has a host of friends.

LET GOODELL.

Among the joys of my existence in the early days of the Geneseo News, was to get Jack Whitney and Let Goodell together, and hear them swap yarns. It was better than most vaudeville. Among Let's simpler tales is that of the strong man of New Orleans.

"I don't know," asserts Let, "just how heavy that load of railroad rails was that he carried on his shoulders; but I do know that every step he took he sank up to his knees in the brick pavement!"

One day I was holding Let with a fairy tale about two girls who held an [illegible] during a shower. A man passing [illegible]

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"Getting warm enough to fetch the first flies," responded Let. Then he suddenly shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared at the Methodist church steeple, about half a mile off. "I declare," drawled Let, "I see a fly now, there on that steeple. He's moving swiftly about. Do you see him, Jack?"

"No," Jack came back, "I don't see him; but I can hear him trot!"

Lester Goodell, Lester being his full Christian name, is enjoying a serene old age in southern Minnesota.

JAMES BRACKEN.

Another old soldier is Jim Bracken. Eagle-eyed, good-natured Jim! I have loved him for many years. He has inborn a love of the whimsical and the odd.

In the days of the old Geneseo House on Main street, a fakir found Geneseo. He at once began advertising his "Grand Elliptical-Asiatical-Panticurall-Nervous Cordial," and hired Jim to pass out and post the bills.

The fakir was a king, in appearance and his own fancy. He was two yards high and a yard wide. He had Buffalo Bill hair, a fierce eye, and the air of a bad man. This odor of evil grew more noticeable as night drew near. His dope had brought dozens of dollars. He had kept his spirits up by pouring spirits down. By nightfall he was king. By early candlelight he was emperor of all he surveyed. When we boarders and wayfarers had gathered about the big drum stove in the office of the inn, the fakir was glorious. He regaled us with tales of his adventures by flood and field, in which he was always the hero. Nobody but he could say a word. Several of us suffered to give the history of our more or less glorious pasts; but he wouldn't give us the chance.

On a settle near the stove sat Jim Bracken. And he arose to the occasion.

"Why!" the fakir glared around as if it hurt his vision to view things as small as the human bacteria there and then assembled, "I had a house on a high hill near Austin, Texas, that covered an acre of ground! This hotel! Bah! This hotel would just about do for a hothouse in my garden. You just ought to see that house! All made of stone—"

"I've seen it," quietly murmured Jim.

"You been in Texas?" the fakir glared fiercely.

"Yes, and saw that big house. It has iron grates over all the windows, and sentinels parade the walls to keep the inhabitants from getting away."

A roar of laughter greeted this, a roar containing such relief!

The fakir flew into a rage. He wanted to wallop Jim; but Jim was cool. Presently they went down in the taproom, very lovingly together. They probably had a cup of coffee, as their breaths smelled like coffee when they came back.

"Why," the fakir flourished his long arms, "when I was running that group of gold mines in Colorado, I gave a thousand dollars for the finest rooster on earth. I had a pen of hens of [illegible] hens worth four [illegible]

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Then there was another menacing period. Just as we all felt that Jim had only a few seconds to live, the fakir seized his arm, swore eternal friendship, and they dived again into the basement.

This time they had had a feast of cloves. They were still munching cloves when they came back.

"Crow" the fakir raised both hands, flopping them like wings, "that rooster'd crow so's he could be heard fifteen miles! He got into a cyclone that carried him fifteen miles high, and when he was away up there he crowed down at me, showing that even in that period of excitement, he thought of his old master."

"Boo-hoo!" bawled Jim.

"None o' yer makin' game o' that rooster," threatened the fakir.

"Thought he was a game rooster." Thus Jim.

Jim wept; but the rest laughed.

"I've a good mind to knock the daylights out o'—come, let's irrigate."

And they descended.

All the rest of the evening when the fakir flourished his fables, the imperturbable Jim would break in with "What became of the rooster?" Then the crowd would roar, and the fakir rave.

To this day, Jim rarely meets me without demanding "What became of the rooster?

BUTCHER.

E. G. Butcher, of Comanche, Iowa, while not a Henry county man, was so much about Geneseo off and on, that we almost felt that he was good enough, from association, to be a Henry. "Old Butch!" Old-time Mississippi River steamboat gambler, scion of the race of half-horse, half-alligator type of men of which long John Wentworth, Richard J. Oglesby and the senior Yates were representatives. "Butch" was swarthy as an Indian, had long hair, with an Indianesque coarseness and blackness. His was the glittering black eye, the statuesque pose, the stoical indifference of the men of races and cards in "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine."

Butch was at the head of the racers and gamblers. He owned a fine farm, to which he would adjourn for rest when weary of road or river. He owned Alice Ward and other great racehorses of the day. He was always in funds, and the rest went to Butch to borrow, when they were broke. Butch loaned them money on their watches, rings, revolvers, etc. These pledges he put into a "doodlesack," as he called it.

Once when Butch was traveling with a circus, it puzzled the gang to know where Butch slept. He always showed up fresh as a daisy in the morning. But he avoided the sleeping coaches, because of the "doodlesack," and possible designs upon it.

One night there was a wreck. In the confusion of topsy turvy cars, escaping wild beasts, roarings and bellowings of the maddened brutes, arose the

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never rickatick the merry hours away anymore. The rest of my life goes to hard labor to pay for this pulverized pawnshop."

Thus the circus folk discovered that Butch had been making his bed with the elephants.

A minister visited Butch when the old man was drawing close to the home-stretch in the race of life.

"Did you say I'd be an angel?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the good man.

"And fly?"

"To be sure."

"And will you, also, be an angel, and will you fly?"

"Most assuredly, Mr. Butcher."

"Then," the old man reached under his pillow and pulled out a wad of green backs big enough to choke a cow, "I'll just bet you a hundred to fifty that I'll outfly you."

RISHEL.

There was formerly a rara avis living on one of the fertile farms near Cambridge who had a head full of crotchets. Among his vagaries was a hatred of the Bible. He ridiculed the legend of Adam and Eve by figures carved by his own hands, in wood. I once saw the serpent of the garden, at the county fair at Cambridge. The serpent was ten feet long, and carved out of a small log. It was well executed. Rishel, to show to all men his scorn of the scriptures, had driven a huge spike through a copy of the Book of Books, and nailed it to a tree.

Rishel "builded better than he knew," as Emerson says. That Bible nailed to a tree is symbolical of a certain man who was nailed to a cross. The Bible nailed to the tree makes the thinking mind reflect upon the fact that, without this Book and that Man, this world would now be ruled by the firearm and the sword. Aside from all theories and consideration of creeds, it must be conceded that the Man and the Book are the most potent factors for civilization the world has even known. Men who do not believe in the Christian religion, benefit as largely from its influence as those who do, in a mere earthly sense. Erase the Man and the Book from human life, and the result would be Chaos.

JENNINGS.

Unique from physical proportions was John L. Jennings, of Burns township. The "Giant of Burns" weighed four hundred and seventy pounds in his best days. When I last conversed with him, he had fallen away to four hundred and seven pounds. He stood six feet four inches high, and he was a giant in frame, features and feet. He was by far the biggest man who ever dwelt within our borders. I have just alluded to the last time I met him. Before I ramble on with anecdotes about him, and forget it, I wish to say that there was something sadly prophetic in that last meeting. He had come to Geneseo for the last time, as it transpired. He chatted with me a while, then suddenly began repeating poetry. The verse had to do with the hearse which is driven about

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the town, and everybody viewing it asks his neighbor or comrade "who's that for?" The melodious and melancholy lines had for a refrain, or last line for every verse, "when will it stop for you?" John threw much significance into the refrain, by his manner of throwing his hand toward me, and touching me upon the breast. I confess that it made me a bit uneasy to hear these repeated demands to know when it would stop for me.

"Stab that mudhook at yourself a while," I commanded.

And it was to stop for John in about two months.

John often sat upon two ordinary chairs at once. He had to remove the mattress and clothing from bedsteads in hotels and elsewhere, and lay them upon the floor. When John visited the World's Fair, he was followed constantly by increasing groups of boys, who mistook him for an exhibit from the Midway, giving them a free show.

Once a confidence man tripped blithely up to John at the corner of Lake and Dearborn, Chicago. John was about to enter the old Commercial Hotel.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Robinson! How's all the folks out on the old farm near Ottawa?"

And the rascal extended his hand. He expected John to say, "You're mistaken. My name's John Jennings, and I'm from near Cambridge, Illinois." Then the villain's pal would meet him a block or two down the street, and call him by his right name, and place him in the right locality.

But John didn't do that way. He simply grasped the lily white hand in that hand of his, which was like a ham in size, and like steel in strength.

"Why, howde do!" exclaimed John. "So glad to see ye! How's the neighbors?"

At every question, John would tighten the grip. Pretty soon the fellow began to howl. The bones of his hand were cracking. He begged for deliverance. He fell on his knees, and prayed for pardon. Tighter and tighter went the pressure, the fellow at last fairly yelling for mercy. When John let loose, the fellow went whizzing as if he'd been shot from a cannon.

WOODWARD.

In the halcyon days of youth, I inserted in the Geneseo News the following notice:

Cornhuskers Ahoy! Cornfield sailors are invited to participate in a grand swap of husking stories. This fall I have noticed that an unusual number of cornhusking liars are abroad. To the man sending in the biggest and best lie about cornhusking on or before December 15, I will present a fine artistic engraving of the Father of his Country, a gentleman notorious for having never told a lie.—Editor Geneseo News.

This aroused a mighty interest, and brought in a flood of lies. I had intended that the contest be confined to Henry county artists; but I had forgotten to say so in the ad., consequently I received an inundation from surrounding counties. Even affidavits were sent in, when I wanted lies. One man up Eight Mile Grove way wrote in an offer to bet that, in corn going fifty bushels to the acre, he could husk two hundred bushels per day. This was closely followed

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Tremont Street, east from present site of City Hall, Kewanee



"Liberty Pole" now the site of City Hall, Kewanee



Second street, west from Tremont, Kewanee



Bird's-eye view of Kewanee



Tremont Street looking west, Kewanee

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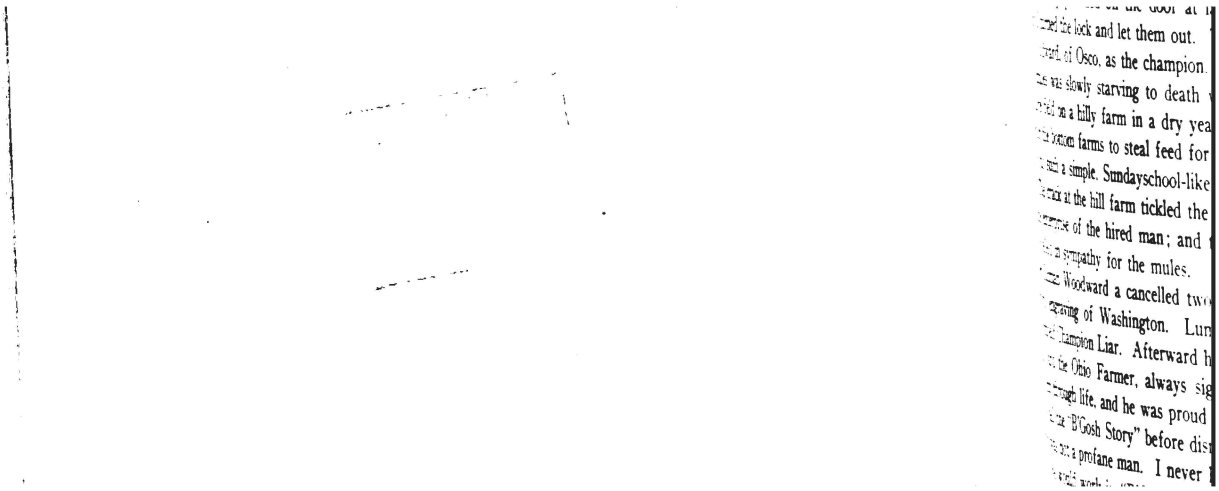

by a letter from a neighbor of the man, who offered to bet that the man couldn't shovel two hundred bushels of corn into the crib in a day.

The fun grew fast and furious. Everybody was after that steel engraving of George Washington. The interest waxed hot, as December 15 grew near. They got to coming into the office and dictating their lies to me, demanding that I take them down. Many a weary veteran climbed the stairs and declared that he wasn't going to allow his natural gifts to be downed because of a lack of education. "I've been lying all my life, and didn't have no time tc get eddicated," wailed one of many prevaricators.

I had a great time getting a committee to sit in judgment. The occasion demanded men who know a lie when they saw it, and then the relative merits of lies. I finally fixed upon a retired farmer from the swamp district north of Mineral, a professional fisherman, and a sidetracked preacher. They mumbled and powwowed and scrapped in the little back room where they were housed, and it was evident that several times that committee would break up in a row; but they pounded on the door at last, which was the signal agreed upon, and I turned the lock and let them out. They had unanimously fixed upon Luman Woodward, of Osco, as the champion. He had told of a farmer whose team of mules was slowly starving to death while the hired man was husking a forty acre field on a hilly farm in a dry year. The hired man used to sneak down upon the bottom farms to steal feed for the mules.

This was such a simple, Sundayschool-like narrative that it caught the committee. The crack at the hill farm tickled the swamp farmer; the fisherman admired the enterprise of the hired man; and the great heart of the sidetracked apostle swelled in sympathy for the mules.

I sent Luman Woodward a cancelled two-cent postage stamp, which was a fine artistic engraving of Washington. Luman began writing for my paper signing himself Champion Liar. Afterward he wrote for Comstock's Cambridge Chronicle, and the Ohio Farmer, always signing as above. In fact, the title stuck to him through life, and he was proud of it.

I must tell the "B'Gosh Story" before dismissing Luman:

Luman was not a profane man. I never heard him take the name of God in vain. But he would work in "B'Gosh," an abbreviation of "By Gosh," in season and out of season. It is alleged that he forgot himself once, and said "B'Gosh" in the presence of a preacher, who had stopped for dinner at Luman's hospitable farm house.

"Friend Luman," expostulated the disciple gravely, "it is not well to use such a word. It it not well, O, it is not well!"

"Well! Come along, parson!"

Luman led the minister to a stock well at the foot of a ridge, back on the farm. In this well a spring had been struck, and it had an intermittent gurgle as the water gushed out in pulsations, and the air rushed in. The sound made was strangely like Luman's byword.

"Put your ear over and listen!" commanded Luman, his face shining with triumph. "You said B'Gosh was not well. Hear the well, hear it! Every four seconds it says B'Gosh!"

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The minister had to admit it. The well is known as the B'Gosh well even unto this day. Luman Woodward has been gathered to his fathers. He was a good man and true.

WARNER.

W. W. Warner was Henry county's globe-trotter. He was an ardent traveler. He has gone upon his last journey.

He owned a farm of many acres, on the western frontier of Henry county. There is a station named for him, on the St. Louis branch of the C. B. & Q.

Early in life, Mr. Warner visited the West Indies. Several years after, he visited South America. Resting up a bit from this, he girded up his loins, and girdled the globe.

He was an eccentric, though not obtrusively so. He did not thrust his oddities upon the world, to its astonishment or confusion. He had it in mind to erect a castle upon his manor, the like of which there should not be in all these cornfed regions. Upon this tour around the world, he gathered woods from every land, and with these he finished a room in his great stone castle. The walls of the room are formed with woods from Hawaii, China, Japan, Sumatra, Malaysian Archipelago, Java, Tartary, Siam, Australia, Hindoostan, Arabia, the Holy Land, and from trees that grow by the long wash of Mediterranean waves. Almost every country on earth is represented, and each piece of wood is labeled legibily. There is wood from the sandal tree, camphor tree, rubber tree, mahogany, ebony, ironwood, teak, banyan, deadly upas, rosewood, orangewood, limewood, every kind and variety of wood that sucks sap from the soil. Of course the pieces are small, as he had to cut them to fit his trunks; and there are so many of them. This room in the great baronial castle of stone upon the western verge of our county, is the most interesting and remarkable compartment in Illinois.

BARKER.

S. N. Barker, known lovingly by his host of friends as "The Boss," was a merchant of Annawan. Long ago he joined the silent majority. He was, in many respects, a remarkable man. His most noticeable trait was a fondness for practical joking. He would lie awake nights to concoct a joke upon a friend. Hundreds of stories might be told of his exploits; but limited space holds me down to one. This one was written up in the Geneseo News a generation ago, and at once became one of the standard jokes of mankind. It was copied all over. The Supervisors of Henry county had been smitten with the usual periodical spasm of reform. From glancing indifferently at chaotic columns of items, staring at "demnition totals" till the amount could be remembered long enough to write a warrant on the county treasurer for the money, from this happy-go-lucky system, the supervisors, having just been called down by somebody, or taken in by somebody, suddenly stiffened, and became so exacting and penurious

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everything to be straight and honorable, he grew restless under the picayune practices in vogue. A supervisor had just made a melting speech against furnishing the paupers' table with horseradish, which he tearfully affirmed was an unwarrantable extravagance, and then Boss Barker arose:

"Gentlemen," his voice trembled with the eloquence of unshed tears, "in addition to the heinous offense of pampering the pauper stomach with horseradish, I have made the discovery that various merchants of our county have swindled this honorable board by causing this honorable board to pay for adulterated pepper! It is an awfully hot accusation; but I make it, right here, open and aboveboard, that the pepper furnished for the use of the County Infirmary, is half peas!"

The sensation was profound. The situation was critical. Could such things be! Henry county had, for untold years, been paying out its good money for villainous pepper that was half peas! This charge must be investigated.

"Can this be proven?" demanded the oldest man on the board.

All eyes were turned upon Boss Barker.

"Gentlemen, I can prove it to your satisfaction," he affirmed.

Fiery speeches followed. Many a paper collar melted from many a majestic neck. When all had been heard, and the tumult had ceased, a demand was made that Barker prove his allegation.

The stately Boss arose. Leaning with Websterian pose upon his desk, he said:

"Gentlemen, you demand that I prove that the pepper furnished the county is half peas! Spell the word P-e-p-p-e-r! There are six letters in Pepper, and half of them are peas!"

THE GROWING WORLD.

Henry county soil actually grows. Down in Hanna township, the oldest settled township in Henry county, the township where the Hannas first began their homebuilding, there was occasion some years ago to find a certain cornerstone of the original survey. Two neighbors had instituted a dispute as to the line of demarcation between their farms. The county surveyor was sent for. Neither of the farmers wanted to build one of those infernal highways known as "The Devil's Lane." So the surveyor was brought. He sat up his theodolite, sighted through it, and declared that the cornerstone from which his data must be established should be right there. And he plugged his heel into the loam in the midst of the Rock River forest.

But there was no stone! The surveyor and farmers got on their knees, and pawed around with deep anxiety, like men praying for the town to go dry, or looking for a lost collar button.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the surveyor.

He got his spade, and began to dig. At the depth of three feet, he came upon the stone!

The accumulated soil of sixty or seventy seasons had caused the earth to grow three feet! It was probably in a gully so situated that the wind swept heaps of leaves there. These rotted, and made soil.

I remember that, among the innumerable disputes I had with Porter, late editor of the Republic of Geneseo, was one in which I maintained in my paper

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that the soil in the Geneseo park was growing. I proved that it was then three feet higher than the adjacent streets. It is higher than that now. At three feet in fifty years, it would be six feet in one hundred years, or thirty feet in five hundred years. Porter pooh-poohed at this self-evident proposition. I offered to bet five hundred dollars that the park would be sticking thirty feet up in the air in five hundred years, and also offered to hold the stakes till the bet was decided.

One season the channel of Green River was nearly dry. It wasn't navigable for a shingle. The ancient sawmill remains on the Judge Waite farm, two miles east of Geneseo, were visible to the naked eye. Here, moved by water-power, was the first sawmill in all the region round about. The wooden piles upon which the structure was built, are yet in a good state of preservation. At a point due north of State street, Geneseo, the receding waters exhibited a beaver dam. Its structural outlines were perfect. The most curious feature of this ancient moat is the fact that it is built of trees which do not grow in the Green River woods at present.

This leads up to the tree found when digging the well at the Gilbert school-house, two miles southeast of Geneseo. At the depth of 40 feet, the diggers came upon a fallen tree. It was in a good state of preservation. My recollection is that this wood was pronounced beechnut, a sort that does not flourish here now. This proves that not only does the earth grow; but the climates and conditions of localities change. I have read of mastodons frozen in vast mounds of ice within the Arctic Circle. Like the elephant, this animal is a habitat of the tropics.

Somewhere south of Bishop Hill, a good many years ago, workmen making an excavation came upon the skeletons of two buck deer. The horns of the animals were locked intricately. The finder sawed them off, and left them thus. The animals were found forty feet down. Doubtless these deer were fighting about a little deer, (as foolish men sometimes fight about a little dear,) and, getting locked together, could not go in quest of food, and so starved.

In the regions round about Rock River, there are numerous evidences of the Moundbuilders. The writer once accompanied the late S. Ayres Fisher, a Geneseo hardware merchant and stove foundry proprietor, to exhume some mounds discovered by Mr. Fisher in the forest adjacent to Penney's Slough, or "Shadow Lake," as Major Moderwell rechristened it. While we found no pottery, flint spear-heads were in evidence. At Albany, a village of Whiteside county, is a vast burial ground of the Moundbuilders. These vast mausoleums have been devastated by vandals, till about all the relics have been removed. The building of the Scientific Association at the foot of the hill on Brady street, Davenport, Iowa, is a storehouse of these souvenirs. There is a collection of ancient pottery hardly equaled elsewhere. There, also, are flint spear- and arrow-heads, and a big collection of stone axes. The skulls taken from the mounds, and the size [illegible] ancient people to have been giants, as compared with [illegible] late Frank

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Men capable of wielding these huge axes must have been eight feet high, and of four hundred pounds burthen.

Curious theories are advanced as to how these bygone people made such perfectly symmetrical weapons of a substance so hard that the best steel tools of today will not cope with it. The most plausible theory I have seen advanced is that huge pieces of flint were heated for days in a roaring fire. When they were red and glowing, they were plunged into ice-cold spring water. They instantly flew into fragments, most of which naturally took the arrow-point form. These were carefully selected, notches made, and they were ready for use. Where a point required more elaboration, it was superheated, and drops of cold water splashed where it was required to clip out a bit. A flint fetched away at every drop. It is an ingenious aboriginal demonstration of the power of little drops of water. This power the poet contemplated till he rose to the occasion, and recognized it with the concession that to them we owe everything but our board and clothes:

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

The handles were bound upon the bluestone axes with thongs of deerskin, which had been thoroughly soaked. The wood, being split, the stone was inserted in the rift, so that the wood came within the groove, which is found a little above the middle of all these axes. The wood was then pressed down firmly, and bound round and round with the wet thongs. When these dried, they puckered up like a pappoose's mouth after green persimmons. They could not be wrenched loose.

Some of the ancient races with plenty of time on their hands, are alleged to have split a young growing sapling, usually a hickory, and into this split they inserted their tomahawks and battle-axes, waiting for the wood to grow around them. When Nature had accomplished this, the sapling was cut off, and the handle shaped.

The soil of Henry county is replete in many spots with relics of departed races. I am reminded of Whittier's lines:

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe,
The steamer rocks and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves."

Less than a dozen years ago, a large farmhouse was to be built upon one of the fertile farms, half-a-dozen miles southwest of Geneseo, in Edford township. The spot selected was a gentle mound on the southern limits of the farm, close upon the highway. This mound was so long and sloping that it had been farmed over for more than half a century. On the crest of the knoll, excavations for a cellar were begun. At a depth of six feet, a human skull was flung out. The

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diggers immediately ceased their labors, and prepared for an inquest. Somebody had been killed. Murder most foul had been done. Perhaps there might be another victim. The men got back into the hole, and prodded up the clay. Skull after skull came to view. The find got into the wind, and soon the fences hemming in the highway were lined with teams. The writer and Frank D. Merwin, a Geneseo druggist, drove out. The mound was piled full of human skeletons. As they had been thrown in without regard to order or system, the conclusion most logical is that this was the burying ground after a great battle. The skeletons were those of tall men; but not gigantic, like the moundbuilders. They were probably the skeletons of Indians, slain in a great battle. The Indians, however, did not build mounds, as a rule. They were too lazy. The men did not even hoe the Indian corn. They compelled the women to hoe it. This instance of the Edford cornfield is the only authentic case I know of where buck Indians contributed toward raising corn.

Merwin and I brought home eight skulls. He selected the best one, and I kept the rest. Not knowing what else to do with them, I washed them,—probably the first time those faces had ever been washed,—and ranged them in a row on a board, which board rested upon two barrels in my barn. My son took care of the family horse. I seldom went into the barn, and gradually forgot about the skulls. One hot morning, I requested my son to hitch up. I drove out to Luman Woodward's home, in Osco. Thence I fell here and there upon friends. At supper, I was a guest of Lyman J. Wilkinson, the genial Warden of the Infirmary. I had such a delightful time that I stayed late. About eleven o'clock I departed, full of gratitude. Lyman urged me to remain, as it looked stormy. But I departed. Soon the thunder-heads on the horizon came howling up the midnight skies. I urged my gallant family hippopotamus to wilder flight. Hills rose and fell, but her heart was gay, with her barn but about a mile away. My son had thoughtfully left the double doors of the barn open, so that I could drive directly in. Amid blazing lightning, bellowing thunder, and the sullen sobbing of the tempest, I let her dash in.

Before I could rise from the cushion, a vivid streak of lightning lit up the barn with a white intensity. There I beheld seven sardonic skulls staring at me. As I fell back aghast, a roar of thunder shook the barn so that the teeth in all the seven skulls chattered hideously. It may have been the barn windows; but I declare it seemed like the teeth.

Before I remembered that I had put the skulls there myself, I shook that buggy till every hub spoke, and every felloe was tired.

Next day I gave my son a dollar to bury the skulls.

PREHISTORIC PRELUDE.

These forgotten burial places prove that our race, like the planet we inhabit, is very old. The Indians have no traditions of the giant race whom we know as the Moundbuilders. The wisest medicine man of them all, a man who pre-

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And before the Moundbuilders, whom? Perhaps this giant race was first. Their mounds, many of which are just beyond the northern border of Henry county, are seemingly as old as the Pyramids of Egypt, and the Pyramids of the Sun and of the Moon, in Mexico. The writer has stood at the base of the greatest pyramid of our sister republic, gazed at the crumbling ruin, and demanded of an aged Mexican if he knew of any tradition concerning the builders of that:

"Quien sabe!" he said.

Which, by interpretation, means "Who knows?"

But that's the Mexican answer to 'most everything. That, and "Menana," which, by interpretation, meaneth "I'll do it tomorrow."

And you can bet that he won't.

Of all these things have I thought as I have stood upon the shore of the mighty Mississippi, greatest, most melancholy of rivers. I have thought of the races that have strutted their brief day upon these banks, and passed utterly from the earth. Perhaps it will be us next. And the melancholy stream murmurs by,—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But this goes on forever!"

The reader is asked to gaze out over the Mississippi River the next time he approaches its shores, and see if the brooding melancholy of the waters that go silently seeking the sea is not almost as apparent as the stream itself. Some day a superior race to ours may search for relics we have left, as we prod and poke for relics of the Moundbuilders. Hairless men, with dome-like, towering skulls; broad-gauged women with brains from their gizzards up, will write books about a puny race which had manes on their heads, real hair like beasts; and of women who wore frames of whalebone that crowded their viscera into the shape of an hourglass, and who wore shoes two or three sizes smaller than the skin of their feet. A race that built dwellings of pine, and trundled each other and their things over the country on curious wheeled trucks running upon two streaks of rust and a right of way. Of these, and a thousand and one other curious habits, will the future man write books with types of magnetized steel, upon which he concentrates his mighty thinker, and the types fly into place and print the volume without being touched. After which the volumes are carried aloft in flying machines for a good start, and sent on telepathic paths to the men of Mars, who will read by the absorption method, which will mentally digest the contents in a couple of seconds. And how they will wonder and laugh at us!

Let them laugh! We'll not be anywhere hereabouts, anyhow.

THE INDIANS.

These were the lands of the Winnebagoes, and of the Sacs and Foxes. Chief Shabbona was the best known of the Winnebagoes. He was the friend of the white man. His range was through northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. Chief Bl[illegible]

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There was an Indian village at the Tower. This spot is a few miles west of Henry county's western line; but the tribes hunted and ranged over our soil, as did the brother of Tecumseh and his followers, whose village was also upon Rock River, at Prophetstown. This brother of the great Tecumseh set himself up as a prophet, and occasioned much mischief. He was perpetually prophesying the extermination of the whites, and the restoration of the country to the red man. He stirred up strife among the Indians. When they were disposed to be decent, he would go into a trance and forsee a great battle between the whites and Indians, which the Indians invariably won. When the Indians did fulfill the prophecy, and got licked, the Prophet shook his head bitterly and accused them of a secret lack of faith. He would explain, with as many big words as he could lug in, that so many of his people had this secret lack of faith that, combined, their malevolent influence got a hammerlock hold and Jiu Jitsu strangle upon his prophecy, and it had fallen flat. His people had only themselves to blame.

So, instead of killing him for a false Prophet, they exalted him, and blamed themselves, repenting in sackcloth and ashes, pealing up the skin of their backs, inserting thongs of bullhide, and hanging themselves thus, and dancing half suspended around a pole in the true spirit of repentance, and a strenuous effort to work up a strong stock of faith for the next battle.

Their deeds and the fate of Black Hawk, the Prophet and Shabbona, with all their allies, is a matter for general history. We are interested in them only as they are in some way connected with Henry county. A grove south of Atkinson is called Shabbona Grove. It is one of the few groves in our state that doesn't flourish on the banks of a stream. Eight Mile Grove, on our northern limits, has no stream.

Shabbona was much about Ottawa and Morris, the county seats of La Salle and Grundy counties. The graves of Shabbona and his wife are in Morris, beside a business street. When the writer was a boy, he often visited the grave, which was then marked by a cedar pole. The citizens of Morris afterward erected a fine monument to the memory of the old chief who had ridden three ponies to death, warning their forefathers that Black Hawk was starting on the warpath. That was a ride fit to be glorified in poetry beside the midnight ride of Paul Revere. Aye, it was more godlike. Revere rode to save his friends. Shabbona rode to save an alien race, most of whom had proven themselves to be enemies of his people. It was the most perfectly Christianlike act I have ever known!

The white people recognized the godlike nature of Shabbona's deed. The old chief was welcome to enter any store, take what he fancied, and go his way. His fancy found gratification in tawdy gimcracks more than in expensive goods. When hungry, he would enter a hotel or a restaurant, eat his fill, and nothing to pay. He rode on trains when and as far as he wished. He was troublesome but once. A party of ladies were having an afternoon social gathering at the home of one of their number in Ottawa, when Shabbona happened by. He was invited in, and treated to ice cream and cake. Then one of the ladies, in a spirit of fun, told Shabbona that if he would pick out the prettiest lady present, he could have her.

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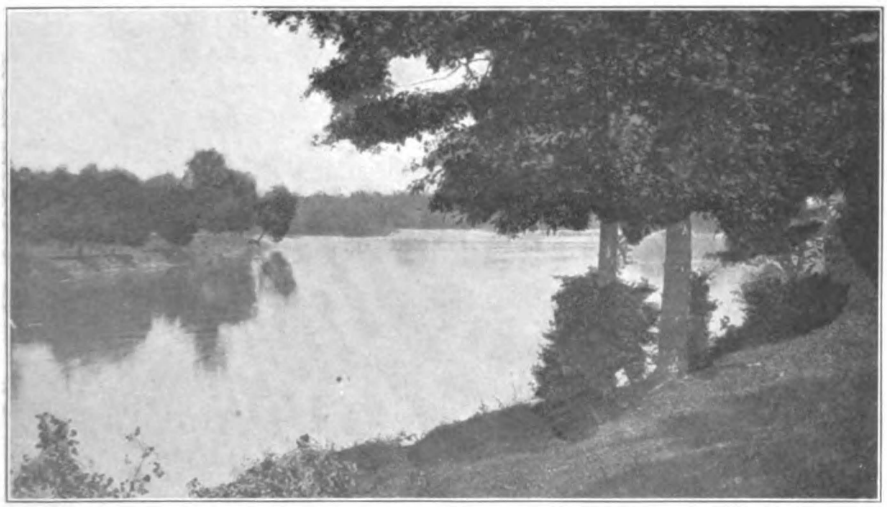

VIEW AROUND THE BEND FROM RILEY'S CAMP GROUNDS, GENESEO



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Briggs, the druggist, Shuler t
Hossack, the grainbuyer, and
was all innocent fun, with no in
lady he had chosen left O;
grateful to not meet her savage ad
was given Shabbona and his
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inches deep, and was found there
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"Yes, yes, he can have her," shouted the gay throng, all excited with the anticipated mirth.

The old barbarian's black eyes quickly darted at Mrs. Eames, an exquisitely beautiful woman. He pointed at her.

Gay was the laughter, and Mrs. Eames, blushing and confused, was the center of a joyful group, when the old savage came grimly elbowing his way through. He seized the lady by the arm, and commanded her to come.

A blight fell upon the mirth. Cheeks went white.

"It was all in fun, Shabbona," faltered the hostess.

But the old barbarian did not understand fun that was founded upon a lie. They had told him that he could have this woman. He wanted his own.

Consternation, desperation followed. On the plea that the lady must go upstairs and get her wraps, she got away from him. She slipped out of the rear of the house, and ran all the way home. Shabbona lingered. He soon felt that he had been made a fool of. He was exceedingly angry. He went away, muttering threats. Afterward the best friends of Shabbona, old merchants like Van Doren, E. Y. Griggs, the druggist, Shuler the grocer, Alshuler, the drygoods merchant; John Hossack, the grainbuyer, and many others, partly convinced Shabbona that it was all innocent fun, with no intention of making laughing stock of him. But the lady he had chosen left Ottawa for a time; and when she returned was careful to not meet her savage admirer.

A reservation was given Shabbona and his family, on the south bank of the Illinois River, a few miles above Seneca. It was the writer's fortune that his parents removed from Otter Creek, La Salle county, Illinois, to Grundy county, Illinois, a few miles south of the Indian reserve. Being fourteen years old, and filled with the Indian fever that attacks all boys sometime, I frequented the reserve, and saw the Indians often. Shabbona died before his tribe had been long at the reserve. Not long after his burial in Morris, his wife, who was a very fat woman, weighing three hundred pounds, fell from a wagon when fording Waupecan creek, at a point three or four miles southwest of Morris, and was drowned in the shallow waters of the little stream. She fell upon her face in water six inches deep, and was found there, dead. Being so heavy, and being stunned by the fall from a considerable height into the stony bed of the ford, she was unable to move or help herself.

The Indian children afforded amusement in the villages by their expertness in shooting coins from split sticks, with bows and arrows. Those were the days of the big old-fashioned copper cent. This coin, though bigger than a silver quarter, could not by any possibility be hit by little savages; but let a silver dime or half-dime be inserted in the cleft, and they would knock it out every time. Of course they kept the coins they hit. They usually shot from a distance of ten paces.

Of all the Indians of the Shabbona reserve, I can remember "Crazy Jack" best. He was called crazy because he was crazy drunk most of his time. Jack was a genuine savage. He scorned the dress of the white man, all except the hat. He attired himself in blankets, buckskin leggins, moccasins, beads, and barbaric

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reserve on horseback. He could sit his bareback pony when he couldn't make his legs hold him up.

Marvelous tales are told of Crazy Jack's exploits with the bow and arrow. He always carried these weapons with him. One day I saw Jack on the streets of Morris. He was surrounded by a crowd, as he was stringing his bow to make ready for a shot. Jack was a man of few words. He hardly ever spoke. Drunk as he was, he regarded the crowd speechlessly, after having strung his bow. Perry Armstrong, a lawyer of Morris, who is a noted writer upon Indian history, happened along. He instantly understood that Jack was waiting for the crowd to show him something to shoot at. Armstrong crossed the street to where a lot of auction sale bills illumined a dead wall. He put his forefinger upon an auction bill. I noticed that the pointing finger rested upon a letter S in a displayed word. It was Armstrong's intention, and the expectation of the crowd, that Jack hit the bill. It was about ninety feet distant. Jack drew the arrow to the head, and let fly. Whiz! Zst! The arrowhead buried itself in that identical letter S!

Members of the Aldrich and Arnett families, which families were pioneers in the northern part of Henry county, have told me of a strange old Indian named Antwine, who was a noted character in the early days. A postoffice in the Aldrich neighborhood was named Antwine. It was discontinued upon the advent of the rural mail routes. This name was the local pronunciation of the French name Antoine.

Antwine was a product of the pioneer conditions. His father was a Frenchman, his mother an Indiana woman. Antwine was very tall, very straight, and very well-dressed. He always wore a high silk hat, a long-tailed black coat, a pair of doeskin trousers, an elegant white shirt, diamond and tie. Very swarthy, very long of hair he was, very courteous and gentlemanly, and Antwine was an inveterate gambler. He haunted Henry county a good while, having friends up and down Rock River, whither the early settlers flocked, having come from the timbered regions of the east, and being compelled to build their cabins of the logs of the forest. Antwine sometimes disappeared for long periods among the lumber camps which were then being first established in the great pineries of the north. When he returned he was usually loaded with money. With his winnings he was very generous.

THE FIRST WHITE CHILD.

It has been made apparent that nothing whatever is known of the Mound-builders, except what is revealed in their pottery and battle axes. The Indian history of Henry county is chiefly remarkable for what we don't know about the Indians. Then we pass on to the advent of whites, and our interest naturally centers in the first white child born in Henry county.

The first white child was a boy, and his name is Henry S. Aldrich. He is

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Henry S. Aldrich was born December 16, 1835, on the Aldrich farm in the edge of the Rock River forest. I saw him a few days ago. He was hale and hearty, carrying his seventy-four years with vigor. He has spent his long life in the locality in which he was born. He has been a tiller of the soil, as were his ancestors—the noblest of all pursuits, the closest to nature, and to nature's God. When too old to follow the plow, Henry betook himself to Moline, our famous manufacturing neighbor, nineteen miles to the westward, where he secured employment as night watchman in a big factory. His duties are light but he must be vigilant. Think of a man seventy-four years old who is capable of doing police duty. This vigor and vim comes of the ozone of the primeval prairie and forest. And the fact that he is doing duty as a watchman, leads me backward in his career to an anecdote which he told me long years ago, and which I afterward told at old settler's meetings.

In the days when Henry was a boy of a dozen years of age, steamboats navigated Rock River as far up as Dixon, and, in times of very high water, they made their way to Rockford. I believe I have heard of one bold captain who pushed his craft on up to Janesville, Wisconsin.

Earl P. Aldrich, and the few neighbors who had gathered about him in the decade and more of his settlement, raised wheat and shipped it to St. Louis by these boats. When the steamer captains came up the river, they heralded their arrival by prolonged whistling. The farmers flocked down to the stream, and the captain would set a day when he would return and load their wheat.

The wheat was sacked, and stacked high and dry as near the landing as possible. This was in the vicinity of the famous campground, so much affected by pleasure-seeking Geneseoans, as well as people from other Henry county towns. Usually the wheat lay there two or three nights ere the return of the boat from up the river.

It was Henry S. Aldrich's duty to guard this wheat. It was a heavy responsibility for a little lad, to be in charge of the total salable output of all the farms in the immediate country. He felt the importance of his trust, and stayed awake vigilantly the long nights through.

Think of the situation! Few are the lads of the present day, or grownups either, who would go down to that river bank in the lonely forest, and remain there through the silent watches. Now the watcher would have a comforting sense of the nearness of human beings. He would feel that, if attacked, he could run and secure help within a few minutes. But in those old days the boy watcher was utterly alone, and he must rely entirely upon himself. His father's house was a long way off, on the farther side of a pathless forest, through the tangled vines and undergrowth of which it would be impossible to run at night. A yell of distress now might bring a farmer or fisherman; then it would be heard only by the howling wolves and snarling catamounts.

One bright moonlight night little Henry was sitting on a great stack of wheat-sacks. He was facing the river, and allowed his eyes to wander up and down the silvery surface of the stream. His listless attitude was suddenly changed for one of rigid tension. There, but a little way upstream, and coming toward the south shore whereon Henry sat, was a creature of most infernal appearance. It had a great head, which was crested by a pair of exceedingly long horns. The

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bubbles and foam in the wake of this awful apparition, made its length difficult to determine; but, to the boy's bewildered vision, the creature appeared to be at least four rods long.

What on earth could it be? It could not be an alligator come up the Mississippi from the far south, and thence up Rock River, for neither the alligator of America or the crocodile of Africa has horns. It must, therefore, be a sea serpent. Henry had seen pictures of the great sea snake, in which he was depicted as wearing horns, and flashing furious fangs. Like lightning the little lad reasoned the matter out. The sea serpent had gone from the Atlantic ocean into the Gulf of Mexico. In his effort to get back into the ocean, he got started up the Mississippi River, and kept coming till he found Rock River's mouth. That looking pretty good to him he ascended, and here he was, probably hoggishly hungry, and disposed to eat up the entire crop of wheat of the Aldrich settlement, sacks and all. Yes, and he might feel like topping off with a fresh fat boy!

The situation was terrific. The strain upon the watcher's nerves may possibly be imagined; but cannot be described. There he helplessly sat, staring at that awful horned head, as it drew nearer and nearer the shore on which he now stood, his little body quivering with apprehension. Life was sweet; but it was his duty to defend the wheat. The poor farmers had labored long and hard, and depended upon the money this wheat would bring to purchase comforts for their homes, and make a payment on their farms.

Nearer and nearer came the grim head with its horrid horns. Henry could now see the rolling eyeballs. The current had drifted the creature down, down, down, till now he was directly opposite the vigilant watcher of the wheat. Straight on it came!

Then the great horned head suddenly reared aloft upon a great long neck, and a steer came splashing and dripping out of the water, stopped and stared at Henry an astonished second or two, gave a little blat of amazement, whisked his tasseled tail, and went off in a lumbering gallop, to disappear in the woods.

Any one who has seen a creature of the kine family swimming, need not have it explained how deceptive and snake-like this steer appeared in the moonlight. The long trail of bubbles and foam causes the wake of the animal to bear a close resemblance to a serpent.

I have often thought of the lonely childhood of little Henry S. Aldrich. Even if he had brothers and sisters, the vast unpeopled prairies, the dim and empty forests, must have been weirdly, solemnly isolated. Everywhere a wide wilderness, everywhere between soil and sky a silent solitude. "The world forgetting, by the world forgot," was apparently in the very air.

In such surroundings young Aldrich grew to manhood. One would suppose that, with such a solitary childhood, he would be morose, unsocial, hermit-like, a recluse in the midst of mankind. On the contrary, Henry is one of the most sociable of men. The writer has passed many hours with him, talking of the primeval period, and always found him genial, friendly, and ready for "another social."

DEATH OF HENRY COUNTY'S FIRST WHITE CHILD.

Henry S. Aldrich died in Moline early in January, 1910. He was seventy-four years old in December, 1909.

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Frequent allusions to Mr. Aldrich will be found in this volume. His was the distinguished fortune to be the first white child born in the great agricultural county of Henry. He lived to a ripe old age, and saw the wilderness of 1835 blossom to the rose of 1910. His body was brought to old Henry county's soil, and his sacred dust will mingle with the land that gave him birth.

Harriet Hanna, commonly called Hattie, was born in Hanna township, Henry county, just a little distance down the romantic rolling Rock River from the farm whereon Henry S. Aldrich, the first white male child, was born. Her childhood and girlhood was spent among the prairie flowers and lordly forests of the township which was named for her father. She had scarcely arrived at the year of maturity, when she was found by a good Methodist clergyman, the Rev. John Odell. The Reverend John was one of the old time circuit riders, of which godly ilk Lorenzo Dow and Peter Cartwright were illustrious examples. One fine afternoon the Reverend John was following his face around among the flourishing fresh farms of the virgin soil, when he observed a maiden fair plucking posies by the wayside.

"Herself the fairest flower of them all."

Pulling himself together, and touching up the curls on the ends of his moustache, Reverend John stopped to inquire his way. Deep, deep schemer, Reverend John! Don't you suppose that dainty, demure little Miss knew what he halted for? Reverend John told me long years after that she was the most charming maiden he had ever seen. He said he was fairly bewildered with her beauty, as she stood there by the wayside, turning and arranging and rearranging her flowers. So interested was the pretty little maiden in those flowers, that she never looked up at the tall stranger who sat his horse so gracefully, and gazed down at her with such a devouring look.

It was the same story, forever old and forever new, the story first told by our first parents in the Garden of Eden, the story which will be told, with infinite variations till

> "The stars grow old,
> And the world grows cold
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

You know how Methodist ministers are sent all over creation and parts of New Jersey. Well, away up in Grundy county, Illinois, nine miles southwest of Morris, my mother and her family of two little sons were sitting one evening in the big farmhouse, when there came a rap at the door. It was Rev. John Odell and his family, seeking a night's lodging. He had been appointed to that circuit. Our farmhouse was very roomy. My mother had been a devoted Methodist since her conversion in Pennsylvania, at the age of thirteen. The new minister's horse was put away and fed by brother and I, while mother busied herself in getting a hot supper ready. So welcome were [illegible] his family that they made [illegible]

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Henry county. She was a very beautiful and cheerful woman, most excellent company, and this revelation made her all the more interesting. I was a lad of fourteen at this time. I often adroitly led the handsome lady on to tell about her youthful days in the prairie-gemmed regions by the rolling Rock River, far toward the sunset. I wish now that I had had the foresight to set down some of these stories; but no hint came to me that some day I would be writing a history of Henry county, and this lady would be the heroine of the book. My foresight never was as good as my hindsight anyhow; in which fact I believe that I am no exception to the rule.

But I gathered enough, and remember enough, to make the early history of this little maid of the forest and fields as interesting as the most absorbing romance of the border. Indians, wolves and deer were nearly as common as cattle are now. The lynx and the catamount clamored in the fastnesses of fen and forest. The wildcat shrilled in the silent watches of the night. The prairies were crisscrossed with the deep, furrow-like paths of buffalo and Indians. And over all and around all the everbrooding solitude. Days and weeks often went silently by, in which the pretty little maid saw never a member of the human race, except her own family. What wonder, then, that she became interested in the handsome young stranger sitting so erect and tall upon his steed, with such a lovely little curl to his moustache. She knew all about the architecture of that moustache, even if she did not appear to look up while arranging those flowers, that memorable day by the wayside. That wonderful new feeling in her virgin heart, on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in the springtime! What a foretaste of Heaven it was, and this man was the pilot to Heaven, devoting his life to pointing and leading the way, down there by the shadowy woods:

"And a bird overhead sang 'Follow!'
  And a bird to the right sang 'Here!'
And the arch in the leaves was hollow,
  And the meaning of May was clear."

The Odells removed to the circuit south of Marseilles, La Salle county, Illinois. Years after, I met Jennie there, and conversed with her of the olden, golden days. I had grown up and married, and so had she. We parted, and I never saw any of them more. Nellie married, and lived with her younger daughter, Nellie. Mrs. Odell died at Joslin, and is buried there, near the purling waters of her beloved Rock River. Her resting place is but a few miles from the scenes of her girlhood, and nearly across the river from the Aldrich farm, where the first white male child was born.

And there, in the little burying ground of Joslin, lies the body of Hattie Hanna Odell, the first of all the myriad of girls that have been and will be born in Henry county. She was beautiful of person, mind and soul.

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep,
  Let her rest,
With her lily-white hands on her breast,
  In her slumber so sacred and deep.

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Let the dead and the beautiful sleep.
Pale, pallid, cold
Till the sun and the stars shall grow old,
And the darkness has drunk up the deep.

FIRST MARRIAGE.

Doctors figure frequently in the pioneer history of Henry county. Dr. Thomas Baker was the first settler in the county. He drove his stake near Colona. Discouraged by the infrequency of calls in a region totally uninhabited, Dr. Baker pulled his stake out of Colona, and vanished.

But a doctor of medicine was the first man to be married in Henry county. There may have been an earlier marriage while the territory was yet Knox county; but the marriage of Dr. Lewis Hurd and Miss Caroline W. Little is the first on record after the organization of this county. The marriage was solemnized August 22, 1837, at Wethersfield, where the bride and groom lived a long and happy life, beloved, respected, and their noble example emulated by untold pairs of palpitating poets.

All persons are poets once in their lives. It is when they get married.

How like unto Adam and Eve this Thomas and Caroline must have felt! The very first to wed in a great region thirty miles square! The only bride and groom ever known within this spacious domain! The parlor in which they had "sparked" was not so spacious. It was but four feet square, and was walled in with blankets. Poor young doctor! Every word must have been heard! Every kiss must have been explosive to the other members of the family, all of whom sat around mighty silent, you can bet. Once I kissed a girl when we lived in the little old house on the little old farm, and father said that little old kiss in the little old bedroom, three feet from his little old chair, sounded like a little old cow hauling her little old hoof out of the mud.

That was a good name Thomas had—Hurd!

VAILLED VENOM.

An anecdote elsewhere relates the indignation of Kewanee's pioneer preacher, Father Vaill, when the choir laughed at him for falling off a woodbox in his sleep. The pioneer prairie pastor must have had a temper. Edward Blair tells this of him: "I remember one Sunday afternoon, Vaill was going to the old Octagon schoolhouse in Burns. A violent storm came up, and he rode into our place for shelter. While in the house he got into an argument on the question of everlasting punishment. He got the worst of it in the argument, and completely lost his temper. He grabbed his hat, rushed out into the storm, and rode away in the tempest." And he never rode back again.

BARED THEIR SOLES.

Edward Blair writes in the Kewanee Star-Courier of pioneers who went to church barefooted. Their feet would be so black as the soil would make them

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HE LEFT.

Sam Kane was walking among the resin-weeds, his head bowed down over each bent resin blossom. One would think that Sam was communing with nature. He was not. He was looking for gum. In his mouth was a gob so great that it would have been hard for Sam to tell the truth. Suddenly a screech sifted shrilly through the resin-weeds. It had been years since Sam had heard such a sound. But he knew it.

"That's the engine on the construction train of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway," said Sam, carefully removing the gob to say it. "That settles it. I'm going to move. It's too thick here for me."

And Sam Kane went to Kansas like a hurry-kane.

EARLY MARKETS.

The Rock Island Railway was finished and in operation a year or two before the Burlington. This made Sheffield a market for the Kewanee-Galva country. The pioneers drew their grain to the many markets on the Rock Island Railway. Geneseo was at that time, and for many years after, a market for all the grain raised in and around the Cambridge, Bishop Hill and Andover country. Strings of teams a mile or two long were common sights.

Those were days of genuine competition. Buyers like James Freeman, James Hood, Sam Steele and their ilk would go north to the old cemetery, and south to the brewery and bid over each other for the loads of corn.

THE COLONEL'S CALAMITIES.

Colonel John H. Wells was a Wethersfielder of 1838. He was an Englishman of family, fortune and fine appearance. He sold a schooner on the lake for several thousand dollars. The papers for "The Maria Ward" were made out just before dinner. Payment was deferred till after the meal. The villian stole the papers, slipped the cable, and sailed away, to never sail back again. Then a flouring mill of the colonel's burned. He had a potashery, and his foreman fell into the retort and into his original elements. Not even a boot heel was left. Sons of Colonel Wells have been prominent in the business and politics of Cambridge, Rock Island, Peoria and Galesburg. One son, Tracy, has served on the supreme bench of Colorado.

LEGAL LORE.

When Henry county had been organized, she found herself in the sixth judicial circuit. The first term of court was held at Richmond, April 1, 1839. April Fool's day may have had an occult connection with the fate of Richmond, which was located out on the Munson hills, so many steps of Major Allan's horse west of some now unknown tree in the forest of Spring Creek. Richmond became non est, almost before it became defacto. This is the best Latin on the ice this morning. The whole town burned, except George Harris's stable. This fact can

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VIEWS OF EBENEZER CAMP MEETING GROUNDS

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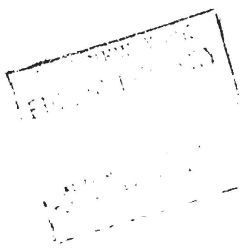

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men of the grany jury. Jury

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disturbed it, or what he distur
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be found in so many places in this book, that it's probably true. Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire. The entire town consisted of Harris's house and the courthouse.

The first case was the People vs. John Porter, counterfeiting. Change of venue to Ogle county. We had no place to keep John, except in Harris's stable. And the mules kicked.

Just now I am unable to find what became of Henry county's first legal culprit, not having access to Ogle county's records. It was in the day of Red Dog and White Cat money, and the real gist of the prosecution of John Porter for counterfeiting may have rested in the jealousy of the bankers, in that the counterfeit was so much better than the genuine.

There were nine cases on the docket at this term of court. The counterfeiter was the only criminal case. The record at hand says nothing whatever of the eight cases which were not criminal.

The second term of the court convened at Richmond, October 7, 1839. Thomas Ford, judge (Ford afterward became governor). N. H. Purple was state's attorney; James M. Allan, clerk; James D. Tabor, sheriff. Milo Pollock was made foreman of the grany jury. Jury impanelled, and court adjourned for the day.

The first trial by jury was The People vs. Hiram Pearce, disturbing the peace. How he disturbed it, or what he disturbed it with, does not appear. The jurors were Elias Walters, William Hite, James Withrow, William Walters, Charles W. Davenport, Luke C. Shelden, Wm. Ayers, Edward A. Mix, Jesse Woolsey, Wm. Woolsey, David Patter, Joshua Dodge. Verdict guilty. Fined twenty-five dollars. Attorneys at this session were: Peters, Drury, Wells and Purple. The record at hand disposes of the session in this summary style: "The court finished business in two days and adjourned." The court seemed to be satisfied with one victim. The record says: "The next term was April 6, 1840, the same officers as preceding court. Among the attorneys present was Mr. Harvey. Court adjourned on the 8th." Not even one victim this time. After this start, the court rolled around the prairie, at Morristown, Geneseo, Dayton and in George Harris's stable, after the fall of Richmond. It finally sat down carefully at Cambridge and, there being no pins, sat there ever since.

OVERFLOW.

One day the late Major Erastus C. Moderwell suddenly turned upon me and asked:

"How many Geneseo people do you suppose there are now living in Chicago?"

"O, about sixty," I retorted. It was a dough guess. Half-baked!

"You have just ten per cent of the number that I have thought of and counted," he said.

It was a fact. He had been keeping tab for nearly a year. Whenever he

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A little while ago there was a reunion of oldtime Geneseo people now resident in California. The reunion was held at Long Beach, a seaside resort, and was organized and brought to pass by Mrs. Frank Earl, who, with her son, Claude, are dwellers in Los Angeles. Eighty-four persons signed the roster. All these had formerly lived in Henry county, and most of them in Geneseo.

When we consider the colonies of Henry county folk in various localities of the north and west, of the colonies away up in Saskatchewan, and reflect upon the population we would have had were it not for these exodusters dusting out, it gives one a crowded feeling.

New York City has a populous Geneseo colony. The Muzzys went there a quarter of a century ago, and established a bakery. This grew and flourished, till the bakery delivery wagons were prominent among the obstacles to travel in the metropolis. Then the Howards moved thither, N. C. Howard being the head of the family. And Kempster, he of the sea mail ships. No doubt other sections of our county have their representatives in the great city.

Henry county people are to be found almost everywhere. Force of circumstances have caused many of them to turn their backs upon their beloved old Henry. They are yet loyal to the noble old agricultural empire. It is told of a pilgrim from Henry county that he lay dying in Algiers. There was lack of woman's sympathy, and lack of women's tears. When collapse appeared to be but a little way off, some sympathetic soul tore round the town till he found a local preacher. This he towed in.

"Cheer up," said the local, "you're going to a better country."

"You mean Henry county!" gasped the invalid. And the thought of the black soil, green crops, blue skies, golden sunshine, and peroxide tresses of old Henry, yanked him from the jaws of death, and in four days he was pitching horseshoes with Abdul Aziz.

This monarch broke his neck by running against a rock with his automobile. The state board of public grief buried him under the rock, and carved thereon the simple sentence:

"Abdul Azwuz."

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The study of domestic science in the schools of Henry county, has up to the present writing, been confined to the public schools of Geneseo.

The women's clubs in and about Geneseo became enthused with the subject and after some preliminary work in their own circles, decided to make an effort to have it introduced into the schools. Permission was obtained from the board of education to use the chemical laboratory of the high school, and a promise secured from the same board that it would furnish a teacher but could not equip the room.

On July 4, 1907, the clubs gave a society circus obtaining money, which with contributions from the senior class and the alumni of the high school, and the ladies of the G. A. R. Circle, enabled them to equip a laboratory for a class of sixteen girls.

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The study was made an elective for freshman and senior girls in high school and required of eighth grade. Miss Elsie Magee was put in charge of the work, which progessed with interest and proved successful in every way.

The purpose of the work was to have it educational and at the same time bring the home and school life into closer relation to each other. A thorough understanding of domestic science makes house work and cooking a pleasant occupation to a girl.

Domestic science, started as an experiment in the Geneseo schools, now forms a permanent and important course.

OUR SCHOOLS.

I maintain that our schools are the chief factors of civilization; that they should be taught by teachers trained to the task; that the remuneration for the services of these teachers should be enough to place the teachers on a plane with the successful lawyer, physician, or other professional person; and, finally, that parents should make it a common habit to visit the schools. Henry county is proud of her schools. In Kewanee, Galva, Cambridge, Geneseo, and the various villages, noble structures have been built, at great expense, for school purposes. The country district schools will compare favorably with those of any other part of the state.

I will be glad to see our schools rising ever to higher levels, ever opening into wider horizons. I hope to live to see the profession of teaching so liberally paid that young men and women will make teaching a life work, and not a stepping-stone between nothing to do and a steady job.

CORN, AND WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED ABOUT IT.

Henry county is in the great corn belt that makes a vast new moon on the map from central Ohio to central Nebraska. When I was a boy, corn was used to fatten hogs and cattle, feed horses, make mush and bread, and also whiskey, of. It is yet used for all these purposes; but every year finds new uses for it. Syrups, a vast variety of delectable foods, the stalks are made into wadding for the walls of the hulls of ships, and every country in Europe takes more of our corn every year. Consequently it pays to raise corn. As I write in the spring of 1909, Van Zele, the Geneseo miller, tells me corn is worth seventy-five cents per bushel. Corn well-tilled, of the best variety, on good land, will produce fifty to eighty bushels per acre. At sixty bushels, the result is forty-five dollars worth of corn per acre! Ten per cent on four hundred and fifty dollars.

People in the corn belt are waking to the facts before them. The best scientific acumen has been brought to bear to produce the best corn.

In a letter to the teachers of rural schools, State Superintendent of Public Instruction F. G. Blair urges the importance of the proposed contests in corn raising among the boys of the rural schools. In part the letter is as follows:

"Therefore, let us urge every country boy of proper age to begin now to get [illegible] carefully the seed [illegible] hoeing his piece

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secure for planting a standard ear of one of the following pure breeds of corn: Reid's Yellow Dent; Leaming; Boone County White; Champion White Pearl; Silver Mine; Riley's Favorite or Golden Eagle. The plat of ground should be cut square, if possible. There are about a thousand grains on an ear of corn. Two additional rows of corn from another ear of the same breed should be planted on the west and the south of the plat to insure fertilization.

A complete record of the work should be kept by each boy, showing the kind of seed corn, the size of the piece of ground, and the quality of the soil, previous crops grown upon it, fertilizers used, if any, manner of preparing seed bed, date of planting, whether drilled or planted in hills, date of coming up, whether good or bad stand, replanting, if any, whether injured by cut worms, insects or birds, cultivations, number and kind, rainfall, drouth, loams, time of last cultivation, date of appearance of shoots, silks, tassels, time of picking, total yield in bushels and weight. This list may be extended or shortened, as the teacher thinks best.

This record should be brought with the samples of corn for exhibition on Corn Day. Even though his crop is poor, if accompanied by this record, the boy may be glad to bring it. The record will explain it. It can easily be changed into the form of an essay. Blanks for keeping this record may be secured upon application.

It is suggested that each teacher provide a first, second, and third prize ribbon for the best written reports presented on Corn Day, Friday, November 5, 1909, with ten ears of corn grown by the competitor and that a first, second and third prize be given for the best ten ears of Yellow Corn and the best ten ears of White Dent corn.

OLD-TIME GENESEO NEWS FISH STORIES.

COUNTERFEITS.

For nearly three decades it was an universal custom among the newspaper men of the United States to quote fish stories from The Geneseo News. As sole editor and owner of that paper for most of the time referred to, I can say that some of these stories were like some of Abraham Lincoln's stories, credited falsely to get them a hearing. Some scribe away off in a gaslit den in a noisome city would struggle till he bore a fish story, then credit it to The Geneseo News to make it go among the brethren of the press, who made it a point to cut The News to shreds, and reprint its thunderbolts of truth.

My recollection records the beginning of these pleasantries piscatorial. A whimsical struggle was going on to see which editor could tell the biggest lie about the size of the fish he had caught. When they all had spelled, the editor of The Geneseo News capped the climax by stating that when he pulled his fish from the water, the river sunk four inches. The brethren thereupon withdrew from the contest.

Speaking of lies and fishermen, here is a Geneseo News yarn which had wide vogue a generation ago:

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BIG ODDS.

A German with a long yellow fishpole over his shoulder, and a bunch of brief black bullheads gripped in one hand, went lurching south in State street. The wild and wanton pole larrupped the grocery signs and women's hats with impartial ardor, "like the dews impartially tender, or the sunshine shining for all." The pole missed nothing, from the bargain sale of brogans to the wooden Indian in front of the cigar store. Everything and everybody got a wild wallop, and the wake of the German was dark with scowls, and maudlin with mutterings.

Holding his helm hard aport, he steered into Doxey's, paying no attention to the plunging mules whose ears his fishpole had multilated.

"You have had enough," said Nate, coming forward.

"Enough of what, I guess?" demanded Hans.

"Enough to drink."

"Who vhos running my machine, you or it?"

"You are, and you're running it in the ground."

"I bade you ten dollars I'm a liar," said Hans, angrily.

"No bet there," said Nate, grinning.

"Gife us a drink."

"No. You're drunk now."

"I bade you not."

"I'll bet you fifty dollars to one that you're drunk."

"I yust bade you."

He slammed down a dollar. Nate put up fifty.

"Now," said Hans, "who you leaf it mid?"

"Yourself. I leave it to you. Ain't you drunk?"

"Ja wohl. Yaas, I am. Dake dher dough."

A friend of Hans pushed through the little crowd, and upbraided him for deciding against himself.

"But it vhos dher druth."

"What was you fool enough to bet for then?"

"Dher odds, dher odds vhos dhot big I vhos a tam fool vhen I not bet."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

I told one once about a superstitious fisherman who was disturbed by the hoot of answering owls. One owl away off in the depths of the forest would hoot a melancholy query, and an owl in a tree nearly overhead would respond.

"Who, by?" asked the distant owl.

"Pete, Pete!" cheeped the owl overhead.

"Who'll die?"

"Pete, Pete!"

"Who'll fry?"

"Pete, Pete!"

Paralyzed with horror, Pete looked at a fine-stranded barbwire fence which crossed the stream just below. Mud turtles had crawled upon the wires in the exact position of the notes in "Home, Sweet Home."

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Here is one which rhymes. It relates to more weird superstition. I was personally along when the telegrapher discovered the old stump of a tree, with its eyes and mouth, on the west side of Cady's Slough, while we stood on the east side. Cady's Slough is well-known to Geneseo fishermen, most of whom have seen the spectral stump. Observe the rhymes. The family references are fanciful:

GO TO.

Bill Barney stood a-fishing on the shores of Cady's Slough; he hadn't caught a blessed thing, and Bill was very blue. Across the tarn a broken tree posed like a skeleton; it glowered ghostily at Bill from empty eyes and wan. A flock of sparrows fluttered in the apparition's mouth, and scared poor Bill until his soul was starting for the south.

Bill is a lightning-jerker on a Western Union key; he noted that the lightning had skeletoned the tree. "And I guess," said Billy Barney, "that here is where I meet immediate inducements to kneel at the mercy seat." Grim eyes were made by woodpeckers, the mouth yawned like a chasm; the barkless pallor somehow seemed a-suffering from a spasm. A flock of sparrows flutt'ring in the jabberless old jaws, resembled furious fangs; they fought with wings and nibs and claws. Unseen of Bill, a woodpecker went darting in an eye, and for his dinner with his pick began to peg and pry. The taps had a familiar sound to Bill's electric ear, and in the dots and dashes Bill could fearful tidings hear. As sick telegraphers are prone to read the pattered pane, and find weird messages are rife in random raps of rain, so Bill could read weird warning words in these mysterious raps; had he beheld the woodpecker he'd not been scared, perhaps. The bird was on the inside of the lightning-stricken tree, and neither hide nor hair of him could Billy Barney see. Two words more than all others floated o'er the murky tarn: "Go To," the words; they're Biblical, and meant to ward and warn. "Go to, young man, go to"; it meant, defined in scripture lore, "Go change your ways immediate, and try to sin no more."

"I fear," said Billy Barney, "that my days of hope are fled; 'Go To' means the two children of the Barney home are dead." Then a vision rose of Willie, named and patterned after him, and a hard lump nearly choked him, and the world was water-dim. And a fairy floated vaguely in the shimmer of his tears; it was winsome little Nellie, gift of half-a-dozen years. Billy Barney dropped his tackle, and perhaps it lies there yet, while upon his trembling body broke a cold unwholesome sweat. Patter, patter o'er the water, special message Bill, for you, in the stately scripture measure bidding that you shall "go to." "I believe," said Billy Barney, "that the Bible on our shelf, uses 'go to' in the meaning that you go and chase yourself. And right here is where I enter in the human Derby race, so from hence to Mrs. Barney I will chase my frightened face." Threading through the dark blue cornfields, Billy flew with dark blue soul, leaping fences, never pausing, till he neared his race's goal. How his dark blue spirit purpled when he found that Will and Nell, to greet his coming rushed not with their usual pell mell. O, the signs of what was waiting, signs of Billy's heavy fate, to the absence of the children, add that buggy at the gate! Doctor Chase, as sure as daylight, here he opens wide the door! A more curious ex-

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pression doctor's features never wore! He is trying to find language soft and soothing to explain that the father and his children will not meet on earth again. What a strain! O, grayhaired doctor, tell it quickly! What is this? Gliding hushed-like past the doctor are the little lad and miss! Grayhaired doctor hears Bill's story, grins one of his wisest grins: "Should be spelled 'Go Two,' he whispers, for the fact is it is twins!"

THE OLD DOCTOR.

Dr. Ira R. Wells was the sole survivor in Geneseo of the Black Hawk war for a full generation after that disastrous episode. The good old doctor was a personal friend of the writer. He had a grim way with him that filled the ideal of an old Indian fighter. He was not given to

"Shouldering his crutch to show how fields were won,"

for it was only by carefully leading up to it, and adroitly holding fast to the subject, that the doctor could be got to talk about it at all. Somehow he always conveyed to me the idea that he held the Indian character in contempt, and thought as little of him as a warrior, as he was to be esteemed as a citizen. The doctor was disposed to be gruff at times, and always dignified and autocratic. His idea of an Indian was not exalted. He did not associate Black Hawk and his band with the romance and poetry of Nature, with flowery eloquence of the "Lo, the poor Indian" brand; but was rather inclined to set the aboriginal down as a dirty slouch, and parasitic pest. Hanging was too good for the buck Indian. He ought to have his pants kicked.

THE CLAUSE PROHIBITIVE.

Up to the time of the building of the railroad, which was constructed through Geneseo in 1854, there was a clause in every deed conveying title to land that the property should not be used for the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors.

OVER THE RIVER.

The camp grounds of ye olden times at Rock River are much changed. Time was when full two hundred persons camped out on the enchanting forest-fronded cliffs of Rock River. Now the tents are few, and the outers inhabit the club house or cottages. Usually there are motor boats to be had, and always plenty of rowboats. Shady Beach is Henry county's most popular summer resort. Indeed, the enchanting scenes there form the only summer resort in Henry county. Fruit, vegetables, milk, ice and all the comforts of life are to be found in abundance where old Rock River murmurs of rest and repose and dreams.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

Writing in the summer of 1909, I feel that Henry county is on the verge of [illegible] in the way of electric tramways. An eight-mile line is running be-

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line, which parallels it, this little road pays. It will be extended to Galesburg. The cars are labelled to include Galesburg. Then there is a line at Hooppole, Henry county, to connect with the Q. steam branch road. This short road is about to begin operations. I have no doubt that it will pay. Usually the electric road pays from the start. The expense is small, the equipment light, and the grades may be anything a team can climb.

Henry county will get in line. She is so well supplied with telephone service that almost any man inside the limits of the county lines may talk with almost any other man. Within a few years almost any man can get aboard and go and see about any other man, about that little bill, or something.

P. S. When writing the above, I did not allude to the difficulties attending the Hooppole tramway, for the reason that I anticipated the clearing up and adjustment of everything. This has not happened, though I hope it may before this book goes to press. Insufficient capital hampers the builders.

EBENEZER CAMP-MEETING.

A feature of life in Henry county is the Ebenezer Camp-meeting in Painter's Grove, six miles north of Geneseo.

This campground is beautiful. It is situated in a fine natural forest. Assembly Chapel and several cottages are permanent. The meetings are held in August, and always include two Sundays. The accessability of the grounds to several populous towns, and the fervor and merit of the meetings, combine to bring out the populace in immense numbers.

RICHLAND GROVE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

A souvenir of the Long Ago is the Richland Grove Vigilance committee. This organization was effected in the southwestern part of the county as a mutual protection against horsethieves. Horsethieves in a young country are classed with murderers. Logically so. If a young farmer's team is stolen, he cannot work his land, he cannot raise crops to feed his family. Death by starvation is worse than death by a gun or knife. So a horsethief was summarily dealt with. In a newly-settled country, horses are about the only property that can be easily got away with, and which can always be turned into money. The Richland Grove Vigilance committee yet exists.

QUAKER.

So far as I know, William P. Blackiston of Geneseo, was the only Quaker in Henry county. He was the father of a goodly family; but his wife and children affiliated with the Congregational church. 'Squire Blackiston came to Geneseo in an early day, and acquired wealth. A large brick block bears his name. In this block was the home of the Geneseo News for twenty-eight years. The 'Squire was partial to drab garments and long-tailed coats, which are insignia of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. One peculiarity of the good old patriarch was a fondness for being out in the rain. He would always get into the teardrops

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VIEW OF EBENEZER CAMP MEETING GROUNDS' AUDITORIUM

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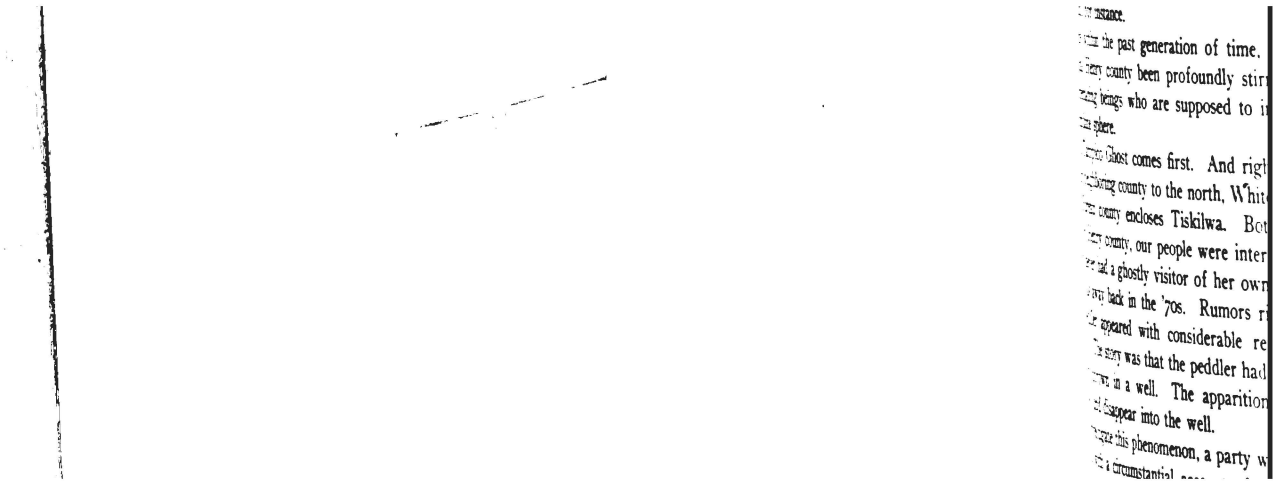

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of the angels, on some pretext. The poet Tennyson was a rain devotee. I told a story on the complacent self-sufficiency of the Quaker, which story amused 'Squire Blackiston. It got into print, and is going yet: Amos and Abel were talking of the folly of riding bicycles, and from that the conversation led on to the general jumbled condition of foolish mankind:

"Amos," said Abel, summing up, and clearing away the whole subject: "All the world is crazed save thee and I; and sometimes I think that even thee is a little queer."

ETC. CHAPTER.

The Prospectus of these volumes says that the "Etc. Chapter will be the biggest."

We fulfill all our promises to our readers.

"Etc.," which is Latin for And So Forth, includes all that has been overlooked elsewhere.

Ghosts, for instance.

Twice within the past generation of time, which is one-third of a hundred years, has Henry county been profoundly stirred by the mysterious and sometimes menacing beings who are supposed to inhabit the spaces which surround this mundane sphere.

The Tampico Ghost comes first. And right here must be recorded the fact that our neighboring county to the north, Whiteside, is the incubator of Tampico, while Bureau county encloses Tiskilwa. Both these villages are close to the edges of Henry county, our people were interested in the mysteries; but Henry county never had a ghostly visitor of her own.

It was away back in the '70s. Rumors rioted over the land that the ghost of a peddler appeared with considerable regularity at a certain house near Tampico. The story was that the peddler had been murdered for his money, and his body thrown in a well. The apparition was alleged to prowl about the premises, and disappear into the well.

To investigate this phenomenon, a party was made up at Geneseo. The party returned with a circumstantial account of what they had seen, which included the specter. This stirred the city to its depths, and a big party was organized to visit the vista of the vision. But it leaked out that the first party had never gone farther than Prophetstown, where they had passed a night in revelry, returning home the following day. So the second expedition was called off. The Tampico ghost, which had stirred the community profoundly, was allowed to sink into oblivion. The party did really find spirits at Prophetstown.

The Tiskilwa Ghost was said to be located in a house belonging to Robert Hinman, on a farm just west of Tiskilwa. The house was ocupied by a farmer named Henry Barthelman. It is close beside the north line of the C., R. I. & P's. right of way. Strange goings on were observed by the Barthelmans. Gravel and stones would descend, apparently from the air, and rattle upon the roof of the house. A railway spike was flung with such force that it passed through a wire doorscreen. A complaining voice was heard in the rooms. This voice would speak to no one but a boy that the Barthelmans had taken from a New

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York Foundling school. The apparition would talk with the boy only when the latter was alone. The entrance of a third party would cause the conversation to cease instantly. People crowded against the door, listening to the ghostly voice. Hundreds of teams lined the fences about the haunted house. All the papers had full page writeups, with views of the house and its people. Chicago reporters swarmed down, and even New York reporters came.

I was editing the Geneseo News. I proposed to S. Ayres Fisher, a hardware merchant, that we pass a night at the house. He agreed. We went out from Tiskilwa with E. P. Boyden and John Gaynor, the former the landlord of the hotel, the latter a tailor. We found the house full of spiritualistic investigators.

When the boy was going into a room to talk with the ghost, I wanted a lighted lamp inside the room. The boy objected; but said that it could be set at the head of the stairs, which was done. He shut the door. I had hold the outside knob, and instantly opened the door slightly, as if it had come ajar itself.

I then laid down on the floor, and peered into the room. The boy crossed the room to a window, where he sat on a chair. A thin thread of light sifted through between the door and the jamb, falling upon the lad's throat. He either didn't notice this, or long use had made him bold. He immediately opened up a conversation with the ghost. I immediately saw that he was a ventriloquist, and that he carried on both sides of the conversation himself. I could see his "Adam's apple" and throat muscles working when the ghost was talking. The talk was a hair-raising one from an old woman, who frequently appeared. She told the boy how herself and husband and children had camped at the spot where the house stood, and how they had all been murdered in their sleep. It was a dismal tale. The packed crowd of listeners on the stairs and stair-landing was ejaculating "O," and "Ah," "How pitiful," when I made a sensation, and spoiled everything.

I leaped through the door, straight at the boy, and grasped him by his collar.

"You're a villainous ventriloquist," I shouted, while the people, restrained by awe, stood frozen at the door, "and you have made all this todo and bobbery yourself. I saw your throat working when the old woman was talking. Confess, and I won't injure you. But if you don't —" I gave him a shake, and scowled that scowl of mine that never comes off.

"I done it for fun. I was born a ventriloquist. Leggo my collar." Thus the boy.

In my excitement I had kept churning him up and down like a washing machine.

"Friends, you see how it is." I let go the lad, and became oratorical. That has always been a sure way to break up a mob. The audience tumbled downstairs and departed.

But the unknown had it fixed that we should not be entirely disappointed. A Phantom Hotel appeared across the way north from the Tiskilwa House. All of us saw it. It was unlike any hotel in the country, so it could not have been a mirage or reflection. There it stood, all illuminated, on an otherwise vacant lot, with faces showing at the windows and lights moving from one room to another, at three o'clock in the morning. When approached, it dissolved, I never cleared up this mystery.

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Henry county is the birthplace of the gentle art of dehorning cattle. In 1885 the county was horrified to hear that Heman H. Haaff, a farmer with four thousand acres, north of Atkinson, had been guilty of sawing the horns off his cattle. The story went that he had begun on a big bull. This animal had attacked somebody. When Haaff heard of it, he was enraged. He at once had the bull caught, forced him into a stanchion, and sawed off his horns.

Not satisfied with this bit of barbarity, Haaff, who had a reputation as a violent and eccentric man, declared that since it tamed the bull to dehorn him, it would be beneficial with the remainder of the herd. So he had his men round up all the cattle on the big farm. One by one he had them forced into the stanchion, where their horns were sawed off.

With distended eyes and blanched faces the narrators discoursed eloquently upon the reek and gore about the stanchion, and described the heap of horns, like a summer's supply of stovewood.

Then people got busy. Letters and telegrams assailed the headquarters of the Illinois Humane Society. Tearing across the state came the representative of the Illinois Humane Society. Bang went the law. Haaff was haled before 'Squire Steele. Steele's little office would not hold half the crowd. Freeman's Hall was secured. The big room was filled every day. The trial lasted three days. Dunham defended Haaff. Emery C. Graves prosecuted for the state.

It was one of the funniest things that ever happened in Geneseo. The other day I took my reports of that trial, filling two issues of the Geneseo News, and laughed till I cried as I read it.

It was this way: Everybody went into that hall poisoned against Haaff. I was as bad as the worst. I fairly stewed venom against a man who would saw off a poor cow's horns, a deed similar to cutting out a human's fingernails.

"Look at Dunham!" I shrieked in long primer: "only last week these columns told of his tender heart, as proven when he made boys stop breaking open clams at the river to fish with. Now he is ready to defend a man who will saw off the horns of kine. O, consistency thou art a jewel!"

The trial progressed. Witness after witness swore that cattle just out of the stanchions, after having had their horns sawed off, began to eat! What? Eat? No animal in pain will eat!

We us and Co. began to sit up and take notice. Haaff's method used by others, upon unruly and dangerous bulls, always to the making them docile and decent. Old boss cows, bosses of the herd, which old viragos drove the young and weak cattle out of the shed on stormy nights, where some of them froze along the spine and afterward mortified, these old rips that drove the weaker cattle away from the drinking tank, letting them starve for water, now that their horns were off, were as docile as sucking doves.

The whole house went over to Haaff in a body. I led the rush. The agent of the I. H. S. tottered to his toes, and put up a protest that God had placed the horns on the kine, therefore it was wicked to saw them off.

Quick as a flash, Dunham arose and replied that in a state of nature horns

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My first issue was a roaring war cry against Haaff, Dunham and Dehorning.

My second issue hollered for the horns to come off—those devil's daggers that thrust the life out of sweet children, and gored a ghastly chapter into the history of humanity.

Dehorning cattle is a common custom now. In many localities men make a profession of dehorning. It is a humane and beneficial custom, the cattle live together more happily, and cosier and more comfortable, and require less feed. This humane and excellent custom had its beginning in the great agricultural and stock county of Henry, state of Illinois, in the year 1885, Heman H. Haaff, pioneer promoter.

Henry county has had two earthquakes, within the memory of the whites. They were slight, and did no harm, beyond frightening the timid. The first was in the spring of 1890. This occurred at a very early hour, so that most of the population was asleep. Those who were awake, or who were awakened by the quake, described the sensation as being like a powerful man on all fours under the bed, hoisting against the slats with his back.

The second seismic disturbance was at 8:45 a. m., May 26, 1909. I was at work on this book in my room. There were two vibrations, from southwest to northeast. The first one was slight. The house trembled, the windows rattled, and I was like the windows.

While I was staring awe-stricken about, the second shock came. This was heavy. The big old rambling house began to go up and down, like Mark Twain's canalboat in the tempest:

"She heaved and sot, and sot and heaved,
And high her rudder flung;
And every time she heaved and sot,
A worser scare she sprung."

Books piled on the table vibrated and slid. Being literary, I also vibrated and slid. Downstairs. The Empress told me I was alive, and I was glad to hear it.

P. S.—Since writing the above, another earthquake has visited Henry county. It came on a Sunday night in July, at about 10:45 of the clock. Henry county, wearied with her devotions, is customarily abed at this hour, and so it was felt by few. I had been abed five minutes, and was in that dolce far niente state between Somewhere and Nowhere, when my couch rose and fell slightly. I arose and asked my elder son in the adjoining room if he had noticed the earthquake. He promptly replied that he had. It came from the southwest, and moved northeast. None of these earthquakes did any harm in Henry county.

OLD SETTLERS' ANNIVERSARIES.

The full report of the first Old Settler's Meeting in Henry county is cut from the Henry County News, and inserted below. The sound sense exhibited in scorning the superstition attached by the hysterical to Friday the thirteenth,

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Every year since this day a generation ago, the pioneers have met in the middle of August at some point in the good old county, and enjoyed a lovefeast together. It is a sacred tryst, this, which they keep with each other. Every year dear old faces are missed. Every year new faces are found in the rank and file. Every year a solemn hush hovers over the bared gray heads, as the list of the dead is read aloud. To many comes the holy thought that the spirits of the departed linger near, like the two the German poet Uhland saw in the boat:

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then, in this same boat beside,
Sat two old friends true and tried:
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, fairer form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So whene'er I cast mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who've crossed the stream before me.

Yet what binds us friend to friend
But that soul with soul may blend?
Soul-like were those days of yore—
Let us live in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly:
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!

The organization built a pioneer log cabin on the Fair Grounds at Cambridge long ago, and ceased the itinerary over the county. The log cabin is their home for one day each year. Here they meet and repeat the tales of eld, swap the old stories, sing the old songs. Here they store relics of the county's swaddling-clothes period,—Glenn's home-made plow which turned the first furrow, old spinning wheels. Old settlers contributed logs and hauled them to the

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But here is the report of the organization of the Old Settlers' Association, and a full account of the first meeting:

AULD LANG SYNE.—Did The News say, in its issue of two weeks ago, that the solemn oaks of Hanna's Grove were fated to witness a rare old gathering of the primevals on Friday the thirteenth day of August? And did it not also say that if the dear old fellows who made all this beautiful county for us did not enjoy the meeting the best of any experience in all their long lives, our sincere wish would not have been answered? Yes, we did say so; and there was a rare old gathering in Hanna's Grove, and if the good old people who came together there on last Friday are always as happy as they seemed at this Reunion, then their lives must have been joyous indeed. God bless them all, say we.

Our good friend, Mr. Gardiner of Munson, drove up for us on Friday morning, and after taking the hoary veteran, Captain Brush, into the buggy with us, we started on our pleasant ride through sweet scented country lanes to the picnic ground. Both Mr. Gardiner and the Captain are old settlers, and their conversation as we rode along was of times so long ago,—so far back in the dust and mildew of the past,— that our own experiences and our own individuality paled into insignificance, and we figuratively dwindled away till if we had discovered any of our friends searching around for us with a microscope, we should not have been surprised. The Captain has not his old-time experiences in Henry county alone to relate, for long ago it was his lot to roam the world of waves and listen to the loud-voiced sea demons roaring at each other when

" 'Twas night upon the waters,
And a storm was on the deep."

Mr. Gardiner's memory was playing hide and seek among the relics of Henry county's bygone days, and thus in pleasant converse we passed the time till the grounds was reached. When we arrived, the chairman Major Jas. M. Allan, had extended an invitation to all who had come to the county in 1835 to come forward to the platform and shake hands with him, so that the assembly could see them. The vast crowd, (estimated at over one thousand souls,) were at once on tip-toe with excitement to see how many and who were these men and women who first invaded the home of the red men and wild deer to hew a pathway for future generations. They came, some feebly and with hesitating feet, and others with yet much of the vigor of manhood and womanhood shining in their eyes. The following are their names:

P. K. Hanna, E. P. Aldrich and wife, Elizabeth Southworth, Mary Hand, Liberty Stimson, Wm. Merriman, Mrs. Wm. Bernard, Mrs. Mary Colbert, Ann Cherry, Samantha Stagg, Caroline Withrow, Geo. McHenry and wife, Hannah Paddelford, Jas. Glenn and wife, Mrs. Melinda Dunlap, Mrs. Mary Wilhite, Mrs. Susanna McHenry, Elias Barge, C. H. Kemis, J. F. Butzer, Geo. Brandenburg, Samuel Figert, L. B. Stanhope, Polly Wilcox, Rena Thomas, Dorcas Whitted, D. B. McHenry, Jas. Paddelford, Jas. Bernard and Asa Crook.

Thirty-three who have lived in the county forty years! Four decades seems a long time to a western understanding. Our county is new, and forty years is a

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On motion of the chairman the editors present were elected secretaries of the meeting. They were Geo. C. Smithe, of the Chronicle, Adam Lieberknecht, of the Republic, B. W. Seaton of the Chief, and Henry L. Kiner of the Henry County News. Seats were provided upon the stand, and the secretaries took their places.

Hon. Jas. M. Allan, the chairman, then arose and remarked that as Hon. P. K. Hanna was one of the prime movers in bringing the meeting about, he would please take the stand and tell what he knew about old times in Henry county. Thus invited, Mr. Hanna arose and said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Just forty years ago today I and my little family arrived in an ox wagon a few steps from where you now sit. Perhaps you would like to have me tell you how we slept the first night, without a house or shelter provided. I will tell you. We slept, some of us in the wagon and some under it. That was the first night. The next day we set about making some sort of structure for shelter. My elder brother, who has always through my life seemed to be my guardian angel, assisted me, and together we cut down a tree,—I could show you the stump of it now, as it is not far distant, and after felling the tree we cut forks and set them in ground, and threw a ridge-pole between them. Then we cut poles and brush and fixed up a rude roof upon this structure, and covered the whole with grass. In this hut we passed the next night. Right on the spot where you now sit, I turned over the sod and sowed turnip seed. This was our turnip patch. All these oak trees that now cast their shade upon you have grown since then."

(Voice in crowd suggests that perhaps Mr. Hanna sowed acorns in place of turnip seed, at which there was a general laugh.)

Mr. Hanna then went on to say that he found and formed friendships in those days of hardships and privations that people are unused to now. That old settlers loved each other then, and do still, with a fervour that only the cold hand of death can sever. That more than thirty have passed forty years in the county, and that the ultimate object of the meeting was to form a permanent Old Settlers' Organization, the meetings of which were to be held at some central point in the county.

Lewis Shearer of Cornwall was then called, and after some hesitation, took the stand and remarked that he never yet tried to make a speech but that he made a fool of himself, but he had no particular objection to making a fool of himself again. He said that when he first came to Henry county, he traveled eight miles in what is now the most populous farming country, without seeing a house. This was in the year '51. Mr. Shearer said he bought a cabin from Steele Hamilton at that time, and in driving a bargain for it Mr. Hamilton asked him if he did not wish to go inside the structure and see how it looked in the interior. Mr. Shearer told him no,—that he could see enough of the shanty on the outside. Into this dubious building he took his wife and children. The roof was so ill contrived that it let in snow so that there was a regular snow-bank upstairs. They had to frequently take the bed clothes and wring the water from them. His horse got away and wandered off into the prairies once, and he left home to find him, expecting to be gone several days. On asking his wife

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if she were not afraid of wolves or robbers, she said no. She was a genuine, brave-hearted frontier's woman.

When Mr. Shearer sat down, the chairman extended a general invitation to speak on the subject of a permanent organization. This matter was at once taken up and vigorously prosecuted. Hon. Jas. M. Allan was elected chairman of the Permanent Association. It was moved that a vice-president be elected for each township in the county. Carried, and the election of those officers began. They are as follows:

Oxford, R. D. Congreve; Clover, Jas. W. Epperson; Weller, J. Piatt; Galva, John A. Ayres; Wethersfield, Chas. B. Miner; Andover, S. W. Knapp; Cambridge, F. H. Wilson; Burns,——Ketchum; Osco, R. H. Hinman; Munson, J. F. Crawford; Cornwall, L. Shearer; Annawan, Jno. L. Dow; Colona, Jas. Glenn; Edford, Wm. Austin; Geneseo, A. W. Perry; Atkinson, Asa Crook; Alpha, W. L. Robinson; Hanna, P. K. Hanna; Yorktown, Lyman Stowell; Lynn, G. B. Pillsbury; Phenix, Benj. Fritz; Loraine, Jos. Arnett.

Secretary, Jas. Paddleford; assistant secretary, Patterson Holmes.

On motion of Mr. Hanna, it was decided that this meeting decide the time and place of the next meeting. The meeting will take place on Friday, one year from last Friday, in the public park at Geneseo. The meeting then adjourned one hour for dinner.

Right here we wish to say that we hope everybody had as good a dinner as we enjoyed at the hospitable—"table"—it seems natural to say, but it is not appropriate, and we will say "stump," at which were congregated Major Allan, Dr. Hume, I. N. Stewart and Geo. W. West, with their ladies. It was a royal dinner,—warm coffee, cold chicken, nice biscuit, an infinite variety of cake and sweetmeats and everything to please the palate.

After the dinner we pass a few moments in watching the merry dancers at the floor erected in the eastern part of the ground. There was a circular swing erected there too, and the young folks were doing their best to console themselves for their inferiority in not being old settlers.

The excellent Cleveland Band, occupying part of the platform, struck up a lively air that called the people back to their seats. Dr. Ira Wells of Geneseo took the floor and told some interesting reminiscences of his early days upon our prairies. How he, at the age of 14 was a ranger, and galloped over the plains hunting Indians in the far-famed Black Hawk war; and how, once upon a time, as the old story tellers say, he was cavorting along on his steed, at a pretty good pace, when a blanket that was flying loosely from his shoulders, caught in the limb of a tree, and tangling about his person, suspended him in mid air, like Absalom of old, while his steed passed out from under him. This adventure, the doctor added, gave him the name of "Absalom" for many years afterward. The government gave him a land warrant for his service in that war. This was in 1850. The doctor had often heard of the fame of the women of Henry county. Everywhere they were acknowledge to be, in the aggregate, the handsomest women in the state, and this made him resolve to settle in Henry. We wish to remark here, on our own responsibility, that the doctor's judgment is by us held in the highest estimation. After a fine eulogy on those who had passed to the

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EXCHANGE STREET, GALVA--SOUTH FROM C. B. & Q. R. R. TRACKS



EXCHANGE STREET, GALVA—SOUTH FROM FRONT STREET

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since his settlement in our midst.
Fritz, who stated that he had bee
Mr. Fritz spoke feelingly of the
among the early settlers; and said th
spirit among them still. He referr
Harper's barn and around his hays
clothes to go to church; that the
one that they had but one suit
meeting in a pair of buckski
but the minister, on learning th
would wear them himself and
this decided Mr. Fritz to wear th

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spirit world since his settlement in our midst, the doctor gave up his position to Mr. Benj. Fritz, who stated that he had been a resident of the county thirty-five years. Mr. Fritz spoke feelingly of the sociability and good feeling that prevailed among the early settlers; and said that he was happy to see much of the old-time spirit among them still. He referred to the courts they used to hold in Squire Harper's barn and around his haystacks; that people in those days didn't change clothes to go to church; that the reason they didn't change was the very sufficient one that they had but one suit. Mr. Fritz related how he once went to quarterly meeting in a pair of buckskin breeches; he felt ashamed to go in such attire, but the minister, on learning the cause of his diffidence, said he (the minister,) would wear them himself and give Mr. Fritz his own unmentionables, and this decided Mr. Fritz to wear the buckskin, after having had them washed. The first load of pork Mr. Fritz raised in Henry county he took to Prophetstown for sale. He could get no money for it but traded it off for goods at the rate of 100 pounds of pork for a yard of calico. He had hired the team to draw the pork, promising to pay fifty cents for the use of it. He could get no money and tried to pay for the use of the team in pork, but the owner would not accept it. No western country now will compare with this for hardships. All wild lands in the west are within reach of railroads and markets, and in those days no railroads penetrated the country. Mr. Fritz had been from home two weeks on a trading expedition to Chicago.

After Mr. Fritz sat down, that good old melody, so dear to many a heart that has beaten many weary years in this world, Auld Lang Syne, was sung. Miss Mary Searles, of Zuma, Rock Island county, presided at the organ in a graceful manner, and the singing was led by Prof. Hubbard, the audience joining in.

This song revived a good story in the mind of P. K. Hanna, and he at once arose and told it. He said that many and many a year ago Geneseo was without a preacher, and he used to come over and preach to the colony.

The venerable chairman, Jas. M. Allan, was then living in the Hanna neighborhood, and was a rather obstreperous boy, smooth-faced and strong willed. The Allan boy was accustomed to accompany Mr. Hanna in his gospel jaunts, and one Sabbath,—a very drowsy and warm one, Mr. Hanna found occasion to remonstrate with his congregation for going to sleep. Mr. Hanna saw something was wrong with the Allan boy at once. After services the boy called him in a mysterious manner, and asked him to come around behind old Mr. Stewart's house, as he had something to say. Mr. Hanna saw the boy was angry.

"Now why," said Allan with fire flashing from his eyes, and stamping his foot vehemently on the ground, "did you tell these people to keep awake, and insult them by so doing. You had no right to do so."

Mr. Hanna was astonished. This beardless boy scoring *him*, a man of family and a preacher! He wondered long as to the cause of this feeling on Allan's part, but after a while a light began to dawn upon him. This Allan boy was courting one of Mr. Stewart's girls, and as Mr. Hanna and he were in the habit of coming to the colony together, he thought Mr. Hanna had kicked the fat into the

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This anecdote elicited rounds of laughter, amid which the venerable "boy" arose and said that in the days of which Mr. Hanna spoke he was living with Judge Brandenburg, and the judge and Uncle Philip and Pryor Hanna had always been so good to him in those days that he had not the heart to contradict anything they said, but let it all pass for truth anyhow. This delicate and ingenious reflection on Mr. Hanna's veracity still further amused the audience. Mr. Allan said he had come to this county on horseback from Alabama, and never was sorry that he had made the trip. He regretted very much the absence of uncle Nathan Washburn, a far-famed and ancient story-teller. We heard a number of old settlers regret that Mr. Washburn could not be present and tell his celebrated story about the Turtle Soup. Mr. Washburn was prevented from coming by severe illness.

Following Mr. Allan came Mr. Knapp of Andover, another ancient resident. As he arose Mr. Allan was reminded of a time he once had in Andover, when he put up at the village hotel. When it came bed-time, all were invited outdoors while the ladies retired—then the gentlemen came in and sought their couches. This proceeding was necessitated from the walls of the apartments being composed of cotton curtains, that let the light shine through too perspicuously. Then Mr. Allan introduced Mr. Knapp as being from that place, which created a general laugh. Mr. Knapp told the old story of privations, and an anecdote of how he was once lost in trying to find his way from Rock Island to Andover, on which occasion he wandered too near Monmouth, and had to sleep over night in a sawmill.

Squire Sanford of Geneseo was then called out. He said he came to the county in '44, and thought he was an old settler until so many "thirty-fivers" present put him to the blush. He related an anecdote of how he once attempted to cross Green River when it was a half or three quarters of a mile wide. He mired in the mud, and thought he had made a settlement for sure. He said that he agreed with another present who had claimed for the old settlers a good degree of hard horse sense, for their settlement in this county proved it. He had traversed the continent from ocean to ocean, and he candidly and fully believed that northwestern Illinois is the best country that God's sun shines upon. Mr. Sanford ended with a fine eulogy on the character of the old settlers of Henry county.

Deacon Kemis then took the floor. He had come in the spring of 1836. The postoffice for this region was then at Dixon, forty miles away. By and by people began to get their mail at ancient Prophetstown. Geneseo was not then in existence. Corduroy bridges were all the kind of bridges in the country. He told of a piece of bacon he once bought from a family in the northern part of the county. It was so lively that at first he didn't know whether to carry it home or drive it home. But he said it was a good piece of bacon, as it would have lasted yet had he not reduced it to soap.

Jas. Glenn was then called and introduced by Colonel Perry as the man who built the first house in Henry county. Mr. Glenn was at once considered a hero, but would not speak.

The following poem was then read (by the request of Mrs. P. K. Hanna) by Dr. Ira Wells. We do not know the name of its author:

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WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will arise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past!
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far off isle to us
In the stormy sea of years.

Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now;
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
O, friends, we are growing old.—

Old is the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and truth,
Which our burdened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the parting gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met.

But oh! the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way;
The graves that have in our path grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold;
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to praise and fear;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?

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Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their leaves renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes
When the gloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then
But the joy was faint and cold;
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

Captain Brush then took the position of speaker, and spoke well of the pleasure and comfort he had ever found in our county. His speech was listened to with much interest.

That irrepressible Alf. Perry, whose spirit the fiends of disease and physical prostration from overwork seem unable to subdue, was the life of the meeting after his arrival, which was rather late. His speech over Mr. Bernard, as he held the old gentleman affectionately about the neck, was laughable in the extreme. Mr. Bernard and Perry were, it seems, old companions in electioneering tours years ago, and remembrances of those days were full of material for laughter. Mr. Bernard made a few remarks very apropos. He told of buying a pound of salt for eighteen and three-quarters cents when the storekeeper wanted to make a hog of himself and charge twenty-five cents. His account of his comical endeavors to understand what a "picayune" and "bit" meant, was entertaining. He endeavored to show how Illinoisans got the name of "suckers." He said it was because they went to the lead mines in the northern limits of the state to sell their produce every fall, and the northerners claimed that their part of the country "sucked" all the rest to it. A gentleman in the crowd objected to this definition of the word, and gave his version,—a much better one we think. The gentleman from the crowd said that in early days when there were no wells in the state hardly, the inhabitants were in the habit of carrying long tubes which they put into crawfish holes and sucked the water out. Mr. Atwater was then called, but said his wife, (who knew his failings,) had forbidden him to speak, as she had an idea that most of his stories were too big to go down well.

A diversion was here created by the introducing upon the platform of the first white man and woman married in Henry county. Loud acclamations arose demanding that P. K. Hanna should perform the marriage ceremony over again on this occasion. Mr. Hanna responded by stepping to the front and saying "I pronounce you husband and wife." This satisfied the audience.

Enthusiastic calls had been made at intervals for Col. Perry, and at last he came forward, pale from long illness but brimming full of fun. He said his wife had bidden him stay at home, but he had run away, and that he hoped she was not present; that she had put a lock on his lips to prevent him talking, but he was going to spring it a little. The Col. then made a few pertinent remarks

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plug of tobacco; told how all the church deacons of Geneseo were indicted by old Mr. Penny for stealing hogs, and many other amusing anecdotes.

Geo. McHenry then told some of his experience; how he and his family had once slept upon a bluff near the picnic grounds, and had to put logs of wood against the children to keep them from rolling down hill. Mr. McHenry spoke well.

Squire Cox was next. But our account of the Reunion has already attained such a length that we are constrained to close it. Following Mr. Cox the audience joined in singing a verse of Old Hundred, and were dismissed by the chairman.

The great Reunion is over. It was a meeting long to be remembered. Old friends severed for years came together then, and many there met who will never meet in this world again. All were happy and joyous. As for ourself, we are filled so full of legends and traditions that we believe our system wouldn't hold another one. If anybody tells us any more yarns about the days of forty years ago, before we've had a chance to work ourself loose a little, we believe we shall burst. As bursting would be unpleasant to ourself and friends, we shall not go to any more Old Settlers' meetings in this county—till next year, when we shall be on hand to report the proceedings of the meeting in the city park for the behoof of the readers of The News.

FINANCIAL FIRMNESS OF HENRY COUNTY.

The first thing the man who deposits money in a bank wants to be sure of is that he can get his money out again.

Henry county banks, founded upon the incalculable richness of our soil, have grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of our farmers. All wealth comes out of the ground. The farmers get it out. The banks take care of the surplus.

In the history of Henry county banking, there has been but one disaster, that of the City Bank of Geneseo. This was no fault of the Geneseo Bank. The Chicago bank, in which our bank kept its deposits, failed. Of course the crash carried down with it many country banks, and our bank happened to be one of the unfortunates. Even then the depositors received close to sixty cents on the dollar, the bankers giving up all they had on earth to their depositors.

Banking history in Henry county covers a period of forty-five years. The record of but one slight disaster is a ringing answer to the question of the man with the money: "If I put it in, can I get it out?"

The mature voice of forty-five husky years says "Yes!"

The rising generation may not be familiar with the old reliable story of the Frenchman, who was typical of all bank despositors. He heard the bank in which he had deposited his money, had collapsed. Wild-eyed and woeful, he rushed to the bank with his little deposit book. He yelled for his cash.

The calm cashier produced the money.

"O, you got heem!" exclaimed the Frenchman: "Vhen you got heem, I don't vhant heem. Vhen you not got heem, I vhant heem!"

He shoved the money back, and went his way.

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Scan the amazing figures of the bank deposits below. I personally know that beside the banks which do not report their deposits, there are banks with savings annexes wherein many hundreds of thousands of dollars are deposited. I have figured up what appears as reported. It is four million, nine hundred and forty-eight thousand, six hundred and thirty-three dollars of idle money in Henry county, nearly five millions of dollars!

HENRY COUNTY BANK DIRECTORY.

Alpha. Population, 350. Alpha Exchange Bank. Established 1891. Capital, $25,000. President, John M. Taze; vice-president and cashier, W. I. Taze; assistant cashier, M. L. Taze. Deposits, $100,139. Loans, $65,596. Surplus and profits, $10,833.

Annawan. Population 500. Bank of Annawan. Established 1893. President, W. H. Holzinger; cashier, D. J. Holzinger.

Atkinson. Population, 1,000. Atkinson Bank. Established 1881. Capital, $15,000. Cashier, John F. Nowers. Deposits, $141,000. Loans, $100,000. Surplus and profits, $6,000.

Galva. Population, 3,000. First National Bank. Established 1882. Capital, $60,000. President, P. Herdien; cashier, V. A. Wigren; vice-president, H. C. Marton; assistant cashier, A. F. Deem. Deposits, $510,000. Loans, $355,000. Surplus and profits, $36,000.

Galva State Bank. Established 1895. Capital, $30,000. President, O. P. Stoddard; cashier, Geo. D. Palmer; vice-president, Dyer Ford; assistant cashier, B. S. Peck. Deposits, $135,417. Loans, $145,000. Surplus and profits, $13,000.

L. M. Yocum & Company. Established 1865. Capital, $50,000. President, O. E. Yocum; cashier, H. A. Smith; vice-president, R. B. Yocum; assistant cashier, N. D. West. Deposits, $355,000. Loans, $300,000.

Geneseo. Population, 3,500. Central Trust and Savings Bank. Established 1906. Capital, $100,000. President, R. D. Boice; cashier, Arthur Cook; vice-president, Theo. Becker; assistant cashier, J. T. Greenwood. Deposits, $135,000. Loans, $176,000.

Farmers National Bank. Established 1876. Capital, $50,000. President, P. S. Schnabele; cashier, W. M. Stewart; vice-president, W. W. Cole; assistant cashier, J. A. Bradley. Deposits, $425,627. Loans, $366,162. Surplus and profits, $70,884.

First National Bank. Established 1864. Capital, $100,000. President, O. W. Hoit; cashier, Hiram Wilson; vice-president, W. J. McBroom; assistant cashier, Chas. M. Morton. Deposits, $300,855. Loans, $326,634. Surplus and profits, $150,564.

Geneseo Savings Bank. Established 1906. Capital, $50,000. President, J. H. O'Bryan; cashier, W. H. Holzinger; vice-president, C. W. Young. Deposits, $110,000. Surplus and profits, $2,000.

Cambridge. Population, 2,000. Cambridge State Bank. Established 1903. Capital, $25,000. President, James Pollock; cashier, A. L. Arthens; vice-president, J. L. Hull; assistant cashier, F. L. Brod. Deposits, $200,000. Loans, $195,000. Surplus and profits, $6,000.

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Farmers National Bank. Established 1881. Capital, $50,000. President, R. H. Hinman; cashier, C. B. Taylor; vice-president, G. W. Hutchinson; assistant cashier, Geo. W. Rogers. Deposits, $400,000. Loans, $400,000. Surplus and profits, $35,000.

First National Bank. Established 1881. Capital, $50,000. President, Henry White; cashier, B. Hadley; vice-president, Wm. Ringle; assistant cashier, C. H. Coll. Deposits, $390,000. Loans, $450,000. Surplus and profits, $60,300.

Kewanee. Population, 18,000. First National Bank. Established 1871. Capital, $75,000. President, James K. Blish; cashier, H. C. Dana; vice-president, Geo. Armstrong; assistant cashier, E. Taylor. Deposits, $659,194. Loans, $622,899. Surplus and profits, $73,400.

Kewanee National Bank. Established 1893. Capital, $75,000. President, Geo. A. Anthony; cashier, R. E. Taylor; vice-president, D. K. Fell; assistant cashier, E. L. Kellogg. Deposits, $350,000. Loans, $350,072. Surplus and profits, $56,000.

Savings Bank of Kewanee. Established 1902. President, John Fischer; cashier, W. E. Gould; vice-president, H. Miner; assistant cashier, S. D. Burge.

Union National Bank. Established 1881. Capital, $75,000. President, T. P. Pierce; cashier, W. W. Calhoun; vice-president, W. H. Lyman; assistant cashier, L. S. Priestman. Deposits, $521,401. Loans, $573,506. Surplus and profits, $143,429.

Orion. Population, 700. Farmers Bank. Established 1890. President, Geo. W. Ferguson; cashier, A. L. Love; vice-president, L. R. Bothwell; assistant cashier, H. B. Conover.

State Bank of Orion. Established 1890. Capital, $25,000. President, E. A. South; cashier, W. J. Blodgett; vice-president, P. Westerlund; assistant cashier, J. S. Peterson. Deposits, $215,000. Loans, $220,000. Surplus and profits, $15,082.

Osco. Population, 400. Farmers Bank. Established 1906. President, John Johnson; cashier, E. G. Samuelson.

Woodhull. Population, 700. Farmers Bank. Established 1880. Howell, Woods & Company. Cashier, W. C. Stickney; assistant cashier, A. A. Mackay.

MOVING THE STOCKYARDS.

Moving the stockyards of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway from Geneseo to the suburbs of the tri-cities "down below," was far from being a stunning calamity to the Maple city. The pretty town continued on in the serene and even tenor of her way, without particularly noticing that the stockyards were gone, except by the difference in the smell. And even this affected only a few on Chicago street and its environs.

A generation ago there was a tumult and an uproar all along the line of the Illinois division as to which town would get the stockyards. Geneseo was up and on the bits with the others in the race, and straining every nerve. I recall the time and scene distinctly. I was then but a simple woodland gusher, and I whooped and hollered for the stockyards with the rest. I didn't know what good, they could possibly do the town; but I felt that making a noise was patriotic,

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anyhow, and I continued to "whoop'er up." People subscribed and pushed, and helped, and the stockyards came to Geneseo.

What good they did the town, outside the hotel, has not yet been analyzed. There was a market there for hay and straw. That helped a little. Yet, where is the farmer today who cannot sell every pound of stuff he produces, without the stockyards?

Just as in my boyish visions I failed to find any advantage accruing to Geneseo from the coming and going of a million steers and their steersmen, even so it was. These stockmen from afar bought no clothes, groceries or anything else in Geneseo. They simply trundled through the streets in the old yellow omnibus, ate at the Geneseo House, and trundled back again to the stockyards. The stockyards are gone, and the old yellow omnibus trundles no more. Geneseo, with her paved streets and splendid waterworks, is just as well off. There's little difference, unless it's for the better. Geneseo has had two first class banks open their doors since she lost the stockyards. Doesn't look so bad, that.

A good while ago I was in a town on the Rio Grande. A newspaper man had taken half a day off to show me the town.

"It's the gateway to two republics!" he said about fortyseven times, flourishing his buggy whip.

"What good does that do?" I hinted.

"Why, man, all the products of both great nations must pass through here! It's grand! It's great!"

"The products pass over yonder desert also," I suggested. "And the desert doesn't thrive from it."

He dropped his whip and looked whipped.

Besides, we have the cannery. It is located not far from the site of the old stockyards, and its presence is ample compensation. It brings more to the town and county than the stockyards ever did.

THE NOBLE HORSE.

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse.—King Richard III.

Henry county has been one of the greatest horse markets on earth. Carload after carload of horses have been shipped out of Henry county to Chicago and to the great markets of the East. Boston has received and distributed many cargoes of Henry county horses.

This is due in a large measure to such deans of the horse industry as old Sam Chamberlain of Geneseo, Hugh White of Annawan, Andrew J. Soderberg of Osco, and like men in the South county, whose names I have not at command.

These men have gone beyond the seas, and searched out the best sire animals in the old world. English Shires, Scotch Clydesdales, French Normans, German Drafts have all contributed to the improvement of the horses of Henry county. Today one of the biggest buyers of horses in Europe is J. Clark Rockwell, one of Geneseo's oldtime business men. He buys, however, for other provinces.

Singularly, the price of horses is high, though the earth swarms with automobiles. When the trolley wires were strung in the big cities, farmers quit rais-

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PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RIGHT OF WAY FOR GREEN RIVER DRAINAGE DISTRICT

Across the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 5, township 17, north, range 3, east. Owned by Henry L. Goembel and taken on May 19, 1905



PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ENCROACHMENT OF GREEN RIVER UPON FARMING LAND, PRIOR TO CUTTING CHANNEL

Big crops now grow upon these formerly submerged tracts

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...Henry Pritchard of A...
...Geneseo. At the final organiza...
...Haynes to take charge of the prel...
...discharging his duty as a commis...
...Pneumonia, and caused his death...
...to fill the vacancy, and the com...
...surveys made preparatory to l...
...1905, contracts were awarded fo...
...twenty-five miles of lateral d...
...feet in depth, and ninety-five f...
...eight feet in depth, and twent...
...by the dredges in doing the wo...
...thousand, nine hundred and t...
...of way, court contingent exper...
...There are in the district...
...acres, of which twenty-fo...

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in the head. The price of horses did go down, owing to the scare; but rose again, owing to scarcity. Then, when automobiles came, a crash in the horse market was expected. We haven't heard the noise.

Good horses are bringing remarkably high prices. Just the other day I was shown a team that had recently changed hands for five hundred dollars.

STRAIGHTENING GREEN RIVER.

By Frank S. Haynes.

Several attempts had been made at various times to effect some kind of an organization to drain the Green River bottom lands, but without any success. Finally in March, 1903, at a meeting in Annawan, it was determined by some of the representative land owners to effect an organization, and see if the lands could not be reclaimed.

Later on a Drainage district was mapped out under the supervision of Frank W. Morrasy of Shetfield, Henry Pritchard of Alba, and W. W. Cole and Frank S. Haynes of Geneseo. At the final organization the court selected Morrasy, Pritchard and Haynes to take charge of the preliminary work. Henry Pritchard, while actively discharging his duty as a commissioner, took a severe cold, which developed into Pneumonia, and caused his death. His brother, Samuel Pritchard, was appointed to fill the vacancy, and the commissioners proceeded to have the levels taken and surveys made preparatory to letting the contracts for the work. On June 14th, 1905, contracts were awarded for about twenty-three miles of the main ditch, and twenty-five miles of lateral ditches. The main ditch averaged about eleven feet in depth, and ninety-five feet in width, the lateral ditches averaged about eight feet in depth, and twenty feet in width. The amount of earth removed by the dredges in doing the work was four million, two hundred and seventy-two thousand, nine hundred and twenty-eight cubic yards, and cost, including rights of way, court contingent expenses, about four hundred and forty thousand dollars. There are in the district thirty-three thousand, six hundred and thirteen acres, of which twenty-four thousand, four hundred and seventy are in Henry county. The work was practically completed in December, 1907.

The valuation of the land reclaimed has more than doubled, and where nothing but flags and rushes grew, there are now fine crops of corn. Many new homes are built, and new roads established. This land is generally of fine quality, and promises much for the future. While there was a great deal of opposition at the start, the results from the work have been even more than the friends of the project claimed for it. The drainage area at the outlet of the new channel of Green River is about nine hundred and eighty square miles.

Mr. Haynes gives a concise and compact statement of the facts in the great work of straightening Green River. If his work has a fault, I will name it modesty.

This vast work deserves an entire chapter. It is the biggest drainage enterprise in Northern Illinois and the most beneficent in its results. It has truly

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made the waste places glad, and the wilderness to blossom like the rose. Land that was overflowed, land that was a riot of rushes and gigantic grass, now produces corn with ears like stovewood. The rich black soil is many feet deep. The revenues of an empire rest in its alluvium. It is the best land in even Peerless Henry county. Unnumbered thousands of acres have been reclaimed. The rescued land reaches across our golden county, a belt of radiant richness.

Bonds were issued, to run fifteen years. The redeemed land will pay the bill of nearly half a million dollars in three years. These bonds serve as a cushion to take the bump off those who possibly might be jarred. Eighty bushels of corn are produced on lands formerly untilled. At fifty cents per bushel—one hundred and twenty dollars per acre in three years!

Mud Creek was also chastened, and its crooked paths made straight. The results have been wonderful. Profanity is no longer poured upon the putrid reminiscence called Mud Creek. On the contrary "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, stand dressed in living green." And it lives till it gets to Green River, too, instead of dying in the reeking marshes.

These works are object lessons. Come ye committees from afar, see for yourselves, then go home and do likewise.

The illustrations picture Green River in flood. When in its channel, the stream is about seventy feet wide.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
What wonders ye portray!
Whereas thy name was once plain Mud,
'Tis Bumper Crops today.

THE HENRY COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

By Philip J. Stoneberg.

A meeting called by several persons interested in Sunday school work in Henry county was held in the Congregational church at Cambridge in October, 1865. No official minutes of this meeting were preserved. O. H. Loomis, of Kewanee, was chairman and J. D. K. Sleight, of Geneseo, secretary. Most of the delegates were from Cambridge, Kewanee and Geneseo. Various Sunday school topics were discussed and a children's meeting was held. It was decided to organize a county association and a constitution was adopted. H. Thomas, of Geneseo, was elected president and Rev. F. D. Rickerson, of Geneseo, secretary for the ensuing year.

The new organization met in convention at Geneseo, May 15-16, 1866. During the course of the sessions the following topics were considered:

Is it the duty of adult members of our churches to attend Sunday school?

The relation of pastors to the Sunday school.

Is the use of question books by teachers desirable?

What are the advantages, and what are the best methods of conducting Sunday school concerts?

What is the best plan for conducting regular exercises of the Sunday school?

At the evening session on the first day the following resolution was adopted:

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"RESOLVED. That the Sunday school is second in importance and interest to no field of labor which comes under the pastor's care."

The following resolution was adopted the second day:

"RESOLVED. That the paramount object of all Sunday school instruction is the salvation of the soul, and that the teachers should make all their efforts bend in that direction and not rest satisfied while one of the class remains out of the fold of Christ."

Another resolution adopted read thus:

"RESOLVED. That in selecting Sunday school libraries all books not containing a strong religious element should be rejected."

The last resolution which was adopted was as follows:

"RESOLVED. That it is not expedient for Sunday school scholars to attend more than one school a day."

In the afternoon of the second day the scholars of the Geneseo Sunday schools marched in procession through the principal streets to the public square where a children's meeting was held.

The third gathering of the county Sunday school workers was held at Kewanee, May 28-29,1867. On the afternoon of the second day the members of the Kewanee and Wethersfield Sunday schools marched to the academy grounds where devotional exercises were held and short addresses delivered.

In connection with the election of president and secretary twenty-four vice-presidents were elected, one for each township in the county.

June 2-3, 1868, the association held its annual convention at Galva, when seventeen townships reported seventy-three schools with eight hundred and forty-five teachers, and six thousand, four hundred and sixty-three scholars.

November 10-11, 1868, a convention was again held at Cambridge, when the county was divided into eleven districts, each with a district superintendent, as follows: 1, Oxford and Clover, S. Gamble; 2, Weller and Galva, W. O. Brooks; 3, Wethersfield, Kewanee and Burns, M. Doty; 4, Cambridge and Munson, A. K. Henney; 5, Andover and Lynn, E. Buck; 6, Western and Osco, W. W. Warner; 7, Cornwall and Annawan, D. Buttermore; 8, Colona, Edford and Geneseo, H. Thomas; 9, Atkinson and Alba, Chas. B. Fisher; 10, Hanna and Phenix, Joseph Henney; 11, Loraine and Yorktown, L. C. Pope. This arrangement the place of township organization.

A street meeting was one of the features of the next convention, held at Geneseo, June 3-4, 1869. On September 2-3 of the same year, a convention convened in Kewanee; D. L. Moody was expected for one of the sessions but sent word he could not come.

The association next assembled at Galva in convention May 31-June 1, 1870, when a uniformity of Sunday school lessons was recommended; and at Cambridge May 30-31, 1871; Geneseo June, 4-5, 1872; and at Orion May 20-21, 1873, when a new constitution was adopted; and at Woodhull, May 26-27, 1874.

May 18-19, 1875, the association met in annual convention at Kewanee and at Cambridge, May 16-17, 1876, when a resolution was passed urging that scholars bring their Bibles or testament to Sunday school. On October 10-11, of the same year, a convention was held at Galva, when it was decided to hold the annual gatherings in the fall.

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The next convention, then, met at Atkinson, October 9-10, 1877, and the one of the succeeding year, September 24-25, at Geneseo, when a resolution was adopted censuring the managers of the county fair for allowing the sale of beer at the last annual fair. At the next convention, however, held at Orion, September 30-October 1, 1879, the thanks of the association were extended to the county fair management for suppressing the sale of beer at the fair of that year.

The Sunday school workers of the county as an association next met at Annawan, August 25-26, 1880; Kewanee, August 23-24, 1881; Galva, August 31-September 1, 1882; Woodhull, August 30-31, 1883; Cambridge, October 30-31, 1884; Geneseo, November 5-6, 1885, when house-to-house visitation was emphasized; Orion, September 16-17, 1886; Atkinson, September 7-8, 1887; Annawan, September 11-12, 1888; Galva, August 22-23, 1889; Kewanee, August 21-22, 1890; Geneseo, September 24-25, 1891; Orion, October 25-26, 1892; Cambridge, August 16-17, 1893; Woodhull, August 9-10, 1894; Atkinson, August 7-8, 1895; Galva, August 11-12, 1896; Geneseo, August 10-11, 1897; Kewanee, September 27-28, 1898; Cambridge, September 28-29, 1899; Orion, September 27-28, 1900; and Woodhull, August 29-30, 1901.

A change to the earlier part of summer was again made with the next convention, held at Geneseo, June 17-18, 1902. The following year the county association met June 23-24, at Kewanee; June 30-July 1, 1904, at Galva; June 20-21, 1905, at Cambridge; June 26-27, 1906, at Atkinson; June 13-14, 1907, at Alpha; June 16-17, 1908, at Orion; and June 24-25, 1909, at Geneseo.

Among those who have appeared on the programs of these conventions have been some whose names stand high on the roll of the Sunday school workers of the state and nation. Miss Lucy J. Rider (subsequently Mrs. Meyer of deaconess fame), W. B. Jacobs, Professor E. O. Excell, William Reynolds, Dr. H. M. Hamill, F. G. Ensign, E. B. Stevenson, Dr. G. P. Williams, A. T. Arnold, G. W. Miller, Henry Moser, C. E. Schenck—these are among those who have served the Sunday schools of Henry county by precept and example. Other names might be added to this list.

Rev. J. M. Hartley was for six years the Sunday school missionary for Henry county. He resigned in 1898 and was succeeded by Will Anderson, who served for about a year and a half and in turn was succeeded February 1, 1900, by Rev. Axel Gabrielson, who served till in 1904. John A. Josephson came in 1905 and remained till about May 1, 1907. The next county missionary was Charles J. Bukoutz, who took up his work in the fall of 1907 and remained in it until October 1, 1909.

The following have served as presidents of the association: H. Thomas, 1865-6; A. K. Henney, 1866-7; S. M. Etter, 1867-8; H. O. Sleight, June-November, 1868; O. H. Loomis, 1868-9; W. W. Warner, 1869-70; Milo Doty, 1870-2; H. Thomas, 1872-3; W. H. Parkin, 1873-5; W. K. Wight, 1875-6; J. P. Root, May-October, 1876; G. N. Palmer, 1876-7; H. Thomas, 1877-8; Dr. H. H. Long, 1878-9; Wm. Troyer, 1879-80; H. T. Lay, 1880-3; E. R. Riggs, 1883-6; H. R. Ott, 1886-7; J. M. Sweeney, 1887-8; Rev, J. H. Delano, 1888-90; H. R. Ott, 1890-2; P. D. Ransom, 1892-5; J. A. Stearns, 1895-8; E. S. Dean, 1898-1902; G. H. Breed, 1902-5; H. T. Lay, 1905-6; C. B. Taylor, 1906—

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The secretaries have been as follows: Rev. F. D. Rickerson, 1865-8; A. K. Henney, 1868-73; J. R. Manning, 1873-7; W. K. Wight, 1877-81; Sallie Miles, 1881-8; H. M. Gilbert, 1888-91; Mary E. Taylor, 1891-7; Belle Wilson, 1897-9; P. J. Stoneberg, 1899—

The association concerns itself with the protestant Sunday schools of the county. The report for the year 1908-9 indicated eighty-seven schools in the county, of which seventy-three were open all year. Seventeen schools reported holding regular teachers' meetings for the study of the lesson. The officers and teachers were in all, one thousand, one hundred and thirty-four, and the scholars, eight thousand, six hundred and twenty-eight, making a total membership of nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty-two. The average attendance was five thousand, nine hundred and seven. There were twelve home departments with three hundred and sixty-two members; twenty-nine cradle rolls with six hundred and twelve members, while twenty-five schools had observed what is known as "Decision Day." Thirty-six schools had a separate primary room. Thirty-two schools reported a total of three hundred and six accessions to the church from Sunday school. Township conventions were held during the year in every township.

Aside from the township presidents at first, or the district superintendents afterwards elected, the officers were for a long time limited to a president, one or two vice-presidents, and a secretary, who also served as treasurer; also an executive committee. But as the work grew and new departments were evolved new offices were created. The association has now a president, vice-president, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer, six department superintendents concerned respectively with adult classes, primary work, the cradle roll, teacher-training, the home department, and temperance. Then there is an executive committee and the township presidents. The old district division is not now observed.

SWEDISH CAMP MEETINGS.

By Philip J. Stoneberg.

While it is believed that the first Methodist camp-meeting in the United States was held in Kentucky, 1799, and that possibly the first camp-meetings in Illinois were held about 1807, in St. Clair and Madison counties, the first independent Swedish Methodist camp-meeting was held in Andover township, Henry county, in August, 1855.

This first Swedish camp-meeting was followed by a second and a third in '56 and '57 in Andover township, but there was no fixed location. In '58 and '59 the Swedes held their camp-meetings in Knox county, but came back to Andover township for the one of 1860. After going to Knox county again they held three successive camp-meetings in Red Oak Grove, Weller township, 1863-5. Lynn Grove, Lynn township was the location in 1866; Knox county, 1867; Lynn Grove, 1868-9; Red Oak Grove 1870; Lynn Grove, 1871; and Red Oak Grove, 1872.

The method of lighting the grounds at the pioneer camp-meetings was to erect four posts at square angles and cross-lay them on top with poles. On the

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poles earth was placed and then dry wood which was ignited and replenished as the need demanded.

Another means of giving light was to place in little niches in the trees, glass tumblers partly filled with water on which was a layer of lard oil about an inch thick. A piece of tin in the shape of a star had a piece of cork at each point and a hole in the center to which a funnel was soldered in which a candle-wick was placed. This mechanism was floated on the oil and when the wick was lighted, a light was produced.

From 1873 to 1883 the annual camp-meetings were held in Charles F. Peterson's portion of Hickory Grove, near Ophiem. Some building was done here to give added comfort, although tents were used by campers from a distance.

It was in the meantime decided to buy a suitable site for future camp-meetings. Accordingly ten acres were secured in another Hickory Grove, located in Galva township. The price was three hundred and fifty dollars. The trustees at the time the deed of sale was made were John Hoogner, C. F. Peterson, John Samuelson, C. J. Hofflund, Olof Stoneberg, Andrew Imberg, H. W. Eklund, Alfred Anderson and John Wigren. The new grounds were put in shape, a dining hall and a house for the ministers were erected, and other needful improvements were made, bringing the total cost to about eight hundred dollars.

The first camp-meeting on the new site was held in August, ~~1884~~ 1883. A number of tents had been pitched, the main services were held in the open fronting the speakers' stand, while a "pilgrim tent" served for minor meetings. This large tent was superseded by an "Epworth league tent" some years later.

Since ~~1884~~ a camp-meeting has been held every year excepting 1890 and 1891 when "basket" meetings were held. Free will offerings were received until 1899, since when an admission fee of five cents a person above the age of twelve years, and five cents a horse has been charged on Sundays, the admission being free on week-days.

In 1905 a tabernacle was built at a cost of about seven hundred dollars. It was calculated to seat about three hundred and fifty persons. Now and then a cottage has been erected by some congregation, gradually displacing the tents of old and adding to the permanence of the camp.

The camp-grounds belong to the Galesburg district camp-meeting association, Central Swedish Conference. The district superintendent is exofficio president of the association. The other officers consist of a vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. There are nine trustees, also one lay-representative from each charge on the district. There are four standing committees, namely: grounds and improvements, finance and subsistence, police and transportation and auditing accounts. The annual business meeting is held in connection with the camp-meeting which is usually held in August, while there is a preliminary meeting several weeks before.

THE OLD CLOWN.

"So you're here in the interests of history?" queried the other man at the little old table, in the little old hotel, in the little old town. He spread a generous

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slab of sad-looking butter upon a slice of bread, bit a crescent out of it, and made as if looking for a cuspidor.

"Historic butter?" grinned the scribe. The other man, who said he was a "tree man," made a sleight-o'-hand sashay with his napkin, and relieved his countenance. Dipping his bread in the gravy, he beamed genially. He was manifestly cranking up for a spin in Talk Lane.

"Historic butter," he repeated: "That butter reminds me of an old joke, a historic joke. The kitchen was on fire. The butler was frantically clearing the table of everything but the butter. The master demanded why he did so. The butler retorted that the butter was strong enough to take care of itself."

"Which reminds me of the old clown's joke," I returned, "in the dear little old one-ring circus of boyhood. The clown says to the ringmaster, 'I had a nice supper at your house last evening."

" 'Had you?' " Thus the ringmaster, much gratified.

" 'You had good, strong tea!' "

" 'Yes.' "

" 'Good, strong coffee!' "

" 'Yes.' "

" 'And remarkably strong butter!' "

"Then the ringmaster pretends to crack his whip on the clown's legs, the pretty girl stands on one foot while the other foot points at eleven o'clock, and the old calico-colored horse sneers at the crowd, and gallops round and round."

The tree man said he had got rid of the butter by a process inspired by a tale told him by a Galesburg druggist named Bland. I rejoined that I knew the man, and held him to be a philosopher; that I had learned to love him when he was in Deacon Wright's pharmacy in Geneseo. I solicited the narrative.

"Bland's story is of a man who had mistaken horse radish for coldslaw, and taken a mouthful. Deftly he raised his napkin, and so daintily did he deliver the goods into its folds, on pretense of wiping his moustache, that not one of the dozen at the hotel table noticed it. Just then the celery urn was started on a tour of the table. When it reached the overdrest fat lady seated beside our friend, an immense dropsical spider darted from the celery leaves, and ran up the shoulder of the fat lady, whose silken raiment rustled with horror. She shrieked to our friend to kill the insect.

"Forgetting, in his excitement, all about the horseradish, he grabbed his napkin, and smashed away at the spider. Of course the horseradish exploded all over the heaving shoulder. Supposing that he had killed the spider, and that this was the result, he exclaimed apologetically: 'Goodness, what a quantity of viscera!' "

THE PHILOSOPHER'S CLUB.

Lovingly, with a lingering delight, I write of the Philosopher's Club. In-mixed with [illegible] by a fine group picture of the discerning dozen I contemplate

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The venerable Dr. Stephen T. Hume is in the place of honor in the initial corner. He is followed by John B. Moderwell, moderator for life without pay. It was at his drugstore that the club held their assemblies. It was at the drugstore the mutual unabridged dictionary calmly settled disputes concerning spelling and pronunciation. To purchase this massive literary mausoleum, of dead words, each of the dozen donated a dollar. This purchase really was the concrete beginning of the club. Hitherto it had been a club only in the abstract. As Shakespeare would say, it had been "an airy, unsubstantial nothing, without a local habitation or a name." Now, however, they could sing "We'll rally 'round this book, boys, rally once again." And they rallied. After Moderwell, in their arrangement in this group, are Dr. Henry H. Chase, Herman D. Porter, Prof. Charles Riley, Dr. J. B. Cutts, Judge George E. Waite, Dante Stamm, Francis H. McArthur, Colonel Harry V. Fisher, Gustavus L. Shale, and Ex-Mayor James Smith.

Grimly suggestive of the mysteries grappled by the dauntless dozen are the emblems, insignia and phylacteries at the picture's foot. A headless Egyptian mummy, god, demon or something is seated amid a mass of idols and occult bric-a-brac.

Why headless, is asked. Indicative, perhaps, of the ability of the club to put a head on any subject that arises. Then there is a frowning, tightly closed box, the contents of which are left to the imagination of the beholder. I care not to reveal the forms given to these hidden things by my fervent fancy. There are things it is better to leave unsaid. Then Bartholdi's statue of liberty Enlightening the World, finishes the emblematic figures. My soul hails this emblem with a sensation of suddenly feeling the sunshine and ocean airs after hours of prowling in the dank and darksome caverns of the catacombs. Hereby we guess the riddle of these mysteries. The idea to be conveyed is that the club seizes upon dark and forbidding subjects, and sheds upon them the sunlight of reason and the clear airs of logic.

The club had the almost unique sentiment of regarding the organization as a joke, and the fact that he belonged to it, gave each member a piquancy of the humorous situation which found expression in a bantering smile when entering upon one of its sessions, or hearing the club alluded to. There was a certain condescension in this.

I had spent a year in Moderwell's pharmacy when it was located upon old Main street, Geneseo. It had been my purpose to become a pharmacist. In those days of the latter '60s, profits on pills and such were beyond belief. They ran clear out of per cent into larceny. I quit it, and went into the newspaper business.

During the days when I was enshrined in the old Main street drugstore, watching the line between per cent and larceny as it wavered and grew dim, I developed an intuitive perception of the wants of perplexed patrons. So when I entered one evening to be an humble listener to the deliberations of the club, I was seized upon by the clerk to solve the wants of a motherly woman who had asked for "Jayne's worm-are-fews."

"Jayne's vermifuge," I translated. "Babes hear angel voices," said a philosopher, pursuing a subject which my entrance had momentarily molested.

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MAIN STREET SOUTH OF PARK IN THE '70S, GENESEO



WEST FROM PARK IN THE '60S, GENESEO



SOUTHWEST CORNER OF PARK IN THE '60S, GENESEO

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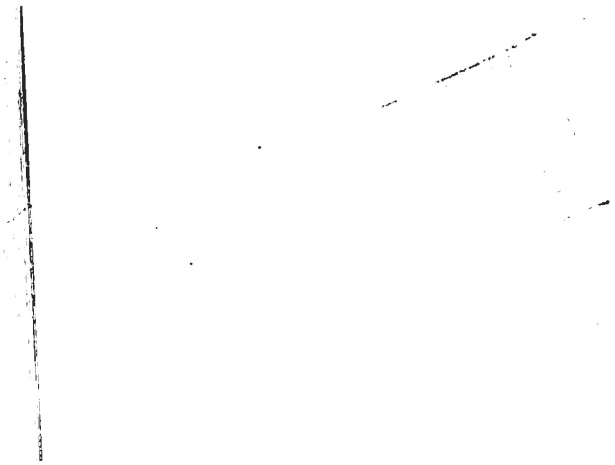

...ous that they came to the
...to Porter's gate. When Waite turne
...a long tail to it. He followed V
...so on to the tunnel, and back to Wa
...the judge absorbed more inspira
...shuffle back to Porter's gate. It is s
...morning.

...sweeter-souled circle ever sat on the
...of eternity. I loved them all, and
...on the ebbing tide; but I hope t

...are Dr. Hume, Dr. Chase, Editor
...Col. Fisher.

THE ORPHANAG

A radiance glows along th
When bread the ...

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Nobody said anything. An air of paralyzing profundity settled down like a pall. The air palpitated with thought and smoke.

"Else why do they lie there in their little cradles and smile?" demanded the philosopher, looking all round. The silence was heavy with meditation, and getting bluer all the time with smoke.

"Why do they—what makes 'em smile?" again demanded the philosopher, irritated with being so left to flounder.

"Worms!" I responded.

"That's what!" snapped the motherly woman, gathering up her "worms-are-fews," and flouncing out, just as Moderator Moderwell came in.

The utter absorption, the tremendous abstraction, of some of these men in a mental problem, can be understood only by some example. A bald statement could not find believers.

Judge Waite and Editor Porter argued a whole evening over something, and continued the argument on the way home. Porter turned to leave Waite at the latter's gate. Waite followed him up a few steps for a last word. The last word was so voluminous that they came to the railway tunnel, passed through, and so on to Porter's gate. When Waite turned to go, Porter had developed a last word with a long tail to it. He followed Waite a few steps, and yet a few more, and so on to the tunnel, and back to Waite's gate beneath the whispering pines. Here the judge absorbed more inspiration, and poured it upon Porter in the slow shuffle back to Porter's gate. It is said that these dear old souls kept it up till morning.

And no sweeter-souled circle ever sat on the shores of time to listen to the incoming tide of eternity. I loved them all, and I love them still. Half of them have gone out on the ebbing tide; but I hope to find them in the Islands of the Blessed.

The dead are Dr. Hume, Dr. Chase, Editor Porter, Judge Waite, Judge McArthur and Col. Fisher.

THE ORPHANAGE.

A radiance glows along the skies,
When bread the orphan has, and pies.
—Parson's Precepts.

The new orphanage upon the site of the old one, two miles southwest of Andover, is duly noticed elsewhere in this book. At that writing, however, I was not aware that the builders were building so wondrously well. The fact that the old Orphan's Home was burned, has influenced greatly the builders of the new structure. They have built an edifice absolutely fireproof. It is all concrete, floors, roof and all, except the doors and windows. The doors and windows might burn out, and people could occupy the building at the time without danger to themselves. An idea of the solidity and enduring nature of the building may be gathered from a description of the floors. This was given me by James Kidney of Geneseo, a plumber. Eight-inch-thick tile are laid in rows, with four inches intervening. In this four-inch space, iron rods are stretched, being tied into the walls at either end. Into the space, then, concrete is poured. Then concrete is poured over all, till the floor is a foot thick.

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Children can romp and riot away a rainy day on the second floor, entirely unheard and unnoticed by occupants of the first floor. This is lovely for all concerned, in case of sickness. With such floors and walls, this is possible. There need be no fear of a holocaust roasting the little people.

Four hundred acres of fine farming land adjacent belong to the Orphanage, and contribute to its support. Contributions are also solicited. This noble Christian charity is under the auspices of the Swedish Lutheran church of Andover.

ANOTHER SAWMILL.

Whiz and whir and shriek and whine,
Through oaken bole and beam of pine!
Thy grist will rise in towers and domes,
And walls of many a hundred homes.
—The Parson's Prophecies.

I had believed that I had located all the sawmills in early Henry county, when, in a conversation with Alexander Murphey, a Cornwall old settler, I found that the mysterious Captain Jack had a pioneer sawmill on the north fringe of Shabbona Forest. This engine of civilization was located about two miles southeast of Atkinson. It was a good reliable outfit, and sawed mightily for the early denizens within sight of the grove.

THE DOWNROW.

Did you ever husk the downrow
On a cold December morn,
When the frost was on the pumpkin,
And the slobbers on the corn?
—The Parson's Search For Truth.

One change has come in the methods of farming, differing from the farming of ye olden time, upon which I congratulate the boys of this generation. There are no more downrows to husk!

Upon the gentle and condenscending theory that short boys need not stoop so far as long men, the dear departed always made me husk the downrow. The hired hands at the sides of the wagon could stand up like men, and I had to grovel like a toad. My poor little hands were cracked open from the horse-slobbers of unnumbered starlit frosty mornings, and to put them in it again! Well, I sometimes would have been reconciled to the grave in preference. But it is all different now. In 1908 some corn in Henry county was husked by machinery. This year there will be more. And Dawes has introduced husking machines at the Geneseo cannery!

ROHWEDER'S REPORT ON HENRY COUNTY FISHES.

George Rohweder of Geneseo, Henry county, Illinois, is state fish warden, as is stated in a separate chapter on fish. Since that chapter was written, I have

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found the warden at home, and obtained from him an official list of the fishes in Henry county, which list follows:

Large mouth black bass, small mouth black bass, rock bass, striped bass, dark crappie, white crappie, wall eyed pike, pickerel, ringed perch, white perch, sun fish, red horse, common sucker, native carp, German carp, buffalo, spoonbill cat, mud cat, yellow cat, bull head, channel cat, white sturgeon, eel, dog fish, gar, hickory shad, minnows.

From January 1, 1909, to April 15, 1909, about ten carloads of carp and buffalo were shipped from Geneseo to New York and Boston. These fish were caught in Penney's Slough.

Annual shipment out of state, about twenty million pounds, mostly carp from Illinois River, for eastern markets.

LAST VETERAN SUPERVISOR.

Isaac Newton Wilson of Geneseo is the last living member of the first board of Henry county supervisors. For many years Lewis Shearer of Cornwall was a mate of Wilson's as a survivor of the original board. Shearer died several years ago, leaving Wilson alone. Our honored supervisor is in his eighty-seventh year. He walks down to the postoffice and the First National Bank every week day, and is sound in body and mind. Mr. Wilson also served upon subsequent sessions of the board. He was chairman of the board when the present courthouse was built. His original term was served as supervisor from Munson. Mr. Wilson was born in New York state, May 7, 1823. The genial old man loves a joke as well as anybody. When it is on himself, he relishes telling it just as well as if it was on the other fellow.

I have often heard him relate how he found himself an inmate of the home of a jovial farmer near Morris, Illinois, when he first came west from New York. It was in the winter. The farmer showed Wilson a sycamore tree, (the plane tree of the Bible) and told him to fell it, and split it into rails.

Felling the tree was easy for the strong youth, but those skilled in woodcraft will grin at the idea of splitting the log into rails. The wood has no grain. It is used for butcher blocks because it will not split. Wilson mauled away an entire day, without results. The big farmer came out at sundown and laughed till he scared the owls out of the woods.

MADE THEM HESITATE.

Somehow the solemn side always swings away from me, and the sunny side swings round. Unless I'm bilious.

Here is a bit I find in the history of a Henry county church, written by a lady member. The time is in the early days of the rebellion. It's as funny as Mark Twain:

"We had rousing mass meetings, with the finest orators the country produced. When they would give an impassioned appeal for men, strong men's faces reflected the struggle that was going on within. One night, just as the excitement was most intense, a patriotic song was called for. Jennie Ferris, surely without

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thought as to the 'Eternal fitness of things,' started in a voice trembling with emotion, 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' all present taking up the refrain,—and not a man volunteered.

THE NUMBER FATEFUL.

Thirteen persons were organized into a new Presbyterian church at Heathland, now Woodhull, in the autumn of 1856. "They met for worship in different places," says the excellent history of the church, issued in 1907; "in one another's homes; in barns; in Summit Level schoolhouse, until the Clover schoolhouse, standing on the prairie where the brickyard is now located, was built in 1859, when it also met there; and the larger meetings were held in the grove, near Pope Creek."

Through many vicissitudes, against many obstacles, the little organization faithfully pursued its way, till it built a house of worship in 1865, and in 1872 a manse for the minister. From lowly beginnings, the Presbyterian Church of Woodhull has increased and waxed strong, till today it is one of the foremost churches of Henry county. The success of this organization, puts a wet blanket on the smouldering idea that thirteen bears a baneful blight. The little band were Pennsylvanians.

BLESSING THE BLUE.

There were many Soldiers' Aid Societies in Henry county during the Civil war, to bless the boys in blue in a material manner. The Society at Woodhull have a record of articles sent: three hundred and fifty-eight articles of clothing and bedding, one hundred and ten articles for hospital use besides bandages, fifteen barrels of food and dainties, and about nine hundred dollars in money. When the Society disbanded on July 29, 1865, it voted to expend five dollars for trimming the minister's wife's hat. The money left was divided between the Presbyterian and Methodist churches.

TRAGEDIES OF YORKTOWN.

A nine-year-old son of Jacob Luther was drowned in Green River, near the Blowout.

A child of Barnhart Wolf's was injured by a reaper so that it died.

A young farmhand at Bauer's let a loaded gun down from his window in 1878. Ostensibly starting off on a hunting trip, the gun was discharged but a short way from the house. Lizzie Bauer ran in the direction whence the report came, and found the young man lying dead.

As Mr. and Mrs. Remedie Miller were walking over the lake after spending Christmas Eve at her brother's, Mike Egert's, she broke through the ice and was drowned.

Gust. Leonhart, while cutting down trees for his cousin, August Mathis, had one fall on him, and he died before help could come.

Gust Swanson, while working for Sam Rapp in Loraine, was killed by lightning while walking in the barnyard.

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Peter Brants was found hanging from his buggy dead. No one knows what caused his death.

The first murder in Yorktown township was that of a man named Pierce. He had a lawsuit with one Buckley, at the courthouse in Cambridge. It was in 1861, the hot time preceding the war. The men halted at a boarding house in Annawan on their way home. There they had a savage fight. Pierce was so badly battered that he died soon after he was taken home. Buckley fled the country.

Something like a dozen years ago, two men fought in Annawan till one was dead from blows with a pumphandle.

City Marshal George of Annawan shot and killed a Sheffield miner who resisted arrest.

STATISTICS.

My face felt as long as a horse collar. It wore an expression such as man might wear just after tasting a sour hen's nest.

"Cheer up! The worst is yet to come!" sang out a man with a moon face.

"I wish Mark Twain had never said that," I growled. "Of course you'll die if you don't discover the trouble. It's about statistics for the History. They're hard to get."

"Nobody reads 'em when they're got," purred the moonfaced man. He had taken my arm, and bent condescendingly down, with a hovering, brooding, protecting air, like a big Pa comforting his youngest.

"Here you break your neck," he purred on, "chasing down statistics, when they're only useless lumber. Did you ever see a man reading statistics in a newspaper? When he has read everything else, including the lost and found, and the uncalled-for letter list, he'll glance gloweringly at the column of statistics, frown furiously, yawn immensely, skim his eyes over the mass of names and figures, and fling the paper on the floor for his weary wife to pick up. You have on your notebook there the names of past and gone supervisors. Why supervisors? Why not past and gone township clerks, assessors, collectors, and all the rest down to poundmasters? Interesting lumber that would be, to fill up a book with! Four pages of poundmasters! Fourteen pages of highway commissioners!

We used to call them the pathmasters. Good name, too! The roads they made were paths that degenerated to a cow trail, and then down to a squirrel track, that ran up a tree. Now, if you begin that sort of stuff, where will you quit? Where draw the line? Undertake to dig up the mayors of cities; the aldermen will feel hurt and will talk against the book if you don't put them in. Then up will rise the city clerks and attorneys for generations gone by, and demand why they have not been registered? And if you put in the clerks and attorneys, there'll be a bobbery if you don't get in the police of the past, and the street commissioners! If city scavengers were appointed, which they should be in every city, and held responsible for sanitary conditions, making this the most importa-

I followed you over half-a-dozen verbal sidetracks, and then shunted into the roundhouse," said I.

But there's a good deal of sound sense in what he was trying to say. I, myself, would rather read one snappy, spicy article, timely and to the point, than a dozen pages of statistics.

"Then there's the postmasters——" began the moonfaced man; but I sidetracked, and he rolled down the main line.

DELIGHTFUL WALK.

"The finest walk I ever had in my life was from Chicago to Dixon, in 1853," observed William B. Lambert, Geneseo's veteran painter. He smiled reminiscenially, and continued: "My father accompanied me. I was glad of that, for several reasons. He was a good shot, we had our guns, and father supplied our limited larder with toothsome wild game. Then father was good company. He always had a story to tell, and everything he saw or heard reminded him of something. That kind of man is welcome anywhere. But I was glad he was along above all for the reason that he couldn't be lost. He could find his way over trackless prairie better than any man I ever knew. There were many times when we could stand on an eminence in the open prairie and see twenty miles in every direction, and not a human habitation in sight. Of course we didn't sleep every night with the canopy for a counterpane." (Mr. Lambert is a landscape painter, which implies a poetical nature, and rhythmical language.) "Sometimes we came upon a settler, and then we just had to stay over night. A prairie settler was invariably a man with a huge heart and a very little house. But we were welcome as the flowers in May. They were as glad to see us as we were to see them: It didn't cost us one cent on the whole road from Chicago to Dixon. At Dixon we decided to go on to Rock Island. Procuring a canoe, we went down the rapidly rolling Rock River. I'll never forget the beauty of that canoe trip. The river and scenery was all new to me. I was young and appreciative. I was weary from my long walk, and to loll in that swift-gliding canoe and watch the forest-fronded shore roll by like a panorama, was an undiluted delight."

"Then, in this same boat beside,
Sat two old friends true and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fires of youth.

"So, whene'er I cast mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who've crossed the stream before me."

A PRAIRIE FLOWER.

In September, 1909, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Britton-Lambert, of Kearney, Neb. Mrs. Lambert is a daughter of one of the earliest pioneers of

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Henry county. She was born on Pink Prairie. She says that her father assisted in building the first cabin in Geneseo, which, she says, was located near the creek, hard by the site of the old brewery. She is connected by marriage with the Philip K. Hanna family. To the latter was born Harriet Hanna, the first female white child born in Henry county. Mrs. Lambert was herself a very lonely little girl, as she played the livelong day among the lolling resin-weeds, which saffron-hued gum-grafters swayed among the pink posies which gave the name to Pink Prairie. Many's the evening closing in when the howl of the wolf sent her flying across the pink blossoms to the security of her cabin home.

Only the Prairie Maiden, gathering perfumed blossoms,
In and out among the resin-weeds so tall;
Holding aloft her captives, dressed in exquisite costumes,
"Herself the fairest flower of them all."

BREAKING PRAIRIE.

I was talking with J. W. Withrow and G. W. Buck, the former of Geneseo, the latter of Sunny Hill. Buck made the statement that the firm of Withrow & Buck had broken more prairie than any other two men in Henry county. In the evening they would go down to Penney's Slough and spear fish by torchlight. All this appears elsewhere, also the fact that both men are hale and hearty.

The firm that broke the country up,
Is not broke up itself;
For neither man is broke or bent,
Or laid upon the shelf.

I bring this matter up again for the reason that I have recently recalled a talk I once had with General Henderson about braking prairie. My recollection, (the talk was twenty-five years ago) points to Toulon and vicinity as the scene of the General's braking exploits. He told me a lot about how he upset the fertile townships, with the assistance of his patient oxen. If I am not mistaken, he had one ox of surpassing intelligence, which would "Moo" just before dinner and supper-time. The ox was as reliable as a watch. This bovine chronometer adheres to General Henderson's memory, though the names of great personages may fade. He asked me if I remembered the breaking up of my father's Illinois farm. I told him of two incidents which clung to me like his "Moo" ox. One was that one day as I pattered barefooted in the cool smooth furrow behind the brakeman, I came upon a snake with its head cut off. The serpent must have been poking his head out of the hole to see what was coming, when he got excited and lost his head. The other impression was of our hens making nests under the arched sods.

Good, honest old General Henderson! He is yet in the harness in his country's service. Many a politician with his opportunities could buy out the government by this time, or even go a step higher and buy out old Rockefeller himself.

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A BRICK WITHOUT STRAW.

Embalmed beef was much deadlier than Spanish guns.

Such was the verdict of the Geneseo News force. Four of my printers heard the cry:

"Remember the Main!"
And they went to lick Spain.

Such was the verdict of all the vast army that went hunting for the Dons. Starvation was deadlier than bullets. I said so at the time in my leading editorial, which editorial I peeled off my coat, and set in type with my own hands. Goodness! It exhausts me now to remember how I had to work when the printers were away remembering the Maine! I have a hazy hallucination that I have said somewhere else in this volume that I worked hard at that period. Don't call this a vain repetition, if this be true. I'm only trying to tell it often enough so I'll believe it myself.

The entire force of The News was reduced to a girl and a boy. But, with long hours and much boiler plate ready-set type from the foundry, we got the paper out regularly.

Brick Chamberlain was one of the News force to go to the front. Brick wailed long and loud at the embalmed beef and celluloid biscuits fed the soldiers by Uncle Sam. When all the Spanish tubs were at the bottom of the sea, and when Uncle Sam had paid three million dollars for transporting twenty-five thousand Spaniards home, (what a lot of good beef that money would have bought!) Brick came marching home. I took him to hear a lecture on War. The orator told how, in one of the great carnage fests of the past, the poor soldiers had to sleep on "naked straw;" meaning that it was unclothed, I suppose.

"Sleep on it!" snorted Brick out loud: "if I'd had it at Porto Rico, I'd 'a' et it!"

LAUGHING GAS.

They whose memory reaches backward half a century, will recall "Laughing Gas." This was an anesthetic vapor administered by dentists, to make patients oblivious of pain while having a tooth drawn. The name of the vapor was a misnomer. The patient did not laugh. Some of them gave vent to a hysterical whimper, hence the name.

Dr. Robert H. Antes has practiced dentistry in Geneseo close upon half a century. When his office was on State street, opposite the park, some forty odd years ago, the doctor introduced laughing gas. In came a long, ribby young farmer to have a tooth extracted. He wanted the gas, which was then a new thing, and regarded with much curiosity. He succumbed to the vapor. The doctor, for the first and only time in his long career as a dentist, got hold of the wrong tooth. As soon as the tooth was out, he saw that it was sound. He instantly inserted it again, and relieved the youth of the right one.

Several months after, he met the man. After greeting him, he said:

"When I pulled that tooth for you, I fear I disturbed and loosened the adjoining tooth."

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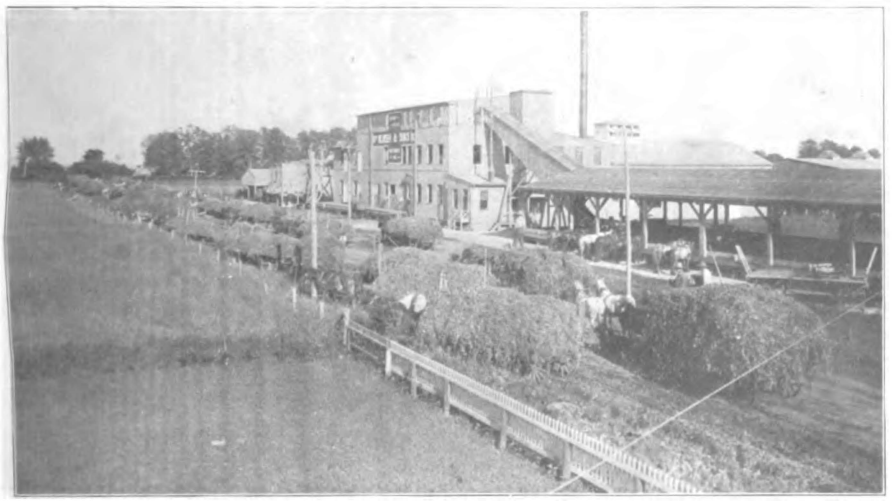

GENESEO CANNERY—UNLOADING PEAS

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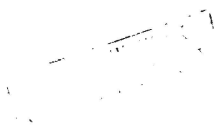

The street fronting the wor
the vast husking-sheds are alive
job as a joke. How the husks
The bonny boys and merry maidens
ear be found. This season, 1909,
but the machines failed to make
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agriculturists, should combin

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"It was kind o' loose an' wabbly a spell;" said the young man, "but I took care not to bite on it, and it soon came all right. I can bite a ten-penny nail in two with it now!"

CANNERY.

Geneseo has the only cannery in Henry county. It is one of a great series of canneries owned and operated by Numsen & Sons, the millionaire vegetable-packers of Baltimore, Md. E. B. Dawes is the resident manager, and a most efficient and thorough man of business he has proven himself to be.

The cannery at first concentrated its energies upon corn. After a year or two, peas were added. By the addition of peas, which come in June, the activities of the concern are prolonged, and working people have an extended season in which to earn goodly sums of cash. There is a resting-spell between the last run of peas and the first run of corn.

The cannery is the center of a busy scene when the peas and corn are coming in from the farms. The street fronting the works is crowded with teams. In the corn season, the vast husking-sheds are alive with jolly huskers, who appear to regard their job as a joke. How the husks fly! Sweet corn, however, has no red ears. The bonny boys and merry maidens might not forget ancient traditions should a red ear be found. This season, 1909, the firm installed a dozen or more patent huskers; but the machines failed to make good, and all the crop was husked in the good old-fashioned way.

The cannery is a grand good innovation. It affords a reliable means for replenishing the purses of the people, who aid in the season's pack, and is a beneficent feature of local farming. It furnishes the farmer an opportunity for diversified crops, which is a great aid to sustained fertility. Scientific farmers, practical farmers, all agree that rotation of crops, makes a fertile farm. It is for the farm as good grooming is for a horse. Besides, a good crop of fodder may be raised on pea-ground, after the peas are harvested in early June. Here is double profit from the field. All farmers who recognize a good thing, all progressive agriculturists, should combine in their support of the cannery, by arranging for ample acreage for peas and sweet corn each season.

The product of the cannery, footing up to millions of cans, is absorbed in the ever-increasing demand for these goods. I understand that the South, particularly Texas, consumes most of the output of the Geneseo cannery.

Old settlers, the prairie brand of old settlers, knew nothing of canneries or canned foods. I had a curious conversation once with Theodore Tilton, the great and eccentric writer. He lectured in Geneseo on May 1, 1876. He had a gloomy fancy for prowling in cemeteries. While we wandered in Oakwood, he suddenly asked:

"Do you know how I came to write Tempest-Tost?"

I *didn't* know what inspired that romance of the sea, and said so.

"Canned goods on our grocer's shelves," grinned Tilton. "Men had just discovered that by excluding the air, all kinds of food could be kept indefinitely. I immediately conceived the idea of a ship loaded with canned goods, losing her compass and rudder in a storm, and tost for years on the pathless brine. With

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a cargo of canned food, the people on board could live. The story was indeed novel and a real success."

So is the Geneseo cannery, under Dawes' management, "a real success."

Cannery Opening Day, in August, 1904, was a Red Letter Day in the annals of Geneseo. The people celebrated from dawn till dark, bands played, processions moved, the streets were aflame with flags, speeches were made, and a song, written especially for the occasion by Henry L. Kiner, was sung at the main entrance of the cannery by the Geneseo Male Quartette. The refrain of the song was "Corn is King, Sweet Corn is Queen," and created great enthusiasm.

For the first seasons the cannery depended upon the city water system for the immense quantity of water required in cooking and steaming, and for the boilers that run the machinery. A couple of seasons back the Numsens installed a system of huge wells and tanks, from which they obtain a copious supply.

In the language of the great Rip Van Winkle, may the cannery "Live long, and prosper."

They can what they can; and what they can't can they cancel.

THE KEWANEE FAIR.

R. H. Hinman of Cambridge contributes the concise and interesting sketch of the Henry County Agricultural Association, which has held its annual fairs at the shire for more than half a century. Mr. Hinman is too modest concerning his own connection with this noted fair, which flourishes while others fall.

Mr. Hinman, "Heber" to his friends, has been secretary of the society for many years, and has been an official and active member almost from the initial meeting.

In more recent years, a fair has been held annually at Kewanee. These fairs have been noted for the superior horses in the speed ring, which high class is attracted by the munificence of the purses. The premiums in general, for stock and all things horticultural, floricultural or agricultural, have been and will continue to be, worth while. The crowds attracted by the Kewanee fair are beyond precedent in the middle west. Seventeen thousand tickets in one day at the gate in 1909, is simply stupendous. These crowds come for the very good reason that year after year they always get their money's worth at the Kewanee fair.

FIRED OUT.

Two fires in The Geneseo News office, occurring within a week, must account for the absence of the files from 1879 to 1883.

When I began compiling historical events from The News, to form the department I have entitled "cream," I was unaware of this gap in the files. I supposed them complete. I can account for the omission only in the wild confusion attendant upon these fires, in which many things took a tumble.

The first fire originated in oily rags generating heat to the point of spontaneous combustion. The second fire started in a remnant of the first, which smouldered beneath the floor for days, and finally broke out at midnight. In both cases, my property was saved by the splendid Geneseo Fire department,

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which for three decades has been the wonder and admiration of the state, for general efficiency. When the late lamented Limle was their coach, these boys fared forth to the state firemen's tournaments, and brought home the state championship for athletics, as Roy White brought the state championship for shooting to Geneseo.

So the files for five years have been fired out.

A SAD HISTORY.

Miss Ella Kilby is a Henry county girl with a sad history. Ella lives in Geneseo, and was for many years secretary to the editor of The News.

The lives of both her parents went out in tragedy.

Her father, Private Kilby of the One Hundred and Twelfth, went swimming with a lot of his comrades, in a southern stream. There was a boisterous hurrah time, diving, splashing, ducking and all manner of nautical sport.

When the fun was over, and the soldiers were dressing, it was seen that there was one heap of clothes for which there was no owner. The men ran shouting up and down the stream, thinking the man might be in hiding for sport. But the man was never found. At roll call, Private Kilby was missing.

Ella's mother was an invalid for many years. She kept a lighted lamp by her bedside at night, being accustomed to take medicine.

One night, by some unknown fatality, she overturned the lamp, and set her bedclothes on fire. She was burned to death.

DANDLED IN THE LAP OF THE WIND.

In the summer of 1908, a cyclone picked up a schoolhouse filled with children, in Cleveland, toyed with and dandled the youngsters and schoolma'am for the vulgar fraction of a minute, then set the whole equipment down upon the sacred soil of the pioneers with a jolt that injured no one, nor was the edifice injured.

LEGAL LORE.

In the days of the old linchpin wagon that creaked and complained over the prairies in tow of a yoke of oxen, three days grace was allowed on notes. It took that long, and often a good deal longer, for the two principals in the transaction represented by the note, to find each other.

The three days grace was maintained for many years after the necessity for them had passed. It has been in recent years abolished.

Now no grace is allowed. Notes and other negotiable paper falling due on Saturday, Sunday or legal holidays in Chicago, are payable on next succeeding business day, as Saturday is a legal half holiday in Chicago. Legal rate of interest, five per cent. Contract rate, seven per cent. Holidays falling on Sunday observed on Monday.

The following are legal holidays: January 1st, February 12th, February 22d, May 30th, July 4th, Labor Day, Election Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas. Saturday afternoons in Chicago.

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THE BUILDERS.

When Mark Twain was "Following the Equator," he found it fronded with English flags all the way. Dear old spontaneous Mark bursts out with the sentiment: "Spain and England have been the main colonization countries of the world. Spain never touched a barbarous land without bringing to it a curse. England never touched a barbarous land without bringing to it a blessing." Spain's policy has been to beat, torture, force out of the natives every ounce of their wealth, every atom of their strength. England plants, cultivates, educates, nourishes. She may be severe; but she has been a good mother to her children; to all but one big one, perhaps, which got away, and has flourished grandly by herself.

But the Britons are builders. From Nottinghamshire, England, came Thomas Henry Marlow, and did construction work upon the Rock Island, the Illinois Central, and the Burlington railways, from 1851 to 1854. These years cover Northern Illinois' true opening.

This sturdy Briton was a contractor. He probably went in person to quaint old Captain Jack and bargained for the miles and miles of sleepers that were cut out of Shabbona Grove for the original bed of the Rock Island Railway. However that may be, certain it is that Marlow was at the front in railway construction in Henry county.

The opening of these railways was the prelude to the real opening of the country to practical occupancy. Elsewhere in this volume, in the department devoted to townships, it may be read that this township and that were almost wholly unoccupied till the railway was a certainty. The settlers came then, trailing through the long grass; but it was only when they were sure that the iron horse was in their wake.

Thomas Henry Marlow, contractor of the Mid-Century, made the iron highway for the hoofs of the iron horse.

What of this hero of the iron horse?

He was born in Bunny, Nottinghamshire, England, April 24, 1823, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. P. Nelson, in Cambridge, September 23, 1908, in his eighty-sixth year. He came to the United States in a trading ship in 1849. On December 14, 1854, he wedded Eliza Folsom of Kewanee, in the old Cambridge House. There were five children: Eliza, Matilda, Ellen, Thomas Henry, Eunice, Adelaide and Anna Elizabeth.

Then we hear of the death of his wife, and of his marriage to Miss Rebecca Johnson of Iowa; of various movings about, of the deaths of most of his children, of the death of his second wife, of the closing scene.

Credit where credit is due. We contribute this appreciation of the builder, of the man who went up against the raw, and wrestled with nature when she roused from her long slumber in the Long Grass.

AN ARMORY IN THE CONCRETE.

The only public building in Henry county made of concrete is in Geneseo.

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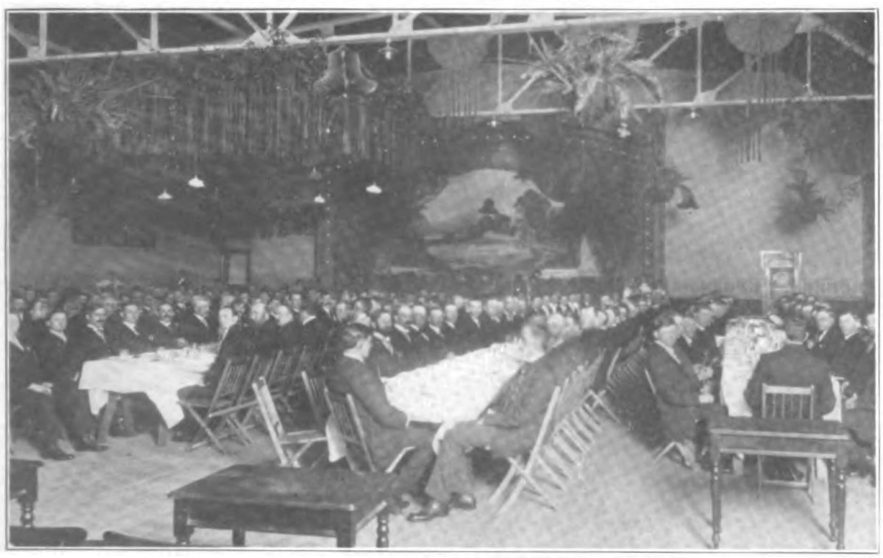
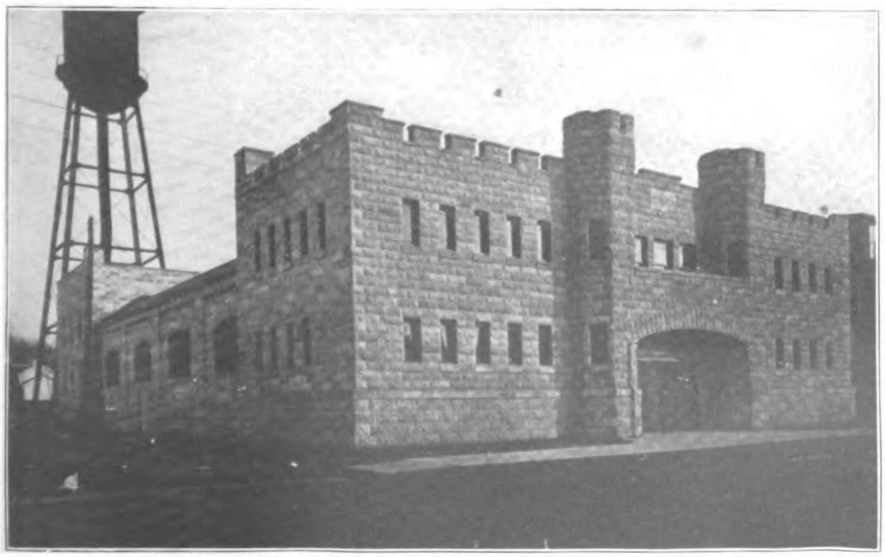


INTERIOR OF THE ARMORY, GENESEO
Business men's banquet, 1908



THE ARMORY, GENESEO

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Company B, Sixth Illinois Regiment, State Militia. It is used for the general purposes of a public hall and theatre. It is practically fireproof, its appearance is imposing, and suggestive of a medieval castle in old Spain. The facade is buttrest by two picturesquely frowning towers. There is a suggestion of reposeful strength, like a lion asleep. One thinks of forts, and of fights, of knight errants bold, of turrets and towers and battlements and donjon keeps, where, mayhap, maiden fair is manacled and maintained aloof from her lover in despair. The massive walls look as if built to withstand the assault of cannon shot and shell, and of roaring culverin. The drowsing gray of the vast pile suggests hoary age. The fact is that it was completed but a year ago. The vast auditorium will comfortably seat two thousand persons, without crowding. The building is a result of the enterprise of a little coterie of Geneseo citizens—Messrs. W. H. Holzinger, J. H. O'Bryan, F. Rastede, H. Wenke, A. W. Weimer, Dr. Young.

Emerson wrote an essay upon Compensation, in which the controlling thought is that there is compensation for everything taken away. For instance, when the graying years take love away from us, nature's law of compensation sends us comfort to take love's place. When wealth is taken from a man, he is compensated by the experience. There are hundreds of folks rich in experience. So it is all through the eternal scheme of things. So, when the wanton wastefulness of foolish men denuded our land of pine forests, and building material seemed all gone, came immediately to our relief the concrete age, with a building material as superior to pine, as steel is superior to straw. We can make houses entirely of concrete, all but the windows and doors. The electric light plant in Geneseo is roofed with concrete, the roof being reinforced by wire netting. The floor of this model concrete structure is also of this gray compensation. A. W. Weimer, builder of the Armory and electric plant, has built himself a beautiful home of hollow concrete blocks. The blocks are made hollow, to resist the dampness. Made hollow, the house is dry and sanitary. Weimer is building an immense garage for automobiles, on the site of the old Lowry livery barn in Geneseo, he recently purchased. This model room will be seventy-five by one hundred and twenty and entirely fireproof. It will have an opera house upstairs. This structure will be built of brick.

Thus we see, Emerson's Law of Compensation, or, rather, and strictly speaking, Nature's Law of Compensation, written of by Emerson, has compensated us for our loss in pine, by giving us a material vastly superior. After while, whole cities will be built of concrete, and fires will be almost unknown—one in a lifetime, perhaps. Men will lie safely in their fireproof houses, and wonder how their fathers ever could go to sleep in a tinderbox in a row of tinderboxes, where the upsetting of a lamp by a careless servant, the upsetting of a stove by a drunken man, the igniting of sawdust by a cigar stump, the gnawing of matches by mice, in any one of a hundred homes, would involve the whole street in a wild welter of flames. Then insurance will be unnecessary, for there'll be nothing about a man's house to burn. If there is insurance, it will be cheaper than raw wind, for that has to blow itself sometimes.

At the opening of the Armory, the city assembled, enmasse. Mayor Henry L. Kiner opened the proceedings with a speech. He was followed by a theatrical

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company, playing a western drama "The Flower of the Ranch." By special request of the mayor, I insert a poem with which he greeted the builders:

GREETING.

Bold builders of these great gray walls,
This sky-wide roof, these pedestals
Outriv'ling England's ancient halls!

Old Geneseo grasps each hand
In both of hers; you've got the "sand"!
She's yours, brave builders, to command!

You've builded well; these spaces wide
For years will be the City's pride,
And enterprise suggest, and guide.

Glorious the courage you have shown!
This public spirit, hewn in stone,
Is our altar, and your throne!

To you we doff our hats, brave men!
We cheer for you, again, again!
Not three times three, but ten times ten!

Henry L. Kiner, Mayor.

WONDERS AT WARNER'S.

Elsewhere in this volume is a partial resume of the wonders which may be witnessed at the motion picture show. All that is said therein applies forcefully to the popular exhibition given by Geneseo's good citizen, Warner the Wonderman.

For it is a world of wonders that Warner produces for the pleasure of his patrons. He brings the mountains and the seas, the bleak artic ice pack, and the withering desert, the forbidding African forest where, through the dim silences the prolonged python pours himself in lazy glittering lengths, and the Swiss railway train that rattles and roars around the reverberating ribs of Mont Blanc, all these one can sit in cosy comfort and witness at Warner's.

All these, did I say? Why, that is not even a hint or suggestion of the marvels that mystify the multitudes that gather at Warner's. Read the sketch about the motion pictures, and of what you may see in safety and comfort for one dime, and then go to Warner's.

WHEAT.

In the beginning wheat was the cereal upon which the pioneer depended for his profits, as well as his daily bread. Corn culture was a new feature of farming. In New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and the other eastern states,

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corn was but little known. Generally there was a "patch" of corn upon the old farms, about as important to the tout ensemble as a western farmer's patch of watermelons or turnips are to him. The pioneer's staple was wheat. It furnished him bread, and he could sell it in Chicago, if he could get it there. He had to learn corn farming, and a little bug forced him to it.

That insect was the chintz bug. For several seasons in the later fifties or early sixties, according to location and other environment, it looked bad for the farmers. Many even feared that they would have to give up farming in Illinois. Well do I remember the gloomy forebodings I heard about my father's blacksmithshop, which was the rendezvous of the neighboring farmers. The chintz bugs took all the wheat, then began on the corn alongside. A rich field of wheat was dead and useless after a few days' visitation from the bugs. Then, to the farmer's dismay, the corn beside the wheatfield began to turn white in death. Each morning several more rows of good corn would be added to the devastation. It was a bitter experience. Many of the farmers were paying for their farms with the crops. My father borrowed money of an old Englishman named Wade. He had the advantage of his neighbors in that he had a well-patronized blacksmith shop to rely upon. He kept his savings in an old teapot on top of a cupboard, inaccessible to brother Sam and I, and with the regularity of the seasons, old Wade would arrive, and wade around in the wet grass with his hands behind him while dad was inside disgorging the teapot. Then Wade waded away with all our money.

Farmers soon learned that corn was the better staple for them, and that, if they didn't raise wheat, the bugs wouldn't come in the corn. At first they fought hard. They tried many schemes. Among them was hauling a log endways round the field in the soft plowed soil. This made a little trench, and the theory was that the bugs would roll down into the trench, and be unable to crawl out.

"The trouble is," said Pap McKernan, who was regarded by the blacksmith shop group as a Sir Oracle, "we don't know nothin' about the dern bug. He came onto us like a buggler in the dark. Why, we don't even know how to spell him!"

Father had an Unabridged Webster of the first edition, which had served to elevate my brother Sam and I to a level with the table, when placed upon a chair. This being fetched to the shop, it was found that the bug was spelled Chinch, Chinche, Chintz and Chink, besides several foreign spellings. The entomological definition was "the bedbug."

"That settles it," said Pap McKernan, fetching his fist down: "What did I say? Like a buggler in the night, that's what I said. Every buggler and thief has several various ways to spell his name, and allers tries to make believe he's a bedbug."

Pap McKernan never raised another field of wheat. His neighbors followed suit. Somebody said down at the shop "It pays better to raise corn and buy flour." This saying made fixed and firm the wabbly ideas of the dismayed farmers, and gave them renewed courage. They bent their energies upon raising maize, and it was amazing what maize they raised. There was hardly a field of wheat visible. From that day to this, wheat has been relegated among the has beens, and corn is crowned as king.

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MORMONESQUE BUTTER CHURNING.

The Mormons were first to find that butter could be churned by the jolting of a wagon.

Pioneers of Henry county sometimes resorted to this means of making butter.

A churn heavily laden with cream was placed in a wagon, a team of horses attached (oxen were too slow) and, after a gallop over a rough tract, the wagon returned to the cabin with a wad of yellow butter as big as a pumpkin.

It was much easier than working a dasher up and down with aching arms, or turning a flapper crank.

This may be the origin of the popular saying "Combining business with pleasure."

There were no buggies then. A young man goes to take his soul's affinity out for a ride. He must take her in the linchpin wagon. There is nothing else. He is a lucky aristocrat if he can scare up a spring seat. The girl's mother observes: "We'll combine business with pleasure," and orders the old man to hoist the churn aboard. The young man larrups the team, and a gay but jolting season occurs. Crawfish chimneys knock the wagon "galley west and crooked," as the young man shouts above the din, and nigger head rocks crouching in the long grass knock it back again. But this means business. So does the young man. Sometimes the girl falls in the churn. This was the origin of hair in Illinois butter. Arrived at home, the parental blessing is bestowed, and a new cabin rises in the hazel bushes.

PROGRESSIVE FARMING.

Farmers of Henry county keep abreast of all the new improvements. My friend and neighbor, Jesse Lamont, did not succeed in inventing a popular corn-husker; though his machine would husk corn; but somebody else assembled a practical machine, and Elmer Weidlein of near Morristown has purchased one. It does good work, and is satisfactory. I believe that all the corn in Henry county will eventually be husked with machines.

George Noonan, a farmer in the above locality, does not husk his corn at all. As is well known, corn in Osco and most of the other townships is no longer sold. It is fed to stock. It occurred to Noonan that the hog ought to husk his own corn, instead of being waited upon and served as if he posed as a guest in a high-toned hotel. So he made a movable panel fence, easily set up and taken down, and enclosed ten acres, into which enclosure he switched the swine. The hogs got every grain of the corn, without waste, and they got the stalks, too, clear down to the stumps. It is amusing to observe the expertness of a hog in finding and husking the ears, after he has been in the field a few days. Hogs get exercise and keep robust by this plan. Their meat is wholesomer.

But a little removed from these evidences of progressive farming, is the ancestral farm owned by George R. Smith. Smith is the only man in Henry county who milks by steam. He has three milking machines, each of which will milk two cows at a time. The cows are fastened in stanchions. There are thirty-six

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cows in the herd, which are milked in relays of six. It requires one hour and fifteen minutes to milk the herd.

Progress, progress everywhere! I rarely pass a first-class agricultural implement establishment in the spring opening. I stop and prowl through the aggregation of shining red machines, to see what the genius of man has accomplished since the year before. I am rarely disappointed. Almost every time I find some new device which lessens the labor of the farmer, or performs his work better. When I was a boy on the farm, we walked at all our work, except threshing out buckwheat, at which we ran. Buckwheat was tramped out with horses. Now the farmer may ride at nearly all operations on the farm. He also rides to town in his automobile. I look for the appearance of automobile corn cultivators and mowers. When I get time, I'll invent an apparatus of an automobilious disposition, to which a set of shovels may be attached to cultivate crops. In haying time, the shovels will be unhooked, and a sickle bar attached. The sickle bar may be detached in the cool of the evening, and the girls given a spin down the shadowy and fragrant lanes to the town, to see the picture show.

I hail with delight the forming of agricultural clubs among the young men. Their meetings are made interesting with papers upon farm themes. I have an impression that the Geneseo Agricultural Club has devoted much time to corn culture. This is the main thing in the corn belt.

Let there be at least one agricultural club in every township!

THE OLD FOY.

The fact fully developed elsewhere that the self-binding harvest machine had its origin in Henry county, which is just north of the wheat belt, gives me more than passing interest in reapers. By the way, alluding to the wheat belt, it is only fair to counties south of us, from which the Hannas, Withrows, Murpheys and many others of our early settlers came, it is but fair to say that Illinois stood for many years as the champion wheat-producing state of the Union. I am under the impression that she yet holds that position. So we are, as a state, interested in the harvest machine.

My first experience was with the Old Foy reaper on my father's farm. It was made in Ottawa. This fact was printed in cast iron letters on the broadest casting. It read "J. W. Foy, Ottawa, Illinois." That's where I first learned that Illinois is pronounced with the "s" silent. So the legend on the iron became poetry.

It was an amazing aggregation. The "Bullwheel" was the main central object from which all the rest sprang, or hung on, or adhered, or tried to get loose. This single bullwheel had a disposition to always turn to the right. I never knew it to want to go straight ahead. Consequently, a team of horses had to be hitched to the end of the tongue, to keep the machine from skewhawing, or, rather, skewgeeing, all over the field. I had to ride the "nigh" horse of the team attached to the reaper, and drive all the rest.

When I started the herd of horses, the bullwheel groaned and lunged violently to the right, the tongue with chain and doubletree attached smashed against the

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front, and making him insane. By this time the bullwheel, being jerked into life, had started up all the ratchets, pitmans, toggle joints, swivels, gilderflukes and chain lightning to which it stood related, and the noise was deafening. Any horse with horse sense and a blind bridle, with such a din in his rear, would try to run away. My herd always tried to at the start. And there I sat, a poor little fellow of eleven or twelve, astride a plunging, frantic beast, expected by my father and the harvest hands to restrain the quartet of crazy horses! I was in constant dread that I would be thrown, and mangled to mincemeat by the whizzing sickle. This sickle went so fast that it couldn't be seen.

By the dint of all my strength and skill, I'd get the outfit on its round of the field. A man stood on the rear, raking off the grain. This fellow never could be suited. He roared at me that I was going too fast, and killing him by inches, or that I got too far in the grain and left a streak uncut, or why in —— don't you slow up, when you see the grain is so thick. The horses would get excited, thinking he was bellowing at them, and start to trot, which made the raker dig in for his life to keep the grain off the platform.

Then he'd shed profanity shockingly, and get the horses excited some more. The men binding stations would growl because the bundles were scattered so, and the raker always referred them to me, in terms denoting a lack of appreciation.

I remember that, among the many faults, flaws and failures of the old Foy, one of the most trying was that it always required to be backed up before it would start. Backing four sweating, ugly-tempered horses in the soft ground, against that stubborn old bullwheel and its relations, was a fearful task.

Compare the old Foy with any of the up-to-date harvesters of today! The contrast is as violent as that which marks the difference between an elegant automobile and an ox-wagon with linchpins.

THE NORTHWESTERN NORMAL.

The North-Western Normal School is one of Geneseo's bankrupt enthusiasms. "North-Western" is the way the projectors, Messrs. W. J. Cook and W. J. Stevens, elected to present the titular word. I protested in vain.

Cook and Stevens had conducted successfully a normal school at Morris, Grundy county, Illinois. For a reason, not very apparent at the time, and faded entirely now, they desired to change location. The Morris school had several hundred pupils, and seemed to flourish.

The editor of The News took up correspondence with Cook. A meeting was called, and Cook at this meeting implied that the buildings at the corner of Main and State streets might be made acceptable for the purpose of his school for four thousand dollars; that this would be satisfactory. The buildings were untenanted store buildings of three stories.

The four thousand dollars were quickly subscribed. While this subscription was in progress the North Side people got busy, headed by Captain Harrington and 'Squire Blackiston. They raised nine thousand dollars, and got an option on the Major Allan residence property, which they offered for the Normal school. Cook and Stevens accepted the latter offer. The editor of The News went to

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ATKINSON HALL



COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, GENESEO

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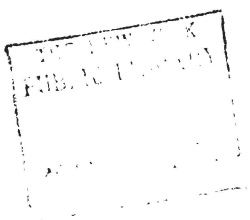

started in 1884, just a
still a live factor in educational
principal was Rev. Norbury W. T
assisted by Professor Casebeer. T
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of the institute the sum of fi
this amount was several years ag
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Atkinson of Moline, left ten
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FROM GENERATION TO

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Morris and urged Cook personally to adhere to his first proposition, assuring him that otherwise another school would be started to his detriment. He declined to believe that this would happen. Cook and Stevens started the Northwestern Normal in the Allan house. It flourished fairly at first. Two new brick buildings were erected. Cook left the management of the school to Stevens, while he, Cook, went into the real estate business in Kansas City.

The school dwindled. It started in 1883 and in three or four years went out of commission forever. The Collegiate Institute had started in the original site.

THE GENESEO COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Pursuant to prophecy, a school was started in the brick buildings, corner of State and Main streets, Geneseo. The movement to establish the school took on a vigorous existence immediately after it was known that W. J. Cook would not accept the buildings when four thousand dollars should have been expended upon them. The school started in 1884, just a quarter of a century ago at this writing. It is still a live factor in educational circles.

The first principal was Rev. Norbury W. Thornton, of Millersburg, Illinois. He was ably assisted by Professor Casebeer. The school was under the auspices of the Presbyterian synod, and is yet. The synod at the beginning paid annually into the treasury of the institute the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. I am informed that this amount was several years ago reduced to nine hundred dollars.

The four thousand dollars subscribed for the building fund was expended so well that the old buildings were transformed into a very imposing and adequate three-story structure, capable of accommodating three hundred pupils. The pioneer, Charles Atkinson of Moline, left ten thousand dollars for the erection of a memorial building to be called Atkinson Hall. The stately buildings clustered at the southeast corner of the beautiful City Park, and divided by the newly-boulevarded street, form the most picturesque scene in the charming Maple City.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

In the window at the delivery lobby of the Geneseo postoffice is a pleasant-faced young man named Robert Hall. People nicknamed him Robbie, because they liked him. For many years Robbie has handed the letters and papers to the people. He is a young married man. His wife is a daughter of the oldtime Geneseo druggist, Frank H. Harmon.

Robbie Hall's maternal grandfather was old Captain Brush. Old Captain Brush was Geneseo's first regular mail-carrier. He carried the mail on horseback from Rock Island. The letters came down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. Many of these letters were a month on the way, and cost twenty-five cents when they were handed over.

When a man in those days wrote "I take my pen in hand to write you a line, to say that we are all well, and hope that you are enjoying the same blessing," he had time to get sick and run up a doctor bill before the letter reached its destination.

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Old Captain Brush was a typical old sea roamer. Bluff, hale, emphatic, self-willed, he was bound to have things go his way.

It is rather curious that his grandson yet delivers letters to the grandchildren of his old pioneer patrons.

THE SWEETS.

Pioneers had each one a "sweet tooth," as the saying goes. At first this was hard to gratify, as the nearest place where sugar could be bought was almost a week's drive distant. Then somebody found a grove of sugar maples near where Cambridge now is, and another and bigger grove near Portland, on Rock River. It will be remembered that Portland and Prophetstown were Henry county townships at first.

So they tapped the trees, boiled the sap, and made maple sugar. The sugar bush at Portland yields its annual store of delicious sugar. The late Andrew Seeley owned the bush, and brought many a load of it to Geneseo for sale, even up to a few years ago.

But as the country settled up, these sugar bushes were inadequate. Then the settlers thought of sorghum. Every farmer had his patch of sugar cane, or sorghum. It supplied his family with an excellent quality of syrup, and this in great quantity. So plentiful was sorghum molasses for a time that "candy pulls" became a common social function. Somebody with a barrel of dark brown molasses would invite all the neighbors from Cambridge to Portland. These towns were then in one neighborhood, even though no automobile existed to spin a web of dust between them in a couple of hours, like a big red-eyed spider. Neighborhoods puckered as they thickened, like cheese.

When I was a simple woodland gusher, one of my many jobs was to haul the cane to the mill. The nearest sorghum plant was Bill Bregg's, an exceedingly fat ancient, with an appetite for chewing tobacco. The next nearest was two miles farther from our place, and edited by an elderly brother named Dinsmore. Dinsmore was all right; but he had a Carrie Nation wife, who would swarm out and talk temperance and piety to the patrons till they wanted to die. Dinsmore would implore her to close the valves; but she would whirl on him and demand which was of the greater importance, Salvation or Sorghum? Of course this would shut Dinsmore off. If he would admit the first, that ended the argument at the start. To declare for sorghum, would be sacrilege, and all the church people would drop him. His guns were effectually spiked.

It got out among the women that Bregg spat tobacco juice across the evaporator as he stirred. That settled Bregg. Dinsmore got all the trade. I used to take my brother Sam along to absorb Mrs. Dinsmore's lecture, while I regaled myself on hot taffy. I had privately informed Mrs. Dinsmore that Sam was wicked; that he whistled on Sunday, and was generally in need of redemption. How she did swamp Sam with words of warning! But one day he gave her a small hornet's nest plugged shut at the orifice, pretending it was a mushroom, and she never tried to save him any more.

Sorghum has passed into history, with wheat and sugar beets.

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WOULD PINE AWAY.

Some wiseacre of eld hitched up his Reason, Observation and Experience tandem, and they conveyed him to the conclusion that there are just two classes of people in the world: the Wise and the Otherwise.

The wise observed Pioneer Dickey of Cornwall, obtaining pine sills for his new house, also siding of pine. They shook their heads, and declared Dickey was Otherwise.

They said that pine would not hold nails. They had come from the hardwood regions of the East. They had built their cabins here of hardwood logs and clapboards.

Dickey had arrived upon the scene of his future prosperity a little after the Rock Island railway began business. It was possible to purchase sawed lumber in Chicago, and freight it down to the stations along the line. Dickey had, in flagrant opposition to public opinion, purchased pine with which to construct his house on his farm.

Pine would not hold nails. Might as well build a house of cheese. Such was the universal verdict.

But Dickey went ahead, if he did have to cheese it. He built his house of pine, while the neighbors sighed or laughed, according to their digestion.

After the first little gale, the prairies were dotted with pioneers, who shaded their eyes and looked in the direction of Dickey's house.

They thought the whirlwind snached it,
They all ran out to catch it,
But it stood there with the latchet—
String yet dangling from the ratchet.

Indeed the house stood there upon its sills unshaken. It was the beginning of a new era, the Period of Pine. This is rapidly passing away, while building men are entering the better, safer, securer, Age of Concrete.

CITIES OF SILENCE.

No gossip is heard, and no slander is told
In the City of Silence here;
If the old saying's true that "Silence is Gold,"
This town's worth a billion a year.

—H. L. K.

Oakwood, Geneseo, is the most beautiful and the best-groomed cemetery in Illinois, outside the metropolis and cities of fifty thousand population and over. It is the spot whither we drive with our friends from afar. It is difficult, indeed, to keep down the rising glow of pride which possesses us as we drive through the long, shaded boulevards, where the lolling lily and the rosemary scent the air, and nod familiarly in the breeze. In the spring and summer the scene is one of enchantment. The grounds, with their winding macadamized drives and

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smother of foliage, are beautiful beyond belief, and the view of farms to the southward is exquisite. Persons favored with good sight can see the water tower at the infirmary, six miles south.

The natural lay of the land adapts Oakwood to its sacred purpose as "God's Acre." It is rolling, ridged with oak-shaded grass, ravined with hollows holy with wildflowers fresh from God's unbroken sod. The diversity and changing beauty of the grounds can only be appreciated when seen in a drive, or automobile tour. The hills are too many, and the ways too long to cover the entire scene in a walk, especially on a hot day.

The loveliness of Oakwood is attested by the constant return of former residents with the bodies of their friends. People come hundreds of miles, and expend hundreds of dollars, to lay away the frame and form of the beloved in this sweetest of earth's landscapes.

The long sinuous avenues are hemmed with monuments of marvelous beauty. Most of these are of enduring granite. Should no earthquake or cataclysm come to destroy them, these memorial stones should be there to be read by the generation due a thousand years hence.

There is a sod-enshrined receiving vault, where bodies may be laid in inclement weather, or while preparations are being made to remove them to some former home in the distance, or to await the arrival of far-off friends. There in the wooded hollow it forms a picturesque feature of the landscape. There is a family vault in a gentle hillside in the southwest section.

When I traveled in old Mexico in years gone by, I observed that their cemeteries have the legend "La Solidad" over the entrance. "The Solitude!" How melodiously, mournfully expressive!

There are well-kept cemeteries at other places in Henry county. Kewanee has recently opened a new burial ground, which promises to be beautiful when time-developed. Galva, Cambridge and Orion are giving more attention than formerly to their cemeteries. It is a beautiful trait, this, and speaks well for a community. I have seen burial grounds, not in Henry county, that were a disgrace to the dogs. Weeds, raspberry bushes, blackberry bushes, mulleins, thistles, cockleburrs, sandburrs, morninglories, sunflowers, dogfennel, sour dock, ragweeds, pokeberries, and all the ragtag and bobtail of vegetable creation, fester and riot upon the poor neglected little old corner of somebody's buckwheat patch, where the old shoes gather, the tin can riots, and the mildewed hoopskirt tangles up the legs of the mourners. There the rabbit, the snake and the skunk squat around and despise each other.

Compare the hideous hole with sun-kissed, breeze-caressed Oakwood, with its velvet lawns, its swarded slopes, its low hills sloping into the summer noons! Oakwood, where every tree smiles at the passerby, and every flower looks like a fragrant kiss. Oakwood, the gem set in the hills, framed in with fertile farms, the City of nearly Three Thousand Dead, the slumbrous City of Silence!

TUMBLE-WEEDS.

I remember when Aunt Melinda arrived with her sweet little twin daughters They had come from Pennsylvania to our little prairie home. The little girls

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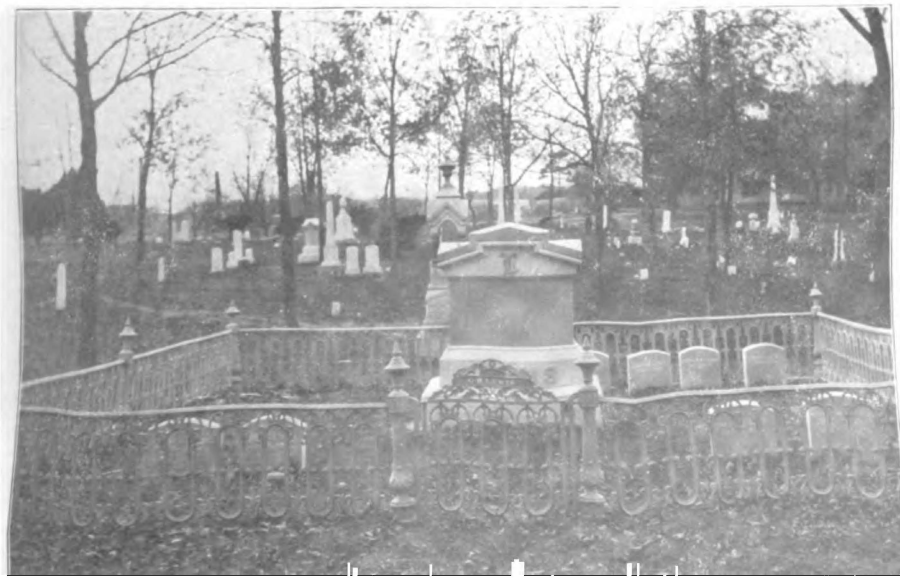
OAKWOOD CEMETERY, GENESEO



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...ry age. I could hardly sleep that ni...
...railway station with father in the wa...
...arose next morning, the little shac...
...eager to see my future playmates...
...asking where they were, when the ...
...with a twin in each hand. All ...
...pressible.
...wolves, a hundred thousand wolve...
...prodigality with figures.
...household gathered in the yard instant...
...within the house.
...are they!" we all yelled at once.

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were about my age. I could hardly sleep that night for delight. They had come out from the railway station with father in the wagon, arriving late in the evening.

When I arose next morning, the little shack was being buffeted by a high wind. I was eager to see my future playmates, and was shouting to mother in the kitchen, asking where they were, when the outer door flew open, and in ran Aunt Melinda with a twin in each hand. All three faces were distorted with horror inexpressible.

"Wolves, wolves, a hundred thousand wolves!" screamed Aunt Melinda, with a woman's prodigality with figures.

The household gathered in the yard instantly, all but Melinda and the twins. They remained within the house.

"Where are they!" we all yelled at once.

"There!" Melinda slid a window up, and pointed.

Over the prairie in the high wind bounded, skipped and tumbled a vast aggregation of tumble-weeds! They did appear like a horde of gray wolves, in the light of the early morning.

Aunt Melinda never heard the last of that while she was out west, and the story followed her back east.

I remember, I remember
The weeds where I was born,
The big brown tumble-weeds that came
And lodged ferninst the corn.

I remember, I remember
It made me squirm and prance,
Because the tickle-weeds arose
And tunneled up my pants.

—Prairie Paeans.

THE GAMEHOG.

O, for the morning thunder of the prairie rooster's drum
Rolling from the rozzum thicket where I used to pick the gum!
He's surrendered to the gamehog, has that prairie rooster gray;
And the hen has long departed hence, there's none to hatch or lay.

With Tennyson I'd love to hear the plover pipe his call,
There, where the fire-blacked meadow glooms beyond the poplars tall.
In England old the plover pipes "along the fallow lea:"
The gamehog hasn't left a pipe or plover bird for me.

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And last the little mourning dove, with her soft, soulful coo,—
Her birdlings starve in withered nest: the gamehog got her too.
Now watch him hunt the meadow lark, the robin, whippoorwill,
Because he has the lust to slay, the frenzy-hunch to kill.
—The Parson's Protests.

HIS VAN WINKLE SLEEP.

Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years in the Catskill Mountains.
—Washington Irving.

Rip Van Dums slept twenty years on the Banks of Green River, or fancied he did. —The Parson's Piscatorial Poems.

A fisherman ancient named Rip Van Dums
By Green River nodded and twiddled his thumbs;
Since morning he'd fished; it was now nearly night;
His jug, it was empty, his creel it was light.

"Glug" went the cork, and kerflop on the grass
A bullhead lay gasping like one breathing gas.
The fisherman flattened the fish with a faggot,
And growled that it wasn't as big as a maggot.

In short 'twas so short that the fisherman took
And flung it back in, still attached to the hook.
A fish a foot long came along; with a gulp
He started reducing the maggot to pulp.

The swallower scooted away for to swim;
A gulp, and behold, a big fish swallowed him!
Majestic away sailed the yellow-soled cat,
When Van Dums awoke with a "Where am I at?"

"I've slept twenty years, like Van Winkle," he cried:
"When I flung the fish in 'twas a darned little snide!
Just look at him now! He's a score of years older!
His tail's on the ground when his head's on my shoulder!"

"O, wife!" he gasped, eagerly opening his door,
"It is twenty-odd years since I met you before."
She exclaimed, as the broomstick came "biff!" on his brain,
"It'll be twenty years till you're fishing again!"

REPETITIONS. "HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

Ye who go to the old settlers' meetings are prepared to admit that there be repetitions of the same story.

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It has been my earnest endeavor to make the repetitions in this book as few as possible.

Yet we all know that "History repeats itself." So it will, doubtless, in this book. You will probably read the same thing twice, on several occasions.

When about midway of the book, my type writist deferentially handed a sheet of scribbling back.

"You've told that six times. Just six," he said.

"Impossible!" I ejaculated. "I'll bet you the ice cream it isn't just six times."

"Take you!"

He lost.

It was seven times.

SETTLERS' JOY.

When the honking of the wild geese and the screaming of the cranes
Echo through the cloudy spaces, voicing us the April rains,
What a joy to get the shotgun from the litter 'neath the bed,
And fill the leaden clouds on high with spheres of lively lead!

THE BEE TREE.

The Historian and Ed. Godfrey, on an ancient summer morn,
Located a large bee tree near the Aldrich field of corn.
I was the first to find it; I really popped the prize,
For Godfrey said the bees I saw were but a flight of flies.

"Now, Godfrey!" the Historian had observed that 'E. F. G.'
Were the insinuating letters he had carved upon the tree,
"Erase those rude initials, and carve those which convey
The dignity and majesty which hallo 'H. L. K.'"

There might have been a quarrel then; but long as I shall live
The man that's bigger is the man I'm ready to forgive.
Said I, "My noble Godfrey, your silent logic wins,
We'll carve on all the letters, as if you and I were twins."

Next Fall I took a washtub, and Ed. a syrup barrel,
Determined to divide the sweets without a bitter quarrel;
But, O, the sadness which befell, 'twill linger evermore,
Some deep-dyed villain had been there the very day before!

We squatted on the busted tree, and with dry tongues and lips

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HENRY COUNTY INFIRMARY.

The poor ye have always with you.

—Jesus.

Central as the human heart in the human body, is the Henry County Infirmary in the County of Henry. Munson township is the central tract. The infirmary is in the center of Munson. Munson Center school is where the little ones are taught,—the pupils of the poor.

Appropriate this! This magnificent half-section farm, with its palatial mansion, is from the heart of Henry county, therefore it should be located in the heart. It is practical Christianity, a prayer for the poor and downtrodden, which answers itself.

The farm recalls Tennyson's line:

"A gem, set in an English green."

The land is the rich dark loam which needs only to be "tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest." The great infirmary was built in 1871-2, and cost forty-three thousand, six hundred dollars. The original poor farm consisted of one hundred and twenty acres, on which was a large wooden house into which the inmates were crowded. This structure yet stands in the rear yard. For a time it was used for the noisy insane, or those apt to be disturbing at night. Now there are none of these. It is used as an overflow when cold weather drives in derelicts. Two men occupied it at the time of my visit, September 7, 1909. They are not insane, but it is best to have the building occupied.

Truly "a gem set in an English green" could not be lovelier than this landscape of American farm country. The ripening corn rustled on all the hills, and whispered low in the hollows. The scene was "fair as a garden of the Lord."

The infirmary has one hundred and twelve rooms. At the time of my visit there were sixty-three inmates, the low ebb-tide of summer. The record is ninety-nine. Winter generally has its flood-tide of derelicts. Two-thirds of these, as we saw them eating at the tables in the basement, were men; one-third women. The food was appetizing, well-cooked, well-served, and plenty of it.

All the inmates are required to work a little, if able. Each one has his or her task. Some of them grow proud of their work, and take umbrage if others interfere. Each one is thoroughly cleaned up on entering, and required to bathe and change underwear once a week.

The first impression one gets of this great charity is that it is a big, well-ordered household, with a rather undue proportion of grandpas and grandmas. There is an atmosphere of quiet and good order apparent. This is the ruling spirit of the Wilkinsons, warden and matron. Henry county was fortunate in securing the services of Lyman J. Wilkinson and wife as warden and matron in 1872. They had officiated in this capacity at the Bureau county farm for two years. Both served Henry county faithfully for a generation, both passed away while in the service of the county, with long and honorable records; and they were succeeded four years ago by William L. Wilkinson and wife, their son and daughter-in-law, who are keeping up the high Wilkinson standard now. I have driven into the infirmary grounds, on my way to and from Cambridge, at all

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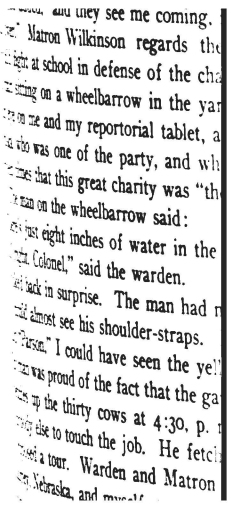
and they see me coming.
Matron Wilkinson regards the
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sitting on a wheelbarrow in the yar
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who was one of the party, and wh
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man on the wheelbarrow said:
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almost see his shoulder-straps.
Parson," I could have seen the yel
was proud of the fact that the ga
up the thirty cows at 4:30, p. r
else to touch the job. He fetch
a tour. Warden and Matron
Nebraska, and myself

seasons of the year, and at all hours of the day. At all times and seasons have I been impressed by this prevailing good order, and atmosphere of serene content. When men and women, advanced in years and hardened in their habits, persons all who have led the hard lives of the poor, many of them addicted to intoxicants, many of them convinced that the only way to get anything is to grab for it, and then fight to hold it, when three to five score of these get together with nothing on earth to lose by evil behavior, and perhaps something to gain, when this mass amalgamate like a flock of doves, the men courteous to each other, the women polite and interested in fancy work, when this happens, and is maintained day in and day out for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, there is a reason for it in a ruling spirit that subdues and blends, and the name of that spirit is *Wilkinson.*

"Don't these women ever quarrel?" I had in mind a certain boarding-house keeper, who had said that the scrapping of her hired help was driving her crazy.

"Very seldom," said Matron Wilkinson, with her pleasant smile. "And when they do" she added, "and they see me coming, it is 'Here comes the Missis,' and it's all over." Matron Wilkinson regards them much as children. Her own son would fight at school in defense of the charity children.

A man sitting on a wheelbarrow in the yard hailed Warden Wilkinson. He had an eye on me and my reportorial tablet, and on Phil Lambert, of Kearney, Nebraska, who was one of the party, and who had told me in a stage whisper seventeen times that this great charity was "the tallest feather in Henry county's cap." The man on the wheelbarrow said:

"There's just eight inches of water in the gauge."

"All right, Colonel," said the warden.

I looked back in surprise. The man had not appeared military to me before. Now I could almost see his shoulder-straps. It's my imagination. If Wilkinson had said "Parson," I could have seen the yellow leg of a chicken in his mouth.

This man was proud of the fact that the gauge was in his charge. The ancient who fetches up the thirty cows at 4:30, p. m., is regular as the sun, and will allow nobody else to touch the job. He fetches up "my cows," and is happy.

I proposed a tour. Warden and Matron Wilkinson, Phil Lambert and wife of Kearney, Nebraska, and myself started through the basement. Here was the giant range on which the food for the big family is cooked. It shines. Here's the cream separator, the laundry, bakery, and all the compartments necessary. On the main floor is the office, dining room, sitting room for the warden's family, and rows of rooms for inmates, the women at the south, the men at the north. Everywhere is a prevailing atmosphere of cleanliness, system, good order. Bath-rooms and toilets there are in plenty. There is water all over the house. Each floor has its fifty feet of fire hose. There are also fire plugs outside the house. The pressure from the standpipe is forty pounds to the square inch, an ample force. The second floor has its sitting room for the women, its men's room, and its rows of individual rooms, the women at the south end, the men at the north end. Many of the women make fancy pillows and other fancy work. One woman

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of the occupant. Some have tasty decoration, others have bare, hopeless white walls. Each have a bed, straw-filled and ample covered, and chair.

The heating apparatus is gone from the basement, where the dust of the tumbling coal, and the fluffy ashes, rose in sifted clouds into the upper rooms. Now there is a brick heating-plant separate. By an ingenious gravity contrivance the water from the boilers returns and is used over and over. Warden Wilkinson credits James Kidney of Geneseo with this. A Kidney should be a water expert. The removal of the steam boilers from beneath the building, removes a constant menace, and vastly reduces the insurance rate. From five thousand to six thousand bushels of coal are dumped into the vast bin. It is hauled with four-horse teams from Geneseo and Cambridge, in coal wagons carrying ninety to one hundred and twenty bushels.

The infirmary supervisor's committee instruct the warden to divide the purchase of supplies between Cambridge and Geneseo. The buildings are the distance to the Center schoolhouse near Cambridge. This is about a quarter mile.

Over the coal bin is the buggy and wagon room. Over this, the seed corn hangery. "Hangery" is a word I made myself. May I never need it in my business!

Everywhere, the ground floors are cement. In the main building, heating plant, stables. Whitewash makes the stables sweet. The wholesome lime is daubed on the fences. The pumping plant is over the artesian well, and beneath the tower, which tower is eighty-six feet to the bottom of the tank. There is a gas plant where gas is made from gasoline. There is a store house where homemade hams and flitches of homesmoked bacon dangle appetizingly. Here are potatoes and other vegetables, and a flour bin. There is a straw magazine, where clean dry straw is kept for the beds. There is an ice house, stocked from Boltenstern's Bayou in Cambridge. A carload of fat steers was just ready to ship from Geneseo. Red hogs roved luridly around.

April 1 is the date of the fiscal year. Every year the supervisor's committee takes and publishes an invoice of the stock, goods, chattels of all kinds, on the county farm.

The livestock is all of the best quality. I was especially respectful to a span of dark-eyed mules that weighed fourteen hundred pounds each. As we passed down a long array of fly-whisking tails, I distinctly saw a sad-eyed mule look around and measure. He was bracing for my return. I broke out of a gate, and returned through the hoggery.

The garden and grapery are in good condition. Vegetables for the county's wards are raised here. The grapes are plentiful, and were ripening in the September sun. The flower garden in the lawn in front is a dream of dainty delight.

Last year, up to April 1, the cost of maintaining the dependents was one dollar and sixty-five cents per week, each. The year before it was one dollar and twenty-four cents. The difference is due to the variance in the cost of supplies. The quarter section to the south of the original farm was bought for eight thousand, five hundred dollars. The forty acres north of the house was bought for two thousand dollars.

Securing the Wilkinsons for Henry county was due to the efforts of Levi Waterman, of Geneseo. He was then on the "Poor House Committee," with

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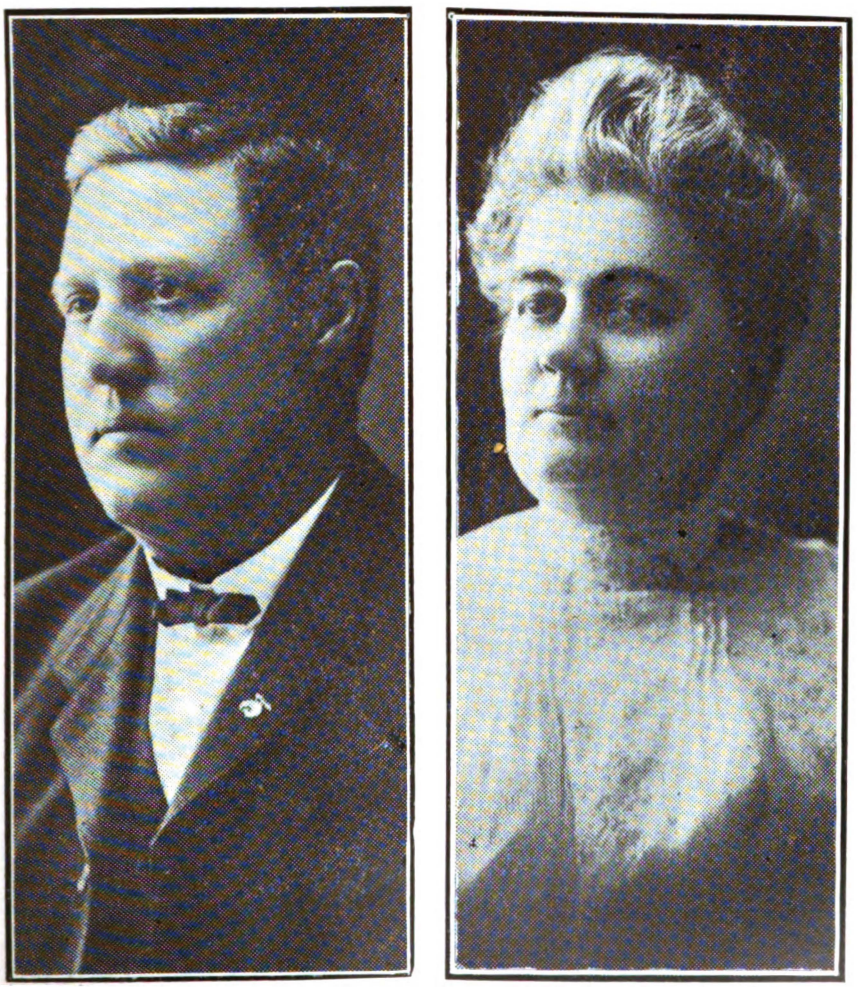

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM J. WILKINSON

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... He found that
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... dollars per year. Waterman offered
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... Waterman's offer till honorably rele
... warden and matron were they. The
... wife.

... an elderly man who had just arrive
... The man was able-bodied, b
... left the churn, saying, "That's f
... Warden Wilkinson was not at home.
... man.

... that man churn," she commanded.
... man, chosen for his strength a
... ear and waltzed him to the dairy
... to the churn. The churn fa
... golden butter had formed.
... was the man's last ...

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O. W. Page, of Cambridge, and Hathaway of Galva. A. W. Perry of Geneseo. Sale of Hanna, and Blackburn of Kewanee were the building committee. Waterman had stirred up a hornet's nest by moving to build a new infirmary, instead of expending seven hundred dollars on the old one, as proposed. His motion had been seconded by Stambro, of Hanna. When the hornets were thickest, Waterman proposed that the supervisors go out in a body and see the establishment. This was done. But four had ever been there! Hogs swarmed everywhere, squalor reigned supreme. One of the supervisors was about to give the warden a quarter for hitching up his horse, mistaking him for an inmate The body, having learned something, voted for a forty thousand dollar infirmary. The structure really cost forty three thousand, and six hundred dollars. When Perry and his committee returned from a tour of adjacent counties, Perry declared that Bureau county had the best managed alms house. Not the biggest, not the finest or costliest, but the cleanest, quietest, most attracive. He told this to Waterman.

Waterman went to Bureau. He found that Warden Lyman J. Wilkinson and wife had just been offered a renewal of their contract with the county at eight hundred dollars per year. Waterman offered them one thousand dollars. Even though not bound to accept the offer of Bureau county, Wilkinson would not consider Waterman's offer till honorably released by Bureau. Then he came.

Ideal warden and matron were they. The same may be said of their son and his amiable wife.

Once an elderly man who had just arrived was requested to churn, by the elder matron. The man was able-bodied, but obdurate. Growling and evil-natured, he left the churn, saying, "That's for younger men. Plenty of them here." Warden Wilkinson was not at home. Mrs. Wilkinson sent to the fields for the hired man.

"Make that man churn," she commanded.

The hired man, chosen for his strength and courage, immediately seized the rebel by an ear and waltzed him to the dairy room. There he released the man's ear, and pointed to the churn. The churn fairly whizzed. Nor did it relax till a big ball of golden butter had formed.

But that was the man's last churning. That night he skipped, and hasn't been heard of since.

If the reader has perused the "Pepper" article (when Supervisor Barker of Annawan declared the county pepper to be half peas), he will be prepared to hear of a tempest in a teapot when Waterman wanted a five dollar funeral service for paupers. Waterman's idea was that, upon the death of a dependent, a minister should be secured, at a cost not exceeding five dollars, to preach a funeral discourse; that all work on the county farm cease for the hour, and all inmates to be present at the funeral, and follow the body to the burial ground upon the farm.

A small riot ensued, in the midst of which Col. Perry arose. His blazing eyes seared a silence.

"I'm astonished," he said, "to see churchmen, deacons, trustees of religious organizations, oppose with violence and vituperation a Christian burial for the poor, when that burial is proposed by a black-headed infidel Jew!"

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A hush as of the grave followed this. Men, white with awe, stared at each other. Waterman's motion was carried unanimously!

It was a delightful day that I passed at the county farm. As I headed for home, Phil Lambert came up and said:

"Out in Nebraska, when a man returns from a visit back in old Henry county, Illinois, he'll say: 'I was at Geneseo, and drove out to the county house.' 'I was at Galva, and visited the county house.' They all regard the county house with pride. It's the tallest feather in Henry county's cap!"

THE HENRY COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

By R. H. Hinman, Secretary.

From the early settlement of the county in 1835 and 1838 to the years 1850 or 1853, very little progress was made in the agricultural conditions of the county. There was no market for products nearer than Chicago or Galena, with perhaps a very limited one at Peoria. There was little inducement to raise more than needed to support the families. Many of the inhabitants eked out an existence hunting and fishing, and gave little thought to the possibilities of these vast fertile prairies. For sixteen years, the country had lain dormant; with no improvement, and very little prospect of there being any. The people who had come from the New England states, New York or Ohio, while perhaps remembering the conditions which existed back in their old homes, had little hope of seeing the same conditions here, but with the advent of the new era of emigration which came in the early fifties, new hopes and ideas came into existence and the residents of the county began to realize the importance of the agricultural interests of the county and determined to take advantage of them.

On the sixteenth day of February in 1853, a meeting was called to organize the Henry County Agricultural society, and on that day there met in the courthouse in Cambridge, a large number of the most influential citizens of the county.

Colonel Sylvester Blish of Wethersfield was called to the chair and G. H. King of Geneseo was elected secretary. On motion of A. W. Perry of Geneseo, a committee of three was appointed to draft a constitution for the society. This committee consisted of Frederick P. Brown of Crocker's Grove; Phillip R. Hanna of Green River and James M. Allan of Geneseo. The committee reported draft for a constitution which was adopted, and they immediately began to solicit members. About forty members were secured at once and they proceeded to elect officers.

The first president elected was Frederick P. Brown, with Colonel Sylvester Blish as first vice-president; Henry G. Griffin, second vice-president; Thomas F. Davenport as recording secretary and Alfred W. Perry as treasurer.

An executive committee was also appointed, consisting of one member from each precinct of the county. This committee contained some of the best known and most influential residents of the county. There was Sullivan Howard for

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bury of Lynn Grove, R. D. Timberlake of Oxford, Vincent M. Ayers of Cambridge, James M. Allan of Geneseo, Mahlon Lloyd of Mount Pleasant, Silas Morton of Munson, David Norton of Burns, Elijah Benedict of Shabbona, and Daniel Crist of Yorktown. Having completed the organization of the society, the meeting adjourned.

Another meeting was held on the sixteenth day of April to make rules and regulations for the first fair, to be held at Cambridge, on the 5th and 6th of October, 1853,

The rules adopted provided that all persons entering articles or animals for premiums must be members of the society and residents of the county; the animals must be owned by the exhibitor and the agricultural products must be grown in the county. Membership could be acquired by paying into the treasury the sum of one dollar, and the members and all of their families under twenty-one years of age were entitled to free admission to the grounds; all others were to pay the sum of twenty-five cents. About one hundred and forty members were secured at that time.

On the third of May in 1853 another meeting of the executive committee was held, at which time a schedule of premiums to be offered was adopted. The list of premiums they adopted might be of interest, as showing their ideas at that time, but it is much too long to incorporate in this article. It is perhaps only necessary to say that they were extremely low; for instance:

	1st	2nd
Best stallion, any breed	$5.00	$3.00
Best mare, any breed	5.00	3.00
Best span farm horses	5.00	3.00
Best bull, any breed	5.00	3.00
Best cow, any breed	5.00	3.00

For sheep and swine they offered three dollars and two dollars, with a volume of the Prairie Farmer for third premium. The grain premiums were one dollar, and fifty cents. The whole amount of cash premiums offered was a little less than two hundred dollars, with a good many volumes of the Prairie Farmer as third premium.

Perhaps in this connection it might be well to speak of the first officers of the society; the men who instituted and inaugurated it.

Frederick P. Brown had come out here from Syracuse, New York, in the fall of 1851, and bought the Crocker's Grove farm in the northern part of Osco, of Ben Graham. He was considered a wealthy man in those days, and owned large tracts of land in Osco; was very enthusiastic in the belief in the outcome of the country and spent a good deal of money importing fine thoroughbred stock from Kentucky and the east.

Colonel Sylvester Blish who lived at Wethersfield, was a surveyor and was quite eminent in his line in that part of the county. Henry G. Griffin was a farmer from Cambridge and also known all over [illegible]

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The first fair held by the agricultural society was held in the courtyard and courthouse in Cambridge, October 5, and 6, 1853. The rooms in the courthouse were used for the display of the textile fabrics, flowers and such things, and the yard was used for the display of stock. Benches were placed on the south side of the courthouse for the display of the grain and vegetables. No premiums were offered for speed. Those who were inclined to sport went out on the prairie south of town and ran their horses on an improvised half mile track. In the afternoon of the second day, James M. Allan of Geneseo delivered an address to the assembled farmers, and the first fair of the Henry County Agricultural society came to a close.

The succeeding three fairs were also held in the courthouse and grounds and were similar in character to the first, with no especial difference, except the officers which were usually changed each year, and the adoption of a new constitution and by-laws which were practically the same as the first.

The interest in the fairs, and the attendance continually increased, until at the close of the fair of 1856, it was deemed expedient to procure larger quarters and a committee of three was appointed, with instructions to lease a piece of ground not less than ten acres, for not less than ten years, for the purpose of holding their fairs. This committee consisted of T. F. Davenport, H. G. Griffin and Royce Allen. Ten acres of ground just north of the present fair grounds was leased and fenced, on which the fair of 1857 was held.

On the 24th day of August, 1858, the executive committee consisting of Henry Stickney, F. P. Brown and V. M. Ayers, was instructed to procure twenty acres of ground on which to hold the fairs of the society.

The committee accepted the twenty acres on which the present grounds are located and proceeded to inclose the same with a board fence seven feet high.

The use of this ground was donated to the society by H. W. Wells of Cambridge for as long as they used it for the purpose of holding fairs. The land afterwards came into possession of Amos Gould, who renewed the lease, and afterwards donated the land to the society. About this time the present track was surveyed and worked. Amos and N. B. Gould were largely instrumental in having the track built.

This was really the beginning of the fair at its present location. There were no buildings, except those of the most temporary character, and there is no record of the fairs from this time until 1864. During the war no fairs were held, but in 1864 with Henry Stickney as president and J. C. Edwards as secretary, they commenced to hold fairs again, and have continued to hold annual fairs ever since, with one exception, in 1886, when the buildings were destroyed by a cyclone.

From 1864 to 1870 very little change was made. The old round house, in which textile fabrics and farm products were displayed for many years was built and also some stables for the accommodation of stock. The offerings for speed were very small, but the fairs seemed to be well attended and usually paid expenses. In 1870 Peter H. Beveredge was elected president, F. G. Welton, secretary and J. C. Edwards, general superintendent. An additional ten acres were purchased for which seventeen hundred dollars was paid; the amphitheater was built at a cost of twenty-two hundred dollars; the track fenced

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and improved, and other improvements were added which made the grounds among the best in the state at that time.

In 1886 most of the buildings on the grounds were blown down by a cyclone which occurred about the middle of August and no fair was held that year. In 1887 the society rebuilt the buildings and since then the fairs have been held every year.

At the annual meeting of the society held on the 10th to the 13th of September, 1872, the society organized under the act of the 15th of February, 1855, which changed the membership of the society from a yearly membership to a joint stock company with shares at five dollars each. They also provided that the life members should be entitled to two shares of the capital stock. Quite a number of the life members took advantage of this provision but a good many did not. Since that time the organization has remained the same.

Prior to the reorganization, the society changed their president and secretary nearly every year, but after that the officers served longer; P. H. Beveredge was president for 1870 to 1877; N. C. Gilbert for 1877 to 1894; R. W. Flemming from 1894 to 1896; L. J. Wilkinson from 1896 to 1905; N. B. Gould from 1905 to 1907; M. B. Bristol from 1907 to 1908; R. W. Flemming from 1908 to 1909.

HAY BARNS.

The fact that the Munson Methodist church is now a haybarn on the old D. P. Merrill farm, was brought to mind on a recent day which I spent in half-glad, half-sad meanderings in the realms of my youth. As the big forty-five Rambler automobile wafted us from place to place on the recently built hard roads of La Salle county, Illinois, my cousin, Rev. J. Dill Calhoun of the Methodist church, pointed to edifices here and there which had once been churches, and which were now debased to haybarns. The Methodist church at Hickory Point held out after many others had gone to the barnyard, but it succumbed at last. We trolled slowly past it. From out its mullioned windows into which no more could sift the "dim religious light," there straggled browsy tufts of hay, suggestive of a boy with hair uncombed.

"It's a sad sight," commented Calhoun: "but a very common one. All over the country it is the same—lonesome, deserted country churches, or haybarns that once were churches."

THE DISTRICTS

County Superintendent Martin Luther of Geneseo, who has held his office for many terms, informs me that there are in Henry county two hundred school districts.

The superintendent aims to visit each of these schools once a year. He is careful to not let it be known when he is to arrive, as he desires to see the school just as it is every day. He usually visits a school from an hour to an hour and a half. In this way he has a valuable personal knowledge of the affairs and conduct of every school in the county.

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ADJUSTMENTS ECCLESIASTICAL.

It must have been a sight for gods and men to see the good old church dignitaries settle and adjust differences among the early colonists. The church was ruler, both temporal and spiritual. The ancient records of the Congregational church of Geneseo, contain instances where disputants had their affairs adjudged and adjusted.

In case of a horse trade, for instance, it must have been a grim spectacle when the good deacons and elders took up the grave question: Did Brother Doe deceive Brother Roe? Of course the horse must be in evidence. The animal must be sounded and explored from fetlock to foretop, from pelvis to hock, from teeth to toenails. His age must be "sat upon" and determined, also all his past misconduct, regarding shying, balking, breachiness and running away. His appetite and digestion must be looked into, for these are essential elements of a horse's value. Even his ancestry must not be forgotten, for breeding is of great import in a horse. How the body ecclesiastical must have been stirred to its depths upon these occasions!

Of one thing I am certain, the decisions were honest, and true. There was no writing of the jury in those days. I have no doubt that they would have set up nights perusing books on veterinary science, to make sure of giving a right estimate concerning a disputed horse. I would much rather abide by the decision of one of those long bygone church courts, than cast myself upon the uncertain mercies of a modern jury.

RISES SUPERIOR TO SEX.

"Who is the most original genius that Henry county has produced?" asks a postal card, adorned by a photograph of a section line bridge over the Hennepin Canal.

Well, there's the man in the southwest corner, who named a huge pa horse "Isabell."

TUNING FORK AND FATHER THOMPSON.

Miss Sophie M. Taylor of Woodhull writes of early church music. She quotes Plato, and proceeds to tell how the leader of the choir sounded his tuning fork to get the pitch. She remembers how the "true blue" Presbyterians objected to the organ, to the extent of tears and how they had a melodeon that had been used in Dr. Edward Beecher's chapel. "Father Thompson" was a woe in the church. He sat in a front pew, and insisted on singing. His voice was like a shingle mill. When the choir soprano sang a solo, Thompson would sing also. One day there was company from a neighboring church. Great musical preparations had been made. Among these preparations was the stealing and hiding of Thompson's hymn book. He divined the cause and his indignation was boundless. Towering aloft, the old Scotch blast furnace went off in a sirocco of fury. He berated them so that half a dozen hymn books were hustled to him. Trying to get rid of Thompson's roarings, one of the elders said one day, "Father

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Thompson, you can pray and I can sing. I can't pray. You pray and I'll sing, hereafter." "Hugh!" snorted the old man; "I can sing and pray both. I'll sing Yessir!" And sing he did.

THE DAYS OF '49.

"The days of old, the days of gold,
The days of forty-nine." —Ballad.

Peace and prosperity dwelt in the land. There was plenty to eat and drink. The crude things and scenes of the early settlement, had given way to a rude civilization. The day of the cabin of logs had set. There was the dawn of comfort. Houses of frame, some of them pretentious and even imposing, had risen on the farms of old Henry county. The log cabin had been degraded to a stable, a cowbarn, a chickencoop or a hoghouse. Schoolhouses dotted the hills. Churches pointed their long steepled fingers to heaven. Everybody was satisfied. There were roads and bridges. There were good crops, and the prices were good.

Then, like the sulphurous glare of an explosion, this county became a scene of tumult and unrest. Quietude gave way to disquiet; where there had been serenity, there was a storm.

A recent great criminal trial developed a new word. Harry Thaw, murderer, had been the victim of "brainstorm." That is what Henry county had, in the days of 1849.

For a miller named Sutter, an old man grinding the grists of his neighbors in a little mountain defile in California, had made a discovery that had set the brains of men on fire. His dam had broken. Wading about in the sand, which had drifted and lodged against the old dam, as he labored at the repairs, the aged miller was filled with a strange sensation at beholding shining particles, little atoms which glowed with a lambent flame in the cloudless California sun. Sutter dropped his repair work, gathered several pans of the sand, and carefully washed and sifted the sand away. He took the little bottle of glittering scales to a man of science. The man of science said three little words, the truth of which made and lost more lives and fortunes than any three other words ever uttered: "It is gold!"

Men went crazy in a night. Men right here in old Henry county went planning their season's work on their farms one day, and next day in the afternoon were at Rock Island, clamoring for their turn to cross the Mississippi on the ferry.

Some went by rail to New York, thence to the Isthmus of Panama, across the isthmus afoot, for the railway was not built then, to take a ship on the other side for the golden shores of the Pacific. Many went clear around Cape Horn. I think that most of the adventurers chose the plains route. Awful reports there were of men dying in droves on the isthmus. When the railroad was being built over those fearful forty miles from ocean to ocean, it was said that it cost a human life for every sleeper. The fact is it cost a dozen lives to one sleeper. The horrors of the Horn route had been painted by Dana in his book "Two

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Years Before The Mast." So most of our "Argonants of 1849" toiled over the plains.

It was a journey of six months, over a trail already made hideous with the bones of horses and oxen, and the graves of men. The record time over the plains was made by a Henry county man, yet living in good health, a wealthy citizen of Geneseo. He made the trip from Omaha to Oregon City in about ninety days. I have the exact time elsewhere in stories of Mr. Arnett. The Indians were very troublesome, murderous and infernal. Sleep at night was disturbed by the howls and shrieks of catamounts, coyotes and wolves.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Few got gold enough to compensate them. George and William Arnett got more than any other pair of Henry county men of whom I have record. William went out a year ahead of George. He had struck it pretty rich, and he and George cleaned up thirteen thousand dollars. Of this, William got seven thousand and George six thousand, William having been there a year in advance.

James Mahan of Geneseo relates how he and other honest miners used to perpetrate gold dust. They would get a hatfull of the old eight-cornered fifty-dollar United States slugs and jounce them up and down in the lean and opaque flour bags of the time, whereupon there would be a golden shower upon the piece of white foolscap paper beneath. This dust would sell for eighteen to twenty dollars an ounce, and the sweated slugs would pass for fifty dollars just the same. It was a fine little scheme. Even the foolscap paper could be utilized to write home and tell the folks of their honest and innocent lives in the primeval primrose precincts of Columbia's Calorific California.

Edwin Farwell yet wears a huge golden ring, which he had made of gold he gathered. He got gold enough apart from the ring to purchase what he afterward developed into one of the finest farms in fertile Munson township.

But most of the Argonauts got home with a single small slug slung to their watch chains. And glad to get home on any terms.

In 1858 another golden glare lit up the western horizon. Pike's Peak in Colorado was mostly a mass of gold. Caravans were on the way in twenty-four hours. It wasn't more than one-third the distance to California. Romance, adventure drew many on the trail to the peak. All remember the Peaker who inscribed on one side of his wagon "Pike's Peak or Bust!" When both his beasts were dead, his wagon smashed, and himself nearly used up, he inscribed on the opposite side of his wagon "Busted, By Thunder!" Pike's Peak proved to be a delusion. The hometrek was sorrowful with Peak Pilgrims who were "Busted, By Thunder!" And how Peaked they were!

Then came the Klondike in the nineties. This was, and yet is, a golden land; but it caught few Henry county men. The frigid climate and desolation of the country keep the gold seeker and the romanticist back. William Lowes, deceased, of Geneseo, made the trip in the days when the trail ran over the terrible White Pass. Our ex-supervisor happened along just in time to help shovel out a whole caravan which had been buried by an avalnche. Not one of this band escaped. Lowes brought home but little gold.

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Telling of the romance of these gold fevers, a girl named Mary Coil lived near my place of abode. Her adventures were before my day; but she yet is posed as a heroine. She was a dashing and pretty maiden of sweet sixteen. She wearied of pulling weeds and chugging the churn. She hoisted the window of her chamber, and scooted to join a California caravan encamped three miles away. Before the caravan got through Iowa, she had married one William Hodges, after a desperate flirtation. A big buck Indian retired Hodges into a hole in the yellow sands of Nebraska. The widow wedded Montgomery Gibbs in Colorado, and lost him forever in Utah, where he mingled with the mud of many Mormons. In Nevada she consoled herself with James T. Lanigan. When Mrs. Mary Coil Hodges Montgomery Gibbs Lanigan reached Illinois soil seven years later, she gave out that she wanted to be known as Mrs. Hodges. Her affection for her first love was confirmed by a sprightly little girl named Lillie Hodges. She had a souvenir of her second choice also, in a litle lad named Montgomery Gibbs. He was a morose boy, rather sullen and silent. There was no Lanigan.

I mention among Henry county gold hunters the name of Geneseo's late supervisor, William Lowes. I recall now that he was accompanied to the Klondike by Bert Wilson, John Mowbray, Jr., and Will Zimmerman. Wilson is dead. Zimmerman remained in the Arctics for a time, working at his trade of cabinet maker. Lowes, who was the oldest of the party, was never the same man after his return. Friends believe that the exposure and hardships took at least ten years off of his life. He was gone a year and a half, leaving Geneseo in March, 1898, and returning in September, 1899.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

'Tis grand to see great nature's counterfeit,
Or distant friend, as in a looking glass;
To scan the Alps, the while I lazy sit
In Henry county's copious crop of grass!
—Bard of Maple City.

Mrs. Ella Hume Taylor of Geneseo, scion of Geneseo's oldest family, must be credited with most of the oldtime pictures in this book. Mrs. Taylor's collection of newspaper cuttings, and miscellaneous literature of pioneer days, has been at my service. I do not venture to imagine the wonderful work this would have been, had there been a general enthusiasm such as this lady has manifested. She has given me much assistance, both before her summer tour of Europe, and since her return. In all her wanderings in the wonderful worlds beyond the sea, she found nothing that compares favorably with grand old Henry county.

PIONEER LIFE IN ILLINOIS.

Say not the former times were better than these for strong drink was common and "when whiskey is in wit is out." Frank Lamb got married, the rioters entered the residence through the window, broke dishes and did other mis-

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demeanor while girls fainted and Mr. Lamb tied up his head with a napkin. Some of these men paid for their fun later.

When Flannigan was pursued by an officer he took refuge in Spoon River just above a dam, where the water was chin deep and hurled epithets at his pursuers. The constable was fortunate in having with him a man by the name of Jonas. Some called him Jonah who swallowed the whale because of his dimensions, "he was so large for the size of him." Now Jonas was a great swimmer and seizing a hatchet he glided swiftly over the water but soon returned with the hatchet in one hand and Flannigan in the other.

Buggy riding was not common in those days, such vehicles were very scarce and there was some prejudice against those who rode in them. Uncle Billy called them "Shite pokes," and would not allow them an inch of the highway if he could help it, but would rather try to lock wheels and put them out of business.

During the war with Mexico, a stranger of foreign extraction, appeared one day, when the men were all away harvesting and it was soon noised about that he was a Mexican spy and that probably we would all be murdered before morning. We pulled in the latch string and retired but all the other women and children congregated in one house and kept vigil until morning.

About this time a wild animal came into the neighborhood and its screams and shrieks terrified many. One evening while on a path in the brush it passed in front of me. It went by jumps and with every bound, it would strike the ground a heavy blow as if with its tail. Soon a brother and I were in pursuit with a large mastiff which we thought feared nothing. But soon we met our dog on his return trip, he had his say and one round was enough. We advanced until within a few rods of the animal which was about the size of a sheep and of a grayish hue. But our dog refused to lead in the attack and we hastened back to find half the men in the neighborhood at our home armed with guns, pitchforks, etc. The animal had crossed the road in front of a neighbor about half an hour before our encounter and gave forth such unearthly yells that his hair stood on end and he ran his horses all the way home. We searched in vain for it that night and the next and never heard of it afterward.

A lady friend whose name was Kate was wooed by a widower, by the name of Jerry, who resided some twenty miles away. She was a good girl, but her environments were poor and having passed her twenty-third milestone, she was afraid she might get left. Jerry was a one horse preacher, had seven children and always snored whether asleep or awake. His neck had many wrinkles and looked as though soap and water were rare commodities at his home.

Kate's cousin, whose cognomen was Buckwheat, was present on the occasion of one of Jerry's visits and they both occupied the same bed a part of the night. When Jerry arrived Buckwheat said to him, "I am a great dreamer. I sometimes dream of fighting and when I do I am sure strike. Should I do so tonight please wake me just as quickly as you can." The reader can imagine what happened. The next day Jerry was both sore and sleepy and declared to a friend that Buckwheat was the hardest person to wake that he ever encountered, especially when he was dreaming. But Kate grew weary of Jerry and at her request a friend wrote him, in her name, to that effect. But a few months later they met in an

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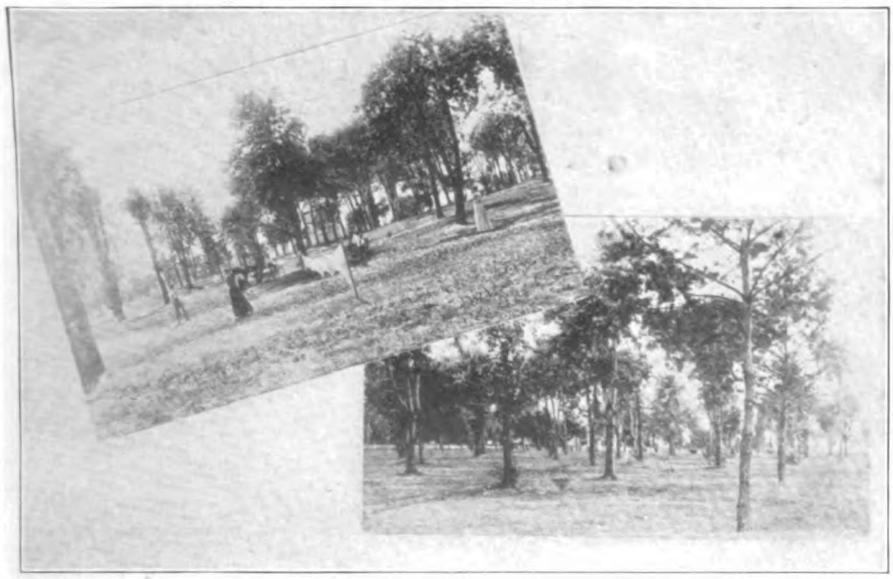

VIEW IN COLLEGE PARK. VIEW IN WASHINGTON PARK, GALVA



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GALVA--NORTH FROM OPERA HOUSE

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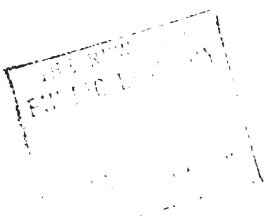

...attempted to explain, but Susie w...
...her hands and screamed, "I don't ca...
...body that does like him." For the ti...
...regretted the occurrence, introduc...
...the time to retire had arrived I w...
...the bed in the parlor and Ka...
...sleep for I could hear Kate lectur...
...would rush to the door and h...
The next morning breakfast was ...
...a chicken had to be caught an...
...at Susie's place at the table f...
"I guess you and Susie would be...
But Susie called Nero around ...
...part of the chicken. I was no...
...engage her in conversation I sa...
...replied, "I know one thing I h...
...found that out last night," and ...
...I then told her "...

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adjoining neighborhood and soon love's fire burned brightly. The next Sunday the nuptial knot was tied in a village church without the knowledge of her family save one who was pledged her secrecy. When her brother heard of the event he used all the cuss words at his command and swinging his fists in the air vowed "that if he ever got hold of Jerry he would knock a hole through him as big as a pack saddle." But time molifies sores and wounds sometimes heal. In about two years Jerry died and soon Kate married another man who was so good that he was good for nothing. The blood went out so slow through the arteries that it failed to get back in time, consequently the pump lost priming, "the wheel broke at the cistern" and he handed in his checks.

By request I visited Kate in her village home soon after the election of McKinley to the presidency. I arrived late in the evening and received a cordial greeting. Her household consisted of herself, a daughter Susie and a very large dog called Nero. Soon Kate said "What do you think of McKinley? to which I replied, "He is all right." But, says Kate, "How will we get along without money?" I attempted to explain, but Susie was taken with spasms, she swooned, threw up her hands and screamed, "I don't care, I don't like McKinley and I don't like anybody that does like him." For the time being I was speechless, but soon Kate, who regretted the occurrence, introduced a more agreeable topic.

When the time to retire had arrived I was assigned to the parlor bedroom. Nero occupied the bed in the parlor and Kate and Susie went to another room. I could not sleep for I could hear Kate lecturing Susie about how she had treated me, and Nero would rush to the door and howl furiously at the sound of every passerby . The next morning breakfast was late and as some lines of provisions had run low, a chicken had to be caught and prepared for the table. I was evidently seated at Susie's place at the table for Nero took a place beside me and Kate said, "I guess you and Susie would better change places as Nero always sits beside her." But Susie called Nero around and for the first course gave him the upper front part of the chicken. I was now face to face with Susie and being anxious to engage her in conversation I said, "I wish I had such eyes as you," to which she replied, "I know one thing I have and that is a very high temper." I then said "I found that out last night," and Kate rejoined, "Deed I was ashamed of her." I then told her "that I was once much like her in that respect, but had largely overcome it, that she could do so too with a little effort and she received my suggestions kindly. Finally as I took her hand in mine to say goodbye and spoke to her of the home beyond, I saw the tears unbidden start from those beautiful eyes and she used her handkerchief freely. I hope it is well with her.

Up to 1854 I had thought I was a democrat. Deerfield township, in which we lived in Fulton county had never registered but one free soil vote and there were but few whigs amongst us. But when we left the land of staves and hooppoles and launched out into the broad prairies and pure air of Henry county, I began to form political opinions of my own and assert them and after June, 1856, I could "hurrah for free soil, free speech and Fremont." I wore a full beard in imitation of our standard bearer and cast my first vote in the home of Stephen Treckel in Shabbona grove for the husband of Jessie Benton and others. There was no law then against talking politics at the polls and soon I collided with a staunch democrat much to the amusement of the assembled voters. His last

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retort was, "Young man, if you would remove some of that surplus hair from around your mouth it would greatly aid the noise in escaping." The house my father built in Cornwall in 1854 was of Burr oak sills eight by eight inches from Barren grove. They were spliced, drawbored and pinned. The corner posts were six by six with one corner guttered out. The studding were of oak and sawed at Capt. Jack's mill in Shabbona grove, and all tenoned into sill and plate and drawbored and pinned at both ends. Our flooring and siding we dressed at the bench and as it was of unequal width had to be gauged so that the same widths would match and join together. A little later when S. T. Dickey built a little to the eastward and nailed his shingles on pine sheeting, it created much comment. Some knew that pine would not hold the nails and expected to see the shingles scattered over the prairie by the first strong breeze, but in this they were disappointed. Dennis Stebbins of Burns, was visited by a brother from the east during the blizzard of January, 1855. Mrs. Stebbins was taken ill and the nearest physician was fully twelve miles away. The two brothers with team and sled started for help, but the team soon floundered in the snow, the visiting brother turned back with the team while Dennis moved on and soon was lost in the blinding snow. He came to my father's at 1 a. m., and was crying pitifully. My oldest brother accompanied him to Jonathan McCulloh's, after placing a light in the window to aid him in his course both going and returning. Jonathan McCulloh assisted him in getting to John A. McCulloh's where Catherine donned the apparel of her husband and by the assistance of the two men they reached the home of Dennis Stebbins. Imagine the joy in that home when it was found that the visiting brother had found his way back, Dennis was safe and another stranger had arrived. I think it was in 1856, that J. B. Peterson, a man of great energy and high ideals, located among us. He was fresh from the schools of Fulton county and had just become a benedict.

He taught our school the followning winter and under his leadership a literary society was organized which always drew a full house. Our arrangement was unique; the judges were seated on the platform and the speakers stood facing the judges with their backs to the audience. Matthew Orr and George Ferguson furnished the wit and humor for the occasion and frequently had the house in a roar of laughter, but Mr. Peterson was always in earnest and frequently had rheumatism in his shoulders after a great effort.

The next winter John Wasson, who was afterward surveyor general in Montana, taught our school and was a strong addition to our debating force. He was opposed to all sumptuary laws, however, which gave rise to a discussion of the prohibition of strong drink which occupied two evenings, during which time the two leaders occupied the floor an hour and twenty minutes each.

Slavery was the great question for contention in those days and arrangements were made for Mr. Peterson and the writer to meet Judge Palmer and Ira Parker, Esq., of Burns, in joint discussion. The question chosen was "Resolved, that slavery is a national evil," which we were to affirm, and the Baptist meeting house on the state road in Burns was selected as the place. We had Blake's history of Slavery at our tongue's ends and primed our guns for big game. We found a crowded house and Mr. Peterson opened the debate with a speech of great power. He proved that slavery was an evil beyond controversy

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and pictured the pleadings of the slave as he sat cringing at the feet of his tyrant master, with such pathos that some bowed their heads and wept. When he had concluded we felt that the battle was won. But imagine our surprise when Judge Palmer arose and said, "I agree with all that the young man has said in regard to the evils of slavery. We all know it is an evil and a great evil," but it is not a national evil, it affects only the states or localities where it exists and is in no sense national.

This unexpected turn took the wind out of my sails and knocked my prepared speech into smithareens. I had just twenty minutes to prepare another speech and listen to Judge Palmer too. I wished I was at home, but the battle was on and I could not retreat in the face of the enemy. The situation demanded all my energies and I determined to make a desperate effort. After paying my compliments to the judge I spoke along the following lines: The nation is the unit in the body politic and the states are members of that body, just as the hands and feet are members of these physical bodies. One black sheep spoils a whole flock. The crime of an erring sister is felt by the whole family. A boil or carbuncle on even a remote member of the body affects and sickens the whole. A cancer poisons the blood and sends its poisonous virus throughout the whole circulatory system and the virus of slavery has already poisoned every artery of the nation's life and is now gnawing at its vitals. Squire Parker followed along the lines indicated by the judge, placing the emphasis on the word national and Mr. Peterson closed with a speech full of invective and sarcasm. His last utterances were like the following, viz: "Such slush as we have listened to by the young men, such sentiments are only held by grey headed seers and thank God we will soon be rid of them and then a new era will dawn on this republic." He was scarcely seated when Judge Palmer had the floor and with a great smile on his face said, "Young man, do you know what King David said to some men on a certain occasion?" Mr. Peterson replied "I don't know that I do." Well, then, said the judge, "I will tell you. He told them to tarry at Jericho until their beards were grown." This thrust brought down the house; Mr. Peterson tried to get in a rejoinder, but it was late, the stampede was on and two young men returned wiser than when they went.

During the war of the rebellion a family of loyal democrats resided in Burns near the Cornwall line. They hoisted the stars and stripes as a badge of their loyalty, but their flag being faded was mistaken for the stars and bars. A company speedily gathered, the late John Fleming was chosen captain and with such weapons as they could command they marched off to avenge the insult. Soon they learned, however, that the flag was our own star spangled banner, but on they went until with their own eyes they beheld "Old Glory," and after vowing that no star should ever depart from its azure blue they returned to their homes.

Many stalwart worthies helped to make history in Cornwall, but I cannot name them all. There was Doctor Henry on the creek, who raised good corn and cured the sick. A man of philosophic mind. But not to whiskey shops inclined.

Lewis Shearer was our first supervisor and held that office for many years. Elijah Benedict was our first school treasurer and perhaps the first justice of the peace in Cornwall; but I forbear further mention. The incidents given in

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these papers are correct just as they transpired, though in some instances fictitious names and a little coloring is used. I exceedingly regret the frequent use of the personal pronoun and my only apology is that I could not avoid it.

My subject is not exhausted, but I now drop the curtain on the long ago, yet memory will often revert to the scenes of those days when I was numbered with the pioneers.

A. F. MURPHY.

Geneseo, Illinois.

WATERFOWL.

Time was when the fusillade of shotguns along the Green River marshes north of Atkinson, and 'way up to north of Mineral, was like a battle royal at sundown in the Spring and Fall. Now there's an occasional pop, lonely and isolated, like a bad egg bursting in a sour hen's nest on a hot midnight. Time was when I personally slew jacksnipe in the slough. They are hard to hit. They don't fly as crooked as a corkscrew, neither do they fly as straight as a rainbow. I carpeted Nower's pasture with small shot. Occasionally a snipe would fly into the shot and get killed. Then I took the slain birds and sold them to Old Man Lloyd, who conducted Merritt's cold storage house.

Draining the waterplaces has much to do with the absence of waterfowl from Henry county. But the everlasting warfare on them has more to do with it. They should not be shot in the spring when they go north to raise their young. They are not fit to eat then, anyhow. I've seen ducks wormy and unsanitary as a past due remains, immediately after they were shot. Waterfowl shooting is gradually becoming a memory.

GOLD.

When I wrote of the goldseekers of California, Colorado and the Klondike, I momentarily forgot the adventures of Arthur and Elmer Weidlein in Honduras, Central America. They accompanied a Moline man thither, under the delusion that gold saturated the scenery. They did not gather a golden harvest. For a time they freighted from the coast to the mines, with a band of mules they bought. They received $25 a mule load. On the whole, they were glad to quit the country.

BARGE.

David B. Barge settled in Phenix in 1847, where he became a large landowner and stockraiser. He died February 26, 1902. He started from Pennsylvania to go to Wisconsin. The steamboat broke down in Chicago. He landed, and came by canal to La Salle, to Princeton by stage, and on foot the balance of the way.

WITH HIS SICKLE KEEN.

March 6th is an anniversary in my household, it being the day of my father's death in 1865. The peculiar reverence attached to it led me this moment to open

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a Geneseo News of March 6th, and turn to the death column. The year is 1902. It is a fateful date, for here I find the deaths of many well known in Henry county: David B. Barge, the big Phenix farmer, noted elsewhere; Mrs. Mary E. Harmon, octogenarian mother of druggist Harmon of Geneseo; Nellie M. Shafer, invalid girl of Hanna township; William Smith of Morristown, reputed to have been the wealthiest farmer in Henry county, who landed at Baltimore with one dollar and fifty cents in his clothes; Mrs. Candace Powell Gilbert; Fannie Brown, daughter of Dr. Brown of Geneseo, died at Los Angeles; Mrs. Alice L. Gue, wife of Rev. Dr. Gue, died at Portland, Oregon.

Death, with his sickle keen,
Has reaped the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grew between. —Bryant.

In the county court notes in the same issue, reference is made to the passing of J. T. Ammerman of Morristown, Frank Edgcomb of Geneseo, William Weinrich of Geneseo, G. Wash. Rowe of Phenix, John D. Barnes of Geneseo, Indiana Ellenwood.

GHOSTLY.

"Aye tank aye ban skart lak hal," explained Swan Christineson: "When aye ban fish by Green River, all ban still lak nothing, when Bang! Earthquake went off, and pritty soonly big wave roll up river four feet high. Aye run all over das woods, got all mixed oop lak hal, gat turn round, runned right into fallers makin' catch fish on dynamite. Das fallers run lak hal, too. Das fallers runned all ways, east, west, nort, sout, oop, down, sideways on headfirst. Aye grab bag fish, gone home, by das yumpin' yimminy." If Swan had been cool enough to get the names, the dynamiters would have been arrested and subjected to a heavy fine.

A peculiar murder case is recorded in the Geneseo News of June 24, 1902. The jury quickly concluded that the killing was justifiable.

The victim in the case was Richard Hayes, and from the testimony it appeared that he had made boasts that he had wronged Van Dike's wife, and had threatened his daughters. It also appeared that Hayes had called at Van Dike's house one night last November and rapped on the side of the house and called to Mrs. Van Dike. The husband went out and took with him his shot gun and before he returned put a couple of charges into Hayes' body which resulted in his immediate death. Van Dike then notified the neighbors of what had taken place and he was arrested and put in jail.

In the trial the state claimed that Hayes was shot in the back and was not making an attack at that time. The defense claimed Hayes had a club and that under the circumstances he did nothing more than right when he did the shooting. The jury took that view of the affair and were only a few minutes in deciding upon their verdict. Van Dike was discharged.

IT CAME TRUE.

The last issue of the Geneseo News was dated June 24, 1902. It contains the following pathos, and it was true for Billy Aldrich, for he died:

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The other day a man came into the office, who had been at Keswick, Iowa. He brought us friendly tidings and greetings from Billy Williams, our old fisherman friend of Penney's slough in the olden days.

Scarcely had the man gone, when in came Wm. S. Aldrich. He paid his subscription as our old friend Billy does with great regularity, and looking us meaningly in the eye, said: "This is for the last time."

It gave us the shivers. In our recent past, within four or five years, several old men have said the same thing, and in every case it came to pass. But it will surely prove an exception in the case of our old friend Billy Aldrich, for he is looking well physically, though he has a melancholy tone; for all his family is dead except he and his son Theodore, our recent freight agent, who wedded his cousin, Medore Aldrich's daughter. Theodore is now conducting his father's farm, a fine place of one hundred and ninety acres, in the fringe of the Rock River forest.

In the days when we enjoyed boating and fishing, which is verging on two decades ago, these men, Billy Williams and Billy Aldrich, were among our companions on stream and shore. Together we drew the nets, rowed the river, and enjoyed the free life of forest and stream. Now these old boys feel that the horizon is closing in. Ed. Godfrey is in Rock Island, fat and flossy; Billy Williams is at Keswick, Iowa, with his son, Emmert. Henry S. Aldrich, the first born son of Henry county, is with Marshall Aldrich, of the famous Aldrich coal mines, and our dear old friend Billy Aldrich has just been in saying "this is the last time." It makes us sad.

Let us have one more reunion down at old Penney's Slough, some time.

Twilight and evening star,
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea!—Tennyson

OCTOGENARIANS.

Henry county farmers, when they have grown old and weary and in possession of a competence, rent their farms and move into the towns.

In England the trend is just the reverse. The dream of the business man is to acquire a competence, and move out into the country, and become part of a landscape.

Thus it comes to pass that Henry county towns became peopled with aged persons. Octogenarians are rife. I wrote that sentence once in a poem, and the printer got it "Octogenarians are ripe."

It is said that there are one hundred octogenarians in Geneseo.

COUNTRY BLACKSMITHSHOPS.

The country blacksmithshop is the salon de force of the neighborhood. That French may have too many bones in it; but it means the place of general gathering and information.

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I was raised in a country blacksmithshop. I have always been noted for gathering and information.

Though I had to blow the bellows, swing the sledge, and keep the flies off the horses and mules when they were being shod, I yet have a warm place in my heart for the country blacksmithshop. I love the sight of them. I love the smell of them. When I see one, with its span of horses waiting its turn in front, its old mule down there under the shade of the cottonwood tree, its assemblage of decrepit reapers, plows, harrows and wheelbarrows, I recall the dear old shop of my boyhood.

I remember how, when the girls came with bottles to get water from the slacktub to cure their freckles, Dad would always perpetrate his perennial joke. This was to spit on the anvil, lay a red-hot iron on top of the saliva, and hit it a whack with a hammer, whereupon it would reverberate like a cannon, the girls would scream and flutter, and the men would haw haw.

The country blacksmithshop came up in my visions this morning when I found a note of the death of Anthony Fiedler in the Geneseo News files. He died November 15, 1901.

Anthony Fiedler was the country blacksmith in the rich farming regions seven or eight miles southwest of Geneseo. At his shop the neighbors foregathered. There politics got polished, religion was reasoned out, literature was lacerated, policies were praised or prostrated, donation parties were discussed, marriages were made merry over, births were beatified, deaths were dutifully condoled.

Rainy afternoons, when the farmers couldn't work in the fields, were the great times in Dad's old shop. I stood around with mouth, eyes and ears wide open, absorbing so much information that it poured out of my pores.

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands.
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles on his brawny arms,
Are strong as iron bands.—Longfellow.

SAD ENDING.

Of all my brother county publishers during the twenty-eight years in which I edited the Geneseo News, Benjamin W. Seaton was the oldest. He was the veteran, the Dean, as the saying is. He had been identified with journalism at Cambridge for nearly a lifetime. He conducted a newspaper at Toulon for a time. In his early years he set type on the old Chicago Democrat, of which Long John Wentworth was the editor.

About the first of March, 1902, the aged man was adjudged insane, and removed to the Watertown asylum, where he passed away. A month prior to his removal to Watertown, he had turned his paper over to his son, John H., who still edits the Prairie Chief.

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NAMES.

A man three feet six in stature is named Highman.

The highest man in Geneseo is named Lohman.

One of the blackest sheep in Henry county's ministerial flock was called White. He got Orion into dark and troubled waters. Then he went to Kansas, where he was on the verge of marrying a fine girl. One of the girl's friends wrote to Rev. Edmonson of Orion, to find out about White. The answer to this letter revealed the fact that White had a wife and four children at Loveland, Colorado. The wife's love for the black sheep named White was dead, yet she lived in Loveland.

This is a queer world, my masters.

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

In a country cemetery in the south county is a marble slab over the grave of a farmer's wife. The bereaved husband has his sorrows engraved on the slab in this pathetic manner:

"Tears cannot bring thee back. Therefore I weep."

In most cemeteries one may find the sentence frequently at the foot of an epitaph: "Peace to his ashes." It is fitting and full of pathos; but a slab over the grave of one John H. Brown, in a rural region of Henry county, adds a word: "Peace to his smouldering ashes." One wonders which way John Brown went, as his "soul went marching on."

There's a story of a remarkable widow near the county line. She survived seven husbands. Each one fetched her a farm. She was very penurious and grasping; but decided it to be her duty to have a tombstone for the victims. When she found that the engraver charged so much a word, she studied to make the words few as possible. Yet she wanted to express her belief that all had gone to heaven. So she had a stone set in the middle of the lot with seven graves. On the stone is a hand pointing upward. Beneath the hand is the simple sentence: "Seven Up."

GAS.

Gas works were first installed in Geneseo in the autumn of 1901, by Pettegrew Bros. & Kramer.

WHEN OXEN RAN AWAY.

"Wasn't it desperate, getting water for yourselves and beasts in that early day, on the desert?"

I asked this of George Arnett, the only man who, up to the date of the occurrence, had driven a team from the Missouri River to Oregon City in ninety days. His outfit had one two-horse wagon, and one wagon with four horses. The horses were in such good order after the drive that the owners were offered six hundred dollars in gold for the six animals the hour of their arrival.

"Desperate! Awful! There was one stretch of desert where there was no water for a long distance. We had a bit of bad luck just as we entered upon

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this stretch which, as often happens, turned out to be good luck. The most fearful hailstorm came up. Hail was like hen's eggs. It fairly maddened the animals. It was an awful scene. But when it was over, the hail melted, and the water lay in puddles. We took our horses from puddle to puddle, till they had drank themselves full. We drove all night. We got across the waterless stretch without suffering."

Mr. Arnett did not attempt to say what the distance of this arid stretch is; but I have investigated and found that it is close upon two hundred miles. More than the distance across Illinois in the latitude of Henry county.

It is worse with oxen. These animals as a rule are better than horses for crossing the plains. Oxen can live on the herbage by the wayside. Feed for horses must be carried. But on the arid reaches the slow motion of the ox is often his doom.

Day after day the slow caravan crawls like a wounded snake over the eternal sand. Nothing anywhere but sand and sky! The sameness is maddening. The monotony becomes a brooding torment. Blight and blistering sand below; cloudless, redhot sky above! O, if there would only come a cloud! Just a little cloud, like a man's hand, such as was seen by the prophet of old! O, if there could only be a tree somewhere, just one lone cottonwood to relieve this melancholy, maddening sameness. The caravan trails and winds, trails and winds, round, through and among the sand dunes, and to those who compose it, men and beasts, it never seems to have made any headway. The place they are at the moment is just exactly like the spot an hour ago, last night, yesterday, day before yesterday! There is not an atom, a shade, a figment of difference. They may as well have been traveling in a circle, as far as appearances are concerned. Nothing is more heartbreaking than this. In more favored lands there is ever the changing landscapes, the woods, the river, the bluffs, the mounds, always something by which the eye notes and measures distances. But here! Nothing! Sand, sky, silence! O, this eternal silence! Not a cicada or cricket pipes, no fly buzzes, no mosquito hums. Desolation, this, the very abomination of desolation.

Slower, slower, slower, and ever slower, crawls the caravan. The oxen, which lowed pitifully for water so long, low no more. They are beyond that. Their tongues are swollen now to a point where they can make no sound. Lower and lower hang the oxen's heads, as they swing on, like veritable death's heads in the sand and silence, beneath the coppery sky. The swollen tongues hang out. The eyes glow redly. The beasts reel and sway and stumble.

What!

A dead halt. Every head on high! Every red eye blazing! Every hair on every blistered hide bristling with new life, new energy, hope renewed! A prolonged, muffled roar reverberates along the line. And then! And then! The wounded snake no longer crawls; but, frantic, frenzied, like a furious python, it pours itself over the plain!

The oxen have smelled water!

Sand flying four rods high! Drivers yelling, women screaming, children

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plunged belly deep in the river, while the wagon becomes a prairie schooner, and floats and billows on the rushing tide.

DRAWBACKS.

Elsewhere allusion is made to the chintz bug. This insect frightened the farmers worse than that June frost, 'way back in the late '50s.

They feared that the bug would ruin farming. It was a fearful situation, just when they were getting their land paid for, and in nice condition. They were wheat farmers. They had yet to learn that Corn is King.

Hog cholera is a more recent drawback.

While it came when farmers are better able to cope with disaster than when the bug arrived, it has proved to be a serious drawback.

It is disheartening to see a fine herd of hogs, into which a whole season's corn crop has gone, it is discouraging to see the fine fat animals cough, stagger and die.

It is commonly the case that when it begins, the entire herd is doomed.

Will R. Terpening of Munson township, came into my office once, and flinging himself wearily into a chair, said:

"I've just finished burying fifteen hundred dollars' worth of hogs. I've done nothing for weeks but bury hogs. I don't want to ever see a hog again."

Then I gave him this advice: Try bedding them with cornstalks. Herman Andree, northwest of Geneseo, is an old man, and he never lost a hog from cholera, and he attributes it to cornstalks.

Bed them with oats straw, and they crowd together so hard that they fairly steam with heat when they rout out for breakfast. They catch cold, begin to cough, and die of pneumonia. It's not cholera.

If they have no straw at all, they will crowd together on the ground the same way.

No difference how hard they crowd together on cornstalks, the air circulates beneath, and keeps them cool. They are not steaming with perspiration in the morning.

ANNIVERSARY.

Browsing at random in the early new century files of The News I find the following paragraph in the issue of November 21, 1901: "The Geneseo public library is twenty years old today. Miss Emma Chapin has been librarian from the beginning. To her is due much of the success of this fine institution. The library is now more efficient than ever, housed as it is in the noble building given by our late honored citizen, Joseph Hammond."

THE BORDER LANDS.

Within recent years many of the men who have grown rich by reason of the rise in farm property in Henry county, have applied the principle to the border lands of the frontier. They have bought tracts of lands in the west, the northwest and the southwest. One purchase by a Henry county father and son included an entire township at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, upon which

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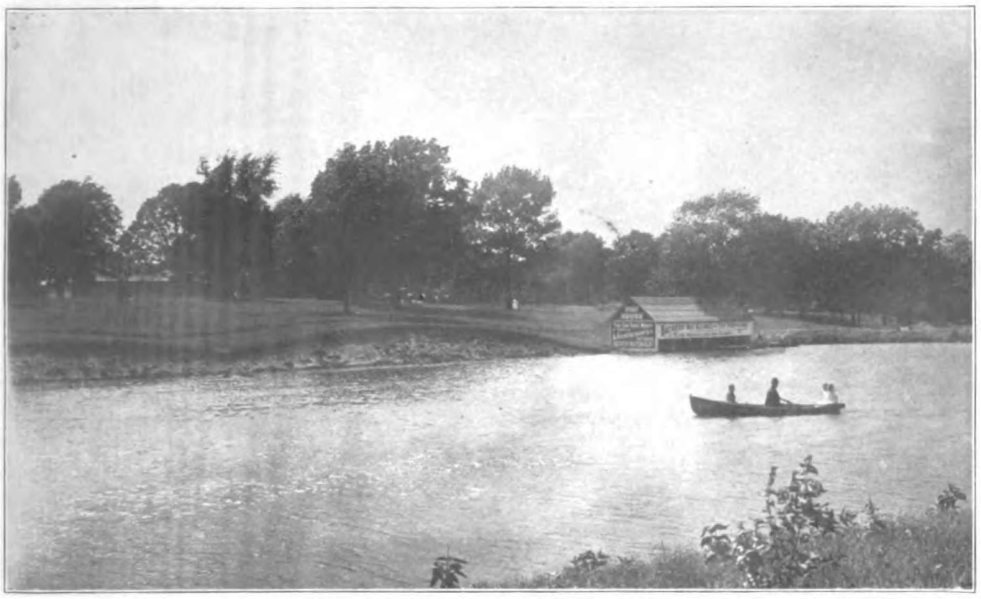
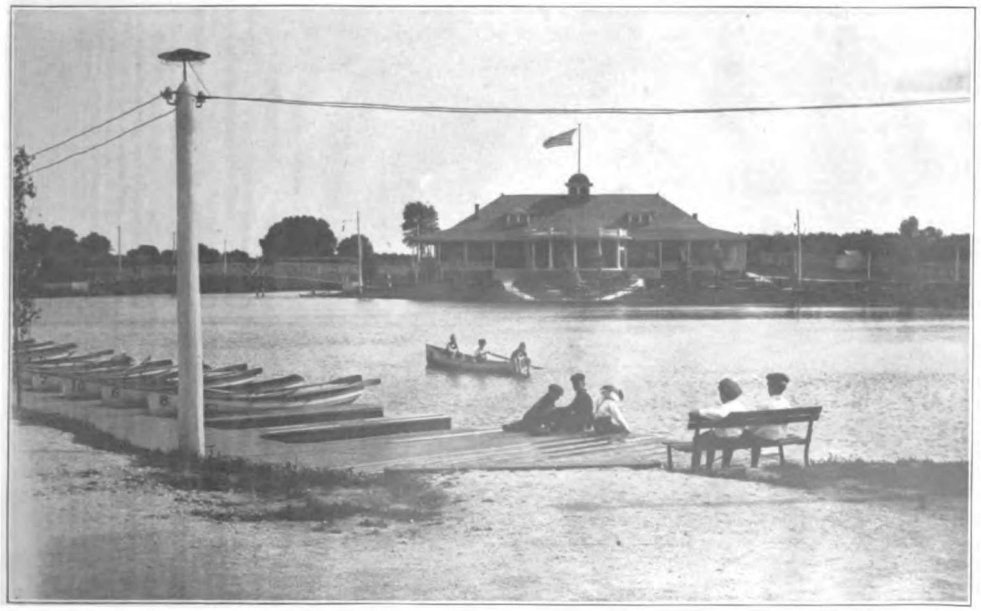


GLEN OAK LAKE AND PARK, KEWANEE



WINDMONT PARK, KEWANEE

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...shoeing Higgins' old brown
The best way that he could.
Beneath the spreading chestnu
The mule, with face ashine,
Still stood, the while the black
Beyond the county line.

DIRECTIONS.

...Henry County Infirmary is on the se
...Bureau county, which is due east
...anybody where Fulton, Whiteside cou
...is due north of Geneseo. Asked to
...inst any denizen of northern Henry
...west of the Main street bridge, ward

NYMPH OF THE

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I am informed they realized six dollars per acre for some, and seven and eight dollars for the remainder. As this transaction was concluded within three years, it was making money "hand over fist," as the saying is. Others have made fortunes in the border lands.

OXFORD-ON-THE-LINE.

Quaint Oxford is a village that's
  Perched on the county line;
Folks have to balance careful, and
  Keep balanced very fine,
Or, like the tightrope dancer, they'd
  Fall off the county line.
Beneath the spreading chestnut tree
  The village blacksmith stood,
A-shoeing Higgins' old brown mule
  The best way that he could.
Beneath the spreading chestnut tree
  The mule, with face ashine,
Still stood, the while the blacksmith soared
  Beyond the county line.

DIRECTIONS.

The Henry County Infirmary is on the section line with the court house in Princeton, Bureau county, which is due east. This will surprise many. Ask almost anybody where Fulton, Whiteside county, is, and they will point northwest. It is due north of Geneseo. Asked to point the direction to Muscatine, Iowa, almost any denizen of northern Henry county will indicate the southwest. It is due west of the Main street bridge, ward 4, Geneseo.

NYMPH OF THE FARM.

There's a sensitiveness in her gentle soul,
  While her sister in the city's calloused hard.
A tenderness, a sweetness will unroll,
  That is fresher than the flowers in the yard.

There's a gladness in her gladness when she's glad,
  And a sadness in her sadness when she's sad;
But the gladness of her gladness, nor the sadness of her sadness
  Is nothing to her madness when she's mad.

OPINION OF THE DOG.

In the fall of 1901, Vic Clough, a Geneseo thresherman, went as the custom was, to thresh grain in the northwest. He threshed eighty thousand bushels in

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sixty days, and tied the champion of South Dakota in a game of checkers. He got into a colony of Russians who didn't know a word of English. Vic did not know a word of Russian. The Yankee rose to the occasion. He bought a mangy, flea-bitten old gray foxhound, and towed him along the road behind the machine. Halting in front of a Russian's farmhouse, Vic would thrash the dog, and point at the stacks. The Russians would nod,—yes, they wanted them thrashed. It was a fine arrangement for the Yankee and the Russians. The opinion of the dog is unknown.

DOYLE THE QUEER.

"Shoving the queer," is a slangy way of saying "passing counterfeit money."

James B. Doyle and Frank Kramer conducted a saloon in Geneseo.

Kramer afterward conducted the county farm in Bureau county. He has passed away. Doyle died in Geneseo.

Doyle was the principal in the most extraordinary swindle of the United States government ever perpetrated. He was not a counterfeiter. He swindled with genuine bonds, made with the genuine plates, upon the genuine paper.

Doyle lived at Bradford, Illinois, at the time, in our neighboring county of Stark. In some way he became acquainted with a young man who was a trusted employe in the treasury at Washington. Perhaps the youth was the son of an old friend. Anyhow, Doyle knew the lad, and induced him to steal the plates and a large bundle of bond paper, which paper is made expressly for the government, and it is illegal to counterfeit it. Large quantities of the bonds were printed, bonds of five hundred and one thousand dollars, and even ten thousand dollar denomination. The plates were promptly returned by the young man. Doyle came west, and began buying cattle. He had been a stockman on a moderate scale. Now he dealt enormously. Great herds were his, and he was easy to deal with.

One day a father and son were counting government bonds in a Peoria bank.

"Father," said the young man, puzzled, "here is a bond numbered just the same as the one you hold."

The startling statement was true. The young man took the bonds and hastened to Washington. Consternation! The great national treasure house was in the most fearful flutter! Experts pronounced the bonds genuine. They were exactly alike! This was no counterfeit.

Detectives swarmed upon the case. One located a burly stockman with a heavy valise. The detective traveled to Chicago with the stockman, made his acquaintance, found that the man was a Buddhist, and wonderfully learned in the literatures of the Vedas, the Mohammedans' Koran, and other weird writings. Arrived at Chicago, they were met by a pair of policemen, who arrested them both. They were thrown into a cell together, charged with swindling the government. The stockman's satchel was stuffed with government bonds. The jig was up. Doyle went to the penitentiary for fifteen years. Good behavior let him out in ten years, or less. The detective got away in a few days.

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ORIGIN OF THE TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL IDEA.

Mr. Kershaw, a former editor of Princeton, now a representative of the Pioneer Publishing Company, informs me that the township high school idea had its origin in a visit of the great and wealthy poet, William Cullen Bryant, to his brother, John H. Bryant, at Princeton, in Henry's sister county of Bureau.

During their drives about the country, the Bryant brothers stopped frequently at the humble district schoolhouses, took seats therein and observed the methods of imparting instruction and training young minds.

They would come out of the little schoolhouse, unpainted, treeless, and contemplate the fine farmhouses and barns, painted, surrounded with trees and vines, with their aspect of general thrift and prosperity, and of keeping step with the march of mankind. The view convinced them that the little old pioneer schoolhouse was inadequate.

When William Cullen Bryant returned to his home in New York, he formed a fund for building a township high school. When the edifice had been erected, he endowed it with a fund, the interest of which should be for its support.

This, then, was the origin of the idea. It started within a few miles of our eastern line, and is liable to spread from sea to sea.

In these days, when even farmers go to agricultural colleges to learn their business, it is time to equip professional teachers, and to pay them salaries which will warrant them in making teaching a life work.

GALE BLEW AWAY.

When Ex-Mayor Remington of Geneseo bought and equipped a stockyard for the Rock Island railway at Santa Rosa, N. M., a Geneseo telegrapher, Gale Simpson, went down to take charge of an office at Tucumcari, a weird settlement surrounded by mountains. Gale heard through the local papers that I was to pass that way, going to Los Angeles. He sent me word by "Rem" to be sure to step off the train. He was almost crazy to see somebody from Geneseo. I faithfully stepped off. Half a dozen cutthroat Mexicans and Pueblo Indians lurked about; but no Gale. Long afterward I heard the reason. Two saloonkeepers had an argument. One shot the other dead. The fatal bullet went through Gale's cuff. Then Gale blew away.

FISH.

Rock River has never been famous for fish. Green River is a much better fishing stream, and it is not one-tenth the size of the Rock. The dam at Milan may have something to do with the scarcity of fish; but this would affect Green River also, the latter being a tributary of Rock River. The government has been taking hold of this matter in earnest. State Fish Warden Rohweder, whose home is in Geneseo, says that millions of young game fish have been placed in Rock River. The wall-eyed pike has been a favorite in this distribution. This is a hardy, excellent game fish, with white solid flesh, and few bones. Besides these, the water has been stocked with myriads of bass, trout, pickerel and croppies.

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MILK.

The excellent pasturage of Henry county makes it a fine dairy district. Much of the milk is sold to the creameries, which have become an important industry. The farmers, however, do not make the dairy industry a specialty, as they do about Elgin. Elgin is at just the right distance from the great city of Chicago to fairly force dairying upon the farmer. There they have their milk trains with refrigerated cars, running into the city in the cool of the morning. Henry county gives a fair amount of attention to milk and butter, and but little to cheese. The creameries at various points are doing a good business.

HENNEPIN DATA.

1883—Bill passed for construction of canal.

1890—Captain L. L. Wheeler given charge of work.

1890—Congress appropriated five hundred thousand dollars for canal.

1892—Congress appropriated five hundred thousand dollars.

1892—Work begins at Milan, west end.

1894—Congress appropriates one hundred and ninety thousand dollars.

1895—Canal dedicated.

1896—Congress locates mouth of feeder at Sterling, and appropriates forty-five thousand dollars.

1898—Congress appropriates eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Feeder work started.

1898—Congress appropriates one million, four hundred and twenty-seven thousand, seven hundred and forty dollars.

October 21, 1907—Celebration over completion of canal at Milan.

October 24, 1907—Canal formally opened. Water turned into the canal from Rock River, at Sterling. Miss Grace Wheeler, youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Wheeler, swings the great gates open.

November 8, 1907—Steamer Marion begins first cruise through canal at Bureau.

November 15, 1907—Steamer Marion completes trip through main line of canal to Rock Island.

CANAL CAUTIONS.

Captain Wheeler has formulated the following rules:

Do not trespass on canal lands, cut trees, or dig banks. Post no advertisements. No refuse may be thrown on right of way. Ashes may be thrown on towpath.

Stock not permitted on right of way. Riding and driving prohibited.

Hunting not allowed, except by permission of superintendent.

Alcoholic drinks shall not be sold from any boat on canal.

Fishing not allowed within one hundred feet of any fishway or lock. Nets not allowed.

Speed of all boats limited to six miles per hour.

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Violation of any rule or regulation is punishable by a fine up to five hundred dollars, or imprisonment for six months, in the discretion of the United States district court.

THE SLICKS.

In the regions round about Shabbona Grove, very long ago, there lived a family named Slick. Patronymics must have been distributed by the Law of Contraries where they evoluted, for the Slicks were pretty rough. There was a swarm of them. An Atkinson man once told me that every time he went to Shabbona Grove, he saw a new Slick. The old man seemed to have been born on horseback, and with an old plug hat on. He always went plugging around, riding an old plug, with an old plug on his head, and a long plug in his pocket. The Slicks were generally credited with courage. "They fear neither God, man nor the devil," was a common saying. Whence they came, nobody knew. Whither they went, is also a mystery. They lived there in the southern edge of the Grove for many years, then vanished. Bill, one of the boys, went off with his family to a little shack in the swamps north of Annawan. Here he hunted and entertained hunters. The region was famous for waterfowl, and hunters swarmed to the swamps. Bill kept a hotel or lodging house, had boats and guns to rent, and in the evenings he built a huge smudge, and helped sit round it and swear at the mosquitoes.

There were several girls in the family. They were tall and handsome, too. The family was all tall except Bill, who was squatty, but exceeding strong.

One evening a generation back, Bill found himself in Geneseo, with time hanging heavily on his hands. He took supper in a restaurant. After having filled his capacious provision bin, he waxed facetious. A number of Germans sat about the place, and Bill proceeded to have fun with them. This made the proprietor exceedingly wroth. He told Bill frequently to quit.

At last Bill made a break so vile that the proprietor could not endure it. He put one hand on the counter, and leaped over, bent upon inflicting condign punishment upon the offender.

Bill, seeing himself surrounded by sympathizers with the proprietor, who were liable to assist the man of the cafe, grabbed his hat, and set off on a run.

"Raus mit him!" shouted the throng, crowding out on the sidewalk, eager to see their friend overtake Bill and pound him to a pulp.

When opposite the Methodist church, Bill concluded that they had got far enough from reinforcements, so he slowed down.

The pursuer was filled with rage, mixed with too little air. His mixture was too rich, causing the carburetor to work haphazard, and making the explosions irregular. Thus handicapped, he swooped down on Bill.

The rude and emphatic fist of the tough and squatty Bill moved rapidly in the atmosphere, and the subsequent proceedings interested the cafe man no more. His friends, following after to bury Bill, which was a duty to humanity, found their champion.

"There, in the moonlight cold and gray,
Lifeless, though beautiful, he lay."

"How does the other fell[illegible]

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GENIUS OF THE SWAMPS.

It was many and many a year ago that Tyler Mapes, the mink and muskrat hunter, deftly duped the furbearing animals of St. Peter's marsh with his traps and calamities. Mapes was a typical hunter, tall, square-shouldered, long-haired, he filled the ideal picture of the frontier scout. I do not know what has become of Mapes. I used to meet him often in Geneseo. I have not seen him for years.

Mapes was the good angel of the duckhunters. The first thing a party of duckhunters entering the swamps would do, was to make their peace with Mapes. He had good boats to let, a stable for their horses, ammunition, if they ran short, grub if they were hungry, and moisture when they were dry.

What could Mapes do when the ducks and minks, the geese and muskrats, the duckhunters, even St. Peter's marsh itself, had vanished? Vanish, also!

No more does the night wind sigh through the rushes of St. Peter's marsh. No more do the moonbeams bloom on the domed residences of the muskrats. The long blades of the tall corn whisper eloquently to each other of the harvest. A new order of things possesses St. Peter's marsh. The old order is gone, and we shall see it and Tyler Mapes no more, forever.

Farewell to you, O, Tyler Mapes!
So changed are ancient forms and shapes,
So new and strange, that I declare,
I half believe you've cut your hair!

WOLVES.

Wonderful as it is, wolves yet manage to live and rear their young in Henry county. Every year the local papers tell of wolves being shot or captured. Nests of young wolves are sometimes found. The county pays a bounty for their scalps, five dollars for old wolves, three dollars each for whelps. They are certain to become extinct within a few years. The Tampico Tornado newspaper claims the championship of Henry, Bureau and Whiteside counties for a wolf hunter named I. S. Hayes, living between Tampico and Hooppole. Hayes recently slew an old wolf and seven young ones, which makes a total of one hundred and sixty-four wolves which he has slain in the past twenty years. Catamounts and wildcats are gone, long ago.

MENDING OUR WAYS.

Major C. S. Richie, chief of engineers in charge of the canal, has set forth his idea of how this waterway may be made of use to mankind. As this is one of the few things which I am earnestly endeavoring to find out, I will quote the major in full: "As a highway for the conveyance of material for the improvement of the middle state roads, which are for the most part in wretched condition, the canal is unsurpassed. If this improvement of the roads by the utilization of the canal were taken up by the farmers, the roads up and down the canal on either side for a radius of many miles could be brought to a desired modern and improved standard."

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NUGGETS.

Bees are neglected in Henry county. They are the only kind of productive live stock that has free pasture range. Nat Resser used to make a specialty of bees and honey. Nat has gone where all is sweetness, I hope. Adolph Ott of Geneseo has taken an interest in bees. So has John Boda. But bee keepers are few and commercially, the apiary is not important.

Neither does wine-growing flourish. Grapes grow wondrously on our soil. I know personally of people with long graperies, who suffer because they can't even give their grapes away. They go forth and see the grapes falling to the ground, and feel that it's wrong.

Alfalfa has been tried on our soil. It does not find favor with the farmers. Few raise it.

Roads are better. Twenty years ago, it required a week for the roads to get good, after a soaking rain. Drainage, and the increased use of the King road drag, makes roads good in a few hours.

Farmers earnestly endeavor to improve their stock. The Agricultural College at the University of Illinois is making itself felt among the farming classes.

Orchards and small fruits are, on the whole, neglected. It is corn and hogs, first, last and all the time.

A feature of farm life in Henry county is the auction. Year after year the auctions flourish, and the end thereof cometh not. There's always a free lunch at noon, and it's nearly as good as a wolf roundup, a husking bee or a "raisin';" but it doesn't come up to a revival.

When I was a little lad, every farmer set out osage hedge. Now they rip them up, root and branch.

Farmers have their buildings painted, lawns shaven with the lawn mower, telephones installed, free delivery of mail, and now they are getting automobiles.

Land has doubled in value in twenty years. It will double again in twenty more.

The climate is changing. When I was a little lad, the sled and the sleigh were the regular winter vehicles. We always figured on hauling our summer wood with the sled. The hired men on our farm vied with each other as to which could make the better "pung," or sleigh. Dad always let them have horses when they wanted them. Now, year after year goes by without snow. It isn't worth the room and bother to keep a sleigh. When snow does come, its no good after two days.

Rural neighborhoods have literary and musical parties. Farmers can hardly get hired hands any more. Wages are much higher than formerly and men want a horse and buggy, the farmer to feed the horse. The men want March included in full pay. Formerly it was half pay. Hired girls are almost an extinct race. Two dollars per week, the old standard wage, is a reminiscence. Three, four, and even five dollars is paid to competent girls.

Farmers publish proclamations against hunters. Many of the farmers hoist signs, ordering hunters to keep off.

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ABOUT WATER.

It is a well known scientific fact that water and organic matter can not be obliterated. It may change form, but it remains.

Several old settlers have given me to understand that there was at least a third more water fifty and sixty years ago. They cite Lake Chapin in ward one, Geneseo, a considerable body of water which has entirely vanished. They tell of catching bullheads with hook and line right in the midst of Turner's lumber yard.

It all comes of the changed surface. There is just as much moisture now; but it is absorbed by the plowed ground. In the old days, the prairie sod made a roof for the world, from which the rain ran clear and swift into the streams.

A PICTURE.

Before me is a picture some one has sent. A group of women and children are huddled on the shore of a slough, while the men and teams are doubling up and getting the wagons over, one at a time. It is a scene enacted every day in the '30s and '40s. There is not a house, a tent or a tree anywhere. Just the grass and sky. We do not appreciate what is ours. In 1835 there wasn't a rod of railroad in Illinois. Now we can go from any point in the state, to any point in or out of the state, swiftly, safely. We can sit at a luxurious table and eat on the train; we can undress and enjoy a refreshing sleep in a good bed. We have even a barber shop and library on some of the transcontinental trains. The country is being cobwebbed with electric roads. Henry county is slower than some of her neighbors in this respect.

Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!—Saxe.

PACKET COMPANY.

The Sterling, Dixon and Rock Falls Packet Company is the nautical nomenclature of an organization effected in 1908, with fifty thousand dollars capital. The first venture of the company was to build a barge at Rock Falls. This vessel is one hundred feet long by twenty-four feet wide, with a capacity of two hundred tons of grain. It must fit pretty close in the locks.

It was designed that this barge and others that were to follow, would carry grain to Peoria, and fetch back coal. Sites were selected for twenty-two elevators on the canal, feeder and river.

The company purchased various small steamers, among others the Beder and a barge. The Beder measures fourteen by sixty feet, and can carry eighty tons of coal. Floating elevators were devised. These could be towed around to localities requiring them.

The board of directors are: N. E. Shontz, John N. Harpham, John M. Stager, B. Frank Downing, O. E. Maxson.

A craft belonging to this Packet Company once visited, or passed through the Hennepin canal north of Geneseo. It had a whistle exactly similar to the

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ORION DEPOT



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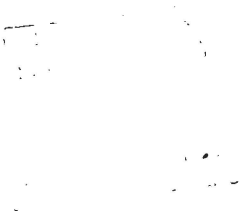

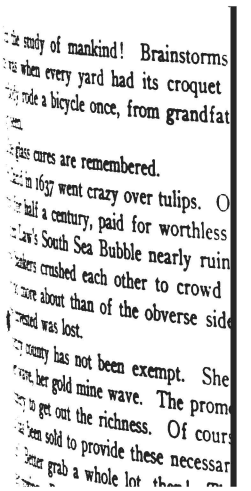

the study of mankind! Brainstorms
was when every yard had its croquet
rode a bicycle once, from grandfat
een.

glass cures are remembered.
in 1637 went crazy over tulips. O
half a century, paid for worthless
Law's South Sea Bubble nearly ruin
bakers crushed each other to crowd
more about than of the obverse side
invested was lost.

country has not been exempt. She
wave, her gold mine wave. The prom
to get out the richness. Of cours
been sold to provide these necessar
Better grab a whole lot, then!

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fire alarm whistle in Geneseo. The steamboat wound her mellow horn at about two o'clock in the morning. In seventeen seconds the dark and deserted streets of Geneseo were streaked with flitting forms, buttoning their clothes with one hand and reaching for the fire machines with the other. Geneseo has a fire department to be proud of. Its motto is "Always Ready." Inquiry revealed that the alarm had not been blown. The boys joked each other, laughed it off and went back to bed. May the Packet Company realize all its fervent visions.

WAVES.

Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.

—Pope.

Pope says well, that we study mankind. But I doubt the presumption in the contemplation of God. It is not presumption of an offensive nature to study and attempt to understand the will of God. And, when understood, to do His will!

But the study of mankind! Brainstorms run in waves over the surface. Time was when every yard had its croquet set. Now a set is hard to find. Everybody rode a bicycle once, from grandfather to grandchild. Now they are rarely seen.

Blue glass cures are remembered.

Holland in 1637 went crazy over tulips. Old Dutch Burghers who had saved money for half a century, paid for worthless tulip bulbs their weight in gold.

John Law's South Sea Bubble nearly ruined England in 1720. Old conservative bankers crushed each other to crowd in and buy stock in a thing they knew no more about than of the obverse side of the moon. Every pound and pence invested was lost.

Henry county has not been exempt. She has had her Texas oil wave, her copper wave, her gold mine wave. The promoters must have means to purchase machinery to get out the richness. Of course. That's logical. When enough stock has been sold to provide these necessaries, not a stock more will be sold. What? Better grab a whole lot, then! Then the reports come in, after prolonged urging. Boiler bursted; boat sank; machinery failed to arrive; epidemic among men; three thousand down with doctoritis; mule exploded in mine. Reports grow more seldom. Takes five letters to fetch one report; used to take two. Reports cease. Palace in Europe and trip round the world all off. So it goes. What the wild waves are saying is a delusion and a snare.

DOUBLE TRACKS.

In the early '70s a new idea entered the heads of the great railway men of the time. Up to then, nobody had dreamed of making more than one track for a railroad. The movement of trains was governed by telegraph, and pretty frequently something would miscue, and two trains would try to pass upon the same track, an experiment always attended by disaster. The new idea was to construct double tracks—one track to run one way on, the other to run the other

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way on. This, it was believed, would obviate collisions. It could hardly happen that one train would overtake another on the same track, and telescope it.

Though the cost was enormous, it was figured that increased facilities for handling traffic and freedom from paying for collisions would justify the expense. So the big main lines of the Rock Island and Burlington in Henry county were made double tracked.

Back east, some of the big roads have expanded the idea into four and even eight tracks. Then they have introduced the semaphore into Henry county. The first one I ever saw was at Colona. I took it for a gopher trap. They have the block system in our county, and a bell rings a warning that the train is coming. We have all the improvements. Other counties, other towns, may have brown depots at all their stations. Geneseo has not only a brown depot, but also a Brown agent, who just does things up brown.

ANCIENTS.

Davis, the historian of Whiteside county, found a man in the nineties who attributed his long life to the fact that he always took an hour's rest at noon, no matter what was the rush. This is a new one.

ROCKY NAVIGATION.

Before the dams at Milan and Cleveland were made, and when the sodded surface made water plentier, there was considerable navigation on Rock River. The "Gypsy" steamboat from St. Louis made regular trips, selling groceries. The firm sold on credit to good men. The "Potosi," the "St. Louis Oak," the "Lighter," all ran in 1838. These were all sidewheelers but the "Lighter," which was a sternwheeler, then contemptuously called "wet-backs," by the sidewheeler men. Farmers shipped wheat to St. Louis, receiving forty-five cents per bushel. Lucius E. Rice told Mr. Davis of the Whiteside history that his father sent wheat to St. Louis, paying four cents per bushel transportation, and receiving twenty-seven cents per bushel. The Mormons of Nauvoo sent the steamer "Maid of Iowa" to Dixon after Joe Smith. It was pretty rocky boating on Rock River, and it was sometimes hard to "make the riffle." When a cow came down to the shore and drank, the boat had to stop till the moisture swelled again, so a veteran captain reports. It is known that Captain Wheeler and Major Riche have been engaged by the government to survey Rock River, in view of dredging the channel and making it a part of a rejuvenated system of internal waterways. Wheeler and Riche were to the fore in building the Hennepin canal. It is proposed that the great deep waterway down the Illinois shall be a central artery for many veins of internal navigation of which Rock River and the Hennepin canal will be important factors. The deep waterway will make Chicago a seaport. This will increase prices of farm products, and greatly enhance the value of our soil.

WHY HENRY?

Perhaps that before this volume goes to press, the process of naming the county may be ascertained. Old timers, whose memories are populated with

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Indians, wolves, deer and wildcats, with an occasional bear, do not dig up the slightest recollection of why the county was called Henry, or who began to call it Henry. There was a family of Henrys in Cornwall township in the early day. Miss Emma Henry of this family taught school in Atkinson. I doubt if this family was on the soil soon enough to leave their patronymic on the prairies forever. Yet, what matters it? I'm not quite sure why I was named Henry myself.

PUNISHMENTS.

Dreadful tales are told of the punishments for horsestealing and other crimes among the old settlers of neighboring counties; but there is nothing of the kind on record in Henry county. Dr. Samuel Willard, whoever he may be, published a book called "Personal Reminiscences," in which he describes a public whipping given a culprit in the public square of Carrollton, Illinois, in 1832. The man had stolen a horse. The penalty was to restore double the amount of the thing purloined, pay a fine of a similar amount, or be publicly whipped, not exceeding thirty-nine stripes. The man was stripped to the hips, his hands tied, and he was bound to a post. The sheriff took the rawhide and began his task. At fifteen strokes, somebody gave the poor wretch a tumbler of whiskey. A red stripe showed on the skin after every stroke. Dr. Willard does not say that the man fainted; but that at the end "the man's shirt was replaced, and he was led back to jail." If that whipping stood in lieu of restoration of property and fines, the man should have been set free, instead of being led back to jail.

ROCKS FROM ALONG ROCK RIVER.

The first regularly traveled highway in Henry county was the old stage route from Rock Island to Dixon. Brandenburg's Tavern at Dayton was on the route. Road was laid out in 1837.

David B. Seely found a mastodon's tusk at Portland in 1846. It weighed thirty-two pounds and was found in a gravel deposit twenty-seven feet down. It went to Barnum's Museum, New York.

Fever and ague prevailed in the hot summer of 1839. A philanthropist named Cobb fitted out a large boat, and ran it up and down Rock River supplying the settlers with medicines, and some with food.

You may talk of pompous colonels
And of kernels great and small;
But a Cobb is here who beats 'em,
Without a kernel at all.

A good crop of winter wheat was raised in 1841. The Chicago price was one dollar a bushel. Many loads of wheat went to Chicago. Horse teams made the round trip in eight days; oxen two weeks.

On December 4, 1854, trains ran on the Galena and Chicago Union Railway as far as Dixon. Sterling people wishing to ride on the cars had to hoof it to Dixon. There was great rivalry between the two resorts on the rolling Rock

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River. Dixon folks with the outward semblance of humanity but with dark and devilish interiors, would sit on the fence and grin at the Sterlingese as they trudged wearily toward the Daypoo to see the cars.

There's a tale of old which sets forth that a woodchopper shot and killed a wild goose with an axe handle, near Stanbro's farm on Rock River. William Harbaugh of Geneseo told the tale to me a good while ago. As nearly as I can recall it, the man was working near the river. He heard the whistling sound of nearby wings. Looking up, he saw a flock of wild geese close upon him, with wings drooped to drop into the water. Instinctively he raised his axe, leveled it like a gun, and shouted "bang!" One goose dropped dead. It had either been wounded before, or broke its neck in the treetops in the frantic skurry for the upper regions.

WRITERS.

Jane Addams of the famous Hull House, Chicago, is rather more of a philanthropist than writer. Yet she is a noted writer and speaker upon the themes which appeal to her sympathies. These are the betterment of the condition of the poor in the great cities. Jane Addams is a sister of Mrs. Rev. J. M. Linn, formerly of Geneseo.

J. Weber Linn is a nephew of Miss Addams. His home was in this old house, in which I write, and which was built by David Perry three-quarters of a century ago. Linn is a novelist of note. He is also a teacher in the Northwestern university.

Hannah M. Bryan was a Cambridge writer. She wrote poetry beautifully. Her poems were gathered and printed in book form.

Kate English of Atkinson was a promising writer in her youth. She wrote melodious poetry.

Joseph M. Hunt, of Fairview district, between Annawan and Kewanee, was a witty writer. He started the Star in Kewanee, which was merged with the Courier. He has passed away.

Fielding Ball was the name chosen as a nom de plume by a Geneseo girl writer of promise. She had but just started, when death claimed her. She died in Nevada.

Mary B. Sleight of Geneseo wrote "Prairie Days," and other books.

Luenna Bunnell of Geneseo wrote "Lady May," and other popular stories.

THE START.

Warren Dunham Foster.

(Warren Dunham Foster was born in Geneseo. He has been a professor in a college at Ames, Iowa. At present he is in Boston, and he signs himself "Managing Editor of the Youth's Companion.")

The caravan of empty coal wagons was about to start on its second journey through the neck of Little Hell and down into the wretched horror of Goose island. As the cub reporter, so very young in years and experience, stood

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leaning against the wheel of the waiting police ambulance, he tried to talk lightly to the lieutenant in charge of the guard, but he could think of nothing but the mangled bodies which had been brought back from the previous attempt to penetrate the fastnesses of the island. Fear that when at the caravan the storm of missiles would loose itself he would show terror, dread lest at the first rush of the denizens of the flats he would quit his post, held the mind of the boy. He tried to whistle just as if he were not a participant in this brutal industrial war, but his breath seemed to lose itself in some unaccountable manner away off in the back of his head. He attempted to laugh at the story the officer was telling, but the trial ended in a nervous fluttering gulp. Instead of the burly forms of the blue coated guard and the craven blacks who were to man the wagons, the boy seemed to see the gray robed nurses and the quietly gliding internes of Augustana; in place of the metallic rattle of the machinery of the power house, the young reporter could hear but the thud of stone against body, the curses of the negroes, the execrations of the mob, and the spit of the revolvers. Then the possibility of his being separated from the caravan and left alone to bear the brunt of the mob's lust for violence thrust itself before his imagination; it seemed as if the weight in his chest and the giddiness in his head increased. Suddenly the thread of his grewsome fancy was broken, the guard fell into place, the wagons jolted to a start, and the cavalcade was off. The boy ran jauntily to the head of the caravan with a smile on his face and the song of the "brigade" on his lips—for he was afraid and he was afraid because he was afraid.

Randall Parrish is a native of Kewanee. He is the author of twelve published books. "When Wilderness was King" is generally accepted as his best work. It contains a description of a storm over Lake Michigan which is vivid as the lightning it portrays.

CLOSING PARAGRAPH OF CHAPTER XXII, MY LADY OF THE NORTH.

I saw the old Colonel plunge head-down into the ruck beneath the horses' feet; the Major riding stone dead in his saddle, a ghastly red stain in the center of his forehead; then Hunter, of "E," went down screaming, and I knew I was the senior captain left. About me scarce a hundred men battled like demons for their lives in the midst of the guns. Even as I glanced aside at them, shielding my head with uplifted sabre from the blows rained upon me, the color-sergeant flung up his hand, and grasped his saddle pommel to keep from falling. Out of his opening fingers I snatched the splintered staff, lifted it high up, until the rent folds of the old flag caught the dull glow of the sunlight.

"—th Virginia," I shouted. "Rally on the colors."

I could see them coming—all that was left of them—fighting their way through the press, cleaving the mass with their blows as the prow of a ship

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Then the vast mass closed in upon us. There was a flash, a vision of frenzied faces, and I knew no more.

George V. Wells was born in Missouri. His boyhood was passed in Henry county, Illinois. He is now a stock buyer at the Union stock yards, Chicago. I was first attracted to him by his boyish sketches in a local paper, entitled "Waiting for the Train." They abounded in humor and pathos.

THE DISINHERITED.

By George V. Wells.

A man-child came to earth one night. His weakness appealed to us and we took him in. The night was dark and cold, and the rain beat against the windows, and to turn him out was certain death.

He was a helpless babe. He made but little noise, and after looking around to get one glimpse of the great earth which had received him, he turned to the natural fount that waits or should wait for all new-comers to this temporal habitation of man and went to sleep.

He was a wise man-child, and when he awoke they saw that his eyes were as blue and as deep as the sky and that they seemed to see things far beyond the ken of older men.

But he uttered not a word. He slept and woke again, and then they saw that his eyes were brighter than before and that they shone like stars. He seemed to question those around him, and although they did not then understand, later when their grief was great they knew that he meant to say: "God sent me here. I did not come because I wanted to. God said there was a place here on earth for all little children and all His big ones too, and that there was a great storehouse full of everything that they could need for their comfort while they were here. Where is the place that God meant that I should have?" They did not answer him, for they knew not, and understood not the question his star-blue eyes were asking.

But he was a wise man-child and afterward they knew and understood that he read the answer to his question in the eyes of the grave and silent man to whose house he had come.

"It is true that you did not come because you wished to come. It is true that there is a place here upon this great earth for all little children and for all the big ones too. But all the places are owned by some one that arrived before you, and you will have to bargain with one of the forerunners before you can have what God designed you should have. You will have to work, and work, to pay the forerunner for the privilege of staying with us. But do not be discouraged little one! We will take care of you and cherish you till you are able to work for yourself and pay the man that owns the place that was designed for you. We will work for you, and if we are strong enough and wise enough [illegible] careless enough of the rights of others we may be able

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But the man-child would not sleep. He looked at them again and again with his star-like eyes, and this is what they knew later that he meant to say:

"Why should I stay here to thwart the will of the Father? If I stay I have either to become one of the robbers, or one of the robbed. I will not stay. I will go back to the Father and tell Him that His will is not being done here upon earth. I will tell Him that the bounties He placed here for the use of all his children have been grasped by the few, so that poverty and crime and starvation are prevalent. And I will ask Him to arouse the consciences and soften the hearts and enlighten the minds of all His children here upon earth so that they will be forced to do the will of Him who made them." And the blue eyes closed upon the light of earth, and in the darkness of the night the soul of the man-child went back to Him who sent it. A mound of earth now covers the little form of the blue-eyed man-child and the grief we felt has lost its bitterness.

The memory of the message he brought will never pass, and the fruits of it may ripen in years that are distant and hazy in the womb of time. THE FATHER WILLS IT.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Blessed Jesus, thy dear name
Shall be on every mortal tongue,
Through all the earth thy righteous fame
Forever shall be said or sung.

When suns and systems pass away
And sin and death no more be known,
Oh, then shall rise that glorious day
When Thou, supreme, shalt reign alone.

Let praises in each bosom swell,
And on our lips a living flame
Thy wondrous love and mercy tell
And every knee bow to thy name.

Fear not the power of death and hell
When that dear name thou with thee take,
It is thy God with thee doth dwell,
He will not leave thee nor forsake.

MRS. J. M. GUILLIAMS,
Bowling Green, Kentucky,
November 2, 1909.

Fannie Cavins Guilliams was reared in the Loomis family, in Munson township. Her husband has a chair in the State Normal school of Kentucky. Mrs. Guilliams early developed fine poetical talents.

Mrs. Helen M. Holmes was born in Ware, Massachusetts, March 16, 1835. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Snow, and grand-daughter of

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Alice Alden Snow, a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden. With her parents she moved to Geneseo, Illinois, in 1840, and here she grew to womanhood, receiving her education in the Geneseo Seminary. In 1854 she was married to Patterson Holmes, a native of Ridgefield, Connecticut. Of five children born to them, two survive.

Mrs. Holmes passed away at her home in Chicago, on April 17, 1901, and she was laid to rest in beautiful "Oakwood," Geneseo.

In girlhood she joined the Congregational church, and her faith in Christ and the immortal life, was firm to the end.

Mrs. Holmes had marked literary taste, and was a writer of many sweet poems, some of which were collected into a volume and published under the title "Leaflets from Native Woods." They reveal her sympathetic heart and recall many experiences of bygone days. The following poem, used as an introduction in the volume referred to, is characteristic:

Mrs. Holmes' first teacher, Mrs. Bascom, lives at Ottawa, Illinois, in her nineties.

INVOCATION.

Come! gentle Muse, whose potent spell,
O'er field and prairie, wood and dell,
Hung from my early childhood days
My own New England's dreamy haze;
Like her blue summits, which appear
To mount and blend in upper sphere;
Thy fantasies in wayside walks—
Suggestions thine in simple talks
Lifted many a hillock low
To simulate the mountain's brow,
And bent the glory of the sky
Through rainbow-tinted ministry;
I cull thy flowers along the path,
Some starry blooms the valley hath—
More, heavy with the dew of tears
Droop like Spring's early harbingers;
Come, twine them with a subtle grace,
Give each its fitting form and place,
Among the modest borders let
Some fragrant immortelle be set,
That through the fading symbol yet,
Heart may to heart perpetuate
The living sympathy which claims
Infinite kinship—heavenly aims—
And love, which tips each cloudy night
With the gilt edge of perfect light.

I add the following dainty verses:

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STATE STREET, GENESEO



GENESEO'S ACCEPTANCE OF ENSIGN FOUNTAIN, A GIFT, 1909

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HISTORY OF HENRY

IF AND IF.

If I were a sunbeam, that
I would fly to earth on ra
I would visit sorrowing h
With glimpses of comfort
The spacious heavens I'd
If I were a sunbeam spar

If I were a shadow, I'd s
O'er misery beyond my p
I'd hide like a curtain for

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IF AND IF.

If I were a sunbeam, that fairy thing,
I would fly to earth on radiant wing;
I would visit sorrowing hearts below
With glimpses of comfort and gladness, too;
The spacious heavens I'd help to light
If I were a sunbeam sparkling and bright.

If I were a shadow, I'd softly steal
O'er misery beyond my power to heal;
I'd hide like a curtain forever true
Pitiful pictures from careless view;
I'd soothe the wretched to merciful sleep
If I were a shadow quiet and deep.

If I were a smile, a genial smile,
Lowering brows I would surely beguile:
I would twinkle in faces young and fair,
Illumine eyes sadly faded by care,
No welcome ill-humor should find the while
If I were a smile, a genial smile.

If I were a tear, a hallowed tear,
The burdened heart I would lift and cheer
By the sure relief of humanity,
The tender commingling sympathy,
No heart should grieve in loneliness drear
If I were a tear, a hallowed tear.

If I were a thought, a magnetic thought,
I'd thrill the world till philanthropy caught
An impulse to lift the weak of the land,
By the earnest word and helping hand,
And into all lives a grand purpose wrought
Should arise and shine from magnetic thought.

Rollin J. Wells, son of Luke and Harriet R. Wells, was born at Moline, Rock Island county, Illinois, on June 24, 1848. He attended the public schools in Geneseo, Illinois, later going to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to the high school and university. On December 20, 1870, he was married to Susan L. Little, daughter of Daniel and Mary J. Little, of Geneseo. He studied law in the office of Judge Waite, and in 1878 moved to Sioux Falls, Minnehaha county, South Dakota, and opened an office for the practice of law. A man of sterling character highest moral integrity, more than ordinary intelligence and ability, loyal always to the truth, he is one of Sioux Fall's most respected and honored citizens, and was for twenty-five years a leading member of the bar of the state of South Dakota.

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During the years when he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession writing was his pastime, and many beautiful poems and dramas are the fruit of his moments of leisure. Of his drama, "Hagar," published in 1903, is perhaps the best and most widely known. One of his shorter poems follows this sketch. Of his five children, but one, the son Robert L. Wells, lives in Illinois, being an electrical engineer in the city of Chicago.

GROWING OLD.

A little more tired at close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way,
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold,
A little more zest in the days of old;
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind;
And so we are faring adown the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little less zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence, at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen;
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long loved and dead;
And so we are going where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years;
The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead:
Thrice happy, if then some soul can say,
"I live because he has passed my way."

—Rollin J. Wells.

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YE WOODPECKER.

From Kiner's Kalamities.

A woodpecker sat on a knotty limb;
His head was red and his temper grim,
For the world was out of whack with him.
He had hammered the stumps till his head did swim.
He had looked for worms till his eyes were dim;
He had punched each tree, and knot and limb,
And never a bug was there for him.
Not a song sang he, not a woodland hymn,
For how can a bird with hunger slim,
And gaunt starvation, grewsome, grim,
Staring into the eyes of him,
Warble with notes like the cherubim,
Or sing like the saints of the seraphim?
Ah no! he whizzed in a whirling whim
Straight to the stream and drownded him!
His last thoughts were, "O birdie trim,
Why did you vote for that hawk so prim,
Who got to work on each woodland limb,
And placed a trust on the bugs of thim?
He's filled me full to the very brim
With a great big cipher without a rim."
The woodpecker wilted, all out of breath,
And the fish that ate him starved to death.

Henry L. Kiner has been a writer all his life. He edited The Geneseo News twenty-eight years. From all his writings, he selects to represent him here a little poem called "Requiem." It was published in the Geneseo Republic as part of the obituary of Mrs. W. B. Millard. Mrs. Millard was a sweet-souled woman, the wife of a Congregational clergyman, a close neighbor of the writer. The poem was afterward published in the National Magazine, of Boston, Massachusetts.

REQUIEM.

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep;
  Let her rest;
With her lily-white hands on her breast,
  In her slumber so sacred and deep.

Let the dead and beautiful sleep,
  Ah, thank God
That her flesh will no more feel the rod,
  That no sickle her roses may reap.

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Let the dead and beautiful sleep,
And the while
Mourn not that her eyes do not smile.
Rejoice! They will nevermore weep!

Let the dead and beautiful sleep,
Pale, pallid, cold,
Till the sun and the stars have grown old,
And darkness has drunk up the deep!

Miss Emma M. Chapin, librarian of the Geneseo Township Library since its organization, a generation ago, is a facile writer. She is especially happy in poems of occasion, lyrics and ballads for banquets and other public occasions. When something of this kind is required, Miss Chapin is always called upon, and her good nature usually impels her to respond. Follows sample verses from her poem "Beautiful Snow," a clever burlesque, and after that some verses in another vein:

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Beautiful snow, beautiful snow,
Blocking my way wherever I go,
Like powdered sugar or sand it flies,
Saucily blowing into my eyes.
Sifting through tippet, leggings and veil,
Little do wraps in these storms avail;
Though I bundle up like an Eskimo,
It sends the tingles to finger and toe,
Floundering along in the dark as I go.
Oh, how I hate the "Beautiful Snow."
Beautiful snow; how I love to go
Digging its drifts with shovel and hoe,
To burrow my way, like an ancient mole,
To henhouse and clothesline, and shed for coal.
Working till every muscle is sore,
And the skin perspires at every pore,
But I persevere and win the fight,
The enemy closes the breach in the night,
And fastens me up in my castle. "Oho!"
He laughs me to scorn, this "Beautiful Snow."

Beautiful snow—pitiless foe,
Madly carousing while blinding winds blow.
Filling the cuts on the railroad track,
Sliding in mass down the mountain's back,
Burying village and blockading train,
Hiding the track on the treeless plain,

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Bewildering the traveller, his home most in sight,
Mocking his efforts with fiendish delight,
'Till he sinks in despair. Alas! do you know
What it is to be lost in the "Beautiful Snow?"

Beautiful snow. Oh! when will spring come,
And banish this imp to his polar home?
Mid icebergs and bears he deserves to stay.
For no human power can withstand his sway.
I long to see rise again dear Mother Earth
From her wintry shroud to an Easter birth,
To feel her warm pulse beating under our feet,
And bid adieu to the snow and the sleet.
I hate it the harder the older I grow,
So don't talk to *me* of the "Beautiful Snow."

For Mrs. M. J. M.:

Hush! lightly tread,
Grandfather sleeps—
His gray head bowed upon his breast,
His weary, tottering limbs at rest,
His pale hands folded as so oft in prayer,
Bright angels, keep him in thy tender care,
Grandfather sleeps.

See! he smiles,
Grandfather dreams—
Perhaps he is a boy once more,
In that old home so loved of yore,
Perhaps his manhood's dearer home he sees,
With wife and children gathered at his knees,
Grandfather dreams.

Hush! softly weep,
Grandfather sleeps—
He'll wake on earth no more,
His bark is anchored on that happy shore
Where no storms come.
Those hands, so ready to relieve distress,
Are folded peacefully upon his breast;
Those tired feet that walked the narrow way,
Shall ache no more, or totter day by day.
Grandfather sleeps.

See! he smiles,
Grandfather dreams—
Perchance heaven's light has burst on those dim eyes,
Those deaf ears hear the heavenly harmonies,

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He's home at last.
Perhaps he's found the loved ones gone before,
He said they waited on the other shore.
How long his love and hope and patient faith
Kept his heart warm, and made him welcome death.
He's home at last.

George Fitch is among the brightest wits and humorists developed by country journalism in Illinois. He first attracted notice by his "Sideswipes," in the Galva News, a paper owned by his father, who is Henry county's present clerk. After graduating from the Galva News office, George flourished for a time on an Omaha paper. At this writing (November, 1909), he is attached to a Peoria daily paper. George's humor is clean, with a certain wholesome breeziness, like coming in out of a fresh wind. I wrote George a request for a sample of his paragraphs; but modesty, or something else, intervenes, and he does not respond. His talents will yet be known of the world. "No pentup Utica may contract his powers." He is at present bestowing upon Peoria what was meant for mankind.

P. S. Just as the manuscript was about to be forwarded to the publishers, a poem came from George. It is a take-off on English spelling and pronounciation:

"UGH."

Long years ago there lived a Sioux
With warrior heart both brave and true.
The trackless woods he wandered through
About the waters of the Sault
And every hill and dale he knew.

An Indian maiden wandered tioux
Beside the deep and placid Sue.
Her face was fair; her blood was blough.
She was a princess and she knault
Her station as princesses dew.

But as one day she swiftly flioux
Across a hill where daisies grue,
Fair as the roses where they blough,
She met the brave and noble Sault
A-running down a hostile clew.

She blushed and said "How do you dioux.

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"Be mine!" he cried and I'll be trioux.
In scorn she said: "You lobster yue!
You've got your nerve with you to wough
A chieftain's daughter as you dault.
Your rashness you shall surely rew."

In rage the Sioux revengeful grioux.
"Ah well," he said, "When I skiddue
You'll come with me, you haughty shrough.
Then up he grabbed her and he flault
O'er hill and dale and valley tue.

Long years have passed and yet, anioux,
Each waning moon the autumn thrue,
The gentle maiden and the Siough
As spirit lovers bill and cault.
Their ghostly love is firm and trew.

—George Fitch.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

Comrades of the "lean and slippered pantaloon," as Shakespeare says, yet get together betimes, and tell of the county seat fight in Henry county. Cambridge took the pennant; but Geneseo and Sugar Tree Grove, the latter being located on section 7, 15-3, strained every nerve. Morristown had had the seat but a short time. She had squared herself, that is, she had laid herself out a mile square. In the middle was a public square four hundred and forty feet deep. Lots were forty-five feet front, and one hundred and thirty-five to two hundred and forty feet deep.

Yet, with all these advantages, people were not satisfied. They sneered at Morristown. Everybody at Morristown resented this, except Colonel Crocker. He had entered Crocker's Grove, afterwards known as Brown's Grove, and had fondly fancied that he was destined to have a wide free range for his herds. But now, this Morristown was swelling and aggrandizing, and distending herself wide and far. Pretty soon great skyscrapers would be rearing their many-windowed heads high above the skyline of Crocker's Grove. Then what would become of his free pasture range? All cut up into town lots! Nice way to cut up. Crocker was cross. But the pin was thrust into the balloon, and it went squash. People wouldn't have the county seat at Morristown. The people always did make trouble and commotion in a new country. Cambridge, Sugar Tree Grove and Geneseo began to pull for the county seat. Colonel Crocker bought a new bell for the So-Bossy, and took heart. Cambridge was grafted onto Sugar Tree Grove.

The people wanted to locate the county seat themselves. They wanted no more middlemen in the form of commissioners. Commissioners were prone to be "influenced." The people of Morristown themselves admitted that their town was not suitable for the county seat. Joshua Harper, he who donated one

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thousand dollars cash to secure the county seat for Morristown, was a candidate for the legislature in 1842. He pledged himself to locate the county seat, if elected, at any point chosen by the people, even if it was in the "midst of the Winnebago Swamps." He was elected, and lived up to his promise.

This saying of "Squire Harper's" took root, and the principle involved is rung upon many changes to this day, even as Mark Twain says there are but forty-three jokes in the world, and all are but changes rung upon these. But the other day I took my excuse for not getting an automobile down to a blacksmithshop to have her shod. Looming above the stooping blacksmith, I gave instructions as to how I wanted the shoe set, "high at the heel, low at the toe." I said "The trouble with you fellows is, you won't shoe my horse the way I want her shod."

"Mister," said the smith in the slow, measured tones of a man working by the day, "if you order these shoes set backwards, I'll do it! Say the word, and I'll set the heel where the toe ought to be."

There's the principle! If they want the courthouse in the Winnebago Swamps, there she goes! I've heard it in at least an hundred changes.

Much fine work and wire-pulling was committed; but Cambridge got the plum. The courthouse, built by Thomas W. Carey and George Brandenburg in fulfillment of contract dated June 28, 1841, this "commodious courthouse, eighteen by twenty-four feet, one and a half stories high," was hoisted upon wagons, and trundled to Cambridge. Some wag of the day said "Henry county has her county seat on wheels." Good for the wag! Good for the wag-on! The county seat arrived at Cambridge, and there it will probably remain.

The petition to make Cambridge the county seat was forwarded to Colonel Buford of Rock Island, then state senator. He at once introduced a bill to relocate the county seat of Henry county. It was passed by the senate, and went to the house, where Joshua Harper was the member from Henry. The bill passed the house, and became a law February 21, 1843. The bill provided that all courts be held at Morristown till suitable buildings be provided in Cambridge. The bill provided also for the reconveyance of all property deeded in Morristown.

At this time people were moving into Henry county by the scores. Although it was before the day of railroads, the faith of men in the future of the county was strong. The first railroad was the Rock Island. It was built through Henry county in 1854, fully a dozen years after this courthouse fight. Most of the emigrants were from the eastern states. It was difficult for these newcomers to comprehend why such scheming and wire-pulling and sharp practice should ensue over a county seat. But there was neither railroad or river in the county, upon which to found a distributing point for supplies, and to establish a market. Consequently, it appeared that the county seat was all that could be relied upon to induce the building of a city.

MUNSON'S OLDEST DWELLING.

Munson's oldest dwelling was a log cabin in the grove on the J. B. Terpening farm, nine miles southeast of Geneseo. This ancient home is referred to in the

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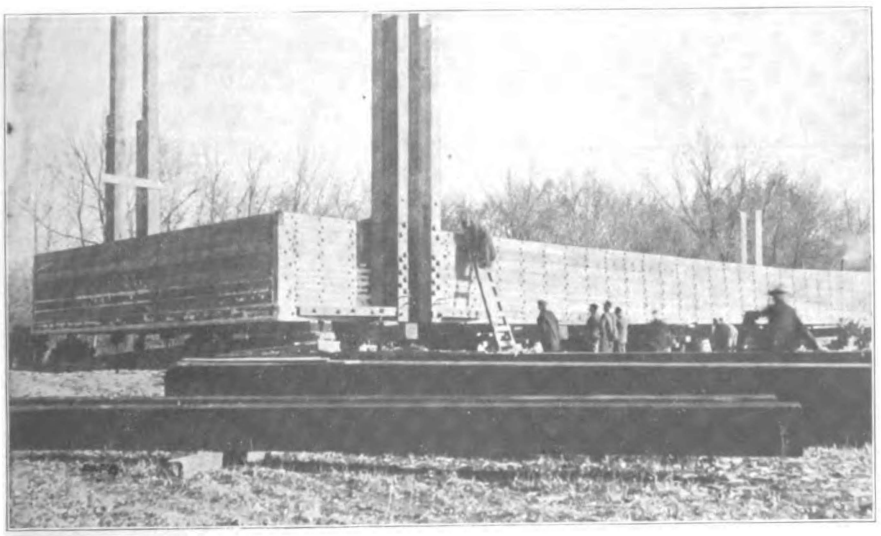

DREDGE NO. 7
Built at head of new Spring creek ditch

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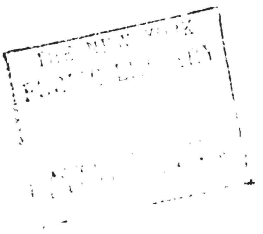

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CURIOUS CHASM

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Winnebago puffed his pipe of peace, ar
it occurred to Uncle Thomas McHe
Uncle Tommy," that a certain swal
thern edge of the Rock River forest, c
from its northern apex to the cliff t
extending to the big stream.
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was the most tremendous furrow ever
made the first plow which turned
, to be doubted if Uncle John Deer
turned a more tremendous furrow.
McHenry used on

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past tense, as it is gone. A corner of it collapsed several years ago, presenting such an unsightly appearance that the owner of the farm had the old structure pulled down, and removed. It is to be regretted that he did not reconstruct the antique bungalow. It would well be worth the small spot of earth it occupies, to retain in that prosperous township its first white man's home. It was noted with pleasure that this demolishing of ancient and interesting buildings has been stopped. Lovers of Dickens have "chipt in" to a fund with which "The Old Curiosity Shop" was purchased. Just in time it was, for all things were in readiness to pull down the building which the genius of Dickens had made famous the world around. It is said that half the travelers visiting London go to see the Old Curiosity Shop.

The locality where this ancient cabin stood, was a favorite camping-ground of Black Hawk and his band. In a conversation with Mr. Wm. R. Terpening a few days ago, he said that he has heard his father say that when John Frank opened the farm, the stakes to which Black Hawk's tepees were fastened, were yet in the ground. The shade and shelter of the grove, and the excellent spring of water, were strong attractions for the nomads of the prairies.

CURIOUS CHASM.

In the days primeval, when plover piped along the fallow lea, and the equally tufted Winnebago puffed his pipe of peace, and ate his boiled dog in the spirit of amity, it occurred to Uncle Thomas McHenry, affectionately known far and wide as "Uncle Tommy," that a certain swale on the farm he was opening on the southern edge of the Rock River forest, could easily be drained by plowing a furrow from its northern apex to the cliff that guarded the vast reach of bottom lands extending to the big stream.

In pursuit of this pardonable purpose, Uncle Tommy plowed the furrow, and it was the most tremendous furrow ever turned by mortal man since Uncle Jim Glenn made the first plow which turned the first furrow in Henry county. It is, indeed, to be doubted if Uncle John Deere down in Moline ever made a plow which turned a more tremendous furrow. I think Uncle Deere did make the plow Uncle McHenry used on this momentous occasion.

Few were the days after the virgin sod was cut to the cliff, when a big downpour of rain came in the night. It was a rain like that wanted by the agriculturally-inclined deacon in his prayer:

"O, Lord, send rain! Thou hast seen in the daily papers how dry it is. Thou hast seen in the local paper how things lie witherin, and wilt. Send rain! Not a sizzlin, sozzlin rain, but a rampin, roarin' rain, that the earth may be soaked up, and the fruits thereof." The gathered waters in that swale found something, and were rejoiced. They found that furrow. They plunged headlong down the furrow and over the cliff. In about four minutes the furrow was twice as wide. By morning it was like a creek. The astonished Mr. McHenry dammed the [illegible] stones and things. But another rampin', roarin' rain descended, and

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the furrow had been plowed across the public highway in front of the house. Bridge after bridge was built. Always the gorge would widen, leaving the bridge too short at the ends. A new bridge would soon meet with the same fate. Just recently another bridge has been set in. My idea would be to make a bridge on the plan of an extension dinner-table. When it gets too short for the company, add another leaf.

THE BIG SLOUGH.

The Big Slough is a peculiar feature of northern Henry county. It is a vast swale, a mile wide and nineteen miles long. It extends from near Portland on Rock River, opposite Geneseo. Major Allan claimed that it is the bed of an ancient river. He held that time was when the Mississippi River flowed down this broad conduit. The lands in and adjoining the Big Slough are very fertile. For this reason, a drainage district was formed by those holding lands along the waterway, and a big ditch was cut the entire distance. Ed. Everett, the Atkinson druggist-merchant, bid ten thousand dollars, and the work was awarded to him. This was nearly two decades ago. The ditch has filled up in places, and the farmers along the way are actively engaged in preparations to rehabilitate the big drain. As I prepare this volume for the press, I learn that the ditch has been completed, and much enlarged.

AGAIN THE COUNTY SEAT.

I hope the good readers of this history may never have such a job to find a seat, as Henry county had.

When it was finally fixed at Morristown, it was enacted that a general fund must be created, and a public house built with it. Also, that within a year each of the colonists must erect a dwelling upon his land.

This resulted in a public building that I shall not stop to brag about, and three little coops of houses. Morristown was staked out one mile square. In the middle was a public ground of four hundred and forty feet square. Town lots were forty-five feet wide, and from one hundred and fifty-five to two hundred and seventy feet deep.

As the subsequent struggles for the uneasy county seat are a matter of record, possessing no literary property or value, I will simply copy the records made that it may be known of men how it was finally disposed of:

When the settlement first commenced, the prospect seemed very fair for a rapid increase of population; this was anticipated by a Mr. Crocker, Crocker's Grove (sometimes called Brown's), as well as a large tract of prairie, all of which was near by the lands soon after entered by the New York Company and named Morristown.

COLONIES.

Henry county's initiative into civilization was expressed by a group of colonies. Geneseo was settled by a colony from Geneseo, Livingstone county, New

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York; Bishop Hill was established by a colony from Sweden; Morristown, Andover and Wethersfield were colonies.

Here is what we find concerning the Morristown colony:

In the winter of 1835-'6, a notice was inserted in several of the New York city daily papers, calling a meeting of persons interested in western colonization. This was held in Congress Hall, and at a subsequent meeting to further consider this matter, a colony was formed and organized under the name of the New York Colony. At these meetings some forty or fifty persons became members of the colony. Charles Oakley, Esq. (now deceased), once fund commissioner of the State of Illinois took a leading part in all these transactions. He had been prospecting out west, and gave a glowing description of the wonderful "prairie country." At the close of these meetings an agreement was drawn up and signed by the colonists, authorizing Charles Oakley and C. C. Wilcox (now of Chicago) as trustees to proceed to Illinois and locate about a township of land in such part of the state as they might think for the best interest of the members of the colony; the intention being to enter land somewhere near the Illinois River. But other parties having preceded them to the designed location, which was probably in Bureau county, near or upon the ground now occupied by the Providence colony, they proceeded into Henry county, and selected their land in townships 16 and 17—some thirty sections, nearly twenty thousand acres. Every individual of the colony bound himself to erect within two years a house or building to cost some specified sum, about two hundred dollars, on his land, and in case of neglect the land was to revert to the colonists, with, however, this unfortunate condition attached: That the colonists, through their trustees, had the privilege of taking the land from those parties failing to fulfill their part of the contract, and paying three dollars per acre for the same, or double the cost of their land. The result proved that four-fifths of the members preferred the hundred per cent. advance to the hardships of western life, the other parties unwilling or unable to fulfill their part. Oakley and Wilcox were to receive for their services twenty-five cents per acre for locating these lands, and for surveys and incidental expenses. When surveyed and the town laid out on some eligible spot near the center of the location, the lands and lots were to be put up at auction, and the colonists were to select their property—eight lots in town being distributed with each quarter section. The colonists were to bid for the preference or choice of lands and lots. At this distribution, which was in the summer or autumn of 1836 (the lands were entered in June of that year), only a few persons were present. The majority of the colonists acted through their agents. There was paid as "preference money," for the choice of these lands, some six thousand or seven thousand dollars, some paying as high as four hundred dollars for the choice of a quarter section. After the selection, the balance were distributed by the trustees at their discretion, each member getting the number of acres for which he had paid. This preference money was to be held as trust, and appropriated for the benefit of the colonists as follows: First, to have a colony house built, in which the colonists could live until their residences could be erected; this was to cost some three thousand dollars. Second, to build a mill and schoolhouse, or to be appropriated as the colonists might desire, or distributed among members.

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Few came that season. Messrs. Oakley and C. C. Williams remained but a short time. The colony lands were surveyed by Arba M. Seymour, the county surveyor. A log house was erected in Morristown, and a colony house contracted for, and afterwards built. This was a fine large building, two stories high, and well finished, the latter being done by R. R. Stewart, Esq., of Geneseo. This building was erected upon a lot owned by Charles Oakley, Esq. It was afterwards sold by Col. Oakley to Joel Wells, whose widow now occupies it. A mill was also built upon Green River upon land owned by Charles Oakley. In the fall of the year with small improvements were valued at fifteen to twenty-five dollars per acre. These prices were for lands in the vicinity of the timber, as prairie land was considered worthless by western men.

Joshua Harper, N. W. Washburne, Luke C. Sheldon, Charles W. Davenport, Jr., and ———— Tompkins were all of the original colonists that were here in 1836. In 1837, John Appleton and Charles W. Davenport, Sr., and family came, and with them the venerable father of Mrs. Davenport and Thomas Fitch, who died at Morristown a few years after at the advanced age of eighty years. These people, with a few others, comprising in all about ten families, scattered over some ten miles of prairie, which constituted the settlement for some twelve or fourteen years. After that time, a new exodus from the East again sent an army westward of good, substantial citizens—a considerable number of whom settled on Morristown prairie, and made it what it now is—one of the best settlements in Henry county.

LAWYERS OF ELD.

Henry county got along without a lawyer from 1835 to 1845. A decade of dream-like docility! Never a lawsuit, though courts were held regularly, and courthouses were built and burnt.

The earliest record is of a lawyer somewhere in the south county, who came, lingered, and left. Afterward he was heard of in California, practicing in the courts. He left no legal scent, trail or spoor in these regions. Even his name is unknown among the sons of men. So I will simply call him John Smith, and say Goodbye, John!

Came then Wm. H. and Samuel P. Brainard, brothers. They were brainy young Brainards. William H. didn't cut a very wide swath; but Samuel P. worked up to be county and circuit clerk. But the law and the clerkships didn't produce enough lucre to let Samuel live, so he appointed a deputy, and pulled out for the gold of California. But he never got much of it.

THE PRESS.

THE HENRY COUNTY GAZETTE.

"A drop of ink will make a million think."

—Lord Byron.

Newspaper men are not superstitious. In proof whereof, the very first newspaper ever issued in Henry county was dated Friday, February 13, 1853. Think

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historical work called "The Album." The Album doesn't mention where the Henry County Gazette was founded. Wherever that was, it soon foundered. J. W. Eystra was the chief tragedian. After the first curiosity over the sheet had subsided, all interest in the Gazette also subsided. In fact it was subsiding here and subsiding there; but very little subscribing. Eystra got out the paper just often enough to give validity to the few legal advertisements. Thus the Gazette staggered along, and finally quit before the first year was up. The "Album" says that "About this time Kewanee was commencing its big boom, and its want was an organ." The citizens of Kewanee looked over the traps and calamities assembled wherein the Henry County Gazette had had its birth, and concluded that an organ could be made thereof. They chipped in, purchased the outfit, took it to Kewanee, started the Henry County Dial, and installed one I. S. Hyatt as editor. He remained in Kewanee a few months, then came to Geneseo and started the Geneseo Republic and Henry County News. This long label was all for one paper. Elsewhere is told how this restless eccentric invented celluloid, and became rich. He spent his latter days among the bon ton of Paris. The Gazette reached Kewanee August 15, 1855.

VICISSITUDES

"Sam," I said to my brother when he returned from a prolonged prowl in the far west, "what's the most remarkable thing you saw out in the Golden Golconda?"

"A fellow arrested for kissing a justice of the peace," replied Sam.

"O, git out!" And then I remembered about women voting and holding office in certain regions.

"I'll take it back," said Sam, musingly. "the most wonderful thing I saw was a mountain printing office."

"Tell about it."

"I went in, and looked all round for a press. Not one in sight. 'What do you print with?' I asked the chap in charge.

"Just going to press. Wait and see," said the chap.

"He made up the forms on a stone. It was the back side of a tombstone. A boy inked the type with a roller, spread a damp sheet of paper upon it, then covered the paper with a heavy smooth oak plank, the lower side of which was spread with felt. Closer inspection proved that the felt was the worn-out hats of cowboys. The editor then took a quick step or two, and jumped squarely upon the middle of the plank. The boy then lifted the plank, and the sheet was found to be nicely-printed.

"But there was one difficulty," continued Sam, who never could let well enough alone, "in a time of great political excitement the editor would get so mad, or excited, that he'd stamp his opinions clean through the paper. His constituents

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mad they had to chloroform him, and even then a hobnail on his left boot split the press, and knocked the nose off the picture of Lydia Pinkham."

"Sam," my voice had a resentful rumble, "is this on the square?"

"Well, it may have been only part of Mrs. Pinkham's nose. But the editor had to quit."

"Why?"

"Climate so salubrious. Got too fat."

"Must be a great town for loungers and such."

"Thousands rushing in."

"Why didn't you buy some lots?"

"Bought two."

"Sell me one."

"I'd never sell either, were it not that I'm just now sorely pressed."

"Like that fellow's paper!"

"Gee, that's a good one! Ha, ha!" Sam laughed so heartily I took the signs to be right. I bought the lots.

Subsequently I found they were in the middle of Lake Tahoe.

THE GENESEO REPUBLIC.

The Geneseo Republic occupies the position maintained by the Galena Gazette and Princeton Republican, a position upon the half-way ground between the provincial and metropolitan newspaper. It is a staid, steady-going, reliable sheet, as respectable and correct as an old rector. If you see it in the Republic, it's so. It is the oldest paper in the county. It was born June 1, 1856.

"O, what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, comes perfect days;
Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

I. S. Hyatt was the publisher. He became a bankrupt in 1858, and the newspaper plant passed into the hands of assignees. These were James M. Allan and O. A. Turner. They issued the sheet till it could be sold by order of the court. Merritt Munson became the publisher. Munson was a man of note. He laid out the business district of the city, making State street too narrow, which misjudgment was done to make available lots in the rear for sale. Munson township was named for him. He was a quiet yet forceful man. He lived to be very old, and died in Geneseo. On December 28, 1858, he sold the Republic to Geo. H. Lewis & Company. These people published the paper till 1862, when George A. Hobbs bought it. It was then called The Geneseo Republic and Henry County News.

November 27, 1863, Adam Lieberknecht bought the Union Advocate from its publisher, Major James M. Hosford. Hobbs & Lieberknecht consolidated. The paper continued to be the Geneseo Republic. "The Henry County News" was dropped from the title. The papers' politics were republican. In June, 1877, Lieberknecht bought Hobb's interest. Hobbs went to Woburn, Massachusetts,

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and established himself in the publishing business, which he yet continues. Lieberknecht still is sole owner of the Republic. The establishment is evenly and uniformly a success. Mr. Lieberknecht has been much away as United States representative in foreign lands. During his absence the paper was ably conducted by his sons, Frank, Will and Charles. He has now come back to his first love, the Republic, to stay. Recently he said to me "I have two things to be proud of—my home and my publishing house." Right for you, old friend. May you live long to enjoy them! Hale and hearty, genial, companionable, able of body and mind is Hon. Adam Lieberknecht, the man I lambasted and loved during the passing of a generation. How we used to fight and have fun! And Admiral Porter, too! Herman D. Porter edited the Republic for many years, during Mr. Lieberknecht's ownership. He was a lovable man. How we'd grow savage enough to slaughter and slay, then go fishing together!

My paper, the Henry County News, dropped all-at-home print, and began using the "patent outsides." That is, the outside of the sheets were printed in Chicago. The week that happened, 'Squire Ott painted his old mill a profound red. Observing this, I wrote and published this paragraph:

"Why is the Ott mill like the Henry County News? Because it is read (red) all over."

The Republic came out next day. In it, Porter revised the pun, thus:

"Why is the Ott mill like the Henry County News? Because it is only the outside that is read. (red.)"

Now that was good enough, and it should have ended there. It is an anticlimax to add to or subtract from the exquisite dig of Porter's that only the Chicago side of my paper was read. But, of course, Comstock of the Cambridge Chronicle had to come butting in. He was mad at me at the time.

"The Henry County News isn't red (read) in Cambridge at all," he said.

Nothing delicate in that, nor witty. The News came back with——

"Comstock's nose is red (read) wherever he goes."

One more little anecdote:

The Republic and the Geneseo Sun had been scrapping viciously. Each issue was hotter than the last. It was in midsummer, when the dogstar rages, the dogfennel smelleth to heaven, and the dogfish stealeth the bait. People went about panting and lolling. Then came the Geneseo News with its great recipe for keeping cool: "Place a Geneseo Sun on the grass; lie upon it, and cover yourself with the Geneseo Republic. There's a great coolness between them."

THE SUN.

The Geneseo Sun rose, and it set.

GENESEO NEWS.

The Henry County News was first issued on January 16, 1874, by Belvel & Fisher. Hendrick V. Fisher of Geneseo and Henry M. Belvel of Allerton, Iowa, formed a partnership. This firm soon dissolved. Henry L. Kiner, his brother Samuel R., and John Christian published the paper six months, then Samuel R.

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Kiner withdrew. Christian and Henry L. Kiner conducted the printing plant four years, when Kiner bought Christian's interest, and conducted the plant alone for a quarter of a century. He changed the name of the paper from The Henry County News to the Geneseo News. The character of the Geneseo News was whimsically humorous. For many years it was perhaps the most universally quoted paper in the country. The big city dailies from ocean to ocean copied it copiously. Even Harper's Weekly, "The Journal of Civilization," and the New York Sun, in the days of the great Dana, scissored The Geneseo News to shreds. The Geneseo News was a prime favorite of Eugene Field's. Henry L. Kiner sold the Geneseo News in June, 1902, owing to failing health. Since then he has written for the magazines.

THE ENTERPRISE.

The Geneseo Enterprise is now being conducted by William L. Wilkinson, with the material formerly used in publishing the Geneseo Daily and Weekly Arena. Mr. Wilkinson issues a semi-weekly paper, covering the local field with satisfaction to his patrons.

P. S.—Paper just sold to a Mr. Shehan.

THE ARENA.

Life is too short to attempt a record of the Henry County Arena. It broke out in the old Cragin chinaware store about the year 1900. The Geneseo News, alluding to its title of Arena, declared it to be the reincarnation of the traditional "Bull in a China shop." At one time or another, everybody who couldn't find anything else to do, edited the Geneseo Arena. The length of each man's administration was in an exact ratio with the length of his purse. Sometimes it was a very good paper. Sometimes it was very bad. Sometimes it was neither. It was an interesting, wise and witty paper when James H. Andrews edited it. After staggering and stumbling and straddling around for about seven years, it suddenly was no more. Talcott purchased the press and outfit, and began the publication of The Enterprise, which still continues to gladden mankind.

P. S. Since the above was written, Talcott has sold the establishment to William L. Wilkinson of Memphis, Tennessee.

FARMER AND DAUGHTER.

When the Henry County News was about three months old, and was squealing like all possessed for more nourishment, an old farmer and his daughter entered the sanctum one morning. Evidently they had never been in a printing office before; but the old man never let on. He would not allow a child of his to think for a moment that the author of his or her being was not posted upon every subject beneath the radiant sun.

"Kin we 'uns look 'round a little?" queried the old man.

The editor, with his eagle eye upon the blushing girl, said "all day, if you desire."

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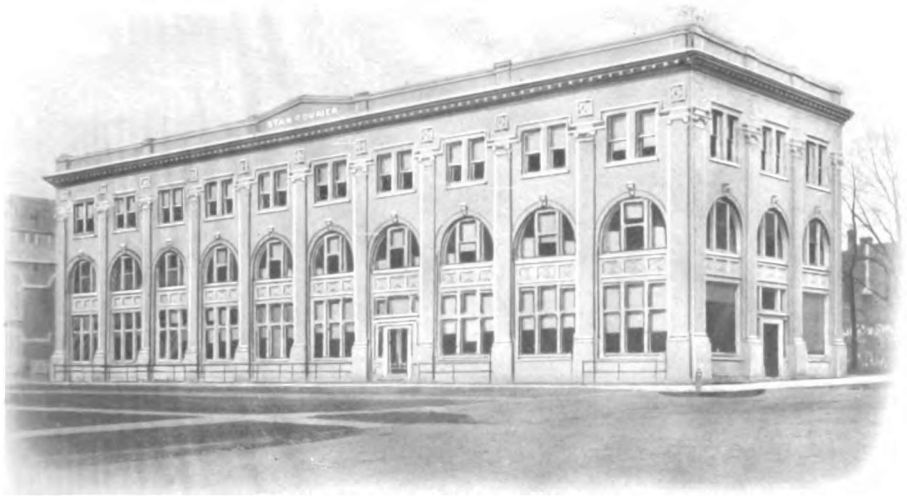

STAR-COURIER BUILDING, KEWANEE

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HISTORY OF HENRY

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...s printed in Chicago. On that side th
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...of the paper. The inside contains the
...Why, Pa!" the young Miss had been care
...g them end for end: "Pa, these types h
...That's so, by Heck!" exclaimed the farm
...de of the paper to hum!"

THE CHRONICL

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Now, the News had just changed from the expensive all-at-home plan of printing to the cheaper "patent" plan. The patent idea is that one side of the papers is printed in Chicago. On that side the Chicago confederates print all the news of the great outside world, which, in our case, was appropriately on the outside of the paper. The inside contains the news of the town of publication.

"Why, Pa!" the young Miss had been carefully examining several types revolving them end for end: "Pa, these types have letters only on one end!"

"Thet's so, by Heck!" exclaimed the farmer. "Thet's why they print only one side of the paper to hum!"

THE CHRONICLE.

Henry county is republican by about two-thirds. The Republican organ at the county seat, therefore, is entitled to expect nourishing patronage. The Chronicle has, apparently, enjoyed its situation, though a heavy portion of the county patronage has always come to the Geneseo Republic. In 1857 a stock company consisting of Judge Joseph Tillson, Dr. A. A. Dunn, V. M. Ayers and Henry W. Wells bought the remains of the Galva Watchman. These were set up in Cambridge, and the Henry County Chronicle came forth. Dr. Dunn was the editor.

In 1860, L. H. Patten and U. A. Dennison leased the office. Dr. Dunn was retained as editor, his name having a moral influence upon delinquent subscribers. Afterward Patten bought Dennison out, and ably conducted the paper himself for five years. He was followed by Everett & Casson, George C. Smithe, C. A. Arnold, P. F. Powers, and Chapman Brothers.

KEWANEE STAR-COURIER.

The best paying newspaper and printing plant in the county is, probably, the Kewanee Star-Courier. The office that does five hundred dollars worth of job printing regularly per month, besides a first class newspaper business, may say farewell to every fear, and wipe its scattered pi. The Courier was founded by Dr. C. N. Whitney, a veteran newspaper man and temperance lecturer. He would have been much more successful financially if he had Napoleonically centered his forces on the newspaper business. Dr. Whitney has held a government position at Washington for many years. The Courier was managed for a year by E. H. Phelps, then by Chesley Brothers. Xerno Caverno now owns the magnificent plant, including building, the best in Illinois, outside Chicago. Leo H. Lowe is the editor. Lowe is a metropolitan of the prairie.

KEWANEE INDEPENDENT.

The Henry County Dial was Henry county's second paper. J. H. Howe edited it for one year — 1855. Subsequently C. Bassett bought the outfit, and was followed at short intervals by Howe, Patrick, White, Bishop, Wheeler, Wyatt, Shurtleff, Wilson, Fuller, and again Bassett. The latter published for six months a paper called The Advertiser, then changed the title to the Independent. Mr. Bassett was the dean of Henry county printers. To him the pres-

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ent writer is indebted for what he knows about taking care of rollers. Every printer knows that good rollers mean good printing, and that good printing can not be done without good rollers. The rollers in my office would get hard and lopsided, so that the paper appeared to have been printed on a press using base ball clubs for rollers. One day I drifted into Kewanee. At Bassett's printery I found everything neat as wax. My curiosity was aroused by a huge cupboard affair. It looked like it might hold spiritual refreshments. I was fascinated by it. I turned a glowing eye upon it, and jovially observed that the right way to keep the spirits up, was just to pour spirits down. Then the genial old Mr. Bassett exhibited the interior. Rollers stood on end, in appropriate stanchions, thus keeping fresh rollers from sagging and getting loppy. A wet sponge hung up, kept the atmosphere moist. I never saw rollers in nicer condition. I had one made within ten hours after reaching Geneseo. I hereby admit that the reputation for good printing enjoyed for many years by The News, was due to my dear friend, C. Bassett. Mr. Bassett was succeeded by his sons.

PRAIRIE CHIEF.

Much alike in many ways were C. Bassett of the Kewanee press, and Benjamin W. Seaton of the Cambridge press. Both were Deans of the printers' craft. They took honest pride in their art. They were good men, and careful.

In 1862 Seaton started the Galva Union. In 1864, Eric Johnson bought the office. Six months after, it went to John I. Bennett; J. M. Edson, editor. In 1867 Seaton again came in. The office was sold, N. W. Fuller purchasing it. Fuller got full of it in a year, and Eric Johnson again took hold. He changed the paper's name to Republican. It was a case of too much Johnson. After several spurts, and struggles, and gasps, it ceased to be.

To the fore came one Ward. From the wreck of the Galva Republican he issued the Journal. This was in 1870. Henri W. Young tackled the Journal; but didn't sojourn with it long, adjourning to Kansas, where the cowboys were much mortified with him because he didn't know how to spell Henry, his own name. The fraternity in Henry county used to have fun with Henri's "i," and Smithe of the Cambridge Chronicle's final "e." Well, B. W. Seaton got the old outfit again, and poured forth a few prairie chiefs at Galva, for three months. Then he moved to Toulon, and issued the Stark County Democrat. In 1871 it took up its bed and walked again, settling in Cambridge. Here the good old time printer passed away, full of years, and was succeeded by his sons. The Prairie Chief still flourishes, and may it live long and prosper.

GALVA STANDARD.

Frank M. Riggen and Thomas F. McKane started the Galva Standard in 1881, to advocate the Greenback Craft, which was to print piles and pyramids of paper money, so that everybody could be rich and affluent. Greenbacks not swamping the firm, McKane pulled out in two months. B. H. Gallagher was secured as editor. After six months E. E. Egan succeeded Gallagher. Egan wearied in a year or so, and McKane came back.

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GALVA NEWS.

Asa and Marion Beall, of Wyoming, Illinois, started the Galva News in 1879. They bought the subscription list of the Woodhull Enterprise. Fred B. Beall had bought in with his brothers. He sold his interest to Robert H. Magner of Woodhull. In 1881 the paper was purchased by J. F. Boyd and Wade Errett. A year later, Errett sold to Thomas R. Boyd. In April, 1883, the outfit was sold to E. E. Fitch.

Fitch had been superintendent of the Galva schools for eight years. Just now (1909) he is county clerk.

Fitch is fortunate in having children who succeed their father in the possession of "The vision and the faculty divine." That's just what it is, if it does appear egostistical to say it. George and Louise Fitch are born journalists. They can get out an interesting paper on a desert island. I'll guarantee that it would be richer, racier and more readable than a newspaper brought out in the midst of a metropolis by a bunch who don't know how. George Fitch is a quaint whimsey of a humorist. He can make the rear elevation of a tombstone appear radiant with glee. He can make a vinegar-visaged, bowlegged bachelor smile. George outgrew Galva and went to Omaha, where he set the Omahawks all of a chuckle. Then he went to Peoria, and tickled the ribs of the unregenerate. A queer thing about George is his quality of fitting perfectly in every place he's put. Once I swore that I was glad Galva did exist, for it made a setting for George Fitch. I felt that there could have been no George Fitch without the Galvanic environment. He went to Omaha, and was right at home among the Omahogs. He went to Peoria, and turned from a worm of the dust to a worm of the still. Anywhere, anywhere under the sun! He's no misfit, though a square man.

LOCAL REPORTER.

The Local Reporter is a reminiscence. Mrs. Hannah M. Bryan edited and owned the Local Reporter, in Cambridge. Her son, Oscar D. Bryan, was manager and local editor. It has passed from view years and years ago. Mrs. Bryan was a poet of fine abilities. She wrote a volume of poems. Her poetry is especially noticeable for the melody of its language.

ORION TIMES.

The Vidette stalked into Orion in 1875, attended by Dr. Chaffee. N. J. Ludi and William A. Bolles bought the outfit, and at once changed the title to The Orion Times. In 1883 Ludi quit, and Bolles continued. It is a bright little paper a fair hand mirror of a happy and handsome little town.

ATKINSON HERALD.

Prof. Griffith wearied of teaching the young idea how to shoot, so he set up a newspaper in Atkinson to teach the older idea to take aim and fire. He succeeded beyond even his own expectations. The Atkinson Herald has flourished, a

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fair emblem of a flourishing little town. The office was burned down in 1908. Prof. Griffith had passed away, and has been succeeded by a son. The son did not rebuild the establishment, and Atkinson is without a journal.

THE WOODHULL GAZETTE.

William M. Repine was foreman of the Woodhull Dispatch in 1884 and 1885. O. B. Kail was editor. Kail got a bug in his block. He declared that the end of the world was at hand. He packed up his little all and overalls and went to Creston, Iowa, where he had a hunch, he was to meet his Lord, coming on the clouds. Repine struggled along, getting out the paper as best he could. The Dispatch editor not returning, Repine changed the name of the paper to the Gazette, and went in to win on his own hook. He sold the paper to M. A. Chesley, who has made it one of the brightest and wittiest papers in the country. Afterward Kail came down out of the clouds and got back among the fleshpots of Woodhull. He restored the Dispatch, and the Gazette was continued.

OLD VOLUMES.

On old East Main street, Geneseo, is the ancient home of that old-time bibliophile, Rev. John T. Pierce. Pierce was a college classmate of Wendell Phillips. On a birch tree in the yard of the old home is the name of Wendell Phillips, carved by the great orator when here visiting his classmate. From a copy of the Henry County News dated November 20, 1874, we cut the following notice of old volumes in Mr. Pierce's possession:

Mr. Pierce of Main street goes two better than the ancient bit stock brought to our notice a couple of weeks ago. On last Friday evening he exhibited to us a book which was printed four hundred years ago. It is a volume of homilies published by the then reigning pope of Rome for the behoof of monks of that period. The volume is in the Latin language. It is bound in wooden covers nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness and which are perforated by a multitude of worm holes. The paper is of a good quality. Mrs. Pierce also showed us a Bible, which if we mistake not, is over two hundred years old, printed in the old English black letter. The book of homilies was printed only thirty-seven years after the invention of printing.

HENDERSON.

A little while ago I was in Princeton, in a snug corner of the home of my old-time friend, Prof. George B. Harrington, county superintendent of schools in Bureau county. That loveliest of Bureau county's lovely women, Mrs. Harrington, happened to mention General Thomas J. Henderson.

"He is a man," said the scribe, "who has always seemed to me to belong to Henry county. Our old soldiers mention him so often, and revere his name so much. He was their colonel in the war of the rebellion. He entered the army in 1862 as colonel of the 112th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, in which there were so many Henry county men. He was our member of Congress from 1883

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to 1895. Henderson is now an old man. He will be eighty-five in November, 1909."

"Yes," said Prof. Harrington, "he is yet in the service of his country in Washington. He is in one of the departments."

"He makes me recall the motto of 'The Owls:'

" 'There's so much that is bad in the best of us,
And so much that is good in the worst of us,
That it doesn't become any of us
To speak ill about the rest of us.' "

Prof. Harrington and his sweet-faced consort rocked in smiling anticipation:

"When I was a boy, just starting the Henry County News, he made a speech in our town. He referred to several papers that were for him for reelection, then alluded to some that opposed him, winding up with 'these, and the Henry County New!' There was a sneer on his face that wrung the old politician's features, like a boy with green appleitis. He expected a roar of derisive laughter. Nobody laughed but one old man, and I marked him down for future use. I sat there feeling crushed. Yet that same old man years afterward procured my brother's position in the war department again, after the lad had lost it. I met Henderson on a train, and asked him to do this. He took my brother by the arm, walked with him to the secretary of war himself, demanded and received the reappointment. Since then Henderson has been enshrined in my Holy of Holies."

P. S.—The above was written in May. This August morning I sadly set down here that my friend, George B. Harrington has passed on to the other world. He has followed the pioneers of Bureau county, of whom he wrote so delightfully in the recently issued Bureau County History.

HOSPITALITY.

The hospitality of the pioneers was broad as mankind. They welcomed every member of the human race, who exhibited the hall marks of common decency. Their latchstring was always out, and, whether their fare was rich and rare, or meagre and monotonous, all mankind was welcome. Sometimes a dozen of both sexes occupied the same room. The men would quietly withdraw to the lawn outside till the ladies could retire. Curtains hung up sequestered the couches of the ladies. The men then made their beds upon the floor. Everything was conducted decently and respectably. The tired traveler was always sure of a warm welcome. He knew when he approached a house that there would be no excuses about being crowded, or short of provisions. He knew that his tired and hungry horse would be cared for and fed, and that he would have a satisfying meal, though coarse, and a comfortable place to sleep, or as comfortable as could be.

A THUMB OF GREAT PRICE.

In the stirring times during and after the infernal internal indecorum, there

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have the iron nerve or the sinews of steel which enabled Nate Doxey to keep on betting on his capacity with a shotgun even after most of the gunners of the day affectionately called him Grandpa. Sam Reed never gambolled with the gallopers like Old Butch, Bill Arnett or Paul Farber. Sam knew his limitations, and kept within them. He kept a thirst theater wherein there was continued vaudeville, within the limits of the law. Sam Reed pretended to no heights of knowledge or hallway of fame outside his profession. Within his profession, he took off his hat to no man. Jerry Achey might be more dignified, but what is dignity, asked little Sammy Reed? Dignity is no more a sign of wisdom than a paper collar is a sign of a shirt. What is meant by these allusions to Sam Reed's acumen as a professional potation promoter, is his entire fitness for so conducting it as to fill his coffers with coin, without filling his customers. Man there lived not in that day and age of the world who could jerk beer with a greater display of suds, or a lesser dispensation of moisture. It was Sam Reed's pride that few men ever got drunk in his place. Their purses collapsed before the drunk arrived. It was Sam Reed's boast that a bunch could brace against his bar all day, absorbing beer, and go home to their wives and little ones in a good state of preservation at night.

Among Sam Reed's other accomplishments was a big fat thumb. It was so fat that it didn't look much like a thumb; but rather like a doughnut. Years had passed since Sam Reed had vanished from the Maple City. Then one day he got off the cars here, and Doc. Drain took him around among the scenes of his early tribulations and triumphs. As Sam greeted this one and that with a smile, Sam was observed to hold the thumb of his right hand in a reverential manner, as if he was rather afraid it might come off and get lost. He held the thumb as Sandy held his finger, after the baby had played with it in "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

"Why is this thus, and what is the reason of this thusness?" inquired the scribe, who takes a mighty sight of notice. His gaze was riveted on Sam's thumb.

"That thumb?" Sam held it up for us all to see: "It was the foundation of my fortune; that and an old well back of the old Doxey saloon. I'd dilute the whiskey with water from the well, then I'd always have this thumb inside the measure when I drew a pint or a quart."

I went with Sam to find the old well. It was gone. Doc Drain said the rebels stole it one dark night at the close of the war, and cut it up into postholes. Thereupon Sam Reed sat down forthwith, and wept.

CRIME.

Every heart, when sifted well,
  Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mixed with cunning sparks of hell.
—Tennyson.

While wholesome men and women of this wholesomest and most normal of regions, will not fully agree with the noblest poet that ever lived in his pessimistic view of humanity, yet it must be confessed that there are instances of depravity here and there which will warrant the poet's indignant outburst.

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The case of Clem Gallion, for instance. In the fall of 1881 this river rat and roaming roustabout applied at the home of Thomas Dilley, farmer, of Colona township, for something to eat. He was kindly received, and supplied with food. It being the cornhusking season, and Dilley wanting "a hand" he engaged Gallion to assist in husking corn.

One evening Dilley requested Gallion to assist in rounding up a lot of fat hogs. Dilley said that he intended marketing them on the morrow, in Moline. Gallion inquired how much the lot of hogs would bring. Dilley replied that he expected to receive around fifteen hundred dollars for them.

That reply kindled "the cunning spark of hell" in Gallion's heart. He went to bed, and thought all night of that fifteen hundred dollars. He had never had that much money in his life. He had always been a vagabond. Two or three dollars probably was as much as he ever got together at one time. Fifteen hundred dollars was a world of wealth to this man. The thought had flashed upon him that he could possess himself of this sum.

Red-eyed from a restless night, he helped Dilley load the hogs in the morning. All that fatal day the thought of owning that fifteen hundred dollars kept throbbing, throbbing in his misguided brain.

As the sun sank to rest that night, Clem Gallion's mind was made up. Tomorrow when the sun arose, he would be away beyond the Mississippi River, among river rats that he knew, in Lyons, Iowa. He could easily hire a bunch of them to swear that he had been with them in Lyons all night. He would have plenty of money with which to hire them. How proudly he would exhibit his big roll. And he would have a watch, too. He knew where to get the watch, as well as the money!

When honest Thomas Dilley returned from Moline that night, to his peaceful house on the quiet Henry county farm, he returned to a slaughter house. Himself and his good old wife were to be the victims.

But "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft aglee."

Thomas Dilley did not bring home that fifteen hundred dollars. He had deposited it in a Moline bank. This, Clem Gallion did not know. He sold his soul for a song, and lost the price of it.

Black midnight enveloped the old farm house, midnight, hushed and bitter cold. Maggie Dilley, twelve-year-old daughter, was awakened by the report of a gun. This was followed by the sickening sounds of dreadful strife. The girl got out of bed and stole toward her parents' room, whence came the fearful sounds. There was a light within. She saw a man frantically ripping things out of a bureau, tearing, searching like a mad beast. Her parents lay in their bed. Her father was still, O, so still! He lay there all unheeding the moaning mother, and he always so kind! Suddenly the awful truth flashed upon the little girl. The man rummaging the bureau was Clem Gallion, the hired man, and he had murdered her parents!

She crept away and hid till she heard Gallion go to the front door, open and close it, and then heard his footsteps dying away in the dark.

With hands exceedingly deft she fitted her garments on. Then she roused her two little brothers, one of whom was under five years old, dressed them with

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amazing swiftness, and with a terrible fear clutching at her heart. The little ones instinctively kept quiet. They seemed to know that their lives depended upon it.

Then Maggie left the house, fearful every moment that she and her little brothers would be stricken down to death. Every midnight shadow seemed to hold the form of that fiend. The dreadful moans filled the house. Grasping the bewildered little brothers tightly by the hands, Maggie ran along the frozen road to the nearest neighbor's, three-quarters of a mile away. Half dead from fright and exhaustion, Maggie pounded on the door. The good people finally heard, and in a very few minutes were on the way to the home of horror.

They found Thomas Dilley dead, shot through the temples. He probably had never stirred. Mrs. Dilley's gray hair was a mass of blood and oozing brains. They found the weapon with which her head had been pounded to a pulp. It was the handle and socket of an old shovel. The blade or scoop of the shovel had been broken away, leaving the jagged points. This hideous cudgel was yet tangled with the woman's iron-gray hair when State's Attorney Thomas E. Milchrist exhibited it in the courtroom at Cambridge, while the packed audience gazed and shrank and shuddered.

Clem Gallion was arrested at Lyons, Iowa. He had secured very little money. To compensate himself for his disappointment, he had taken Dilley's watch. This was a witness against him which literally "hit the bull's eye." Then he had worn a blue shirt with a red horseshoe on the bosom, and the words "Good Luck" knit conspicuously with the horseshoe. Witness after witness identified Gallion by this "Good Luck" shirt, who could not have described his raiment without it. It was anything but good luck for the wearer; the rare good luck for the cause of justice.

The monster was convicted, and hanged within an enclosure built against the county jail in Cambridge, on a May morning in 1882.

The writer, then editor of The Geneseo News, visited the Dilley home with S. Ayres Fisher, the morning after the murder. Mrs. Dilley yet moaned and tossed. The room was in dreadful confusion, as the fiend had left it after his search for the hog money. I went to Cambridge on every day of the prolonged trial, and heard every word of the evidence. This I published, with accurate diagrams and drawings of the Dilley home, drawn by S. Ayres Fisher. Gallion went to the gallows without a quiver. He walked steadily and firmly to the fatal platform, where the rope was adjusted by Ben H. Goodell, sheriff, and the sin-laden soul was sent before a higher court for an eternal verdict.

A MONSTER.

In the summer of 1882, a young man named Makinson came to the door of a young farmer named Joseph L. Copeland, four miles south of Kewanee, and asked Mrs. Maggie Copeland for food. The young wife replied that dinner was over, and the men had already returned to the fields; but that if he would be satisfied with a cold collation, she would be glad to provide it. The man said that that would do. She set food before him. Presently as he ate, he began to grumble because there was nothing hot to eat. Mrs. Copeland told him that if he was willing to wait, she would make a fire and get some hot coffee. He

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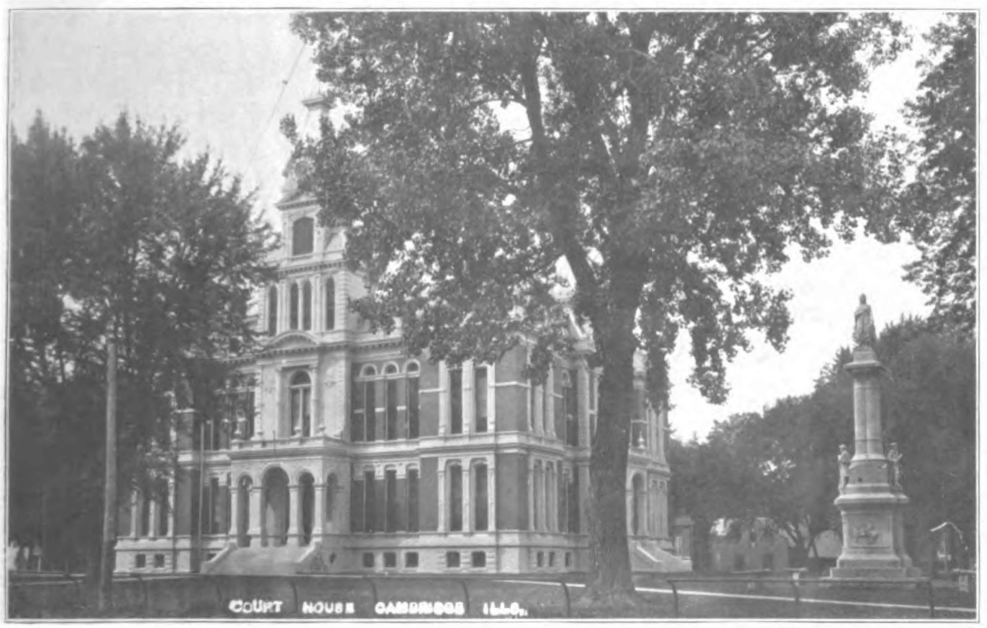

HENRY COUNTY COURTHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

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...that he would wait. Mrs. Copeland the... ...gather chips and bark in her apron, wi... ...this time was entirely satisfied that th... ...up from the table, and tiptoed into the ... ...she began to gather the chips, he struck ...firewood. She fell, stunned. Then he ...woman was dead.

...crowded lawyers, judges, jurors and the lait... ...he made no attempt at robbery of the v... ...was no evidence that he had wronged her ...a motive. It was such an utterly usele... ...had complied with his demand for f...

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growled that he would wait. Mrs. Copeland thereupon went into the yard, and began to gather chips and bark in her apron, with which to start the fire. The wretch by this time was entirely satisfied that the men were all out in the field. He sprang up from the table, and tiptoed into the yard right behind Maggie Copeland. As she began to gather the chips, he struck her over the head with a heavy billet of firewood. She fell, stunned. Then he rained blow after blow, till the young woman was dead.

It puzzled lawyers, judges, jurors and the laity to account for the crime, especially as he made no attempt at robbery of the woman's person, or of the house. There was no evidence that he had wronged her. People were at a loss to conceive of a motive. It was such an utterly useless, wanton crime! Then again, the woman had complied with his demand for food, and was preparing to make hot coffee for him, when she was stricken down. Then, having killed his benefactress, he walked away.

Hundreds asked him in the time between his killing of Maggie Copeland, and being turned over by Goodell, the sheriff, to Bad'ell the devil, what in the name of common sense he did it for. Makinson's reply was a grunt and an uneasy grumble, of which nothing could be made.

At that time I possessed all the brass and abandon that goes with twenty-five years, and I proclaimed through the Geneseo News that I would interview this fiend Makinson, and get the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth out of him if it was concealed anywhere within his dark and forbidding interior. This set the world agog, for the News had a way of getting close to nature. All might have been well; but I made a grand mistake. A few days prior to the proposed interview, I happened to be in Davenport. While eating supper at a restaurant, I picked up a Davenport Democrat, and the first thing I saw in it was a picture of Makinson. I went to the Democrat office, and found that those in authority had left. Several young fellows were lounging about. I told them that I wanted that picture. They promised to mail the picture next morning to Geneseo upon payment of two dollars. Next morning the cut came, with two one-dollar bills wrapped round it. The Richardsons of the Democrat would not accept my money. In a day or two after my paper came out, I was in Cambridge, ripe and ready for the interview.

Ben Goodell brought the villain forward. As he approached Makinson demanded:

"Are you the man who printed that picture of me?"

"I am," I proudly responded.

"Then I'll have nothing to do with you," and he turned his back and walked as far as he could.

Goodell told me that Makinson was very vain of his personal appearance, believing himself a handsome man, and that he repudiated the Davenport daguerreotype as unequal to the delineation of his dainty features.

Not one word could I get out of him. But the last time I saw him, nobody else could get a word out of him. It wasn't in him. He had been hanged, and the general public felt cheated in that he could get out of it that cheap.

The Hilger murder at Hooppole occurred October 28, 1900. A schoolmistress wedded Fred Hilger, against her mother's will. On a Sunday evening the young

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husband laid upon a sofa, and slept. The wife shot him dead with a revolver. She proclaimed to the excited villagers that Fred had suicided. She was arrested, tried, found guilty of the fact of the killing; but also insane and not responsible. She was apparently free from hatred or malice for her husband. Physicians testified that monomania exists in some individuals in her condition (she became a mother during her imprisonment). After her trial she was confined in the prison for the criminally insane, at Chester. After a brief incarceration, she was discharged as cured. She and her babe and the aged mother of Mrs. Hilger left the country. It is reported that Mrs. Hilger is again married.

BANK ROBBERIES.

Henry county banks have been fortunate. Though wealthy, and often overloaded with cash, they have escaped pretty unanimously the bold and bad bank burglar.

The Kewanee bank robbery had a flavor of melodrama. The bank was entered on an August evening late in the month, in 1882, by Welch and Kennedy. It was at the close of business. Junius J. Pratt and Miss Charity Palmer were closing the tills and putting away the books. Welch grappled Pratt, and Kennedy seized Miss Palmer. The girl fought fiercely. Kennedy put his hand over her mouth to prevent her screams, and she bit his hand to the bone. Pratt and the girl were bound and gagged, thrown into the big vault, and locked in. The girl had been beaten insensible; but she had recognized Welch and Kennedy.

Pratt and the girl were released alive, though it must have been a smothering swelter in that airtight vault. Welch was a grocer traveler, who wearied of making his millions by the slow mackerel route. He used to come to Geneseo. He put up at the Geneseo House, where I had my home. He was a small, alert man. Once he got a foolish malady of the mind which led him to fancy himself a scientific boxer. A fellow traveler named Prickett, of the mackerel brigade, took the fancy out of him, adroitly but thoroughly. He then turned his attention to bank robbery. But he made a blob of it. He was captured in the east. The sweatbox did for him. He confessed. He also confessed for Pratt. The Pinkerton detectives caught Kennedy out west. At first nobody would believe the story of these men, so far as it implicated Pratt. Pratt had led a model life. He was a pillar in the church, and a bolster in the Sunday school. Everybody was indignant that such a youth should be torn from his lowly cot in his father's house in the middle of the night, and there was a female flutter, for Junius was fair to look upon. But into the sweatbox went Junius, and he sweat out his iniquity. He said it was, alas, too true. Some of the people even then believed him hypnotised. But when his share of the stolen money was dug from beneath the sidewalk before his father's house, they accepted the theory that Junius had had guilty knowledge of the robbery. A Princeton dentist named Scott was arrested in St. Louis for implication in the robbery. He was not convicted, but went to the penitentiary for a forgery in which he and Pratt were accomplices. Miss Palmer was the only honest one in the bunch. The conspirators were sent to the penitentiary for six years each. The bank recovered most of its money. Pratt served his term, shortened by good behavior, and returned to Kewanee,

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where he opened a photograph studio. He walked the streets with face fixed and set, looking neither to the right nor left. If a person saluted him, he returned the salute, but he never took the initiative. He seemed to have determined to live the past down. A millionaire known to the writer started life with more missteps than Pratt made, came out of the penitentiary shriven and cleansed, and is today one of the men whom mothers point out to their offspring as a model and a pattern.

ORION BANK ROBBERY.

The State Bank of Orion was robbed in the year 1886, by the Sullivan gang. Sullivan was the brains of the job. He engineered the crime from inception to the finishing act of burying the money along the Peoria & Rock Island Railway. The two men with him were tools, like Sullivan's Jimmies and Jackscrews. The men were arrested, tried, found guilty, and sent to the penitentiary at Joliet on an indeterminate sentence. In the sweatbox the Sullivan gang stewed the information of the caching of the money. It was recovered.

ATKINSON BANK ROBBERY.

The State Bank at Atkinson was robbed in the year 1894. So heavy was the load of dynamite used on the safe, that the entire front of the bank building was blown out. Bundles of bills were found on the floor cut precisely in two by the fierceness of the blast. The safeblowers were caught, and went to prison. The stolen money was recovered, and the mutilated currency was replaced with new money by the government.

CAMBRIDGE BANK ROBBERY.

At the unearthly hour of 3 a. m., on a winter morning in 1896, the entire town of Cambridge jarred and trembled to a blast of dynamite. The night watchman gave the alarm, running up the streets shouting that the First National Bank was being robbed. The robbers were subsequently secured and sent to prison at Joliet, and all the money was recovered.

BURGLAR INSURANCE.

Many people are not aware that banks are almost all insured against robbery. By paying a certain premium, the bank gets its money right back, if robbed. I don't know what keeps the bankers from robbing their own banks; but it may be their consciences. This is a county famous for consciences and corn.

DAYLIGHT MURDER.

Eric Iansen, leader of the Bishop Hill colony, was shot dead in the court-

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wanted her to come and live with him among the Americans, and charged that Jansen would not permit her to do so. Rude brought suit against Jansen. While the case was pending, the tragedy occurred. Rude was pardoned when he had served a year.

MAPES MURDER.

Though the shooting of Burton Mapes by Arthur Handley occurred just over the line in Whiteside county, the principals in the tragedy were so well known in Henry county, and so closely allied with the people of Yorktown township, especially about Hooppole, that a brief record of it is warranted here.

The shooting occurred on November 20, 1905, at a crossroad half a mile south of the hamlet of Leon. The men had a dispute about wages. Handley had been working for Mapes. Handley claimed that Mapes assaulted him, and that he pulled a pistol and fired in self-defense. Handley was indicted for murder. The trial was held at Morrison, before Judge E. C. Graves of Geneseo. The trial drew an immense crowd. The case went to the jury at 11:28 a. m. on Monday, and on Wednesday, at 10:08 a. m., the jury announced that an agreement had been reached. The verdict was not guilty. The audience started in to applaud, when Judge Graves arose and suppressed the demonstration. During the trial, Miss Gracia Goodell, Arthur Handley's betrothed, interposed her eighteen sweet years and radiant young life between the jury and justice. The widow Mapes was constantly present. The trial cost Whiteside county two thousand, three hundred and seventy-three dollars and forty cents. I'm not certain, but deductive logic points strongly to the conclusion that the forty cents was for a new gavel for the judge's desk, the old one having been fractured in suppressing the rejoicing over the freeing of Handley.

John V. Streed, a Swedish lawyer, suicided or was murdered with a revolver on the night of September 26, 1905, in Cambridge. His body was found in the rear of his office building, near an outhouse. The revolver was lying beside the body. The prominence of the man, the apparent absence of motive, and other features of the case, caused much comment and excitement throughout the county. The death of Streed yet remains a mystery. It may have been murder most foul. It may have been suicide for some occult reason which will remain unknown. There were no children. The widow, Luna G. Streed, resides at Union Pier, Michigan.

Mrs. Julia A. Markham murdered her six children and herself, at the Markham farm home near Andover, on September 30, 1905, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, while temporarily insane. The children were young, three boys and three girls, ranging from five months to nine years. Mrs. Markham killed the children with an axe, then set the house on fire, and cut her own throat. Her body was partly burned, as were the rest.

The two events above led a Chicago paper to publish a full page sensational article, claiming that Henry county's criminal record is the worst of any thirty miles square with like population. This is a statement difficult to either prove or deny, as it would be impossible to find thirty miles square anywhere, with an exactly similar population.

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Mrs. Mary Anderson was murdered in her home in the early morning of December 30, 1906. She was the wife of Henry Anderson of Cambridge. Her husband's account of the affair is this: He and his wife were sleeping in the same bed. A burglar entered the room. The wife was awakened by the intrusion and sprang out of bed. This roused the husband who saw a flash and saw his wife fall to the floor. She was instantly killed. Pinkerton detectives worked on this case for many months, the husband bearing half the expense and the county the other half. No clew.

Recently I heard from authentic sources that the boy Taylor, who killed his father in Munson, is at large. He was transferred from the penitentiary at Joliet to the reform school at Pontiac. There he was placed in the cooking department. He made his escape and reappeared at his grandfather's home in Munson. The grandfather harbored the boy for a time. Detectives appearing in the vicinity, the boy suddenly vanished, and, since then, nothing has been known of his movements. The probability is that he is living under an assumed name in the far west.

UNCLE BILLY CARSE.

Among the characters of ye olden time in Pink Prairie, lived and loved the aged Uncle Billy Carse. He was one of the best-hearted old men I ever met. It was a delight to talk with him, he was so genial, and withal so witty.

He was a hardy old man, as most of the old-timers were. He thought nothing of walking from his farm, six miles out, to Geneseo and back on a cold, short December day.

He had one word which he used habitually, fetching it in at all places and in all seasons. That was the word "Again," which he abbreviated to "Agin."

Uncle Billy startled me in our first interview. He came up to the old sanctum of the Henry County News, took the chair I shoved out, and said:

"Get your book and pencil. One of my neighbors is dead agin."

Wondering how many times the man had died before, I equipped myself for the obituary. I soon discovered that my aged caller used the "Agin" indiscriminately.

Geneseo township had been having a discouraging time with the Green River bridge where the railway pumphouse now stands. Hundreds of dollars had been spent upon the bridge and its approaches. Men and mules had wallowed and waded about in there, steadying and strengthening the old structure. Ice gorges knocked the piles all skewhaw, the dammed water would spread over the flats, cut a crevasse in the turnpike, and there'd be a huge washout. The editor of The News demanded a new iron bridge with stone piers and buttresses. The township answered that it couldn't afford it. But finally it was done.

The new iron bridge was lauded to the skies in The News. Now all our troubles were past. Hail Columbia, Happy Land!

In comes Uncle Billy Carse. He throws his hat on the table, and proceeds to parade up and down the sanctum.

"What's up?" I demanded.

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"Teams can't go across the new bridge," moaned Uncle Billy.

Then I pranced. I roared and howled and frothed and fumed. Finally I asked:

"Why can't teams go across the new bridge?"

"Too narrow. They have to go lengthways of it."

Uncle Billy was a sly old body.

SEEKING LIGHT.

Dear old Father Woodruff told me this. Rev. G. C. Woodruff was a pioneer Methodist circuit rider. For more than sixty years he went about the earth, saving souls from eternal fire. And his son, Leroy, was in the ice business for twenty years.

Father Woodruff died in Geneseo, aged nearly ninety years. Bless his dear soul! I loved him.

When he was a schoolboy away back in the eastern woods, he went to school in a typical frontier schoolhouse, in the midst of the forest. There was not a nail or bit of iron about the building, nor a pane of glass. Even the hinges were wooden, and fastened on with wooden pins. Emboldened by numbers, packs of wolves would trot up to the schoolhouse and lick their drooping jaws, in meditation upon what a feast the pupils would be. At night these prowlers would clamber up to the windows and eat the greased paper which served to admit light in lieu of glass. The boys took turns about fetching lard to anoint the illuminating paper.

I wish the publishers of these volumes could get a picture of that venerable servant of God. One more anecdote of him: I wrote a serial story called "Atlantis." It was published by Petroleum V. Nasby, in his Toledo Blade. I sent a shipload of people onto an island, and went on with the other characters and scenes. Number after number of the paper came out, and nothing doing on that island. Dear old Daddy Woodruff lost his patience. He mounted the long stairway of The News office.

"Now, what's become of that shipload of folks on that island?" he puffed.

"Big Methodist revival going on. Natives all converted but two," I said. I'd really forgotten all about them.

"Glory!" exclaimed my fervent old friend. Then we sang together:

"While yet the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

DO YOU REMEMBER.

Alderman Joe Clifton, of Geneseo, and the scribe were having a gabfest, when the scribe said:

"Do you remember the great flocks of white-breasted plover that swarmed over the burnt meadows in the early days?"

A reminiscential reverie broke out in Joe's eyes.

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"Do I? Say, you make me young again! I can close my eyes and see flocks of Sandy hill cranes, floating in the air, and never fluttering a wing, or moving a feather."

"Yes," said the scribe, with a smile soft and sad as a boarding house pie, "and they flew a mile high."

"More'n that," insisted Joe. "When they look like bumblebees, they're farther off than a mile."

"Do you remember the woodpigeons?"

"Sure," said Alderman Joe. "Thicker than the leaves on the trees, sometimes."

"I heard of a fellow," quoth the scribe, "who had a single barrel gun, and wanted to shoot a whole row of pigeons off a limb. Howdye suppose he managed?"

"I believe it's a lie," blurted Joe.

"Solemn certainty. He pointed the pulverizer at one end of the limb. Just as he pulled, he gave the gun a quick sweep sideways, and just mowed 'em off'n the limb."

Joe said it looked like rain.

"Do you remember the curlews?" persisted the scribe. "Longgeared birds that lit on the fence, began to raise their wings to the accompaniment of a prolonged rising whistle, raised and raised till the tips of their wings touched at the ridgepole, then lowered to a prolonged reducing note?"

"Yes'n the prairie chickens!" enthused Joe.

"Often and often," pursued the scribe, "I have seen my father take his old flintlock rifle, and shoot a mess of prairie chickens from the kitchen window, of a frosty morning. How anybody could hit anything with a flint-lock gun, is beyond me. I remember that father would take sight, pull, down would come the flint, the tiny sparks would fly with a sound like 'Hist!' Then the powder in the pan would ignite, and flare up with a sound like 'Pough-whiff!' This would set off the powder in the touchhole, which would blow out with a 'whoof!' Then the powder in the gun would catch fire from these incipient conflagrations, and the old fuse would go off with a 'Whoo-e-e-Pough!' And, the wonder is, the prairie chicken it was aimed at, fell dead, every time. It didn't starve to death, because I always found a place in the head or neck where the bullet had struck."

"How the roosters used to make the welkin roar in the spring mornings!" Joe batted his eyes thoughtfully.

"Joe, you make me young again," remonstrated the scribe. "Did you ever go hunting wild strawberries in the swamps?"

"Did I? Yes, and wild blackberries, wild plums, black haws, wild cherries, choke cherries——"

"Oh, those glad, blessed old prairie days!" The scribe walked away with moisture in his eyes, and fell to thinking. He thought of the wind that came up from the south, bringing over the prairies those great white bolls of spider's webs. How they floated like balloons, high and low, of how my little cousin Flo and I used to watch them, and of the verses I wrote about them:

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SPIDER KITES.

In the sultry summer weather,
  Years and years ago,
Spider-kites hung o'er the heather,
Floating, minus wing or feather,
  Hair-hawsers white in tow.
Cousin Flo and I, together,
  Marveled at the show.

"Look! The lilies pray consider!
  Ghosts of lilies, they!"
Thus I guyed and then I bid her
  See the Milky Way.
Then she pouted, and I chid her
Till her haloed tresses hid her
  Eyes in golden spray.

"They're balloons," said little cousin;
  "Spiders make them so.
Single, double, by the dozen,
Aeronauting insects frozen
  In their home-made snow."
Thus did ten-yeared cousin cozen
  At her ten-yeared beau.

"It is rather odd a spider
  Though unwinged should fly."
So I said, and then I spied her
Twinkle in her eye.
  "Though she has no wings beside her
It's intended yonder spider,"
  Flo said, "for a fly."

AN HONEST PENNEY.

Solomon Penney was one of the characters of the prairie days. He has a tombstone in the old Geneseo cemetery, cut from a corner of the Geo. W. West farm. Albeit, Solomon's most enduring monument is Penney's Slough, that lovely lake seven miles north of Geneseo. It is ever so much lovelier than its name, which suggests a cent lost in a mudhole. Major Erastus C. Moderwell, recognizing the incongruity of the appellation, rechristened the water "Shadow Lake." Herculean efforts have been made by the press and the more cultivated people to make Shadow Lake stick; but so far it's no go. Penney's Slough it is, and, probably, ever will be.

Old Solomon Penney was pretty sporty. He went in for fast horses. He had a race track down on the bottoms. He would get up a race on the slightest

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provocation. If no neighbors came to witness the contest, then old Solomon Penney had the race all to himself.

One time old Solomon was talking with a pair of kids.

"Now, Wes. and Gawge," he said—the kids are mature now, and are known as J. Wes. Withrow and George W. Buck—"Now, Wes and Gawge, it always appears to me that I had more fun when I was a boy, than the boys now have. I've observed that this is the way most all old fellows feel. When you get old, you'll have the same feeling. But, I want to tell you of one sort of fun that we had, which you can't have. We boys used to sneak the circus preachers' hosses, ——"

"Circuit preacher, Uncle Solomon," suggested Wes.

"Exactly, them Methodist horseback preachers. They always rode mighty good hosses, and some of them was mighty fast, too. I used to get the other boys to assist, and while the preachers would be busy holding family worship in the house, me and the other fellows would bridle up the circus rider's hoss ——"

"Circuit rider," hinted George.

"Augh, it's all the same—and away we'd go in the bullrushers, how we'd make them circus hosses scoot!"

In the course of old Solomon Penney's transactions here below, he became involved with Major James M. Allan. To get even, Major Allan sued the account, got judgment, and a levy was made on old Solomon's herd of cattle.

Old Solomon noted closely on the bills the day and hour when the cattle were to be sold to the highest bidder, to satisfy the debt of Major Allan. On the evening before the day of the sale, the Penney herd was quietly driven two miles or so to Taggart's—Taggart being Penney's son-in-law—and Taggart's herd was driven back to Penney's.

Next day, Major Allan and an officer appeared, to take the Penney herd to the place of sale. Old Solomon said:

"You'd better not take them cattle. They're not mine."

He was laughed to scorn.

Over and over he reiterated that trouble might ensue, from selling a herd that belonged to another man. But no attention was paid to this. The cattle were driven to the place advertised for the sale.

Promptly on time, the auctioneer began his strenuous song. Meanwhile, old Solomon Penney drove up, and cautioned all concerned to go slow, as they were not selling his, but another man's herd of cattle. The auctioneer grinned, winked, and continued the sale. When all were sold, Allan gave Penney a receipt.

Then Solomon arose in his buggy, and said:

"You men have continued this sale in spite of my protest. These cattle don't belong to me, and never did. Turn 'em loose in this lane, and see if they go to my place, or Tom Taggart's. They are Taggart's cattle, I say. If they go straight there, you'll all believe it, will you?"

A roar of assent went up.

"Prove this thing up! Turn out the cattle," and other cries of a like nature, arose.

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The lowing herd wound slowly o'er the lea. The crowd followed. Nobody urged or steered the steers, but let them have their own way. They headed straight for Tom Taggart's place, and filed solemnly into the barnyard.

"They belong to Tom Taggart," was the universal verdict.

And Solomon yet peacefully sleeps in a secluded corner of the old Major Allan farm! It is not recorded that the major's receipt in full of all demands was buried with him.

GEORGE COATES.

We other eccentrics will resent having George Coates mixed with us, in an exact ratio with our similarity to him. The chap that is so near like Coates that he ought to be named Vests, will roar the loudest.

George lived in Cleveland when, as editor of The News, the author first sighted his mortal frame. It was on a calm and gentle autumn evening. Night was drawing her sable mantle round the world, and pinning it with a star. The sun had set behind a distant hogpen. The author was trying to convince a Clevelander that his hope and future fealty lay in subscribing for The News, when there came a strange buzzing down by an old worm fence. This was followed by a weird figure flopping and floundering through a cabbage patch, and coming straight for us.

"Here goes for Rock Island county," said the scribe, heading for Rock River.

"Come back, that's only George Coates," said the Clevelander. There was a powerful appeal in his words. I'd got his one dollar and fifty cents, and he hadn't the receipt.

I returned with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day.

"Buzz-zuzz-boo-whoo-z-z-z-z!" whined the man.

"This is Coates," said the Clevelander to me.

"Typographical error," said I, "should be called pants."

"Whooe-buzz-whiz-zuzz," remarked Coates.

"What ails him?" I asked. I then presented the strange being with a copy of the Geneseo News.

Explanations followed. He was mad at the man I had been talking with because he had not dug Coates' potatoes. "Tay-tees," George called them. George had made hay for the man, and the man had agreed to use his horse-digger on George's potato field. George had come home in the gathering dark, and found his field untouched. The reason George buzzed and whined was that he was too mad to articulate.

The tumult that ensued I have carried in my mind for a generation. The man tried to explain to George that he had been too busy—fish had bitten like mosquitoes that day. But George wouldn't have it. Both talked to me and at each other. They raved, they raged, they roared. George sounded like a convention of hornets. At last, when nearing collapse, they blew and blasted a resolution to leave it to the scribe.

The matter was then adjusted this way: George was to subscribe on the spot for The News, to put his spirit in the proper poise, and the other man was to dig the potatoes next morning.

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Coates rigged up the most remarkable outfit ever beheld by mortal man, and went about the country with it. It was a workshop on a wagon. A big belt from one of the rear wheels drove all the machinery. A grindstone whirled, a buzz-saw buzzed, an auger bored, a planing machine moved. In the midst of all this commotion stood George, proud, triumphant. He would grind a farmer's axe and scythe while he paraded back and forth in the lane fronting the farmhouse, for the machinery wouldn't go unless the wagon went. Two mules drew the outfit and usually three were led in the rear for emergencies. Of late years George has made Moline his habitat, being attracted thither by his fondness for machinery.

JOHN TAMME.

Among the uniques of Henry county, John Tamme of Geneseo should not be forgotten. John has, of late years, settled down to the job of janitor for a bank. His characteristic reference to this fact is that "I've always found it easier to settle down, than to settle up." For many years John was a painter. He admits that he always got more paint on himself than on the buildings. Once the powers that were set John to painting some ancient structures, in the midst of which it was proposed to place the new library building, so generously given to Geneseo by Hon. Joseph Hammond. John was sloshing and slushing away, trying to submerge the defects of an old shack in a torrent of turpentine and tar, when the editor of The News came along, and stopped.

"Look at this." John waved his brush to include the sordid surroundings, "putting an elegant new library in here, would be like putting a piano in a slaughter house!"

AN ATHLETE.

One of the diversions of civilization's dawn was pulling sticks. It was an easy and pretty fair method of determining who was the strongest man in the crowd. It was a period when physical strength and endurance counted for more than mental force. Wrestling was not always a fair way to test strength; so much depended upon science and trickery. But pulling sticks was nearly a square deal.

The contestants would sit on the ground or floor, and try to pull each other up. A stout stick was poised exactly over the toes. The feet were braced together, sole to sole. When the referee saw that the stick was exactly in position, so as to give neither the advantage, he would shout "pull!" Then came the tug of war. The contest was often prolonged and stubborn, and the interest of the onlookers intense. One would finally yield, and be lifted slowly from the ground.

Prophet Jo Smith, of the Mormons, was a devotee of this diversion. La- [illegible] from Wichita, Kansas, to his sister, Mrs. Dr. Hume

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for Jo Smith, the Mormon prophet, to pull up both lawyers Noble and Southwick, of Dixon, as he did once from the old puncheon floor of the old log house in -42 or-3."

There were giants in those days. Open air, ozone fresh from the factory, plain food, plenty of exercise, and long sound sleep, made "hard men" of the pioneers. They had shooting-matches, where wonders were done with the old flintlock, and Mormon and Gentile pulled sticks. Surely my old friend, Ben Shaw of the Dixon Telegraph, wasn't available that day, or the Gentiles would have won. At the age of eighty, Ben was the best bicycle rider in Lee county. He is about ninety now, and ready to take on all comers, be it in love or war.

HE MADE AND LOVETH ALL.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the good Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

This morning I was looking over a bound file of the old Henry County News, for the autumn of 1874. An advertisement headed "Birds" caught my eye. I immediately clipped the card, and insert it, to give my readers a sidelight upon the character of this big-bodied, big-brained, fearless, tender-hearted, many-sided Major James M. Allan:

BIRDS!

The lands of the undersigned are made places of refuge for the birds, which are fast disappearing under the deadly fire of the hunters. All persons are once more notified that they must not hunt or fish upon the premises of the undersigned.

The farmers look with suspicion upon all hunters, because very many of them are utterly reckless. Horses and cattle are sometimes peppered with shot—whether intentionally or not we cannot tell.

Masters and dogs are a terror to animals in the pastures.

By some process or other the lawless conduct must be stopped.

Parents would do well to teach their children to keep off other people's property. If not, the proprietor will have to undertake the job, with such measures as may seem effectual.

JAMES M. ALLAN.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Comes the descendants of the late Charles R. Deming, who died in Geneseo aged nearly one hundred years, with a brace for holding bits, which ancient utensil has been in the family for over two hundred years. It is a clumsy affair, compared with the elegant tools of the present. It is made entirely of wood.

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INFIRMARY.

That this has always been the model is manifest from the following clipping from the Henry County News of November 6, 1874:

Not long since we stopped at the Henry County Infirmary while on a pilgrimage to Cambridge. We were kindly received by warden Wilkinson, and with him made the tour of the house, which was no small job.

The house is kept with a commendable degree of neatness, and the inmates seem to be happy and contented. The greatest curiosity about the premises to us, was the "Standing Man," a demented individual of Swedish birth, who has not been known to sit down for many years. He is continually standing, except when lying down. He never walks or moves about, but rigid and pale as marble, looks steadfastly down at the floor. We are told that he has a strange idiosyncrasy which makes him believe that he will not get to heaven if he sits down. He never touches food in the presence of any one, eating only furtively and when not observed. His feet are blue as indigo from the continual weight of his body upon them. He is truly a strange being, and one of the most lamentable examples of human misery we have ever seen. The thugs and fakirs of India sometimes take vows to remain continually standing or continually sitting as a penance for their sins, but this is, perhaps, the only white human being who has ever subjected himself to such rigid and terrible discipline. We imagine a distant relationship between him and the shadowy lady in Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables."

The infirmary appears to be complete in every department, and good order is preserved among the inmates, most of whom seem to regard Mr. Wilkinson more in the light of a kind protector than as a stern master.

THE HAMMONDS.

The Hammonds, father and son, are revered in Geneseo.

They are the men who gave liberally of their means for the benefit of the city which was their home for many years.

The elder Hammond, Joseph, was mayor of Geneseo in the early days. He was a gunsmith by trade, and one of the most ingenious and skilled craftmen I have ever known. His work is characterized by a skill and finish which always suggests that he used his brains as well as his hands.

It was found to be difficult to raise the funds to furnish the library which Hon. Joseph Hammond donated to the city of Geneseo in 1899. Coming to hear of this, Mr. Hammond promptly stepped into the breach, and donated the money himself.

The magnificent structure, costing, with furnishing, eleven thousand dollars, occupies a central position in the city. The appreciative administration under Mayor H. L. Kiner, in the year 1908, decreed that State street fronting the Hammond Library be boulevarded, with grass and floral plats. This has been accomplished, and adds greatly to the attractiveness of the surroundings.

At the opening of the library to the public, on the evening of January 26, 1899, Henry L. Kiner read an original poem which he had written for the occasion. This poem is hereunto appended, by special request:

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OPENING.

Hammond Library Building, Thursday, January 26, 1899.

Behold, the great of Earth shall harbor here:
Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, all
Shall tenants be of this Memorial Hall—
The sage, the bard, historian and seer.

Behold Earth's wisdom shall find housing here!
Records of learning, love, of mirth and tears—
Wisdom and wit of thrice a thousand years
Shall here find shelter this memorial year.

"The deeds that men have done live after them:"
Thus Shakespeare, England's mightiest gift to men!
The greatest deeds since mortal time began
Shall cluster here, as in a diadem.

Here Thackeray's Fair of Vanity shall dwell,
Here Tennyson dream enchanted reverie,
And Hawthorne weird with Poe hold revelry,
And Dickens mourn above his Little Nell.

But who can chronicle the spirits choice
That here'll hold converse with the old and young!
The hands that wrote are dust; they still have tongue
And in these pages find a living voice.

Aye, thrice a thousand of Earth's chosen best,
From every age, from every land and clime,
Will tell us tales, and sing us songs of rhyme,
And in this splendid home find friends and rest.

To him, our honored, noble whitehaired friend,
Who gave this palace to the rich and poor,
Can I for just a moment you allure
To hear our Thanks, in which all voices blend?

Hammond, we thank you, and revere your name!
And in our children's names say Thanks again!
And in our children's children's we would fain
Forehear the faroff echoes of your fame!

A noble thought, wrought out in brick and stone!
A princely pile for people yet to be:
Most generous gift to you, my friends, and me,
And to our world when you and I are gone!

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HAMMOND LIBRARY, GENESEO



J. C. HAMMOND HOSPITAL, GENESEO

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latter years of the life of John C. Ha
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me," he solemnly said to the writer.

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The latter years of the life of John C. Hammond were fraught with pain. The son of Hon. Joseph Hammond, he emulated his father in generosity to the city of his early choice. He bought the grand old home place of Major James M. Allan, and gave it to the trustees of a hospital. It is one of the best appointed hospitals in the state.

John had been down in Florida, fighting fate, trying to redeem the health he had lost. He finally saw that if he wished to pass away in the hospital which he had given Geneseo, which had long been his desire, he must go at once. He did not realize how very sick he was. He wandered half-deliriously over a greater part of the south. Once he found himself in Atlanta, Georgia. He went hither and thither, and finally arrived in Geneseo, "by God's will guiding me," he solemnly said to the writer. When he got to Geneseo, he did not recognize his surroundings. With proper care and treatment he soon got about, but the grim hand of the destroyer was upon him, and he had to go.

It was after his return from Florida in April, 1907, that Henry L. Kiner addressed to him the following poem. The verses are dated June 7, 1907:

TO JOHN C. HAMMOND.

Old friend, of noble heart and soul,
  Dear friend, of noble, helpful hand,
Can it be true, you've gained the goal
  Which waits mankind in every land?

That you, who gave this noble pile
  To serve and save the lame and sick,
In it shall pass the little while
  Life's candle burns its waning wick?

Far in the south, where oceans laves
  And laps the land, there came the call;
Whisp'ring in the floodtide waves
  The tidings that must come to all.

You heard the message there beside
  The old gray sea; your soul was calm:
You heard it, and was satisfied,
  Serene, beneath the pine and palm.

Up from the south, the God who loves
  His creatures, brought you, dazed and ill:
Ev'n as He guides the homing doves
  By His unerring, changeless will.

Nay, never could you come alone;
  Another will than yours was there:
Your guide was on the Great White Throne,
  That battlements the Golden Stair.

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We have you with us, friend of ours,
With southland birds, and southland airs:
You brought us summer filled with flowers:
We bring you Hope, upheld by Prayers.

A PATRIOT.

Daniel Snyder, at one time sole owner of the sole occupied dwelling between Geneseo and Kewanee, was a Pennsylvanian Dutchman, and, as such, a true patriot, a lover of home and freedom and native land. As the Fourth of July approached in the first year of Mr. Snyder's residence in Illinois, he made inquiries concerning the celebration. He had never let a Fourth go by yet without a hallelujah time. He feared that the sparse population would prevent a hurrah. But he soon discovered that people for forty miles arouna were going to celebrate in Coulter's timber, just east of Kewanee. The morning of the Fourth Daniel was up before the crow. He shot off the family flintlock four times, then put on his best suit, greased his boots, got on the family horse, and headed for the celebration. The family horse was excited over the firing of the flintlock. He could smell powder on his master, and was fearful and frisky. When they came to a small creek, the hoss shed the boss, who was a sight to behold. He was one gorm of mud from head to foot. But he was a patriot, and a patriot is above mere appearances. He was bound to celebrate, so he went on, and had a fine time at the celebration.

BIT THE DUST.

Samuel McBride is an old timer in the Kewanee district. He heard and responded to Lincoln's call for "three hundred thousand more." He says that "we were at Raleigh, N. C., when the news of the killing of Abraham Lincoln was read to us." He says that it made the boys furious. They could hardly be restrained. As it was, a lot of southerners were made to bite the dust." It is a blessed good thing that soldiers are taught such implicit obedience. This was all that stood between the people of the south, and a massacre, at that time "that tried men's souls."

DROVE FROM MILWAUKEE TO ANDOVER.

In 1847 A. G. Cushman and family, natives of Maine, arrived in Milwaukee in a boat. Mr. Cushman purchased team and wagon, and left the city which has since become famous, driving over the prairies to Andover. It was a long drive, and a tedious one. Mr. Cushman jovially perpetrates a pun, saying "it was two hundred miles, Andover."

OLD HOUSE.

The old Potter house in Kewanee has been purchased by the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is used as a place of historical deposit, and treasury of antiques.

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BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE.

Far to the southwest of Henry county there is a sunset land, where the Orient kisses the Occident. The land there wears a perpetual smile. Thither went Dr. Oliver J. Stough a generation ago. By generation I mean a third of a century, the average lifetime of mortality. Stough was born in Ohio, and, after a wayward youth, came and settled in Geneseo. He built the pretty home on South State street, now owned and occupied by James Orr. He kept a drugstore in Geneseo for a time, —afterward the Moderwell store, in which the writer for the year 1869, helped reduce the maladies of man, and incidentally the population. Stough journeyed to the sunset land. He saw its opportunities. He also saw opportunities for himself. Years went by. A majestic hotel began to rear its architectural externals upon the sands of San Diego. It has more windows than a lazy man can count on a sunny day. Stough was the moving genius behind this vast enterprise. The hotel filled with guests, and the coffers filled with coin. Stough became rich "beyond the dreams of avarice." Recently, at the age of ninety-one, Stough purchased a ranch near Burbank, the town named for the genius who has made cacti edible, and invented a whole raft of new vegetables and fruits. That it is considerable of a ranch is inferred from an article in the "Burbank Review" setting forth that Stough has invested two hundred thousand dollars in improvements. Stough is an athlete at ninety-one. He is a great walker. He is a millionaire, and can saw wood if he wants to.

Dr. Mark Smith has made his mark in California. He is a son of the late W. J. Smith, veterinary surgeon of Geneseo. He studied medicine. He practiced in Minneapolis, making much money. He invested in California oil lands. For a long time it looked like a gold brick; but now it pours wealth as a geyser pours a flood. Mark has a controlling interest in sixty acres of land, on which are nine wells, pouring oil day and night, for which the Standard Oil Company pays sixty cents per barrel. Dr. Smith has forty acres of oil land of his own, on which wells are spouting. Dr. Smith's income is said to be around one thousand dollars per day.

THE HENNEPIN CANAL OPENING.

The Hennepin Canal is a dream of Major Allan's come true. So entirely is the canal the conception of Major Allan, so completely is it conceded that the canal was born in the brain of the staunch old pioneer, that a statue to the major's memory on the banks of the canal is suggested. I have heard the location of the proposed statue discussed. Some proposed the spot near Milan, at the west end, where the ceremonies attending the cutting of the first sod with a silver spade were conducted in the presence of an enormous crowd. Others contended for the town of Hennepin, for which place the canal is named. Others suggested the summit at Sheffield, where the feeder from Rock River at Sterling pours its floods both east and west, into the main canal. Good valid reasons can be given for the choice of either of these. But the writer wishes to add one more suggestion. Locate it at or near Geneseo, where the grand old pioneer lived. Here he dwelt when this wedding of the waters of the great lakes and great

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gulf found conception in his brain. Here he dwelt when he conceived the idea of organizing Henry county. Don't set up a statue to his memory in a strange spot. Select a spot made hallowed by his presence in life.

Grand old man of the prairies! What a magnificent statue that erect form and noble head would make. That thoughtful brow, those cavernous eyes gazing out to the wedding of the waters! I would have the statue standing, one hand leaning upon a spade, the other holding the records of congress granting the canal, authority and practical work going hand in hand.

The following account of the opening of the Hennepin Canal was written by the writer of this, and published in the Geneseo Republic of November 15, 1907. The account was widely copied:

MARION, MAIDEN MARINER.

"United States Steamer Marion." Such was the legend upon the sides of the first vessel to pass through the Hennepin Canal. This important naval event was seen, as to lock twenty-four, by half the population of Geneseo, on Wednesday, November 13, 1907. Remember the date, for you'll be betting on it in future years.

On Tuesday evening, J. R. Hanna, who has been holding an important position upon the canal for several years, telephoned the writer that the first boat was to pass Lock Twenty-four at noon, Wednesday. The news soon became widely circulated, and the town was agog with excitement. The first steamer in the Hennepin Canal! How many times, in these fifteen years of construction, have we all heard the words hopelessly sighed "I'll never live to see boats navigating the Hennepin Canal."

"You appear pretty well for a dead man," jollied the scribe, and Michael Bradley's eyes twinkled, he put on a reminiscent look, and said: "Well yes, I did say I'd be dead when boats navigated this canal."

But thousands said the same thing.

It is possible that Major James M. Allan's spirit hovered over the steamer Marion, as she pushed her aqua-line nose through the sheet ice on the Hennepin Canal on Wednesday morning. And, we have no doubt, his old friend and colleague, Jerry Murphy, Congressman Jeremiah Murphy of Davenport, Iowa, was hovering close to the major. How those two valiant oldtime heroes fought for the Hennepin Canal! Major Allan was the first to conceive the idea of joining the great chain of lakes to the great system of rivers ribboning the Mississippi Valley. He regarded this short connecting link, only sixty miles or so, as not only a great and important factor in commercial life, but as a powerful safeguard in time of war. The western end is close by the biggest arsenal in the world, that on the island of Rock Island. The eastern end, formed of the old Illinois and Michigan Canal, enters the great lakes which form our northern frontier. Cannon, and other heavy munitions of war, could be shipped by water, and distributed to our war vessels in the lakes, in case of a battle royal with Britain. But the major's real chief reason for demanding that congress should construct the canal, lay in the fact that in his mature years he foresaw the opening up and populating of the great northwest. He foresaw the millions of tons of farm

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UNITED STATES STEAMER MARION
Opening voyage through Hennepin canal

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which these people would raise, an
a cheap transit to the seaboard. Whe
and their contiguous territories as h
Allan's keen perception saw them bloss
to feed the world. Being so far from
eat up the crops of these great group
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products which these people would raise, and the absolute necessity for their having a cheap transit to the seaboard. When the masses of men regarded the Dakotas and their contiguous territories as hunting grounds or barren wastes, Major Allan's keen perception saw them blossoming as the rose, producing wheat enough to feed the world. Being so far from the sea, the cost of transportation would eat up the crops of these great groups of agriculturists. The railways could not or would not carry these foodstuffs, wheat, barley, corn, oats, but principally wheat, for a tariff that would leave anything for the farmer, who has to pay it all. This being the case, the populating of the great northwest was likely to prove a failure. Here is a great river, navigable to St. Paul, thus tapping the frontier of the prospective new grain mart. The railways could bring the grain to St. Paul, and, there it could be laden in barges which would convey it to the lakes, and thence via the Welland and Erie canals, and the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers, to salt water, without breaking hulk. This was Major Allan's grand dream. To make the vision a reality, all that was required was this short bit of canal. To accomplish this canal, he bent all his great energies, devoted years of his life, and spent thousands of dollars. Foolish carping critics there were, who sneered, saying that Major Allan's real purpose was to drain his swamp lands in northern Henry county, through which the canal would be cut. These ignorant critics knew so little about canals, that they did not comprehend the fact that in low marsh lands the canal is built up above the level of the contiguous country, and water from the marshes would have to run up hill to get into it.

This reminds the writer of an anecdote recorded by another veteran of the canal promotion, aged Ben Shaw, editor of the Dixon Telegraph. Ben says, in a recent copy of his paper, which he kindly sent the writer, that, when the idea of the canal was broached to Editor Russell, of the old Davenport Gazette, he jeered, saying: "A canal from the Mississippi to the Illinois River! How can you make water run up hill? The age of miracles is past!" Russell never thought of tapping Rock River at the summit north of Sheffield, and supplying it with a feeder, which was the way to solve the problem. The feeder debouches from Rock River at Sterling.

To General Thomas J. Henderson of Princeton, Illinois, more than to any other man, is due the credit of transforming Major Allan's grand vision into the reality which the citizens of Geneseo beheld yesterday, when they saw the steamer Marion at Lock twenty-four. General Henderson was chairman of the rivers and harbors committee in congress, and it was by reason of his powerful position, and his tireless energies, that congress adopted the measures and passed the first appropriation for the building of the Hennepin Canal. General Henderson, commander in the War of the Rebellion of the One Hundred and Twelfth regiment, including the majority of the enlisted men from Geneseo and surrounding country and villages, is still living at Princeton, Illinois, in the enjoyment of a hale and hearty old age. Major Allan passed away December 20, 1885. Hon. Jeremiah Murphy died soon after.

Would that these staunch old advocates of the canal could have seen the interest in the fruition of their bygone labors, in Geneseo yesterday! While the whistle at the electric light works was cutting the clear November air with its

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scimitar of sound, the Geneseo-Edford Bank was wafting waves of melody upon the winds. The entire town was agog and astir. Teachers of Geneseo's famous up-to-date schools rose to the occasion. Recognizing the fact that it was a history making epoch, they gave the pupils opportunity to commit the lesson to memory in a practical way. The result was a swarm of bright, rosy-faced youths and maidens, all headed for the canal, most of them on foot. The lane from the northwest corner of the corporation clear to Lock twenty-four, at the former Jeffrey farm, was alive from end to end with school children, young people from the high school, Collegiate Institute, and from every walk of life. Citizens by the score in vehicles, on foot, on horseback and in automobiles, crowded the lane. Half the town or more thronged the lock and vicinity when the cry went up, "There she comes"! And, crushing her way through the thin ice, the Marion steamed steadily down to within a hundred yards of the upper gate of the lock, and made fast to the bank while Jack Hanna and his assistants manipulated the gates. And the band played, the boys shot firecrackers, and a holiday abandon possessed the throng, more than half of which were ladies and girls.

Captain Wheeler and Major Riche stepped ashore, and went ahead to inspect the gates. Captain Wheeler is well-known in Geneseo. His home is in Sterling, where the immense government dam is located, which deflects a portion of Rock River's waters into the canal feeder. For several years Captain Wheeler was a familiar figure about the Geneseo House. He was master of construction on the western division of the canal. He was at the head and front of all the work, and was the court of last resort, to whom all the men and mules made obeisance. He is a tall, well set up elderly man, with a grizzly gray mustache and an air of authority clothes him as a garment. Major Riche (pronounced Ryeshay, with the accent on the "shay") is yet higher in authority. He sits on the throne, and anon Captain Wheeler takes off his hat to Major Riche. The writer approached these dignitaries, shook hands, expanded his chest, and wished them bon voyage. Captain Wheeler said that they had had good luck so far.

"But this is the 13th," ventured the scribe.

Gloom could be seen mantling the brows of these new navigators of the northwest passage. No sooner did it mantle, than the cry arose, "The gates are stuck!"

"That's the thirteenth getting in its work," gloomed Major Riche. Logs or stumps had floated into the valves of both the upper and lower sluices, and trouble was triumphant. Jack Hanna worked like a trojan. Though the keen November winds roared in such riotous fashion that Mayor Kiner could not make a speech so that more than thirteen could hear it, Jack worked like Jack the Giant Killer when he had a job of slaughtering thirteen giants in thirteen minutes and thirteen seconds. His assistants aided by men from the boat, and by the advice of half the men leaning on the bridge, all labored and lunged at the submerged obstacles to navigation. An hour, two hours, passed. A stream of people set in for town. The wind grew colder, though the sun was bright. People were air-hungered. More went away. At 2:30 the scribe started his family hippopotamus for home. After a hastly meal, he girded up his loins to return to see if the lock had been jacked open yet, when word came that the

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blockade had been run, and that the Marion was serenely steaming past Pete Sickler's slaughter house.

Of course it is too late to continue navigation this fall. What effect the canal will have upon the commerce of this region and the northwest in general remains to be seen. Heavy freights, such as coal, stone, brick, lime, lumber, cement and salt, can be handled more cheaply by water than by rail. The canal has been built independent of towns. There is hardly a town on its entire course. It is two miles from Geneseo's business center and much farther from Atkinson and the towns farther east.

A curious feature of the voyage of the Marion was in the fact that the canal was not filled its length, but only from lock to lock, one level at a time, from start to finish. The Marion, in a sense, carried her navigable waters with her. After she passed a lock, the level astern was a mere procession of puddles. Bow on, it was filled to a depth of what appeared to be two feet. This was ample, as the Marion is a light-draft vessel. She is time-worn, and looks as if she came off the Illinois River. Several ladies were aboard. The boat is meeting with an ovation everywhere on its voyage. Major Riche gives Geneseo credit for the heartiest of these.

A dreamy Irishman leaned on the bridge, muttering to himself, as he watched the water hissing through the leaks.

"Hen Pen Canal, is ut?" he growled. "It's the Goose Pen, er the Duck Pen, it shud av bin. Dommit, a hen can't swum!"

All hail to the Hennepin Canal! President Roosevelt is for internal waterways. The Panama Canal will change the geography of a hemisphere, and build a London on our Pacific shores. May the Hennepin do its share in the onward march of mankind!

SHABBONA SHARP SHOOTER.

Mrs. Manrose was putting things to rights for the night, in the little cabin home near the eastern limits of Henry county, in the early forties. Manrose had gone to Chicago, he and Robert Hinman of Tiskilwa, each with a load of wheat. They had been gone two weeks, and the little woman was growing anxious. Suddenly a man appeared in the little cabin door.

"O, Nathan!" she exclaimed, jumping toward him.

"Big Injun, want chicken!" were the words she heard.

A big member of the tribe of Shabbona was there.

"The chickens are at roost in that tall tree," said Mrs. Manrose.

"Me shoot um."

"You may have a pair, if you hit them in the dark."

The Indian pulled a bow and arrow from beneath his blanket. The chickens were mere blurs in the darkened foliage. The arrow flew, and down came a chicken. Again the arrow whizzed, and another chicken fell. The Indian chucked the fluttering fowls beneath his blanket, and silently stole away.

A little while after, Mr. Manrose appeared. He had brought a piece of dress goods for Mrs. Manrose. This really may have been the cause of anxiety. She opened her full red lips to tell of her adventure with the Indian, when her eyes

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caught a gleam of her new dress, in the uncertain light of the glowing rag in the saucer of grease.

She bounded forward for a closer look. It was calico, and O, so red! It was a turkey-gobbler red, an intense fiery red, a red like a conflagration.

"O, Nathan!" she exclaimed, dropping into a chair, and sighing hysterically: "I can't wear that. The neighbors over at Ten-mile Slough would think the prairie was afire."

THE RINT.

When Daniel Snyder settled on the old state road in Burns township, there was one house between his and Geneseo, and one house between his and Kewanee. The latter was the Potter house, bought and moved into town by the Daughters of the American Revolution of Kewanee, for a chapter house. While Daniel was building his domicile in the rim of the timber, he rented a cabin close by without saying aught of the rate of rental. All the time he worried for fear the owner of the cabin would charge too big rent. He could stand three or four dollars, but if it was five or six dollars, he would go broke. When his house was finished and he had moved in, Daniel approached the owner of the cabin, his knees knocking and back dissolving. But joy jeweled his jubilee. "The rint," the owner told him, "would be thirty-sivin cints." That would be one dollar and a half a year.

WOLF STORIES.

The Kewanee Star-Courier gives Hugh G. Carson, of one hundred and seventeen South Main street, Kewanee, credit for having lived the longest continuously in Henry county. Writing in 1903, the editor says that Carson had lived sixty-seven years within our borders. Carson was born in Salt township, Wayne county, Ohio, May 22, 1823. His father dying in 1841, he became the mainstay of the family. The father died at the farm three miles out of Kewanee.

One clear cold day about Christmas, the Carsons heard a startling sound in the woods. "White men!" exclaimed the father, listening to the measured strokes of the ax. They ran eagerly toward the sound. They found Joseph Goodrich, Deacon Willard and Judge Butler, busily erecting a cabin. What a meeting! The woods were radiant with joy. The Carsons had almost forgotten the features of their own race. They helped the strangers erect their cabin, gave them a home while they were building, and gave them the glad hand and the glory smile. In passing I must comment upon the abundance of room there always was in frontier cabins. I never heard of a wayfarer being turned away for want of room, though I have heard of their warm welcome to a sixteen by twenty-four cabin with sixteen to twenty-four persons already in it!

One day in the forties Carson the older had been in Geneseo. Returning he had just crossed Spring Creek, when he observed dusky forms in the road ahead. At first he took them for deer. Urging his steed nearer, he observed that the intruders had tails. Then he knew them to be wolves. Suddenly the entire pack whirled and set full upon him. The horse bounded ahead, and soon

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was flying along the old Indian trail, with the wolves in full pursuit. Sometimes they ran even with the frightened horse. Mile after mile the race was kept up. As pursuers and pursued neared the Cosner place in Cornwall, the wolves fell away. Cosner's was the first house after leaving the creek. The wolves realized that help was at hand. There has always been a doubt if wolves will chase a man. This seems to settle it. A huge black timber wolf once became my escort in the Hog Run timber, in Grundy county, Illinois. I rode a black pony. The wolf first appeared in the road ahead; then withdrew to the side, lurking and skulking in the bushes and undergrowth, but keeping even till I had reached the outer edge of the hazel copses beyond the woods. He stood and looked after me a short time, then turned and disappeared in the thicket. I was about a dozen years old, and the pony was small.

LINCOLN STORIES.

In the early fifties a queer equipment sagged and swayed across the gopher-holes and crawfish chimneys of Henry county's prairies. It came up from the south. It consisted of an oldfashioned chickencoop top buggy, drawn by a pair of mouldy mules, and driven by a long, gaunt, swivel-jointed man, with high cheek bones and a high plug hat. The general direction of this outfit was to the northwest. When a cabin was sighted in the eaves of some frowning forest, this tall gaunt man would head the mouldy mules for the cabin and inquire the way to Rock Island, also the distance.

The mules never rose to eminence; but the man became noted.

His name was Abraham Lincoln.

He was attorney for the Rock Island Railway. The road wanted to build a bridge over the Mississippi at Rock Island, and the steamboat men opposed it. The result was a lawsuit.

The lawsuit had droned along for days, the mouldy mules were eating their heads off in a livery barn, and Old Abe yearned for the flesh pots of Egypt.

"Why, men," he suddenly exclaimed one day to the long row of sullen river men, who looked up expectant, for this long man always said something when he drew himself up like that, "Why men, think how unreasonable you are. That river is a government stream. The government allows you to go the whole length of it, and you don't want the government to let my client, the railroad, go across it! You may go three or four thousand miles, and you won't let us go a mile!"

The broad grin on the sunburnt faces gave way to a roaring guffaw. The suit was won for the railway.

LaFayette Stewart was a Geneseo boy. He and a friend worked out in haying till they had a stake. They coaxed their fathers to let them go down into Menard county for apples and cider, trees being too young to bear, in Henry county. Both wagons were laden with apples, and in each was a barrel of cider. It occurred to the boys that the cider might spoil on the long road to Henry county. They asked a native what sort of preservative they should use. He grinned and referred them to "Abe, he'll know."

Abe stopped swinging his long legs on the postoffice steps long enough to say: "Knock the bungs out, and put a pound of saleratus into each barrel.

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This was done. Talk of the geysers of Yellowstone Park! This cider geyser almost equaled them. The cider shot forty feet into the air.

The "Abe who knew" was none other than the future great emancipator of four millions of slaves, the godlike Abraham Lincoln.

FOR THEIR WHISKERS' SAKE.

In the days following the firing on Fort Sumter, J. A. Parker, photographer, clawed together his traps and calamities, and departed hence. He was what was bitterly called a "copperhead." It was getting too hot for him.

In the showcase on the street was a picture with an aggregation of Geneseo citizens upon it, which I shall endeavor to obtain for publication in this book. Parker gave it to Editor Hobbs, who has preserved it. Its chief interest is the style and copiousness of the whiskers. Some of the best-looking men in Geneseo, concealed their features beneath fearfully and wonderfully made whiskers.

BOB.

Peter Wade was a pioneer, away down on the southeast limits. The Rock Island and Peoria railway cut his farm in two. Wade wanted damages. The company said he had received benefits equal to his losses. A lawsuit resulted. Wade was too poor to employ a lawyer, and proposed to fight for his rights himself. The railway lawyer was Bob Ingersoll.

The day of the trial the great Bob came up from Peoria. He was dressed finely and carried himself like a Lord of Creation. The poor and humble Wade beheld this magnificent creature with sinking heart. At first he thought he would take a sneak home, and let the result be what it would.

But he braced up, and spoke to Ingersoll.

"I'm a poor man," he said: "I worked hard to make my farm, and I feel that it cannot be right for a railroad to take my best land away from me, and split my farm in two, without paying me for the damage caused. I know you are the railway's attorney; but I—I think it ain't right."

The blue eyes of the great agnostic filled for a moment. Then they glittered.

"No, it is not right, Mr. Wade," he said; "and I'll not fight you. Your claim is just. The company must pay it in full."

And it did.

WHEN TWO FOOLS MET.

The Blair family of Kewanee had a nice new wagon, all red and striped and glittering. A fellow named Spring, whose record for folly may be found elsewhere, offered old man Blair a deed to eighty acres of land for the wagon. Blair refused. He said that he could use the wagon, and already had more land than he knew what to do with. That eighty is now worth sixteen thousand dollars, and the wagon isn't worth a sou markee.

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SECOND STREET, WEST FROM MAIN, KEWANEE



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SHANER.

Philip Shaner and wife (Melinda Jackson), were wedded January 18, 1835, in Cattaraugus county, New York. They came west, and farmed near Wethersfield. They lived together as man and wife longer than the Psalmist allotted human life. When the old man was ninety-one he spoiled a good temperance story by saying that he drank whiskey eighty years, and that it is as needful as bread. It probably is not kneaded as much. Then he might have been one hundred if he'd let it alone.

TUMULTUOUS LOCHINVAR.

Ed Hunt of Huntsville, south of Annawan, tells the history of Barney O'Connel, who once lived on the Frank Greenhagen place. Barney was a bachelor in a log cabin. This was more than half a century ago. One morning the cakes were half dough, and Barney got mad, and swore he'd have a wife. He put a jug of whiskey in his wagon, and, starting east on the old state road, he called at every house and asked if there was a woman within who would wed. Finally one said she'd have him. He bundled her into the wagon, and drove to the nearest authorized official, where they were married. Barney gave the officiating officer a dollar and a York shilling. They lived happily for many years, and got rich. Barney would go to town, fill up on red liquor, and drive home like a hurricane, going slap bang through the bars, which he would replace next day. All along the road he would call the people the most absurd names, and he had a name for every one. Among his breaks was one which prompted him to hurrah for Jeff Davis. Many a row resulted from this practice. After many years he and his wife quarreled and separated. Then they made up and moved to Kewanee. Here they lived happily for many years, and were at the high tide of bliss when some unhallowed villain offered to bet Barney that he could not drink a quart of whiskey at one inning. With sublime confidence in a capacity which had been time-tried and fire-tested. Barney made the bet, and did the feat; but it laid him low. Something was wrong with the plumbing. So Barney made an exceedingly spirituous exit from a world which is gross and materialistic.

MISSIONARIES.

Hooppole, the prosperous hamlet of Yorktown township, has sent forth two missionaries to carry the message of the Messiah to the heathen. They are sisters, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Minch, well-known people of Hooppole. They are also granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Offerle of Geneseo. Both sisters are fluent writers. Both mother and daughters were for many years correspondents of the old Geneseo News. Now the ladies, both married to men who are heart and soul in earnest about the spreading of the gospel, write home beautiful and graphic accounts of their experiences in the far lands, and the home folks kindly allow the Geneseo Republic to print these letters for the benefit of all. Glorious and good are these girls, who have given up the comforts of civilization, to carry golden truths to lands that are lone and dark.

One is in Africa; the other in China.

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WILKIE.

In the strenuous season when the war was brooding, came to Geneseo one Franc B. Wilkie. He had a hunch that he was a lawyer, though I have found no other person to have such a delusion. He had no office of his own, but hung about the law offices, while the barrooms were closed.

Uncle Abraham Miller used to tell me about Wilkie. I lived a decade in the Geneseo House, and regarded Uncle Abram as my own true uncle. To him I always went when borne down with sorrow, or dry, or wanted to borrow a dollar. He was a good old man, and the ideal landlord. He could make a wayfarer feel at home, and happy, and comfortable, quicker and with less effort, than any man in the business. There was something soothing in his atmosphere. He was my good old friend, and I love him yet, though he is beyond the Blue.

"He had the ugliest eye in his head," said Uncle Abram to me when we were talking about odd characters. "Franc B. Wilkie's eye would make me have hot chills. He used to tell funny stories, real funny stories; but those eyes of his would neutralize the laugh for me. I'd as soon think of laughing at a buck Indian sawing off a poor devil's scalp with a dull scalping-knife. It might be funny to watch him haggle away, and bend his back and cuss; but something about the performance sort of stopped up the humor. He used to get drunk about every time somebody somewhere sent him money. He'd pay his board, and then go on a rounder. I always felt like there was blood on the moon then. One day he got about as drunk as I ever saw him, and he squared up with me, and held out his hand. I sort of held aloof, for I didn't know but maybe he'd blow my head off with a gun in his other hand. He was quick as lightning to catch on, and he held out both hands. I shook 'em both, and held on a good while, as it appeared like prolonging my life. Well, he went to Chicago, got a job with old Wilbur F. Storey to go down south and report the war, and blamed if that wasn't the making of the Chicago Times. Old Storey saw that he had a bonanza, and he gave Wilkie free rein. Let him telegraph whole pages. Why, the Chicago Times jumped to the biggest circulation in the United States. Right here in Geneseo a hundred daily copies of the Times would be a low estimate. Other dailies sold three to a dozen, and then only when a fellow couldn't get the Times. Wilkie was the greatest reporter in the business. The Times was a looking-glass, reflecting the whole war."

"Yes," I said, "good judges of literature say that Wilkie's brochure, 'The Last Gun at Altoona,' was the finest piece of literature evolved by the war."

"When the war was over," proceeded Uncle Abram, who shied at "The Last Gun" as one who'd never heard it, "Wilkie came back to Chicago, walked past old Storey, who was doing something at a desk in his private office, got the overcoat he had hung up there before the war, and was stalking out, when old Storey thundered to him to return. He sent Wilkie to represent the Times in Europe. His salary was big; but the Times boomed, and the Times was Storey's life.

"When they were revising the Bible, there was great rivalry among the big dailies as to which would get out a reprint of the revised New Testament first. On the day when the first copies were printed in London, half a dozen of the

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swiftest ships afloat started from London for New York with big rewards from rich publishers for the ones arriving ahead. It was the intention to cut the copies up, distribute the pages among hundreds of printers, and publish the entire New Testament in one edition of the paper.

"How those steamers made the brine boil! But Franc B. Wilkie, the old Geneseo lad, goes down to the cable office and hires the whole shooting match, to be held against all comers to cable the entire book about Jesus under the sea. He had to write a draft on old Storey for fifteen thousand dollars. He'd never said a word to Storey about it.

"Old Storey's eyes bugged. What did this mean? Franc must be just sending sample pages? But the cable kept pouring the New Testament into the Times office, and pretty soon old Storey rose to the occasion. He sends out and gathers up every man and woman in Chicago who could set type, and the next issue of the Chicago Times had the New Testament in it, from first word to last. When those ships came in, there was a cheap lot of sea captains and publishers for sale. The revised edition was all over the United States, in the Chicago Times, and the paper was the wonder of the world. Old Storey cabled the Geneseo lad that his salary was doubled from that minute. And, say, Henry, wasn't he a whooper?"

And I admitted it.

THE OLD ASSESSOR.

Harry McArthur died Saturday morning, September 25, 1875, aged sixty-four years. He was Geneseo's oldtime assessor, and father of Frank McArthur.

FIRST FIDDLER.

Z. D. Stanbro of Hanna, was Henry county's first fiddler. Stanbro's father built the first bridge over Green River. Stanbro had a genius for the stage. He organized a company, and gave theatrical exhibitions, beginning at Earl P. Aldrich's house, and working south to Peoria. They played in hotel dining rooms. People for a score of miles around attended the show.

Stanbro says that he played for the first dances in Geneseo, Prophetstown, Dayton and Milan.

Stanbro tells of a prisoner held for horse stealing, who was chained with a trace chain to a block during the day, and to his bedstead at night. The fellow complained that he could not get exercise enough. Sheriff Tabor fixed his feet a little freer, and gave him a vaulting pole. It was a solemn sight, and a warning to the young, to see Henry county's only criminal hopping about the prairie like a kangaroo, skinning his rascally shins on a penitential block.

One day Sheriff Tabor's father was going to White Oak Mills, Andover. He suggested taking Carpenter, the prisoner, along, hoping to get on the good side of him, gain his confidence, and secure a confession. Sheriff Tabor agreed. When returning, they were passing through a wood, when both men noticed a paper attached to a tree. While old Daddy Tabor was concentrating his intellects upon the paper, Carpenter, from behind, knocked him senseless. Car-

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penter left the old man in the bushes by the roadside, turned the team into the jungle, produced a file, got rid of his irons, and fled. A teamster came along and saw Tabor's hat in the road. He took it to Stanbro's house. Stanbro returned with the teamster. They found Tabor and the team, and took them home. The old man recovered from the blow. The teamster said he heard Carpenter filing at his irons when he first found the hat, but for some reason didn't butt in. The sheriff was tired of his grass-hopping protege, anyhow, and was as glad to get rid of him as Col. Jim Day of Geneseo, was to part with the base-runner when the colonel was playing third base.

ELASTIC BORDER.

William W. Davis, M. A., author of the brilliant History of Whiteside county issued by the publishers of this work, records the fact that a certain boundary line in his county is defined on the books as the "middle of the current of the Meridosia."

As the Meridosia is just across the frontier of Henry county, and, as farms in that locality must be sold subject to the peculiar metes and bounds of the legally recorded limits, I fell to brooding over the possibilities of the situation.

That brought on a bad dream, in which I believed myself to be in a train on a desert.

THE BAD DREAM.

"Population increases by births and immigration. Land never increases." Acker, the fat land agent, having quoted the clincher of his advertising pamphlets, glared about the car filled with homeseekers. He was conducting them to a new Eldorado.

"Land never shrinks or swells——"

Acker had the attention of all. Anything was better than the horizon-hemmed horror of the desert. It is likely that he might have recited the entire pamphlet, penned fervently, even feverishly, by a reporter temporarily stranded, and who had never been within a thousand miles of the land he described; but Grouchy Jim Mahan cut in with:

"Land does shrink and swell. I've a farm that shrinks to four acres, and swells to four hundred!"

"Betcher a section o' prairie 'gainst the farm! Why, he's crazy!"

Acker fired the first sentiment at Jim; the second at the crowd.

Jim plunged into an inside pocket, and produced a packet from the depths.

"You stick to the bet, Acker," roared a raucous voice. The crowd was with Mahan.

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as had the cholera. The hog feller was honest, and he says they had the fateful disease; but my preedicesser says it's a go, anyhow. The hogs all died before the deed was made out. My pree-an'-the-rest-of-it sold the diseased to the soap factory, all but a few that was too tarnal ripe to handle. These they skidded into the river. The pore feller made a will that the hog money should go for a monument, then went and hung himself.

"Here's the deed, and it's a dockyment that has soured my soul, and made me what I be! I was not always thus——"

"Augh, gwan with the romance," shot a ripsaw voice.

"This here," Jim was unmoved by the ripsaw, "is the description, and it's where the holler-horned, grief-ridden, grouch-growin' Gazelle comes in! The east, north and south metes and bounds are regular, an'll stay put; but the west line doesn't mete anywheres particular, an' bounds 'round too much. There, foller that finger, and' read it for yourself: It's just as it is in the Registry of Deeds in Morrison, the county seat: 'The middle of the current of the Meridosia!' Thet's the description of my west bounding line."

"What's the Merry Doser?" demanded the ripsaw.

"Swap yer voice for a shingle mill," Jim glared at the man, "and I'll tell yeh." Like most men, Jim's pronunciation and articulation were affected by his moods: "It's a swamp, a mile wide and nineteen miles long. It was the bed o' the Mississippi before the big river cut through the cliffs at Cordova. Most o' the year, there's wandrin' furrers o' water, windin' around like lost ducks in the dark, seekin' if they might go some place. Willers swarm in the swamp. The French as settled Cordova, called it Marias d' Osier, which, by interpretation, means the Marsh of the Osiers, or willows. When folks that talk the United States settled there, they struggled a while with the French, or, it may have been Spanish, and the closest they could come was Meridosia. It stagnates from Cordova to Rock River, nineteen miles south. Here's where my sorrows come in: When the Mississippi is high, it fills the Meridosia, and the middle of the current sets along the west shore. My buildings are on the east side, on a rise o' ground. The middle of the current of the Meridosia being my west boundary line, my farm is a mile wide, and includes four hundred acres. When Rock River is on the rampage, and is higher than the Mississippi, the Meridosia flows north to Cordova. Then the current is along the east bank, and my farm puckers up to four acres!"

"Hooroar! Jim's made his pint! Jim wins!" and a volley of similar verbal explosions, filled the coach. Men surged forward to seize Mahan's hand. They pounded him on the back, and some who could not reach him, threw their hats in his direction, in an ecstasy of congratulation.

Jim Mahan batted wet eyes at the men. His voice was suspiciously near his heart when he spoke again.

"I hain't rejoicin' so much about beatin' Acker: I know'd I'd do that; but to get such hunks o' real friendship 'most swamps me." He drew a red bandana and blew his nose with unnecessary violence, making it necssary to wipe his eyes. He betook himself to gazing at the sand that now banked in scal-

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gation waiting the benediction. There was a wholesomer look in Jim's face when he turned and resumed:

"That tarnal double-barreled river that shot both ways," Jim's jaw resumed its snowplow slant when he thought of it, "got me into more trouble—why you fellers 'd been as bad as me! It'll sour any man to have to get out o' bed, when he's dead tired, and chase a swarm of muskrats as are raising high jinks on the front porch. Then git up of a mornin' and see a tarnal frog sittin' on every head o' cabbage! I had to train the kids to poke the toads out o' the lettuce beds. I couldn't bear the thought o' eatin' toads' nests. Torkles, crabs, mudhens, polecats, there was a aquarium o' amfinious things swarmin' 'round. Malary an' ager! I just want Acker to know what sort o' swamp he missed winning. We all had the ager: the hull fambly. Shake! Mrs. Mahan has false teeth, and it uster keep two kids busy flyin' after her teeth when she got mad and set in to jaw about the ager. They divided the job, one alwus takin' after the lower set, and t'other feller after the uppers. Hosses got the ager, and the cow 'd shake so we couldn't hit the pail at milkin'. Pigs, real young and tender ones, 'd shake ther toenails off. Them pigs! How they'd dive for clams! Sometimes the nail 'd never grow on, and they'd git webs between their toes.

"But we c'd 'a' stood all this, if it hadn't been for the way the neighbors treated us, and specially the preacher. We belong to the United Brethren church, at Osborn Ferry. The preacher loves us to death when the farm is four hunderd acres, and freezes us to death when it's four acres. Invites himself over to dinner when we got a big farm: says our chickens has such a fine fishy flavor. When we're pinchin' along on four acres, he hists his eyes to heaven, and we're worms o' the dust, and invisible. Four hunderd acres, and you'd ought to see the usher ush us along! He melts down the aisle to our pew, as if he'd velvet feet, and the floor was paved with eggs. When the snows melt in Wisconsin, and Rock River reduces us to poverty, he doesn't ush us at all. He jist pints and butts his head at the pew. I'd like to knock his tarnal head off, and I believe in my soul I'd do it, if it wasn't for its being the house o' God, and Mrs. Mahan ready to grab my arm. I lead in singin', and as sure as the farm is puckered, the parson gives out 'Shall We Gather at the River.' One Sunday I was in a tarnal humor along o' the minks taking the blood o' a dozen o' my best hens the night before, and when the parson read and begun to line that river song, I throws back my head in defiance, and begins with 'Shall We Know Each Other There?' Nobody jined in; but preacher and all jist stood and stared straight at me. I was so all-fired mad that the fire in my temper kept the biler going and the steam up for a spell; but the stares got onto my nerves, and I stuck in the middle of a word, and slumped down, looking meaner that a peeled polecat. We'd stand round in the church yard after the meeting, my wife and I, looking as lonesome as roosters in the rain, when all the rest was visiting and giggling ther joy onto each other. But when ther was a drouth in Wisconsin, and Rock River wasn't navigable for a shingle, and, on the contrary, the snows were melting or the rains descending and the floods coming in Minnesota, making the Mississippi a roaring raging torrient, then

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we had a big farm, and were the big much-a-mucks. The preacher'd fall over his feet to get close and shake, and the people nearly tore our arms off.

"The editor of the county paper 'd come out in one issue with 'We Drove yesterday by Mr. James Mahan's fine four hundred acre farm, in the delightful Meridosia Valley. Mr. Mahan should follow the fad of naming farms. We would suggest Willow Wreath.' Next week he'd come out with 'We were compelled to flounder through the Meridosia Flats yesterday, chasing delinquent subscribers. We were amused to witness a family of swamp badgers playing on the porch of an obscure swamper named Jim Mahan, who ekes out a precarious existence on a mere alluvial point of the morass, containing two or three acres.' Do you fellers wonder that I look like I'd lived in a vinegar vat? The editor 'd wind up by saying I ought to call my place 'Willow Wallow.' The tarnal neighbors 'd guy me, and when I' drive into town, I'd get it worse'n ever. If I'd put my team in a livery stable, the help'd holler to each other to not offer hay to my horses, it 'd scare 'em to death. 'Gittum some bulrushers,' they'd holler. It's enough——"

Jim trailed off into hopeless blurs. As if he'd mislaid a bunch of words, he let his eyes rove about the seat and floor.

"Must o' had a time assessing and collecting taxes," wheezed Acker.

"Ther's a Mahan-Farm Ward in the Watertown Insane Asylum on purpose for them misfortunates." Mahan shook his head reminiscentially. "The assessor came in June. Rock River was on a high, with carrying off the melted snow of the far north Wisconsin pineries. He'd assess me with four acres. 'Purty wet. Worth eight dollars an acre.' Down 'd go thirty-two dollars' worth o' land. The rate being six per cent on a third valuation, the assessor 'd equalize on sixty-one cents. In February, the collector 'd come. The middle o' the current being then on the west side, the collector 'd look at his books, rub his eyes, spit on his hand, climb the barn, and look the landscape o'er. He'd glare down at me, bewildered like, and holler: 'Sixty-one cents for half of the township!' Then he'd skin down, take another look at the books, and then he'd begin figgering and muttering. He'd not take the taxes, but 'd drive off, full o' mutterings and flutterings. Pretty soon word 'd come that the assessor and collector had had a big row. The assessor 'd demand that the taxes be collected according to his reliable levy. The collector 'd dare the assessor to go and see the farm. Out 'd come the assessor, fighting mad. He'd go away all in, looking like a collapsed balloon. His body seemed to shrivel in his clothes. Next I'd hear, he'd be in the middle o' the road all night in front o' his house, tearing his hair, and howling mathematics at the pale-faced moon. Then the paper 'd come out with a column about his sad case, and how his many friends hoped for the best. About the first o' June, the collector 'd come again with a revised assessment. He'd stand in a petrified state at the bars fornenst the barn, for half an hour. I'd sit on the porch watching his manouvres. He'd beckon, and, when I'd got to the bars, he'd ask if that was the same barn I'd been using. When he'd found it was, he'd spit on his hands, and climb it. He'd sit straddle o' the ridgepole half an hour, then slowly come down. He'd walk all round the aidges o' the farm in five minutes, stand and stare at the cows up to their knees in the ooze and slime nigh the shore, watch

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the carp and catfish swim up and suck the cows, then go away without a word. This was the program every time, with slight variations. I'd watch the paper next week, and ther it always was. A hull column, same as they gave the collector, and winding up with the same fewtile hopes that he'd come to sometime, if they could keep pencils from him so he couldn't figger. The walls o' the ward are all broke out with nail-scratched figgers, like an arithmetic gone into convulsions. Of course ther must be a new collector and assessor elected, and they'd go the same old road, the same old ward, in the same old asylum, and get the same old column in the same old paper." And Jim spat out of the window, hitting fairly the middle of Arizona.

STEERS.

Like the Geneseo stockyards, the Texas steer has passed into history. He is as much a relic as the moundbuilders. They raise right cattle in Texas now.

In the old Henry County News of September 4, 1875, just thirty-four years ago, there appeared the following graphic description of these departed beasts:

A Texican steer is a lawless and ungodly looking person. There is an air of reckless bravado about their countenances, and a desperately saucy way they have of switching their tails and carrying them in a sort of defiant repose on their backs, that makes a man shudder. They lead an abandoned life on the great pampas of Texas and the lands of the Cherokee nation. They have no home and no character. They are born vagrants and vagabonds. All of them have a great hieroglyphic mark on their ribs, which mark proclaims to the world the identity of the unfortunate man who owns the steer. The animal proper consists of a pair of huge and awful horns, that wind and twist in concentric curves far up into the regions of space. Just at the bottom of these horns the steer is built. None of them are ever fat or chubby. They are all long, lank, hungry, wild-eyed monsters, without pity or remorse. We at once made up our mind that if we should ever own a Texican ox we should give him to the worst enemy we had, and then pass the remainder of life in praying to be forgiven for our sins. We do not admire a Texican.

BARNYARD TRAGEDY.

A Biddy hen a huge egg found,
  Laid by a goose that had a mission;
And so the Biddy sat her down
  Upon the egg to hold possession.

'Twas in the prime of summertime,
  When heat was fairly sizzlesozzling:
One day the mighty egg broke wide,
  And fluttered forth a downy gosling.

The old goose saw and wept aloud

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ELECTRIC LIGHT AND PUMPING STATION, WOODHULL



HIGH SCHOOL, WOODHULL

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...partner played the king of spades
...far's this thing gone?"
...paid this Chinaman two dollars and fi
...he strike anything?"
...Chinaman excitedly chattered "Me st
...corpse sat up.
...me my revolver, Jim. It's a low d
...pulled his boots on, as the Chinar

NICKELS, AS WELL AS PEN

...Henry County News of September 4
...here's the return of one D. H. Nichols
...years ago now! Nichols had wa
...to Boulder, Colorado. He was

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"I cannot lie," said Chickey Bid:
"Go, make another egg to match it.
Who mashed this shell? I guess I did,
And how? Why, with my little hatch it."

IN THE DAYS OF '49 AGAIN.

Ambrose Bierce is yet living, I believe, in California. He haunted northern Henry county and most of Whiteside and Lee, when he was a boy.

He tells of a miner who was bitten by a snake. He drank nearly a whole jug of whisky as an antidote.

After while he gave every indication of being a corpse. He was laid out. To pass the doleful hours before the funeral, his partner was indulging in a game of seven up with a friendly Chinaman. The game was interrupted by a voice that had a familiar sound:

"I say, Jim!"

Bereaved partner played the king of spades, and said "Huh?"

"How fur's this thing gone?"

"I've paid this Chinaman two dollars and fifty cents for digging your grave."

"Did he strike anything?"

The Chinaman excitedly chattered "Me stlikee it lich. Pay dirt, me make claim."

The corpse sat up.

"Give me my revolver, Jim. It's a low downer that won't defend his own sepulchre."

And he pulled his boots on, as the Chinaman scuttled through the brush.

NICKELS, AS WELL AS PENNIES RETURN.

The Henry County News of September 4, 1875, which is thirty-four years ago, records the return of one D. H. Nichols, after an absence of thirty years. Sixty-four years ago now! Nichols had wandered all over the west, finally locating at Boulder, Colorado. He was accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Bullock, of Prophetstown.

LONG REVIVAL.

The Henry County News of September 4, 1874, records the longest revival in Henry county. It was held by the Free Methodists of Atkinson, and lasted three months. The editor says "some of the toughest old sinners succumbed."

GENESEO LIBRARY.

In the Henry County News of September 18, 1875, this appears: "Literary: The new library will be in operation in a week of two, and we hope it will be well patronized. Good books are our best friends. Let us grow familiar with them." This item of thirty-four years ago, notes the beginning of Geneseo's fine library in a ten thousand dollar building, donated by Citizen Joseph Hammond.

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THE SILENT CITY ONCE MORE.

Before me is a copy of The Henry County News for August 28, 1875—a whole generation ago. When I speak of a generation, I wish to be understood as meaning one-third of a hundred years. This is the average term of human life.

This paper of the long ago, says:

"In company with Mr. George A. Brown of this city, we took a buggy ride through Oakwood cemetery. Many improvements are going forward in this beautiful home of the dead. We do not hesitate to say that Oakwood cemetery excels any other cemetery in northwestern Illinois, both in natural advantages and in the beauty and taste displayed in the general arrangement."

The article goes on to speak in high terms of the care given the grounds by Sexton Edwards.

Oakwood now is much more beautiful than Oakwood then. It is the model cemetery of northern Illinois.

SHOWER OF ASHES, CURTAIN OF SMOKE.

The county was the recipient of a singular shower on Tuesday, September 14, 1875. A shower of ashes fell. Some of the flakes were as long as a man's finger. On several autumns since then, the county has been curtained for many days with smoke. There was a time when a blood-red glow illumined the sky till long after sunset.

BURIED ALIVE.

Perry Munson of Geneseo was buried alive by the caving in of a well on the Harvey Crane farm, one and a half miles west of Geneseo, on Saturday, September 11, 1875. Scores of men seized shovels from the hardware stores and rushed to the rescue. But only one man could work in the well. This swiftest digger of all was Andrew Cherry. Munson's wife appeared when the work was half done. She screamed fearfully, and was forcibly returned to town. Munson had been dead for hours when taken out. A little dog which followed him had barked incessantly at the mouth of the well all day, a thing he never did before.

HALF TONES.

It is part of the history of Henry county, that half tone cuts were first used in newspaper columns of the Geneseo News.

Hester Brothers of Moline sent up an advertisement, accompanied by two cuts. These cuts were half tones. The first I knew of it, the foreman's voice arose in a storm of wrath.

I rushed into the printing room.

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"They're a million miles off their base," roared Fred, who sometimes rose to the occasion.

"Put 'em in, anyhow. I believe they'll work."

"Work! Half tones will only work with hard sized paper and the finest of ink. With soft newspaper ink and soft paper, the cuts'll look as if a cow'd stood there after being in a mudhole."

Now I knew that this was simply a theory of printers. It was logical, and looked true. They all accepted it, and never bothered to try it out. Fred wanted to set the advertisement without the cuts. I insisted that they go in. I had my way, though the printers all gave me the cold eye. They all gathered to give me the ha ha, when the first sheet came off the press. The cuts were clear as cameos! Printers, all over the country gasped at beholding Hester Brother's Dye Works advertisement. It was the first. They've been in common use ever since.

O, Hester Brothers, Printers owe
A lot they've learned to thee,
And, hush, O modesty of mine,
They owe a bit to me!

O, Hester Brothers, Printer men
To thee all praise should give:
The Printer men, who live to die,
To you, who dye to live!

SHEEPSORREL PIE.

Mag and Kate and Sam and I,
Went for sheepsorrel for a pie.
Mag split the air with "Mercy's sake!"
She'd trodden on a garter-snake.

In summer days my uncle's darters
Hadn't any use for garters.
It is very long since then:
Kate was eight, and Mag was ten.

"I'll not stir another peg!"
Mag said, glaring at her leg,
"Unless you get some garden rakes
And comb the grass for other snakes."

Kate and Samuel and I
Kept on for the sheepsorrel pie.
No step farther would she go.
Kate in a frog-hole crunched her toe,

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Little brother Sam and I
Sought sorrel for a sorrel pie.
Sam on a turtle fell astraddle,
Lightning, how he did skedaddle!

Then 'twas only Henry L.
In a slough-well Henry fell.
Mag and Sam and Kate and I,
Didn't get our sorrel pie.

LEVI NORTH.

Levi North, a Kewanee lawyer, was a man of strong individuality. He was born at Turin, Lewis county, New York, March 12, 1821. His death took place at his home in Kewanee, his lifelong friend, James K. Blish, officiating as director at the funeral. The newspaper clipping before me is undated, so the date of his death cannot be given.

North's ambitions in youth were artistic. For many years he plied the brush and was uneasy without his easel. It is said that he was a clever painter. He became interested in law, and applied himself to the study thereof, as a side issue. Painting would be his vocation, law his avocation. But the gods willed otherwise. The above order was reversed.

North represented Henry county in the legislature in 1871-72. He took a prominent part in the revision of the statutes, and adapting them to the new constitution. He bitterly opposed extreme high salaries for state officers. He aided in the passage of the law making a dramshop keeper liable through bondsmen for damages resulting from his traffic. In 1873, the publishing house of Calleghan & Co., of Chicago, issued North's Treatise on Practice in the Probate Courts. This work has served as a basis for all subsequent revisions of this subject.

One incident above all others in North's long life, stood out vividly in the backward bearing mirror of his memory. In 1848 he made a trip on the great lakes, in the good ship "Globe." To while away the weary hours, a political debate in the cabin was planned. The subject was slavery. North was at home on that subject. He was one of the most absolute abolitionists in the country. The "Globe" trembled with the white hot lightnings of his oratory. Then a slavery man tried to make a case of his abhorrent doctrine. The master of ceremonies introduced as the next speaker against slavery, a member of congress from Illinois. He was a tall, awkward, shambling man, with high cheek bones, and an eye that glowed with fire, or twinkled with irrestible fun. And his name was Abraham Lincoln.

NELSON LAY A NONAGENARIAN.

Nelson Lay, one of the founders of Kewanee and Hinsdale, lived to the age of ninety-one years. He was born in Saybrook, Connecticut, January 20, 1812. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1862. He was one of the

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early members of the Chicago Board of Trade. Six years prior to his death, he and his wife celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. The body of the aged pioneer was laid to rest in Kewanee. He left three sons: H. T. Lay, of Kewanee; Chas. C. of Chicago; Richard of Marshalltown, Iowa; and two daughters: Mesdames Pierce and Watson, of Chicago. Nelson Lay was a grain dealer most of his long life.

OTTER SIT STILL.

My editorial colleague and friend, Professor Henry S. Comstock, wrote a reminiscence which has been preserved by James K. Blish, in the best-compiled set of scrapbooks, historically considered, between Kewanee and Sundown.

Professor Comstock copies rather tediously from oldtime real estate records, but gives us this spicy note:

An incident of the spring of 1856 is recalled by S. J. Longshore. An officer of Rock Island, on his way to Cambridge with two handcuffed prisoners, observed two Otters. (The capital O is Comstock's.) Now the officer desired the pelts of these two Otters. The prisoners, for whom a change of venue had been obtained, were ordered to stay right where they were. He produced his revolver, saying to his prisoners, "if you stir while I go to shoot these Otters, I'll shoot you." They didn't stir.

AN AUTHOR.

Professor Henry S. Comstock was, in his time, capable of filling acceptably the office of County Superintendent of Schools. He was principal of the Colona school for years. Afterward he became editor of the Cambridge Chronicle. While editing the Chronicle, he produced a compilation which he called "Hasty Recollections of a Busy Life." It was made up largely of his previous writings in the Chronicle, and of clippings here and there. He was so insistent in selling these books, camping right with a man till he got his order, that Comstock and his book became a joke.

NOTED OFFICER.

Major Henry W. Wells, who died in Peoria January 8, 1908, possessed a lineage which reached to the Revolution. He was the son of Colonel Wells of England. Colonel Wells married a daughter of Dr. E. Tracey, and granddaughter of General Ward, who was commander-in-chief of the American forces at the time of the Revolution, before the appointment of General Washington.

Henry Ward Wells enlisted in Company D, One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry, and was promoted to the rank of Major on the staff of General Tillson. He opened a law office in Cambridge before the war, returning to it at the close. A year later he removed to Peoria, where he died. His body was buried at Kewanee.

For a time he was a partner of the remarkable criminal lawyer, W. W. O'Brien. He was a member of the convention which framed the Illinois consti-

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tution of 1870. He wrote several law books, "Replevin," "Mechanic's Liens" and "Patent Law."

THE LITTLE GIANT.

Stephen A. Douglas, called "The Little Giant" by his friends, in recognition of his sturdy habit of body and mind, was a sometime visitor in Henry county in the middle of the recent century. I have heard of him as staying over night with friends along Rock River. With the virtues of the pioneers, he had also an inclination to their vices. He often drank whiskey, and frequently to excess. On several occasions in his famous debates with Lincoln, he showed the effects of drink. On these occasions his rage and volubility made him ridiculous, as he came in contrast with the calm, logical, witty and altogether rational Lincoln. Yet he was beloved. Douglas came to Geneseo once, and clambered upon a freight car to make a speech. A prominent citizen climbed after him, and hugged him, in full view of the multitude.

BORN AMONG THE MORMONS.

George Drain, facetiously known as "The Doctor," was born among the Mormons, at Carthage, Illinois. He is the only Henry county man born amid this peculiar people. He remembers the shooting at Nauvoo, where the Latterday Saints essayed to erect a vast temple. The enraged community set the Mormons across the Mississippi River, telling them to go in peace; but go! The Mormons returned. Thrice were they set beyond the Mississippi. Then the grim settlers told them plainly it was the last time. Return, and be killed. The Mormons then began the long march across the trackless wastes, to Salt Lake. Prophet Joe Smith was a familiar figure at Dixon, and among the settlers up Rock River in Henry and Whiteside counties.

Dr. Drain's father was a Methodist minister. "I was two years old when I was baptized by Peter Cartwright, and I yelled like an Indian," he says. Remembers it at sixty-nine! George's mother, who was a famous cook, prepared a dinner for President Jackson when on his way from the Hermitage to Washington to take the reins of government. When George first drove through Henry county, he saw thirteen droves of deer, with from five to fifteen in a drove. There was but one house between Cambridge and Geneseo. That was at Crocker's Grove, alias Brown's Grove. George's home was at Leon, just on the line between Henry and Whiteside counties. His father had five thousand apple trees, which he raised from seed in the southwest country about Carthage. These were dug up and sold to settlers hereabout at ten cents each. This was the start of the early orchards of Henry county.

Hunting and fishing were rewarded then. Once George had but one gun cap. You remember the shining little bronze percussion caps with its boasting box "Primed with pure Anti-corrosive Fulminate." George had but one of these left, when a swarm of waterfowl lit in the swamp beyond the hedge. George crawled down in lea of the hedge, and banged his one bang. When he gathered up the spoils, he had four mallard ducks, three brant, and four wild geese.

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Considering his age, George is the oldest Mason in the world. He joined the day he was twenty-one.

One adventure he sets down in his archives as the weirdest. Prowling through Texas just after the war, in quest of osage orange seed for hedges, with one thousand, four hundred dollars in a belt on his person to pay for the seed, he sought shelter for himself and horse one evening. He had been turned away at one place. Everybody was afraid of everybody else. Houses were far apart. It was growing dark. He hailed a house, and an old man cautiously opened the door six inches and peered out. No. Couldn't keep anybody, the old man said emphatically, nearly discolating his neck with negative shakes of the head. George insisted. He was exhausted. So was his horse. The old man was hauled back from within, and a woman appeared. Her first question was "Where are you from?" "Illinois," said George truthfully, though diplomacy would have suggested a rebel state.

"Illinois! Come right in! Pap, put away that horse and feed him well. I'm dying to see somebody from Illinois. What part of the state?" she asked, as George entered the wide open door.

"Rock Island," said George, naming the town nearest home that she would be likely to locate.

Her face fell a little. "I'm from Whiteside county," said she.

"So am I!" beamed George, joyously. "Where did you live?"

"Three miles northwest of Morrison."

"Then your name is Young, and I took your sister to the Fair at Morrison last fall!"

So it proved. Her husband was away from home. When he returned, he supplemented his wife's hospitality. He compelled George to stay three months, and helped him to buy and bag the osage seed.

During this Texas trip, George came in close communion with the James and Younger brothers. An effort was made to have George buy a farm in interior Missouri, where they could go and rest from their raids. But George was too good a Mormon—I mean Methodist,—for that.

ERE CORN WAS IN CORNWALL.

Alexander F. Murphey was among the first to disturb the grass-grown, posy-painted sod of Cornwall township. It was in the wild and windy March weather of 1854 that Alexander's father and his stalwart sons hitched up the two yoke of oxen, away down in Fulton county, Illinois, and set the course northward for Henry county. The country had already settled up considerably, for the pioneers of 1834 and '36 had now been on the ground fourteen to sixteen years. They had accumulated neighbors, children and other comforts. The Murpheys could not say that the North Star was the only familiar thing they saw on their journey. The young men, peeking slyly from the forecastle of the prairie schooner, saw the comely maidens by the wayside, posing plumply by the fences of civilization. O, those hog-and-hominy fed girls of the long ago! Where are they now?

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That depends entirely upon how they lived in this world. And then some are left to spank their grandchildren.

The Murpheys halted at Cosner's corners in Burns township. There were two dwellings at this point, and, as was universally the case in the early days, everybody was welcome to stay as long as they liked. Here the Murphey family remained during the summer of 1854, while the men of the house broke prairie on the new farm in Cornwall, and built a house. They got the sills for the house at Barren Tree Grove. Alex says the timbers for the sills were too short, and had to be spliced. Now, herein is a mystery. Barren Tree Grove was away far to the South, and Shabbona Grove close at hand, and full of tall, straight timber. Going to the distant woods was like "carrying coals to New Castle" but Shabbona Grove may have been all bought up. Silly to dwell so long on sills. And yet most dwellings are on sills.

In the fall, the Murpheys bade farewell to the good people of Cosner's corners, and moved into their own house, and sat beneath their own vine and fig tree, or where they were to be some day. Their nearest neighbor was William O. Hamilton and family, only a few steps away. Cottages and cabins and some pretentious dwellings already dotted the landscape. Mr. Murphey's first vote for president was cast at Steve Trekell's house in 1856. The candidates were Fremont and Buchanan. Alex voted for Fremont. Buchanan won.

The nearest schoolhouse was in Shabonna Grove. Thither flocked the children for miles around, to obtain the elements of an education. The district school is yet the best institution in this land of the free and home of the brave.

The Murpheys made a success of farming in Cornwall. But so did everybody else, who tried it.

"I guess I thought I was pretty smart in those days," quoth Alex, who is now a retired farmer in Geneseo; "but I have learned a whole lot since. I have learned that I didn't know very much."

ONE EXCEPTION.

I have written that everybody who tried it made a success of farming in Cornwall. There was one exception.

This exception is Eli McConoughey. Eli abides in Geneseo, broken in health and spirit.

Eli is eccentric, a universal attribute of genius. One season he had sixty acres of excellent oats on the farm his father entailed him in Cornwall. Eli had no reaper. He went to a neighbor to borrow a machine. The neighbor was busy with his own grain. He went to three neighbors. All busy in their grain. Eli became sullen. He just let the oats rot in the field. The oats at least calculation would yield forty bushels per acre, or two thousand, four hundred bushels. At twenty-five cents per bushel, this would foot up to six hundred dollars! Six hundred dollars! Eli would welcome it now. Eli is a man of brains, too. He is Geneseo's crack checker player, he is a great reader, and has a library of rare and classical works, with which he is familiar.

We are not all alike. And what a blessing it is that we are not!

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SOUTH TREMONT STREET, KEWANEE



TREMONT STREET, NORTH FROM SECOND STREET, KEWANEE

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HISTORY OF HENRY

A SERMONETTE ON TRUE

friend directs my attention to a two-volu
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A SERMONETTE ON TRUE HISTORY.

A friend directs my attention to a two-volume work entitled "Bench and Bar of Illinois," and edited by Ex-Governor John M. Palmer. My friend's idea was that I could get a chapter on Henry county lawyers from it. I turn to Henry county's allotment of pages, and find the setting forth of the Henry County Bar wholly inadequate and misleading. Not half the members of our bar are mentioned at all. Palmer should at least give a little nonpareil list of the names of those who do not take the book, with their postoffice addresses, even if he doesn't put in where they attend church. To utterly ignore a man like Charles K. Ladd, a man with a national reputation, is not loading up this double-barreled piece of literary ordnance right. Not to know Charley Ladd is to argue one's self unknown. But this is only one well-known lawyer of Henry county who is ignored. There are learned, profound, successful men of the profession, eloquent men, well-read men, whom these volumes do not know exists. It is misleading. Any stranger picking up these books from a hotel table or taking them down from a library shelf away off in some other part of the state, would be likely to believe this little half-digested list of attorneys the real entire entity of the Henry County Bar. If Palmer had hewn off a few hunks about one man's struggles, he would have ample room for printing the names of those ignored.

A county history's province is not to specialize any profession above another; but to treat alike all persons. It has to do with the man who makes history, be he ' wyer, grocer, editor, blacksmith, postmaster or base ball umpire. The county historian should also get above the idea that only pioneers make history. They did their part, the dear old devourers of hog and hominy, with their latchstrings forever out; but the generations since have also been making history.

SUGAR TREE GROVE.

Charles Stackhouse, a farmer whose premises are in the Sugar Tree Grove district, contributed to the press, many years ago, several sketches of early life which make good reading. Stackhouse is a Pennsylvanian, who arrived at Cambridge in 1846. East Cambridge, or Sugar Tree Grove, was in a state of nature. Stackhouse's experiences differed little from those of other early settlers. His brother, William, had settled here in 1840, so Charles didn't have to go up against the raw like most newcomers. In fact Charles found that he was expected, and I believe he looked all around for the chariot to waft him to the skies on flowery beds of ease, while others sought for sheep-sorrel pies, and sat on bumblebees. As an illustration of Stackhouse's refined tastes, read this from his pen in hand:

"Also in the grove were found an abundance of wild fruit, blackberries, plums, crab apples and grapes. A combination of these fruits with the juice of melons boiled down, made delicious sauce, preserves, butter, jam, jell and pies."

O, yum yum!

Stackhouse and his brother-in-law, William Seely, made spinning wheels in Peoria. These were much needed for the making of cloth. He loaded a wagon with wheels, and started for Sugar Tree Grove in the spring. Stackhouse sold

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nearly out before reaching home. He taught school at fifty cents per day and board. He went overland to California with an oxteam caravan in 1849. The caravan was six months and three weeks to Sacramento. He got gold enough to buy a farm. He returned to Sugar Tree and its delicious complicated compound condiments, and farmed with success.

Stackhouse was one of a dozen who took the first loads of hogs to the new market at Geneseo, formed by the advent of the railway.

Hear him:

"We got four dollars a hundred for our hogs, cash. Of course we all felt jubilant, and left some of our money at the hotel for a square dinner, and some partook of the 'O-be-joyful' so freely that they were so overcome on the new venture, that they laid down in their wagons and fell asleep while homeward bound."

It appears that these teams had a full load of hogs coming to Geneseo, and a load of full hogs going back.

MRS. PIATT'S MEMORIES.

Mrs. Martha Piatt died at Cambridge early in the present century. She possessed observation and a good memory.

Her memories of the early days differ but slightly from the reminiscenses of others which I have herein set down. But she had some unusual experiences.

A pack of wolves attacked their home at Henderson Grove one night. They had several cows and calves. The wolves tore a great piece of flesh out of a calf. The cows broke out, and charged the wolves. Her mother got out a dinner horn and blew it. The wolves were bewildered and frightened. Yet they rolled to the cabin door, fighting the dogs. One dog was crippled. A neighbor yelled to ask what was up; but dared not venture among the wolves. The wolves finally left. When her father arrived at home, he sewed up the calf, and it lived.

Terrible was the experience of Mrs. Denbou, a neighbor. The Denbous had a few sheep. These failing to come to the corral one evening, Mrs. Denbou went after them, carrying her babe. She found the sheep in the forest, and tried to drive them home. They refused to go the direction she thought right, but scampered off in the opposite direction. Night was coming on, and Mrs. Denbou walked swiftly toward home. Soon the dreadful feeling of being lost came upon her. She ran frantically, crooning to her babe to quiet it. She had heard that a child's cries attract wolves. Exhausted, she lay down to rest. The prolonged howl of a wolf startled her. She arose and climbed a wild cherry tree, taking her baby by its clothes in her teeth. The baby's dress tore, the child dropped to the ground and rolled to the foot of a hill. She recovered the babe and again climbed the cherry tree. She had no more than climbed out of reach till the tree was surrounded by sniffing, ravening wolves. The brutes sniffed at the ground where the baby had rolled, and where the woman's bare and bloody feet

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sleep and drop her baby. She tied her long hair to the limbs of the tree, so that if she nodded she would waken.

When her husband got home, and found her missing, he thought the Indians had stolen her. The sheep were in the corral. So he knew she was not away seeking them. He summoned "Uncle Jim," an uncle of his wife's, and they set off to hunt for her. About midnight, Uncle Jim yelled to locate the husband, when he was answered by the voice of the woman near by. The two men with their dogs looked too many for the coward wolves, and they went off yelping. The woman was assisted down, and taken to the nearest house where there was a bright fire and warm clothes. She had torn her clothes to ribbons in the bushes.

Mrs. Piatt's two sisters went to her garden, preceded by a pet cat. The cat came back. It's back was bowed, and it spat venom. Looking up the path, there crouched a catamount. The two big dogs were called. They made for the beast. It climbed a tree. Mr. Piatt being away from home, a neighbor was called. He came with a gun and three more dogs. He shot the catamount twice before it fell. Then it came near whipping all five of the dogs before it was killed.

Mrs. Piatt had vivid memories of the Black Hawk War. She relates many instances when her people received aid and kindness from Shabbona. She relates how all the settlers near Rock Island were warned by old Shabbona that Black Hawk's warriors were coming "in three hour's time." Everybody got into the blockhouse, and all were saved except a family named Hall. Hall was bull-headed, insisting that it was only old Shabbona's talk. He made his family return to their home. Just as Hall's family alighted from the wagon, the Indians were upon them. Seven out of ten were slain. One young man saved himself by getting under the bank of Rock River. He said afterward that he could see the reflections of the Indians in the water as they looked for him overhead. Two young girls were made captives. Old Shabbona went to Black Hawk and tried to buy the girls. While they talked, a lot of Shabbona's men stole the girls, and restored them to their friends. The girls said they had to endure seeing the scalp dance around the scalps of their parents and brothers and sisters. They were tied every night, and an old squaw slept between them. She treated the girls very kindly.

Mrs. Piatt's father hauled his produce to Peoria, and his pork to Annawan, when the new railway reached there. One man raised an immense flock of turkeys. In the fall he drove them alive to Galena. When night came, the turkeys would fly up to roost in the trees. The man would feed them well in the morning, and start on. Mrs. Platt says that she heard the man made enough on the venture to buy a well-equipped farm.

Mrs. Piatt concludes: "I was married when I was twenty-one, to John L. Piatt, and moved from Knox county to Henry county. The first year of our wedded life, we spent only five dollars, which was for coffee, mostly, and the next year ten dollars. The first two years we were almost alone in Red Oak Grove, there being only two more families, Father Piatt and Mr. Brodericks."

The doubling of the expenses in the second year would suggest. to the reflective mind, an addition to the population which ate pie at Piatt's.

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A CROOK.

For an honest town like Prophetstown, it is startling to admit that it was founded by A. Crook.

That is, A. Crook came early in 1834, and settled on the creek just east of the village. He was ahead of anybody in this whole region. Phophetstown and Portland then belonged to Henry county, so Asa Crook was our really and truly first settler. He antedated Dr. Baker by a year.

One morning in the fall, Crook caught a beast at the creek. It was about the size of a dog of the same weight. It had rings around its tail, brindle rings.

Asa studied it deeply. He didn't know what species it belonged to. It was new to him. He tamed it. He took it east on a trip. The brakeman on the down east railway yelled that dogs were not allowed in the cars.

Asa said it was no dog. The conductor was appealed to.

"It's a coon. A coon's a insex." Thus the conductor. Thus Asa learned what he'd caught.

Asa named the creek Coon Creek when he got home. It's Coon Creek yet.

Asa Crook the second, son of the above, came to Spring Creek, settling east of Geneseo. He was a good man and true, like his father. Both are gone.

The district made him school director. One morning he visited the school.

The pretty teacher was much flattered. She opened the school with devotional exercises. The director was called upon for a few words.

"I love," he said, slowly rising, and fixing the teacher with his kindly eye. She blushed deeply. "I love," proceeded the director, "to hear this singing and praying. It takes me back to my youth, when I did the same. Even yet I never pass a day without repeating the Lord's Prayer."

"Please repeat it for the children," pleaded the teacher.

"I—I—haven't my glasses with me—that is, I changed my garments this morning—my notes on the piano—Ah—yes, of course."

The director carefully placed the extreme tips of his right hand fingers against the extreme tips of his left hand fingers. He balanced his body on his toes, then rocked back to the heels, and rocked forward again. With rhythmic redundance he began, as it came to him:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And every where that Mary went,
Went Mary's little sheep."

Jeff Arnett told me the above, and assures me of its historical accuracy.

Nevertheless, Asa Crook was a good man, and we all get mixed betimes. Even I have been much confused in the presence of a pretty schoolma'am.

GROTESQUERIE.

During the three decades in which I was the joker in the newspaper game in Henry county, I visited at one time or another nearly every section. Of course

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a man prowling about anywhere with open eyes and a retentive memory, will have something worth telling. One odd experience was met with at a fine farm home a few miles northwest of Cambridge. It would make a foundation for a story to be entitled "The Apprehensive Family."

I drove up at noon, bent upon having dinner. It looked so clean and attractice that I determined to have dinner and my horse fed, and a siesta in the swing seat on the shady lawn.

The head of the family arose from his seat on the porch, and to him I at once made known my desires.

"Every one of us is sick," said the farmer. "Me and the old woman, the children, the hired girl and the hired man. It's all from the well giving out. She's been giving us fresh, healthy water for forty years, and last week she went dry kerplunk, same's if the bottom had dropped out. We had to carry water from the slough well, 'way down yonder, where you see that windmill and the cattle under the cottonwood. The hired man he's some on science. He has a book about Back Tears. They're little maggots in the water, and you've gotto look out for them. We just had to drink that water, bein' it is so hot. The hired man said we took our lives in our hands. He says that slough water has more'n a million back tears in every swaller. Here we are, the hull family, just swarmin' and squirmin' with them things. Liable to die any moment. We sit around and study our symptoms, and watch each other to see who'll go first."

"You're going to dig a new well, I suppose," said I, drifting slowly toward the collapsed curb. I took hold of the handle and worked it, getting wind, and nothing more. He nodded and grumbled that something must be done.

I lit my pipe, and held the flaring match far down. I saw the twinkle of water within sixteen feet of the surface, and got a glimpse of the pumpstock, disjointed just above the water. It was in my young athletic days, when I bluffed the boys into believing me the champion boxer of the bailiwick. I peeled my coat, wriggled down the stone wall, set the pumpstock together, and in five minutes, the old pump was spouting a crystal stream.

The old man was dumfounded.

"Mandy," he yelled. A woman's head appeared at a kitchen window, "telephone to Duval Anderson to not come here a diggin' wells. This feller has fixed the old flue. Now we can all drown them Back Tears in good wholesome water. Get this feller a good dinner. Tell Chuck to put his horse in the barn and feed him. Now we'll all get well agin, an' be somebody."

When driving on the Rock Island coast, just opposite Hanna township, I heard two gun reports. Looking up, I saw two big cubs of boys in a boat. The boat was nearly midstream. The boys were quarreling violently. They shook their fists and howled. I could see that the boat was sinking. The boy in the rear grasped a something furry, and began punching it at the bottom of the boat with one hand, while he bailed frantically with a pan.

"There"

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bottom? Naw! Said he's afraid it'd fall through, and he'd lose him! Rather run the risk o' our mortal lives than lose a rat! You, I've a good mind to drown you!"

He glared at the smaller boy, who was yet scraping noisily at the bottom of the boat with the pan.

I could tell a chapter full of such incidents, but two are sufficient to prove that even in the rural regions one can find tales of the grotesque and the arabesque.

WELTON.

Frank Graves Welton was county clerk continuously for thirty-seven years. This length of service of itself makes him a man distinguished among his fellowmen and fellow clerks. I doubt if any other county clerk ever held his office so long. But he was distinguished otherwise. His war record distinguished him among his fellow soldiers. Few soldiers have been shot to pieces as he was, yet he carried bullets and scars most cheerfully for a generation. The last time I saw him, he had become attenuated to a mere skin and skeleton. The rebels had shot one of his legs away, and there wasn't a hundred pounds of him left.

But that was about half brains, and half backbone, and several rebel bullets. And how those luminous windows of his soul could light up, when the button was rightly pressed! The compelling magic of his eye melted men's animosities, and they became friends in his presence. I have felt kindlier toward the human race after an interlude with Frank Welton. I am sometimes ashamed of my kind. Frank could reconcile me to the idea of standing it a little longer.

Frank Graves Welton was born near Waterbury, New Haven county, Connecticut, April 14, 1843, of Puritan parentage. He died at Cambridge, Illinois, September 12, 1906. His English ancestry found our soil in 1667, in the persons of John and Mary Upson-Welton. A dozen years after setting foot on our shores, they settled at Waterbury, and Frank is a scion of the seventh generation. Frank comes of fighting stock. Both sides of his ancestral house was represented among

"The old continentals
With their ragged regimentals,"

and they "fired the shot heard round the world."

On Frank's eighth birthday, he left the old home for the wilderness in the west. His next home was at Crocker's Grove, now known as Brown's Grove, seven miles southwest of Geneseo. Here he adapted himself to his surroundings. He had a healthful boyhood on prairie and in forest. His ear heard the thunder-drums of doom throbbing far in the southland, and he was one of the first to respond to the country's call for help. He was mustered into Company B, Forty-second Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, at Camp Douglas, Chicago, on July 28, 1861, Colonel Wm. A. Webb commanding. Four years of forced marches and harding fighting followed. His time expired January 1, 1864. He immediately reenlisted as a veteran. Battle after battle blazed their hell-light on the stricken land, and then came Sherman's March to the Sea, when "all the world wondered."

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"Stormed at with shot and shell
Bravely they rode, and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell."

and Frank's place was principally on the firing line. One bullet in his left wrist remained with him through life. Three bullets entered his left leg, and the fifth shattered his right knee. He was on the firing line, as usual. He crawled and dragged his shattered legs a mile, and then he was found and placed on a stretcher. The boy not yet twenty-one, lay on a plank in the red glare of a torch in an improvised hospital that night, while the surgeons cut off a leg. When sending in a wagon to the main hospital, the rebels attacked the squad, the horses ran away, and Frank was thrown out, striking on the amputated bone, and dislodging the bandages. Thirty-six hours he lay there, without food or drink. A wounded comrade saved his life by adjusting the bandages.

Frank was with the army from first to last. His discharge dates March 9, 1865. He had just been through a siege of smallpox in a Chicago hospital.

"He was a brick, and brave as a bear,
As brave as Nevada grizzlies are—
A Texan tigress in her lair,
Or any lion of anywhere!
Yet gentle as the panther is
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss.
A dash of sadness in his air,
Born, perhaps, of his overcare,
Or some such thing, I never knew.

I question not, as many do
Of things as sacred as this is.
I only know that he to me
Was all a brother, friend, could be.
I sought to know no more than this
Of history of him or his."

A charming wife and eight children were given him, when "The war drums throbbed no longer, and the battleflags were furled." Two children died in infancy. The surviving are Albert D., Clarence W., Katherine C. Smith, Mabel E. Brown, Susan B. Sheppard, and Tom.

HAD HIM WORSTED.

Old man Towslee and old man Mott became bitter and acrimonious one to the other. They were Geneseo grain buyers. For many moons they kept aloof, saying naught whatever to each other; but seizing every opportunity to dilate upon the other's failing to any audience they might secure. Every farmer within a radius of a dozen miles had heard from Mott how mean Towslee was, and

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from Towslee how mean Mott was. Of course, every day two or three of these farmers would squat in the little new offices of these big old men, and relate with great volubility of detail what the other buyer had said about the buyer then present. Speaking of big old men, they were big, and no mistake. Towslee was a gigantic man, muscled like a prizefighter; but Mott was a genuine giant. He weighed three hundred and forty pounds. Towslee and Mott fairly ached to get at each other. Towslee had said things about Mott that were unendurable, and Mott had said things about Towslee that Towslee just wouldn't stand for.

Such were the conditions one hot August afternoon toward supper time. There was a lull in the rush of oats wagons that had swarmed the Geneseo streets all day long. Mott sat in his office, fanning his florid face with a huge straw hat, and staring drowsily out of the open door. Two farmers were waiting for their weight checks, when the door was suddenly darkened by a form that fairly filled it.

Mott, looking up, beheld Towslee red as a turkey gobbler, waving his fists, and fairly stewing wrath.

"Mott," said Towslee, making a powerful effort to appear restrained, "You're the meanest man in Geneseo."

"Sure," returned Mott, calmly: "I can get fifty men in half an hour who'll say the same thing."

"You're a liar," shouted Towslee in a towering rage: "You're an infernal liar. You can't do it."

Then Towslee strode off, satisfied that for once he had his ancient enemy worsted.

SWAPPERS.

Money was exceedingly scarce in the commencement of civilization. So "swapping" was resorted to. If two men now trade a horse and cow, for instance, and there is a difference in the valuation, that difference is adjusted with cash. In the prairie days it was adjusted with coonskins, muskrat pelts, pigs, measures of meal, sidemeat, eggs, anything that came handy. Trading was called "swapping." The few Indians remaining in the county had their "wampum," or shell money. This may be the origin of the old-time slang phrase to "shell out." The whites did not even have the wampum. They got along very well, till it came to paying taxes. Coonskins wouldn't go with the tax-gatherer. After the first year or two, trains of farmers would make trips to Chicago with wheat. That brought cash into the neighborhood. The farmers who did not have wheat, or who did not make the trip to Chicago, sold something to the men with money, and so got cash for taxes. All needed was a few dollars.

EDUCATION.

Henry county has the customary complement of country district schools, and village high schools.

We seem to be on the verge of some advance, or change, in our educational methods. There is a growing dissatisfaction with existing conditions. People

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are roused to condemn the wooden stupidity which impels this gazing at educational work through the telescope of tradition, which magnifies the importance of Greek, Latin, and ancient literature, while what pupils really need to learn is something answering the prayer "give us this day our daily bread."

Great advances have been made in surgery, so that the world is amazed to see men actually taken apart and put together to stay put. The arts and crafts are giving us electric marvels, and making the air convey our thoughts to mariners in the midst of the main; but the public schools are the same yesterday, today and forever.

There are few people more inadequately equipped for the battle for bread than the average high school graduate. Think of him going down to the battle's firing line, among the marts and mariners, the shops, offices, soils, the things that produce bread first and bonds afterward, with his Greek, Latin and Algebra!

School consolidation for the betterment of rural education has been discussed. I have it from the local press that Osco township is moving to begin by bringing nine contiguous districts into one township school, with grades and high school. The building to be centrally located. Rainy or snowy weather, with the usual accompaniment of bad roads, would make it difficult, and occasionally impossible, to maintain full classes. Pupils dropping out for days must make class work jerky.

The central township school is not a new idea. It has its drawbacks. It is encouraging, however, to see the agitation. Let us hope, with good reason, that it will work out in something more up-to-date.

I believe I have said elsewhere that teachers should be remunerated on a plane with other professional life, so that men and women can afford to make it a life work, instead of a mere link between nothing to do and the main chance. This I assert, and, asserting, dare maintain.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

Edward Blair says that Kewanee would have been located a mile and a half to the southwest of its present location, but for the discovery of coal in the woods which then covered the ground. The company concluded to locate close to the coal. Blair tells of the Williard & Morse store, which was built in the woods, and of James K. Blish breaking up an eighty just west of the corporation. One day Blish sharpened the old prairie breaker to a keen edge to slice the red roots and shoestrings. Then, somehow, it fell on him, cutting a savage gash in his leg, just above the foot. Blish regarded the plowed flesh philosophically. He had been wearing the excruciatingly tight boots, then all the fashion. He merely remarked "there must always be plowing before the corn."

HEAR THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with their bells!
Silver bells!

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In the icy air of night,
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
In a crystalline delight! —Edgar Allan Poe.

J. F. York, of Cambridge, has a piece in a scrapbook before me, about bells. The type resembles the inspired long primer of the Cambridge Chronicle. He says that the first church bell in Cambridge came to Geneseo about the forepart of July, 1855. There was a great patriotic desire to have the bell in time to ring for the 4th of July. The Baptist church of Geneseo planned to do the same. The two bells arrived. York came to Geneseo and got the Cambridge bell, driving home lickitysplit. There was mighty rivalry between the towns. York says "it matters not which bell rang first." From this I infer that Cambridge got it in the cravat. But the overjoyed Baptists of Geneseo rang theirs so loud, in an effort to make it heard in Cambridge, twelve miles away, that the bell split. It yet has the split in the middle of its voice.

INVENTIONS.

Since writing the reference to Hyatt, inventor of celluloid, said Hyatt being a Geneseo man, I have acquired proof that Henry county has other noted inventors. None may have risen to the heights of Hyatt, possibly because they were not editors; but some of these Henry county devices are of world-wide use. Hyatt's invention I consider to be beyond the ordinary for the reason that he invented an element. He did not do wonders with the mechanical elements like bone, iron, wood, stone or brass, but he invented one of these primordials. I do not wish to be irreverently misunderstood as regarding Hyatt in the light of a creator; but he did compound an element out of ingredients never thought of in that connection by man, prior to this. Celluloid is a compound, as brass is a compound. When Moses said "Out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass," he probably meant copper, or the translators seized upon the wrong word.

The self-binding attachment to the reaper was invented by Burson, a farmer on the line between Annawan and Cornwall townships. His first idea was to have a man standing on the machine turning a crank by hand and stamping a lever with the foot, to bind the sheaves. He had the needle and knot all right, which are the elements of the idea, fully as much as Howe's idea was elemental when he decided that for centuries untold the eye had been placed in the wrong end of the needle.

Burson fell ill. He was taken to the hotel in Atkinson, where an operation was performed. Burson died.

Burson had in his employ a wide-awake young man. This youth packed up the disordered cranks, ratchets and other traps and calamities, and with these in his possession, journeyed to the Deering Harvester Works. It didn't take the powers there long to discover that this bag of mechanical litter held a gigantic but crude idea.

With Burson's idea as a basis, the expert mechanics constructed the self-binder. They attached it to the machine, so the moving equipment would make

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it go. The self-binder was born, the hired man was enormously rich, and Burson slept in a country grave yard. I do not criticise the hired man. I am glad he did as he did. He lifted a heavy burden off of farming. I may resemble a senator out of a job; but I have been a harvest hand. I have bound six-foot rye down a hot hill on a blistering afternoon, and had all my gallus-buttons come off at once. Even then I knew that the world needed a self-binder.

W. W. Burson, a son of the above Burson, invented a knitting machine. It is a successful device. The inventor built a knitting works at Janesville, Wisconsin, where he is doing a big business.

Stark N. Barker, of Annawan, famous as the "Boss," invented the mailcatcher commonly in use in the United States. The Boss was a blacksmith at the time, though I knew him only as a merchant. He employed his leisure hours in the shop in making a model mailcatcher. His idea was intensely practical, and everybody who saw it knew that it would work. It couldn't help working. The trouble was that everybody saw it. Barker explained it fully to all interested. All at once he became aware that a device just like his had been put up at the Annawan depot. Then he learned that they were being put in everywhere in the United States. Had Barker patented his invention, it would have brought him immense wealth.

Perkins, a jeweler and barber of Atkinson, invented a practical mailcatcher. It is in all respects a satisfactory machine. It will probably yet come into general use.

Ex-Alderman Joseph Clifton, of Geneseo, invented a coal chute for railways. It is now in use all over the world. As is generally the case, Clifton got but little out of it.

Ralph Farrell of Geneseo, invented the only real two-wheeled vehicle which has no horse motion. Multitudes of men have tried to make a cart devoid of horse motion; but never attained their purpose. Farrell's device is a crank upon which the bed is hung. The bed always seeks its own level, like liquids. The height of the shafts has no effect on the equilibrium of the bed. So the up and down motion of a moving horse does not disturb the level plane of the box D. F. Sargent & Son bought the invention, and showed it at the World's Fair in Chicago, at New Orleans and at many other great exhibitions, where it took precedence over all others. The Sargents have sold them all round the world. There has been a special demand for very heavy carts in the mountainous regions of Africa. The Sargents have shipped hundreds of these carts to the Dark Continent.

Ralph Farrell has also invented a successful mail cart.

ELIAS LYMAN.

Elias Lyman, member of the firm of Lay & Lyman, Kewanee, died December 15, 1904, at his home in Kewanee, from a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Lyman was seventy-three years old. He was a very wealthy, a very successful, and, in some respects, a very eccentric man. I have heard many ancedotes of Mr. Lyman. But

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"There's so much that is good in the worst of us,
And so much that is bad in the best of us.
That it does not become any of us
To talk ill about the rest of us."

Mr. Lyman was the president of the First National Bank of Kewanee, when it started in 1874.

A CAPTAIN CALLED.

Captain Alexander W. Albro died at Galva, after a life there of half a century. He was captain of Company G, 112th Illinois. He was widely known in politics, and as the keeper of an inn. His age was eighty-three.

"And often in the weary round
Of drudgery and death and sin,
I've sighed to think I've always found
My warmest welcome at an inn."

BISHOP HILL VILLAGE.

Within recent years the railway company, seeking to avoid a heavy haul over a steep grade, has relaid its tracks, far to the north of Bishop Hill. It must be a mile. This act created a commotion; but the people have adjusted themselves to the circumstances. There are grain houses, lumber, lime, and coal bunkers down at the depot. A man with a pair of patient draft animals "makes the train," and hauls passengers to and from the village. The village forms a picturesque feature of the landscape, viewing it from the train windows. I have never visited the village; but will do so before this book goes to press, after which I shall give my opinions and impressions of this, the last of the many colonies which took root among the red roots of our virgin prairie. I am frank to say that I don't believe in souls being saved in bundles. I believe that when Jesus said "Each must work out his own salvation," that that was exactly what he meant. Not one of the colonies in Henry county lasted very long as a colony. It is against nature, logic, common sense, and the eternal fitness of things.

UNCOMPASSED.

An old settler writes:

"I have driven to Peoria, fifty miles, over a trackless prairie, when there was nothing to guide me but the track I was following."

This reminds me of the time I sent to the agricultural department for a package of the seeds of the seedless watermelon.

But who was the first fellow? There must have been a first wagon to make an initial track. Who drove it? Was it the man who bucked the bull off the bridge, or the fellow that hit Billy Patterson? And what guided him? Did he follow the sun or the stars? He probably just followed his nose. It is said that the streets of Boston are laid out after the path of a calf, that "wabbled when

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he walked." If anybody knows who the first fellow who was sent to Peoria and came back, send the name in for the second edition. It's a blessing that he had his track going to follow when he returned, or it would have been as wabbly as the path of the Boston calf. As it is, those old fellows bumped the township lines so hard that the joggle made a jog at the corners which can be seen to this day.

OF MANY BOOKS.

Rufus P. Parrish added much to Kewanee's predilection for good literature. His main motive when first making the town his home, was to establish a free public library. He died in Kewanee April 10, 1903, in his eighty-seventh year. He had been twenty-seven years president of the Kewanee Library Board. The circulation of good books among the people he held to be a great influence for good.

In November, 1851, Parrish, with fifteen other men, organized the first Young Men's Christian association in the United States!

That one act insures him a niche in Time's Hall of Fame. Jesus was a young man when he did his greatest works. How he loved young men, even when they went astray! Remember the Prodigal Son. To interest young men in the principles of Jesus was a life-work with Rufus P. Parrish.

Parrish instigated the practice in Kewanee of decorating soldiers' graves with flowers, before General Logan appointed Decoration Day.

Parrish brought to Kewanee such lecturers as Clara B. Barton, Horace Greeley, John B. Gough, Mary Livermore, Schuyler Colfax, General Banks, General Logan, Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln. He knew Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier and Harriet Beecher Stowe. He worked with and personally knew William Lloyd Garrison. They together aided in the underground railroad movement to help slaves into Canada.

OF THE SCRIBES.

Lewis Henry Patten of Cambridge, was a newspaper man for many years. He was afterward in the hardware business, and was president of the Farmers' National Bank of Cambridge. It was as circuit clerk of Henry county that he was most generally known.

Brother Patten was born in Meredith, New Hampshire, August 16, 1834, and died of apoplexy at Cambridge on April 20, 1907. He was in his seventy-third year.

Patten was editor of the Henry County Dial for a short time. On March 13, 1860, he formed a partnership with U. A. Dennison. They bought the Henry County Chronicle.

In 1864 he was deputy circuit clerk of Henry county. He continued in that capacity till the death of circuit clerk J. T. Attwater, in January 1872, when he was chosen as head of the office. In the fall of 1872, Patten was elected circuit clerk, which position he satisfactorily filled for thirty-four years. In 1896 he was again chosen deputy circuit clerk. He held that position till he died. He served the county as circuit clerk and deputy circuit clerk, forty-three years.

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VIGOROUS VITALITY.

I contend that the hog has never had a fair deal. All proceedings with him have shown the hoggish nature of man. Thousands of years ago, Moses took his pen in hand, and wrote against the hog. Said he was unclean, not fit for food, a pariah and an outcast.

Kicked around from pillar to post, or, rather, from frying pan to lard kettle, for more than two thousand years, scorned and despised because of Moses's fulmination, a herd of him was peacefully rooting for grubs on the banks of Galilee, when an assortment of devils just released from mankind had to be disposed of. Therefore the devils got into the swine, and they ran down a steep place and were drowned in the sea.

Abused and maltreated, the hog came west, and saved many a settler's bacon. Had it not been for hog and hominy, many a settler would have been settled for good and all. The abused hog was sacrificed to pay for farms. Ninety per cent of the farms in Henry county have been paid for with money which the hogs had to die to get. I've seen thousands of them, smooth-shaven, lying cold in death upon their backs, a corncob in their mouths, and a smile upon their features.

One would logically reckon that thousands of years of such treatment would discourage the hog, weaken his constitution, and cause him to give up in despair.

Not so.

On the farm of my uncle, Josiah B. Terpening, in Munson township, a strawstack upset in February, by reason of its having been gnawn all about the base, by beasts of the field.

Shortly afterward my uncle missed a venerable sow. As she was a gaunt and undesirable female, there was no special effort to find her. A hazy theory was in vogue that she had followed some strange wagon off into the country. They let it go at that.

In April that upset strawstack was hauled off the land. In the midst of the mess they found the sow. She had been without food, water, air, exercise or society for three months. She came up smiling, looked around to see if there were more strawstacks to be held up, then waddled away, grunting with content.

THE PASSING OF THE WATCH.

Mr. Surveyor Martin asked me if I had ever noticed the ruins of the pioneer dam and sawmill on the Judge Waite farm, northeast of Geneseo, situated in the old bed of Green River.

I assured him that I had. In fact, admitted having written a paragraph about them for this book.

Mr. Surveyor became reminiscential. He had the dreamy backward turn which possessed him when he told me about the Geneseo postoffice having once

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That night I dreamed that Cady wanted the sawmill man to tear out his dam, that the watch might be recovered. But a bird sang this refrain from an ancient basswood tree:

"Cady had a little watch,
He dropped it with a slam;
The sawyer said to get it back
He wouldn't give a dam."

The wickedness of the bird, implied though not intentional, led me to neutralize his scoffing tone by a verse with a gentler note:

"Cady had a golden watch,
He dropped it here one day,
And now Green River runs and runs
To pass the time away."

LITERARY AND MUSICAL MATTERS.

I see that the publishers have lined out the above subject as one of the chapters having to do with life in Henry county. The literary part is not so much like a stone wall; I've attended to it elsewhere; but the musical part is.

The fact is that my musical education was just about to begin, when the itch broke out in the Union district on Otter Creek. That locality being where my lines were cast, and not being impervious to the prevailing epidemic, I might have been seen scratching for dear life, when I might have been scratching the violin which my father either found, or got with a package of baking powder. I doubt if I would ever become a Paganini or an Ole Bull. I handed the fiddle back with the explanation that I couldn't make music by drawing the tail of a dead horse across the bowels of a deceased cat. Father then got me a fife and Sam a drum; but took them back because the hens were quitting the barn, and going to live with the neighbors. Besides, "Old Red," the boss cow, went mad. She made a noise like the fife when she drew her breath in, and a racket like the drum when she blew it out.

We used to have singing schools on Otter Creek, but they never did me much good. Sam said he did his level best, and the master wouldn't allow it was singing at all. Said it was a disease. Father called us up one evening to see how far we had progressed. He said that such singing sounds best over the water; and that he preferred to wait till he could be on one side of Lake Michigan, and we on the other.

Honestly, I believe there is more humbug make-believe about music than about any other expression of the varied passions of man. Men and women will go and pretend to be enchanted with the singing or playing of great artists, when any observer can see it is all pretense. Such screeching, such filing, such bellowing and ranting, such bewildering folderols and flutterflops! It is sound gone insane. I read but yesterday that one of the great composers was acknowledged to be a madman. His physicians admitted that he was insane. Yet that lunatic's fan-

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tastic yells, howls and lamentations are called "classic" today; and people go and sit enraptured, when they could just as well listen to "The Arkansas Traveler" or "Old Zip Coon," and enjoy themselves.

When the "great artist" ceases his or her lunatic ululations and comes out and sings "Home, Sweet Home," or "Down on the Suwanee River," then you'll see the real human heart leap up in honest applause, and the eyes of the multitude glow with real joy.

DELUSIVE DOCTOR.

When Time was yet young in Geneseo, a strange being drifted beneath her mapled shades. He gave out that he was a doctor, a mighty physician, who had come for the healing of the nations. He said that his name was Burroughs.

The exact date of Dr. Burroughs' advent cannot be ascertained at this writing. My impression is that it was in war time, in the serious, scuffling sixties. He wandered all over town seeking a site for a grand sanitarium which he would erect, for the curing of the lame, the halt, the blind, and all other sufferers. He finally fixed upon a spot in the Fourth ward, which is in the southwest quarter of the city. This spot was on the east side of a ravine, opposite the residence of Charles Dunham, the eminent lawyer.

It immediately began to get busy along the ravine. Loads of lumber arrived. The men of mortar came, and saw, and lathed and plastered. The men of many colors daubed yellow ochre over the great structure. The building was an immense edifice. Then all at once everything was off forever. Not another nail was driven; not another mortar was mixed, and no more yellow ochre was daubed. The windows and doors for the big balloon building were stored inside, and the apertures where the windows and doors were to have been, were boarded up with rough boards. Then Dr. Burroughs hitched up to the same wagon he had come in, got his wife in beside him, drove off, and never drove back again.

Years yellowed the great structure more than the ochre. Years, decades, came and went, and nobody knew what had become of the doctor. The vast, gloomy and peculiar spookery stood there till it got onto the nerves of Mr. Dunham. He knew that real estate men had tried to find the doctor to get an option, if possible, upon the property, and that their letters came back unopened. Dunham was a man who was seldom thwarted. He tried to rid the neighborhood of that rookery, but even his best efforts failed.

Time went on. One day I was browsing through a lot of exchange newspapers in my office, when I came upon a marked copy of the Wichita, Kansas, Eagle. It had a full-page account of "The Tragedy of Dr. Burroughs." I cut it out and copied it. It would take up too much room here, as the Eagle soared and soared from cloud to cloud. The gist of it is this:

All Wichita stopped right in its tracks yesterday afternoon. Stopped right there, stood right there, and stared at Dr. Burroughs and wife, and their peculiar and prodigious procession. The outfit consisted of a string of wagons, half a dozen in number, with the doctor and his wife in the front wagon. The unique assemblage of brightly-painted vehicles, the jingling harness with their many brilliant rings, the weird and almost oriental aspect of the drivers, and the

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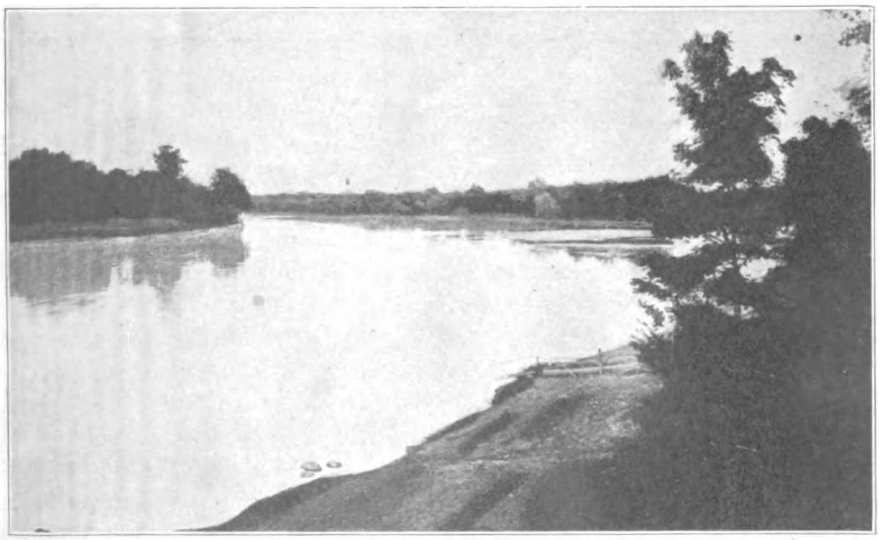

LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM FONES' CAMP GROUNDS, ROCK RIVER, NEAR GENESEO



VIEW ON ROCK RIVER AT RUMMELL'S CAMP GROUNDS, NEAR GENESEO

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...tery and mystery of it all, held Wichita i...
...the city, to away out in the scattery subur...
...ding in front of their cars to chase the ra...
Doctor Burroughs signaled a reporter, and ...
...ne as his wife was very ill. When the ...
...coach in a quiet hospital ward, the lon...
...ide and never left her. With the tender...
...ants. But care and medicine were alik...
...the vitality of the patient, till she scarcely...
...ddenly the face of the doctor changed. ...
...ar down to the heart of his life-partner...
...s and fell across the body, dead. They w...

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witchery and mystery of it all, held Wichita in a thrall, from the busiest center of the city, to away out in the scattery suburbs, where the conductors have to run along in front of their cars to chase the rabbits off the track.

Doctor Burroughs signaled a reporter, and demanded to be shown a hospital at once, as his wife was very ill. When the lady was made comfortable in a white couch in a quiet hospital ward, the long-haired doctor took his place by her side, and never left her. With the tenderest solicitude he ministered to all her wants. But care and medicine were alike of no avail. Lower and lower sank the vitality of the patient, till she scarcely breathed.

Suddenly the face of the doctor changed. It went white and rigid. He put his ear down to the heart of his life-partner. It was still. He threw up his hands, and fell across the body, dead. They were buried in one wide grave, in the cemetery at Wichita.

Afterward the courts gave consent to dispose of the property in Geneseo. Andrew Peterson bought the building, and used the lumber in erecting a residence on the avenue to Oakwood.

EVEN YESTERDAYS ARE OLD.

I will set down here an incident which proves the safety and facility of even today, as compared in a larger sense, with yesterday.

It was years ago that I found myself running a hot race with a tall and elegantly-attired gentleman, for the ferry boat at Rock Island. Our chagrin was great when we found that the boat was about to tie up for the night. The "Spencer" was even then being hauled taut and winched close to her dock. She was surging high and settling low in the gale which angered the Father of Waters.

I held my hat on with one hand, while with the other I shoved my open watch at the captain. It was half-an-hour to quitting time.

The tar pointed to the southwest, where banks of rolling clouds were being sewn together with lightning's livid lines.

"Don't care if it's a hull hour, young feller. She's not going out into that slosh o' whitecaps no more tonight."

"But I've got to cross," I wailed.

"So have I," howled the tall man.

"Swim, then," growled the big captain, as he walked off the boat. I'd have chastised that man if it hadn't been for his family, and his size.

Gloomily the tall man and I walked up the beach. There was a boatman trying to light a lantern in the wind. It required patience, perseverance and profanity.

"How much to set us across?" Thus the tall man.

"Gosh, I don't want to go over tonight."

"Make it your own price. I've got to get to Davenport." The tall man pulled his purse.

"It's fifty cents apiece."

"Keep the change!" The tall man handed over a V.

O, the wallow of the waves! Roaring wind, raging whitecaps, angry lightning! And then I had to think of the Jennie Gilchrist steamer that had lately gone down

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at the government bridge. The ferry captain had her in mind, too. The river right here was floating bloated bodies next morning!

"What's your name?" It was the hoarse voice of the tall man. I chattered my melodious label, adding, "of Geneseo, Illinois."

"I'm Studebaker, of South Bend, Indiana. I'm a wagon-maker." He might have added "a millionaire." He shrieked "Can you swim?"

"Better than I can walk." He gave me a packet of papers. "I can't swim. Send these to South Bend, if anything happens."

The boat shot up on the sands of Iowa. We were saved.

I nursed a faint hope that in his boundless joy, he would forget the papers. But he didn't. He was clawing at me to hand them back before we had gone three rods.

What a change! We can cross in the street cars now.

CONCERNING COLONIES.

It ill becomes an historian to pollute his pages with opinions. His it is to record and set forth that which has transpired. There his duty ends. Albeit, Henry county, had so many colonies, it might appear that our domain was a place of refuge for the downtrodden and oppressed.

Now, the fact is that there was no real colony based on the colony idea of mutual interdependence and responsibility, except that at Bishop Hill. As soon as weaker members of this colony became self-supporting, the colony idea grew dim, to vanishment. The colony fabric has long since ceased holding the community together. The American idea of every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindermost, has prevailed for untold years. When I was a little lad, in the Otter Creek region in La Salle county, the prairies were dotted with "settlements," which in more enlightened localities might have been dubbed colonies. There was "New Michigan," three miles to the southeast. This was an aggregation of starved out Michigan stump-bumpers, who came the closest to rubbing the raw against Nature, of any bunch I ever saw. They hadn't the price of a postage-stamp. Among them were men so depleted that, if Chicago was offered for sale, they couldn't buy a barn on Biler avenue. Then there was the Norwegian "Settlement." But Otter Creek natives regarded "Colonists" as somehow revolutionary, and too venerable and stupendous to apply to every bunch of strangers.

Henry county was fortunate in that her "settlements" or "colonies" were composed of earnest, well-meaning people, whose purpose was to build up a life success by honest toil and economy. A visit to any of these settlements now will reveal how nobly the elements have responded to their efforts.

CENTENARIAN.

Geneseo has had one human being who rounded out one hundred years. The venerable Peter Hammond died at noon on his one hundred and second birthday. He was the father of Hon. Joseph Hammond, donor of our elegant library building, and grandfather of John C. Hammond, donor of our fine hospital build-

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ing. All three sleep their last earthly sleep, and the race of Hammond, of which they are scions, is ended. Peter Hammond was, at the time of his decease, the oldest Mason in the United States. Mrs. Ella Hume Taylor, a relative by marriage of the Hammonds, favors me with a copy of the appointment of Peter Hammond as postmaster at Hammond's Mills, Vermont. The document is dated January 11, 1833, and is signed by W. T. Barry, postmaster-general of the United States. Peter Hammond was appointed justice of the peace by Ezra Butler, Governor of Vermont, on November 2, 1820. He was reappointed by subsequent governors. He also served in many other posts of trust and honor. Before me is the commission of Peter Hammond as Fourth Sergeant of a company of cavalry. It is signed by Ephriam Holland, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant, and dated October 20, 1802.

On Peter Hammond's one hundredth birthday, a reception for him was held at the Geneseo House. The entire city turned out to honor the good old man. He was presented with a goldheaded cane, of which he was exceedingly choice. I have often seen him going to the Methodist church (of which he was a member) carefully carrying the cane, and never touching it to the ground.

HENRY COUNTY IN THE WARS.

Grim-visaged war frowned an appeal to the smiling, fair-faced County of Henry, and she responded like the loyal freehold she is. "Here are my sons; take of the best," was the spirit of her response to the appeal. Then there was gathering in hot haste, there were rushings to and fro. Farewells were said, many, many of them for the last time. The fairhaired youth, whistling as he planted the corn in the familiar fields of his fathers, stopped at the sound of a strange note in the palpitating air. The thunderdrums of doom had been throbbing long and sullenly far down below the southern horizon's rim. Now came a new sound in the air, a sound like that of acceptance of a challenge. It thundered through the land like Job's warhorse shod with fire.

It was a call for seventy-five thousand troops, and the voice that made the call was that of Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States.

Then the fairhaired lad, whistling at his work of planting the corn in his father's field that April day in 1861, went to the fence for his coat, drove the staid old team to the stable, said "Goodbye" to his weeping mother, and strode off to fight to the death, if need be, for the old flag.

Fort Sumter had been fired on. The very spirit of the brave old revolutionary general whose name the fort proudly bore, seemed aroused. Old General Thomas Sumter's soul was marching on. Around him in the electric air were the souls of Washington and

"The old continentals
In their ragged regimentals."

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And, my God, how they came!

Somebody, some inspired son of song, seized a pen that may have been magnetized in the spirit of Paul Revere, and wrote an answer to Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

And the song rang and echoed from high up the mountain heights down to the smothering Californian sinks far below the level of the sea. It rang and echoed in forest glooms and far out on the horizon-hemmed prairies and pampas. It rang and echoed in shop and store. Men halted their teams on the streets, gave the reins to the little son, told him to drive home, then ran, ran through the quivering heat of the noonday sun, stumbling, gasping, eager, looking about with hot eyes, and clutching with fierce hands the pen that signed the roll that might be his death warrant. Lovers who had lingered long with lips that lived to be kissed, heard that thrilling cry, sprang to their feet and flew to the front, while their voices joined in the mighty chorus:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

Men who had soft white hands, men whose pallid brows were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," seized the hand hardened by toil, and flashed a responsive brotherly smile into the sunburnt face. Together the minister's student son, and the rancher's rollicking daredevil lad ate hardtack and "sowbelly," drank "slumgullion" coffee, and slept on the hard ground, while high overhead night drew the canopy, and buttoned it with stars.

The cry was heard in Henry. The response was instant. The shriek of the fife and the throb of the drum sounded far and wide over the peaceful fields. Men heard, listened, interpreted. Though it was in the springtime when the land must be seeded, or the year pass fruitless, and though the calling of our people is to agriculture, there was no hesitation. Men drove the laboring teams to the barns, and enlisted. From star-led dawn to tawny dusk the old flag floated from poles that rose a hundred feet into the summer noons. And all the nighttide the white-faced planets saw the winds play with the colors three. War was in the air. The hearts of men were aflame. Men who had all their lives lived close to Nature's heart, and read her sweet lessons of peace, were now red with blood and black with passion. For they had forged direct to the front, these men, and were killing and being killed, while yet on the faroff farms the blackbirds followed in their furrows.

It was on Saturday, April 14, 1861, that the old flag was fired on at Fort Sumter, and the war was on. The electric nerves of the land carried the awful tidings near and far. Then came that historic call for seventy-five thousand troops, and Governor Yates' proclamation calling the state legislature together, to take such measures as the importance of the situation demanded.

The response, as has been said, was immediate. One brave soldier whose best days were spent in Geneseo, had enlisted tewnty-four hours before Lincoln's call. This was Erastus C. Moderwell. He was in Washington at the time. He and other young men organized a company for the protection of the capitol. This was a full day and night before the call. After the call, Moderwell enlisted again, and was soon made a Major. He was one of the bravest men in the great conflict. The writer's home for the year 1869 was with Major Moderwell, in

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Geneseo. The Major had been shot three times. One wound, in the abdomen, was a record miracle. A "Minie" bullet, a chunk of lead as big as a man's thumb, passed entirely through the Major's bowels. How he ever lived to tell the tale is a marvel. Pieces of a silver pencil case were taken from the wound; but the gold pen could not be found. The great ragged orifice healed. While I lived in the Major's family, he was troubled with a malignant pimple on his neck. The pain was great. An ulcer broke out. Dr. Ira R. Wells was called in. He lanced the ulcer. The lance hit something hard. With forceps, the old surgeon pulled out a battered gold pen. The two callipers of the pen were crossed at an acute angle. In this shape the pen had traveled upward through the Major's body from the lower abdominal region, in about seven years. The Major practiced law in Geneseo for many years. While I was with him, he was a partner of Judge Waite, their office being the building so long occupied by Dr. Brown, and afterward by Dr. Ferry. The Major's bodily and mental health were excellent for many years. One of the most interesting war lectures I ever heard was delivered to the pupils of the Geneseo Collegiate Institute by Major Moderwell. He told the story of his first battle. It was alive with both comedy and tragedy. He said at the start that it had been a dream of his life to witness a battle; but that in the dream was the proviso that he wanted to see it from a balloon, too far and high to be hit by bullets. The contrast between his cherished dream and the reality was exceedingly amusing. This brave soldier and genial gentleman succumbed at last to the wounds of the war, and his life went out in darkness in a sanitarium at Columbus, Ohio.

As rapidly as the calls came for more troops, Henry county was never loth in filling its quota. The One Hundred and Twelfth Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry was largely recruited from this county. It was known as General Henderson's regiment. The major was James M. Hosford, of Geneseo, commissioned September 20, 1862, resigned February 1, 1863. Major Tristam C. Dow succeeded him. Adjutant Henry W. Wells was commissioned in September, 1862, and was mustered out for promotion, in the Tennessee Heavy Artillery, in November, 1863. He was succeeded as Adjutant by Bradford N. Thompson, who was promoted as Captain, and his successor was George C. Alden. In the above command was Company A, mostly from Annawan. The captain was Tristam C. Dow, who was promoted and succeeded by James P. Machesney, he by L. W. Browning, and he by T. J. Williams. These had all been promoted in regular order. In 1865, Jesse Goble was made Second Lieutenant.

Company C of this regiment was from Cambridge and the southwest part of the county. The first Captain was John J. Briggs; then John B. Mitchell. The First Lieutenant was A. P. Petrie, and the Second Lieutenants were H. Starboudy and W. Gillespie.

Company D was from Cambridge and Woodhull, and the first Captain was A. A. Dunn; the First

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Company H was recruited from all parts of the county, but largely from Cambridge. The first Captain was G. W. Stroufe; and the First Lieutenant was T. F. Davenport, and the Second Lieutenant Elisha Atwater, and on his promotion Joel Newman succeeded to the command.

Company I was from Geneseo and vicinity. J. E. Wilkins, Captain; George Lawrence, First Lieutenant; H. S. Comstock, Second Lieutenant; succeeded by Henry Fones, June 7, 1863.

Company K was from Geneseo and vicinity. Joseph Westley, Captain, resigned April 12, 1863, when Captain E. H. Colcord was put in command of the company; C. G. Gearheart, First Lieutenant, resigned January 31, 1863, on promotion, when E. H. Colcord became his successor. He had been Second Lieutenant, and, when promoted, Jacob Bush succeeded to his place as First Lieutenant. In turn, Bush was promoted and S. W. Weaver became First Lieutenant, April 12, 1863.

In the One Hundred and Ninth Regiment, Colonel John H. Howe became the colonel, succeeding Colonel T. J. Sloan, December 15, 1863.

Company A of this regiment was from Kewanee and vicinity. Captain Ralph A. Tenny, resigned, and Captain E. C. Raymond took command, July 9, 1863. First Lieutenant, J. A. Pratt; killed June 26, 1863, E. C. Raymond succeeding him, and on his promotion, D. Ames Bigelow became first lieutenant. Second Lieutenant, E. C. Raymond, succeeded by W. F. Dodge.

Company F. M. B. Potter, captain, suceeeded by N. H. Pratt, August 7, 1863; E. W. Taylor became first lieutenant, promoted from second lieutenant, when E. R. Breckans became second lieutenant.

The first lieutenant-colonel of the 9th Cavalry was H. J. Humphrey. He was succeeded by Anthony R. Mock, December 5, 1864. Colonel Mock was promoted from captain of Company B, a company principally raised in Geneseo, of which the first captain was H. J. Humphrey; second captain, T. W. O. Broffet; third captain, Ransom Harrington; fourth, A. A. Mock; fifth, T. J. McNair. The first lieutenants were T. W. O. Broffet, R. Harrington, C. P. Mannville, Thomas J. McNair and J. C. Kilner. The second lieutenants were R. Harrington, A. R. Zinzie, J. T. Showalter.

Company C of the 9th Illinois Cavalry was from Geneseo. The captains were J. S. Buckles, C. W. Blakemore, F. H. McArthur and S. A. Davidson. The first lieutenants were C. W. Blakemore, J. W. Brackett, A. R. Mock, C. R. Marshall, S. A. Davidson and Stephen Pettys. The second lieutenants were F. A. McArthur, C. M. Marshall, S. A. Davidson and F. W. Harding.

Company H, of this regiment, was from Kewanee. The captains of this company were in succession, Lewis D. Bishop, C. T. Scammon, F. W. Swerby, and the first lieutenants were Edwin W. Luce, T. W. Stephenson, A. H. McClure, F. W. Swerby and James H. Murray.

In the 57th Regiment was Company D, from Bishop Hill, Galva and Kewanee. The captains were Eric Forsee, Eric Johnson, P. M. Wickstrum, and the first lieutenants were Eric Johnson and Eric Berglend, and the second lieutenants were Eric Berglend, P. M. Wickstrum, G. E. Rodeea, A. G. Washner and Olof Anderson.

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HENRY COUNTY SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, CAMBRIDGE

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Company H was from the southern part of
ers Nelson Flansbury and Alexander B. Ha
orge Welch.
Part of Company A of the 33d Regiment w
n J. A. McKenzie, captain.
In the 17th Regiment a part of Company
Partridge, with H. C. Bush as captain.
Company D of the 83d Regiment was from
Company A of the 43d Regiment was from
Northrop, who was promoted from major.
. Church, captain, then J. S. McFadden, th
rs A. Bennett and W. H. Gier.
Part of Company B. was from this coun

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Company H was from the southern part of the county. The first lieutenants were Nelson Flansbury and Alexander B. Hanna. The second lieutenant was George Welch.

Part of Company A of the 33d Regiment was from Kewanee and Cambridge, with J. A. McKenzie, captain.

In the 17th Regiment a part of Company D was from Galva, Kewanee and Cambridge, with H. C. Bush as captain.

Company D of the 83d Regiment was from Woodhull and vicinity.

Company A of the 43d Regiment was from Kewanee, with Lieutenant-Colonel C. Northrop, who was promoted from major. F. A. Atwater then was major, E. S. Church, captain, then J. S. McFadden, then H. M. Way. First lieutenants were A. Bennett and W. H. Gier.

Part of Company B. was from this county, with First Lieutenants A. F. Stevenson and C. W. Jackson.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

While some are inclined to doubt the importance of the Spanish-American war, Captain Charles G. Davis, of Geneseo, to whom I am indebted for the subjoined brochures, is emphatically inclined to believe that the effect upon the world will be more apparent fifty years from now. The political effect, respecting the freedom of the semi-tropical people of the islands, will then be understood. The war is too close to our vision, says Captain Davis. When the smoke and dust have cleared away, we shall see effects to which we are blinded at present.

The two succeeding articles are by Captain Charles G. Davis, commanding Company B, of Geneseo, Illinois:

THE NATIONAL GUARD IN HENRY COUNTY.

By Captain Charles G. Davis.

The Illinois National Guard is represented in Henry county by Company B, stationed at Geneseo and Company K, stationed at Kewanee, both companies of the 6th Infantry.

Company B was mustered in at Geneseo, May 17, 1890, with Frank Cook as captain and has been commanded successively by Captains William D. Clark, John W. Reig, William C. Goss and Charles G. Davis, the present commander.

During the great railroad strike of 1894, the company, then under command of Captain Clark, was on duty at the Chicago Stock Yards for twenty-one days and credibly performed the disagreeable and arduous duty exacted by this kind of service.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, Company B, under the command of Captain John W. Reig, was mustered into the United States service as part of the 6th Illinois Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, and saw hard campaigning, participating in the Santiago expedition and the Porto Rican expedition.

Company K was mustered in at Kewanee, June 30, 1904, under Captain Charles W. Hall, its present captain. This command has not yet been called into active service.

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Both companies have fine armories designed and constructed especially with reference to their use by the military.

The National Guard has entered upon a new existence in the last five years and has, in fact, now (1909) been transformed from a state police into a National Army. Every officer and every enlisted man is now under the same obligation for service as officers and men of the regular army and need only the mandate of the president to take the field against foreign or domestic foe.

The national government has assumed much control and supervision over the National Guard with the result that its training and efficiency has been immeasurably increased.

The National Guard is now organized, drilled, uniformed, armed and equipped identically with the regular army and is constantly prepared for active service. The National Guard of the country now numbers approximately one hundred and twenty-five thousand men of all arms, and, with the regular army, officially constitutes the "first line of defense" when invasion comes and the destiny of the republic is threatened.

HENRY COUNTY IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

By Captain Charles G. Davis.

Not since the Mexican war had the United States been engaged in war with a foreign power until the year 1898, and a generation had come and gone since the fighting men of the republic had been mobilized in fleets and armies to measure their strength and courage with that of a foreign foe.

The wail of the tortured island, trod by a tyrant heel, the anguish cries of a distressed people, dying by thousands in the reconcentration camps, Spain persistently continuing her policy of extermination, producing the peace of the grave, had shocked the American people, and the culminating horror of the destruction of the "Maine" in Havana harbor had resulted in a declaration by congress of war with Spain and a call by the president for one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers.

The call for troops was made upon the governor of Illinois, April 25, 1898, the quota being seven regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry, the call stating that it was the wish of the president that the regiments of the National Guard be used for the reason that they were armed, equipped and drilled.

The National Guard of the state was at once ordered out for war service and by the night of April 27th, the eight regiments required by the call were mobilized and encamped at Camp Tanner at Springfield.

At this time, Company B, Sixth Infantry, Illinois National Guard, was stationed at Geneseo and sixty-three men under command of Captain John W. Reig, responded to the call and were mobilized on April 26th, the company going into camp with its regiment at Camp Tanner on the following day.

As this company was the only organization called into service from Henry county, its history is largely the history of the county in the war. When recruited to its full war strength, it contained men from all parts of the county as will appear by the roster appended hereto.

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The company was mustered into the United States service at Springfield on May 11th, for a period of two years and was designated as Company B, Sixth Illinois Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, the regiment being under the command of Colonel D. Jack Foster.

The regiment left Camp Tanner on May 17th for Camp Alger, Falls Church, Va., where it was brigaded with the Sixth Massachusetts and the Eighth Ohio, forming the Second Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps.

Here the routine of camp was followed, varied with practice marches and field maneuvers and on June 17th, the company was recruited to its full war strength of one hundred and six enlisted men. While at Camp Alger, the Second Army Corps was reviewed by President McKinley, thirty thousand troops of all arms passing before the president.

The Second Brigade was assigned to the Santiago expedition and the Sixth Illinois left Camp Alger for Charleston, South Carolina, on July 5th, to board the transports.

At Charleston, Company B with regimental headquarters and five companies embarked on the steamship "Rita" for Santiago de Cuba, other companies of the regiment embarking on the auxiliary cruiser "Yale" and the cruiser "Columbia."

The ship "Rita" was a prize of war, being a captured Spanish merchantman. This vessel was lying in Charleston harbor and, as there were not sufficient transports available for all the troops assigned to Santiago, this vessel was pressed into service after the regiment arrived at Charleston. Details went aboard ship, it was hastily cleaned, bunks made between decks, and was soon loaded with troops and steaming seaward past historic Fort Sumter. In the absence of a crew, the vessel was manned by volunteer details from the companies. These details not only labored in the hot stoke and engine rooms but also painted the vessel while enroute.

After a fair voyage, the "Rita" rounded the eastern cape of Cuba and arrived off Santiago harbor, it put in at Siboney Bay, east of Santiago, and the debarkation of the troops began.

At this time, General Nelson A. Miles, who was then at Santiago, was assembling forces for the Porto Rican expedition and, as it was probable that the city was about to surrender, the troops who had debarked were ordered to return to the ship until the result of the negotiations then in progress was known and to avoid infecting the troops with yellow fever which had made its appearance on shore.

Santiago surrendered on July 17th and the Sixth Illinois was then assigned to the Porto Rican expedition. The "Rita" steamed eastward from Siboney Bay to Guantanomo Bay which was then being used as a naval base. Here were anchored the great warships that had so utterly destroyed Cervera's fleet and were assembled the transports carrying the troops destined for Porto Rico. The "Rita" was placed under quarantine while in the bay because of the landing at Siboney Bay. The shortage of rations and lack of fresh water on board the ship caused considerable suffering among the troops until commissary stores were obtained from the war vessels and the water tanks filled at Daiquiri.

On July 21st, seven transports carrying thirty-three hundred troops composed of infantry and artillery, convoyed by the battleship "Massachusetts," the

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cruiser "Columbia" and lesser war craft, sailed from Guantanomo bay for Porto Rico. The plan was to effect a landing on the north coast at Frajardo near the capital, San Juan, and, as the Spanish forces on the island numbered about seventeen thousand, a strong resistance was expected. As this plan had been disclosed, the course of the fleet was changed to the southward in the night after the island of Hayti had been passed and, early the next morning, July 25th, arrived off the bay at Guanica, a small village on the south coast where the English had landed a hostile expedition in 1743.

After a short bombardment by the warships, a landing was made under cover of their fire, the Spanish garrison, surprised and demoralized by the unexpected appearance of the American fleet, retreating toward the interior after a slight resistance. The Sixth Illinois was the first infantry ashore and the skirmish lines were at once pushed out and a strong chain of outposts established.

The following morning, a sharp fight took place on the Yauco road just beyond the outposts. The enemy was quickly driven from his position in the hills and retreated to Yauco leaving his dead and some wounded on the field. After the artillery and supplies had been landed, the advance was begun on Ponce, the largest city on the island, the column being under command of General Guy V. Henry. The column entered Ponce on August 1st, the march having been made without resistance by the enemy beyond the firing of a few shots by their cavalry as it retreated before the advance guard.

The first experience in marching under a tropical sun had been a great hardship upon the troops and the most stringent order could not suppress much straggling.

The regiment remained in camp at Ponce until August 9th, when a general advance was begun, four columns moving northward and converging on San Juan. The column under General Henry advanced northward into the mountains toward Areceibo on the north coast. The marches in the mountains taxed the endurance of the men to the utmost, the column toiling slowly over the trails winding about the mountain sides. Torrential rains were followed by a blazing sun and at night the troops bivouacked on the trail in the mud and rain, without shelter and with the supply train, consisting of ox carts, far to the rear. At Adjuntas, shelter tents were pitched and the brigade went into camp to await the arrival of the supply train.

General Henry's force was now within striking distance of the enemy at Areceibo and his column was to effect a juncture with that of General Schwan and crush the enemy between them and the sea.

Upon the morning of August 13th, however, a message of the peace protocol was received and further movements of the troops were for the time suspended.

On August 15th, the advance was resumed, the town of Utuado occupied and outposts established in touch with those of the Spanish force at Areceibo. White flags were displayed along the lines and the troops continued to occupy the ground they then held until peace was assured.

While stationed at Utuado, the subsistence for the brigade was transported through the mountains on pack mules and was insufficient in quantity and badly deteriorated in quality. Many men here became sick with climatic diseases, caused by exposure to the elements and the character and bad condition of the rations.

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The Sixth Illinois had been the first regiment to land on the island and was the first regiment to be ordered back to the states. On August 26th, the regiment broke camp at Utuado and started on the return march to Ponce. While in the mountains, a terrific storm was encountered, landslides obliterated the trails and the streams became raging torrents. After the storm, Company B, was sent forward as a pioneer corps and threw rude bridges, constructed of trees, across the streams so that the column could advance.

Camp was made near Ponce and on September 6th, the regiment marched to Port au Ponce, where it embarked on the U. S. S. T. "Manitoba" the following day and sailed for New York.

The island of Portor Rico had been occupied and the Spanish forces conquered more by the hard marching of the American forces and by sharp skirmishes than by hard fighting. The enemy retreated before the advancing columns, when, in the mountain passes, a small force could easily have held their position for hours and have inflicted great damage upon the Americans. A resolute foe would have made the conquest of Porto Rico a difficult campaign that would have cost the invader the loss of many lives.

The "Manitoba" reached New York on September 13th and the regiment debarked and entrained the following day for Springfield, where it went into camp at Camp Lincoln until September 21st, when the companies were sent to their home stations on sixty days furlough.

Company B was mustered out of the United States service with its regiment at Springfield, November 25, 1898, and its members laid aside the uniform of a soldier for the garb of a civilian and returned to their vocations in life.

They had served in one of the most righteous wars ever waged in the name of humanity and in one of the most decisive conflicts between two great powers, whose results have been many, startling and world-wide.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B, SIXTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, WAR WITH SPAIN.

John W. Reig, captain, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
William A. Wanner, first lieutenant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
James Hill, second lieutenant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Emil Anderson, first sergeant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Albert J. Lavine, second sergeant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
William C. Goss, sergeant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Herbert W. Ferry, sergeant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Fred Ristau, sergeant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Freeman G. Reig, quarter-master sergeant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Charles Lavine, corporal, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Charles G. Davis, corporal, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Harry Strom, corporal, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
A. Nathan Cederlof, corporal, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Lawrence D. Prescott, corporal, May 10, 1898, Mendota.
John B. Ebert, corporal, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
T. Henderson Frew, corporal, June 17, 1908, Atkinson.

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Thomas M. Goodman, corporal, April 26, 1898, Atkinson.
John S. Sleeper, corporal, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Ira D. Cardiff, corporal, June 17, 1898, Galva.
Fred G. Fehlman, corporal, May 14, 1898, Geneseo.
Leander C. Hunter, corporal, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Walter G. Taylor, artificer, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
John W. Fitzkee, wagoner, April 26, 1898, Atkinson.
William A. Kiefer, company cook, May 10, 1898, Amboy.
Pearl E. Story, musician, April 26, 1898, Cambridge.
Howard Wanner, musician, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Alva Allen, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
William Barnes, Private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Fred C. Brown, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Elhannan Brunk, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
John C. Bryan, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Clinton Boyd, private, May 10, 1898, Alpha.
Theodore Beckstein, private, June 17, 1898, Geneseo.
Joseph Boland, private, June 16, 1898, Kewanee.
Leslie V. Clough, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Albert Crain, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Frank A. Cherry, private, May 9, 1898, Cambridge.
Julius Cronau, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Allan D. Chamberlain, private, June 17, 1898, Geneseo.
George J. B. Dalton, private, May 9, 1898, Atkinson.
Charles N. Dalbey, private, May 10, 1898, Springfield.
James B. David, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Samuel J. Elston, private, May 10, 1898, Cambridge.
Archie M. Fitzkee, private, May 9, 1898, Atkinson.
A. Barrie Ford, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Frank Fowler, private, May 10, 1898, Ormo, Wisconsin.
William S. Frew, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Will J. Gardner, private, May 9, 1898, La Salle.
Thomas E. Goldsworthy, private, May 10, 1898, Elizabeth.
Louis Goembel, private, June 17, 1898, Geneseo.
Frederic O. Gray, private, June 17, 1898, Geneseo.
Harry Hamilton, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Albert Haswell, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
William Henderson, private, April 26, 1898, Orion.
Richard T. Hillbert, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Harry Holt, private, May 10, 1898, Lee Center.
George F. Hodgson, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
John Hodge, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
William Hodge, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Obadiah Hatfield, private, May 17, 1898, Edinburg.
Henry Holl, private, April 26, 1898, Moline.
Lyle L. Lloyd, private, May 9, 1898, Atkinson.
Lester Lawrence, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.

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Charles Malcolm, private, April 26, 1898, Cambridge.
George Mason, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Joseph Masters, private, April 26, 1898, Cambridge.
Edward B. Marsh, private, May 9, 1898, Springfield.
James W. McLead. private, May 9, 1898, LaSalle.
Charles Neiswender, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Oscar Neuman, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Henry Nobling, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Matthew O'Connell, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
George W. Patten, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
William R. Page, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Ellis D. Peek, private, May 17, 1898, Edinburg.
William Peet, private, May 9, 1898, Nunda.
A. Dean Porter, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
August Polson, private, May 11, 1898, Geneseo.
Frank Reece, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Edgar Reeser, private, June 17, 1898, Mendota.
Harold A. Robinson, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Frank Rowley, private, May 10, 1898, Elizabeth.
Harry Rummell, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Alfred S. Rummell, private, May 9, 1898, Geneseo.
Charles Scranton, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Charles Semken, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Walter S. Seibert, private, May 10, 1898, Polo.
Albert O. Shaklee, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Carl Stickley, private, May 10, 1898, Elizabeth.
Henry Stoneberg, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Olaf Stromberg, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Henry E. Talbot, private, April 26, 1898, Cambridge.
Elwood Taylor, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Frank Tietz, private, June 17, 1898, Kewanee.
Harry Thomas, private, May 11, 1898, Geneseo.
Alva Wenner, private, May 10, 1898, Galena.
Ernest Wahlert, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo.
Jesse L. Walters, private, May 11, 1898, Quincy.
Harry Whipple, private, April 26, 1898, Cambridge.
Evert W. Wilson, private, May 17, 1898, Flora.
Guss Williams, private, May 9, 1898, Cambridge.
Evert Zigler, private, May 10, 1898, Springfield.

DISCHARGED.

Gustav Harck, private, May 10, 1898, Lee Center. Discharged June 10, 1898.

TRANSFERRED.

Thomas Frazer, private, May 10, 1898, Galena. Transferred to Co. M, 6th Ill. Vol. Inf.

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Clarence Higler, private, May 10, 1898, Dixon. Transferred to Co. G, 6th Ill. Vol. Inf.

George W. Fehlman, private, May 11, 1898, Geneseo. Transferred to 6th Reg. Band.

Frank Ivey, private, May 10, 1898, Galena. Transferred to Co. M, 6th Ill. Vol. Inf.

Eugene Bachus, private, May 10, 1898, Galena. Transferred to Co. M, 6th Ill. Vol. Inf.

John Sharren, private, May 10, 1898, Galena. Transferred to Co. M, 6th Ill. Vol. Inf.

DEATHS.

Edgar P. Dearth, private, April 26, 1898, Moline. Drowned in Potomac River, June 28, 1898.

Leslie R. Brown, private, April 26, 1898, Geneseo. Died on hospital ship Relief, September 8, 1898.

Frank P. Wanner, sergeant, April 26, 1898, Geneseo. Died in hospital at Philadelphia, September 10, 1898.

The following men of Henry county served in Company M, Second Illinois Infantry, United States Volunteers. This organization was in camp at Jacksonville, Florida, and Savannah, Georgia, and performed garrison duty at Havana, Cuba, from December 13, 1898, to March 30, 1899. The regiment was mustered out April 26, 1899.

William M. Sheesley, corporal, April 26, 1898, Cambridge.

Edward L. Burke, private, April 26, 1898, Cambridge.

Clarence W. Welton, private, April 26, 1898, Cambridge.

Men who had been born and reared in Henry county were found in many organizations outside of Illinois and were to be found in the far away Philippines and on the grim destroyers of the seas.

Among the twenty-eight provisional regiments tendered to Governor Tanner and available for immediate mobilization in the event of another call for volunteers from Illinois by the president of the United States, was Colonel William Clendenin's Provisional Regiment of Infantry. Three companies of this regiment were organized in Henry county, Company D at Kewanee, Company H at Cambridge and Company K at Geneseo. A provisional cavalry troop was also organized at Geneseo.

It is thus seen that Henry county was as steadfast and unwavering in her patriotism and loyalty as in the dark days of the War of the Rebellion when so many of her sons laid down their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of their country.

SOLDIERS DEAD.

Quartermaster William Harbaugh has prepared the following list of the soldiers buried in the two cemeteries at Geneseo. The record does not always include the regiment or company. This information the quartermaster did not possess when he prepared the list:

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OAKWOOD CEMETERY—CIVIL WAR.

Antes, Henry T., Co. K, 126 N. Y.; Atwood Judson, Co. I, 112 Ill.; Aldrich, Theo. M.; Allen, James M.; Baker, Frederick, Co. I, 112 Ill.; Ball, Eliphalet G., Co. E, 9 Ill. Cav.; Barnes, Edger, Co. H, 111 Ill.; Barnhart, Jacob, Co. I, 112 Ill.; Benedict, Geo. W., Co. C, 112 Ill.; Broughton, Wilber F., Co. I, 112 Ill.; Buckles, John S., Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Bush, Thomas H., Co. K, 139 Ill.; Bacon, Horatio; Ballentine, J. A., Co. G, 87 Ohio; Combs, John S., Co. D, 36 Mass.; Cole, Harry, Co. I, 27 Ill.; Cragin, E. A., Co. I, 112 Ill.; Cronk, Edgar, Co. F, 21 Mo.; Campbell, James, Co. H, 57 Ill.; Collins, Wm. M.; Crummett, Josiah H., Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Crummett, Geo. Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Daly, Chas., Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Danielson, Gustaf, Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; Davidson, Smith A., Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Durham, Hirem, Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; Dunlap, Adam, Co. K, 112 Ill.; Deatz, John, Co. H, 9 Ill. Cav.; Dexter, Benj. F., N. Y. Cav.; Davis, Jefferson C.; Dickson, Samuel C., Co. C, 131 Ohio; Doyle, John; Farrell, John; Fiedler, Adam, Co. K, 58 Ill.; Galligan, John, Co. A, 6 Iowa Cav.; Gierhart, C. G., Co. K, 112 Ill.; Harrington, R. R., Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; Harrington, Wm. H., Co. K, 139 Ill.; Harrington, Henry, Co. K, 139 Ill.; Hedstrom, Chas. G., Co. E, 9 Ill. Cav.; Hosford, James M., Major, 112 Ill.; Hoyt, Wm. T., Co. K, 112 Ill.; Hoit, John, N. Y. H. A.; Hosford, Henry B.; Hoffman, George; Hinchberger, Peter, Co. F, 88 Penn.; Harmon, F. H.; Irwin, William; Jeffards, P. M.; Joslin, Edmund B.; Johnson, Peter, Graham's Cav.; Kinsey, D. S., Co. A, 132 Ill.; Keyser, James H., Co. I, 112 Ill.; Lambert, John H., Co. I, 26 Iowa; Larson, Peter, Co. C, 14 Ill. Cav.; McArthur, Francis H. Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Manville, S. W., Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; Moderwell, E. C., Major, 12 Ohio Cav.; Mowry, Geo. G., Co. I, 112 Ill. Munson, S. P., Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; McCliman, Richard; McClure, W. C.; Munson, Perry J.; Ober, C. P., Co. D, 17 Ill. Cav.; Pettes, I. S., Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Porter, H. D., Co. A, 59 Ill.; Ramsey, J. A., Co. E, 5 N. H.; Ramsey, John, U. S. Navy; Redus, John, Co. E, 43 Ill.; Richmond, Edwin A., Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; Roberts, Daniel, Co. I, 112 Ill.; Resser, Nathaniel, 11th Ohio Ar.; Smith, John T., Co. D, 112 Ill.; Smith, R. B., Co. A, 12 Ohio Cav.; Sniff, Parnell H., Co. K, 139 Ill.; Steele, R. F., Co. I, 112 Ill.; Stein, Fred, Co. E, 43 Ill.; Stewart, John P., Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; Stewart, Fred R., Co. M, 4 Ill. Cav.; Sleight, Henry R.; Smith, Frank C.; Taylor, Thomas, Co. B, 51 Ill.; Tuttle, George, Co. K, 139 Ill.; Vanlanschoot, A.; Welton, Marvin, Co. I, 112 Ill.; Wilkinson, Lymon J., Co. E, 93 Ill.; Wilson, Newton, Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; Westerblow, John; White, Henry, Co. A, 47 Ill.; Youngs, John Y., Co. H, 19 Ill.; Youngs, Gideon, Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.

BLACK HAWK WAR.

Wells, Ira R.

SPANISH AMERICAN WAR.

Brown, Leslie, Co. B, 6 Ill.; Chamberlain, A. Same; Hamilton, Harry, Same; Patten, Geo. Jr., Same; Wanner, Frank R., Same; Hosford, J. E., N. G. Washington, D. C.; Meyers, Wm. E.;

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GENESEO CEMETERY—CIVIL WAR.

Brown, Rulandus, Co. I, 112 Ill.; Colbert, Wm. J., Co. G, 39 Ill.; Colburn, Laban, B., Co. H, 37 Ill.; Cone, Charles, Co. H, 8 Kansas.; Dershem, John, Co. G, 23 Ill.; Ellis, Wm. H., Co. B, 9 Ill. Cav.; Ford, Watson, Co. I, 112 Ill.; Ganter, Daniel A., Co. K, 139 Ill. Hanna, Albert, Co. K, 9 Ill. Cav.; Henninger, J. F., Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Hunt, Edward, Co. I, 112 Ill.; Johnson, S. E.; Latson, W. E., Co. L, 9 Ill. Cav.; Leland, Alfred, Co. I, 9 Ill. Cav.; Lorenz, Fred, Co. E, 43 Ill.; McCutcheon, S. B., Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Mitchell, Wm., Co. I, 112 Ill.; McDermott, J. A.; Neiswender, Wesley, Co. I, 112 Ill. Palmer, Thomas, Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Penny, Wiley, Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Post, Theodore, Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Rader, Louis, Co. I, 1st N. Y. Ar.; Resser, Moses, Co. H, 8 Kansas; Rickel, Adam, Co. F, 56 Ind.; Snyder, Martin, Co. C, 9 Ill. Cav.; Stites, Samuel, Co. K, 139 Ill.

Efforts to secure complete lists of soldiers interred in the county burial grounds were unavailing.

SOLDIERS DEAD IN CAMBRIDGE CEMETERY.

Attwater, Thos. J., Co. C, 112th Ill. Inf.; Anderson, A. E., Co. B, 9th Ill. Cav.; Adams, Samuel; Bryan, J. L., Boyd, John, Co. C, 112th Ill. Inf.; Becker, Cassius, Bowen, Reuben, Brinkerhoff, J. W., Barker, A. C., Chicago Mercantile Battery; Burnett, Ben W., 1st Mich. Lt. Art.; Cook, F. A., Co. I, 7th Mo. Inf.; Chilberg, S. J., Cos. C and A, 43d Ill. Inf.; Dunn, A. A., Capt. Co. D, 112th Ill. Inf.; Derby, Ben; Davenport, Thos. F., 1st Lieut. Co. H, 112th Ill. Inf.; Griffin, Henry G., 1st Lieut. Co. D, 112th Ill. Inf.; Griffin, John; Jones, Orson, Co. I, 83d Ill. & 1st Lieut. F, 14th U. S. Col'd Inf.; James. A. R., Jennings, John L., Sergt. Co. H, 112th Ill. Inf.; Kinsey, J. S.; Matthews, John, Miller, Harvey, Martin, R. R., Mock, Anthony R., Lt. Col., 9th Ill. Cav.; Nye, John, Nelson, Victor P., Co. C, 43d Ill. Inf.; Pierce, D. M., Parks, David.; Rockwell, S.; Sourby, Wilson, Stoughton, H. E., Co. C, 177th Ohio Inf.; Tucker, John, Serg't. 121 N. Y. Inf.; Tillson, Holmes, 112th Ill Inf.; Vinstrand, N. P.; Weinell, Wm., Serg't., Co. F, 69th Ill. Inf.; Williams, T. C., Serg't. Co. E, 119th Ill. Inf.; Whipple, W. W., Co. B, 13th Ill. Cav.; Wictom, George, Co. A, 124th Ill. Inf.; Woodruff, Leander, Co. D, 112th Ill. Inf.; Welton, Francis G., Co. B, 42d Ill., Inf.; Wilkinson, W. S.; Woolsey, Gilbert, Adjt., 112th Ill. Inf.

SOLDIERS DEAD IN GALVA CEMETERY.

Ash, John, 9th Ill. Cav.; Ash, David, Lieut., 37th Ill. Inf.; Alexander, John H., L. 3d Colo. Cav.; Anderson, Peter E., Co. D, 57th Ill. Inf.; Albro, Alex. W., Captain, G. 112th Ill. Inf.: Alderman, Obediah J., H. 98th Penn. Inf.: Brown, Edwin

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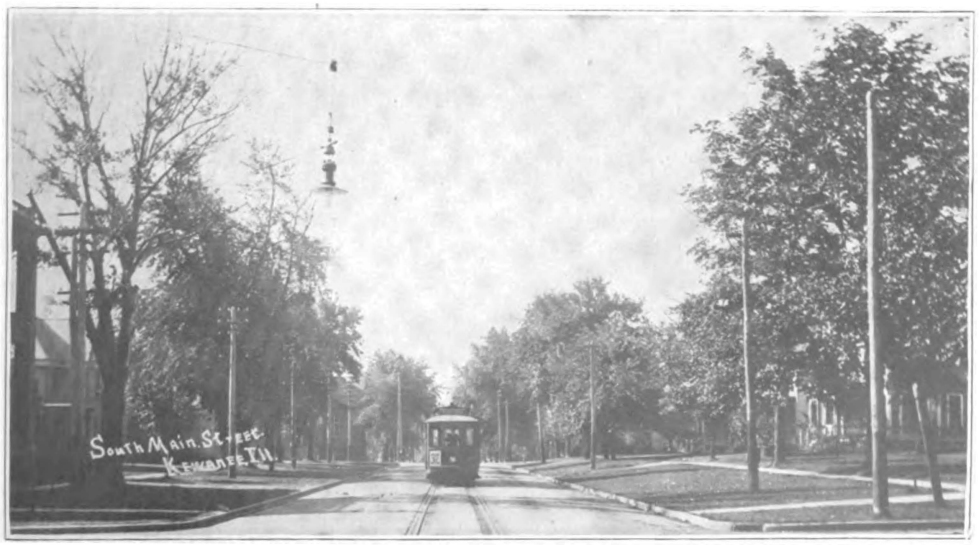
NORTH TREMONT STREET, KEWANEE, 1869



SOUTH MAIN STREET, KEWANEE

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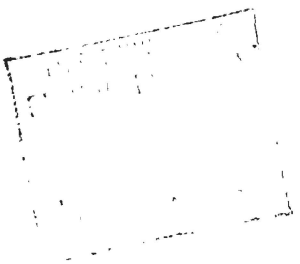

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Crow, John, 112th Ill. Inf.; Collinson, Charles, 83d Ill. Inf.; Cardiff, W. F., Captain 3d Maryland Inf.; Cochran, John; Cragan, Jeffrey; Chrisman, William, G. 89th Ill. Inf.; Donnelley, Robert, 77th Ill. Inf.; Duncan, William L., Co. L. 7th Ill. Cav.; Dickinson, Charles V.; Captain B. 37th Ill. Inf.; Engstrom, R. H.; Emery, Wm. E., 42d Ill.; Elkins, Wm. 42d Ill.; Emery, John, I. 65th Ill. Inf.; Edgerton, Rollin H., 42d Ill.; Flasburg, Nelson.; Gillett, David; Gibson, S. J., 103d Penn. Inf.; Gause, George; Gibbs, Chas. G., D. 1st Ill. Cav.; Greep, Hans, B. 138th Ill. Inf.; Houghton, R. A., 1st Ill. Art.; Hubbard, Hiram W., 112th Ill.; Hough, Geo. W., C. 4th Penn. Resve Corps.; Hagar, Peter, War of 1812; Huber, Jos.; Herbert, James S., F. 17th Ill. Inf.; Hanson, Olof; Hanson, Ed., I. 102d Ill. Inf.; Imberg, Peter, 57th Ill. Inf.; Jacobs, James; Johnson, S. P., Co. D. 17th Ill. Inf.; King, Hiram, E. 1st Ohio Art.; Luce, J., 69th Ill. Inf.; Lacey, Wm. H., B. 93d Penn. Inf., (Prisoner in Libby Prison); Litton, Ezra, G. 112th Ill. Inf.; Larson, Wm. H., D. 36th Ill. Inf.; Looney, John; Mealman, Chas., 57th Ill. Inf.; Mott, Irving; Morton, Lewis E., G. 112th Ill Inf.; Miller, Mont. C.; Miller, Allen F., H. 16th Iowa Inf.; McBride, Wm.; Mowbray, Geo. W.; McMillan, Robert R., G. 112th Ill. Inf.; Naslund, Jonas, I. 156th Ill. Inf.; Otterstrom, John, 9th Ill. Cav.; Pratt, R. H., 112th Ill. Inf.; Patterson, John O., Asst. Surg., D. 138th Ill. Inf.; Reynolds, Frank, 24th Iowa Inf.; Reed, John, H. 57th Ill. Inf.; Soper, Henry, 112th Ill. Inf.; Sewall, Chas., 2d Ark.; Shue, Albert; Shurtz, Wm. 65th Ill. Inf.; Smith, Chas., H. 112th Ill. Inf.; Short, Ed. L., D. 1st Ill. Cav.; Shannon, Joseph; Sprouse, Isaac, G. 89th Ill. Inf.; Swanson, John A., Co. B. 72d Ill. Inf. & F. 33d Ill. Inf. (Prisoner at Andersonville); Taggert, Wm. D., G. 89th Ill. Inf.; Townsend, Thos. J., G. 112th Ill. Inf.; Todd, Walford B.; Wickstrom, P. M., Captain, Co. D. 57th Ill. Inf.; Williams, Elijah; Walker, Wm., Co. K. 55th Ill. Inf.; Wilbur, Dan A., Co. B. 12th Ill. Inf.

SOLDIERS BURIED IN THE BISHOP HILL CEMETERY.

Lars, Anderson, Co. D, 57th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Jonas Ericson, Co. D, 57th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Peter Headburg, Co. I, 148th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Olaf A. Hallfast, Co. C, 43d Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; James L. Kennedy, Co. I, 148th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; John C. Johnson, Co. E, 17th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; John A. Larson, Co. G, 112th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Jonas Lindstrom, Co. I, 148th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Jonas Lindgren, Co. D, 57th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Andrew Lock, Co. D, 57th Reg. Ill. Inf'y; O. B. Nordsted, Co. D, 57th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Thomas Nyberg, Co. D, 57th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Olof Olson, Co. I, 148th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Magnus Peterson, Co. D, 57th Reg. Ill. Inf'y.; Lars Peterson, Co. D, 57th Reg. Ill., Inf'y.; Nels E. Strum, Co. C, 43d Reg. Ill. Inf'y.

GRAND VIEW CEMETERY, ATKINSON.

D. O. Hunter, Joel Fry, one a sham grave; Abram Fry, Henry Wright, David English, Theodore Weld, Louis Dickerson, Henry Foster, Lyman Green, Thomas Kurtz, Daniel Griffin, William S. Livingstone, a sham grave on Armstrong's lot, also one on Pickard's in Catholic cemetery, Charles Vanlandschoot.

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LIBERTY CEMETERY, CORNWALL.

Abram Hull, Bud Brown, John Farnum, Murphy, James Blair.

SOLDIERS BURIED IN WESTERN CEMETERY.

Courtesy of Billy Bolles, Orion.

Joseph Sadler, 11th Ohio Battery, L. A.; Henry Kelton, 11th Ohio Battery, L. A.; Wm. R. Barnes, Co. E., 20th Pa. Cavalry; John McDonald, Co. F, 69th Ill. Ill. Inf.; Michael Leffler, Co. I, 34th Iowa Inf.; Peter Holst, Co. H, 112th Ill. Inf'y.; Fred Lawson, Co. B, 9th Ill. Cav.; Owen Dean, Co. F, 69th Ill. Inf'y.; Wm. McGill, Co. C, 102 Ill. Inf'y.; Henry Lawrence, Co. I, 36 Mass. Inf'y.; J. N. McKelvey, Co. B, 11 Pa. Reserve Inf.; J. H. Patrick, Co. I, 27 Ill. Inf'y.; James Williams, Co. F. 69th Ill. Inf'y.; John Owen, Co. C, 18th Mo. Inf'y.; Jacob Hazlat, Co. G, 62d Ill. Inf'y.; Lewis Edwards, Co. C, 112 Ill. Inf'y.; William Cessna, Co. E, 18th Ill. Inf'y.; Charles H. Fish, Co. L, 14th Ill. Cav.; David Wilson, no record; Wm. Love, Co. B, 65th Ill. Inf'y.; Thomas J. Henderson, Co. C, 112th Ill. Inf'y.; Rodney Manning, Co. C, 102 Ill. Inf'y.; Samuel B. Ewing, Co. C, 102 Ill. Inf'y.; Charles L. Humberstone, Co. U. S. Navy; Wm. M. Howe, 2nd Lieut. Co. E, 151 Ill. Inf'y.; Wm. J. Gamble, Co. C, 66 Ill. Inf'y.; S. J. McDonald, Co. F, 69 Ill Inf'y; John A Jordan, Capt. Co. A, 37th Ill. Inf'y.; John S. King, Co. B, 26th Iowa Inf'y.; James W. Williamson, Co. E, 151 Ill. Inf'y.; Edward McCloskey, Co. F, 69th Ill. Inf'y.; Frederick Thompson, Co. K, 51 Ill. Inf'y.; George Pearce, Co. C, 112 Ill. Infy.; Wm. Sheesley, Co. M, 2nd Ill. Inf'y.; Spanish War.

Soldier buried in Sweedish Lutheran Cemetery, Nelson Stark, Co. K, 13th Iowa Inf'y.

LIST OF WESTERN TOWNSHIP SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN THE SOUTH.

Courtesy of Billy Bolles, Orion.

Capt. Edgar Trego, Co. H, 8 Kansas Inf'y., killed at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 19, 1863.

Wm. M. Henderson, Co. A, 37 Ill. Inf'y., died at New Orleans, La., Aug. 27, 1863.

Henry C. Lewis, Co. H, 112 Ill. Inf'y., died at Lexington, Ky., April 16, 1863.

Charles Samuelson, Co. C, 43 Ill. Inf'y., killed at Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.

Jacob Williamson, Co. D, 13th Ill. Inf'y, killed at Chickasaw Bayou, Dec. 29, 1862.

Wm. Williamson, Co. B, 65 Ill. Inf'y, died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 3, 1862.

George McCauslin, Co. C, 112 Ill. Inf'y., killed at Knoxville, Tenn., November 18, 1863.

Charles P. Oleson, 11th Ohio Battery, killed at Iuka, Miss., Sept. 19, 1862.

Henry Miller, Co. D, 12 Ill. Inf.; died at Cairo, Ill., July 19, 1861.

Charles C. Anderson, Co. C, 42 Ill. Inf'y., died in Andersonville prison, Nov. 1, 1864.

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Albert Bellows, Co. H, 9th Ill. Cav., died at Tupelo, Miss., July 15, 1864.

Mahlon A. Stearns, Co. D, 13 Ill. Inf'y., died at Memphis, Tenn., April 4, 1863.

Wm. B. Sadler, Co. D, 13 Ill. Inf'y., died at Boonville, Mo., May 9, 1862.

James Dow, Co. H, 37 Ill. Inf'y., died at Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 30, 1864.

Francis P. Imhoff, Co. B, 127 Ill. Inf'y, killed at Fayetteville, N. C., March 11, 1865.

James T. Ferguson, Co. E, 18th Ill. Inf'y., died at Pine Bluff, Ark., Oct. 30, 1865.

Erastus Davis, Co. C, 112 Ill. Inf'y, died at Kingston, N. C., March 26, 1865.

Alfred Hamilton, Co. H, 112 Ill. Inf'y., died at Benton Barracks, Mo., April 10, 1863.

Noah B. Denton, Co. H, 112 Inf'y., died at Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1863.

David McCausland, Co. E, 18th Ill. Inf'y.; died at Little Rock, Ark. July 29, 1865.

Thomas Williamson, Co. A, 37 Ill. Inf'y., killed at Pea Ridge, March 7, 1862.

Alexander Henderson, record unknown, belonged to an Iowa Regt.

John Cole, Co. D, 17 Ill. Inf'y., died June 25.

ANNAWAN, ILLINOIS, Nov. 8, 1909.

SOLDIERS IN FAIRVIEW CEMETERY

Newberry, Osker; Mumford, Asa J.; Bradford, James H.; Younkin, Walter S.; Hayes, Garrison; Smith, Joseph; Parker, Furgus; Boss, Henry; Fronk, James A.; Williams, Williams W.; Bowen, Edmond; Browning, Jeffrey H.; Denis, John; Marshal, John; Smith, King; Troyer, William; Giles, Henry; Rockefeler, Alonzo; Gochenouer, William L.; and one of the war 1812 Hodges, Jacob.

SOLDIERS IN ANNAWAN CEMETERY.

Daly, Thomas; McDerman, Robert; Carroll, Hiram; Moon, John; Rockafellow, George H.; Andrews, George; Bice, Isaac; Stagner, Lewis; Baker, Welington P.; Willett, John; Warnock, James; Harris, Henry H.; and one the war of 1812, Barber, William.

All in Annawan township, Henry county, Illinois.

Philip J. Wintz.
Henry L. Kiner.

SOLDIERS' WOMEN BURIED IN ANNAWAN TOWNSHIP, HENRY COUNTY, ILLINOIS, IN FAIRVIEW CEMETERY.

Newberry, Mary; Bradford, Mary; Lemont, Josephine; Wintz, Mary; Eyer, Catharine E.; Godfrey, Elizabeth; Gochenouer, Elmira L.; Boss, Francis M.; Gochenouer, Mary F.; Giles, Manerva J.; Browning, Margette and Susan Hodges, the wife of Jacob Hodges.

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AND ALSO THE SOLDIERS' WOMEN BURIED IN ANNAWAN CEMETERY.

Warnock, Sarah B.; Carroll, Louise; Moon, Susan; Bice, Almeda; Stillwell, Adaline; Heath, Louisa; Schlosser, Sarah; Baldwin, Sarah.

Philip J. Wintz,
Annawan,
Illinois.

SOLDIERS' DEAD, WOODHULL CEMETERY.

Rev. W. K. Talbot, J. B. Ridenour, D. P. Taylor, J. M. Grimes, Stephen A. Lowry, Y. N. Lowry, Edward Colburn, Brintnell Taylor, Andrew Swanson, J. I. Boyd, George Turner, Albert Perkins, Sheldon F Sturgeon.

LIST OF SOLDIERS BURIED AT CEMETERY AT COSNER'S CORNERS, BURNS TOWNSHIP.

Julius Charlet, Co. F, 124th Ill.; Levi L. Cosner, Wm. Cosner, Joseph E. Cowden, Co. I, 4th U. S. Cav.; Harry Brown, Co. H, 57th Ill.; Geo. W. Hovenden, Horace Green, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; John Lehman, Co. F, 124th Ill.; Moses Tharp, Co. H, 134th Ill.; Jonas Tharp, Co. D, 65th Ill.; J. Craven Pyle, Co. F. 124th Ill.; Harry J. Roberts, Co. C, 112th Ill.; Thos. Mathews, Co. D, 112th Ill.; Jeruel B. Whitney, Co. D, 112th Ill.

LIST OF SOLDIERS BURIED IN THE VICINITY OF KEWANEE, ILL.

KEWANEE CEMETERY.

U. B. Bonar, Ed. Evans, Isaac Potter, (1812) David While, Co. C, 1st Tenn.; John Lyle, Co. H, 134th Ill.; R. S. Thompson, H, 6 Pa. Heavy Art.; Julius Cronau, (war with Spain) G. W. Custer, Co. H. 9th. Ill. Cav.; Milton Carson, Norris Dodd, Co. D, 65th Ill.; Peter Duklin, Co. I, 9th Ill. Cav.; J. Y. Elliott, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; George Enslow, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; John Enslow, Co. I, 7th Mo.; W. M. Elliott, Co. A, 124th Ill. Philip George, J. H. Howe, Col. 124th Ill.; Allen House, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; T. B. Haynes, Co. K, 78th Ill.; Peter Hadburg, Co. H, 9th Ill. Cav.; Frank Hamilton, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; Eli C. Jones, Co. B, 112th Ill.; Wm. Johnson, Co. A, 124th Ill.; G. W. Lyle, Co. H, 134th Ill.; John Lyle, Co. H, 134th Ill.; Frank Lewis, Co. A, 29th U. S. Colored; Mat. P. Miles, (war with Spain) John Mc Cullough, Evans Norton, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; Charles Northrop, Col. 42d Ill.; Wm. O'Neal, Co. F, 124th Ill.; James B. Pratt, Co. F, 124th Ill.; Julius A. Pratt, Co. A, 124th Ill.; Norman H Pratt, Co F, 124th Ill.; E. C. Raymond, Co. A, 124th Ill.; Newton Sullivan, Col'd Joshua Shipley, Co. F, 124th Ill.; Wm. C. Tunnecliffe, Co. A, 42d Ill.; John S. White, (unassigned) George Wonders, Co. F, 124th Ill.; George Washington, Co. B, 11th U. S.; James H. Winn, Co. A, 124th Ill.

PLEASANT VIEW CEMETERY.

David H. Alvis, S. P. Ayer, Cyrus Avery, Co. K, 42nd Ill.; James A Brown, Stephen Bing, Asa Bunton, Co. A, 124th Ill.; Wm. S. Barnes (war with Spain) James Baker, Orville D. Bassett, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; John Butterwick, Co. A, 124th Ill.; James A. Beam, Co. I, 36th Ill.; E. S. Church, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; George

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Cook, Co, A, 42nd Ill.; Alden G. Cushman, Co. C, 9th Ill. Cav.; George Clark, Co. H, 93d Ill.; Byron M. Dorr, musician, 42nd Ill.; John Ellis, Corwin Ensminger, Co. C, 77th Ohio; James Ford, Isaac Howard, Co. B, 147th Ill.; Alfred M. Hewlett, Co. L, 3rd N. Y. Cav.; Joseph Hoffman, Arthur A. Harding, Co. I, 65th Ill.; George Harding, Peter Herbner, Co. F, 124th Ill.; Wm. Hirst, Co. A, 124th Ill.; John Henry, Co. B, 161st Ohio; Caleb E. Hare, Co. H, 13th Wis.; Bernard Hallin, Co. H. 9th Ill. Cav.; Fred Knight, Co. C, 7th Ill.; Geo. Lyle (war with Sapin) Napolean Lyttle, George F. Lowe, Co. C, 117th Ill.; Alex. Murchison, Co. B, 19th Ill.; Jediah Mc Connell, A. J. Nelson, Co. B, 43d Ill.; J. A. Nicholson, Co. K, 124th Pa.; Wm. Oziah, Joseph Price, Co. F, 124th Ill.; Stephen Petty, Geo. W. Petty, Sylvester Plummer, L. C. Powell, Co. D, 12th Ill.; James H. Pinney, Co. A, 124th Ill.; Amos Rodgers, Charles Richter, Co. D, 17th Ind.; Thos. Robison, Co. B, 19th Ill.; John Roberts, Ed. Reecer, (war with Spain) Warren Smith, Co. H, 134th Ill.; Wm. Sharp, Peter H. Snyder, Guy Smith, Co. K, 9th Ill. Cav.; Fred Statz, Co. F, 124th Ill.; E. H. Stilson, Co. H, 14th Ill.; John Towle, Horton Vail, Co. A, 124th Ill.; Jos. Vinson, 42nd Ill.; J. W. Walker.

WETHERSFIELD CEMETERY.

Wm. Cherry, Co. H, 9th Ill. Cav.; Thos. Clevitt, Geo. F. Clark, M. J. Carter, Wm. Dustin, Co. F, 124th Ill.; Wm. Bryan, Co. I, 27th Ill.; Jesse Dickinson, (1812) Albion Good, Co. A, 124th Ill.; Dorrington Good, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; Gardner Hurd, James Leech, Co. A, 124th Ill.; Jeremiah Lester, (1812) Wm. Mapes, Wm. Mooney, A. W. Mathews, (1812) Ambrose Mathews, Co. A, 124th Ill.; Wm. McDonald, Co. A, 172nd Ohio; Thos. McClure, Co. H, 9th Ill. Cav.; Wm. Knaggs, Charles Oliver, Co. A, 42nd Ill.; M. B. Potter, Co. F, 124th Ill.; R. S. Thompson, Henry W. Wells, adjt. 112th Ill.; Abijah Wedge, (1812) Susan Hooten, army nurse.

CATHOLIC CEMETERY, KEWANEE.

Johnathan Collingwood, Co. K, 45th Ill.; P. Cronin, M. Hanaphan, Patrick Guilfoil, Co. G, 159th N. Y.; Jas. McGlen, Pendergast McGuire, Ed. Story.

HENRY COUNTY IN THE WAR DAYS.

The following description of Henry county, together with statistics regarding her schools, production, stock and valuations, is taken from John C. W. Bailey's Illinois State Gazetteer, dated 1864-5:

Henry county is situated in the northwestern interior of the state, and is bounded on the north by Rock Island and Whiteside counties, east by Bureau and a corner of Stark, south by Stark and Knox, and on the west by Mercer and Rock Island counties. It was formed in 1825, but not organized for judicial purposes until about ten years after. In size it is thirty miles square, save a portion of land equal to twelve miles by six in the northwest, dissected by the course of Rock River. In the southern and eastern portions of this county the surface is

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undulating, but in the northern part it is frequently quite level, and in some places wet and swampy. It is drained by Edward's Creek, some of the head waters of Spoon River, Rock and Green Rivers. This county contains twenty-three organized townships, viz.; Alba, Andover, Annawan, Atkinson, Burns, Cambridge, Clover, Colona, Cornwall, Edford, Galva, Geneseo, Kewanee, Loraine, Lynn, Munson, Oscow, Oxford, Phoenix, Weller, Western, Wethersfield and Yorktown, with a population in 1860 of twenty thousand, six hundred and sixty. In 1862, there were one hundred and fifty-six public schools in this county, and seven thousand, four hundred and forty-four scholars. The number of those between the ages of five and twenty-one was seven thousand, eight hundred and ninety-five. Number of male teachers, one hundred and one, with an average salary of twenty-seven dollars per month; female, one hundred and fifty-three, whose salary averaged seventeen dollars per month. Total amount expended for all school purposes, thirty-four thousand, eight hundred and eighty-nine dollars; total received, forty-four thousand, nine hundred and eighty-eight dollars. Average number of months the schools were in session, 7.5. In 1861 there were in the county ten thousand, one hundred and seventy-six horses, twenty-two thousand, nine hundred and thirty cattle, two thousand, eight hundred and seventy-one sheep, and nineteen thousand, four hundred and eighty-three swine. The products were, in wheat, one million, one hundred and twenty thousand, nine hundred and eighty-six bushels; corn, three million, seven hundred and seventy-nine thousand, eight hundred and fifty bushels, and over twenty-two thousand acres of oats, hay, etc. The value of assessed personal property and real estate was three million, five hundred and fifty-three thousand, and seventy-nine dollars; estimated true value, seven million, six hundred and ninety-eight thousand, three hundred and thirty-seven dollars.

Note by editor: Bailey forgot Hanna township, and calls Osco "Oscow."

PROFESSIONS, TRADES, ETC.

ANNAWAN.

Batt, William M., carriage and wagonmaker; Barker, Stark N., blacksmith; Buttermore, Daniel, blacksmith; Dart, Albert, cigars and tobacco; Dart, George A., news dealer; Dean, D. S., (Rev.) pastor First Baptist church; Dow & Brothers, (Tristram T., Josia and John L.) general store; Haines, Charles, mason; Hards & Brother, (James and Elsen) flouring mill; Hays, John, cabinetmaker; Irons, W. O., boots and shoes; Linehan, Richard, harnessmaker; McDermond, William, pastor Second Baptist church; Machesney, D. L., physician; Morey, Geo. M. (Rev.); Patch, Oliver L., saloon; Sargent, Benj. C., general store; Shellhammer & Burgess, carpenters; Smith, Mrs. L., milliner; Smith & Pearson, (Charles S. and Isaac F. P.) general store; Smithel, Benj., cooper; Stilwell; W., carriage and wagonmaker; Stoughton, James, mason; Val Velsor, William, physician.

ATKINSON.

Ashley, John, Jr., carpenter; Babbitt, George R., saloon; Carter, Levi W., physician; Daum, John, wagonmaker; Dean, John H., general store and lumber;

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Dickerson, John L., saloon; Dunbar, Hiram R., general store; Frick, A. C., (Rev.) Methodist Episcopal; Hayden, William, physician; Milar, Robt. W., carpenter; Nowers, Thomas & Son, general store and lumber; Postman, John, blacksmith; Ranft, John, boots and shoes; Wonderly, D. W., carpenter.

CAMBRIDGE.

Alfred, S. D., dry-goods; Ayres, Vincent M., flour mill; Baker, John D., (Rev.) Congregational; Bell, John A., physician; Briggs, John J., blacksmith; Bishell, J. and John A., dentists; Browning, Nelson S., druggist; Edson, Ambler, (Rev.) Baptist; Everett, Joseph, harness maker; Fleharty, J. J. (Rev.) Methodist; Gardiner, Jacob, mason; Gran, C. H., physician; Hinman & Page, attorneys at law; Johnson, Anthony J., physician; Kirkpatrick, Joseph, boots and shoemaker; Lee, Mrs., milliner; Mascall, James & Brother, dry-goods; Mock & Maxwell, blacksmiths; Orcutt, William, photographs, ambrotypes, etc.; Patten, L. H., editor and proprietor Chronicle; Pierce, Silas, wagonmaker; Reed, George M., cabinet maker; Shepard, William, attorney at law; Solander, Daniel, carpenter; Valentine, John O., saloon; Welton, Street C., carpenter; Wier, James J., proprietor hotel.

COLONA.

Bracht & Meir, (Anton and Joseph) carriage and wagonmakers; Baum, Ephraim, insurance agent; Baum, John J., distiller; Baum, John J., sawmills; Bell, James, general store; Boynton, Francis, merchant tailor; Dunlop, Charles H., cooper; Kechnal, William, boots and shoemaker; Meir, Joseph, blacksmith; Olinger, George, hotel proprietor; Root, Charles, carpenter; Sayles, Robert R., physician; Sharp, Lucy A., milliner; Sharp, Norman, mason; Sharp, William, mason; Smith Rufus A., livery stable; Smith, Winsdor, machinist.

GALVA.

Albro, Alexander W., proprietor "Albro House;" Albro & Holmes, (Darius G. A. and James F. H.) livery, sale, boarding and exchange; Beck, Lewis W., dry-goods, boots, shoes and clothing; Bigelow, Hiram, attorney at law; Burnham, Noah, bakery; Burton, Thomas, blacksmith; Butler, Jonas, groceries and crockery ware; Cass, J., marble worker and dealer; Clark, Chester M., books and stationery and druggist; Colter, Patrick, boot and shoemaker; Curtis, F. Josephus, furniture dealer and insurance agent; Davis, Charles E., hardware, stoves and tinware; Donnelly, Bernard, merchant tailor; Eisele, Charles, watches and jewelry; Ford & Patteson, (Melton M. F. and William P.) clothiers, boots and shoes and dry-goods; Fuller, Charles H., ticket agent and telegraph operator; Fuller, Ebenener, station agent; Gibs, Pembleton, groceries and provisions; Hamblin & Bailey, (Mulford K. H. and Royal F. B.) stoves, tinware and cutlery; Hathaway, Arthur F., lumber dealer; Jacobs, Reuben H., meat market; Johnson, Seran P., clothier; Johnson & Peterson, (Olof J. and Peter P., Jr.) grain dealers; Kline, Daniel & Company, (Chas. A. Shurtleff) dry-goods, boots and shoes; McKenzie, John, wagonmaker; Maddox, Samuel, groceries and crockery ware; Meade, Ran-

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son H., proprietor "Wiley House;" Miles, L. N. & Company, (Llewellyn N. M. and Leon P. Edson) grain dealers; Mohlfeldt, Lewis, groceries and provisions; Negus, Milton H., boots and shoemaker; Paine, Joseph C., newspapers, periodicals and yankee notions; Pierce & Crawford, (Nelson P. and Walter B. C.) general store; Pinnell & Kelsee, (Isaac A. P. and Norton K.) water elevator manufacturerers; Robinson, Charles, wagonmaker; Rogers, Edmund, blacksmith; Rosenthal, J. & Company, (Jacob and Marcus J. R.) dry-goods, clothiers, hats and caps, boots and shoes; Secord, VanCortland, physician and surgeon; Seeley, Isaac B., druggist, paints, oils, glass, etc.; Sipes, George W. Mrs., milliner; Smith, Lucy A. Mrs., milliner and dressmaker; Smith, Simon E., harnessmaker; Spencer, Martin, groceries and crockery ware; Thompson, Mrs. H.. milliner and dressmaker; Tracy, Fred A., clothier, boots and shoes; Wiley, George R., bookseller and stationer; Wiley, J. M. & Company, land agents; Williams, Edson, carriage and wagonmaker; Yocum, Lewis M., general store.

GENESEO'S WAR ERA.

What was Geneseo during the great Civil war? In the first place, the answer is—she was the commercial center of Henry county. She was the largest town in Henry county. In commerce, manufacturing, social life, literature, music, education, she was the metropolis of Henry county. She was the center of civilization in Henry county.

Above all her business interests was her grain trade. There was probably no town of its size on the earth where so much grain was bought and sold. Today the grain business is a reminiscense, except for small cereals, mostly oats. The great staple, corn, is not sold in Geneseo any more. Corn is raised as much as ever, but it is fed to stock. This pays much better in return, and leaves the fertilizing elements of the grain upon the soil.

The writer was so fortunate as to live in Geneseo a year, four years after the close of the war. He was an apprentice in J. B. Moderwell & Company's drugstore, on Main street. An immense boulder rests near the site of the old store. Here and there an old citizen may yet be found who remembers me as a drug apprentice. They need not be told that the boulder was placed there in memory of a class of the Geneseo Collegiate Institute, and not in memory of those who took the medicines I mixed.

In those days the corn trade of Geneseo was a wonder. The Prophetstown branch of the C., B. & Q. Railway had not been built to the north, nor had the Peoria and Rock Island road been built to the south. Geneseo drew corn from full 20 miles north and south, from Andover and Bishop Hill to the south, and Prophetstown to the north. The warehouses were a perfect tangle of teams. Long lines of teams extended away past the brewery to the south, and the old cemetery to the north. Every road from every other direction was often jammed with corn teams. Many of these men would eat their dinners in Geneseo. It was a great time for hotels, restaurants and feed stables. Then men coming so far would buy large quantities of goods. There were seven churches. The Republic and Advocate were the newspapers.

Following is a complete directory of Geneseo at the end of the war:

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Allan, James M., real estate agent; Alts, J., barber; Antes, R. H., dentist; Ballou, Harlie K., painter; Bauermeister, A., meat market; Baxter & Carl, harness makers; Beveridge, Peter H., meat market and dealer in stock; Bigelow H., lawyer; Blackiston & Boice, agricultural implements; Boice, Milton S., news depot; Bradley, James, general store; Breed, S. R., (homoe.) physician; Brix, D., botanic physician; Brown and Hume, physicians; Brooks, J. B. homeopathic physician; Bryant & Taylor, (E. B. and J. M. T.,) boots and shoes; Buckles, John S., lawyer; Buell, Christian, cigars; Bushnell, Seaman F., blacksmith; Byers, Jacob B., stoves and tinware; Cady & Wells, (L. Henry C. and George V. W.,) lawyers; Campbell, Leonard C., station agt., and grain dealer; Carley, William, grocery; Carpenter, James B., attorney at law; Cole, David M., shoemaker; Cook, Warren P., books, stationery and express agent, also sewing machines; Dart, Henry & Son, grocers and commission merchants; Deming, Richard M., jeweler; Dresser, Justus F., druggist and United States assistant assessor; Dunham, Charles, lawyer; Eastabrook, Samuel, drugs and groceries; express agent, W. P. Cook; Felger & Ellis, general store; Ferguson D., sewing machine agent; Ferguson, James, merchant tailor; Fisk & Sampson, grocers; Frank, Jacob, harness maker; Freeman, James A., meat market; Fry, Louis, city bakery; Furlon & Swanson, (Walter S. F. and Andrew J. S.,) leather and harness dealers; Gaines, N. and S., (Nelson and Sylvester G.,) general store; George, V. K., wagon and plow shop; Goodfellow, Isaiah R., jeweler; Graham, Ben, druggist; Gray, John, harness maker; Hoeft, August, wagon maker; Hammond, John C., general store; Hammond, Joseph, gunsmith; Herman & Waterman, (Henry H. and Levi W.,) clothing; Hickey, Francis A., wagonmaker; Hobbs & Lieberknecht, (George A. H. & A. L.,) editors and proprietors. Geneseo Republic. Hosford, James S., editor Union Advocate, weekly; Hunt, Job, saloon; Hutchins, John S., proprietor "Geneseo House" and livery stable; Hutchins, Orren, billiard room; Jones, C. DeHaven, physician; Jones, Daniel, lumber dealer; Kinsey & Blodgett, Mrs., millinery; Kline, J. A. & Co., drugs and groceries; Lawbaugh & Brother, (Henry and George) harness makers; Lawrence & Rosenstone, (Jesse L. and Nels P. R.,) boots and shoes; Lay, William, groceries; Lockwood James R., boots and shoes; Luther, George, general store; Lyon, John M., wagon maker; McBroom & Wilson, (James McB. and Isaac N. W.,) grain dealers; McConnell, Joseph A., justice of the peace; McGinley W. and J. C. & Co., (William and Jas. C. McG. and William Clawson flouring mills; McHose, Samuel, brickmaker; Manington, John, dentist; Matson & Yaple, Mrs., milinery; Miles, J. S., dry goods; Miller, Abram, proprietor, "Geneseo House;" Morton, S. W. & J., (Stewart W. and James M. M.,) general store; Mott, James Z., saloon and boarding; Norton & Bros., dairy; Nourse, Henry, attorney; Nowers, Thomas & Son, general merchandise; Offerle, Lawrence, general store; Parker, Levi, livery stable; Perkins, Seth W., millinery; Perry, Ainsworth & Co., hardware, agricultural implements, etc.; Perry, Charles, notary public and insurance agent.; Perry, G. B. & N. B., (Geo. B. and Nathan B. P.,) general store; Perry, Spaulding & Co., (David L. and Charles P., and Mahlon D. S.) bankers; Raser, George, grocery; Raymond Ranssler, physician; Reed, M., music store; Rich & Harrington, lumber dealers; Richardson & Company, (George R. and William B. Tee,) millers; Richmond, I., Geneseo nursery; Rittinger & Dermer, (William

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R. and Philip H. D.,) groceries; Root & Wood, (Ashbel M. R. and Edward A. W.,) drovers; Schnabele, Philip S., general store; Shaw, E. H., clothing; Shaw, G. W., lawyer; Sheppard, Ralph L., proprietor, "Union Hotel;" Sleight, L. C. & Co., (Luther C. and H. C. S.,) wagon makers; Smith, W. G., clocks, watches and jewelry; Smith, William W., attorney, real estate and insurance agent; Sniff & Fisher, hardware, stoves and tinware; Souers, John, shoemaker; Stewart, Elisha M., lumber dealer; Stewart, I. N., furniture; Stewart, L. F., agent Grover & Baker's sewing machines; Sweney, Paul W., hardware; Thomas, Hushai, grain and stock dealer; Thompson, Mrs., milliner; Town, John J., dry goods; "Union Hotel," R. L. Sheppard proprietor; Van Valkenburg, Edward P., dry goods; Van Winkle, Adrian, groceries; Wait, G. E., lawyer; Wales, Amasa, meat market; Wallace, Caleb H., telegraph operator; Way & Cooper, flouring mill; Wells, George, general store; Wells, Ira R. physician and surgeon; Wells & Bidwell, (Theodore W. and Alvin W. B.,) general store; Westergren & Nordstrom, manufactures fanning mills; Whistler, C. S., dry goods; White, A. & Co., foundry; Wood, E. A. & Co., (J. O. Hood and S. Kendall,) commission merchants; Young & Neth, (John D. Y. and John P. N.) general store; Zimmermann & Fromm, (F. Z. and J. F.) cabinetmakers.

KEWANEE.

Andrew & Belknap, (Samuel L. A. and Augustus L. B.) produce dealers; Barker, Elizabeth, Mrs., milliner; Bates, William, coal dealer; Beadle & Steele, (Elisha B. and William S.) coal dealers; Binks & Bradbury, (Thomas B. and John B.) coal dealers; Blish, C. C., town clerk; Bowers, Augustus, meat market; Bowers, D. C., groceries; Clapp, Charles S., lumber dealer; Cleveland, Chester E., groceries, provisions, liquors, etc.; Cooper, A., dry-goods and groceries; Cooper, Benjamin, cigars and tobacco; Cowl, William A., Mrs. millinery goods; Bronson, Ethel V., proprietor "Kewanee House;" Brower, Henry, blacksmith; Bryan, Harvey H., wagonmaker and blacksmith; Cronan, Peter, tailor; Culley, James, livery stable; Doty & Company, (Sullivan Howard) hardware, stoves and tinware; Doty, N. treasurer; Eddy, Jireh W., watchmaker and jeweler; Eliot, George D., harnessmaker; Ericson, E., harnessmaker; Fash, M. & Son, (Michael F. and William F.) wagon and carriagemakers; Faulkner, Benjamin, groceries, etc.; Felsendeld, S., clothier; Fitch, Thomas D., physician and surgeon; Fordice, A., (Rev.) Protestant Methodist; Freeman, A. D., (Rev.) Baptist; Galloway, John, coal dealer; Giggings, J. U., (Rev.) Methodist Episcopal; Gooderich, William R., gunsmith; Grim, Henry, barber; Handebode, John, saloon; Harper & Company, (Isaac H. and G. W. Cahou) groceries and provisions; Hinsdale, Myron H., druggist; Holt, Robert, boot and shoemaker and dealer; Hopkins, Jeremiah, groceries, etc.; Johnson, Andrew, photographic artist; Kewanee Bank, James L. Platt, cashier, George S. Bowen, president; King, William, groceries and boots and shoes; Loomis, Oren H., agricultural implements dealer; Losner, J., (Rev.) Swedish Lutheran; Lowe, John W., photographic artist; Lyon, James A., carpenter and builder; McConnell, Isaac, sash, doors and blinds; McIntyre, John A., livery stock dealer; Martin, Patrick, saloon; Maul, Adolph, baker and confectioner; Mayhew, Nathaniel, hardware, stoves and tinware; Mentzer, Rufus,

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postmaster; Minnick, John, boot and shoemaker; Morse, George A., grain dealer; Northrop, Charles, house and sign painter; Norton, Miles B., photographic artist; O'Grady, James, harnessmaker; Parker, Henry C., agent American Express Company; Parker & Mentzer, hay pressers and dealers; Parrish, Rufus P., bookseller and stationer; Patterson, Samuel L., groceries and provisions; Phillips, Thomas, H., dry-goods, boots and shoes; Pierce, Thomas P., tinware manufacturer; Plympton, Noah A., watches and jewelry; Preston, Jairus R., insurance, loan and collection agent; Schriver, John D., general store; Scott, George H., physician and surgeon; Stone, E. & G. B., druggists; Thornton, A. & Son, (Arthur and David A.) hardware and agricultural implements; Van Wagoner, J. M., (Rev.) Congregational; Warner, Sylvanus W., grain dealer; Warner, Wilson, supervisor; Wells, ——, (Rev.) Episcopalian; Wessker & Company, flour mill and distillery; Willard, John F., nursery; Wilson, Charles, lawyer; Wonner, Fredrick, bakery; Zeigler, Andrew, carpenter and builder.

OXFORD.

Ames, Gilbert, general store; Blair, Robert, general store and druggist; Carey, Richard, hotel; Cornish, Henry, wagonmaker; Dunkle, William, gunsmith; Farrel, W. F., physician; Hartgrove, William, blacksmith; Herbert, Thomas M., lawyer; McCumber, N., shoemaker; Peterson, T. W., carpenter; Roberts, N., hotel; Sexton, H. H., physician; Stepenson, James, blacksmith; White, G. R., carpenter.

YORKTOWN.

Bastian, Vanscork, carpenter; Brown, Levi, carpenter; Dir, George, (Rev); Dow, Thomas H. C., blacksmith; Dow, Edward W., blacksmith; Morreli, John L., physician; Rogers, William, (Rev.).

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

There is a destiny which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.—*Shakespeare.*

"What a tasty place!"

It was a dapper youth who spoke. He was half out of a big double carriage, and addressing the other inmates.

"Look at the paling fence!" he exclaimed. "Whoa! Stop the horses!"

The driver drew rein, and the team halted. The young man immediately got out.

"Where,—what—" the speaker was puzzled.

"I'm going in here to get a drink of water," replied the youth.

Then he stepped cautiously back to the carriage, and in a confidential whisper added:

"I'll bet there's girls here, and I'll bet they are fine-looking and nice," said the young man.

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Girls were scarce in the prairie days. Like angels' visits, they were few and far between.

The other occupants of the carriage tried to make the youth quit his nonsense, and return to his seat; but to no avail. Something appeared to be drawing the young man, with powerful magnetic force. He turned, broke away from them, and was soon inside that attractive paling fence. Of course George had noticed—the youth, I would have said,—had observed that there was no drinking cup at the curb. Other occupants of the carriage have hinted strongly that there was a drinking-cup; but that the youth knocked it into the well. At any rate, the youth appeared at the kitchen door. He rapped, and a vision appeared. She was a tall, sweet-faced, charming girl. She had quick wit and good sense, or she never could have made out what the youth had come for. He had jammed himself between the doorjambs, and the language of his was Babylonian. But "cup" and "water" cropped up occasionally, and she turned within, and brought the utensil. He was looking in her face, and dropped the cup on his feet, whereat she smiled, and put her apron to her lips in a most charming way. This made him drop the cup again, and then she gracefully vanished.

It was not long after that the youth attended a picnic in the woods. Under a spreading chestnut tree he saw a married lady of his acquaintance, and with the married lady was the girl of the cup! The girl was peeling an orange.

When the married lady had introduced the young man to the girl, the latter split off a wedge of the orange, and offered it to the young man.

And they have lived happily ever since, in the northwest limits of Geneseo.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HANNA.

Henry county is thirty miles square, excepting a triangle of land containing a dozen sections, which is cut off of Hanna township by Rock River. This triangle is given to Rock Island county. Hanna township derives its name from its first settlers, which were Wesley, Washington, Philip and Luke Hanna. These four brothers came from White county, in the southern part of Illinois. They settled along the Rock River forest, and in that locality was the first civilization in Henry county. Cleveland and Dayton afterward sprang up there, and the primal idea of county organization dates from Dayton.

The Hanna brothers selected the site probably because of the abundance of timber. An abundance of coal was afterward discovered beneath the surface. Hanna would have been as square as its neighbors, had it not been for Rock River. That stream bit a gouge out of it, and that's what's the matter with Hanna.

The Hannas had not long to wait before their nucleus of a settlement began to attract additions. The people had to take each other on trust. Nobody knew anybody. At Galena, the lead mine district in the northwestern corner of the state, the first inquiry concerning a stranger was "Will he steal?" If it was found that he wouldn't steal, he was set down as a very honest settler.

Philip K. Hanna, of these four brothers, was Henry county's pioneer Methodist preacher, and the father of the first girl born in the county.

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FRONT STREET, GALVA



FRONT STREET, GALVA. "GOOD ROAD'S DAY"

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HISTORY OF HENRY

GOOD ROADS.

Good roads mean getting to market with f
the best. Good roads mean well-conditioned
ure, and good prices for land.

Henry county's rich black soil is fertile, fec
fulness but it is not good for making road
ncansible beds of gravel. Look what a
ncton and Tiskilwa! It may rain for a we
speed, during and after the rain. Railro
ns of bureau county gravel with which to
s of the two great western systems, the

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GOOD ROADS.

Good roads mean getting to market with farm produce when the market is at the best. Good roads mean well-conditioned horses. Good roads mean good nature, and good prices for land.

Henry county's rich black soil is fertile, fecund and full to running over with fruitfulness but it is not good for making roads. Bureau county to the east has inexhaustible beds of gravel. Look what a road they made of it between Princeton and Tiskilwa! It may rain for a week, and vehicles can spin along at full speed, during and after the rain. Railroads have taken untold thousands of tons of bureau county gravel with which to ballast their roadbeds. The main lines of the two great western systems, the Rock Island and the Burlington, cross in Bureau county. Whiteside county to the north of us has the Mississippi and Rock rivers to look to for gravel and sand. Rock Island county to the west has vast beds of limestone. One of her many industries is the shipping of crushed stone for cement purposes. To the south there are counties famed for coal and mineral deposits. The culm or coal waste which accumulates in such gigantic ridges in coal districts, has been found to be an excellent material for hard roads. Peoria uses it, not only on the country roads; but in the city streets. It packs down firm and smooth, with an asphalt quiet about it. Henry county has only earthen highways. We had King, the road drag man from Missouri, come and show us about making hard roads of our loam and clay. King's road drag is a simple device, consisting mainly of slabs split from logs and bolted together. These, with the addition of the driver's weight, are dragged over the roads. The effect is to smooth out the ruts, which retain the water, and to form a kind of smooth surface, from which rain runs instantly. By persistently pursuing this plan, a good hard road will result. Where done with intelligence by men not afraid of a little work, the result is surprising. King's idea is that every farmer should make a drag, and drag to his neighbor's gate. This plan covers the whole road. Good judgment should be used in studying the condition of the road. Where there is much yellow clay, the conditions regarding moisture are different from that where it is all black loam. Experimenting a few times will show how soon after a rain the road should be dragged.

Good roads have always been desirable; but, following the advent of automobiles, their desirability is greater. Automobiles, make poor work of floundering through bogs with their low wheels. The automobile has come to stay. We may as well accept them as a permanent institution. Men who began by swearing at them for frightening horses, now have automobiles of their own.

Good roads were valued at their true worth by the mighty races of old empires, men who built for all time. Old Roman roads are yet used in the British Isles, and Napoleon's roads over the Alps are about all the fingermarks of that great genius that remain on the face of the earth. There are roads in South America and in Old Mexico that run straight as a sunbeam for more than a

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pian Way, south of Rome, is a highway two hundred years older than the Christian era, and it is in good condition now. American made automobiles flash here and there upon it. What would remain of an Illinois road in two thousand two hundred years? Even our best railroad would be a streak of rust and a right of way. Start from any city in America, by the best road leading into it, and you will find it dwindles in less than a dozen miles, getting shabbier and worse, like the old farmer's road that shrunk to a cowpath, then to a squirrel track, that ran up a tree.

Our roads and our city streets are the sign and token of our civilization. By these we differ from the Indian with his single-file path, and the bogtrotter in his wallow. In my fourth term as mayor of Geneseo the city began paving its streets. Keys & McNamara of LaSalle got the contract, subletting the cement work to Johnson of Rockford. It is a good job. Hicks of Moline, who superintended the work, says that it will be there a thousand years from now. If it is not, Hicks must replace the work. Signed, Board of local improvements,

HENRY L. KINER, *President.*
CLARK C. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*
CURTIS C. MARTIN, *Privateer.*

The council which began paving in Geneseo, in the summer of 1908, was composed of the following members: Henry L. Kiner, mayor; C. H. Atwood, H. Bolte, M. E. Fritts, J. E. Clifton, L. R. Harms, J. D. Hill, P. A. Larson, Harry Stein, J. F. Lieberknecht, city clerk; H. Waterman, city attorney.

POULTRY MAGAZINES.

Two eggsellent poultry magazines had their conception in the brains of two Geneseo Freds, and their origin in the Maple city, which poetic name was given Geneseo by Editor Kiner of The Henry County News in the early '70s. Fred A. Kidder started The Poultry Chum, and J. Fred Schureman the Poultry Graphic. Freddie Kidder had built a new office for his magazine, installed first class printing machinery, and was on the high road to success when the shadow feared of man reached forth his grisly hand, and stilled his young life. Freddie was a fine writer and a good business man. He was a dear boy to his good mother, too.

Fred Schureman associated himself with W. D. Boyce, a millionaire publisher, after quitting the Geneseo News office, whence he had issued the Poultry Graphic for many years. They changed the name of the magazine to Commercial Poultry. After issuing it from Chicago a year or so, they set up a printing plant at Marseilles, Illinois, where Boyce owns a large paper mill. From this romantically situated little city, where the rapids of the Illinois River give unlimited water power, Fred Schureman sends forth his clarion cockadoodle-doo, every time the subscription is due.

THE GENUS SUS.

For many years a monthly periodical devoted to swine was issued from the office of the Geneseo Republic. It was not issued by the publisher of the Re-

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public; but by some printer, who did the necessary work at odd hours. It seemed to the onlooking scribes and Pharisees to be doing a good business. I know that it enjoyed a good circulation, and that the advertising was constant and alive. But all at once The Western Swineherd got hog cholera or something equally fatal, and fell to rise no more. Not a grunt has it given since.

THE HUSTLING HENS OF HENRY.

Serious statement, this: The Plymouth Rock Hen is a more appropriate ornithological emblem for our great country, than is the eagle.

The Plymouth Rock hen is true red, white and blue. Just now I can think of no other bird that is. She has red wattles and comb, and white and blue feathers. As a patriotic nation, let us stand by our colors.

The Plymouth Rock hen is useful, living or dead. The scrawny eagle is of no use, living or dead. As an industrious, progressive nation, which bird is the more emblematic?

The hen is honest and thrifty. She has the traits of a true Christian. Though her eggs are constantly being stolen, she never retaliates by stealing. When she has added an egg to the wealth of the world, she feels like hurrahing, and she does it, just as we hurrah on the 4th of July. Does the eagle ever contribute anything to the wealth of the world? Never! And, if he did, he wouldn't know enough to celebrate. Which, then, is the more emblematic of a thrifty young nation; the clean, wholesome, wealth-producing hen, or the squawky, dirty, vermin-infested, unproductive eagle? Put this question in a way to be understood to a class of boys and girls in any district school in our school-gemmed country, and the answer would be unanimously for the hen.

Much attention has been given the hen industry in Henry county. Poultry shows have been held annually. The large attendance has proven the desire of the people to place poultry in its proper attitude of importance. The hen comes the nearest to being a creator of wealth. She takes almost nothing, and makes a nutritious egg of it. Consider her miserable menu! Insects, gravel, atoms of shattered nothings, riffraff, refuse and more nothings. And upon this diet she nourishes herself, and flourishes a flock of fledglings. Upon this diet, which costs her owner not a penny, she gets fat, and produces big ovals filled with milk and gold.

I grow enthusiastic. I want to grow eloquent. Let me try to make a riddle about—well, you guess what it's about:

Golden island, river of milk,
Marble walls, curtains of silk;
In this palace alone doth dwell
A captive who daily consumes his cell.
And when the earth has twenty-one
Revolutions around the sun,
He, with his trusty sabre of bone,
Will carve his way through walls of stone.
Then the palace all bright and fair

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Shall be a ruin all broken and bare,
Gone forever the curtains of silk,
Golden island, and river of milk.

Answer—a chicken being hatched.

Foster Dwight Coburn, for years secretary of the Kansas state board of agriculture, is nicknamed "Old Alfalfa," by the farmers of his heath, by whom he is nearly worshiped. Coburn writes stuff about agriculture that it is good to read. Most writers on the subject wallow stupidly in a welter of incomprehensible statistics, long comparisons of figures proving this or that, which nobody cares about; and dreary moralizings which make the reader's heart ache worse than his back and temper aches after he has bound lodged oats all afternoon in the hot sun on a downhill slope, and his suspender buttons all came off at once. Agriculture is the livest subject I know of, an industry which takes dead seeds and makes them into things of life and beauty. Coburn's best thing is the

LAY OF THE KANSAS HEN.

We have read of Maud on a summer day,
Who raked, barefooted, the new mown hay;
We have read of the maid in the early morn,
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn;
And we've read the lays that the poets sing,
Of the rustling corn and the flowers of spring;
But of all the lays of tongue or pen,
There's naught like the lay of the Kansas hen.
Long, long before Maud rakes her hay,
The Kansas hen has begun to lay,
And ere the milkmaid stirs a peg,
The hen is up and has dropped her egg;
The corn must rustle and flowers spring
If they hold their own with the barnyard ring.
If Maud is needing a hat and gown,
She doesn't hustle her hay to town,
But goes to the store and obtains her suit
With a basketful of her fresh hen fruit;
If the milkmaid's beau makes a Sunday call,
She doesn't feed him on milk at all,
But works up eggs in a custard pie
And stuffs him full of chicken fry;
And when the old man wants a horn,
Does he take the druggist a load of corn?
Not much! He simply robs a nest,
And to town he goes—you know the rest.
He hangs around with the cliques and rings,
And talks of politics and things,
While the poor wife stays at home and scowls.

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For, while her husband lingers there,
She watches the cackling hens with care,
And gathers eggs she'll hide,
Till she saves enough to stem the tide.
Then hail, all hail, to the Kansas hen,
The greatest blessing of all to men!
Throw up your hats and emit a howl!
For the persevering barnyard fowl!
Corn may be king, but it's plainly seen
The Kansas hen is the Kansas queen.

Colburn's tribute to the hen was made a part of an official report of the department ruled by that talented heroine worshiper of the hen. At another time, he writes this about her:

"The hen! While everything else was going to rack and ruin she increased and multiplied; she supported herself and the family too. The very insects which would have despoiled the farm she fattened upon, laying her blessed egg —the blessed egg that took the place of beef and milk, mutton and pork—and in good time, after all these services, surrendered her toothsome body to the cause of humanity.

"In 1896 this country produced seventy-two million, five hundred and ten thousand dollars in value in silver. The despised hen produced twenty-nine million dollars, and she never read 'Coin's Financial School' either. The greatest financier that ever lived was 'old Grimes' hen, which laid an egg every day and Sunday she laid two."

Henry county has some great strains of poultry; but it is my humble and honest opinion that, for all purposes, the Plymouth Rock is the best strain of all. The hens of Henry county are hustlers, and do a whole lot in a quiet way to contribute to our prosperity.

Henry county has produced a great writer on poultry, a truly great thinker and master of the subject, a man known in every corner of the earth where a hen cackles. That man is Fred Schureman, now editor of the country's best poultry magazine—"Commercial Poultry," published at Marseilles, Illinois. The writer of this feels a proprietary interest in this exponent of the feathery industry. I took Fred from his home nest before he had learned to crow clearly, and kept him in my printing-office nineteen years. Many printers were with me from five to ten years; but Fred was the stayer.

AMUSEMENTS.

Pastime, amusement, what of these? Let us compare the methods of 1835 with those of 1909:

Man is a social being. Whether on Fashion Boulevard or Frontier Butte, his nature demands entertainment. What else does he live for? Eating, sleeping and labor do not satisfy the normal man.

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Of course there was much hard work in the early days. If great fertile plains were to blossom with cereals, the tough sod must be be torn asunder, fences and buildings must be erected.

Yet, the pioners would have their amusements. Some of them differ little from those of today; while others would be as fantastically strange to the men of 1835, as a peer into Purgatory, or a peep into Paradise.

Hunting and fishing still prevail; but what a difference! The other day I talked with J. Wes. Withrow and Geo. W. Buck. They were chums in the sod era. They broke hundreds of acres of sod as partners. At night they would go to Penney's Slough, and spear fish. One would sit in the rear of the skiff, propelling the craft slowly, while the other stood by a great flaring torch, and hurled his harpoon at the scaly prey.

In the sod era, the waters of the streams and sloughs were almost as clear as air. No liquid mud from plowed ground, no herds of cattle standing belly-deep in the water on hot afternoons churning up the bottom. It was clear water, just as it had run off the close-knit prairie turf, the unblemished roof of the world.

"And I tell you," said the tall and handsome George W. Buck, tilting that wide white hat to a little more acute angle, "I tell you it's a wrestling match when you jab an eighteen-pounder! How he will jerk that spear around! It takes a good man to keep in the boat about then!"

Wes. Withrow smiled corroboratively; but didn't say anything that sounded like eighteen pounds. He did say that Green River fishing was all over before the Scribe had ever seen it. I first saw Green River in the summer of 1869, when Frank Rowe and I went swimming in it. It has never been the same stream to fish in since. Pickerel were so plentiful in the days of '35, that the bottom of Green River was covered with a live carpet of pickerel.

We wanted to go on talking about fishing; but Bro. Cyrus of the publishing department got George Buck to talking about the first plow which was made of wood by James Glenn, the late Mrs. Buck's deceased father. Buck told of his youngest son, a mere boy in World's Fair times, who stood beside the ancient plow, which was one of the worthy exhibits of the great show in the sunset city of the saltless sea.

The lad was pointing out some features of the plow which had turned the first furrow in the great agricultural county of Henry, when a pompous individual with a gorgeous female on his arm came up, listened with ever-increasing contempt, and rasped out:

"Boy, what do you know about that plow?"

"A whole lot; my grandfather made it!" responded the boy.

The gorgeous female drooped and swayed, the pompous man staggered, and they both struggled away, followed by the jeers of the crowd.

Of course they had dances. There were none of the fancy flips of '09; but there were good old Viriginia reels, the stately minuet, round dances, jigs and hornpipes. In every part of the country somebody could be unearthed who could evoke music by jerking the tail of a dead horse across the bowels of a deceased cat. Luman Woodward, for instance. Many is the country dance he has jerked the bow for. I have heard him come down on "The Arkansas

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ORIGINAL METHODIST CHURCH, NOW WIGWAM THEATRE, GENESEO



GENESEO NEWS OFFICE IN THE '80S



MAIN STREET AND OAKWOOD AVENUE, GENESEO, IN THE '80S

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HISTORY OF HENR

...ler" with a vim and vigor, and withal s
...ll. Up I jumped and executed a hoedow
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"A Carolina hoedown," I puffed.
"I thought it was a fit," sighed Luman.
They pitched horseshoes, too. Mighty an
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Traveler" with a vim and vigor, and withal so melodiously, that I just couldn't sit still. Up I jumped and executed a hoedown.

"What's that?" demanded Luman, astonished.

"A Carolina hoedown," I puffed.

"I thought it was a fit," sighed Luman.

They pitched horseshoes, too. Mighty and renowned champions there were in every neighborhood. Each neighborhood would back its champion, and great match games were pulled off.

Wolf surrounds there were. Vast tracts of country were surrounded by men and boys equi-distant from each other. Then, at the firing of a gun by the chosen captain, all marched toward a common center. As they marched, each man was expected to beat up every brush-heap, fence-corner, fen or fastness where a wild beast could have a lair. Great was the excitement as the great circle closed in. Wolves, lynxes, wildcats, catamounts and innumerable rabbits and smaller game were usually found in the center of the surround.

In many pioneer homes, butchering day was made a festival. The farmer's hogs having gained the exact ratio of fat and lean, the neighbors were invited in, and a gala time was had, winding up with the inevitable dance in the evening. There was much eating of fresh sausage and liverwurst. If it was a Pennsylvania family, there would be "paunhaus," a delectable compound which only Pennsylvania Dutch know how to prepare right. Its principal ingredients are fresh sausage, corn meal, sage, sometimes garlic, all mixed and fried in patties. I have eaten "paunhaus" till there wasn't left in me an abiding place for the sacred truth.

Sleighrides there were, and buggy rides—without the buggies. The young men usually made their own sleighs, of poles and boards. Bobsleds and long sleds built of poles were covered with hayracks or wagonboxes, filled with hay and young folks, and away they'd go, a dozen or twenty miles to dance, singing school, spelling bee, or other diversion.

It was a common thing in the old days to help out an unfortunate neighbor with a "bee." If a man, by reason of sickness of himself, family or horses, was delayed in getting his crops planted or harvested, his observing and kindly neighbors for a dozen miles around would swarm in at a preconcerted signal, and do all his work up in one day, free of charge. A dance in the evening followed, unless the host or hostess had conscentious scruples against dancing, which was sometimes the case; and then the dance was never insisted upon.

The boys didn't play base ball in 1835. It hadn't been invented. Where I lived, at a much later date, but before base ball, we played "town ball." There was a pitcher and catcher. We ran in a circle, and being hit by the ball was out, or the man running the bases could be "crossed out," by throwing the ball across his path ahead of him as he ran. They also played "one-old-cat" and "two-old-cat" with ball and bat. Coasting and skating prevailed then as now.

The population was too sparse to tempt even the little old one-ring circus. Not an Uncle Tom show straggled anywhere. Hold on! Look out for an anachronism! Mrs. Stowe had not yet written her great story, which she

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"hoped to sell for enough to buy a new dress!" The story and the plays founded upon the story, have made more fortunes than the Klondike!

We of 1909 have the circus in all its majesty of three rings, from which we go away feeling cheated, because we couldn't see all that's going on in the rings at once. We have the theaters, which bring us tales of human life so vivid and true that we shriek with laughter, or are drowned in tears. We have our World's Fairs, our sectional Fairs, and our County Fairs. We have our shoot the chutes, and the multitudinous bumpity-bumps that go with them. We have our "house upside down," and all the freaks and tantrums that the human mind can conceive of. Whereas our grandfathers, when they were babies played horse with a lath or hickory stick, and our grandmothers made dolls out of corncobs and turnips. Our boys have horses with manes and tails, horses that prance and curvet, and our girls have dolls that can open and shut their eyes, and say "Mamma!" "Papa," when punched in the stomach.

Santa Claus holds his own, always. He came down the same chimney the Indians tried to come down, when grandma heaved the feather bed in the fire, and grandpa fertilized the farm with Indians the next spring. He brought a home-made bow and arrow then, or a home-made wagon or sled. Now, goodness knows what he doesn't fetch! Think of everything on earth, and in the sea, and in the waters which are under the earth! Then add forty per cent.

And then, there's the Teddy Bear!

But decidedly the best amusement, the most entertaining and instructive, of the present, is the motion picture show. It is so cheap. It is within the reach of everybody. It is the most marvelous marvel of this marvelous age. If the good people of Geneseo, and the other towns of Henry county, realized what they are missing every evening, they don't go to the picture show, the Wigwam and Arcade would be jammed to the door jambs every night.

Where do I go, what do I see, when I visit Voss's Wigwam? I'll tell you a few of the scenes I have witnessed:

I have seen Niagara thunder over her gorge in the noblest frenzy ever beheld by man—I have watched a Queensland River under the white light of an Australasian moon go whirling and swirling through strange islands lurking with bandicoot and kangaroo—I have watched an English railroad train draw into a station, take on its passengers, and then chug way with its stubby little engine through the Yorkshire Dells, past old Norman Abbeys silhouetted against the skyline, while a cluster of century-aged cottages loomed up in the valley below, through which a yokel drove his flocks of Southdowns—I have been to the Orient and gazed at the water-sellers and beggars and dervishes—I have beheld fat old Rajahs with the price of a thousand lives bejeweled in their monster turbans, and the price of a thousand deaths sewn in their royal nightshirts as they indolently swayed in golden howdahs, borne upon the backs of grunting elephants—I saw a runaway horse play battledoor and shuttlecock with the citizens and traffic of a little Italian village, whose streets had not known so much commotion since the sailing of Columbus—I know how the Chinaman lives, and I have been through the homes of the Japanese—I have marveled at the daring of Alpine tobogganists, and admired the wonderful skill of Norwegian ski-jumpers—I have seen armies upon the battlefields, and their return in triumph

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—I have looked upon weird dances and outlandish frolics in every quarter of the globe, and I didn't have to leave Geneseo for a moment.

No books have taught me all these wonderful things—no lecturer has pictured them—I simply dropped into a moving picture theater at various moments of leisure, and at the total cost for all the visits of perhaps two performances of a foolish musical show I have learned more than a traveler could see at the cost of thousands of dollars and years of journey.

Neither you nor I fully realize what the moving picture has meant to us, and what it is going to mean. As children we used to dream of a journey on a magician's carpet to the legendary lands, but we can rub our own eyes now and witness more tremendous miracles than Aladdin could have by rubbing his fairy lamp. But we're so matter-of-fact that we never think of it that way. We're living at a mile-a-second gait in the swiftest epoch of the world's progress —in the age of incredibilities come true. We fly through the air—chat with our friends in Paris by squirting a little spark from a pole on one shore of the Atlantic to another pole on the other side, and so we take as a matter of course that which our great-grandfathers would have declared a miracle.

The talking machine has canned the great voices and master melodies of our time, but the moving picture machine has done more—it is not only the greatest impulse of entertainment but the mightiest force of instruction. We do not analyze the fact that when we read of an English wreck we at once see an English train before us, or when we learn of a battle that an altogether different panorama is visualized than our former erroneous impression of a hand-to-hand conflict—we are familiar with the geography of Europe—we are well acquainted with how the Frenchman dresses, in what sort of a home he lives, and from what sort of a shop he buys his meat and greens.

We take so much for granted—we are so thoroughly spoiled by our multiple luxuries—that we do not bestow more than a passing thought upon our advantages, because the moving picture machine is an advantage—a tremendous, vital force of culture as well as amusement. An economy, not only of money but of experiences—it brings the world to us—it delivers the universe to our theater seat. The moving picture is not a makeshift for the playhouse—its dignity is greater—its importance far beyond the puny function of comedy and tragedy. It is a clean entertainment, lecture, and amusement all rolled in one—in its highest effort it stands above literature—in its less ambitious phase it ranks above the tawdry show house. It teaches nothing harmful, and it usually teaches much that is helpful.

Today the moving picture is developed to a high degree of perfection in America and in Europe. Millions of dollars are invested in the production of moving pictures. Films—entire companies of trained and practiced actors, are carried to every interesting spot on the continent and carefully drilled to enact pantomimes which will concentrate within the space of a few minutes the most entertaining and instructive incidents of the world. A new type of dramatist has arisen—men who search through the literature of the ages and construct tableaux in action which will render vividly the entire contents of famous works of the drama, of the novel and of history.

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The moving picture is not a makeshift, but the highest type of entertainment in the history of the world. It stands for a better Americanism because it is attracting millions of the masses to an uplifting, affording them an improving as well as an amusing feature of city life. Its value cannot be measured now, but another generation will benefit more largely through its influence than we of to-day can possibly realize.

Now, reader, all this is rigidly, royally true! You lose the very best there is in life when you lounge and loaf on the streets or in the saloons, or giggle away an evening with the fairest of the fair. Up at Voss's wigwam are the wonder-places of the world, the weirds, the wilds and the woollies that wander "by the long wash of Australasian seas." Nickels and dimes were never better invested. I took my boy to see Australia and Africa. He knew more about these countries after these two evenings, than he had learned in the public schools in all his life. There is no cheap imitation of anything. It is the thing itself, with the dual advantage of making no hideous noises, and never smelling bad. The world is yours for a few nickels!

Base ball is, beyond doubt, the most popular diversion of the present day. Football follows it every fall, and creates some fleeting interest, which intensifies in college and university towns. In recent years, much that was brutal, and therefore objectionable, in football has been eliminated. Years ago, football was not far removed from prizefighting. In truth, it was much more dangerous. I have witnessed bullfighting in a Spanish city. It is more humane than old-time football. Time was when it was an avowed object to cripple the star player of the opposing eleven, and put him out of the game. Most hideous things have been done with this purpose in view, particularly in college towns, where football assumes a relationship with the mob, the strike, the cane-rush, the riot and the insurrection. It isn't so rough now. Men now are known to go through an entire game, and come out alive and unharmed.

Base ball is the great American game. No race between the fleetest-footed horses equals this game in power to fascinate the mortal mind to its heights, and stir the human soul to its depths. I have studied the faces of a section of base ball fans in a motion picture, and declare the view to be comparable to nothing which is on the earth, or the sea, or in the waters which are under the earth. I have an idea that the Chicago board of trade wheat pit on a sweltering afternoon, when old Hutch's successor has a corner on all the wheat in the world, and millions of dollars turn the livid atmosphere green, then, under these circumstances and in these environments, rip open a hundred hornet's nests and thrash the members over the heads with these papery cones of hell till every hornet is insane with fury—that might approach the appearance of a section of base ball fans on a hot July afternoon.

A horse race is too fleeting, in more senses than one. It's like the girl said tobogganing is—"Just Zipp! and climb half a mile." The horses score and score, and cover the denizens of the grand stand with dust and a desire to mob the judge's stand, where they ring the bell and make the horses come back. Only an early Methodist training has kept me from losing my patience at these times. When the horses are finally told to "Go!" the mile is made in a couple of minutes and a little more, then it's all over for an hour, while there is another set

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of horses scoring. Nothing doing but dust, except the bellowing lemonade boys treading on your palpitating corns.

But base ball is alive with interest for two delightful hours. There's never a dull moment, from the instant when the foxy batsman surrenders two ribs to be broken to give him his base, to the psychological moment when they kill the umpire. Or swarm about him, breathing that desire. Short and doughnutty as is my mortal architecture, I have stood with my gimlet eyes boring through the gladiator who pitches, and, when his long, lean, lank, limber, labyrinthine form leisurely and laboriously writhes from the toes upward, like a python pouring himself up a tree, my stub and twist body would writhe also, and when he draws himself into the form of a capital letter S, I respond with a capital letter Z, and when he sends the ball like a bow unsprung, I receive an electric shock that perplexes my solar plexus.

Lightning changed is the interest, following the ball, to the batsman. He may wallop the wind, mostly that's all he hits. But, for the sake of the story, let me say that he hits the ball, and knocks it through four acres of summer atmosphere, making the fifth acher of a cow's ribs, way o'er the meadow green! The batter!

"He starts, he moves, he seems to feel
The thrill of life in limb and heel!"

Blanched are the faces of the bleachers! With hoisted forms risen from smoking seats, with eyes popping and breath bating, the vast multitude shouts, screams, explodes itself in a transport of excitement. "Git there, Eli!" "Go to it!" "Dig your toenails in!" "Slide, Kelley, slide!" These, and a thousand other exclamations follow the runner. If he gets past first base, the crowd goes crazy. If he keeps on past second to third, and two men already at home on his strike, bald, glaring insanity ensues. I've seen old fat men, ripe for a stroke of apoplexy, with one foot in the grave and the other kicking the clods in, I've seen such men yell themselves purple, and they couldn't catch up with their breath for half an hour. Death has no terrors with two men in, and a man safe on third.

And, if the runner doesn't pause on third! If his gimlet eye catches the fact that the cow has swallowed the ball, and won't deliver the cud till sundown, or the ball for any other reason isn't found, the runner heads for home, sweet home. Then! O, then! Dictionary, go and lie down! You haven't words to convey the faintest conception of the scene in the grand stand and along the bleachers! When words fail, I subside. Supposing a penitentiary and a lunatic asylum should escape and break into a brewery and wind up with a distillery! But I said I'd subside.

Such is base ball in this day and generation. I have no wish to run down or belittle the Olympian games of old; but I doubt if their chariot races, feats of strength and agility, or the skill displayed by their best trained athletes, could give a modicum of the thrills and delights of modern base ball. If a man is interested in one of the sides by reason of home ties, or because one of the players is a personal friend, the pleasure is multiplied many times. The better you know the players, the more intense the interest. I doubt if even in the "Glory that was Greece, or the grandeur that was Rome," there was anything to equal in

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human interest this diversion of the diamond. I am not convinced that a fashionable Roman audience of two thousand years ago got more fun out of turning down their thumbs, and seeing the gladiator gorged by lean lions, than a typical Henry county audience gets out of a home run.

As it is in most of the fields of human endeavor, old Henry county comes to the fore in base ball, with Neal of Atkinson, and "Johnny" Wanner of Geneseo. The fame of each is brilliant wherever base ball is played. "Johnny," whose real name is Clarence, has played in the east during the season of 1909, and made good to that degree that he has been "sold" for two thousand, five hundred dollars. Johnny is a baseman, while Neal is a pitcher.

ARTESIAN WELL.

Elsewhere it is recorded that we have found things of interest below the surface of the earth. We have found logs, deer locked by the horns, and fossils to prove that something has been doing in Henry county a good while ago. We have moundbuilders, and their weapons of stone.

Henry county extends halfway through the earth. It is four thousand miles deep. Goodness knows how much seething fire, what volumes of gas, there be down in that four thousand miles of mystery? More volumes of gas than these are!

There may be precious stones, metals of wondrous worth, even untold treasures of radium, far down below where out little trilbies tread.

The Geneseo artesian well is the farthest we have ever penetrated our earthly domain. This well is two thousand two hundred and fifty feet deep.

Artesian wells in Henry county have not been conspicuously successful. In Whiteside to the north, and in Bureau to the east, the artesian well has been a lasting source of good water supply. We all have seen the artesian well at Bureau Junction. It is a soft, sulphurous water, very agreeable to most palates, though disagreeable to some. The pressure is strong. There is an artesian well at Fulton in Whiteside county, due north of Geneseo, which is a notable source of supply. The city has lately enlarged it.

Our well has played out. It is disregarded and done for. It is merely mentioned to record this feature of physical conditions in our history.

At the depth of one thousand six hundred and twenty-five feet, a flow of two hundred gallons in seventy seconds was struck. At that time gas had been discovered in Bureau county. Ald. Seibel of Geneseo was very earnest in his purpose of going a few hundred feet farther, in hope of finding gas. The mayor and most of the people were with Ald. Seibel, the latter being really the leader in the movement. A strong supply of gas would furnish us with cheap light and fuel, factories would follow, and our city would boom. It was all plausible, and might have happened; but it didn't.

At two thousand two hundred and fifty feet the effort to find gas was given up. Perhaps one foot farther would have fetched it, and there would be a city here to make the groundlings stare. But they wearied and quit.

Then a man who never could make both ends meet, because he made one end

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a drop of anything else lubricated his mortal frame. Pretty soon his purple and splotchy features cleared up, his eyes no longer resembled a pair of boiled onions bobbling about in a swill bucket. His walk was erect, he held his head high, his nose bleached. We all said it was artesian water that cured him. Everybody drank artesian water. People sent kegs and barrels for it, and drank it in faith believing. We got Governor Oglesby here to make an address about the "Unveiling of the Well." The old warhorse opened his speech with an expression of wonder that anybody should suspect him of knowing anything about water. I wrote a song about artesian water, and W. J. Stabler set it to music, of which hundreds of copies were sold.

Then the oldest physician in town died. He declared on his deathbed that he might have lived a decade longer, if it hadn't been for artesian water. Everybody quit drinking it, and went around saying the stuff wasn't fit for anything except to sprinkle the streets, and put out fires. Wash a black buggy with it, and the chemicals in the water turned it blue. Wash a plate glass window with artesian water, and it was frosted with soda so it couldn't be seen through. The well itself became discouraged, and the flow fell off. Down, down, down went the flow, till there was but thirty-five gallons per minute. That dwindled. The council got A. K. Wallen to come and pipe the well. Wallen told the council that an eggshaped cavity had been formed away down in the soft strata. This looked reasonable, for every gallon of water had many grains of salts and sandy particles. This huge egg-shaped cavern had been washed out, till it came to a big hard rock, which disengaged and tumbled to the bottom, shutting off the flow, Of course it would tumble to the bottom. The law of gravitation would make it take a tumble. The council had logic and reason on their side. The services of A. K. Wallen were secured, to pipe the well against any more caverns and boulders. Wallen punched the pipe down, down. When he came to the egg-shaped cavern, and punched a passage past the boulder, he told us the water, pent and compressed as it had been so long, might do some damage; but that he guessed it would be limited to knocking the top of the tower off. As he owned the tower, the city breathed easier. However, everybody held onto something solid with one hand, and his hat with the other.

But nothing happened. The flow was less after the pipe was in than it was before. Then the city turned its back on artesian water, and went out to the springs in Johnny Smith's pasture.

I VISIT THE LAST OF THE GENESEO COLONISTS.

"There's a grandson of Chief Shabbona buried in the old Geneseo cemetery."

It was Mrs. Harriet T. Miller who spoke. The information was new and interesting. I asked if the grave was marked.

"It was marked with a headboard of wood; but that has decayed and disappeared. I doubt if the grave could now be found."

"Did the child or 'pappoose' die while the Indians were visiting the Colony?"

"The tribe had a camp at the site of the old cemetery. They were seeking a Frenchman who had slain one of their number. One day Indian John came into the cabin. He drew from the folds of his raiment a reeking and gory thing. It

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was the scalp of the Frenchman! Mother and I were alone. O, it was awful!"

Mrs. Miller's face expressed the horror of the hideous sight which the myriad years have not effaced.

"I suppose the Indians are not very tender with their babes," I suggested.

"No wonder they die. They would come to our cabin in the bitter winter weather, with the pappooses tied to a board or slab. The squaws would unsling the babes from their backs, set them up in a row against the outside log wall, and come inside themselves. Speaking of coming inside; an Indian never knocks at the door. He opens the door without ceremony, and stalks in. They wear moccasins, and their noiseless gliding into our midst had something ghostly about it."

"I can well believe that. Reading by the fire at night, and looking up to see a statuesque chief by one's side, glaring silently into the coals, is certainly startling."

"We had a little cellar beneath our cabin, where we kept our supply of vegetables. One day I was down there for a pan of potatoes, and, when I started to return, there stood a huge Indian at the top of the steps! I was overwhelmed with fright. I felt caught in a trap, and looked helplessly about for a possible exit. The big fellow immediately began making the most friendly signs, smiling and demonstrating that I was to come right up the steps, and that I would not be hurt or molested. I gathered courage, and came up. He was very polite. Mother often cooked a meal for them. They were much puzzled what to do with the butter. They would get it on their fingers, and laugh at each other's awkwardness. Seated around the table, they would often become hilarious with mirth."

Mrs. Harriet T. Cone-Miller is the last of the Geneseo Colonists, with the exception of a brother and sister in Florida. Her brother's name is Frank S., and the sister is Mrs. Ellen Hill. When I called upon the aged survivor of the Geneseo pioneers, I found her looking well. In fact, she said cheerily "I am exceptionally well." She walks with a light and easy step, and carries her eighty-two years with a form erect as an arrow.

Harriet Cone was born at Victor, N. Y. She is the eldest of four children. Her father, Elisha Cone, was a dealer in boots and shoes, and a practical shoemaker. He continued these lines in Geneseo, adding dry goods, and dropping work at the bench. Harriet thinks that her father's store was the first in the new town; but adds "I am not sure." Elisha Cone lived ten years in Geneseo, and died of a congestive fever which was epidemic, carrying off six of the Colony. Elisha Cone was forty-three years of age. His widow lived to the great age of ninety-eight years and two months, when her life was shortened by a fall which completely shattered a hip. She died from the effects of this injury.

Harriet (the venerable and sweet-natured lady will pardon the use of her girlish name). Harriet was nine years old when the colony left Bergen, New York, headed for the New Eldorado, on September 13, 1836. They came in the fall because they had been told of the mildness of the climate,—could plow all winter, and raise two crops a year. Each wagon was drawn by two spans of horses. Harriet had no chum. She was the only little girl in the caravan. They

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saw hardly a human being. The following year a family arrived at the colony henceforth they were chums. Maud is yet living, at Galesburg She is widowed, and her name is Olmstead. When the colony caravan crossed the state line, and was in Illinois, there was great rejoicing. They felt that the long journey was drawing to an end. The trip consumed two months. When they came to a slough or stream, the front team was unhitched, and the horses ridden in to find a ford. Sometimes the wagon would lurch, almost to oversetting. When they drew near to the promised land, they saw smoke rolling out of a cabin chimney on Spring Creek. It was the home of John Taylor; the man who opened the first farm in Atkinson township. One of Taylor's daughters married Sperry Howard, and another married J. S. Hamilton, familiarly known as "Uncle Steele" Hamilton. The latter couple were the parents of Mrs. Wm. Orr, of Geneseo.

The colonists were pretty much isolated. The first winter the ladies lived in Princeton, where there were three log cabins. A letter back to New York was a month on the way, and the answer was a month coming. Letters were not prepaid. The recipient had to pay 25 cents. Colonel Perry, afterward a Geneseo banker, had a letter come for which he could not raise the "quarter." After two weeks he borrowed the money, got his letter, and worked to pay, for the funds.

Supplies and trading were divided between Knoxville to the south, and Chicago. The latter was a dernier resort. When Knoxville could not supply, Chicago was appealed to.

I said, "Chicago wasn't much of a place."

The bright-eyed old lady assumed a half mirthful mien, as she shrugged her shoulders, saying, 'Chicago was—well, a little mudhole, like."

"How did you endure the journey?" I asked, after a smile at reminiscential Chicago.

"I was sick in bed when I started. I lay in a wagon, unable to sit up. I was well when I arrived, and have had good health ever since. Back east I had always been sickly. The doctor said a long journey would cure me, and it did."

"Was your husband a colonist?"

"No. A carpenter was needed, and one was brought from Andover. He remained with the colony. His name was William Miller. I married him. My wedding dress was obtained at Knoxville. Mrs. Richards, of Geneseo, made my wedding clothes."

"Did you always have sufficient food?"

"We never suffered. We had game of all kinds, fish, flesh and fowl. I have seen my father shoot a deer from the door of our cabin, which was just west of Atkinson hall. He divided it up around. That's the way they all did, when a deer was killed. We raised sodcorn the first year. Having no way to grind the corn we took it as it ripened and was firm on the cob, and shaved it off with a jackplane. This we boiled in milk, and ate. Father had bought two cows at Knoxville."

"You lived just west of Atkinson hall," I mused. "That's where I live, just a bit south of the site of your cabin."

"Two families were in our cabin: ours and Roderick R. Stewart's A crack in the floor divided our homes."

"Did you have religious services?"

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"Father always got somebody to read a sermon Sunday mornings. Sometimes he would read it. The Stewarts were good singers. They sang gospel hymns. We were all Congregationalists. We had good times. The prairies were sweet with flowers in the spring. We enjoyed life. It was bad when anybody got sick. My father froze his legs one night when he was lost on the prairie when looking for oxen. They froze from the knees down, and gave him dreadful misery. Mother got lost once, after staying to aid a sick person. She wandered over the prairies all day on horseback. The entire colony got out with horns and guns, shouting and shooting. At last she allowed her horse to go where he pleased. He belonged where the sick person was, and he took her back there, arriving at sundown. She was exhausted. Dr. Pomeroy, our first doctor, rode forty miles, without roads or bridges."

"Mrs. Miller," I said, making a move to go, "what did they do with the Indian who killed and scalped the Frenchman?"

"When his case came up, every Indian in the tribe walked before the Judge, tapped his breast, and declared 'Me killed him.' What could the Judge do? He acquitted them all."

"The noble Red Man had slept with the fox." I mused, in Indian metaphor. Then, "How did you pass the long winter evenings?"

"Stewarts opened a hotel near the site of the old Geneseo House on Main street. Travelers came sometimes. The old men told tales of the wars. We had a fireplace in our cabin the width of the building. Oxen drew the great logs to the door, and the men rolled them into the fire place. They burned for days."

Not a lonely or desolate life. To me there is something appealing in the picture.

HOGS AND HOMINY.

There is a flavor of pioneer rudeness, of rough and ready going up against nature, suggested in the name of the food of our forefathers. In their direct manner of "calling a spade a spade," they called their principal diet, "Hog and Hominy."

It was coarse fare, suggestive of the succulent "sowbelly" of the soldiers' larder. But it was good solid food, grub that stuck to the ribs. There was always plenty of it. The settlers had no difficulty in raising hogs and corn. They are as natural to this part of Illinois as greenhead horseflies and mosquitoes were to the dwellers of the prairies. There was plenty of wood to make ashes to leach the corn, making it to lose its brawny shell, and to swell up like a nest of hornets just kicked. The pigs rooted around over the prairies, finding a living, for it was "Root hog or die," as a song of the day had it. Quite unconsciously, the forefathers were eating the elements of their future prosperity. To this day hogs and corn are the safe and certain elements of farming. They put big sums in the bank. They buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs. Then these hogs are sold to put money in the bank to buy more land, to raise more corn, to fatten more hogs. An so on, till death puts a stop to the hoggish proceedings.

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Hogs and hominy and pumpkin pie! Bless me, how the pioneers could wade, and swim, and climb, and run, and go up against the real thing, when they were nourished by these!

Grunt, grunt, grunt,
At the foot of the hill, O hog;
And, O for the curse of a blubber lip,
Or I'd whistle for the dog!

Root, root, root
With thy crowbar snout, O hog,
But whizzing round the base of the hill.
Comes Tige, my tawny dog.

Squeal, squeal, squeal,
O, hog with the lusty lung;
Keep out of my garden patch or die
Too quick to pull in your tongue.

The above lines, written by Alfred Tennyson Bore, will recall a scene to many a boy, when the pigs got into the garden.

The hospitable old saying was ever in vogue "The latchstring is always out." When the latchstring was out, anybody could pull on it, raise the latch and come in. When the latchstring is pulled in, it amounts to locking the house.

When the stranger pulled the latchstring that was always out, he found himself surrounded by a bright-eyed, glad-handed welcome. And soon there rose the appetizing savor of hog and hominy, the sustenance of the pioneer.

'WAY DOWN UPON THE UNDERGROUND RIVER.

Richard J. Oglesby, governor of Illinois, made the oration at the inauguration of Geneseo's ill-fated artesian well. At the time, Geneseo thought she had waters for the healing of the nations. The fact is that the waters would kill bacteria and the like. Once it killed a case of bots in a blind mule. But it also killed the mule. If the mule hadn't been blind, he could have seen the water, and saved himself. But Governor Oglesby believed with good, honest little old Geneseo, that our artesian well was pouring forth the balm of Gilead and the oil of joy. The people believed that it would do anything but restore the dead to life. One boy was found who said he saw a hair fall from a horse's tail into a pool of artesian water, and become a living serpent.

Oglesby, among many other good things in his fervent oration, recommended congress to go down, down, ten miles or more, and see what we have in our possessions 'way down under the ground. There may be treasures of minerals, of metals, of precious stones such as would astonish the dwellers upon the earth.

I would be in favor of this, provided the members of congress dig the hole. I wouldn't want any friend of mine in the superheated kitchen where earthquakes are cooked.

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I am also in favor of putting all congressmen and other war-makers on the firing line in every battle. If this be done, universal peace will fold her snowy wings, and brood quiescent upon the world forever.

MILLS.

Mills are mentioned here and there in this volume. As it is from these that the early colonists and first comers received the answer to their daily prayer "Give us this day our daily bread," it is well to group them that none may be missed. The first mill was on the Edwards in the Andover colony.

It drew custom for forty miles. There was one in Moline, one at Oakley, afterward called Green River Station. Afterward there were flour mills at Cleveland, a new one at Andover. They became an institution at almost every town. Now there is a dearth of flour mills. Farmers have ceased raising wheat in these regions. One degree south of Henry county is the Illinois wheat belt. It makes Illinois stand first in the Union in wheat production.

OLDEST CHURCH IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

We read in the words of Jesus of "the rose of Sharon, and lily of the valley." From these beautiful words the impression of a something hallowed has attached to the word Sharon. Meet and fit was it, then, in the men and women of ye days of eld, to call a region of surpassing loveliness, "Sharon," and to erect a sanctuary there.

This they did in 1841. The church edifice is the oldest in northern Illinois. Within recent years it has been replaced by a new edifice on modern lines.

Sharon is twelve miles north by east of Geneseo. The Presbyterian church and society were organized by Rev. Wilcox of Geneseo in 1839. Charter members: Deacon Kemis, Mrs. Kemis, the mother of Deacon Kemis, Jeremiah H. Johnson and wife; Mrs. Nathaniel Norton, Robert Getty and wife, Mrs. Durfee, Reuben Hurd, Horace Hurd. The society was organized in the schoolhouse near James Rowe's farm. Twenty new members crowded the little old log schoolhouse. A church was built and dedicated on Christmas, 1841. Nathaniel Norton was a moving spirit. He donated ten acres of land. All the members contributed liberally. A parsonage was built at a cost of four hundred dollars. Rev. Daniel Rockwell was the first resident pastor. He added twelve members in two years. Rev. Bliss, a returned missionary, succeeded, remaining a year. Rev. Isa C. Lord followed, remaining a year and six months. Rev. E. R. Martin came, and remained seven years. He built up the church to fifty-one members. The parsonage burned, with all the church records. A new manse was at once erected. Rev. Joseph Baldwin succeeded Martin. Baldwin's stay was six months, and after him came Rev. Wm. Kendrick, who remained three years. Rev. J. P. Chambers followed for three years. After Chambers there was no clergyman for six years. Then came Rev. Henry Corbett, who added twenty-five members. The total membership was then forty. Many had moved away, or died. After Corbett came Rev. Asa Leard. His stay was two years.

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The cemetery adjacent to the church is the place of interment of many of the oldest settlers.

R. R. Stewart, of the original Geneseo colony, worked as a carpenter upon the old church edifice.

ODDS FISH.

For several months the farmers of the fertile region just south of Shabbona Grove had been annoyed and puzzled by the constant disappearance of tools, and all manner of small plunder. Did a man wish to rake his lawn, lo, the rake was gone! Did he wish to mow the weeds, or a bit of grass for his team, the scythe had vanished. Some farmers said thieves; others said spooks; others said things which we will not record. But all concurred in a tremendous and earnest desire to discover where all their hammers, hatchets, nails, screws, hinges, eggs, turnips, onions and other small property had and were disappearing to. All the people were old-timers, living side by side in peace and good will. Not a man suspected his neighbor. Hardly a man but would have fought any person even hinting that his neighbor was guilty of purloining.

Things went on this way, growing from bad to worse. At last, late one evening in the early winter, our good oldtime friend, the late John S. Farnam, solved the riddle in a curious way.

John, being a house-mover and bridge-builder, had suffered more than anybody else, for the reason that he had more tools to steal. He was particularly anxious to catch the marauder.

To those who held that malignant spirits had something to do with these proceedings, John gave a specimen of that hearty laugh of his. Yet John was fated to witness a scene that did look spooky.

One of the cows had not come up to be milked. John walked down to the wood pasture to see if she was roosting in a tree. John walked toward a panel of board fence, when he stopped short, and stood there, staring.

What John saw was enough to make the best of us palpitate:

The very panel of fence over which he was about to clamber into the wood pasture, got up and walked off!

Now, what do you think of that? It is as surprising a thing as can happen. Just as surprising as it would be to see the barn calmly strolling down the highway. John was not easily scared. He determined to follow that fence.

Down through the tangle and into the deep dark woods, the fence pursued the even tenor of its way. At length it halted, fronting the face of a little precipice walling a ravine. Then the motive power was revealed. From behind the middle post stepped a man. What this man did was hair-raising. He walked straight into the bowels of the earth! He disappeared into the midst of that precipice! John was pluming his legs for flight, when the man reappeared. The man at once began chopping the boards of that fence-panel into kindlings.

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Felbar had excavated a cave in the side of a ravine, and fitted it up quite comfortably. He had a stove and a good fire going when surprised. It is said that a boy, hunting rabbits in the timber, had seen smoke coming apparently from the ground, and started the story that a volcano had "sprung a leak" in Shabbona. He attempted to guide a party to the spot; but couldn't find it, and was laughed at. He had doubtless seen the smoke from Felbar's fire.

The cave was a perfect riot of plunder. This was divided up, every man taking his own, while Rudolph took the path to the pen.

DOCTORS.

Dr. Thomas Baker was the first man of materia medica. He was fat and lazy, there were no inhabitants but the doctor, so business was not rushing. What became of this disciple of Esculapius deponent saith not. The generally accepted theory is that his wife hitched up the team one morning; that the horses happened to be headed west, that they went west because it was a hard place to turn around, and kept going and going until they got to Kansas, and there all track of our genuine first settler is lost. An unreliable paragraph in the pages of a prior historian, sets forth that the doctor was kicked to death by a horse, in Henry county.

Dr. Maxwell followed. He set up on Rock River, in Phenix. He passed away in 1844.

Dr. King came to the Rock River region in 1838. He is said to have been more knave than king. He left the country within a year.

Dr. Enos Pomeroy settled in Geneseo in 1839. He dwelt in Geneseo for a generation. He was a good physician and a highly esteemed man.

Dr. Stephen T. Hume located in Geneseo in 1845. He practiced during a generation, or a third of a hundred years, then withdrew to give younger men a chance. Since then he was prominently connected with banking, up to the time of his death in 1908.

Dr. Hume was gifted with the faculty for telling a good ancedote. If it happened to be at his own expense, so much the better.

The doctor says that his first call was to a surgical case, five miles east of Cambridge. After finishing his duties, he bade the family good night, and started for Geneseo. By this time, darkness had come on. The road was indistinct. Coming to a dwelling, he applied for permission to remain over night. It transpired that this was Uncle Billy Martin's house. Now, horsethieves had been plying their vocation in the country, and the farmers were all alert. He was regarded with suspicion at Martin's, and denied admission. In fact he was told direct that there was no such doctor as Hume in Geneseo, and that he had better meander. On through the night the young physician floundered, finding after while the farmhouse of "Uncle Steele" Hamilton. Uncle Steele had not heard

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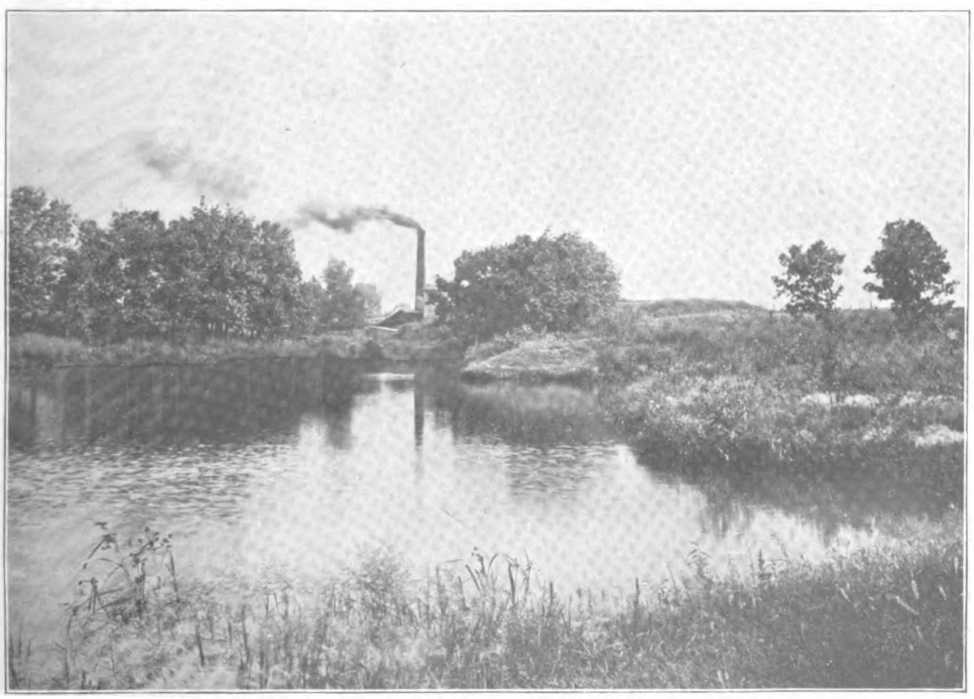
CITY HALL, FIRE DEPARTMENT AND JAIL, KEWANEE



CRYSTAL LAKE AND WATER WORKS, KEWANEE

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the conversation, and interfered with the sta
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A vigilance committee was afterward orga
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new regions even unto this day, make n
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Dr. Shipman located in Andover in 1840

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in the conversation, and interfered with the statement that she had heard there was a new doctor in Geneseo. The doctor was invited in. When a candle had been ignited, the doctor was inspected by the household. His honest countenance and gentlemanly demeanor made him heartily welcome, and the best bed in the house was at his disposal.

A vigilance committee was afterward organized, the purpose of which was to run down horsethieves. The loss of a horse in pioneer days was one of the worst calamities that could befall a family. In some cases it entirely halted farming operations for a year, leading to hunger and want. Pioneers in Texas and other new regions even unto this day, make no bones of hanging a horsethief. Serves 'em right.

Dr. Shipman located in Andover in 1840. He soon left, and located in Chicago.

Dr. Thomas Hall of Stark county practiced in Wethersfield.

Dr. Hickman was the first resident physician in Wethersfield. He had a good practice. He got lost on the prairie one fearful night in the winter of 1848-9. His feet were frozen. Part of one of his feet sloughed off. He left the county.

A GIANTESS.

There was buried at Sheffield, March 3, 1893, the remains of the largest woman ever known on this continent, if not in the world. The deceased lady was Mrs. Lizzie Lee McCullough, of Mineral, whose weight by general acclaim was seven hundred pounds. Her measure from side to side was thirty-eight inches, the casket being forty inches outside measure, and two feet deep. The lady died Wednesday, March 1, at her home in Mineral. The undertaker in Sheffield was notified to order a suitable casket by telegraph from Chicago. The Chicago house telegraphed that there must be some mistake. The undertaker at once drove out to Mineral, carefully taking the measure himself with the same result. In order to admit the casket to the room where the deceased was lying, the siding was stripped off, some studding sawed away, and a good sized window made larger by two feet or more. Six strong men were required to lower the remains into the casket. Then eight men, six at the handles and one at each end of the casket, lifted the remains to a platform on top and over the low box of a heavy two-horse spring wagon. It was apparently a good weight for the team to draw. In preparing the body for the casket, ten men were required. A lady was unable to lift one of her arms, and a strong man exerted himself in doing it. Mrs. McCullough had a heavy bedstead made especially for her. She had not been out of doors since last summer, and it was necessary for her to turn sidewise to pass through the door. She was born at Mineral about forty years ago. She was married in 1865 and then weighed about 140 pounds. She was the mother of four children, three of whom are now living. Her parents were Harrison and Mary Lee, the father weighing one hundred and forty, and the mother less than one hundred and twenty. She has apparently always been healthy. Fourteen years ago she weighed four hundred and ninety pounds, and has since steadily refused to be weighed, and though her weight could not be accurately ascertained,

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it was the universal opinion that it could not be less than seven hundred pounds. The undertaker at Chicago said it was the largest casket on record. It was said that her size was not occasioned by fatty matter, but by solid flesh.

THE TOWNSHIPS.

Four and twenty ships have we,
Anchored on a sailless sea!
All but one is six miles square;
Town ships! Ah, I caught you there!

ALBA TOWNSHIP.

Holy writ hath said "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first." Lo it has been with Alba. Though first in the county in depth and richness of soil, she was last in settlement.

I have had a fancy that the brain which was responsible for the name of this township, had this scriptural pronunciamento in mind, and meant to call it Alpha, which is the first letter of the Grecian alphabet, as Omega is the last. "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last." "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last," said our Savior. But the township was very wet in the early days, people had wet feet and colds in their heads, and said "Alba" when they tried to say "Alpha." Alba is Latin, and the swamp angels, if they ever thought about it at all, which is not likely, considered Latin to be as good as Greek. It was all Greek to them, anyhow. Alba in Latin means white. There is no earthly reason why the township should be called White. Few of the early settlers would suggest whiteness after a few days in the swamps; but rather the opposite.

Green River wound lazily through the northern tier of sections. Just west of the west line is the mouth of Mud Creek. This suggestively-named stream penetrates Alba on the southern limits, and squirms through sections 35, 29, 30, 19 and 20.

Like Green River, Mud Creek was very crooked, and consequently sluggish. The rich soil was covered by water at the very time when it should have been prepared and planted.

It was a scene of nature at first hands for a long time after surrounding townships had been settled and tilled, and made to blossom as the rose. A characteristic feature of the far-reaching swamps were the mounded domes of the muskrat houses. These hummocked haunts of the miry muskrat were made of rushes. They can yet be seen in Alba; but in constantly decreasing numbers.

Early in the present century, which is yet but just out of its infancy, men conceived the idea of straightening the tortuous channel of Green River, and therby get rid of the water that encumbered the land. A drainage district was formed, and the tremendous task was undertaken. Nearly half a million dollars were expended. The work was accomplished and the result has been satisfactory. Lands worth many times the cost of drainage outlay have been redeemed. Mud Creek was also straightened; but the great job was on Green River. Thousands of acres of the richest land in the world have been changed

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from rat swamps to cornfields. Now Alba has the soil that never wears out. She that was last, now is first. She was Omega, now she's Alpha, which the pioneers mispronounced Alba, because of the colds in their heads. The Winnebago Swamp Land Company first made Alba accessible, by drainage. Major Allan had much to do with this initiatory redemption scheme, and they helped to render the land fit for homes. However, the great work has been done within a few years by the immense steam barges which ate their way with stellar slowness across the vast levels, and pulled the river in their wake. I have been told that the rushing rapid waters of the new channel have cut away the banks, and widened the river twenty feet since the work was finished.

ALBA TOWNSHIP.

By Philip J. Wintz.

About the first improvements made in Alba township were made by Hugod Galander. He entered the west half of the southwest quarter of section 27, in 1851. Then he built a log house on his land, and made other improvements. And his nephew, John F. Wennergren, entered the east half of the southeast quarter of section 28, in Alba township, in 1851, and he made the first improvements on that eighty-acre lot. They lived and died on their farms. They were Swedes from Sweden. Hugod Gallander had been an army or a military officer in Sweden, and after he came here to this county, the Swedes sent two little brass cannon from Sweden to Hugod Gallander in Alba township, a token of respect to him as a military officer in Sweden. The first 4th of July celebration we had in Annawan, was in 1854. He hitched his horses to his wagon and brought his guns and family to Annawan and participated in the celebration of the 4th of July, and every year after that he would come and bring his guns and participate in the celebration of the 4th of July, at Annawan, until he died. The guns were about twenty inches long, and one inch bore or caliber, and mounted on little carriages. They were burned when the G. A. R. Hall burned down.

Ardin Austin, after he had entered some land here in Annawan township, he went to Alba township and entered some land there in 1852 or 3, and had brick made and built a brick schoolhouse, near the west line at the west center of section 15. It was built in 1855, and was the first schoolhouse in Alba township. They built a new frame schoolhouse, about twenty rods north, and are using the old brick schoolhouse for a township hall for elections and other public business. Ardin Austin's son, Isaac Austin, came down on the Mississippi River from St. Paul to Rock Island, there he got on the cars and came to Annawan and only stopped a few minutes, and then he went out south a mile, and stopped at John Hays's. He told them he was sick and had the cholera, and wanted permission to lay down in the barn. They tried to have him to go into the house and lay down, then they fixed a bed for him on the barn floor, and he died before midnight. He was buried the next day in the Blinn burying ground, now Fairview cemetery. He died June 14, 1854. He was about twenty-eight years of age. At that time they had the cholera at St. Paul, and on the Mississippi River.

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The land here in the swamps had not all been surveyed, by the government, into sections and quarter sections, on account of water when they were surveying. Then, in the winter of 1856 and 57, the surveying was finished in the swamps on the ice. They cut holes through the ice and in the frozen ground and set stakes in to mark the section, and quarter section corners, in the swamps.

Robert Crane, a young man, came here to Annawan, and was here a few days and then he went out with William K. Porter duck hunting; they went over to St. Peter's Marsh, northeast of Buck's Grove, in Alba township. In the evening they started home, coming out of the marsh, and just as they got to the edge of the marsh Crane got sick, and laid down there and died, in a very short time. As soon as he was dead, W. K. Porter came home and reported, and sent for the coroner, then Porter took a man with him and went back to where Crane was. The coroner came the next morning, and he summoned a jury here in Annawan, and got a wagon, and they went out to the marsh and brought R. Crane into Annawan, left him in my shop, and the coroner ordered me to make a coffin, and see that he was buried. We buried him in Fairview cemetery. He died November 12, 1858. There was no one here could tell where he was from or where he had any relatives. He had a few dollars of money in his pocket. The county paid me eight dollars for my work and furnished the coffin.

After the swamp lands had been surveyed, and ceded to the county, Charles Atkinson got the job of ditching Mud Creek from Green River up to the Rock Island railroad bridge about half a mile west of Annawan, in 1861, then he came to Annawan, and got lumber and built two or three boarding shanties along Mud Creek; then he employed a lot of men to do the ditching, and one of the men, Jacob Donley, got sick and died in one of their shanties down at Mud Creek, about six miles northwest from Annawan in Alba township. They came to me late in the afternoon, and ordered a coffin. I said the coffin would be done by ten o'clock the next morning, and they could come and get it. After they ordered the coffin, they got their jug filled, then went back. The next day they came and got the coffin, and went back and put the corpse in the coffin, and then put it into the wagon and left the hind endgate out of the wagon bed, and four of them with their jug and tools, got into the wagon, and started for Fairview cemetery to bury Jacob Donley, (at that time there was no cemetery in Alba township) and when they got to Annawan they stopped in front of Bice's Hotel and one of the men got off of the wagon with the jug to get it filled. When they stopped a man went to the wagon, and he asked the men in the wagon where they were going with their tools. They were going to Fairview to bury Donley. Then they found that Donley had got out of the wagon. Then they went back and found him about four miles from Annawan, where they had come up a little hill, they had lost the coffin and corpse. He died the 13th of September, 1861. When they got to Annawan the second time, they had the corpse in the wagon, and it was about sundown. Then they had to go three miles south and a quarter of a mile east to Fairview cemetery. By the time they got to the cemetery it was dark; then they had to dig the grave and bury Donley after night.

At that time there were no trustees or sexton for Fairview cemetery. It was used as a general public burying ground, for the whole country within six or seven miles. When anyone died, they would have one of the neighbors or some

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person to go and dig a grave, and as like as anyway he would dig the grave in the alley or on some other person's lot.

In the first place there were two acres of land donated by John Craft and Dan Crow, on the north quarter of the northeast quarter of section twenty-seven, one acre on the east, and one on the west of the quarter section line, on the prairie in 1853. In 1858 Daniel Blinn donated another acre to the Fairview cemetery, for the cemetery and church lot.

ANDOVER.

Andover has a theological sound and savor. And this sound and this savor are sustained by the people. It is a region of churches and charities. The largest church edifice in Henry county is in Andover. It is the Swedish Lutheran. Here, too, is the "Orphan's Home," a noble charity for the care of little waifs of humanity.

Andover was the first of the colony ideas to ripen into fruition in Henry county. The New Yorkers, being close observers of the Puritans and the New Englanders being descendants thereof, mixed piety and gain in pretty nearly equal proportions. While Protestants with protesting eyes saw the advance of Catholicism in the West, and viewed the landscape o'er with an eye to the building of churches and the saving of souls, that same protesting peep into futurity shrewdly saw fair young cities being built around the churches, and contemplated with satisfaction the profits of producing city plats upon the prairies. The land could be had for the asking and enough to pay the postage.

Then the lots of lots there would be for sale, corner lots made of old crawfish cemeteries, and sold even at a low figure would yield enormous profits. These pious and profitable souls thought it the right idea to stake out a town four to six miles square, when the town probably had a hovel, a hut, a house, a hogpen, and possibly a hotel.

Perhaps a saloon.

Which suggests the little story of the pioneer painter. He was poised upon a perch, brush and red paint in hand, about to perpetuate a sign on the flaring front of a pine shanty.

"How do you spell Saloon?" he asked of a fresh Englishman who had strayed thither. The Englishman put his monocle in his eye, stared upward, and said:

"With a hess, a hay, a hell, two hoes and a hen."

There was no saloon in Andover. In fact there has never been a saloon there.

Pursuant to the piety and profit idea, came William S. and John Woolsey, Ithamar Pillsbury, Noah T. Pike and Archibald Slaughter into Henry county in September, 1835.

Slaughter and Pike, and Rev. Pillsbury were agents for the Andover colony. Slaughter & Pike became famous, as their euphonious names appealed to Dickens. Pillsbury had been out the year prior, and this preacher came close to being the owner of the first pair of white feet that ever trod the virgin soil of Heaven-roofed Henry.

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At least we'll hope they were white. While we're about it, let us extend our hopes to include his legs, as he frequently was bereft of his breeches while fording a creek or slough.

The quintette left New England on the lea, headed for Knoxville, Illinois. Knoxville at the time was nearly the little end of nothing whittled down to a point. They crossed the mountains by stage to Pittsburg, went down the Ohio to the Mississippi, up the great river to St. Louis, then the chief city between the oceans, thence up the Illinois River to Peoria, and then to Knoxville via. Shank's mares, and on to Andover by the same primal method.

In the spring of 1837 Abel K. Woolsey, brother of the above brothers, came to Andover with his brother William, who had gone back east to be married. The two brothers and their families settled at Andover.

The Rev. Ithamar was the prime mover and all-round factotum in all things temporal and spiritual. He was a power on the prairies. He was authorized to buy land, and to act for the coming colonists generally. He erected a house and stable at Andover, and a mill on the Edwards River. This was the first mill on the Edwards River. People patronized it for forty miles around. Perhaps this was the origin of Pillsbury's Best Flour. The Crooks and the Gages drove to Andover from Prophetstown, to have their wheat ground. The Aldrichs and Hannas from the Rock River forest, all trundled over the trackless turf to get their Pillsbury's Best.

William and Abel K. Woolsey were carpenters. They built a tavern and Jesse Woolsey set up as landlord. It was seldom that a traveler came along and needed a hotel; but most of those who did happen along, needed one pretty bad.

And the Campbells had been coming. When that quintette arrived at the site of the future great city, they found a canny Scot there, all by himself, in a hut. And what do you suppose Sandy was doing? Building a bridge across the Edwards River!

Building a bridge!

'Tis midnight's holy hour. I have risen because I cannot sleep. For hours I've lain in yon disheveled couch, trying to get that Scotchman off my mind. The last line I wrote is set down up there:

"Building a bridge!"

What was he building a bridge for? There wasn't a wagon a year came that way. The highway commissioner did not compel him to build the bridge to work out his poll tax. There was no nothing, but just the Scotchman, the river, the prairie and the sky. The records do not show that he ever finished the bridge. To make it a toll bridge would be like peddling peanuts in a graveyard. Slaughter and Pike went out one morning to look at the bridge. Then they started for their old homes in New England. The hotel, a house or two, a stable and the bridge, was Andover. The nearest settlement was Henderson Grove, where a few Irishmen were with their families. The nearest postoffice was Knoxville, thirty miles south. And postage was twenty-five cents per letter.

When Campbell got his bridge finished he waited for somebody to cross it, till despair downed him. Then he sold his claim to Eben Townsend, throwing in the bridge, and gathering up his little all, he left to build other bridges.

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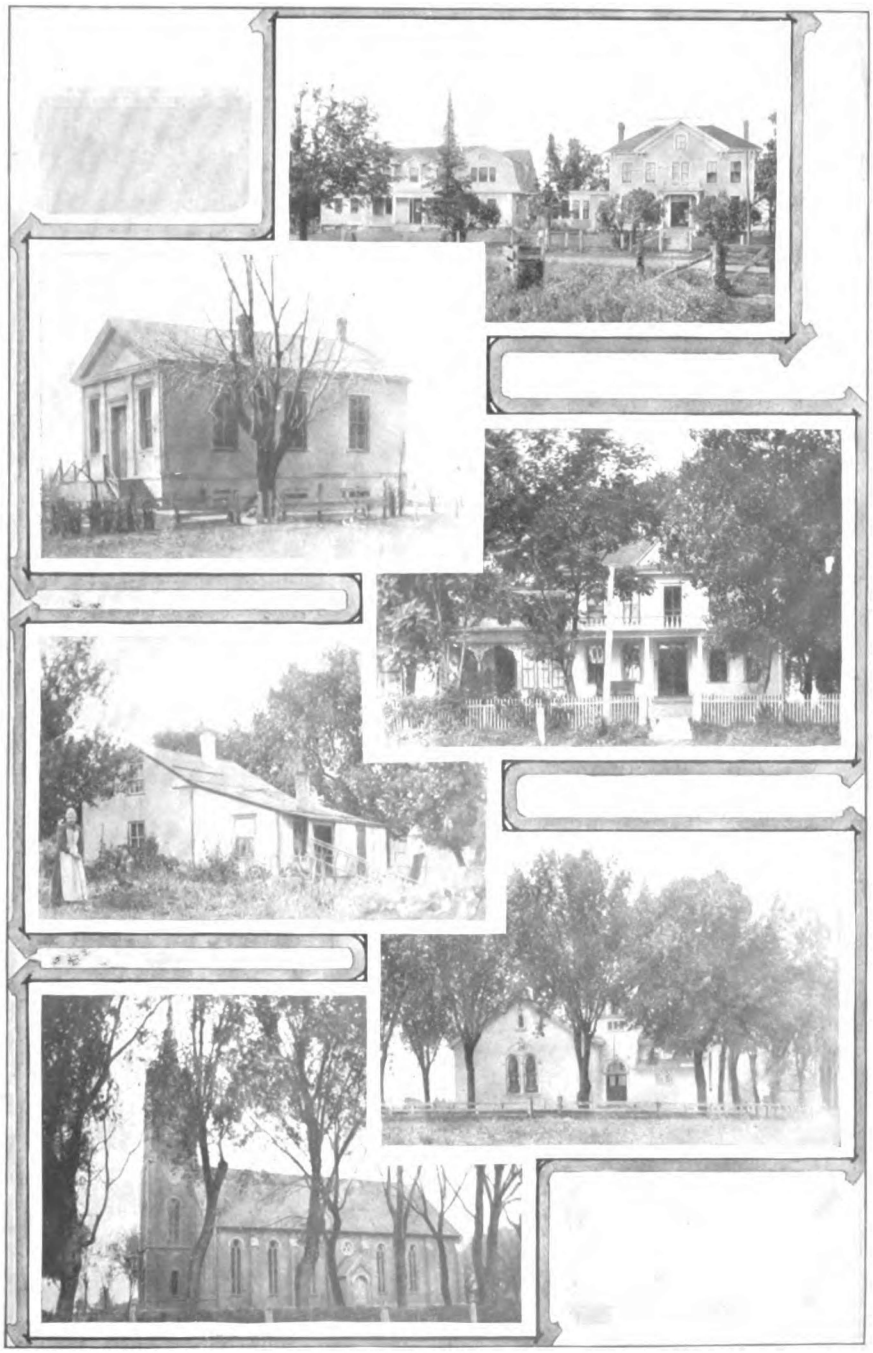

VIEWS OF ANDOVER

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Speaking of the first mill being at Andover, recalls the curious fact that Uncle Peter J. Hammer's mill at Andover was the last successful flouring mill in Henry county. The writer used this flour when he started housekeeping. It was so good that I labeled the bin "Flour of the Family."

Eben Townsend lived to be very old. He was buried in Andover cemetery. It is said that his grave is unmarked. Parson Pillsbury's grave is also here. He left a widow; his son Edward practiced law in Macomb; Nettleton went to Florida, Frank to Dubuque, and Ithamar to Macomb, Illinois. Mary went to Macomb, and Sarah and Elizabeth to Minneapolis. Jesse Woolsey left two children, Gilbert R., a medical practitioner, and Mrs. Buck. Albert K's. children went west, except one daughter who lives in Jersey City.

Land was apparently as plentiful as the sky, so the agents of the colony helped themselves liberally. They entered thirty thousand acres. One section was staked out in town lots. No member could hold more than four quarter sections, and each member had a right to five acres of timber. There was in this an element of the Utopian. The timber required would mount up to nearly four thousand acres. It is not likely that there were four thousand trees in all the contiguous territory. In voting upon colony affairs, a vote was allowed for every quarter section. The south half of section 8 and the north half of section 17 became town lots. New Haven, Connecticut, was the model upon which the new town was to be patterned. No building was to be erected under thirty feet from the street, without special permission. An immense seminary and several spacious churches were provided for; but these never materialized at the hands of the colonists.

In 1853 the rising young showman, Phineas T. Barnum, brought the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, to America.

The great-hearted singer with her voice divine sang her way into the hearts of the impulsive, enthusiastic American pioneers. Like Israfel, she was endowed "with the sweetest voice of all God's creatures." She challenged humanity with the charm of her golden notes, and humanity surrendered, totally, absolutely. Jenny Lind had a heart in her beautiful body as sweet and big and holy in its impulses as her voice was in its cadences. She heard of the Swedes that had gathered on these grand prairies of the west. They were her countrymen. She thought of the mountains and valleys of the land beyond the sea, and of the churches wherein the people worshiped there. Then this great-hearted woman gave her brethren at Andover one thousand, five hundred dollars with which to build a Swedish Lutheran church. The writer has seen and been inside this church. It is built of "grout," or gravel, cobble and mortar laid up into walls. It was used many years; but the Swedes kept coming in from the old country, and multiplying upon the face of the earth, till finally a bigger church was necessary. Then they constructed the biggest church in Henry county, which is yet in use.

The Presbyterians erected a small church, but fell to disputing about the Old and New school. This was in 1839, when there should have been the brotherly unanimity which comes of isolation and interdependence. They went to law, and that was the beginning of the end, so far as the colony was concerned. The

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colony was an utter failure. Within a few years, all the original members of the colony had moved away, except William J. Woolsey and his brother Jesse. Jesse had the hotel, and he had to have a boarder for the sake of appearances. So, William probably boarded with Jesse. But Jesse died, and William went to Cambridge.

Yet, others came and occupied the deserted dwellings. The Swedes moved in and occupied the land, and their descendants are there even unto this day.

Now the above is a pretty succinct record, logical, moving on from event to event, and is, as sailors would say, "all ship shape and Bristol fashion." Moreover it fetches up with a flourish, like quoting Scripture to prove something. I was purring with satisfaction when in comes a package of many pages, penned by the son of a pioneer.

It is herein stated that Benjamin W. Seaton, the veteran editor of the Prairie Chief, had read a paper at the old settlers' meeting in 1877, proving that one Butler was the first settler in Andover township. Seaton's authority is Judge Tillson. Judge Tillson said that Butler lived on section 19 in 1835, I found Mr. E. Buck and family living in a log cabin sixty or eighty rods southwesterly from Captain Mix's place near the timber. The cabin was there when Buck came. W. S. Woolsey says that he and William Potts used the cabin for a carpenter shop in the summer of 1836. This cabin was moved across the Edwards River some years later, and occupied by Swan Nelson. Captain E. A. Mix, who came from New Haven, Connecticut, built the first frame house in Andover in 1836. Judge Tillson then decides with judicial acumen that Butler, not Dr. Baker, was the first settler in Andover township; adding "but as neither was there permanently, it does not matter which was the first."

Buck! Captain Mix! Butler and Baker and the candlestick maker; Men are lugged in by the shoulders whom we never heard of before. Dr. Baker never settled in Andover township at all; but in Colona township. The company must be placed in Captain Mix's command, for it is a good deal mixed.

ANDOVER ORPHAN'S HOME.

This charity was chartered as the "Orphan's Home and Farm School of the Scandinavian Augustana Synod," on November 13, 1872. Following are the charter members: Jonas Swenson, A. Andreen, P. M. Sanquist, A. G. Setterdahl, Victor Setterdahl, S. P. Lindell, S. A. Peterson, Samuel Hoogner, Gustav Johnson, Jonas W. Larson, S. P. Johnson and Jonas Westerlund.

S. Peter Lindall and wife of Swedona originated the idea in 1868. These good people began the kindly task of caring for the homeless orphans, in their own home. This they did till 1871. Then the home was removed to Andover, where it was conducted by Lindell for the synod. Buildings were purchased, and the charity became a recognized institution.

The house had twelve rooms, which were large and airy. Therein sixty-two children could be accommodated. The building is alluded to in the past tense, for it was burned to the ground in 1907. A new and commodious structure has risen to take its place.

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It is conducted on high ideals. The children are not only educated in the learning of books; but are taught to work, so that they can earn their own way in the world. When eighteen years of age they are allowed to go forth to make a way for themselves. At this time they are generously supplied with clothing and money. Situations in good private families are secured for all desiring them. Patriotism is instilled by holding the Fourth of July as a home-coming day. Every former inmate flocks back on the nation's natal day, and renews friendship and motherly and sisterly love. Those too far distant to come, or who are detained for any cause, write letters inquiring of the doings of the brothers and sisters at the dear old home. It is a blessed institution, an honor to the heads and hearts of our good Swedish friends.

CHURCHES.

The Swedish Lutheran Evangelical church of Andover, was organized March 18, 1850, with ten charter members. The first pastor was Rev. Lars P. Esbjorn. He continued with the church till 1856. Under his administration a church building was begun in 1851, and finished in 1854. The church was without a pastor for a year after Esbjorn left. Rev. J. J. P. Burgendler then took up the work. In 1858, Jonas Swenson was appointed pastor. This church received a donation, mentioned elsewhere, from Jenny Lind. Rev. Swenson's son was in charge of the Orphan's Home a long time. The father remained in charge of the church till his death in December, 1873. The vacancy continued till April 28, 1875, when Rev. Erl Carlson took charge. He was with the church for many years. The big new church was begun in 1867, and finished in 1874, at a cost of forty-one thousand dollars. The organ cost three thousand. The membership is about two thousand.

SWEDISH METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Jonas Hedstrom settled in Andover in 1850. He at once set about the task of organizing a church of his faith, as above. He called a meeting at the house of Sister Lobecks. It was enthusiastic, as all good Methodist meetings are. A church was organized, and good old-fashioned meetings were held at the homes of the members till 1854, when a church was built, a bit of a bijou church costing five hundred and thirty-six dollars. The congregation grew, as all good things should grow, and in 1863 a fine new church was erected at a cost of three thousand, two hundred dollars. There are about two hundred members. Follows a list of pastors: Jonas Hedstrom, Victor Witting, Peter Newburgh, A. J. Anderson, Andrew Ericson, Albert Ericson, L. Lindquist, John Wigren, O. Grunderson, James Iverson, H. Olson, J. H. Ekstrand, Alfred Anderson, John Bendix.

Andover is one of the oldest land marks in Henry county. Indians and wolves and deer were its neighbors in the dim and distant days of 1835 and 1836. Seventy-four years ago the chance wayfarer by the winding Edwards River could see just three objects, the grass, the sky, and Andover. Silence was all around, and under, Andover!

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ANNAWAN TOWNSHIP.

In the callow days of my youth was I given to the saying of vain things, whereby the multitudes should be made to roar. Thus, in 1874, The Henry County News did thus exult:

"Yester morning we got aboard the string of second-hand coffins which is called the accommodation train by the deluded Pagans, and started on our first trip to Annawan. Greatly to our astonishment the brakey had no sooner stuck his head inside the door, and yelled the name of the town, than every mortal in the car made a bolt for the door. Before the train came to a standstill, the situation was made clear, and the people resumed their seats. Everyone thought that 'Annawan' meant him or her."

Pretty fair pun on "anyone." Vividly that scene of a generation ago returns! I see again the little brown depot with the huge tank lowering near, and a big heavy-shouldered man standing over a lot of express packages, and scouring the scenery for a drayman.

"What's that big tank for?" I queried, by way of getting acquainted in Annawan.

"To put the bolts in," responded the man, gazing afar off.

"Bolts! What bolts?" I demanded.

"Bolts for the door," he growled: "When the brakeman hollered 'Annawan!' didn't everybody make a bolt for the door?"

A great light dawned on me.

"You are Boss Barker," I gasped.

"Beats Lepke," he returned, gazing down at my flaming red moustache: "Where did you get that rat?"

Then he put down his name as a subscriber to my paper, and it was on the books for nearly three decades.

Prosaic, posy-blooming Annawan township, with dreary, writhing Green River squirming like a wounded snake at the north, and melancholy Mud Creek crawling like an infant serpent to the westward over to its mother to hide in her bosom, this sort of scenery did not appeal to the pioneer. He had a log house to build, and there wasn't a tree in Annawan township, unless it may have been some lone cottonwood, whispering to the unresponsive silence. By the greenwood forests of Rock River, and over the prairies to the south, settlements had sprung up sixteen or seventeen years before. Prosaic, unappealing, the vast level plateau of Annawan was unknown, unsettled.

In 1853, a change came over the spirit of the scene. For several years, bands of strange men, mostly young men with a college atmosphere, had been moving mysteriously upon the face of nature. They had theodolites and chains and stakes and rods, and everybody wore overalls, and there was a boss with a voice like the bulls of Bashan.

In 1853 this preliminary pageant was followed by a parade which astonished the muskrats. Plows of might and force ripped up the sod, there was the clanking of iron, the snorting of steam.

But why prolong this? I can't get a pass for it, anyhow. It was the Rock Island Railroad. A station was set up which was called Annawan, after a

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Winnebago chief who aforetime made the angels weep with his fantastic tricks before high heaven, forsooth he was dressed in a little brief authority. It is said that old Annawan was a mighty power in his time, being always full of eloquence and boiled dog.

When the railway was a settled fact, the country began to fill up. This was in 1853. The country, as has been intimated, is a low altitude. Therefore the soil is exceedingly rich. Some of the best and most productive farms in Henry county are in Annawan township. It is a region of huge corncribs and fat cattle, of contented farmers and general prosperity.

ANNAWAN, ILLINOIS.

By Philip J. Wintz.

Some of the first settlers of Annawan township, Henry county, Illinois: Daniel Morton was the first. He came here in 1846, and entered the west half of the east half of section thirty-four (34). And there he built a log house among the brush and timber, in 1846. It was the first house built and the first farm opened in Annawan township. The first child born in the township was born in that log house, September 9, 1846. Daniel Morton made all the improvements that was necessary on his farm, and made it his home about thirty years, then moved to Kewanee. He came from Michigan to this county in 1846.

The first school house in this township was built on Daniel Morton's land near the southwest corner, among the brush. It was a log house, built in 1849 or 1850, and it was the voting place for this election precinct, until the organization of the townships in Henry county for elections.

William C. Heaps entered the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32 in 1848. He built a log house and made the improvements on the land, and he made that his home until July 7, 1897, when he died. Was born December 10, 1810, in Pennsylvania and came here in 1848.

Elucas D. Dewitt, bought and entered one hundred and sixty acres of land in 1849, on the southeast corner of section 33, and on the southwest corner of section 34 he built a log house and opened the farm, and that was his home until he died. He was born October 1, 1798, and died November 17, 1876. He came from upper Canada to Annawan township, Henry county, Illinois, in 1849.

John Troyer and his family came here from Canada, in 1851. He entered the southeast quarter of section 29, and built a log house and opened the farm and made that his home until he died. He was born September 22, 1809, and died December 15, 1881.

William Troyer came from Canada with his father, John Troyer, in 1851, and took up the northwest quarter of section 33. In 1854 and 1855 William Troyer was clerking for Silas Morton, in the first store in Annawan. He got married in 1855. I built a house for him in Annawan that fall. Then in 1856 he made some improvements on his land. The next year I built a frame house for him on his farm. He made that his home until about 1883, then he went to Nebraska and died there October 13, 1899. He was born February 26, 1832, in Canada and is buried in Fairview cemetery, in Annawan township, Henry county, Illinois.

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Lyman Benson and his sons entered the north half of section twenty-nine. They built houses and made the first improvements on their land bought in 1851. They came from Ohio. Benson had three sons, Frederick, William and Burr. William Benson was a soldier, in Company A, 112th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Rev. William McDermand, a Baptist minister or preacher from Canada, and also a doctor. He built a house and made the first improvements on the east half of the southwest quarter of section 28 in 1851.

Rev. Charles E. Tinker built a house and opened a farm on the north half of the southeast quarter and south half of the northeast quarter of section 28 in 1852. He was a Baptist minister from New York.

McConough built a log house on the south half of the southeast quarter of section 22, and made the first improvements on that land, in 1851.

Thomas Showers built a log house on the north half of that same quarter section, and made other improvements on the same, in 1851.

J. C. Webb took up the west half of the northeast quarter of section 22. He built the house and made all the improvements on that farm, from 1852 to the present time, 1909. He moved to Geneseo about sixteen years ago, a retired farmer, and he died there, and was buried there in the Oakwood cemetery.

Jacob Hodges built a log house on the south half of the southwest quarter of section 22, and made the improvements on the land in 1851.

Silas Morton and Isaac Crow bought the northwest quarter of section 22 in 1853. Morton built his house on the east half of the quarter section, and Crow on the west half. They made a little improvement on the land. Then they sold out in 1854; and Silas Morton went into Annawan and built the first store house in Annawan, and went into the commercial business in 1864.

Jonathan Shaw bought the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 21. He had George and Alexander Machesney build a house for him on the land in 1856, and Shaw commenced making the first improvements on the land at that time, and made that his home until 1891, when he died. He came here from Wayne county, Indiana.

Lyman I. Way bought the northwest quarter of section 21, and the east half of the northeast quarter of section 20, in 1862. Way had Thomas J. Shelhamer build a house for him on the quarter section. Then he began to make the first improvements on farm. He comes from Connecticut.

Charles Dunham, Sr., took up the west half of the northeast quarter section 20, and made a little improvement on it in 1853, then sold out and went to Annawan to educate his children. They came from Massachusetts.

Thomas J. Shelhamer made the first improvements on the east half of the northeast quarter of section 19, in the year 1856.

Thomas J. Shelhamer built the first house [illegible] the improvements on

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ments on the east half of the southeast quarter of section 17 in 1854. He came from Maine in 1852.

Augustus B. Noyes, James Noyes, and Jesse R. Heath bought the southwest quarter of section 16, the school section and divided that into three equal parts, and each one built a house on his part of the land and made the first improvements on that quarter section in 1855 and '56. They came from New Hampshire. Benjamin Johnson built the house for James Noyes and John Joseph Loring, built the house for Jesse R. Heath. William K. Brown, Benjamin Johnson and Philip J. Wintz built the house for Augustus B. Noyes.

Then there were no more improvements made on section 16 until about 1856. Then Erastus Kelsy bought a part of the northwest quarter, of Tomlinson and made the improvements on it. He came from Connecticut. Henry Gochenouer built a small house on the southeast quarter of 16, and made the first improvement on it in 1856. He was from Ohio.

Thomas Showers and Jacob Hodges bought the southwest quarter of section fifteen, and made the first improvements on that quarter section in 1855-56.

Boman entered the southeast quarter of section 15 in 1851, and built a log cabin on it, and sold it to the Dinghams in 1852. William Dingman built a log house on the north half of that quarter and his father built an addition to the cabin on the south half at the cross roads at the southwest corner. They made the first improvements on that quarter section. The old folks kept hotel in their log cabins. In 1853 the Rock Island railroad was finished to Sheffield in Bureau county, then they ran a line of coaches from Sheffield to Rock Island. They then made the Dingman hotel a station and office where they changed horses. As soon as the railroad was finished to Rock Island, the coach line was abandoned The Dingmans came from Canada.

Lewis Hunt entered the west half of the northeast quarter of section 15 in 1851. He built a log house and improved the land.

Martin Brown bought the southeast quarter of section 10 in 1851 and built a log house and made some other improvements and sold out in 1856.

Ardin Austin from New York, entered the northwest quarter of section 10 in 1852, and built a house on it in 1854, then rented the land to Richmond.

The Dow brothers bought about seventeen hundred acres of swamp land west of Annawan on Mud Creek on section 4, 5, 8 and 9. They fenced it and made a pasture of it. The most of it is under cultivation at present and Mud Creek ditch will soon be finished. Then it will all be put under culture.

Henry Giles entered or bought the southwest quarter of section 12 in 1851, and made the first improvements. He built the house and made all other necessaries on the farm. He came from Indiana. Harvey Ferguson made the first improvements on the northwest quarter of section 12 in 1853, and F. M. Hay on the northeast quarter of section 12.

Thomas Hay entered or bought the northeast quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 13. In 1856, I do not remember that there were

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Cowguill made the improvements on the west half of the southwest quarter of section 13 in 1852.

Joseph Fronk entered or bought the southeast quarter of section 14 and built a house in 1851, and made the improvements on the farm. He was from Pennsylvania. Joseph Fronk and his wife both died on that farm. One of his sons, Lan Fronk, now owns the farm and lives on it.

Salem B. Giles was a soldier in the Mexican war and he got a land warrant and entered the northeast quarter of section 14 in 1851. With his land warrant, he built a house, and made some improvements on the land. He enlisted in Company A, 112th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was taken prisoner in a fight at Knoxville, Tennessee, and died in Andersonville prison.

George Pettys bought the west half of the northwest quarter of section 14 in 1854. He built a house and made some improvements on the land and died in a few years after he came here. He came from New York.

George Mumford came here in 1856, and bought the east half of the northwest quarter of section 14. He built a house and made the improvements on the land. Mumford and his wife both died on the farm. They came from N. Y.

Kepler and Shelenberger made the first improvements on the southwest quarter of 14 in 1851. Shelenberger had the east half and Kepler the west.

Hiram Pettys bought the south half and the east half of the north half of the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 23 in 1854. There was a little improvement on the land when he bought it. Hiram Pettys and his wife came from New York, and both died on their farm, and are buried in the Fairview cemetery.

James Carroll made the first improvements on the south quarter of section 23 in 1851.

George W. King entered the north half of section 24 in 1851 and built a frame house. He hauled his lumber from Moline with wagons for his house, and he also built a school house on his land. He came from Indiana.

John McNeely entered and bought the largest part of section 26. He built on the west half of the northwest quarter of section 26 in 1852, and commenced making improvements on the land. He came from Indiana.

Thomas Crosby bought the west half of the southeast quarter of section 26. He built a house and made the first improvements on that land. From England.

John P. Bassett made the first improvements on the northwest quarter of section 25 in 1852. And Solomon Blinn bought the west half of the southwest quarter of section 25 in 1856, and we put a house on it and he made the first improvements on the land. He came from Ohio.

The most of the land in the southeast corner of Annawan township was entered by speculators in 1850, and 1851. George Prince made the first improvements on the southeast quarter of section 25. Prince came from England.

Samuel Clark made the first improvement on the northwest quarter of section 36 in 1852. Clark came from Pennsylvania. Clark wanted me to come and build a house for him on his land in 1853. I then lived in Bureau county, near where Sheffield now is. William Bevins made the first improvements on the southwest quarter of section 36. He comes from England.

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Steven Moon bought the south quarter and Thomas Piper bought the north quarter each one hundred and sixty acres in 1853, and made the first improvements on section 35. Moon and Piper both came from old England to the United States.

The first tier of sections, and sections 8 and 9 in the second tier of sections, along the north line of Annawan township, were about all swamp lands. The Mud Creek ditch will soon be finished, then the land will soon all be ready for cultivation in this township.

There were three or four families of the Winnebago tribe of Indians come here from Wisconsin into the swamps, every fall for two or three years after Annawan was laid out. They put their tents in Austin's Grove in Alba township, three miles north of Annawan. They would come to Annawan to do their trading. They would stay here all winter to hunt and trap, and in the spring they would go back to Wisconsin. The swamps here were the Winnebago Swamps, where the Winnebago Indians used to live before this country was settled up in here by the white folks. The last one of the Indians came here, and took a little more fire water than he was able to carry. He went west on the railroad track. When he got about half way to Atkinson he laid down on the railroad. The cars ran over him and killed him.

The Crow, Crafts, and Henry H. Robinson came in 1847, and 48, and bought or entered, the east half of section 27, and a part of the west half of section 27. They built four log houses on their lands and made a little improvement on their farms, and in 1852 or 53, Daniel Crow and John Craft, laid out and donated two acres of land for a public burying ground, on the north quarter of the northeast quarter, of section 27. One acre on the east and one acre on the west side of the quarter section line. Then Crow sold to Silas Morton, and Morton built a frame house in 1852. Then he sold to Daniel Blinn of Warren county, Ohio. Daniel Blinn came here in 1853, and in a few years, he owned the east half of section 27. The cemetery was then known as the Blinn Burying Ground. Then in 1858, Daniel Blinn donated an acre of land, at the west side of the burying ground, for an addition to the cemetery, and a church lot for the United Brethren in Christ. The quarterly conference, for the Annawan Mission circuit of the Illinois Annual Conference, met at Osceola in Stark county, Illinois, March 6, 1858, Isaac Kretzinger, presiding elder, and Barney Wagner, circuit preacher. At that quarterly conference they elected five members of the Blinn Class: Henry Eyer, Richard W. Batten, Daniel Blinn, Absalom Blinn, and Joseph Fronk, for a board of trustees, and a building committee, to build a church or meeting house at the Blinn burying ground, in Annawan township. Then at a meeting of the trustees, or building committee, April 15, 1858, I was elected secretary, treasurer, and also to make drawings and specifications, and superintend the building of the church.

The church was named Fairview, by Rev. William R. Rhinehart of Germantown, Ohio, and dedicated the 19th day of December, 1858, and the burying ground named Fairview Cemetery. The builders of Fairview church are all dead, except Philip J. Wintz, the builder of Fairview church, and a few of the subscribers, that helped to raise funds to build Fairview church.

The first house built was in 1846. A log house built by Daniel Morton on his land, the west half of the east half of section 34, about eighty rods from the south end of his land.

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The first farm opened was by Daniel Morton in 1846, on his land. He made that his home till about 1874, then he moved to Kewanee.

The first child born in Annawan township, was September 9, 1846, the son of Sarah and Daniel Morton. They named the son Gilbert.

The first schoolhouse was a log house built in 1849 or 1850. It was built among the brush on Daniel Morton's farm, near the southwest corner.

The first store was opened in 1853, by Silas Morton, at the cross roads on the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 22. Then moved into the village of Annawan, in the spring of 1854. It was the first store in the village of Annawan. Silas Morton was proprietor of the store.

The first death was Lidia Ann, daughter of Henry H. and Alice Robinson. Died March 22, 1850, aged eight months and eighteen days.

The second marriage was Henry H. Robinson to Alice Craft, June 20, 1848.

The first marriage was Joseph Craft, to Marita Carroll, December 2, 1847.

The first church or meeting house was built in 1857 by the Baptists here in the village of Annawan.

David Rorer was the first blacksmith in Annawan township. He entered the northeast quarter of section 32, and built a house and blacksmith shop in 1851. He died May 19, 1853. He came from Canada.

I am the only one living in Annawan township that entered land in this township. I entered one hundred and twenty acres of land on section 19 for Daniel Blinn in 1852.

I was acquainted with all the first settlers of Annawan township, the most of them are dead. There is only a few of us left. I think I could give the names of all the families that were in this township the first ten years.

Follows a list of those who came in 1853 and 1854:

William M. McDermond, John Troyer, Joshua Matthews and his son Thomas, Charles Tinker, Daniel Blinn, Silas Morton, J. C. Webb, John Burns, Daniel Morton, Isaac Croft, Mr. Dingman and his sons Joseph and William, Charles Dunham, C. W. King, James Carroll, Thomas Piper, John McNeeley, William B. Heaps, Henry Patterson, Joseph Frock, Isaac Shelinberger, "old man" Benson, Fred Benson, William Benson, Mr. McCanney, William Hodges, John Hags, Mr. Hunt and his son Lewis.

Solomon Minard came in 1860, George McChesney in 1854, John McNeeley in 1852, Erastus Kelly in 1856, H. F. Humphrey in 1856, Stephen Moon in 1853, C. V. Holdridge the same year, William Haxby, 1855; William Gochenouer, 1856; Samuel Pettit, 1853; G. H. Mumford, 1856; P. J. Wintz, 1852.

Daniel Morton was one of the earliest settlers in Annawan township. He moved to Geneseo. Charles Dunham, also an early settler, studied law, and opened an office in Geneseo. He became one of the most widely-known and successful men of his profession, in Illinois. He died early in the present century.

ANNAWAN VILLAGE.

Mortons three there came to thee, fair village of the plain. These were Silas, Joseph L., and T. T. Morton. No sooner had Charles Atkinson platted

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VIEW OF ANNAWAN

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town upon his prairie property, hard by the
fortune came, and almost coincidentally came
Absolom Blinn. It is believed that Blin
Solomon Minor, lived just north of the depot.
ame in 1852, and labored mightily in building
The first completed house was that of Silas
J. C. Sargent afterward bought it, and used i
ame was Almon Baker's, next Philip J. W
Sturi, Miram Baker, Absalom Blinn, Daniel
ne warehouse, operating it two years. Jose
Ingram T. Dow the second hotel. Josiah D
ith Brothers, Philip Joshua, William and Ph
In 1851 the first school

a town upon his prairie property, hard by the depot of the railway, than the Mortons came, and almost coincidentally came Joseph Dingman, Almon Baker and Absolom Blinn. It is believed that Blinn and Dingman were the first. Solomon Minor, lived just north of the depot. Philip J. Wintz, a housebuilder, came in 1852, and labored mightily in building up the new town.

The first completed house was that of Silas Morton. It was used as a store. B. C. Sargent afterward bought it, and used it as a residence. The first residence was Almon Baker's, next Philip J. Wintz's. Following were Samuel Patorf, Miram Baker, Absalom Blinn, Daniel Blinn. Daniel Blinn built the first warehouse, operating it two years. Joseph L. Dow built the first hotel. Tristram T. Dow the second hotel. Josiah Dow, Asa Prescott, and the four Lock Brothers, Philip Joshua, William and Philip, Jr., erected homes.

In 1854 the first schoolhouse was built. It is believed that the first teacher was William Cole.

William Romine and Peter Hillman came in 1854. One Berkey opened a tinshop.

Dow Brothers did much to build up Annawan. They built hotels, an elevator, and established a lumber yard, and afterward stores and banks. They removed to Davenport.

B. C. Sargent, an old-timer made a fortune in merchandising in Annawan, then removed to the Chicago suburb of Evanston, and died there.

Jared Sexton and Henry Hutchman were the first grain-buyers. First railway station agent, William Lamb.

First blacksmith, Zebulon Jones.

Mrs. Lamb was postmistress in Annawan almost from the first. She held the position for more than a quarter of a century, through republican and democratic administrations. So greatly was she beloved that the people would not tolerate the discussion of a new postmaster. She was the mother of Robert Lamb, for many years an Annawan business man, now a hardware merchant in Kewanee, where he has held the responsible office of supervisor of that populous township. Mrs. Lamb has passed away.

Stark N. Barker was one of Annawan's early blacksmiths. He merged into a merchant, with the pet name of "The Boss." He died in California. His body was brought to Annawan for burial among his kindred. His son, Duke F., continues his store.

The first mill was by William and Ebenezer Hurd, in 1856. Ten years later it was burned. White and Andrews were the owners at the time of the fire. It was rebuilt, and afterward wrecked by a boiler explosion.

In 1859 Dow's store was burned by robbers.

A meeting to incorporate as a village was held Jan. 30, 1860. F. H. Slater, president, and G. W. Lewis, clerk, of the meetings. The election was held February 11th. Sixty-one votes were cast, fifty-one for incorporation, and ten against.

First Board, F. H. Slater, president; William W. Cole, clerk; W. C. Carroll, Josiah Dow and D. L. Machesney.

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CHURCHES.

Congregational church.—This church was originally organized in the country, south of the village. It was moved into town about 1866, and supplied by Rev. Mr. Lyman, of Sheffield, who remained till the church was built in 1867, and was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Allen, who was followed by Rev. Mr. Howard, the preacher in charge at Atkinson. There was no regular pastor from that time till 1876, when Rev. John A. Griffin, of Atkinson, commenced preaching.

The Annawan Baptist church was organized in September, 1843, at Wethersfield, but was removed to its present location in 1854. Its original membership was eight, whose names were Rev. Edward Otis, Hannah Otis, Edward Otis, Merrill Otis, Hileman Otis, Sarah Otis, Charles B. Miner and Mary G. Miner.

The present church was built in 1856, at a cost of one thousand dollars. The following ministers are among those who have served as pastors: Rev. Charles E. Tinker, William McDermand, R. Turner, D. S. Dean, R. Everts, William Storrs, David Heagle, J. D. Cromwell, Harvey Kingsbury, G. A. Hogeboom, Edward Jones, William Archer and G. W. Lewis.

The present membership is about sixty, with a Sunday-school of forty. This was in 1909.

The church of the United Brethren in Christ.—This church, now located three miles south of Annawan, at Fairview chapel, was organized in the village of Annawan in May, 1854, by Almond Baker and others, with a total membership of eight persons. The first meetings were held in private houses and in unfinished or unoccupied buildings, and not until 1858 did the society build a church, which was dedicated by Rev. William Rinehart, December 15th, of the same year, at a cost of about one thousand, four hundred dollars.

The following are the names of its pastors and their respective terms of service:

First services by Almond Baker, Julia Baker and Jared Sexton; William C. Romine preached one year; John Cubbage two years; B. Wagner two years; St. Clair Ross, two years; J. R. Evans, one year; David F. Bear, two years; M. Bonnet, one year; J. L. Condon, one year; David F. Bear, one year; Elisha Godfrey, one year; Amos Worman, one year; I. Kretninger, one year; Seth Coats, two years; William Hankins and J. Edwards, one year; B. Wagner has served two years; Archie W. Collahan, two years; O. F. Smith, one year; N. M. Douglas, present pastor. The membership is sixty, Sunday school fifty. Present church trustees: Daniel Blinn, Joseph Frank, Richard W. Batten, Thomas Crosby and Philip J. Wintz. Class-leader, W. B. Heaps. This compilation is not up to date, the statistics not being forthcoming.

The Congregational church of South Grove, was organized in May, 1854, at King's schoolhouse, near the farm residence of I. G. Heaps, at which place the earliest meetings had been held prior to organization.

The original membership was ten persons, as follows: Elijah Benedict, wife and son, Thomas J. Hunt and wife, Asa Prescott and wife, A. B. Noyes and wife and Mrs. S. McConney.

The society built their present church in Annawan in 1866. The following in succession have been the pastors: Revs. Asa Prescott, A. Lyman, John Allen,

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Alva Hurd, O. Howard, John Griffin and the present pastor and only minister now stationed in the village, Rev. O. O. Smith. This compilation is up to 1885. The later statistics have been mislaid.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized in 1854; first meetings were held in the house of G. W. King; the original members being John Hays, Jacob Hodges, Isaac Shelinberger, G. W. King, Almon Woodruff, John P. Bassett, William Benson, Solomon Minard, William Barber and their families.

The church was built in 1856; cost two thousand dollars. The pastors in their order were as follows: Revs. William White, P. J. Moulton, J. T. Linthicum, G. M. Morey, G. C. Woodruff, W. Odell, W. W. Sedore, G. W. Brown, R. L. W. Jameson, S. S. Gruber, W. E. Williamson, A. E. Day, G. C. Woodruff.

Before closing the chapter on Annawan, it behooves the historian to relate one of the most unique events ever recorded in the annals of the human race. There are two versions. One is that Sanford crossed the raging Mud Creek in a scow, while his team was taken round by Shabbona Grove. The other version follows:

Annawan is a patriotic place. I recall a Fourth of July when I made a speech in the park there. There was an enormous crowd, and a good big time. I can see 'Squire Paine yet, (he is dead years ago) as he grabbed the planks of that front seat to keep from soaring in ecstasy through the wind-blown trees when I told the story of the commercial traveler who went to sleep at a revival.

Sanford had been duly engaged by the committee on oratory to speak at the celebration at Annawan. On July 3d there was a waterspout up the headwaters of Mud Creek, and that sluggish slough was a furlong wide when he drove his ponies up to the western edge of it on the morning of July 4th.

He sat there in his dilemma, also his buggy, and meditated. Pretty soon he was spied from the village. The reception committee immediately waded to the eastern edge of the bloated and boatless stream.

"Have you a boat in the town?" yelled the orator of the day.

The committee contemplated each other, conferred, and concluded with shouting a "No."

"I've driven all the way from Geneseo to speak," screamed Sanford. "Haven't you a tight wagonbox?"

The committee wasn't quite certain what he said.

"Wouldn't a citizen in that condition do?" roared the chairman.

"Tight wagon box!" Sanford megaphoned his hands.

There might be one on a brand new wagon; but no dealer would allow a fresh-painted wagonbox to be hauled around in the mud.

"I came to speak, and speak I shall!" shouted Sanford, who was not easily foiled. "Go and bring the audience down where you are, and I'll orate across the rolling flood."

And so it was done. The people gathered on the east shore, and Sanford stood up in his buggy on the west shore. The orator poured a gulf stream of eloquence across the flood tide of Mud Creek, which went home to the hearts of his hearers. Once in a while the orator was interrupted with shouts of "Who did you say?" "What year?" and one pioneer, being filled with enthusiasm and things, yelled that the scene reminded him of the acquatic episode when

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"Crossington Washed the Delaware." Yet, the applause was great, the enthusiasm immense, and the speech a great success.

P. S.—Later advices declare that 'Squire Sanford did "make the riffle" after delivering part of his speech, that he got into the village, and made a fine address.

ANNAWAN'S HISTORIAN.

Philip J. Wintz is his name, he is a carpenter, and he is eighty-two years old. He proudly exhibited specimens of his handicraft, in his well-appointed shop. Few "wood butchers" can excel this deft and dextrous octogenarian. I know of but one in all Henry county who can compare with Wintz, and that is John Fitzkee of Atkinson. Both these men are old; both are German, and both are topnotchers in their craft. Fitzkee served an apprenticeship of seven years. Wintz was never apprenticed.

"I have written up the township, and sent it to the secretary of our historical society, with instructions to allow you to use it as you see fit," said the smiling old man.

"Good! But I am after the history of the historian. You are part of the grand scheme of things," I said. Then I felt an oratorical spell coming on: "History is always in the making," I orated: "Too many historians think their duty done when they have unearthed all that's earthly about the first settlers. The fellows that came after them made history, also. We are making history today. I knew a historian who growled and roared because a trolley line cut away a lot of the hummocks of the moundbuilders. He suffered through a whole chapter of his book about the sacrilege to the ancients; but never wrote up the organization and building of the trolley line at all. One trolley line is worth a million moundbuilders in present-day interest. Now will you be good, and tell me about yourself?"

I suppose that the biography of the good old man will appear elsewhere. But he may be too modest to tell the biographer that the first farm he opened in Illinois was sold to him by a man who did not own it! This disaster occurred south of Sheffield. Wintz lost the land, took a note for the improvements, and "I've got the note yet," grinned the genial pioneer. The man who made the note died. Wintz moved to Annawan, went at his trade of carpenter, and "I'm at it yet," grinned the pioneer. I wanted to know if any of the first buildings he erected were to be seen. "I built the first hotel on a lot about two blocks west of here, and it's there yet," smiled the pioneer.

On the way to the hotel, Wintz told me that he had "built both mills that had flourished in Annawan."

"Flour-ished?" I murmured, with a sidelong glance; but it glanced off.

"Union Hotel" said Wintz as we approached a huge frame structure, located on the northwest corner of the cross streets, and making one of a row of pretty modern houses. It faces east, and has a queer boxed-in main entrance. This oddity in architecture resembles a piano-box set into the end of the house. Here the landlord of long ago stood to welcome the traveler, the while smiling and "washing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water." Here, upon

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this soil where our dainty trilbies trod, the brogans and boots of the old settlers stamped and killed the grass. Here, too, the mocassined tread of the savage stole to and fro.

This oldest of Henry county hostelries was built by Wintz for Joseph L. Dow, in 1852. Dow sold it to Fountain H. Slater. Slater was the landlord for many years. J. B. Baldwin, a well-known old soldier, occupies spacious rooms in the L extension. The main building is occupied by two families. Baldwin courteously threw open the ancient kitchen and pantry, which are just as they were in the prairie days, even to the big old blue flour chest. The kitchen is spacious, and the pantry is really a shelved storehouse.

While this is the first hotel in Annawan, it was antedated by the "Dingman Hotel," two miles south of Annawan, on the old stage road. "Batten Corners" is the present appellation of the old hotel site.

"This must have been a flat-looking landscape in the grass age," I observed, my vision roaming the vast reaches of level country to the north.

"Flatter then than now," rejoined Wintz. "In the low places the grass was so high that the surface appeared on a level with the high places. Rough lot in the long grass. I made all the coffins here up to the breaking out of the war. A man died over in Alba township. Had to take him to Fairview burying ground north of Annawan, that being the only consecrated burying ground. Four men came in together to order the coffin. They drank a good deal, and had a jug of whiskey with them when they left. When they came for the coffin next morning, they got another jug of whiskey. When the funeral procession, consisting of one wagon and the four men, arrived in Annawan on the way to Fairview, they had the jug replenished. When they finally got ready to start, they looked in the hind part of the wagon to see if they had the spades along to dig the grave with. They then discovered that they had lost the corpse. It had slid out when they were pulling up out of a ditch. If that hadn't been a good coffin, it would have busted," added my old friend, proudly.

I saw many warm friends that day. It was ninety-seven in the shade. Hay, father and son, are well-named successors of the grass age. Then there were Howard Fitzkee, builder of the fine Catholic church, and now building the elegant township hall, and his brother, Supervisor Elmer Fitzkee, Toll Everett, Grant Kendrick, Farmer Moon, Dewey, and genial Bob White. Duke Barker was in California.

Speaking of my friend Moon his earliest Moon-risings were at Barren Grove. He and his little brothers and sisters used to relieve the loneliness by running out to the state road, which passed close by, when the dust afar off signaled an approaching train of Prairie schooners, or other wayfarers. The little Moons would stand in the grass by the roadside, and watch the passers-by. One day they ran down to see something which they could not make out at a distance. Its general outline was feathery, red and long. On it came. It was old Chief Shabbona and his tribe, all in single file. The little Moons skimmed the butterflies off the herbage as they hiked for home.

"I've seen Indian trails that deep," said Wintz, putting his hands at about the distance apart of the length of the fish that got away: "and the water used to wash them deep and wide, making regular gulleys."

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ATKINSON TOWNSHIP.

"Fair as a garden of the Lord" is Atkinson township. Out of Atkinson township flows a golden river of yellow corn. The township is peopled largely by Belgians. These people have not yet arrived at the stock-feeding era, as have the older farmers. The Belgians sell their corn, all of it, except the goodly portion which they feed to their exceedingly fat horses.

The pioneer Belgian was Anthony Bouwhuis. He passed away several years ago. Anthony was followed by the Van Landschoots, DeClercqs, Rumlers and others, who have become solid citizens. Most of the older generation have passed away. The Belgians are money-makers. They mind their own business, pay their bills, and are a good element of the community.

Atkinson township was named for Charles Atkinson, late of Moline. He held large areas of land in the township, and owned the land on which the village is situated.

Atkinson township is a level tract, with much low-lying land in the northern sections, through which Green River once wound its sluggish ways; but through which that stream now darts swiftly, because of the great work of straightening its channel. Vast reaches of the richest land on earth have been saved to the farmer through the widening and straightening of that stream. It was a half million dollar job; but the land it has saved is worth three millions.

In the south portion of the township is the beautiful Shabbona Grove. This forest is five miles long and a mile broad, and lies about one mile south of Atkinson village. Here it was that Shabbona, Friend of the White Man, noblest of savages, had his summer resort. Here it was that he encamped with his faithful three hundred pound squaw, with "Crazy Jack," and all the young men and maidens of his tribe. Here is where the missionary from Stephenson, now known as Rock Island, found the noble Shabbona, basking beneath the branches of a big oak tree. The missionary struck an attitude and repeated Pope's well-worn lines:

> "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

"He called me Low," rasped Shabbona, stringing his bow: "and poor. I know I am not rich; but ——"

"Shut up, and take the pappoose," ordered Mrs. Shabbona, shaking a ham-bone at the old man. "That feller's full of firewater. Don't you hear him rhyme "mind" with the "wind." Proves his mind is thin as air." And another Indian outbreak was averted.

The first settler was Andrew Taylor. He passed over years ago. He had a son John in Cornwall. Mrs. Steele Hamilton of Geneseo was his daughter.

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Afterward came Asa Crook, now deceased. For a generation he was the oldest settler living in the township. He settled on section 18. J. W. Little was one of the earliest settlers. Then came John Welch. The latter was both farmer and preacher, and good at each.

But the township's early settlement was slow. Until the Rock Island railroad came in 1854, the settlers were like angels' visits. It was horseflies and gophers on the hills, mosquitoes, malaria and muskrats in the swamps.

But the railroad wrought a wondrous change. It came in 1854. Then followed the drainage of the swamps in 1856. The Nowers family came. Thomas Nowers, Sr., the old English capitalist, hunter and out-of-doors man. Many's the day I have shot wild pigeons with him in Shabbona Grove. The old man is no more. The pigeons are gone. Uncle Thomas Nowers "was of a numerous house," as Lord Tennyson puts it. He had sons and daughters a-many, all of them large of frame, soul and mind. This family has been to Atkinson like the pillars that sustain the temple. Nearly all the sons and daughters of Thomas Nowers, Sr., yet live. Hon. Thomas Nowers, Jr., fell dead in 1908. He was about to make out a check for a customer in the Atkinson Bank, of which he was the cashier. His hand halted in the work, he gasped, fell to the floor and was dead. He served his district in the legislature, and was supervisor from his township for many years.

In 1855 came Robert W. Milar, Otis W. Mankins came in 1854. John K. Trickell came to the county in 1836.

To sum it all up, Atkinson is what I called it in the beginning, "fair as a garden of the Lord." And long may she have her great fields of waving corn, and long may she send to the markets of the earth her golden stream of grain.

ATKINSON VILLAGE.

Not in Henry county, hardly in Illinois, is there a busier scene than in the main streets of the village of Atkinson when the signs are right for selling corn. The Belgian farmers swarm from all the roads which lead to Atkinson, and focus in the vicinity of the grain warehouses. Sometimes there is a blockade, wheels get locked, horses balk, and the babel of tongues is fast and furious. In these crises there is but one sure reliance, but one certain panacea. That is the generalship and potency of the truly good Macauley. He may be buzzing about in his office with all the intensity of a bumblebee beneath a glass goblet, darting from book to book, whizzing from account to account, perspiring like a butcher, and talking on subjects of the profoundest import to seven men at once; like the Magi of Old he can drop all these cares, crosses and conversations at one fell swoop, fly to the door, mount the hub of a wagon on the scales, raise his hand, give one sweeping glare all round, and the thing is done. Wagons become unentangled, horses are hypnotized to be good, the shrieks and chatterings subside to a murmur, and all is well. Some may doubt that this is an historial episode. Men of intellect may be produced who have seen the episode.

When Robert W. Milar came from Ohio and settled on the Atkinson village [illegible] in 1856, he found that preceding him were Lorenzo Eldridge, Stephen Trekell

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Grant, Michael Milar, John Crosby, George Rummell, D. Walters, John Rummell, John Heller, Asa Crook, John Bowen, Harry and Henry Fones, George Williams, C. J. Gierhart, W. W. Taylor, E. F. Rose, George Lawbaugh, Andrew Miner, Sperry Howard, and Wally Smith. There be those who contend that Sperry Howard was the really oldest inhabitant, with all the rights and privileges of that office to remember the weather, the winter of the big snow and the summer of the high wind.

Milar and family probably were the first to move into the village. Milar was a good carpenter. Two other houses were going up at the same time; but Milar came down the home stretch first, and his family stretched into the home first. The first occupied house in Atkinson afterward became the property of Fred Kaiser. One of the other two houses was the hotel. It was built by Trekell. The other building was the first storeroom by N. W. Taylor. Taylor was the first storekeeper and postmaster.

The fourth building was a schoolhouse. This eye to education has distinguished Atkinson ever since. The fourth building a schoolhouse! It's a record. It should be written high in all the annals of Atkinson. This primal schoolhouse was afterward bought by Thomas Nowers, Jr., and converted into a dwelling. Once in its career it was a hotel. Then it was split in twain and became two dwellings. George Lawbaugh built the next dwelling, then Dr. Lucas. The latter sold to Brandon. Then came Slusser. Isaac Fry, E. F. Rose, George Babbitt. E. F. Rose built a grain elevator. Prices always rose there, and Atkinson's great grain game was on.

Stephen Trekell put up a storeroom. Lorenzo Eldridge built and opened a store. Then Samuel Brant. The first brick building was erected by Ed. Everett in 1867. Everett's trade outgrew the capacity of this building, and he built and moved into another, which he yet occupies. This is the largest single storeroom in Henry county. The woodwork in this store is a marvel of ingenuity. It was put together with matchless grace, and finished with consummate art. The man who did it was John Fitzkee, a resident of Atkinson. This man also did the fine work in wood in the interior of the Henry County courthouse. John Fitzkee is a genius. He does not look the part, being a diamond in the rough to gaze upon; but he certainly could work wonders in wood.

Indulge me a moment, gentle reader, while I set down a good word for Ed. Everett. He was my boyhood's chum and companion. It was his success as a druggist that put it into my head to be a druggist, too, and that led me to go to the Atkinson High School one winter, to study Latin under James Smith, brother of Dr. William Smith. Druggists' labels are in Latin, and physician's prescriptions are in Latin, so that a druggist in any part of the world can immediately fill a prescription. If I am in Russia, I can have a Geneseo doctor's prescription prepared at once, if the druggist isn't out somewhere killing a few Jews. It would be inconvenient were the prescription in English, and the druggist would have to wash the blood of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob off his hands, and then sit down and learn the language. Besides running a successful drugstore, Ed. Everett added groceries, dry goods and other merchandise, and all were successes. Then he dug a ditch nineteen miles long between Green and Rock Rivers, and I don't

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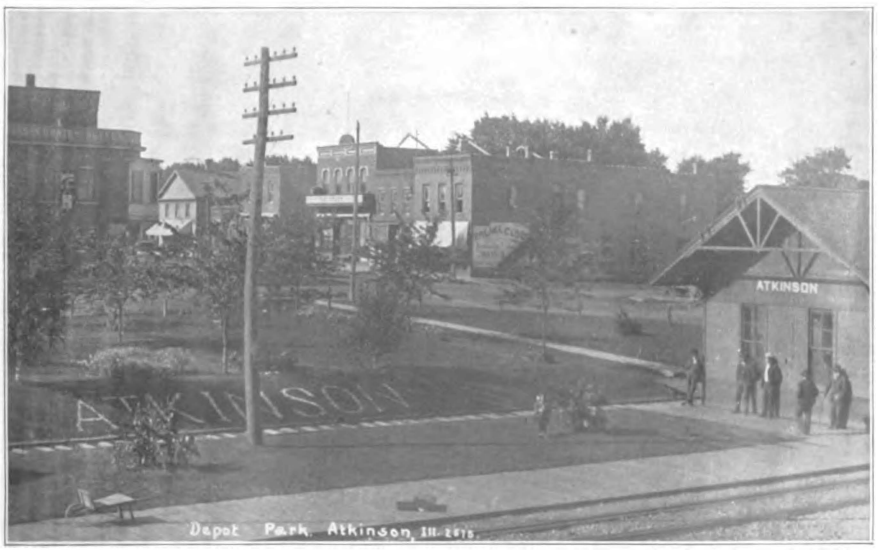
CATHOLIC SCHOOL AND PARSONAGE, ATKINSON



DEPOT PARK, ATKINSON

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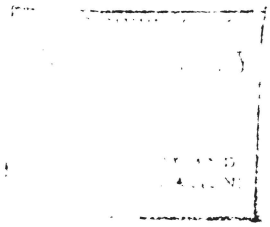

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believe that was a very great success financially, though it was a good proper ditch. But, as Tennyson says:

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Ed. Everett is good, therefore noble. All hail to the banner of Everett!

The first schoolteacher was Miss Elizabeth Nowers, afterward Mrs. Henry L. Lyon. Rev. William White, Methodist, preached the first sermon.

Legal notice to meet and vote upon town organization was posted in January, 1867, signed by Luke Wells, Amos Fry and John Ashley. Of the nineteen votes cast, eleven were for, and eight against organization. A charter was secured. At the first election, Thomas Nowers, Sr., was elected president; Dr. Levi Carter, John Ashley, Jr., George R. Babbitt and John M. Brown, members board of trustees. The town was under its special charter till June, 1878, when by vote it was surrendered, and the village came under the general incorporation law.

List of ministers of the Monroe Methodist Episcopal church of Atkinson, Illinois, beginning 1886:

W. G. Miller, October 1886 to October 1887; P. S. Garretson, October 1887 to October 1889; J. A. Alford, October 1889 to September 1890; B. F. Mattox, September 1890 to September 1891; G. L. Reed, September 1891 to September 1892; J. V. Bennett, September 1892 to October 1893; R. H. Fairburn, September 1893 to July 1894; W. S. Porter, July 1894 to September 1894; John Gimson, September 1894 to October 1895; H. Coolidge, October 1895 to October 1897; John Edmonson, October 1897 to October 1899; Edwin Thompson, October 1899 to October 1900; G. E. Alford, October 1900 to October 1903; A. A. Brown, October 1903 to October 1904; H. F. Toll, October 1904 to October 1906; F. I. Stevens, October 1906 to September 1909.

Good revivals were held during the pastorates of J. W. Ottermann, P. S. Garretson and F. I. Stevens.

During the pastorate of H. F. Toll the church property at Annawan was sold and the proceeds applied on the church and parsonage at Atkinson, making them thoroughly modern and well adapted for the use of the church.

F. I. Stevens.

Atkinson Congregational church pastors from 1884 to present time:

G. L. Dickinson, 1884-88; W. H. Chandler, 1888-89; A. E. Arnold, 1890-92; W. S. Grange, 1892-96; J. B. Johnston, 1896-99; H. J. McClements, 1899-1904; J. A. Caskey, 1904-09.

The pastorate of J. A. Caskey has been the longest of any during the history of the church. It was during his pastorate that the church building was remodeled at a cost of two thousand, four hundred dollars; and January 5, 1908 was red letter day in its history when forty-six new members were received into church fellowship. This church unites in pastorate with the Liberty Congregational, of Cornwall.

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The present population is about seven hundred. There are four churches: Methodist Episcopal, Free Methodist, Congregational and Catholic.

There is a bank, and an aggregation of excellent stores and shops.

The Congregational church was organized in 1864. The church edifice was built in 1864 at a cost of two thousand, seven hundred dollars. The parsonage was built in 1868.

The Methodist church was organized in 1857. Rev. White preached the first sermon. The preachers in order follow: White, D. M. Hill, O. W. Pollard, Knowlton, Sheldon, Morey, Kinney, Woodruff, Frick, Heckard, Odell, Fleharty, Head, Swartz, Woodruff, Keller, Otterman.

The church edifice cost three thousand, five hundred dollars.

The Catholic church commenced services in 1871. The parish has recently replaced their old church with a very fine new building. They have also housed the parish school in an elegant edifice.

FAME'S CLARION TONES.

In these latter days, comes a young man out of Atkinson who is making history. His name is Neal, and he is a baseball pitcher.

Neal was born in Atkinson, and grew up a merry kid about his father's meat market. Like all boys, he had a good deal stronger predilection for play than for work. Most of the livelong day he would stand on a back street and toss a ball to another boy, and the other boy would pass it back again. Set him to weeding potatoes or onions, and young Neal did not shine. It took him so long to weed a patch of onions that when he was finishing the last row, the weeds would swamp the first row. But when he got on the corner with that ball! Then he was so quick that his shadow was always behind him. Ed. Neal, my oldtime and long-suffering friend, beheld these symptoms in the boy with feelings of dismay. Many a time did he call the boy up to the butcher block, and feel as if he ought to chastise him with the cleaver, instead of which he lectured the lad on the iniquity of foolishness. When the good Lord put a boy's head on, it was to study with, to guide his hands in the potato and onion patches, and for all good works; not to dodge vicious high-balls with. The boy would look softened and saddened, like a boardinghouse pie, and Ed. would wink at a grinning pig's head, and scrape the sycamore block with renewed hope. Then, in about a minute, swat, swat! he'd hear that ball again.

The lad got into the Atkinson nine, and larded the lean earth with the gore of the groundlings. Rock Island players saw him bore zigzag holes in the atmosphere with the ball, and called him. He made good. Every chance he had he made good. He got into the papers. Fame put her golden horn to her radiant lips and blew a peal for Neal.

Now he gets as much salary a season as would build a row of butcher shops with two ends and a middle to it. Old man Ed. leans on the sycamore block and reflects that, after all, a big bundle of banknotes and the clarion trumpet of Fame really beats amputating weeds out of a potato patch.

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OLDEST MERCHANT AND CAPTAIN JACK.

Seated in the tonneau of a wheelbarrow was the oldest retail merchant of Henry county. His name is Henry L. Lyon, and he has sold goods in Henry county just one year less than half a century. He has occupied one store building in Atkinson for forty-six years.

The vehicle was in the grateful afternoon shade of Henry Rumler's huge hardware store. A hardware store always appears cooler to me than any other kind of a store, except an ice store, or an ice cream emporium. The situation appealed to me. I was giddy with the heat, for it was that hot day in August, 1909. I had a dizzy, reely feeling, not due to the four saloons that cluster in and close by the immense Merritt building, nor to any one of them; but to the fact that I had been half-cooked in Annawan a couple of days before. A half-cooked person is only half baked, and half-baked persons are not reliable. They talk at random, and do things which make the judicious grieve.

"I mowed grass right there, and it was nearly as high as your head," said the fresh-faced, bright-eyed veteran merchant who is seventy-five years young, as Oliver Wendell Holmes so patly said of himself. He pointed to the middle of Main street, where the dust quivered in the living heat. "Down that street," pointing to the thoroughfare east of the Lyon & Ransom store, "Jack Nowers and I mowed grass that people got lost in."

Here I hunched Henry L. so that he moved along the verge of the tonneau, and gave the other Henry L. a perch on the carburetor.

"I met Arthur Burrall, the big baronial burgomaster, on a train, and he told me that his father furnished ties to the Rock Island railway company, from Shabbona Grove."

"Yes," said the old merchant, "he did. He had tie-camps in the grove, and furnished a great many ties for the first track."

I got astraddle of the carburetor for a firmer hold, and my heat-inflamed fancy pictured the wilderness of the primitive forest, where

"Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag."

I could see the men of Long Ago swinging their shining axes, as they hewed the ties that bind the great world together.

"Captain Jack lived in the edge of Shabbona Grove," I prompted. "It is said that he died on the road to Texas, whither he was driving in a cart."

"He got as far as St. Louis, and died there in a hospital. He was bewildered,"

"You must have known him?"

"First man I met, outside the family. When I got here, I told father Nowers that I wanted a job right away. He took me to Captain Jack's, where I worked two months. Jack had been down in Cuba. He had a heap of cigars as high as the door piled up in one of the rooms of his home. In the same room was a hogshead of West India rum. Jack never offered me a cigar, or a drink of the rum."

I groaned in sympathy.

"Jack had two thousand dollars quilted into the seat of his pants, between the outer cloth and the lining. This was in the days of wildcat money. A man would go to bed with a fortune in cash, and get up in the morning with a lot

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of useless dirty paper. Jack drove a span of mules to Cincinnati, with that wad of wealth in his trousers. At Cincinnati he traded the two mules for two negroes, and proceeded on to San Antonio, Texas. At San Antonio he bought an immense area of land. When he got home, he yet had that money quilted into his clothes. Every bank represented by the money had broken, and the notes were not worth a cent on the dollar."

"The ways of the man were mysterious," I observed, brooding over the memory of this strange man of the past. "You say that he bought an immense tract near San Antonio. The probabilities are that he would be required to pay part of the purchase money down. Now, he returned to Illinois with his two thousand in his jeans. Why didn't he pay that on the purchase of the land? It may have been good at the time. It probably required a couple of months to get from San Antonio to Shabbona Grove."

Henry L. Lyon made no attempt to solve the mystery. He began to writhe and manifest uneasiness. Judge Gresser came along and furtively tried to overturn the wheelbarrow. We both growled fiercely, like the Lyons do.

Captain Jack was a man of great wealth, and of many eccentricities. He grew more odd as he grew older, and the fact probably is that he was not a responsible man for several years prior to his passing.

Atkinson's chief characteristic is an atmosphere of prosperity. There is something doing most of the time. Grain farming brings people to town oftener than stock farming, and keeps money stirring in a more lively manner. There are two grain firms, that of Macauley and that of Humphrey. These houses pay out immense sums to the grain farmers, who are mostly Belgians. These Belgians are renters. They take good care of the land, and are noted for fat horses.

Atkinson has been built up much within a half-dozen years. The business buildings are substantial brick structures. There are many delightful villas. Atkinson is a panorama of shady, pretty homes.

Since my last visit, St. Anthony's school building and a fine Catholic church have been constructed, in the west part of town. The Manse, or clergyman's residence, is in the group of religious and educational edifices. The imposing facade of the parochial school building has in letters of gold the name of St. Anthony upon the battlements, and the four foundation stones bear the golden legends "Religion," "Home," "Science," "Country." The symmetrical steeple and outline of the church has a suggestion of old-world architecture, which must warm the hearts of the good people who will sometimes, in spite of pleasant homes and prosperity here, have that banished feeling.

Atkinson has arc lights for her streets, in which respect she scores a tally ahead of a certain sister town of larger growth. She has a fire department, cement walks, town hall,—but I've already told about Atkinson. This was written for its new light upon that weird frontiersman, Captain Jack, and to give due credit to Henry county's oldest merchant, Mr. Henry L. Lyon. And may he live long, and prosper!

I saw the hedge which Chappler, the architect and builder, moved. It is a full-grown, perfectly-trimmed osage hedge. It was on the street, and the authorities demanded that it be dug up. Instead, Chappler moved it. It is ten rods long. He moved it half a rod. Think of the task! But Chappler can do

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RUSH OF CORN TO MARKET, ATKINSON



SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN ATKINSON



BELGIAN GAME OF ROLY BOLY

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anything he undertakes. The job was done
el Atkinson marveled.

THE DEER WINT

I remember well two old men talking of
the Geneseo News, long ago.

"It was a singular winter," said one, while
and nodding acquiescense. "Old Shabbona a
ast end of Shabbona Grove, just southeast o
ick farm. The Indians pretty near starve
ribes in the country, then, just a sprinkling he

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anything he undertakes. The job was done with neatness and dispatch, while all Atkinson marveled.

THE DEER WINTER.

I remember well two old men talking of the "Deer Winter," in the office of the Geneseo News, long ago.

"It was a singular winter," said one, while the other sat smiling anticipatively, and nodding acquiescense. "Old Shabbona and his tribe were encamped in the east end of Shabbona Grove, just southeast of the buildings on the old Captain Jack farm. The Indians pretty near starved to death. There were very few whites in the country, then, just a sprinkling here and there. The nearest populous settlement was at Galena, where they dug lead to make bullets to fight the Indians. There was one cabin on Spring Creek, belonging to John Taylor. There were a few over south in Henderson Grove, and in the other groves off that way. The Indians implored Shabbona to allow them to go and beg of the whites. He wouldn't do it. In his gruff fashion he declared that the whites were on the verge of starvation, too; that it would be a shame to beg food of the starving, and finally, with a savage gleam in his eye, the old barbarian declared in a voice not to be misunderstood that he would kill the first Indian who begged food.

"Then one night a heavy snow fell. It was yet falling in the morning. Snow was more than a foot deep, perhaps fifteen inches, and that's a heavy snow in Illinois. About nine o'clock in the morning the snow ceased, and a drizzling rain set in. It rained an hour or two, then turned suddenly cold. A crust was formed on which a heavy man could walk without breaking through. The Indians gave a whoop of joy, and gathered up their bows and arrows. It was a Deer Snow. They could run on top of the crust, but the sharp small hoofs of the deer would break through.

"The Indians came into camp that night with loads of venison. Old Shabbona ordered them to carry hind quarters of deer to every white family they knew of. And they did it, too.

"The snow with the crust lasted several days, and during these days the slaughter was great. Indians are proverbially improvident. They killed more deer than was necessary; but the whites got their share of the spoil, everybody had plenty to eat, and all have grateful memories of the winter when slow starvation was followed by feasting and rejoicing,—the famous 'Deer Winter' of the Long Ago."

ATKINSON'S UNIQUES.

Atkinson has instituted three unique fete days: The Home-Coming Day, Field Day, and Roly Boly Day. P. S. And Horseshoe Day!

This bright town has a well known reputation for making a success of whatever she undertakes. She has made no exception of this trinity of days.

On the inaugural Home-Coming Day, the shaded avenues of the pretty town appeared to be haunted. Faces appeared that had almost been forgotten. Dim memories of long ago sprang into being as one approached another beneath the

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whispering trees. Men and women regarded each other through tear-dimmed eyes, and spake each other's names in voices that tripped and trembled over a corduroy road of Adam's apples.

"How are you, George?"

"How are you, Hank?"

"Well, bless my soul, this is Aunty!"

"And as sure as I'm alive this is Martha!"

And so it went all over town in the early day; but, as the day wore on, all the mass had amalgamtaed in one harmonious body. Everybody had renewed acquaintance and friendship with everybody else, and it was like one great family party. A banquet was spread, poems were read, speeches were made, songs were sung. When night spread her sable pall over the fair village, all the returned members of the big Atkinson family felt that they had had the Red Letter Day of their lives.

HISTORY OF BURNS TOWNSHIP.

By Mrs. B. J. Brown.

The early history of Burns township must necessarily be brief, as the men and women who made that history have all passed away, leaving but a meager account of the happenings of their day.

By consulting the county records we find that not less than a dozen entries of government lands in Burns were made as early as 1817 and 1818, but finding no trace of the actual settlement of land at that time, we are led to believe that the lands entered were held for speculation.

The first dwellers in the land came in the fall of 1836, when John, William and Samuel Carson,—brothers, with covered wagons came from their homes in Wayne county, Ohio, and stopped near a big spring at the west side of Kewanee township. Another brother, Thomas, came with them, but finding the hardships of pioneer life not suited to his taste returned to his more eastern home in 1837. The brothers entered both timber and prairie lands, John building his first cabin on S. W. 19. Wm. and Saml. W ½ N. E. 24, Burns township.

To the fact that the first settlers must of necessity settle near the timber and natural water supply, as wood was the only fuel to be obtained, and wells were all undug, we owe the taking of the poorer soils first. Had the more fertile prairies been occupied first, the thinner soils of the timber edge would long have remained unoccupied. The men who first established homes in Burns were men accustomed to the clearing of timber lands, and the prevalence of springs as a source of water supply, and were eminently fitted to open up a new country where no hand but nature's own had wrought.

The Carson families arrived at their destination in the fall with horses worn from the journey of over five hundred miles, to find that the prairie grass, the only hay supply in those days had been killed by frost, and no corn or grain of any kind was to be had unless it be hauled a long distance. It must be borne in mind that the Andover colony was only just born and numbered not a dozen

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not a farm had as yet been plowed in the eastern part of the county. No wonder then that these brave pioneers with their wives and children looking to them for support felt somewhat despondent.

It is true that meat was plentiful, as game of all kinds from the deer to the prairie chicken were daily seen and Wm. Carson was an unerring marksman with the weapon of the day, the rifle. Wild honey also could be had with only the labor of following the flight of the bee, and cutting down the tree in which his hoard was stored. Henry G. Little relates in one of his letters that Wm. Carson or "Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly called had occasion to go to Wethersfield to engage him (Mr. Little) to teach the children of the settlement, and thinking he might see a deer made the trip on foot. He started for home about an hour before sundown, but returned in a short time to get Mr. Little's team, as he had killed three deer. He generously gave Mr. Little the finest one.

Notwithstanding these circumstances the brothers decided that it were best to take their families to the older settlements in Fulton county and rent land for a year, thus securing supplies on which to live until their own lands could be broken up and made to yield them a sustenance. So we find them the 17th of March with their wagons again covered and on their way to Fulton county. They remained there a year, returning to their Burns homes March 3, 1838. They returned to Burns, however, for a time during the summer of 1837, to break up land preparatory to raising crops the following year.

The first furrow turned in Burns was turned by John Carson in August, 1837. During the absence of the Carson families in Fulton county other settlers coming in, found those empty cabins a most pleasant surprise. In the spring of 1837, Jacob Kemerling coming from his home near Coshocton, Ohio, moved his family into the one left vacant by John Carson, while later in the same season a prairie schooner, as the white topped wagons were called, drove into the settlement bearing Merrill Otis, his wife and four small sons, Emelas, about twelve years of age, Hilimon, younger, Merrill, Jr., nine years and Jacob, six. They also occupied one of the empty cabins. Mr. Kemerling remained in his temporary home until fall when he erected a hewed log house on southeast section 35. We will say here that the range of Burns is 15-4. He afterward built a good frame house which was his home until his death. With Mr. Otis came his father Rev. Edward Otis, who was a minister of the Baptist denomination and the first divine to become a resident of the town or precinct as it then was. The Reverend Otis notwithstanding his advanced age preached throughout the country in the cabins of the settlers, and also in Wethersfield, where he held services in the log house of Henry G. Little.

As Mr. Otis built his cabin on southwest section 25, it was farther removed from the timber, necessitating farther hauling of material. Consequently it was not ready for occupancy until November, when his house and stable were raised. In those days to be a neighbor meant more than mere acquaintanceship. Mr. Little to whom we are indebted for much information says at the raising of the Kemerling house he remembers among others Colonel Sylvester Blish, H. G. Little and C. C. Blish as workers. While at the Otis raising we find the names Colonel and C. C. Blish, Chas. and Selden Miner, John F. Willard, Sullivan Howard, Norman Butler and Henry G. Little. Mr. Otis remained on his farm as long as he lived.

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The following spring the Carsons came back to their homes bringing fat horses, plenty of grain and provisions, and hopeful hearts with which to cheer their neighbors.

In that year 1838, Patrick Neville came and entered one hundred and sixty acres just north of John Carson's, and the following year built his cabin where he resided until his death some years later. Settlers now began coming in in greater numbers. Samuel Kane came in the spring of 1838. In 1839 came David Beaver, Aaron, Daniel and John Cooper, John Jones, John Lane, Joseph Kane, Robert Cunningham, James Carson and Conrad Emery. In 1840, John Russel, Lehman Matthews, Samuel Lester, S. W. Warner. In 1841, John L. Doty, Timothy Doty, Chester O. Wedge, Morris Ellenwood, Hiram Dunbar, Abraham Pewthews, Samuel Leonard. In 1843, came Jacob Cosner and Edward Otis. In 1845 came Stephen Palmer of Ohio, and Ralph Warner of Canada, father of S. W. Warner. Mr. Ralph Warner settled on the state road one-half mile west of what is known as Cosner's Corners. Here he built one of the few frame houses then in the country. To procure the lumber he sent two ox teams loaded with wheat to Chicago, which he sold at fifty-two cents per bushel, and brought back two loads of pine lumber. The remainder of the material used in the house was hewed from the adjoining timber or sawed at a sawmill on Spring Creek, and was of walnut and sycamore. Mr. Ormand Warner of Kewanee says, "when the old house was torn down a few years ago, the flooring of the front room which was of walnut, some of the boards two feet wide, were as sound as a dollar." Stephen Palmer, who was one of the early teachers of the settlement, did not enter land until 1848, when he entered E. N. W. 15-4. He held the post of commissioner in 1848 and was appointed county judge in 1853.

It may be well here to say something of these earliest of old settlers. John Carson in 1840 was appointed county commissioner but retired in 1841. At the age of fifty-eight Mr. Carson died in the same year of typhoid fever, and left the care of the family to his eldest son Hugh G., who remained in the old homestead many years, selling it to F. J. Cox, a native of Virginia, who in turn sold it to its present occupant P. J. Neville. Mr. Carson then bought the Charles Lester farm, from whence he removed to Kewanee, where he built a fine home and died in the spring of 1908, among the last of the old settlers and one of the most beloved. Samuel Carson held several town offices, among them justice of the peace and postmaster and died on the farm he entered. Merrill Otis died at his home in Burns. His sons, Emelas, Hilimon and Merrill, Jr., are dead. Jacob is, or was a Baptist minister in Shenandoah, Iowa. He was for a time a student in Knox college and a teacher in Burns. Another old settler who came in 1836, was William Cosner who, with his son David, a lad of nearly twelve years, came by water from Coshocton, Ohio, landing at Nauvoo, Illinois, walked the whole distance to Wethersfield. David Cosner used to tell of the awful thirst they experienced in crossing those long stretches of prairie with no shelter from the rays of the sun, and how homesick he felt for the huge trees and clear spring of his Ohio home. Jacob Cosner came to Wethersfield in 1838 removed to Burns in 1841, and in 1848, he entered E. N. E. section 16, seventy-eight and ninety-two acres which was his home until his death. Like all the men from Ohio he was accustomed to fruit and trees and immediately set

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a good orchard and planted walnuts and chestnuts. When the log cabin was erected on the fairgrounds, he cut one of his large chestnut trees with his own hands, though advanced in years, trimmed it and hauled it to Cambridge, delivering it to the building committee. Of such timber were the pioneers made.

Later entries are range 15-4; John Jones, May 3, 1839, W. N. W. 14; Lehman Matthews, February 27, 1840, N. E. W. 14; Conrad Emery, 1840; John Cooper, 1839; Morris Ellenwood, 1840; James Carson, 1848; W. H. Ellenwood, 1849; Elizabeth Wilhelm, 1849; Nathan Cross, 1849; Stephen Palmer, 1848; Calvin Warner, 1849.

In 1851 we have a long list, as the hard times retarded settlement somewhat in the years preceding 1851: Wm. Cowden, James Knox, Robt. Patterson, H. G. Little, Milo Jones, Jno. Warner, Leonard Dufer, Ira Parker, These are all entries. Many brought land already occupied. Some of the latter were John A. McCulloh, who was one of the early justices of the peace, also school director and town treasurer, an unusually bright upright man who died of typhoid fever in 1862. He was also the supervisor after the township organization. His brother Jonathan came.

He was a veterinary surgeon, whose practice extended the country over. J. S. Hadsall (Uncle Jimmie) entered his farm on section 34 in 1852, but did not make it his home until 1856. He was born in Luzerne county, Penn., September 26, 1822. Before removing from Luzerne county, he married Malinda Brace in 1848 who was born Jan. 13, 1827. Mr. Hadsall opened the first coal mine in Burns, and for many years supplied the surrounding country with much of its fuel. Much was also hauled to Cambridge before the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad was built. Mr. Hadsall has been justice, road commissioner and postmaster, also correspondent for the Cambridge Chronicle under the name of "Shederick." He still lives on the farm. Ira Parker owned one of the finest farms in Burns, and was prominent in all things pertaining to his town. Was its first supervisor, and held other offices of trust, a man of good education and large reading. Married first Mrs. Mary Woodruff whose son by her first marriage was later a soldier in the One Hundred and Twelfth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers. Mrs. Parker died in 1855, leaving one daughter Laura. In 1858, Mr. Parker again married, Miss Mary Louise Cowl being his choice. She was the daughter of Elijah T. Cowl who came to Illinois in 1855. Mr. Parker sold his farm in Burns, and removed to Kansas, where he and his wife died some years later.

R. D. King and family and Samuel Pratt and family came to Burns, in the spring of 1855, where they had entered land. Together they had one small room which they added to in the same fall by building on one more room. They were six in number. Mrs. King who was Rebecca Edmonds, relates: "Our house still stood on pegs and leaked in places. Our beds were in the dry places, so when it rained heavily in the day time we went to bed but if a storm came in the night, we were afraid our house would blow over, so got up." Before they had their second room finished came Thomas Whitney, with his wife and four children making a total of twelve people. The old settlers always found room for more however and they were made welcome. Two years later Mr. King built a house on his own land and lived there until 1882, when he removed to Cambridge

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where he died. Mrs. King is still living in Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt sold their farm to Hugh Martin, Sr., and removed to Kansas, where they both died. Their son, Homer, a resident of Kansas, was a soldier in the Forty-second Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Simeon Mathews was also an early settler, locating on section 9 in Burns in 1848. He married in Ohio in 1836 Phebe Rogers who came with him to this state. They lost two sons in infancy and gave the other to their country as a member of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He died in the hospital at Knoxville, Tennessee, from injuries to the head from a fall. Mrs. Mathews died March 27, 1868. Mr. Mathews married Mrs. Manerva Andrew September 13, 1870, who survived him several years. They both died in the old home in Burns.

In 1852 came another substantial citizen with his wife from Ohio in the person of John Rogers (wife Catherine Huston born August 20, 1831). Rogers was born in Belmont county, Ohio, August 14, 1820, married in Harrison county, Ohio, May 20, 1850. Mrs. Rogers died January 29, 1864. Mr. Rogers finally owned four hundred acres, residence on section 20. Honest, upright, independent, Freewill Baptist and republican.

Luther Sheldon, early settler in the eastern part of Burns, married Mary Cosner, daughter of Henry Cosner; filled offices of school director, township treasurer and justice of the peace. Died during the '60s leaving a wife who died later in Kewanee, and one son Ransome who resides in Kewanee. Henry Pease who bought the Luther Sheldon farm and lived on it for some time, was active in politics and well posted. Moved to Kansas. Mrs. Mary Brown kept the Burns postoffice on the state road one mile west of Cosner's Corners. Moved to Kansas where she died. Ormand Warner, who came with his father Ralph Warner to Burns, was born in Leeds, Upper Canada, March 22, 1835, and lived there until 1846. Was married January 1, 1858 to Miss Ruth Cosner who came with her parents to Burns in 1854, daughter of Henry and Annie Cosner. She died in 1908. Mrs. Warner was born in Knox county, Ohio, October 3, 1837. Mr. Warner has always been noted for integrity of character and has served his town fourteen years as assessor and two as collector, besides other places of trust. Mrs. Warner's parents moved to Union county, Iowa, where they died. C. J. Brown, a native of Putnam county, New York, came with his wife Sally M. (Cowl) Brown of the same county, to Burns and built a house on section 4 in the fall of 1835. They also furnished a soldier for the Union in the person of J. B. Brown, who was a member of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Mr. Brown (Uncle Jack) was a friend to everyone, always cheerful, always ready to sacrifice himself to others. He bought one hundred and sixty acres of land which had been previously entered by his brother-in-law, W. A. Cowl, and made it his home until the year before his death. He died in the fall of 1894. His wife having gone one year before.

George C. Adams was born in New York state January 31, 1826, but went to Canada when a child. In 1848 he married Harriet K. Johnson, who was born in Camden, New York in December, 1825. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were of the town's backbone, ever standing for what was best and right. The family moved some years ago to Atkinson in this county, where Mr. Adams died in 1907.

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Later came the Martin brothers, Hugh, Joseph and Robert, all men of fine principle and strong convictions, with their brothers-in-law, James and Robert McCrell, who all stood for the best in school, church and daily life, whose hands were ever ready to help the weak. They have all served their town in various ways, James McCrell as supervisor for a number of years. Mr. McCrell was also prominent in debate on political questions. Also came David Anderson, a weaver from Philadelphia, than whom no man was more Christian, though a member of no church. He bought a large tract of land, some of it entered by David Servis, near what is now known as the State Road church. He came about 1862 or 1863. Served the town as supervisor nearly the rest of his life. Mr. Anderson's word was as good as a note, and a mean action was unknown to him. He died in the early summer of 1895. Then there is the stalwart "Uncle Davie" Patterson. "Uncle Billy" Cowden, whose wife is a sister of John Rogers, died early and who again married. M. C. was the pillar of the Baptist church and true and outspoken. Mr. Robson, whose exposure in the Civil war brought on what is known as creeping paralysis, but who with the aid of a noble wife and helpful children, not only made a living but secured a competency. G. W. Snow, who filled many of the positions within the gift of his townsmen, was always one of the prominent men of the community. He died in his home in Cambridge, which he had occupied some ten years, in the winter of 1906-7. W. S. Charles, who located in Round Grove, and near whose place a pair of horse thieves camped in the early days, and who were caught the next night camping in the northern part of the county. J. L. Jennings, who lived over the line in Cambridge township, until 1860, when he married and settled in Burns. Mr. Jennings was color-sergeant of the One Hundred and Twelfth Regiment during the Civil war. He was wounded at the battle of Eutaw Creek, Georgia, also at Franklin and again in 1864. Mr. Jennings was generous to a fault and at the time of his death was the largest man in the county. No doubt many of the old settlers are left out of this history, but facilities are small wherewith to compile a complete account.

MINISTERS.

Among the earliest divines we find aside from Rev. Otis already mentioned was a Baptist minister by the name of Tinker, a Congregational minister named Prescott of Annawan, and Rev. Vaill of the Wethersfield colony, and Rev. Pillsbury of the Andover colony, the last two also Congregationalist. Later the Methodist Episcopal church sent ministers who organized a church. Services were held at residences and at schoolhouses after they were built, until about 1858 or 1859 the Baptist people with the help of the community built a substantial frame building on the state road, two miles east of the west line of the town. They occupied it as long as enough of their denomination lived to keep up the organization, then they gave way to the Free Will Baptists and at times the Christian people. Later the Methodist Episcopal occupied it for a time, when in the early '90s the community purchased it of the Baptist association to be used by any denomination, who would keep expenses. At the present time (1908) it is occupied by a newly organized Congregational church, under the care of Rev. Pierce, pastor of the Cambridge Congregational church.

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In 1859 the Methodist Episcopal people erected a house of worship on the state road about one and one-fourth miles south of Cosner's Corners. Where they have maintained worship ever since. It was at first supplied by the Kewanee pastor but latterly it is made a part of the Atkinson circuit. The first minister was Rev. Graves of Kewanee and Father Wedge of Wethersfield, a local preacher often occupied the pulpit.

The first marriage in the little community was that of John L. Doty, and Sophia Carson, celebrated March, 1839, the second according to Mr. Little was Conrad Emery and Jane Carson, June, 1839. No weddings are recorded until December 9, 1843. Timothy Doty, Sophia Jane (or Ann the record in one place has it). The record says Edward Otis performed the ceremony.

H. G. Little says "I performed the ceremony and gave the bride the fee." A daughter of Mr. Doty, Mrs. Otis Mankin of Kewanee, says the family record also gives Mr. Little as officiating. They were married in a log house on what is now the farm of John Taylor, then owned by one Cooper. The records say on the same date, the family say, one week later. Hugh G. Carson and Emily Doty were united in marriage by the Rev. Otis.

The first death was that of a child of Mr. and Mrs. David Beaver. It was also the first child born in the town. The second death was Timothy, son of John L. and Sophia Doty.

SCHOOLS.

The first school taught in Burns was in a small cabin fixed over for a schoolhouse on Samuel Carson's farm. The first teacher was Miss Jane Venom, who taught in 1840; second teacher, Miss Flora Newton; third, H. G. Little in the winters of 1843-44, also 1844-45. Times were exceedingly hard in the years from 1837 to about 1850, and as Mr. Little needed rails and the settlers had muscle, it was agreed that he should take rails at one dollar per hundred in recompense for his services. They were split and delivered in March of each year by each man.

Mr. Little says he made objections to taking the school as the distance was so great when he was told that anyone in the neighborhood would willingly give him his dinner. Thus throughout the two winters he took his midday meal at first one cabin, then another.

Mr. Little gives the list of his pupils as follows: (Carsons), Wilson, Margaret, Donaldson, Elizabeth, Polly, Wilson second, Rachel, Robert, Timothy, Jane and Alexander. (Otis,) Mary Ann, Emelas, Hilemon, Merrill, Jacob, Marilla, Susan and Harrison, Jane and William Leonard, Nathan Cross, Tim Doty and Hugh Carson.

Visitors were plenty and high praise was accorded the spelling and other exercises. Spelling schools were in great favor and formed one of the social events. Other very early teachers were Stephen Palmer, William Dalrymple, John Pounds, Melissa Ellenwood and others whose names do not appear, some of whom Mary Jane Carson, now Mrs. Thomas Houle, laughingly declares only knew what the key to the lesson used told them. She tells of taking a prize in spelling, the prize being fifteen cents.

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Later a frame schoolhouse was erected across the road from the one occupied. Soon after another was built near Cosner's Corners, and a little later one on land given by Uncle Billy Cowden, until at the present day Burns has eight well equipped districts, beside fractional. The most continuous service of any teacher in Burns township was no doubt given by Riley Cosner, eldest son of Henry Cosner, who began at twenty-two years and taught for many succeeding seasons. He afterward went to Iowa and thence to Holt county, Nebraska. He kept up his work in school until he was sixty-eight years of age. He died in Nebraska at the age of seventy-two.

In my limited space I have spoken little of the women of the early settlements, how they lived well on nearly nothing. Manufacturing pies of sheep sorrel, crab apples, wild plums and grapes, tomatoes, vinegar, etc. In times like the depression of late thirty and forty, when a load of wheat or corn taken to Chicago or Peoria brought but little more sometimes than would defray expenses of the trip. Luxuries aside from those made at home were not to be considered for a moment. But the keen appetites gotten up by long rides of jolly parties after wild fruits, nuts, etc., made a relish for the big pots of hominy made by the housewife, the dish of succotasch and other homy as well as homely dishes. The good housewife made the stranger always welcome to her frugal fare. Before the advent of enough women to go around, it is related of several of the men that at one time having waited until the supplies were short before starting two men and teams to Peoria for more, and high water delaying the teams for three days, they were reduced to roast pumpkin to eke out their meals. The way in which they managed was this: Before going out in the morning to chop timber a pumpkin was set up before the fire and left to roast until noon when that half was eaten, and the side uncooked, propped up and left to furnish a supper dish. So much for single life in pioneer days.

AMUSEMENTS.

There were plenty when whole families, or two or three families piled into sleds and thought nothing of going five or six miles to spend an evening with a neighbor, or to spelling school or meeting. The picnic, the quilting and cornhuskings, every occasion was seized upon by these whole-hearted people, for a merry making. Hunting and fishing among the men, was a weekly pastime. They used to tell of Uncle Jake Cosner and his nephew David, that at one time Uncle Jake shot a big buck in the timber. At the crack of the rifle the buck fell apparently dead and Uncle Jake rushed up to cut his throat when his game began to rise, when boy like Dave jumped upon his back and grabbed him by the horns. Then commenced a royal battle, the deer plunging and leaping into the air and Dave clinging to him like grim death; Uncle Jake, meanwhile, shouting "hang on to him David, hang on to him, stick to him," and David did stick to him. He could do nothing else, until Uncle Jake got the opportunity to end the struggle

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captains selected to head the crowd, and a scale of points adopted by which to count the game, thus a deer counted the most, a wolf next, then came the lesser animals and birds, even down to the crow. Each party was to start at daybreak and hunt until sundown of each day. Meeting at the place appointed the last evening, when the game was to be counted and points of each side recorded by judges. The winning side was to be treated to a big dinner by the losers. Uncle Jake Kemerling was captain on one side and the dinner which was partaken of by the families of the contestants was at his house. Thus about a hundred people had a grand jubilee. Grand wolf hunts were an annual institution, and any boy could go out and shoot all the prairie chickens he wanted in an hour or two. In fact, they were so unused to danger that were the hunter concealed he could pick off a whole flock before the birds realized their danger. This was all right as long as the birds were needed for food, but it is to be deplored that the continued wanton slaughter of birds and their nests have rendered them almost extinct. A few deer were seen as late as the late fifties. In the fall of 1855 B. J. Brown relates seeing a drove of about a dozen feeding in a cornfield south of Round Grove.

DRESS.

Dress in those days did not figure largely in the thoughts of the rural settler. A garment once made was fashionable until worn out. When we remember that in those first few years of what was then Burns precinct, every article used had to be hauled from Peoria or Chicago, even pins and needles were at a premium. It is true, small stores sprang up in the villages of Wethersfield and Andover, but the farmer's capital was his grain and hogs, and until the railroad came there was no market for them nearer than the places named.

It is related that some time in the early '40s after Jacob Cosner had commenced to entertain travelers at his home at Cosner's Corners, James M. Allan, living in the northern part of the county, started with a drove of hogs for the Peoria market, driving them on foot. A snowstorm came on, and by the time they had gotten to Uncle Jake's tavern the roads were blocked to such an extent that he had to remain there several days. Under these circumstancs, clothing was bought more for wear than fashion.

HEALTH.

Slough wells were no doubt responsible for much sickness that was laid to "turning up the sod." Malaria and typhoid fever were both quite prevalent. Indeed a man or woman who did not occasionally have "the shakes" was a curiosity. Doctors were scarce and far off, and home remedies mostly used. Nurses were unknown, the neighbors performing for each other such duties. It is no wonder that death frequently followed an attack of typhoid, when even unskilled nurses were changed almost nightly and the patient was daily given the very water that had caused the trouble. Cholera also came near in '49 when several persons out of the many who had started for the gold fields of California sickened and died and were buried near Cosner's Corners.

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IMPLEMENTS.

The breaking plow comes first. Often constructed at home by some one more or less familiar with tools, and taken to the nearest blacksmith shop to be "ironed" which consisted of but little more than putting on clevises. It was an implement to be remembered. O. R. Warner of Kewanee, says of his father's plow, made in 1845, "We went to the timber and cut and made the wooden part, and took it to Caleb J. T. Little of Wethersfield to be ironed. And could that plow have been kept and placed beside utensils used today, it would better illustrate to our boys the country's improvement than anything they could be told. Corn at first was dropped by hand, and shelled by hand. Then came the hand dropper which saved the backs of the women and children and the sheller turned by a crank (by hand). Later the planter drawn by horses from which a boy sitting on the machine dropped the corn by pulling a lever for each pair of hills. Corn was then shelled by machine turned by one horse hitched to a lever, and grain cutting has developed from the cradle first to the hand rake machine, which was killing to the man who raked in poorly ripened grain and had to be bound by hand, to the present machine that cuts, binds and carries the shocks together. While corn is now shelled with an engine at the rate of several thousand bushels per day. It was thus with all implements. All were of the most primitive, from the double shovel plow to the little old thresher.

POLITICAL.

While Burns furnished a large number of soldiers for the Civil war, feeling ran high during the '60s and clashes, mostly wordy, were of frequent occurrence. Elections during and after the war, were closely watched on both sides and much recrimination and "back talk" indulged in. The town now usually elects a mixed ticket of good men.

Of the sons and daughters who came to Burns with their fathers or who were born soon after, but little has been learned by your historian. Suffice it to say that Burns' boys and girls have actively responded to the efforts of their parents in their behalf.

The town has furnished the present day with many fine farmers and home-makers, both here and in the west. One successful physician in the person of W. W. Adams of Atkinson, two lawyers, Price Adams of Los Angeles, California and A. R. King of Delta, Colorado, who has also served as judge. One minister, Rev. G. D. King of Montana, who has been presiding elder and editor of the Christian Advocate (Methodist Episcopal) at Bozeman, Montana, and successful teachers innumerable, several good merchants, salesmen and jewelers, etc., and now possesses as fine a group of young people as any town in the state.

A few years later came Henry Cosner, another brother from the same locality in Ohio, who was born in 1812, and died in Iowa in 1894, at the age of eighty-

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P. H. Neville owns and resides on the John Carson farm adjoining that of his father, which he also owns.

Thus has been sketched the pioneers of our town at some length. Some are left out, no doubt.

P. S. I think I left out Zion church on the north line of Burns township. It was built in 1867. Liberty church in Cornwall was built in 1863, and dedicated by the president of Hillsdale College, Michigan. The Presbyterian church in Cornwall (since abandoned) was built in 1873. Zion church was dedicated by Dr. Evans, then president of Hedding College.

UNCLE JAKE OF BURNS.

Mrs. Brown's splendid history of Burns township, included with the histories of the other Henry county townships in this volume, is lame in but one particular—she forgets how Uncle Jake Kemerling of Burns used to frighten the "tenderfeet" with wolf stories.

The old man was a most genial and companionable man. The people proved their love for him by making him school director and assessor for a straight score of years.

He delighted to meet a fellow-pioneer, and swap adventures with him. But he delighted yet more to find a real innocent from 'Way Down East, and fill him up with nightmare material for six months to come.

It is a matter of doubt if the little gray prairie wolves ever got together in packs big enough, or got hungry enough to give them the desperate courage to attack even a lone man. The Illinois wolf is first cousin to a Colorado coyote. Both are cowards incarnate. Always hungry, never having a full stomach or a contented moment from the instant of his birth till he gets smashed, the gray wolf by tradition and experience comes to believe that a gnawing at his vitals is their natural state. He sneaks, lurks, shies, scoots and jukes through life. He is afraid of his own shadow. Yet our old man of Burns would tell the tenderfoot awful yarns of the wolf's courage and daring. He even worked in the ancient story of the fiddler and the pack of wolves:

A solitary fiddler was going afoot and alone in the eventide, to play for a dance. He walked swiftly, for fear lurked in the ghastly gray shadows which closed him in. The air of the encroaching night shuddered with terror. The evening birds flitted past with startled cries, foretelling a tragedy. On on forged the fiddler, casting keen glances around him. Miles yet stretched before him to where the gay company awaited his coming, hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay, though the dance was fully five miles away. He noticed the glimmering of the will-o'-the-wisp in the swamp. Then he felt there was going to be trouble. He threw his whole soul into his heels, and skimmed along the plain. Ah ha! What's that? A long, low, bloodcurdling howl breaks the silence. It is like when the baby swallows a threaded needle, and the frantic mother yanks the thread. The lone fiddler thinks of the times at home, as an answering howl falters along the fallow lea. This is serious. He knows the meaning of those howls full well. It means that he will soon be referred to as a remains. He squeezes a little more soul into his heels, and you ought to see him automobilious then!

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HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE

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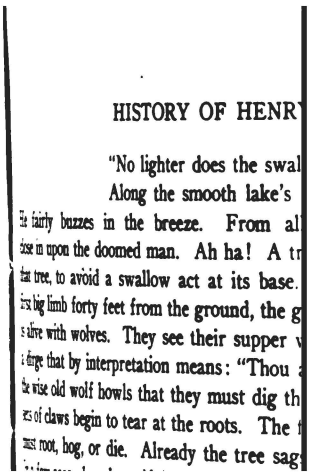

HISTORY OF HENR

"No lighter does the swal
Along the smooth lake's
He fairly buzzes in the breeze. From al
close in upon the doomed man. Ah ha! A tr
that tree, to avoid a swallow act at its base.
first big limb forty feet from the ground, the g
is alive with wolves. They see their supper
a dirge that by interpretation means: "Thou
the wise old wolf howls that they must dig th
ers of claws begin to tear at the roots. The
must root, hog, or die. Already the tree sag

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"No lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim!"

He fairly buzzes in the breeze. From all sides the howling hordes now close in upon the doomed man. Ah ha! A tree! He comes the swallow act up that tree, to avoid a swallow act at its base. Just as he gets astraddle of the first big limb forty feet from the ground, the grass below becomes a living sea. It is alive with wolves. They see their supper where he sits. The boss wolf sings a dirge that by interpretation means: "Thou art so near and yet so far." Then the wise old wolf howls that they must dig the tree down. Instantly a thousand sets of claws begin to tear at the roots. The fiddler sees the roots laid bare. He must root, hog, or die. Already the tree sags and sways. Ah ha! His fiddle! In a few seconds, a beautiful baritone brand of melody rings out like a bell. The wolves pause to listen. They are enchanted. Their tongues hang out. Their eyeballs glisten. The bristles ridge their backs and tails. Never had they heard harmony so heavenly. To think that such music could be evoked by yanking the tail of a horse across the bowels of a cat! It was unbelievable, inconceivable. The fiddler changed suddenly to a rollicking Irish jig. Delirious with enchantment, the entire mass of wolves got upon its hind legs, and began to dance. Faster went the music. Faster flew the wolves. The witch's dance in Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk was nothing to it. The tongues of the wolves hung out. Exhaustion came upon them. Faster, faster flew the fiddle. Now it changed from the "Irish Washerwoman" to the "Virginia Reel." Then the collapsing wolves reeled over in heaps. The fiddler got down, trod in contempt over the mass of wolves, and reached the cabin where the dance was to be, just as a committee was making ready to start out to find him.

Such is a sample of the stories told by the old man of Burns to the sucking doves from 'Way Down East.

CAMBRIDGE—THE SHIRE TOWN.

The all-important fact about Cambridge is that it is the county seat.

Here estates are settled, lines drawn, matters of moment adjudicated, differences adjusted, crazy persons told what ails them. Toward Cambridge the sad eyed, sorrow-bent widow sets her face, to have her late husband's estate administered upon. Timid as a rabbit, scared, and apprehensive as a mother bird when the man is counting her young in the fuzzy nest, the woman is called upon to act in matters involving hundreds and thousands of hard-earned dollars, to act irrevocably and for all time, when she knows no more about legal business than a hen knows about hypocrisy, when she doesn't know a whereas from a whirligig, nor an aforesaid from an African. How important that the right kind of men are beneath the dome of the courthouse! Men of heart, of honor, upright men, who hearken to the unvoiced appeal of the widowed and the fatherless!

Cambridge is in the best location for the shire town, being nearly central. Geneseo may be more nearly central geographically, the true center being in Munson; but, population considered, looking to Kewanee, Galva and Orion, Cambridge is the more accessible. When the electric road is built, and it is sure to be, Geneseo will have no further cause to grumble about the distance. Cam-

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bridge is situated on the Peoria and Rock Island railway. This little road, but ninety miles long, is said to be the best-paying railway in the United States, considering the investment and revenue. Cambridge is a beautiful little city, with good water supply from an artesian well. This water is abundant, soft and wholesome. There is an efficient fire department. The city is lighted by the electric arc system. The people are of that higher class which always clusters about courthouses. A Cambridge audience could be distinguished by a discerning person anywhere, by reason of its preponderance of highbrows.

The courthouse is one of the best in the state. It was built about twenty-five years ago, succeeding several rather rickety temples of justice, which had been jerked about, not from pillar to post, for there was neither pillar nor post; but from crawfish chimneys to resin-weeded heights, and back again, according to the whims of chance, destiny, fate, circumstance, and the depth of water in the sloughs. Finally the county sat down at Cambridge to rise no more. That doesn't exactly express the idea; but Cambridge is the county seat now and forever.

The courthouse which immediately preceded the present fine structure, was of rather barn-like build; yet it was commodious, the people got accustomed to it, and it did very well. Its walls have echoed to the voices of a generation of lawyers now mostly gone. The aged structure was purchased by a farmer north of the town and he has transformed it into a barn. It is visible on a clear day from the village.

Cambridge was surveyed, platted and named by Judge Tillson. The christening was celebrated on June 9, 1843. Judge Tillson built a residence of poles. Others built of logs. The judge's house was smaller than anybody's. But he married, and pretty soon he built an addition. In about so long he built yet another addition. In a dozen years the judge's clustering aggregation of coops resembled a wasp's nest, when the doors stood open. And there was a little sucker in every door. Also windows.

Drawn by Judge Tilson's example and the courthouse, others built, and the town grew. Unlike almost every other western town, Cambridge's original plat covered but thirty-six acres. Out of this came Court Square and College Square, in the middle. Most towns of the day platted all the adjacent territory, leaving little for farmland. In later years this spread eagleism worked westward. Wichita had town lots staked so far out, and street car lines extended to accommodate the supposititious populace, that rabbit boys rode the fenders to defend her from the bunnies which blocked the way.

Cambridge began on the square. Yea, she began on two squares. This fact has had a high moral effect upon the inhabitants.

Workmen were hammering away at the courthouse at Morristown when the slogan rang across the prairies to rip it up root and branch, and transport it to Cambridge. The courthouse was skidded across the plain on September 5, 1843. It was used as a temple of justice and schoolhouse for three years, when another courthouse was built. The Gaines Brothers bought the Morristown transplant, and made it into a store and dwelling.

Soon it was evident that the original thirty-six acres, with two commodious squares out of it, would not suffice the growing town. Charles C. Blish was

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engaged to survey and plat, and for this surveying and platting he received fourteen dollars. Out of this he settled with his assistants, Albert Jagger and Sullivan Howard.

Then there was a public sale of new lots. In the leafy month of June, twenty lots were sold, at an average of twenty dollars each. There were thirteen purchasers. Notwithstanding this fateful number, Cambridge has had as good luck as any town I know of. Up to this writing she has escaped scot free from cyclones and tornadoes. Other portions of Henry county have been visited by these hideous monsters of the upper deeps. Cambridge is lucky in being so evenly divided upon the liquor license question, that both systems have been given trial, and the people can know from results. She bored an artesian well, and obtained a copious supply of good palatable soft water, and this was purely a matter of luck. A well a dozen rods in any direction from the one selected may have been valueless.

The visitor, be he on business or pleasure bent, finds his interest centers in and about the courthouse. This magnificent pile is a credit to the county. A grander growth of granite could hardly rise. Which reminds me of the grand granite monument to Henry county's soldier and sailor dead, which adorns the courthouse yard. It is a noble shaft, upon which great artists have chiseled the sentiments of the people in enduring stone. As that awful carnage of the early sixties gets farther back in the night of time, its nightmare horror flares more fearfully. We remember how boys dropped the bolt of calico, the iron bolt in the smithy, the plane and the plow, to go to fight and die. That fearful flare from the hell of the past reveals them lying in ditches, sleeping in mud and snow, starving in rebel prisons, reveals them with arms and legs gone, with wounds all gory and ghastly. We feel more and more as the survivors grow fewer, that we cannot do enough to prove our gratitude. Pensions, Soldier's Homes, granite shafts, these express much, but they hardly satisfy our unutterable love for the boys in blue, as we greet them with "cheers for the living, tears for the dead."

In Court Square we find a lovely expression of the culture and breadth of the people of Cambridge, in the frisky squirrels which caper about. My fastidious temperament finds much confidence in the people of a town where the squirrels exhibit their confidence first. Here they climb all over the visitor, and eat out of his hand.

Though Judge Tillson put up the habitation of poles or young logs when he was "Lord of all he surveyed.

> His right, there was none to dispute:
> From the center all round to the shade,
> He was lord of the land and the brute,"

yet it was generally conceded that the village blacksmith, John Russell, put up the first real house in Cambridge. He was called "Lord John" Russell, and was a noted man, though it is not very apparent what made him so.

W. A. Ayers built a log cabin in 1843. "Crazy Jack," the Indian murderer of Indian Jim, was confined in this cabin. An Indian cannot bear confinement. He grows frenzied, and will die.

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John, or "Crazy Jack," escaped, and went to his tribe, encamped on Rock River. The officers found him there. He was at once delivered to the officers by old Shabbona. Jack told the officers that he could not bear being locked up. The judge of the court, recognizing the high sense of personal honor inherent in the Indian character, put Jack on his honor, and let him go. Jack lived in Geneseo during his probation. I speak of this elsewhere. He supplied his hosts table with game. He was on hand when his trial was called. They let him go.

A. H. Showers built the first hotel, Showers conducted it for a time, and sold it to Michael McFadden, who made a residence of it. Showers then built the Cambridge House. In 1856, he sold it to Amos and N. B. Gould. They extended and exalted the structure till it was commodious and three stories. The Goulds sold it to James M. Weir, after running it five years. Weir sold it to Joshua Bushwell in February, 1864. Bushwell enlarged it. In February, 1876, he sold to J. W. Hartzell. It has long been closed as a hotel. The Quinn House is now the main tavern.

Moses W. Thatcher kept a hotel in Cambridge for many years. He has been dead a long time. Thatcher and his wife and daughters made a delightful home for the wayfarer. Here it was that the scribe fed his features when he went to the fair. There be many methods of making features fair. All druggists.

Cambridge has grown to a goodly size, its stores and shops are up-to-date, and there are paralleled rows of happy homes. There are shady nooks and leafy bowers, two good newspapers to tell when folks depart and return, and Boltenstern's Lake. Then there is the fair ground in the northeast corner, the mecca of all tillers of the soil, and soilers of the till. Here on Thursdays of each fair week, the whole county aggregates, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the fat and the lean, the optimist and the pessimist, plug uglies and mothers in Israel. Everybody and his family are there, and they bring the hired girl. The assemblage of top buggies is beyond belief.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The Congregational church was organized February 9, 1837, with eleven members: Nelson Gaines and wife, Henry G. Little and Mrs. Fidelia Little, H. G. and Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin, Joseph and Mrs. Juliet Tillson, C. W. Davenport, Mrs. Margaret Atwater, Mrs. Ruth Moore. The first preachers were Rev. L. H. Porter of Galesburg and Rev. W. F. Vaill of Wethersfield. Meetings were held in the court house, where the Methodists and Baptists also worshiped. In 1854 the membership had grown to twenty-four. It was decided to erect a church. The church was built in 1855, and dedicated in 1856. In 1875 it was sold to the Swedish Lutherans, and a new church was erected. Rev. Vaill preached the first year, then Revs. Baker seventeen years, L. H. Parker one year, Joel Grant three years, Thomas Douglas two years, S. F. Dickinson, J. B. Bidwell.

Note by editor: Only the first pastors of these churches are given, those connected with the upbuilding and establishment of the society. Sometimes

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SWEDISH LUTHERAN CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE

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these are extended to later years, where obta
n form a complete register.

METHODIST

Organized 1850, with twenty members.
John and Mary Russell, S. P. and Mrs. L. C.
Comstock and wife, Elias Morse and wife.
preachers following were: H. J. Humphrey,
Falkenburg, George C. Woodruff, J. J. Fleha
Lesher, Geo. I. Bailey, G. W. Morey, J. B.

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these are extended to later years, where obtainable; but no effort has been made to form a complete register.

METHODISTS.

Organized 1850, with twenty members. Among these charter members were John and Mary Russell, S. P. and Mrs. L. Cady, M. Grant, A. S. Ebright, A. M. Comstock and wife, Elias Morse and wife. Missionary Harding officiated. The preachers following were: H. J. Humphrey, C. W. Wright, G. W. Brown, D. A. Falkenburg, George C. Woodruff, J. J. Fleharty, G. M. Morey, J. D. Smith, Wm. Leeher, Geo. I. Bailey, G. W. Morey, J. B. Dillie, J. A. H. Wilson.

TRINITY.

Mission, attached to Grace church of Osco township. Membership in 1876, thirty souls. They then built an edifice costing five thousand dollars. The first local rector was J. S. Chamberlain.

BAPTIST.

Organized July 8, 1854, in the courthouse. Charter members, Wm. Talbott, Mary Talbott, Aaron Talbott, Phoebe Talbott, James M. Woodmansee, Clarissa M. Woodmansee, John McFarland, H. McFarland, Emma Blackman, Laura Bishop, Harriet Daggett, Electa Davenport, Eliza Ayers. Pastors, F. Ketchman, W. W. Smith, R. Edwards, G. D. Simmon, A. Edison, J. Shepherd, W. B. Velsher, J. Cairns, S. G. McCormack.

CHRISTIAN.

Organized 1859. Charter members Samuel Horn and wife, Mrs. A. E. Mathews, Asa B. Lobingier, George Lobingier, G. W. Sroupe, William and Martha McFarland, Wm. Kirkland. Pastors, James E. Gaston, John W. Errett, G. W. Sroupe, James Seaton, S. C. Humphrey.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.

Organized 1875, Rev. L. Carson officiating. Pulpit served from Augustana College, Rock Island.

SCHOOLS.

The first school in Cambridge was opened in 1845, Sarah Frances Little, teacher. She was a sister of the noted pioneer, Henry G. Little.

Recently public spirit repudiated the aged but substantial and sanitary structures in which the Cambridge schools so long were kept, and a grand building was erected. Cambridge is proud of her schools. Following the spirit of the place they are of a high order. Only the best teachers are chosen, and close atten-

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tion is given the individual intellectual life of the pupil, in contradistinction to the old milling process.

Three of Henry county's courthouses have been familiar features of Cambridge for many years. One is east of the public square and is used as a residence; one has been shunted into a lot in the western part of town, and used for broomcorn storage; the other is the great gray granite structure begun in 1878, and completed in two years. The contract price was sixty-eight thousand dollars; but the sum total ran up to seventy-five thousand dollars. Another of the courthouses can be seen north of town, where it serves as a barn.

The broomcorn storage house was bought by Pillsbury of Andover. He started to haul it home. The distance is five miles. With a heart swelling with love for this souvenir of the past, and reflecting upon how the children of men would come miles to see it, Pillsbury started. The outfit got stuck fourteen times in fourteen rods. It was muddy. So the flitting was postponed. But it rained and it rained. The old courthouse half-filled the street, and Cambridge was getting tired of it. Every once in a while some fond soul, who had been keeping his spirits up by pouring spirits down, would fall over the courthouse in the night. The authorities ordered Pillsbury to move on. Pillsbury yoked up to it again; but it sagged, and slumped, and stuck. There was straining and yanking and heaving; but a day was consumed in getting it a dozen rods. At this rate, Andover might be gone when the courthouse arrived, for this is a changing world. Pillsbury had a white elephant on his hands. Like a ministering angel came the banker Gould. He owned a vacant lot just opposite the old swayback. Pillsbury was sick and sore. He sold out at a sacrifice, and Gould had the building shunted into his lot, where it is to this day.

The soldiers' monument was built in 1884 and 1885, at a cost of eight thousand dollars. It is a beautiful tribute to the soldiers and sailors of the civil war. It is a credit to Cambridge and Henry county.

The population of Cambridge is about fifteen hundred.

CLOVER TOWNSHIP.

Here we are, in Clover at last!

Thomas Weir was the first settler in Clover. He arrived on April 6, 1841. Not very early.

Weir came from Mercer county. He had been a scout for a vigilance committee, an organization for apprehending horsethieves. He would be called a detective now. Then he was known as a runner. Though Weir was not very early, his closest neighbors were Winnebago Indians.

Those were times that tried men's souls, as Thomas Paine said of another time in American history. As an illustration, Weir had to go to mill, for he was out of flour. The nearest mill was at Moline. This distance was not great, perhaps twenty miles. It took Weir just twelve days to get back with his flour, and it might have been longer, were it not for the energy of Weir's nature. When he arrived at the mill, he found the miller in a mighty fume about his dam. It had broken. The miller was wet as a drowned rat, and so mad that, steam enveloped him like a mist. Weir entered his grist at once, that it might take its

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SCENES IN WOODHULL

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Weir's work got those who were ahead of h
have made it otherwise.

The first white child born in Clover ente
October, 1843. His name was James Hamn

A. P. Vannice was among the early settle
nnecticut in 1840, settling in Knox co

turn with the mob of others in waiting. His next move was to turn in and help repair the dam. Most men would have set around, whittling sticks and swapping stories, waiting for the miller to repair the dam. In fact, the others all did this; but Weir waded in and worked like a trojan. So well did he labor that the observant and grateful miller slipped Weir's grist in away ahead of its turn. This was not right in a way; yet the wrong was palliated in the fact that Weir's work got those who were ahead of him home sooner than they would have made it otherwise.

The first white child born in Clover entered into this life in Weir's house in October, 1843. His name was James Hammer.

A. P. Vannice was among the early settlers in Clover. Vannice came from Connecticut in 1840, settling in Knox county. A decade later he came into Henry county. Wm. Payton came from Ohio in 1851. Payton was justice of the peace. Daniel McQueen came in April, 1852. The settlers after that scattered in from 1852 to 1858.

To tell the truth, I feel a bit unhappy over the paucity of this section on Clover. Somehow it makes me think of the eventless life of Rover:

"I had a little dog, and his name was Rover,
He lived a little life in the land of Clover,
And when he died, he died all over."

Some day I will hitch up the family hippopotamus and head for Clover. She always pulled toward Clover, naturally. Surely there must be more early history down there than the one rather dubious circumstance of a man getting moved up out of his turn by a meretricious miller.

WOODHULL.

I first became interested in Woodhull in a peculiar way. A newspaper man named O. B. Kail lived, moved and had his being at Woodhull. Kail claimed to be firmly convinced that the world would come to an end on a day and date close at hand, which day and date had been revealed to him as a reward for faithfully searching the Scriptures.

Kail spread his doctrine and revelations in his paper till the village of Woodhull became a center of interest, around which fluttered all sorts of mental agitation, from bold ridicule to profound theories. Every writer in the hemisphere had to take a shy at the End-of-the-World agitation. Nearly all these pencil-pushers would begin like this, with variations:

"The excitement at Woodhull, Illinois, over the end of the world, reminds us of the Millerite excitement when we were little boys on our father's farms. The Millerites had their ascension robes all ready. One old Millerite deacon, who had worked hard all his life, and had nothing to show for it, said that he expected to work in heaven yet. The Millerite minister told him there would be [illegible] allowed that they would make him shove the clouds

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start ahead of his neighbors. He went to sleep. Wicked boys set the haystack on fire, and he roused to find himself surrounded by a sheet of flame.

" 'Just my luck!' he yelled, 'here I am in hell, just as I expected.' "

So Woodhull became notorious, rather than famous, through the folly of one man and he an interloper. Kail came into Woodhull to run a newspaper and thereby make a living. He was well received by the good people, and patronized well. In return he made Woodhull a butt and a jeer, which it has long ago outlived. Kail went to Iowa to depart for worlds unknown, in his muslin mummery. Why Iowa, I know not. It would be hard to answer. An Arkansas preacher was riding through a forest, when he came upon a fellow fishing in a creek. The fellow was shaking with ague, baiting his hook, and swearing at the mosquitoes.

"O, my friend," groaned the preacher, halting his horse, "you should be on the road to Heaven."

"How long you bin on the road?" demanded the fisherman.

"Twenty-one years."

"Well, if you've been on the road twenty-one years, and haven't got any closer to Heaven than Arkansas, you cain't pilot Sawney Botts, that's me."

But Woodhull has been rid of Kail many years. Her more recent editor is a wise and witty soul, who is satisfied with this world in general, and Woodhull in particular.

Woodhull is located on the line between Clover and Oxford townships. The greater part of the town is in Clover. The village was platted September 30, 1857, by Maxwell Woodhull. For a decade there was little doing. In 1861 Hugh Russell platted a portion of the present town. Here the first house was built. In 1867 J. W. Horn laid out some lots, and three years later Horn added to his plat. A large dwelling was the first building erected. E. A. Widney bought this, and made it a hotel, the Widney House.

The Keithsburg branch of the C. B. & Q. was surveyed in 1847. It was then known as the American Central Railroad. In 1868 the franchise was secured by the C., B. & Q. Then the road was quickly built, and in operation. The first building of the town was on the west side, except one or two near the postoffice. When the fact of the coming of the cars was assured, the building of Woodhull went forward by leaps and bounds. So many fresh wooden structures stood waiting windows and doors, that everywhere there appeared a wood hull. And all these aggregated made Woodhull. F. Heath had kept a postoffice at his house. He called it Heathland. "Leoti," however, was the name first chosen for the new town. It failed to adhere, and Woodhull it was.

M. N. Hurd opened the first store. Fire consumed it. T. S. McConnell built a store, which was occupied by Mr. Wright. This was burned in 1871.

Broom-corn has been a specialty of the farmers round about Woodhull. In the broom-corn season of 1871-2, Woodhull shipped more broom-corn than any other town in the Union. In 1876 over half a million dollars were paid for produce at Woodhull. Merchants prospered.

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DIVISION STREET, WOODHULL



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WOODHULL

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Woodhull was incorporated in 1870. It has
There are good schools and fine churches, Me
Lutheran and Catholic.

A town that pays half a million per annum
business. And, logically, Woodhull is one of th
on the map.

HEATHLAND AND THE P

MRS. MARY J. ST

The first settlers in and around what is no
the fifties. Many of them

Woodhull was incorporated in 1870. It has always been a prohibition town. There are good schools and fine churches, Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian, Lutheran and Catholic.

A town that pays half a million per annum for produce, is a good town for business. And, logically, Woodhull is one of the brightest and best little towns on the map.

HEATHLAND AND THE PIONEERS.

MRS. MARY J. STITT.

The first settlers in and around what is now Woodhull, came here early in the fifties. Many of them came in what is known as a prairie schooner, drawn by oxen or horses, taking from one to three months to come here from New York, Pennsylvania, or other eastern states as the case might be. Some remained through all these years, others came and soon went away, finding the hardships too great for them to endure.

In the fall of '51 my father, Joseph Paden, came here from Galesburg, settling on what is now the west part of town, building his house just about where the Lutheran church now stands. There was but one house to be seen then in any direction, and that was the "Lone House," "Howey House," "Half Way House," later called the Heath House, about one mile north of here. This house was supposed to be the rendezvous of horse thieves and other bad characters. Many and dreadful stories were told of things done and seen there. There was truth in some of them; but probably not in all.

That same spring '51, Isaac Willet built him a house in the hollow just north of where Will Shetler now lives, but we could not see it from our home.

In the fall of '52 Isaac Paden, my grandfather, built him a shanty or house on what is now Woodhull, living there until he built his house one mile south of here, where William Rutlige lately lived, moving his first house down there as a barn. His house became a stopping place for travelers on the road from Galesburg to Geneseo.

There were no bridges; all streams were crossed by fording or swimming. Many times people got stuck in some of the streams or sloughs, and often had a serious time getting out. I well remember of my father fording Pope Creek south of Woodhull, when the water came into the wagon-box. The roads were only trails crossing the prairies, so laid out as to miss the worst sloughs.

All traveled with horses or oxen, or on horseback. A lumber wagon was the only kind of a carriage any one had for a long time. There were no trees from Pope Creek to Edwards River. The prairies were covered with many kinds of beautiful wild flowers, now nearly all extinct. Prairie grass was as high as a horse's back in some places. Some of us children were once lost in it for half a day.

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by the pioneers, in their efforts to save their all from the flames. A chill creeps over me now as I remember the terrible fire that came near destroying our own home. People of today have no conception of what a dreadful thing a prairie fire was in those early days.

Some of the houses in the early fifties were frame buildings, others logs. They had from one to three rooms, often but one, which served as sitting room, bedroom and kitchen, all in one; with sometimes a loft, where the older children slept, which they reached by climbing a ladder on the wall, like what is often used now to reach the hay loft in many barns. The little children slept in a trundle bed, which was tucked under the mother's bed during the day, I presume there might be found more than one old trundle bed up in the garrets of some of our houses now. I know of at least one. When company came, beds were made on the floor, sometimes covering all the space.

Houses were not lighted by electricity then as now, but usually by a single tallow candle; sometimes there would be two burning at once but not often. Once in a while the candles would give out and then the mother would tie a button in a rag and set it in a saucer of lard and light the rag and it made a very good light,—much better than none. When the night was very dark or stormy, there was always a candle set in the window to guide any belated traveler who might be out after night or who might have lost his way. When they lived in houses with a fireplace, they did not use candles much, as light from the fire was enough. And how cheerful those fireplaces were! We used to toast potatoes in the ashes, and mother baked our bread in a Dutch oven, covered all over with coals from the fire, and how good they both tasted! It did not take very long to do up the work in the morning, when there was only one room to straighten up. I know of more than one family who had to live in their house for a while without any floor.

Cattle were herded all over these prairies by some one on horseback, often a boy or girl, as there were no fences for a long time. There were no hostile Indians here then, but I have often seen bands of peaceable Indians as they crossed and recrossed these prairies. No buffaloes, but plenty of wolves and deer, and lots of rattlesnakes.

The pioneers went first to Peoria, later to Rock Island or Milan, and later still to Andover to mill. Now we just go to town and get a sack of flour. When they went to Peoria to mill, they were gone from one to two weeks, sometimes more, as they had to wait their turn; and if there came a hard rain-storm the rivers sometimes became so high they could not be forded, so they had to wait for the water to go down, and many times they got stuck in the streams or sloughs with their load and had to unload it all, before they could get their wagon out. They were often gone so long, there was nothing at home to eat but potatoes, but they were always thankful that they still had potatoes.

The first bank in this part of the county was kept by Robert M. Wilber at his home on section 29, Oxford township, where his son, Porter Wilber, and daughter, Kate Huey, now live. He came there in 1850 or '51, and sometime after,—I have not learned the exact date,—he established the Mississippi River Valley Bank, sometimes called, "Wild Cat Bank," he keeping all moneys and

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papers pertaining to his business, in his house in a safe, that was in use in his family for many years after the bank was discontinued. Many of the settlers went to Galesburg to transact their business.

In the spring of '53, Hugh Russell bought the place my father had, and moved the house to where August Swanson now lives, in the west part of town. My father then went into Mercer county, near what is North Henderson now, to get work, as he was a carpenter. In the early spring of '56, he moved back to this community, settling where Charley Carlson lives, just east of the D. C. Howell farm, in a small house of two rooms. By this time many new settlers had come in on all sides of Woodhull, which was first called Heathland, then Leoti, this name being given it by Mattie Horn Billings.

Isaac Paden was postmaster part of the time it was called Heathland, and all the time it was called Leoti, from '55 to '57. The town was laid out in 1857 by Maxwell Woodhull, who did not live here, but in the state of New York, he owning a large tract of land in Woodhull. The name of the postoffice and town was changed from Leoti to Woodhull in honor of him in 1857, or early in '58, and the postoffice was moved from Isaac Paden's to this village, and was first kept by Dr. Ferris, in the building that is just east of where Gus. Sherman now lives, if my memory serves me right.

Money was very scarce and hard to get. Produce was often used as a medium of exchange. I paid for my first Bible with butter and have taken eggs to town to get postage stamps as well as other things. The first store was kept by Marshall Hurd and John Billings.

Mattie Horn Billings taught the first school on Woodhull prairie in her father's granary, south of here. About this time, or a little earlier, school was kept in Oxford township in the homes of Stokley Douglas, Edwin Bundy and J. W. Cox. There may have been others, but these are all I know about.

Among the earliest settlers I find that R. D. Timberlake came to Oxford township in '37, and the only settler here then was Almeron Underwood. A. B. Cole came in '39, Anson Calkins and David Whitmore in '41, Stokley Douglas, O. H. Patterson, C. C. Houghton, Isaac Paden, Michael Taylor, Daniel McQueen and Edwin Bundy in '52. Henry Stickney, father of W. C. and Alfred Stickney, Fred Heath and Hugh Russell in '53. There may have been others that I do not remember. O. E. Tilden, B. B. Schofield, William Clay, James Stitt, Sanburn Bryant, William Payton, James Lowry, Jacob Hammond, Father Esitts, William Forgy and S. B. Gamble in '54. I may have been mistaken in the time of some of these. Father Dunkle, Moses Shinn, David Bair, John Laird, W. D. Stitt, S. E. Edgerton and J. W. Horn early in '55. W. D. Stitt and Mrs. Margarett Stitt, his mother, were charter members of this church, and he writes me that he thinks he is the only one now living.

Mr. Horn was a carpenter from Galesburg, who superintended the building of seventeen bridges for the C., B. & Q railroad in 1854, when the road was built. The first trains passed through Galesburg in November, 1854. The railroad here, the American Central or "Great American Air Line," was graded ten or twelve years before it was finished. The first train went through here in January, 1869. The Howell brothers, William McConnell, Samuel Gamble, father of T. W. and S. A. Gamble, S. J. Wilson, Samuel Pritchard, Mr. Roush, William

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Kirkland, James Maxwell, Mr. Dinsmore, Mr. Mintier, Marshall Hurd, John Billings, A. E. Widney, Dr. Ferris, Harvey Sleuyter, Barney Taylor, D. Turner, F. Letts, Mr. Atwood, D. Piper, Mr. Cone, Mr. Corder, the Doyle family, Wm. Stires, John Nixon, Wm. Wilkins, Mr. Henwood, B. P. Ferris, Joseph Laird, Stephen Hammond, D. Harshman and scores of others, coming in between '55 and '59. I can't recall all their names.

In '56 Thomas Howell built the house now known as the Widney House. I believe Frank Letts or Daniel Turner had the first blacksmith shop; next, Barney Taylor; Daniel Turner and Mr. Maxwell, the first wagonshop. The first schoolhouse at Woodhull was built, if I mistake not, in 1859. Fred Heath was first teacher, Henry Scofield, Amos Holden, Sarah Gillett Widney following, and in the winter of '62 and '63 John Billings taught the school.

In the spring of 1856 the first Sunday-school I ever attended was held in an unfinished upper room in the house of David Bair, which stood just south of the Summit Level graveyard. We had boards laid on boxes for seats. Our accommodations were poor, but our instructions were the very best. Old Father Dunkle was superintendent and Mary Dunkle was my teacher. We only had Sunday-school in the summer time at first. In the fall of '56 the Rush Prairie schoolhouse, later called Summit Level schoolhouse, was built, and Dr. Ferris taught the first school, in the winter of 1856 and '57. Mary Dunkle, Mr. Wakeman, Mary Jane Andrews, Nellie Heath and Lizzie Taze Cole, were among the earliest teachers.

In the spring of '57, the Sunday-school was held in the new schoolhouse. We had no lesson leaves or helps in those days, only our testaments. We committed whole chapters from the Scriptures and repeated to our teachers, and the portions thus learned are the clearest on the pages of memory today. The mothers heard their children repeat the catechism and questioned them on the verses learned. We think we have improved greatly in our methods of teaching, but I do not believe our schools of today will turn out more devoted, wholehearted, Christian men and women, than did the old Union Sunday-school at Summit Level.

In the summer of '57, I well remember witnessing the ordination and installation of J. H. Marshall, held in the Mike Thomas grove, south of Woodhull. Mr. Marshall was the first minister I can remember that called at my father's home and read a portion of Scripture and prayed. The prayer uttered then remains distinctly on the pages of memory today.

Soon after the schoolhouse was built at Woodhull, the Sunday-school, and preaching services were held here, instead of Summit Level. The first doctor was U. B. Ferris; the second, Dr. Scofield.

As the country settled up we began to get better homes and a few of the comforts of life, though all had to work early and late, the boys and girls, as well as the older ones. In those days mothers often spun and wove the cloth that was used to make the clothing of the family, then cut and made every garment worn by every member of the family, doing the sewing all by hand, as there were no sewing machines among the common people, until about the time the war was over. Mothers and daughters spun the yarn, and knit every stocking and mitten worn by the family besides dozens; yes, hundreds of pairs, knit

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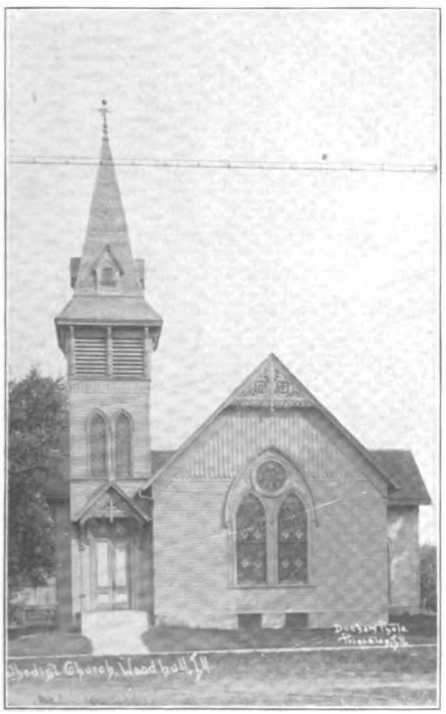
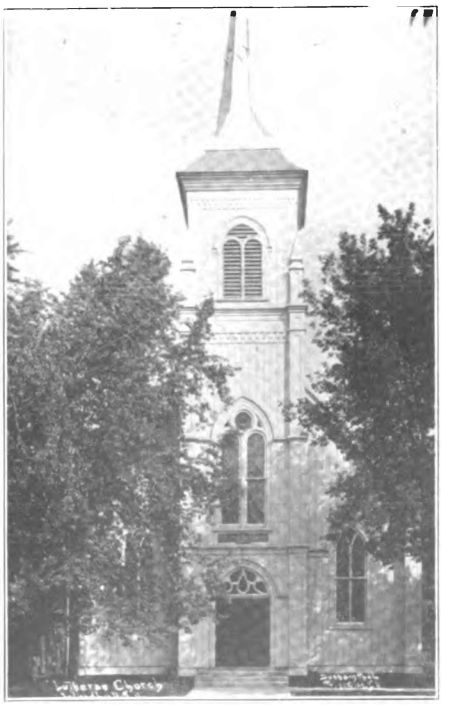


METHODIST CHURCH, WOODHULL



LUTHERAN CHURCH, WOODHULL

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Calico and muslin fifty cents per yard, and ever
Sugar and coffee were so high that the com
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put in to give it a color.

Along with the hardships we had many go
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ing. The mothers had good times, too, not in
a now, but in an allday visiting or quilting par
getting the wool ready to card for

and sent to the boys in the army. Those were terrible times; many of our loved ones gone to fight and die for our country. Prices of everything were very high. Calico and muslin fifty cents per yard, and everything else in proportion.

Sugar and coffee were so high that the common day laborer could not often get them. We used sorghum molasses for sweetening, and parched corn, rye, barley or potatoes browned, for coffee, with coffee essence (burnt molasses) put in to give it a color.

Along with the hardships we had many good times. What fun we young folks used to have going to spelling school, spelling each other down, and in getting ready for the great school exhibition as we increased in years and learning! The mothers had good times, too, not in an "at home from two to five" as now, but in an allday visiting or quilting party; or perhaps at a wool picking, getting the wool ready to card for spinning; and such good times as we did have, far outdoing the formal gathering of today in sociability, and real neighborly friendship! How dear some of those friendly ties were, bound together by hardships and many privations!

Many times in the pioneer days a messenger would come, oftimes in the night, saying, "baby, or some member of the family is sick, mother wishes you would come over," and that "over" was often from one to six miles away; and the mother would go at once, leaving her own little ones with the big girl or boy, as the case might be, not more than ten or twelve years old. Now our loved ones get sick, yes, often die, and the neighbor twenty rods away never comes near, and we are alone with our dead, in the midst of many.

In the early days every girl was taught to sew, and at the age of twelve or fourteen years could make most, if not all, of her own clothes, and assist her mother with the sewing for the rest of the family. Now girls often marry and enter homes of their own without ever having made themselves a dress, or known how to make and bake a batch of bread. It will never hurt a girl to know how to do all kinds of work, even though she may not always have to do it herself. But it will come handy to know how if she should happen to have to be cook, laundress, sewing woman, in fact, general housekeeper all in one, as most of the women of the first settlers had to be.

In the early days a family from New York settled near us. The husband and wife and wife's brother, were good singers, and the lady brought a melodeon with her, the first musical instrument I can remember to have seen.

It was indeed a treat to us to spend an evening there, and hear them sing. I have heard many singers and players since then, but none have given me greater pleasure than I then enjoyed, while listening to the old melodeon and the sweet, low voice of one of the dearest and best women I ever knew, Mrs. Maria Howell, who has long ago joined the sweet singers on the other shore.

Many and hard were some of the privations endured by the pioneers of this country, that we might enjoy what we do today. What dear and lasting friendships were formed with those who shared the hardships and privations of a frontier life, and who were made strong by victories won!

This is rather a rambling description of Heathland and the pioneers. I do not claim it is perfect or complete, but just some pages from the long ago, as I now recall them, and I may have left out many that I should have spoken of, but it is the best I could do, with the time I had.

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COLONA TOWNSHIP.

Colona township covers the ground whereon civilization took root in Henry county. Here Dr. Baker camped for a time, the first white man to locate on Henry county soil. Here James Glenn, following the strange wagon tracks of Dr. Baker, encamped, and built the first house in Henry county. Here James Glenn turned the first sod furrow of this great agricultural county, with a plow he himself had made of wood. This plow is housed in the Old Settler's Cabin at Cambridge. Here the first postoffice was located. The old original pigeon-holed equipment for the postoffice is in the possession of Louis Weaver of Cleveland. He will probably place it in the Old Settler's Cabin where it belongs. Here in Colona township was the first cemetery started. The first interment was a frozen preacher. He had got into a creek, his garments had frozen, and he chilled to death. There was money and other valuables on his person. Henry and Rock Island counties each claimed the corpse was found within its domain, and a survey was made to settle it. Won by Henry.

Ralph Baker was the first white child born in Colona township. Born in the spring of 1836. Until recently he was living in Cordova, Illinois. The first grand jury was held in Dayton, beside George Brandenburg's haystack.

Charles Rugh, son-in-law of James Glenn, owns the old Glenn homestead, and lives on it. This is the first opened farm in Henry county.

The first church was in Colona. Presbyterian. Society dwindled, and building sold to Masons, who made a Masonic Hall above, and town hall below.

M. Smith built a mill on Green River, near Colona.

Dayton, the oldest village in the county, long ago fell into a condition of innocuous desuetude. A prior historian puts it "a kind of slow forgetfulness, a quiet and unostentatious decay." his was, probably, to distinguish Dayton from towns which decay uproariously.

COLONA VILLAGE.

Colona Village, railway station and crossing of the main line of the Rock Island and the St. Louis branch of the Burlington, was platted in 1853, by Marcus Warren. J. A. Sawyer opened a grain house in 1854.

The town has a hotel and a good outfit of stores.

The United Presbyterian church was organized December 22, 1866, in a schoolhouse. Rev. Henry Wallace, who had preached in Colona in 1855 the second sermon ever preached there, signed the petition for organization, with Samuel H. Reed and others. Rev. J. F. Martin was assigned as missionary incumbent in September, 1855, to be succeeded by Rev. J. P. Finney, J. K. Blair, and John Todd. S. H. Weed, J. J. Baum and James Bell were made a building committee. A frame church was erected. Charter members, A. Stewart, Grace Moderwell, Christian Moderwell, Joseph Moderwell, James Moderwell, James Montgomery, Sarah Bell, Wm. McGonigil, Elizabeth McGonigil, Mary Cochran, Barbara McFerren, Margaret McFall.

Rev. S. H. Weed was ordained November 23, 1867. He was the Nestor of Colona. He preached in the above church till the society dissolved in 1876.

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He set up a print shop. I remember receiving from him a letter with a quaintly ingenious monogram on the envelope. First was the name, S. H. Weed, then a big P, which was the initial letter for Preacher, Printer, Public Notary, and several other appellations which I can not recall. I kept that envelope on exhibition till it was worn to a frazzle.

So well was dear old S. H. Weed beloved that he was constantly being called to various parts of the county and state to officiate at weddings and funerals. A clean, calm, cool, white old man, he was a serene pillar in the weltering vortex of hotheaded humanity. Once he was called to officiate at the funeral of an aged friend of mine in Geneseo. The funeral had been set for 2 p m. Consternation reigned when it was reported that the train had broken down. What was to be done? In the midst of the dilemma, an object was seen moving down the railway track west of town. It rapidly drew nearer. It was the aged Rev. S. H. Weed. He had walked the ten miles from Colona, arriving on time, and immediately began the service.

Colona absorbs the towns of Cleveland and Dayton. She is rather on the upward trend in recent years. She has built sidewalks and gone in generally for improvements. Colona was a no-license town till recently. License carried there and a saloon was opened.

Colona's chief interests are of a railway nature, being located at the crossing of two great systems.

CORNWALL TOWNSHIP.

Cornwall is well-named. All around it, all over it, all through it, are walls of corn. The names of some of Henry county's townships are puzzling. Not so Cornwall.

Some of them are named on the Dutchman's principle:

"Himklemyer," he said, "Do you know vhy vhe call our poy Hans?"

"Nix, Dinkenspiel. Vhy vos dhot yet, allretty?"

"Begause dhot vhos his name."

Cornwall has neither railroad, postoffice nor village.

It lies south of Atkinson, just beyond Shabbona Grove. It is land of pure delight, where corn crops follow rain. I drove through Cornwall not long ago, with an old Missourian. It was during harvest moon. Doubtless God could have made a lovelier scene; but doubtless he never did.

Out of the cool morning freshness of old Shabbona Grove. into the green lanes of Cornwall, with the walls of corn on either side. The old Missourian came from a grand old state; but the picture overcame him. He halted the horses and arose in the buggy, and, rising, drank in the freshness and beauty of the scene.

"Kiner," he said, "you have been illustrating everything we have seen with a 'that-reminds-me' anecdote. By the Lord Harry, you can't illustrate this!"

"There's but one story that applies," I returned "An aged farmer of Cornwall was approaching Paradise. The old minister tried to comfort him.

"'You will soon be in a better country,' said the preacher.

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" 'That yan't so,' shouted the farmer, rising on one elbow and socking his fist into the pillow; 'There yan't no better country than Cornwall.' "

James Southworth came from Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1837, opening a farm on section 6. He was a brother of Mrs. Abram Miller, so long landlady of the Geneseo House.

John Taylor settled in 1837, on Section 8.

Southworth and Taylor were close neighbors. Southworth had four children, and Taylor eight. The two families were the whole neighborhood for nine years. In 1846, Thomas J. Trekell settled on section 4. Trekell acquired seven hundred and sixty acres, whereas Southworth had two hundred and thirty-one, and Taylor one hundred and sixty.

Lewis Shearer came in 1850. He settled on section 18, and he acquired six hundred and ninety-four acres. Shearer was the Dean of Cornwall for many years. He was supervisor, and took the lead in many of life's affairs. He has passed over; but his sons, Norman and Lewis, are yet in the locality. Norman has been supervisor for many years, and is now.

The real filling up of Cornwall did not begin till 1852, when it was certain that the railway would be something more than two streaks of rust and the right of way.

The Calvin Presbyterian church was organized January 2, 1868. Organization effected by Rev. J. C. Barr, J. Milligan, Alex White, Charles M. Priestley, Rev. J. S. McClung and Moses W. Thatcher. These formed a committee of the Presbyterian bureau. A church edifice was erected in 1870-71, on section 27. Rev. J. S. McClung supplied the pulpit. Charter members H. S. Rogers, Mrs. Phoebe Rogers, W. W. Winters, Mrs. Virginia Winters, Wm. Allen, Mrs. Margaret Allen, Thomas Rowland, Mrs. C. T. McClung, Mrs. A. C. Torrence, John Fleming, Mrs. Mary A. Fleming, Mrs. Sarah A. Callender, A. E. Benedict, Mrs. Harriet, T. Benedict, Gabriel Romig, James J. Dickey, Mrs. Caroline E. Dickey, Isaac Callender, James Orr, Alexander Walker, W. H. Torrence.

EDFORD TOWNSHIP.

Edford township is unique among the twenty-four townships of Henry county. It has been twice settled. The first time was in the early fifties, when it was known that the Rock Island railway was to go through. Beginning in 1852, the settlement was rapid. Yankees and their cousins came. Twenty years later, came the invasion of the Germans. They swarmed from over the sea, and were enchanted with beautiful Edford. They began possessing themselves of the soil. Farm after farm was purchased by these people. Now the entire township, with a few exceptions, is owned by the Germans. They are good citizens, industrious, contented, and always to be found on the right and sensible side of every question of human life.

St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church was the first in the township. Organized 1867. Church edifice erected 1872.

Church of God. Organized 1876. Soon after organization, an edifice sacred to the religious order was erected.

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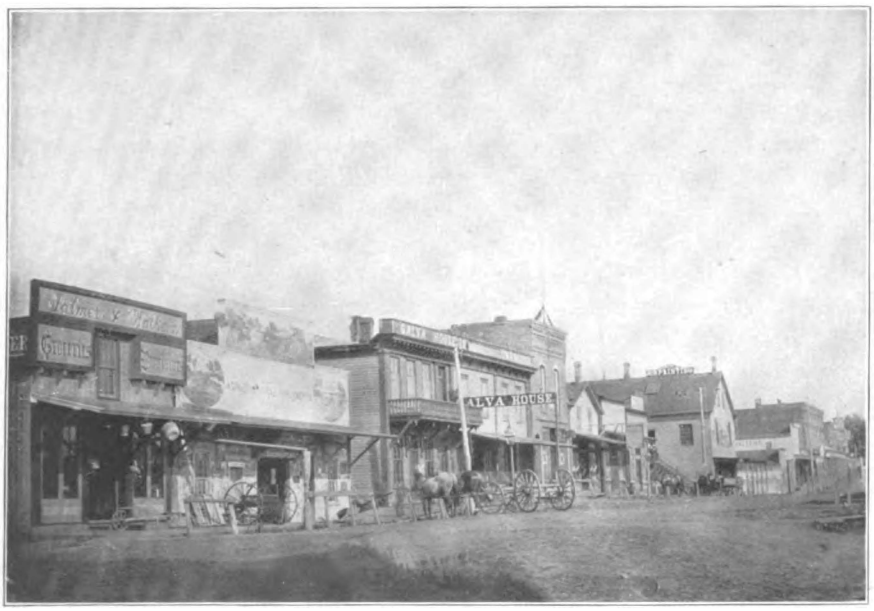



STREET SCENES IN GALVA
From old tintypes

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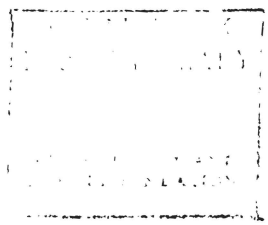

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Edford township has produced some excellent coal. Coal is yet being mined. Her fertile soil is her chief asset, however. Her leafy lanes are lined with elegant homes and commodious barns. There is a smiling content upon the face of the landscape, that comes only where the people live in the plenty of the fat of the land.

GALVA TOWNSHIP.

Galva township is on the southern tier.

Robert Bouham, the hermit bachelor, was its only occupant for years unknown. It is not known exactly what year the bacheloric Bouham left Maryland. It is supposed that he didn't like his native state because it was named for a woman. However that be, he came west, and drifted hither and yon till he saw Hickory Grove, in what was afterward Galva township. Back in Maryland, hickory wood was greatly in demand for the building of vehicles, and brought a good price. Here was a whole grove of hickory! Some day that grove would be worth many dollars. So Bouham secured the entire grove from the government, cut a few trees to build a shack, then squatted down to guard his timber against the invasion of the human race.

But the human race didn't invade. Now and then a squad of squaws and a few bucks would drift along hunting deer. These squads would prowl around a few days, then disappear, and Bouham would be left in the solitude.

Years rolled round. Not a neighbor came to alleviate the dreary loneliness. All there was to break the monotony of the vast level plain was Hickory Grove, on sections 20 and 21, and Bachelor Bouham in his hickory house on the fronded frontier of the woods.

The monotony was broken at last by the founding of the village of Galva by J. M., and William Wiley, in 1853. The main line of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway was heading for the site of Galva, and these two wily brothers foresaw that it was the time to get in upon the ground floor. As the ground floor was all the kind of floor there was in Galva at that date, day and age, the wily Wileys got in on it, without mistake.

GALVA.

Much far-fetched speculation surrounds the word "Galva." Whence came it? What does it mean?

The most generally accepted story is that one, Olof Johnson, inferentially a merchant, though the legend does not say so, being moved to gratitude by the extensive patronage of the Swedish colonists of Bishop Hill, christened the town Gefle, the appellation of a prosperous town in Sweden; and that Gefle became corrupted or anglicized to Galva.

It may be true. In England the aristocratic name of a great family, "Chelmondeley," has been degraded to "Chumlley," and the vulgar pronounce "D[illegible] what right Olof Johnson had to name the

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it has been reported that in spots there is "Too-Much Johnson." Yet another reason is that Johnson is dead, and won't sass back.

Joking aside, Olof Johnson was a good old pioneer. He came early. His favorite verses might have been from Whittier:

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe,
The steamer rocks and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

In 1853, Wm. L. and J. M. Wiley, brothers, were driving from Peoria to Rock Island. They fell to talking about the new railway, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, then being built. The rails had already been laid into Henry county. The driver drew rein at a sunnycrested crown of the landscape. The survey stakes for the new railway track made a very small but very important procession over this ridge.

"Let us buy this land, and start a town," said one. The other acquiesced, provided the company would establish a station there. This the company agreed to do. So the town was platted, and might have been called Wiley; but Johnson was ready with his Gefle. When the Geneseo News suggested that it was called Galva because the gals galvanized the susceptible youth into loving them, the universal verdict was that the youth couldn't help loving them, whether galvanized or not.

Which creates a brief diversion, while I assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that not only Galva girls, but the girls of Henry county, are exceptionally charming. Whether this is due to out-door fresh air and health-giving sunshine, together with the fondness of our girls for the outdoor simple life, it is difficult to assert. I lay it largely to the mingling of the races. The blonde and gold of the Scandinavian races mingles with the raven-tresses and liquid wells of darkling light in the eyes of the more southern species. The hereditary characteristics blend to form the most delightful surprises. This is what gives our girls such individuality. In a purely Spanish country, the children are all alike as dominoes. The same in a purely Swedish region. Here in Henry county we have such glorious individuality among the girls. It makes them interesting, appealing.

What comes after the girls? Usually it's the young men; but this time it is Galva. The first house was built in the fall of 1854. It was built by the Bishop Hill Colony, for a reception house for newcomers from Sweden, affording them temporary quarters. Hotel, it might be designated. The first store was built in the autumn of 1854. It was occupied by C. F. Bodinson as a grocery.

Colonel E. Fuller was the first station agent. The winter of 1854-5 was mild. Outdoor work upon the new town continued. Then, on January 21, a blizzard

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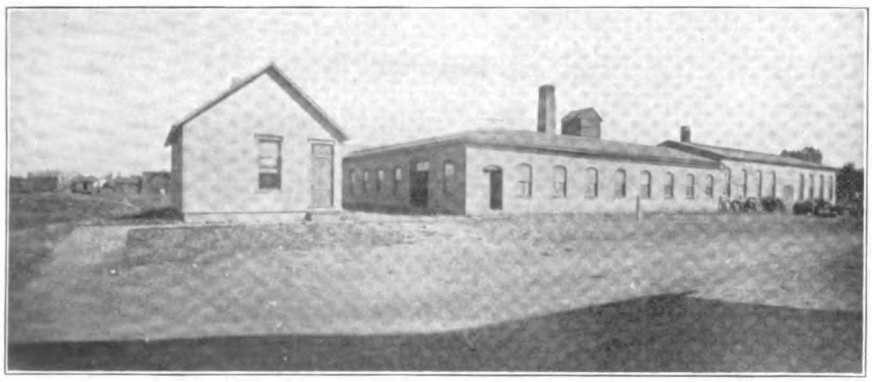
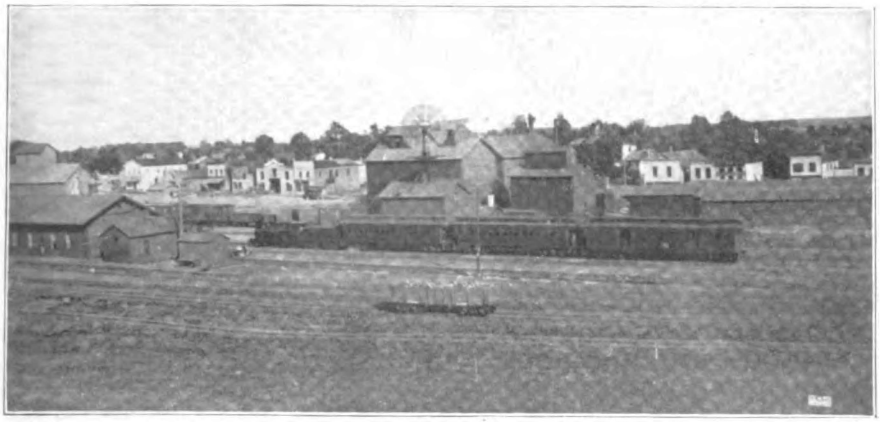


MULFORD HEATER COMPANY'S WORKS, GALVA



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GALVA—SOUTH FROM OPERA HOUSE



GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS OF HAYES PUMP AND PLANTER COMPANY, GALVA

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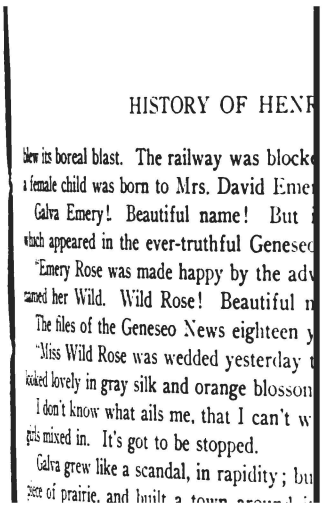
HISTORY OF HENR

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Galva Emery! Beautiful name! But
which appeared in the ever-truthful Genesec
"Emery Rose was made happy by the adv
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The files of the Geneseo News eighteen y
"Miss Wild Rose was wedded yesterday t
looked lovely in gray silk and orange blosson
I don't know what ails me, that I can't w
girls mixed in. It's got to be stopped.
Galva grew like a scandal, in rapidity; bu
piece of prairie, and built a town around it

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blew its boreal blast. The railway was blocked for two weeks. In this embargo, a female child was born to Mrs. David Emery. They called her Galva.

Galva Emery! Beautiful name! But it reminds me of two paragraphs, which appeared in the ever-truthful Geneseo News:

"Emery Rose was made happy by the advent of a charming little girl. They named her Wild. Wild Rose! Beautiful name!"

The files of the Geneseo News eighteen years after, contain this:

"Miss Wild Rose was wedded yesterday to Mr. Oscar Bull. Mrs. Wild Bull looked lovely in gray silk and orange blossoms."

I don't know what ails me, that I can't write about Galva without getting the girls mixed in. It's got to be stopped.

Galva grew like a scandal, in rapidity; but good, and beautiful. They took a piece of prairie, and built a town around it. This hollow square is yet there. They made the prairie into a park or plaza. It was a rather odd-shaped corporation; but it had individuality, as it has been said of the girls aforetime.

Here they come again!

One hundred and fifty carpenters sawed and hammered at once. It was a tumult of erection. Houses sprang up like mushrooms. In a short time the population crowded two thousand. Then came the panic of 1857, hitting Galva a body-blow.

The first child born was a son to Mr. and Mrs. Absalom Wood.

The first death, O. P. Bigelow, September 12, 1855.

Dr. Babcock drew inflammable oil in the rear of his drug store. Six stores went up in smoke, which was the entire business section. The firms burned out were Dr. Babcock, drugs; A. M. Black, shoes; Hamlin, Beecher & Davis, hardware; A. J. Curtis, furniture; Babcock & Clark's store building unstocked; Hurd & Driscoll. The latter's stock of dry goods were yet in the wholesale boxes. When the wild alarm of fire went up, it found most of the men of the town at a railroad meeting in the schoolhouse. Running up, they rolled the Hurd & Driscoll boxes into the street, and did what they could to save the rest.

Galva has greater railway facilities than any other Henry county town. She has the main line of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, also of the Peoria and Rock Island; and the Keithsburg branch of the Burlington. There is an electric line to Kewanee.

The population is now about three thousand.

There are two banks, each good, solid institutions.

There are three elevators, a flour mill, and good coal convenient to town.

The first schoolhouse was built by the Wiley brothers. Size twelve by twenty feet.

First public school building began in 1855. It had two rooms, and was so used until 1876, when three rooms were added.

The south school was built in 1865. Originally one room, it was remodeled in 1867, and three rooms added. E. E. Fitch was principal of Galva's schools for a period. He afterward was editor of the Galva News, and is now county clerk. Samuel R. Kiner, brother of the writer, was principal of Galva's schools in the early '80s. He was appointed to a position in the war department in Washington, where he lived for a quarter of a century. He died November 30. 1903, in his

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fifty-first year, and his body was put away in the National cemetery at Washington. When Professor Kiner was about to assume control of the Galva schools, he was plainly informed that the turbulent element had boasted of having conquered other principals, and proposed to do for him. The slender and withy young man hearkened to these admonitions, but replied not. He made a brief address to the school at the opening, stating in effect that affairs scholastic would be daffodils diluted in dew, or barbwire baskets filled with lightning and wildcats, just as they elected. Of course he didn't say that; but that was about the idea. Hushed awe hovered awhile; then a couple of big chaps furtively began hostilities. Then there was something doing. I taught that brother of mine how to box, and come the jiu jitsu. It was all over in a minute, and everybody decided that the dewy and decent road to scholastic attainment was the better.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST. Organized June 26, 1855. First board of trustees, Isaac M. Witter, John T. Carran, Isaac E. Denis, Amos Denis, William Pierce, John B. Nixon, Norman E. Pomeroy. In 1857 an edifice was erected costing three thousand dollars. In 1881, an edifice costing fourteen thousand dollars was erected. Rev. John Morey was first minister.

CONGREGATIONAL. Organized September 15, 1855. Charter members, George Farr, Rebecca Farr, Charlotte M. Cholette, George Fairlamb, William H. Fairlamb, Henry H. Parker, Mary Fairlamb, Hannah Carrigan, Thomas and M. E. Harrison. Elizabeth J. Hill, George Hill, Jr. Rev. S. G. Wright was first called. In 1856 an edifice was built. This was sold in 1866 to the Free Methodists, and a new building costing twelve thousand dollars was dedicated May 29, 1869.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN. Organized 1869. Church edifice cost three thousand dollars. Rev. P. M. Sandquist, first pastor.

FREE METHODIST. Organized 1866. First pastor, Rev. D. W. Drake.

BAPTIST. Organized 1855. Charter members, William L. Wiley, Mrs. Louise Wiley, H. D. Ward, Mrs. Angelina Ward, J. M. Carson, Mrs. Ann D. Carson, Mrs. Margaret Bushnell, Mrs. Dorothy Getty, Henry H. Clark, O. P. Bigelow. First edifice built 1856, cost two thousand dollars. Second edifice 1867, cost twenty-five thousand dollars. First pastor, Rev. M. H. Negus.

EPISCOPAL. Organized 1866. First edifice 1868, cost eight hundred dollars. Charter members, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Whipple, S. M. Etter and wife, Mrs. Sowers, Mrs. Trowbridge, Mrs. McKane, C. J. Whipple, Mrs. Pernell, Mrs. Hoyt, L. P. Edson. First rector, Rev. Tiffard. S. M. Etter was for years state superintendent of schools for Illinois. He was a prominent member of this church.

GALVA.

By R. Louise Fitch of the Galva News.

The idea of building a town here was first conceived in 1853. J. M. and Wm. L. Wiley while driving to Rock Island were attracted by the country, halted their team in what is now College Park and decided to buy land here and start a town. Negotiated a year with Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Rail-

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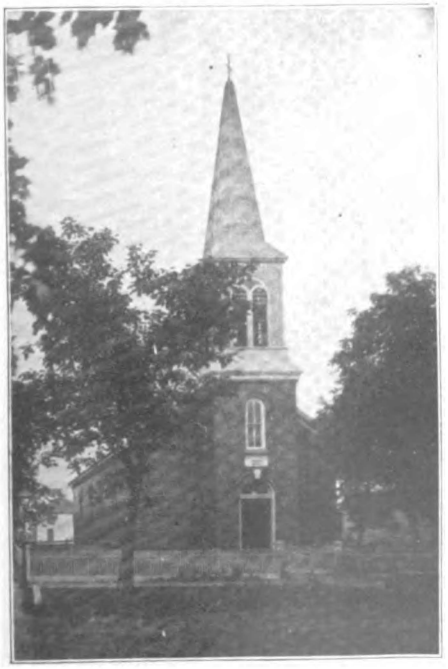
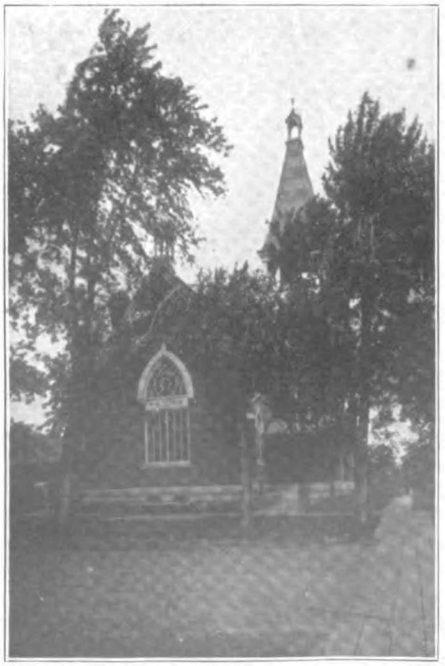
Congregational church



Swedish Lutheran church



First Methodist church

CHURCHES OF GALVA

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town was laid out in its present shape. Ca
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first logs used for ties on the railroad.

George Farr, and Jacob Emery were
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First house built in 1854, on Rockafell
Hill colonists and used as a boarding hous
between railroads, where Glidden Bros sto
by George Farr as general store and postoffic
Col. F. Fuller was first

road to secure location of depot, upon land they had purchased. In 1854 the town was laid out in its present shape. Cars commenced running in December of that year, M. N. Emery, still a resident of Galva hauled from Moline the first logs used for ties on the railroad.

George Farr, and Jacob Emery were among the first interested. Large purchases made by Bishop Hill colonists, then most prosperous, and town was given name Gefle, later anglicized to Galva. Named from prosperous Swedish town.

First house built in 1854, on Rockafellow property. Built by the Bishop Hill colonists and used as a boarding house. First store built in fall of 1854 between railroads, where Glidden Bros store is now located. Then occupied by George Farr as general store and postoffice.

Col. E. Fuller was first station agent. Winter of 1854-55 following completion of railroad, very severe, and road was blockaded for two weeks. During this time the first child was born in the town, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. David Emery. The Emerys lived here until the death of Mrs. Emery some years ago. Several of the children still live here and he is here part of the time each year.

By November 1855 town numbered 75 men. Among the earliest to arrive were Dr. Babcock in May 1855, and Mr. Seeley September 26. The Babcocks were prominent here for years, but none are here now. Mrs. Seeley still lives here, and her daughter, Mrs. L. C. Johnson, also.

First hotel built in 1855 called Galva House, corner of Main and Locust, occupying a portion of the Albro property. Built by J. E. Woliver. Albro house still stands, but both Mr. and Mrs. Albro have died, within the past three years.

First male child born was a son of Absalom Wood, in 1855. First death, O. P. Bigelow, occurred September 12, 1855. First fire about November 8, 1855, originated in Babcock's drug store. Caused by carrying a lamp too near a barrel from which varnish had been drawn and spilled upon the floor. All business portion destroyed, six firms being burned out. One of these was a furniture store owned by F. J. Curtis, who still resides in Galva, though has not been in active business for many years.

In 1875, November 20, occurred the second disastrous fire, almost all the business houses being burned. More than forty business places with contents were destroyed. This was on the north side of the railroad beginning just west of the Baker House.

First bank started by Claudius Jones, about 1858. Started another private bank and in 1876 sold to L. M. Yocum Bank, one of the finest for its size in the state is still actively at work, under the same name, though L. M. Yocum is dead. Conducted by son, O. E. and grandson Earl.

For many years the town was entirely temperate, and has since fluctuated each year or two.

Two wooden school buildings in early history, and high school course instituted in 1876 by E. E. Fitch, superintendent. First was built by the Wileys, and was twelve by twenty. Also used as church, for many years by Baptists. Congregational and Methodist organized same year 1855 and met in same building. South building built in 1865 of one room, many additions since the north build-

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ing replaced by fine brick in 1895. There are now Congregational, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Swedish Methodist Episcopal, Swedish Lutheran, Free Methodist, Catholic and Episcopal churches, here. The first building, the Baptist, was built near the business center of town in 1856 at a cost of two thousand dollars. The first paper, the Galva Watchman, was started in 1857. Discontinued after a couple of years. Galva Union started December 5, 1862. Owned for some time, by Captain Eric Johnson, son of one of Bishop Hill Founders. Changed to Galva Republican. Illinois Swede published about the same time. 1872 Galva Journal started. All since discontinued. 1883 Galva Weekly News bought by E. E. Fitch present owner. Standard started a few years later, now owned by Wm. McMeekin.

A few of the oldest families represented in town today, are: T. H. Kelly, F. N. Hammond, M. N. Emery, Mrs. D. L. Wiley, Mrs. Rebecca Yocum, O. A. Hempstead, Mrs. H. Bigelow and others, all having lived here fifty years or more.

Galva now has one and a quarter mile macadam road, several factories, Wistrand, Mulford and Hayes Pump and Planter, the largest, water system, electric light plant, fine schools, with domestic science and manual training departments, many lodges and organizations, three pretty parks, new Library building, Carnegie, to be completed January '10.

GALVA'S CHURCHES.

The METHODIST is the oldest of the seven religious bodies. It was born June 26, 1855. After having held meetings in the schoolhouse awhile, they built a church in 1857, for three thousand dollars.

The first board of trustees was Isaac M. Witter. John T. Carran, Isaac E. Denis, Amos Denis, William Pierce, John B. Nixon, Norman E. Pomeroy. Rev. John Morey was the first minister.

In 1881 a new church was built, costing fourteen thousand dollars. Rev. M. A. Head was then pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Organized in schoolhouse, September 15, 1855. Charter members, George Farr, Rebecca Farr, Charlotte M. Cholette, George Fairlamb, William H. Fairlamb, Henry H. Parker, Mary Fairlamb, Hanna Carrigan, Thomas and M. E. Harrison; George and Eliazbeth Hill, Jr. Church edifice erected in 1856. After ten years this was sold to Free Methodists. The present house cost twelve thousand dollars, and was dedicated May 29, 1869.

SWEDISH METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Organized January 5, 1866, with fifteen members. Two years after, they erected a church costing three thousand dollars.

FREE METHODISTS. In the fall of 1866, seventeen persons organized the Free Methodist Episcopal church. In 1885 the membership had grown to twenty. They have bought the old Congregational church. The chances are that the above gain in members is reduced by this time, through the elimination of emigration and dissolution.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN. This church organized in December, 1869, with forty-four members. They built a church costing three thousand dollars in 1873.

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FIRST BAPTIST. On June 28, 1855, steps were taken to organize a Baptist church. August 14, 1855, the church was organized in a schoolhouse. Following are the charter members: William L. Wiley, Mrs. Louise Wiley, H. D. and Mrs. Angelina Ward, J. M. and Mrs. Ann D. Corsen, Mrs. Margaret Bushnell, Mrs. Dorothy Getty, Henry H. Clark, O. P. Bigelow. A previous historian tells where all these people came from. That is unnecessary, since they are all going to the same place. The first church edifice was erected in 1856. Cost two thousand dollars. Another was erected in 1867, and cost complete twenty-five thousand dollars.

EPISCOPAL. First meetings held in room in Union block in 1866. The Ladies' Aid society raised funds with which a small church was built It was called "Holy Communion," it was erected in 1868, and the cost of the building and lot was eight hundred dollars. Original members, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Whipple, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Etter, Mrs. Somers, Mrs. Trowbridge, Mrs. McKane, C. J. Whipple, Mrs. Redwell, Mrs. Hugh, L. P. Edson. S. M. Etter is well known as state superintendent of schools.

GENESEO TOWNSHIP.

About where the heart would be, were Henry county a man, is the township of Geneseo. This township has deep black soil in the southern sections. The soil gradually becomes thinner and sandier as we approach Green River, which runs from east to west through the northern sections. Yet there is no part of the township but that is good farming land, when cropped with good judgment.

Two creeks traverse the township, both running north and emptying into Green River. Spring Creek runs through the southeastern sections, and Geneseo Creek through the western sections.

There is some forest growth, along the streams, though it has been cut out till it is thin. Formerly there was a fine grove on Geneseo Creek, southwest of Geneseo City. This has nearly all been cut off and grubbed out. Joseph E. Richmond yet preserves a beautiful tract of the "forest primeval." May he save it for many years to come! To the writer it is a sacrilege to cut down and clear away a beautiful forest, in this prairie land where ground for crops is so plenteous, and the timbered acres so few. It makes my heart ache to see a noble oak totter to its fall. It took four hundred years for that oak to grow, and forty minutes for that grisly giant, who thinks with his lungs, to cut it down.

Save the forests!

Geneseo township has coal along the course of Geneseo Creek. Coal has been mined on the David Luther farm, west of town a mile. Coal can be seen cropping out of the clay in the banks of the creek near the old brewery site.

Brick and fire-clay is plentiful and of excellent quality. Two brickyards have manufactured brick for many years just west of the city, on the banks of Geneseo Creek. The lower works, by Stukee Brothers, manufacture only building brick. The upper works, by Mowbray & Lowes, manufacture building brick, tile of various sizes, and firebrick.

On Geneseo Creek, just above the city, is an untold quantity of good stone for macadam. The entire city of Geneseo can be macadamed with this stone

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for the cost of the labor and the land the stone is on. Joseph E. Richmond owns the land. He uses it as a pasture. It is just above the old brewery site. The stone averages three or four feet thick, and covers many acres, a few feet beneath the surface. It is easy to be got at, and right close to the south line of the city. When the writer was mayor, and during his fourth term, he drew the attention of the city to this bed of stone, through the local press. He suggested leasing a few acres, and utilizing the labor of petty offenders thereon, to the great benefit of the city. For a generation or more, it has been the practice in Geneseo to fine a totally impecunious lawbreaker, say one hundred dollars and costs. The fellow, having no money to pay with, it was up to the city to "punish" him by putting him in a warm, comfortable jail at Cambridge, and feeding and lodging him for so many days. This was all a farce. The lawbreaker laughed, and when he got out, went and busted a few more of the commandments. He told his friends up and down the great Rock Island route. They hiked to Geneseo, and raved up and down the alleys, seeking whom they might devour. It was pie and a perpetual picnic for the pikers. Just set them to cracking rock with sledge hammers, while they tote balls on their trilbies. Then they'd shy away from this sweet village of the plain, and set their stakes in Oshkosh, or in Skowhegan.

The Illinois division of the Rock Island railway enters Geneseo township at section 25, and goes out at section 18, counting from east to west.

In the old days there was a sawmill on Green River, two miles northeast of Geneseo. The remains of the dam could be seen till a few years ago. Now even the river is gone. It runs in a new channel, since it was straightened with the dredges.

EARLY DAYS OF GENESEO.

"My countrymen these things ought not to be forgotten; for the benefit of our children and those that follow them they should be recorded in History." —Franklin.

The following interesting narrative concerning the beginning of Geneseo and the first days of the town was written by Mrs. Ella N. Taylor of this city and was read at the recent Geneseo association banquet in Chicago. Mrs. Taylor's parents were among the pioneer settlers of the town, and her grandfather was one of the original colonists. The story of those first days is one of much interest and Mrs. Taylor is doing praiseworthy work in gathering the data and making a record of the interesting early events and stories. Mrs. Taylor's paper read at the Chicago meeting follows:

Ladies and friends of the Geneseo Association: I am asked to tell you something of the early days of Geneseo as told me by my mother and others.

I must first go back and tell why these early settlers came west, and why they came to what they named Geneseo—after Geneseo, New York, the home of R. R. Stewart, my grandfather. The wonderful revivals of religion from 1830 to 1835 created the desire in many hearts to go and do for Christ in the then far west.

For many months several in Geneseo county, New York, had talked over the matter of going, some because they felt that they could do better by their large

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GENESEOITES OF THE EARLY '60S

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Bartlett, Ward and Stewart were appointed
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Arriving at Chicago in June 1836, this
Governor) Ford, who advised them to strike f
At Brandenburg's, which place is betwee
were called Dayton and which Dr. Sale

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families, some because of loss of property which might be made good in a new country, but with and above all, the plan of making a colony in the west where the institutions of religion and education should be made prominent.

"This idea originated with Rev. Jairus Wilcox and John C. Ward." "After eight of these men had carefully planned, at a meeting at Elisha Cone's, Messrs. Bartlett, Ward and Stewart were appointed an exploring committee being instructed to fix upon a site for a village, and to lay off the same into lots, which should be sold, when purchasers might be found of good character and business, the avails to be applied to a high school."

Arriving at Chicago in June 1836, this committee met Judge (afterwards Governor) Ford, who advised them to strike for this tract of land, which they did.

At Brandenburg's, which place is between Colona and Cleveland, what was once called Dayton and which Dr. Sale now owns, they found James M. Allan, a young southerner who had come there a short time before, and he assisted them in locating the site of the colony. They bought this section of land at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, selected the best part of it for the village plot of forty acres, set apart the cemetery, a block for the school and the church, the beautiful public school square, and the "gospel lot" for a parsonage to be.

At first the plan was to give every respectable man a village lot, if he would build upon it. The committee returned home and made report to the proprietors, who determined to make the removal that fall.

"But the colonists preferred to convenant with God and with one another before going forth," and so, in the South Bergen, Geneseo county, New York, September 13, 1836, "they were, by ecclesiastical council, organized a self governing band of disciples to go out and become a church in the wilderness." Thirteen members constituted the church, there should have been nineteen, but R. R. Stewart and family were detained by a storm, but united the next April after coming to Geneseo. Elisha Cone and J. C. Ward were chosen deacons. I have said considerable about this Congregational church, but the motives and history of the colonists and their church were so closely identified, and for nearly twenty years this was the only religious organization, that I feel that I must do this.

Six days later, September 19, 1836, five families of the colony, those of Elisha Cone, Reuben Cone, Cromwell K. Bartlett, Culver Bartlett and Roderick R. Stewart, numbering forty persons, in their own wagons, entered upon the journey.

The families of J. C. Ward and Harry Manville remained to follow the next spring and Rev. Jarius Wilcox, the first minister of the colony, with his family, came in May 1838. The route was across Canada, southern Michigan, northern Indiana to Chicago, then Princeton, and it took nine weeks.

My mother said when they reached Chicago then a little town of about three thousand, five hundred people, it was such a mud hole, they were only too glad to get out and away from it. Think of it! You who are gathered to feast and talk over old times, in the now immense commercial center of the west.

The fall that year was very unpleasant and they suffered incredible hardships by mud, storms, snow and cold.

They always stopped for the Sabbath.

The women had all they could do to keep the children half comfortable, and to cook, and had to raise their bread during the day under feather beds in the

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wagons, baking it at night, after the weary day, by the camp fire, and these mothers of the colony deserve all praise for their courage and uncomplaining faithfulness.

But one of them remains, Mrs. Elisha Cone, who will be ninety-five years of age April 18th next. She then had four little children, one a baby in arms, herself not much more than a girl, but twenty-five, and what seems strange is, that all four of those children are now living. They and Mrs. Cone, with Mrs. Orson Jones of Galesburg, daughter of Culver Bartlett, are now the only ones living of the original band of colonists who came that fall. They are Mrs. Harriet Cone Miller of Geneseo, Mrs. Clara Stewart of Wichita, Kansas; Mr. Frank Cone of Crescent City, Florida, and Mrs. Ellen Hill, the baby of the colony, now of Orange City, Florida.

Upon reaching Princeton, a settlement of a few cabins, it was decided that most of the women and the children should remain until shelter could be built for them. They came on to Carey's four miles this side, and when the wagons drove up to his door and they asked if he would keep them until the men could build a shelter further on, he at first declined, he was a bachelor, but he climbed up on a wagon to look them over and the sight of young ladies decided him and they stayed, but they had to make beds on the floor for weeks.

The Bartlett families started on ahead of the others on October 31st, but lost their way, going east of Kewanee, then way around to Brandenburg's, and from there a part of them were piloted to their land, via Green River, and they pitched their tents south of Geneseo Creek, near the present gateway of Oakwood cemetery, about where the road forks, one up State street, the other up Oakwood avenue.

Mrs. Cromwell Bartlett was probably the first white woman who ever stepped foot within Geneseo's boundaries.

They lived in a tent house, made of logs rolled on three sides of the tent, until on November 19th the two Cones, R. R. Stewart, his son Elisha and daughter Narcissa, who came as cook, came on with ox teams, just two months from the day they left home in New York. They soon raised the Bartlett cabins of logs, the first house being just north of and near the old brewery site, the other near the tent, and they lived until nearly spring, without doors, windows or floors. The first house on the town plat was that of Elisha Cone, where the Snow blacksmith shop used to be, on the block where Atkinson Hall now stands. That winter Elisha Cone's and the Stewarts all lived in this one room, fourteen in all, the women mopping up to certain cracks in the puncheon floor, and strange as it may seem they had no quarrels.

The second house on the town lots was R. R. Stewart's, where the Swedish Lutheran church now stands. The third house, but put up later, was Reuben Cone's on the corner now owned and filled in by Otis Hoit, close by his residence, and these three were of unpeeled logs, chinked with mud, long shakes or slats held down by poles for roofs. No nails were used, for the best of reasons, they had none. The outside door was made of long split shingles.

On January 28, 1837, Elisha Stewart and Reuben Cone succeeded in bringing the remainder of the families from Princeton, using two ox teams. They had to break roads through the snow and it was so cold, they covered the women and

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NORTH SIDE BUSINESS DISTRICT, GENESEO



SOUTH SIDE BUSINESS DISTRICT, GENESEO

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children, and incidentally the potatoes also, w
Cone's foot stove. They did not reach their
got stalled when crossing by the mouth of Sp
Narcissa Stewart had become very anxiou
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and fro to attract them, and this was indeed a
Their few household goods, dishes, dried f
until spring, so the cooking was done by a fir
board laid on a keg, the seats hand made s
carved from wood. Their fare was limited t
and other wild game, and when the salt gave
remarkably well, and in spite of its being a

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children, and incidentally the potatoes also, with feather beds, also using Mrs. Cone's foot stove. They did not reach their haven until after dark, for they got stalled when crossing by the mouth of Spring Creek.

Narcissa Stewart had become very anxious and climbed up on the outside of the logs of the house to get the first sight of them, and swung a lantern to and fro to attract them, and this was indeed a beacon to them for several miles.

Their few household goods, dishes, dried fruit, etc., had to be left in Chicago until spring, so the cooking was done by a fireplace and their table was a wide board laid on a keg, the seats hand made stools and forks and spoons were carved from wood. Their fare was limited to corn bread, bacon or wild pork, and other wild game, and when the salt gave out they feared sickness, but kept remarkably well, and in spite of its being a severe winter they say they were quite happy.

Andover, Wethersfield, Galesburg, Knoxville and Henderson were their nearest neighbors on the south and Princeton to the east and Galena to the north. Stevenson, now Rock Island, was the nearest place to buy food or clothing and was on the west.

The Pottowattomie Indians used to camp first at Shabbona Grove, toward Atkinson, then later, on Green River near the mouth of Spring Creek, on their way to and from their hunting grounds in Kansas (they came from near Chicago) and my mother said that often during that first winter, they would awaken in the morning and find a row of them asleep with their feet to the fire, in addition to the fourteen already sleeping in the one room, a surprise party indeed. She considered Old Shabbona, the chief, one of the best men she ever knew, honorable and trustworthy. To illustrate—Shabbona's son-in-law John, a rather wild impulsive fellow, shot he said in self defense, an Indian of an unfriendly tribe, but it was done within the limits of Henry county so according to law, he must be tried for murder. Shabbona told the sheriff that as he did not want John imprisoned for three months or until the trial, he would give his word that John should appear exactly when wanted. The sheriff took his word for it and said John should appear at 9 a. m. on a certain day. The morning of the trial came and at 8:45 not a sign was visible of John. At 8:55 a cloud of dust was seen, also a line of horseback riders, and at exactly 9 o'clock up rode Shabbona, John and other members of the tribe, in single file, but with horses on the run, ready for the trial, and Shabbona's word had been kept. The trial brought out that John really killed in self defense and he was liberated. The first county seat of Henry county, Richmond, known to so few of you, was in as near the exact center of the county as they could locate it, near the county infirmary, a little northwest, on one of the Youngs' farms, and had but two buildings, the second floor of the larger one being occupied by James Allan, as circuit clerk, and here he brought his bride in 1839, but a few weeks after it was burned. The prisoners, loosed, worked hard to save the household goods, and one took out the desk containing the papers of his indictment, and he knew of this fact too. So court was then held in Geneseo for a time.

But to go back—the summer of 1837 was a busy one, for houses must be built, crops raised, and many changes made. That spring Rufus Hubbard came

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and built the house, on the site where Mrs. Baker now lives, a more pretentious one than the other three, for it was built of hewed logs and with lime in the chinking, and the roof was nailed on, sashes for the windows and hewed puncheons for the floor, and as Mr. Hubbard was not to occupy it until fall the families of J. C. Ward and Harry Manville who came on in June, occupied it until they could build.

As the church and school were the twin ideas of the colony, a place for worship and study must be made, so in the spring of 1837, upon the south side of the public square, a pleasant weather structure went up, eighteen feet square, built of poles laid up three feet high, with crotches set up in the corners to sustain the poles, and the roof made of wagon covers, and with basswood puncheon for floor and seats. Miss Susannah Stewart was the first teacher here, and also in the county, and a little later her sister Narcissa taught in the Brandenburg district, and Permelia, my mother, taught at Wethersfield, the three sisters being the first three teachers in Henry county. From this structure the children would run for home if a storm threatened. Religious services were held there on the Sabbath.

In 1838 a school house was built, twenty feet on each side, covered with split oak siding, it being the first frame structure. Later it was moved to where the Congregational church now stands, then was enlarged somewhat; but for many years it was the meeting place for all religious, educational, political and social ends. Here anti-slavery lectures were given, and weddings occurred, and that frame building is now the lower story of the house owned and occupied by Mrs. E. C. Gilbert and Laura, for in 1845 a brick structure was put up in its place but near by—our old seminary, so dear to many of us, and so neglected by the powers that be. What self denial and sacrifice were exhibited in the building of that old seminary. Everyone did something. Some worked in the brickyard, for Royal Wilcox superintended that part; some tended the masons—anything to help. And just as the walls were up, a storm blew down the sides. But it was finally finished, and has echoed the sound of many footsteps, and has a history of its own, and stands today dumb; but a monument to high motives and past achievements.

May 28, 1856, the Congregational church was dedicated, which still remains, and it is on the site of the old frame building.

The first frame dwelling was built by John C. Ward on the lot where the Collegiate institute now stands; and this house, enlarged and moved onto Oakwood avenue, is now occupied by Mr. Peterson, of Nordling & Peterson.

The first birth in the colony was that of Martha A. Bartlett, daughter of Cromwell Bartlett, and now Mrs. Hicks, of Janesville, California.

The first deaths were those of the twin children of Culver Bartlett. They were buried on the prairie north of the town limits, about where the Unitarian church now stands, and later the graves could not be found.

The first marriage was that of James M. Allan and Susannah D. Stewart, March 6, 1839, which took place in the little frame church, and everyone in town attended that wedding.

The young ladies of the colony being few in number were very popular and had plenty of attention, and had fine times when they could be spared from their

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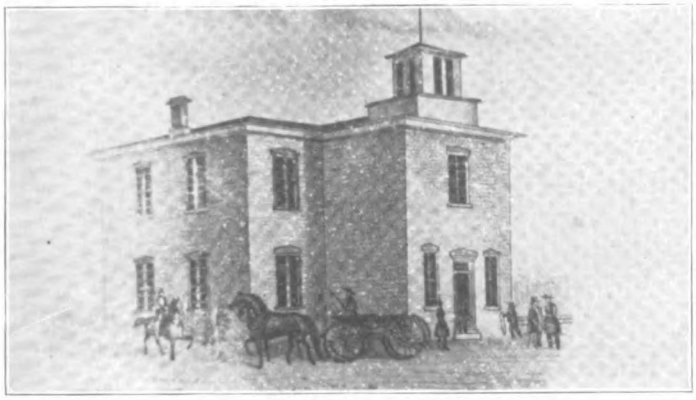
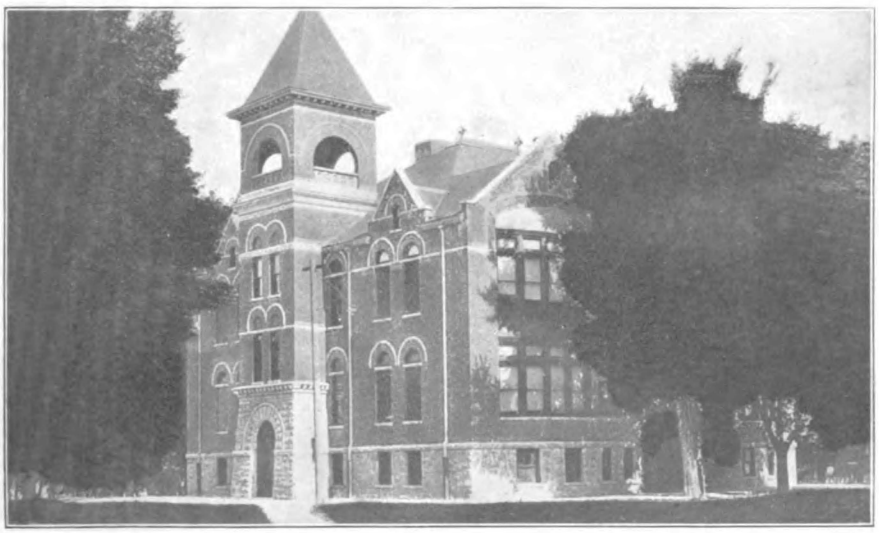


FIRST NORTH SIDE SCHOOL BUILDING, GENESEO
Built in 1866



PRESENT NORTH SIDE SCHOOL BUILDING, GENESEO

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work, for each grown person had their sha
parties to call on neighbors at Wethersfield o
winter. My mother rode to and from her sc
The young people, and many older ones too
choir, musical society and debating club. So,
of the outside world, they lived without it.
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five cents. I have letters sent to both my pa
but none cost higher than eighteen cents.

The women had to spin, weave and make
men's clothing, beside the usual house-work,
ness: for after the first year or so there was

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work, for each grown person had their share to do. There were horseback parties to call on neighbors at Wethersfield or Galesburg, or sleighing parties in winter. My mother rode to and from her school at Wethersfield on horseback. The young people, and many older ones too, were good singers and had their choir, musical society and debating club. So, although they were far from news of the outside world, they lived without it. Letters were few and their postage had to be paid by the recipient, not by the sender, and at first they cost twenty-five cents. I have letters sent to both my parents before the days of envelopes, but none cost higher than eighteen cents.

The women had to spin, weave and make most of their clothes and all of the men's clothing, beside the usual house-work, and calls made upon them by sickness; for after the first year or so there was considerable sickness. Dr. Pomeroy, the first physician in town, came in 1840. In 1845, Dr. Hume, a young physician, came to visit relatives while on his way to Janesville, Wisconsin, but there was so much sickness that Dr. Pomeroy could not attend to all, so the young doctor stayed on to help him, and kept staying, for there was more than enough for two doctors to do, and besides that, there was another attraction; and March 18, 1846, he and Permelia Stewart were married in the log house where the Swedish church now stands. They borrowed a horse and the only covered carriage in town, for there was no hiring teams in those days, and took a wedding tour to Henderson, Galesburg and near-by towns; then went to housekeeping in the little house afterwards called the Boone house, where Mr. Keiser lived, on west Main street. The next summer there was so much sickness all over the country that Mrs. Hume would drive daytimes while the doctor slept between places, he was so exhausted with going day and night. He can tell of some queer experiences in those days and of long drives across the prairies, where, if they could ford the creeks and keep out of the sloughs, they could shorten the trips. Dr. Hume is now the only living man who was here in 1845.

The first hotel was kept by R. R. Stewart, almost in self defense, for the travelers had to stay somewhere—and too many deplete the larder.

I have an old map of the town of Geneseo, and from it the original town was limited on the north by North street, on which I now live; and on the south by South street, on which is the Congregational parsonage; on the east by Spring street, on which is the old Hawkins place, and on the west by Stewart street, near the creek. The streets north of North street were made on quarter section lines, is why they come in so unevenly.

I must speak of the old elm in the center of the park or square, as it was first called. As before stated, the square was planned by Messrs. Bartlett, Ward and Stewart when they platted the town to be. About 1840, the young men, wishing to make it look better, as a beginning Hiram Cady with his team, and William Austin, Anson Hubbard, Henry Ward and Elisha Stewart, went to Mr. Cady's land on Green River and chose an elm as many years old as the town then was, and they brought it to town and put it in the center of the square. As they were about to place it in the hole dug for it, a nephew of Rev. Pillsbury of Andover, who was looking on, drew out two copper cents from his pocket and

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threw them in saying, "planting money may help the tree grow." I speak of this because I have often heard that money and valuable papers were there. The coppers were valuable for they were scarce, being in use but very little at that time. Two rows of black locust trees were set around the square, one row outside and one within, but no other trees were then set out. About 1863 all the locust trees in town were killed by borers, and the next spring Mr. Harry McArthur superintended the setting out of alternate rows of elm and maple, most of which are now there.

The first postoffice was in a wing of the log hotel, James Allan doing duty there, and for a long time the mail came but once a week and was brought by Captain Brush, way around by way of Morristown. A little later a stage line was instituted by one Crandall, from Galena to Peoria, which stopped here. State street was on the state road north and south.

The first store was kept in Deacon Ward's house, where the institute now stands; but a little later a more pretentious one was opened by Chris Webber, about where Otis Hoit's home is, and that building is now on South Mechanic street. It was intended that no liquor should ever be sold in the town and was not until the railroad came through in 1854, when a foreign element brought about different results.

There was such a strong anti-slavery element that Geneseo was an "underground railroad" station, and many a time have the poor, half-starved slaves, who had run away, been sheltered in attics or barns until night, when Elisha Stewart or some other young man, would take them in wagons, carefully concealed, to Lyndon, the next station. None were ever caught here, although several times men were close after them. The first daguerreotype taken in Geneseo was of Mrs. George S. Wells when a girl, and she has it now. It was taken by a friend of the family, H. L. Abbott, who had just come from the east and who afterwards had a gallery here. Later, in the early sixties, J. A. Palmer had the first photograph gallery in the old McFarland building.

I have told of the first ones on the ground and have said scarcely anything of those who came soon after and still later on and who did so much to develop the little town—the Manvilles, Wards, James and William Allan, Alfred Perry and later the rest of his name, the Hubbards, Hiram Cady, William Miller, Abram Miller, the Gilmores, Royal Wilcox, S. R. Bacon; and as early teachers, in addition to Rev. Jairus Wilcox, were Jason Chapin, father of our worthy librarian, who taught until his death here, and Rev. Addison Lyman. Still living in Ottawa, Illinois, is one of the earliest women teachers, Mrs. Flavel Bascom, who was Miss Pomeroy. I have not enumerated half that I should nor have I told of much beyond the first few years, nor outside the town; but between then and now volumes could be told of the sacrifices and joys, sorrows and rejoicings of the many who lived their lives faithfully and well, many of whom have gone to their final reward. From her have gone many who have been an honor to her and many who have in turn helped to build further west and to extend her influence for good outside her borders. Let us cherish and revere the memories of "those who builded better than they knew" when they founded old Geneseo.

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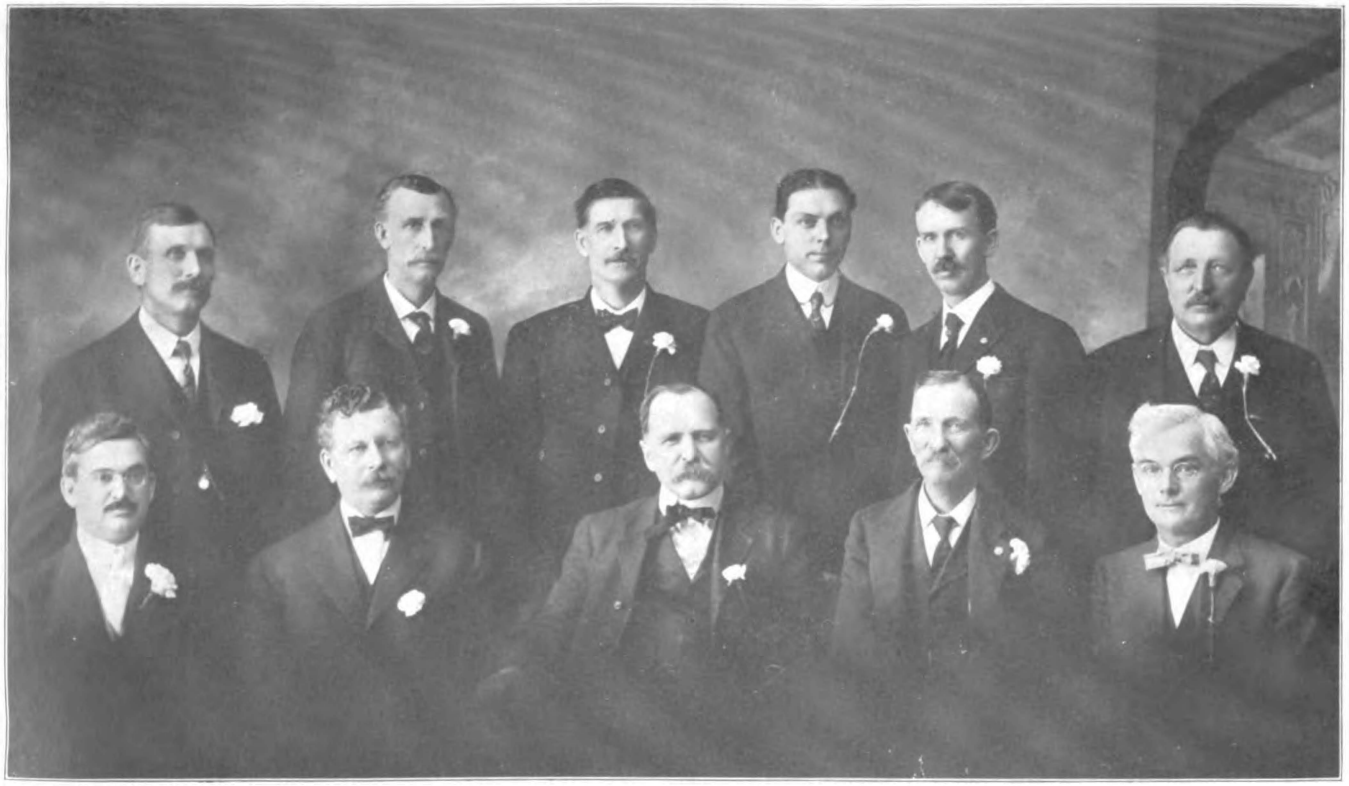

H. Waterman P. A. Larson L. R. Harms M. E. Fritts J. D. Hill Henry L. Kiner Harry Stein J. E. Clifton C. H. Atwood J. F. Lieberknecht H. Bolte

CITY COUNCIL THAT STARTED PAVING IN GENESEO, ILLINOIS
April 1, 1908—April 1, 1909

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HISTORY OF HENR

AS IT WAS; OR GENESEO AND SURRO

Written in 18

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AS IT WAS; OR GENESEO AND SURROUNDINGS TEN YEARS AGO.

Written in 1862.

Mr. Hobbs—The little conversation that passed between you and myself, a few days since, concerning the past and present of Geneseo, and the country round about it, started in my mind trains of thought, and it brought up recollections, relative to the past state of this portion of Henry county, that have lain undisurbed in the storehouse of the mind for years. I have no doubt that most of the "older settlers" have in like manner, let these facts pass out of their minds, and, to-day, they are well-nigh oblivious on these things, as are a large portion of your readers, now residents of this county, and who were never informed on the subject. Yet, all facts connected with the rapid growth of this town and county, or which aided in that advancement, are worth preserving. Likewise, the state and condition of things at different epochs are valuable in order to make up correctly the history of our pleasant locality. Entertaining this view of the question, I here, transmit to paper a few things bearing on it, and submit them to your inspection; and, if in your judgment they are of sufficient importance to compensate the publisher for inserting them in the columns of the Republic, and to pay your readers for perusing them, then print them; but, if you determine otherwise, then consign them to that place set apart by printers for all rejected communications with which editors are bored.

Those persons who, on the 1st day of January, 1862, were residents of Geneseo, or who were occupants of the beautiful prairie farms in the region surrounding it, and had not made themselves acquainted with the state and condition of things in this locality, on the 1st day of January, 1852, just ten years before, unquestionably would be astounded at the rapid advancement of the prosperity of this part of Henry county, to say nothing of its strides in other parts of it, if the facts were truthfully laid before them in the columns of one of our public journals. Hence, I will presume to present a few facts, hoping that it will lead the way for others, more competent than I am, to follow—to take up the subject and do its ample justice.

POPULATION AND CULTIVATION.

First, then, I would say that at the commencement of the year 1852, the whole four congressional townships of Geneseo, Atkinson, Munson and Edford, did not contain a population of five hundred souls, and that out of the number that they did comprise, the township of Geneseo contained some over three hundred. The town of Atkinson numbered only two families, newly arrived, namely, Harry Fones and Rozel W. Little's. The town of Munson contained two or three families in the vicinity of "Frank's Coal Bank;" also, three families in the extreme southwest corner of the township, near Cambridge. The township of Edford then contained six or eight houses. In short, where, then, there were only ten individuals, throughout this entire section, now there are more than one hundred individuals—the increase of population in the ten years past has

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been more than ten to one, and, where now are seen hundreds of superior farms, having on them extensive improvements in cultivated acres, in orchards, in comfortable dwellings and commodious out-houses and barns, then this same region was a vast sea of grass—broad ranges for domestic animals and sporting fields for the bounding deer—the majestic buck, the graceful doe and the timid fawn.

GENESEO.

To state a little more definitely concerning the town of Geneseo and of its then state and condition. At the commencement of the year 1852 the incorporated portion of Geneseo township contained, all told, thirty-one inhabited human habitations, and most of these were more or less in a dilapidated condition, they having been the growth and decay of fifteen years. Of the professions, James M. Allan and Whitfield Sanford, Esqs., were the lawyers in the place, and Drs. E. Pomeroy and R. J. Stough the only resident practicing physicians. R. R. Stewart and Samuel Southworth were precinct justices of the peace; Esquire Stewart residing in town, and Esquire Southworth in the edge of what now is the town of Cornwall, that part of Cornwall then was included in the Geneseo Election precinct. The seminary building was the only public edifice then erected and in use in Geneseo, and, at that time its upper story was unfinished—it was seated and occupied for public purposes in the winter following. The lower story was then used for religious worship by the Congregational church, the only religious organization then in the place, or that kept up stated religious worship in it; the late Rev. A. J. Copeland then supplied the desk and ministered at the altar of the Congregational church. The lower story, then, was also used for lyceums and public lectures; for the high school then under the superintendence of Rev. Addison Lyman; also, for the district school, that having been, in some manner, merged in with the high school.

The mercantile business of the place was then carried on by G. H. King, just commenced in N. Reed's new store house, now occupied by the Protestant Episcopal church for religious purposes; by L. C. Sleight, in Sleight's old store; by the old firm of Perry & Brother—A. W., D. L., and N. B. Perry—at the old store of theirs which was burned down some three years since, and by A. McFarland, who, the fall before, had brought to Geneseo, the remains of an old stock, which he disposed of in a room in Dea. Ward's woodhouse on the corner, near the Geneseo bank building.

THE GENESEO HOUSE.

The Geneseo House, then kept by I. N. Stewart, Esq., was the only public house in town, and this edifice represented three distinct eras, or three different degrees of civilization and progression in Geneseo. First, on the east was the pioneer log cabin, which had been used for various purposes—used as a family residence, for a bridal chamber, hall for social parties, for the elite of Geneseo and vicinity, a house wherein the traveler rested his weary limbs and refreshed his corporal nature, also, for town and country postoffice and for a courtroom for the circuit court of the county, the place of holding the court having been

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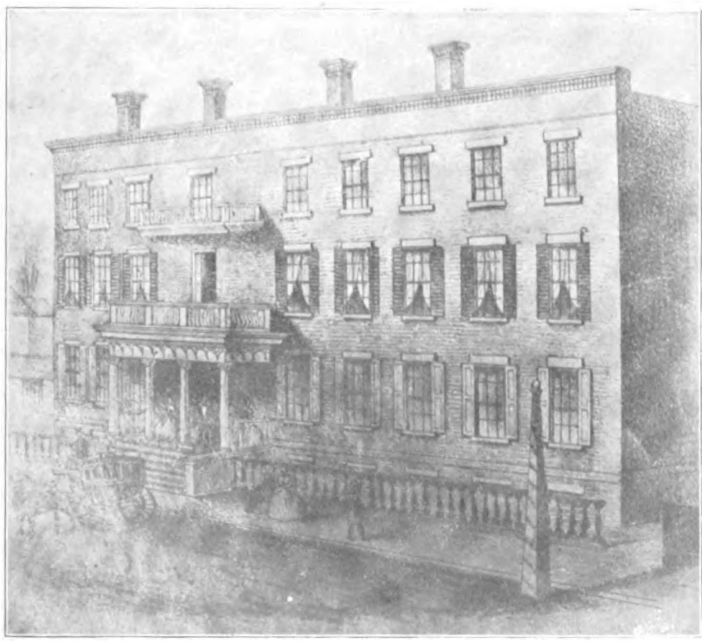
Built in 1837



Built in the '50S



Opened in 1866--Burned in 1877

EVOLUTION OF THE GENESEO HOUSE

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ransferred from behind the hay-stack in
Geneseo. Yet, this remarkable structure had
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city, but its beams were so low that the guests
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a little seven by nine, one and a half story f
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transferred from behind the hay-stack in Richmond, the first county-seat to Geneseo. Yet, this remarkable structure had curses pronounced upon it. It had its veranda in front, showing it to be the highest style of architecture in the city, but its beams were so low that the guests of the house were obliged to practice humility in deportment, or pay a heavy penalty; for no man of medium height could walk erect across that veranda without having his head come in contact with the rough logs which constituted its beams, and many have been the oaths ejected from the lips of strangers, of a dark night, whose heads collided with those unhewn timbers. The second degree of civilization manifested in the structure of the Geneseo House, or the first advancement represented by it, was a little seven by nine, one and a half story frame part adjoined to the primitive cabin part. The second and last advancement, under the old order of things, was represented by the addition to the first frame work of a comfortable two-story part of respectable dimensions. The second story of this latter erection, like the old pioneeer part of older times, was used for various purposes, all in and of themselves right and proper in their turn. It at times, was used for convivial parties, sometimes for sleeping apartments, but it was highest honored when the square room was converted into a Masonic Hall for the use and benefit of the Stewart Lodge. It was here, behind a few yards of colored calico, that our late postmaster Mc., and a few others, now worthy members of that lodge, were initiated into the mysteries of the ancient order of "True and accepted Masons." The room was transformed into a hall for the use of the lodge, by creating, with that strip of speckled calico, stretched across the room, an ante-room and a hall of three feet, leading across it. And it was behind this curtain that the venerated fathers of Stewart Lodge met and kept in seclusion—held from the vulgar gaze of those who passed through the hall or tenanted those sleeping apartments, the secret workings of their society. On reading this description of the Geneseo House of 1852, will not the proprietor and his lady of the Geneseo House of 1862, feel not a little elated, as well as do we citizens, at the contrast of the two houses, and which is so complimentary to the latter house?

At the period stated, 1852, the principal business of the country, hereabouts, was done elsewhere than in Henry county; pine lumber, for building purposes, was hauled on wagons, some from Mississippi River, twenty-five miles, some from the Illinois River, sixty miles, and some from Chicago. These prairies, then, had not heard the sound of the car whistle. Such a thing as a flouring mill was not here. The farmers carried their grain to be manufactured into flour, for family use, some to Green River mills, eleven miles distant; some carried it to the Come mills, distant thirty miles; others, carried theirs, some to the Moline Mills, and some to the Camden Mills. In a few words, in 1852, the people hereabouts, then, were an isolated people, and in matters of business, were the lawful prey of sharpers and Shylocks of other localities, but mostly, to the Rock Islanders, of that day.

MAIL FACILITIES AND PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.

What were these, the readers may ask? Geneseo was connected with the rest of mankind, by public conveyances and by mail facilities, and these were

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the links that connected the people of Geneseo and vicinity, to their fellow men of other localities. The principal part of the mail matter for this section of the county of Henry was brought to Geneseo by "Flint and Walker's" two-horse post coaches, and on the Peoria and Albany mail route. This was a tri-weekly mail route, and crossed the Chicago and Rock Island mail route at Erie, Whiteside county, and from thence came nearly the whole eastern mail matter. The Chicago and Rock Island mail was carried in four-horse post coaches. In addition to the mail route mentioned, Geneseo was favored with a weekly mail through and back, carried in an open buggy from Rock Island to Peru.

How marked the change in the facilities, since 1852! Now, Geneseo has three daily mails, one east and two west; a tri-weekly mail south, and a semi-weekly mail north; six or eight daily trains of cars, and south and north public conveyances. Then, it, by wagon road, was a day's drive to Rock Island, now it is less than an hour's ride to that border town. Then it was more than a night and day's ride to Chicago, by coach; now it is less than eight hours' ride, and while in bed and asleep, if one desires it. These are changes which "old settlers" can appreciate their value.

SPARSENESS OF POPULATION AND DISTANCES.

I will refer again, briefly, to the sparseness of the population in the country around Geneseo, exhibiting, at a glance the means of contrasting the present, with the past, of this locality. On, and near, the road of the Peoria mail route, by the bluff road so called then, there were five dwelling houses between Geneseo and Cosner's—Burns postoffice—a distance of fourteen miles. East on the Peru mail route, and through Shabbona Grove, between Geneseo and Dingman's, south of Annawan, a distance of sixteen miles, there were only eight or ten inhabited houses. The busy and thriving railroad towns of Annawan and Atkinson, with their surrounding farm improvements, then were nowhere. On the road leading to the mouth of the Spring Creek, in Atkinson, by the way of Philo Ward's, and to the upper bridge over Green River, there were ten tenanted dwellings. On the Albany mail route, north of North street, including the residence of Dr. Pomeroy, there were four houses south of Green River, the dwelling now occupied by H. S. Ford, being the most northerly one; then there were none this side of Peter Haney's, Esq., five miles from Geneseo. On and near the Rock Island mail route, then, there were in a distance of ten or eleven miles from Geneseo, six human habitations, west of the present residence of Isaac Fitch, Esq. On the road to Andover, by the way of "Brown's Grove," a distance of seventeen miles, with the exception of F. P. Brown's house, south side of his grove, there was no human habitation, after passing the house of Henry Maybee, a little southwest of town (the same now occupied by Ward Davis, Esq.,) this side of Andover. On the west road leading to Cambridge, then, there was not, after leaving said house of Maybee, a human residence this side of the southern tier of sections in the township of Munson, a distance from Geneseo of ten miles, and two miles this side of Cambridge, the capital of Henry county. On the road directly south of Geneseo, and leading past the Munson postoffice, after passing the residence of Mrs. Eliza Cone, now on State street, and in town,

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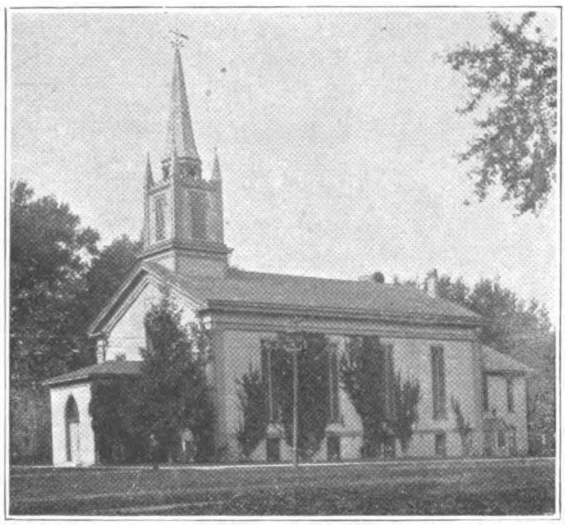

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, GENESEO



HIGH SCHOOL, GENESEO

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nd the house of William McClellan, Esq., so
ne-half miles from town, there was not a
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Munson, on this road, for some eight or ten
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The names of each householder then resid
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and the house of William McClellan, Esq., south side of Geneseo grove, one and one-half miles from town, there was not a house nor slough bridge till after entering the township of Cambridge. And in that now thickly settled portion of Munson, on this road, for some eight or ten miles, and to the right and to the left of it then, there was an unbroken prairie, exhibiting all the localities that nature could manifest, by prairie scenery. The description now given of the sparseness of population, at that time would not only describe truthfully the particular localities specified, but it would apply equally well to the larger portion of the county elsewhere.

The names of each householder then residing in the town of Geneseo, and on the territory mentioned, might be given, but I fear that it would protract this communication to too great length to be pleasing to the reader, hence, I will give an incident, illustrative of the feelings of the "old settlers" of Geneseo at that time, the commencement of the transition period, from that of inactivity and isolation, to that of bustle in business and the intermixing, on terms of equality, by the people of Geneseo with those of the outside world; then I will bring this chapter to a close.

ADVANCEMENT OF BUSINESS IN GENESEO.

In April, 1852, George Richards, Esq., moved into the "Geneseo House," and became its landlord; hence, it became his duty to entertain strangers in the ways and manner that all good landlords should do, in every place, and this part of his duty, Mr. Richards performed to the satisfaction of his guests. Among other things, in filling the part he had assumed, he would show newly-arrived strangers the lions of the city—take them into the stores, and shops, of the place, where there were any—point out to them the recent additions made to the business of the town, then expatiate on the advantages that Geneseo was deriving from these new accessions, and how much less tributary the citizens of Geneseo were becoming to other places and to Rock Island in particular. The point to which he would first take the stranger, to exhibit to him the rising prosperity of Geneseo, and which was almost the exclusive place in it where it could be witnessed, was "the old schoolhouse," this, then, having become the Mechanic's Hall of the town. This building then stood on the ground where now stands the large brick Congregational church. This old house was a sort of sacred relic with the first settlers, and it was very natural that it should have been for they had struggled manfully, and at an early day of their settlement, to erect it, and, from time to time, they had contributed liberally of their substance to repair it, and to enlarge its dimensions; and it had been the place where the first rudiments of science had been taught to their children, and where their souls had been weekly fed with the preached gospel, and many of the youth under the preached words, had been converted to, or confirmed in the Christian faith as there taught; also, for a circuit court room. But now, then, all this has passed away; the courts had been removed to Cambridge, the schools and the religious meetings had been taken to the new Seminary building, and as before stated, this old schoolhouse was resorted to for other purposes, namely, to witness the evidences of the rising tide of Geneseo prosperity; and to present to the

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stranger, in a favorable light, the inducements for him to purchase and to settle hereabouts. The evidence of this rising tide that presented itself to the stranger, on entering that old sacred relic, of not large dimensions, with mine host of the "Geneseo House," was four of Geneseo's most estimable citizens, mechanics, each in his place, busily at work at his trade. This was a luxury that the people of Geneseo had not then enjoyed, only a few months. Those four mechanics, by name, were John Anderson, tinner and coppersmith; Josiah Stewart, harness maker; John Gustus, then a young man, and just starting in life, boot and shoemaker; and a Mr. Young, then late from Michigan, tailor. These were all that then occupied that small building, but I have been told by Mr. H. McArthur, that he after his arrival, which was in the fall of 1851, made application for a portion of the room in the building, enough of it to put up a work bench for the carrying on the business of cabinet-maker, but through some means his application was unsuccessful.

The interest then taken by Mr. Richards in these mechanics, and in their several occupations, and the feelings he then manifested on these occasions were a fair index to the state of public mind in Geneseo in 1852. The day of small things, then, was not despised by any class of citizens in Geneseo, and the laborer and the mechanic was estimated, justly. Is it thus in Geneseo, in 1862? I here will cut short this thread, by asking the question—will the next decade demonstrate so great a change in Geneseo and surroundings, and for the better, as has the last ten years? M. M.

Geneseo, May 5, 1862.

HANNA TOWNSHIP.

The Hanna brothers, Philip, Washington, Luke and Wesley, came from White county, Illinois. "Egypt", as the southern part of Illinois was named, was settled a full generation, or a third of a century, before the northern part. When the writer was a little boy, living in La Salle county, the farmers formed clubs or companies in the fall, to drive to Southern Illinois for apples. Groups of three, four, a dozen teams, made the long way seem shorter with song, story and jest. The older settled south counties had then been settled long enough to grow bearing orchards. From these older realms came the Hannas. They arrived in the summer of 1835.

The Township of Hanna was named in honor of these four brothers. Three of them settled in the edge of the forest of Rock River, near where Cleveland now is. Washington Hanna went on to Iowa.

Dr. Baker and Earl P. Aldrich and their families preceded the Hannas, by a narrow margin. Baker was located in the edge of Rock River forest near the mouth of Green River. Aldrich was in the edge of the Rock River forest, five or six miles upstream from the Hanna camp.

This was the beginning of civilization in the northern part of Henry county. There were settlements at Red Oak Grove, Andover and other points in the south, founded at about the same time—the year 1835.

Old names began to attach to the regions along Rock River. George Brandenburg, he of the first tavern, he who laid out the town of Dayton so well that it

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has been laid out ever since; then crop up the old familiar names of Rev. George A. Colbert, J. B. Tabor, Samuel and Neeley Withrow, Robert Sand, Mark M. Atkinson.

When the gentleman prairie hen sang his bass drum solo in the spring of 1836, the white population of Hanna township footed up to forty-one. The last of the Winnebagoes were disappearing over the Sinnissippi, their musical name for Rock River. A doomed race, they moved on beyond the Mississippi, and, like other red men, moved on from reservation to reservation till they were moved off the earth.

Hanna township is the only township that is not square in shape. Rock River cuts off about a dozen sections, which go to Rock Island county. In Hanna township was established the first means of crossing Rock River. This was a ferry, conducted by George Taylor. Hanna township had the first hotel, the Brandenburg's Tavern. What an aboriginal flavor there is in the very sound of "Brandenburg's Tavern!" One can see the coaches on their swaying straps, the horses with their jingling harness, the men with long hair and whiskers, while all around and all over is the silence of grass and sky! In Hanna township was held the first election in the county, the first grand jury held its solemn session in the lee of George Brandenburg's haystack. Here was the first postoffice, and Brandenburg was the first postmaster. He did not handle many letters, as they were twenty-five cents postage each. In Hanna township was held the first term of county court. Here the first marriage (before the county was formed), when James P. Dodge and Samantha Colbert were wedded. Here the first frame building in the county was built, by Atkinson and Wells, in 1836. There were many of the beginnings of things here.

In Hanna township the gathering of men was held which determined that this county should be formed. Hanna was the initiative.

The poet Whittier might have surveyed the scene, and truthfully repeated:

"The rudiments of Empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

KEWANEE TOWNSHIP.

William, Samuel and James Carson built a log cabin in the grove just northwest of the present city of Kewanee, in the autumn of 1836. They spent the winter there.

Came a few weeks later than the Carsons, but in the fall of 1836, John Kilvington, an Englishman, and Robert Coultas arrived. They built a cabin. Cornelius Bryan came soon after.

Names of other first settlers follow:

Luther Sleight, W. R. Goodrich, Sam Alexander, Francis Loomis, C. W. Brown, Hazleton Page, Captain Sullivan Howard, Sylvanus Warner, (1840). Warner wedded Emaline Otis. Goodrich, listed above, married Harriet M. Slocum on November 22, 1857. Goodrich was a native of the Sandwich Islands.

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Kewanee township is underlaid with two of the prime factors of modern progress, coal and water. These combine to make the mare go. Or the iron horse, which is the same thing. The coal is a good quality and abundant, though the facilities for mining it have not been equal to the immense demand of the giant factories which grew in Kewanee. Coal in immense quantities has been shipped in by rail. There is apparently an underground river of water beneath Kewanee soil. At a certain depth, which varies with the height or depression of the surface, a body of soft and wholesome water is found. This is reached by deep wells, and supplies the city and factories.

The surface of Kewanee township was originally heavily wooded in part. Where the city of Kewanee now is, there was a dense grove of forest trees. Other groves decorated the township, most of which have been cut away.

A creek runs through the township from north to south, affording good drainage.

The surface of Kewanee township is undulating, in some places almost boisterously so. The general lay of the land, however, is gently rolling. This affords excellent drainage and dry dooryards in the city.

As the history of the township is inseparable from the history of the bright and beautiful city within its confines, I will try to tell it all in the proper place and season.

KEWANEE.

"Kewanee." "Prairie Chicken." Thus the Winnebago word is translated. Hon. J. H. Andrews, the popular Kewanee sage, says that a snow squall came romping over the prairie to the first white settlement there, after a delightful spring. The Indians wrapped their blankets closer, and said "Kewanee!" The inference is that "Kewanee" means "winter has come again." I have always doubted the chicken theory. Her heart is in the right place, and there is nothing chicken-hearted about Kewanee. Kewanee was first called Berrian, after the chief engineer of the Burlington. But the people wouldn't have the site of their city called a Berrian Ground.

Kewanee has about eighteen thousand people. The English speaking, typical American, predominates; but there is a cosmopolitan mingling of races. There are Slavs, Italians, Russians, Poles, Negroes, Syrians and mixed.

Some of Kewanee's business houses are metropolitan in appearance and proportions. The visitor is amazed to find such a myriad of architecturally attractive homes. The most perfect printing and publishing plant I ever visited is in Kewanee. It is in a three-story and basement home of its own, and is a monument to the enterprise of Xenophon Caverno, the son of a Wisconsin clergyman.

Kewanee has entirely discarded plank walks, using cement. The streets are wide, and paved, principally, with brick. Asphalt is used on some streets. One short street in the manufacturing district is paved with cement. The cement

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PROSPECT STREET EAST FROM ELLIOTT, KEWANEE



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Kewanee's water supply comes from deep-
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Fuel is found close by. Bituminous coal f
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demand of the immense factories, and much
ds. An idea of the coal

is surface-blocked in six inch squares, to make good footing. Immensely heavy traffic for many years has not impaired this road.

Kewanee's water supply comes from deep-wells in the northern limits of the city. The water is of good quality; but hardly sufficiently copious for a growing young metropolis. The equipment of pumps is antique. Deep wells are being sunk this summer (1909) in the central region of the city, and a new and first class outfit of machinery will be installed. The wells are one thousand, four hundred feet deep. The water is soft and pleasant. There is a vast reservoir for fire purposes at the old works.

Fuel is found close by. Bituminous coal forms the substratum of the gentle hills which billow up to buttress the city beautiful. The supply does not equal the demand of the immense factories, and much is shipped in from nearby mining points. An idea of the coal used in Kewanee may be gathered when it is stated that the Western Tube Works alone, when in full blast, consumed four hundred tons per day. There is a blear effect from the factory fumes. Vegetation will not grow to the northeast of the tall chimneys, for several hundreds of yards. Southwest winds prevail in summer, and in their stricken trail, after absorbing the poison of the cloud-piercing pipes, no green thing thrives. I wondered when I beheld the homes of humans in the blight and blench of these bloomless regions. Children grow where grass will not.

Kewanee's illuminants are not owned by the city. They are owned by stock Gas and Electric Companies.

There is an excellently equipped fire department.

The public library is a township affair, installed in one of the squat Carnegie structures. Carnegie contributed twenty-five thousand dollars and Kewanee township twenty-five thousand dollars. Miss Alice Mann is librarian, and Mrs. Alice Lawson is assistant librarian.

The panic of 1907 hit Kewanee hard. She lost four thousand population, of itself more people than the entire population of any other Henry county town. Freight deposits at the banks fell off more than one half. One immense factory had a freight bill daily of two thousand, five hundred dollars to four thousand dollars. This at once fell to one thousand to two thousand dollars.

This company passed into the confederacy of the steel companies. They supply the world with their product from Uniontown, Pa. Their headquarters are at McKeesport, Pa., near Pittsburg.

Kewanee's heart beats strong for a return of the olden golden days. Such indomitable strength of united purpose was recognized as a winner two thousand years ago. Jesus said mountains may be moved thereby.

The Boss Manufacturing Company controls the world's supply of cheap cotton gloves, five and ten cent goods. This is the mother plant. There is a brood of others. Their traveling men invade even faroff London.

A factory of water supply equipment makes the only system of hot water heating which does not require an engine to force the water into the pipes. This factory supplies all the earth with this commodity.

In Chicago, sixty-five miles of flats, or apartment houses, are heated with Kewanee heaters made by the Kewanee Boiler Company.

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IN THE FIRST PLACE.

When Nelson Lay arrived at Berrian, now Kewanee, by grace of the Legislature, he blithely tripped down the steps of the car upon the virgin sod, assisted his family to alight and looked all around. It was summer, 1854. The engine stood upon the last pair of rails. Nelson looked all around. He was fresh from the woods of Wisconsin. He looked all around to get the lay of the land, as he observed. And he himself was the Lay of the land, even unto the third generation of them that came after him.

The Lay-Lyman mercantile establishment in Kewanee is the fruit and fruition of the boundless billowed landscape beheld by the elder Lay in 1854.

The railway pushed on toward Galesburg. Hon. James Knox Blish will tell you the history of that railway, in this volume. I am under many obligations to this genial president of the First National Bank of Kewanee for many favors.

Kewanee's first house was built by M. B. and J. P. Potter. It is now owned by the Kewanee Chapter D. A. R.

First farm opened by John Kilvington, east of town.

First store, Willard & Morse, "Old Pioneer Store" on Main street.

First schoolhouse, East building, known as Old Brown school, now gone, and land occupied by Western Tube Co.

First hotel, Kewanee House, started by Tuney & Hutchins, but soon sold to E. V. Bronson, who made it famous.

James O'Grady keeps a harness shop. He admits that he was the first merchant in Henry, Bureau or Stark counties. Admitting it, he doesn't have to prove it. He put on the harness first in Kewanee in 1859.

Kewanee doesn't loaf. No group of loafers infest the stores or streets.

The city was formally platted in 1854 by Captain Sullivan Howard, Nelson Lay, Henry G. Little, R. C. Tenney, Geo. A. Morse and Sylvester Blish.

Today the city has a metropolitan atmosphere, from the Lay-Lyman emporium which would do credit to State street, Chicago, from this and four splendid banks, on through a myriad of mercantile magnificence to a group of the grandest factories between the soil and the sky, in all and through all is this suggestion of the metropolitan spirit. The business men have their lungs inflated with this atmosphere. The spirit of Kewanee is growing from the abstract to the concrete, and it will result in a Greater Kewanee.

GRADER.

Edward Blair, writing in the Kewanee Star-Courier, says that he helped grade the Q. track through Kewanee. He assisted in making some of the heavier fills between Kewanee and Galva.

OLDEST KEWANEE HOUSES.

The oldest houses in Kewanee are as follows: The log part of R. A. Little's

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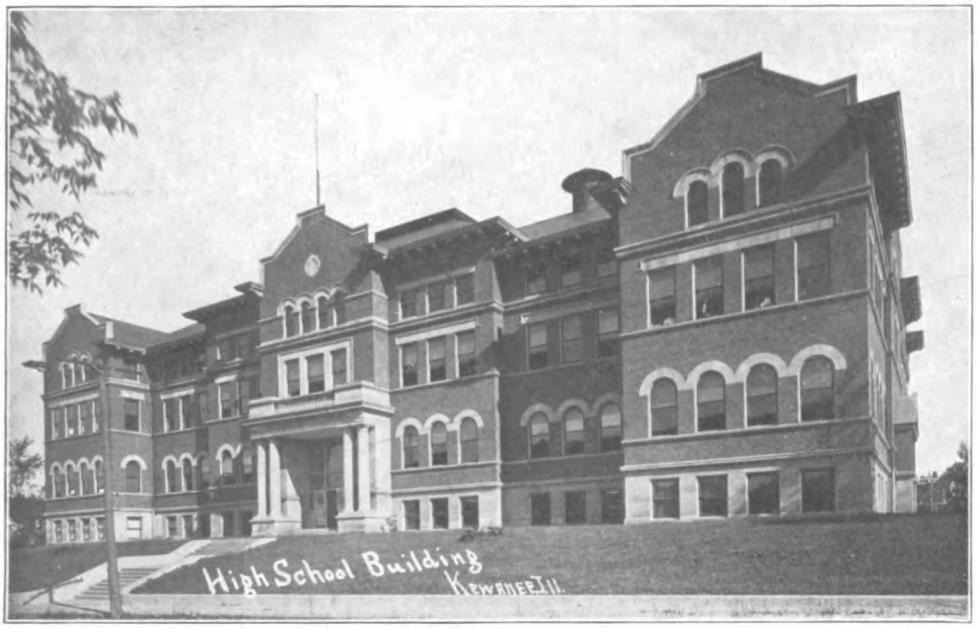

HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, KEWANEE



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HISTORY OF HENR

COULTAS.

A character of early days in southeastern
He cut a wide swath in the prairie. A big g
and therein the pristine people held their pic
Coultas, prompted by the abundance of free f
and horses. He rode from herd to herd on a
a rifle strapped across his back. One morning
never rode back again. They found him, dea
How it happened no one knows to this day. It
an accident. The widow wedded John Ladd,
the lawyer. The latter owned a farm just w

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COULTAS.

A character of early days in southeastern Henry county was John Coultas. He cut a wide swath in the prairie. A big grove was named "Coultas' Grove," and therein the pristine people held their picnics, and gamboled on the green. Coultas, prompted by the abundance of free feed, gathered great herds of cattle and horses. He rode from herd to herd on a little white pony, and always had a rifle strapped across his back. One morning he rode gaily over the green, and never rode back again. They found him, dead from a shot from his own gun. How it happened no one knows to this day. It is generally conceded to have been an accident. The widow wedded John Ladd, father of the late Charles H. Ladd, the lawyer. The latter owned a farm just west of Kewanee, that came to the family through this marriage.

FIRST COAL MINES.

The first coal mine in the Kewanee country was opened by a man named Vine Ferris. There is a question as to which was opened the sooner, this Ferris bank, or the Aldrich mine on Rock River. Kewanee's site was originally a grove. When the wood was all consumed, the people began prospecting for coal. Coal is yet mined within a mile of the eastern limits.

QUEER REVERSAL.

Ever since the days of yore when the Sandwich Islanders ate Captain Cook, the United States have been sending missionaries to teach them the better way. In view of this fact, it is a queer reversal of custom when a Sandwich Islander comes to the United States and builds a schoolhouse, which has also been used for a church. Yet that is what William R. Goodrich did. His father was a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, and there this man was born. His father returned to Connecticut in 1836, after a residence in the Islands fourteen years. He moved west, and joined the Wethersfield colony. In 1855 the son, William R. Goodrich, built for H. G. Little and Nelson Lay the first schoolhouse erected in Kewanee. It was a one-story structure, fourteen by twenty-four, and considered quite imposing at the time. Goodrich the younger afterward built the first bakery in Kewanee. Thus this pioneer, and good rich soil, fed both soul and body of the first generation of Kewanee.

KEWANEE'S NORTH STAR.

Levi North was for many years a strong individuality in Kewanee. He was a lawyer by profession. While a true patriot, he was generally opposed to the government's way of transacting business. When I first made his acquaintance, he was a greenbacker, and giving the government fits for not printing money enough, with rags and printing ink so cheap. In the Mendota Press of October 2, 1856, Levi North sets the government going south for a whole mess of iniquities. The "piece" was cut from the paper and preserved by J. K. Blish.

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He approves a speech made by Hon. James Knox in Kewanee. In this speech it was set forth that the government expenses had swelled from John Q. Adams' extravagant administration when the total annual expenses had been fifteen million dollars, up to Van Buren's ruinous times, when it required thirty-five million dollars to pay the demnition total. Nor did it stop there! At this writing (1856) it was seventy to eighty millions, and still rising. Knox knocks the government, and North pats his back, for buying a strip of Mexico for two million dollars, said strip consisting of barren mountains and burning sands, wholly useless for habitation or subsistence, on the plea that it was needed to build a railroad on to the Pacific. Yes; but the government that could pay two millions for a piece of country which was good for nothing except to hold the world together, could not pay a dollar for a lighthouse to protect our commerce and save the lives of our tempest-tossed mariners. Look at the capitol, and the capital it requires! One door and its casings and ornaments cost forty-six thousand dollars, and is made of bronze and cast in Italy. Inferentially the cost might have been borne; but to be made of bronze and cast in Italy was the last straw. Several other doors cost fourteen thousand dollars each. Having erected the wings, it became necessary to erect a new and larger dome in the center. For this an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars was made. At the last session, the secretary of war, Jef. Davis, under whose superintendence the work was to be done, submitted the plan and estimates for finishing the dome. Only one million was asked for this. It was found that the edifice was so constructed that it would be necessary to tear away and build the foundation from the ground up. The room of the agricultural committee was extravagant. Painting fourteen thousand dollars! Mirror two hundred and fifty dollars! Wash stand one hundred and fifty dollars. Dozen chairs, nine hundred dollars or seventy-five dollars each! While this government could do all of this, the president vetoed a bill to appropriate some land to be sold for the purpose of taking care of the indigent insane in the United States. Most rare consistency!

Levi North was a good man, and his memory is revered.

A NEW YEAR GIFT.

When the writer was in Kewanee in the early May days of 1909, a pioneer whose lifelong joke was that he was "A New Year Gift," was making ready to explore a far more unknown country than this was sixty years ago, when he and his young wife came among the prairie blooms to make a home. This was Robert H. Craig, who was eighty-three years old the first of last January. He had suffered with grip since the first of May, and on Tuesday, May 18th, he left for the bourne beyond the blue. Not long ago, Mr. and Mrs. Craig celebrated their diamond wedding, which is the sixtieth anniversary. This is an unusual occurrence in human life.

CONSTERNATION CELESTIAL.

At the recent semi-centennial celebration of the Congregational church at Kewanee, James K. Blish, who has a well-won repute for story-telling, told of

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, KEWANEE

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the circumstances surrounding the death of a
was much absorbed in the deacon's welfare,
his condition. So, every half hour a big blac
condition chalked thereon. All this fuss wa
deacon, who knew the old man on his seamy
was solemnly hoisted into position. It read
heaven." While the populace was at dinne
ver and chalked beneath the first line:

"Heaven, 1:30, p. m. Great consternatio
rrived."

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the circumstances surrounding the death of a prominent deacon. The populace was much absorbed in the deacon's welfare, demanding half-hourly bulletins of his condition. So, every half hour a big blackboard appeared, with the deacon's condition chalked thereon. All this fuss was disgusting to a neighbor of the deacon, who knew the old man on his seamy side. At 11 a. m. the blackboard was solemnly hoisted into position. It read: "11 a. m. Deacon Smith gone to heaven." While the populace was at dinner, the belligerent neighbor slipped over and chalked beneath the first line:

"Heaven, 1:30, p. m. Great consternation prevails. Deacon Smith not yet arrived."

A HUMAN FREAK.

Here's an old settler writing that he deplored the scarcity of churches in his time, though he never was a church-goer, and probably wouldn't have gone had there been a dozen within driving distance. He wanted to feel that he could go if he wanted to. This is a freak of our many-sided nature. There was a period in my life when it was a punishment to go to "parties." To wear a dashboard shirt, and choker collar, and tight boots, and be expected to giggle idiotically at everything that was said to me, was too much for my free young soul. So I never went, though asked often. But every time I was missed, I felt awfully. When I got no invitation, I shuffled around, dragging my feet to keep from stepping on my under lip, and muttered to myself that people would be sorry for the way they had acted, after I was dead.

KEWANEE IN THE FIFTIES.

Hiram T. Lay kept a diary, and under date of November 26, 1854, he set down the total aggregation of Kewanee:

Dwellings, eleven; hotel, one; warehouse, one; lumber yard, one; depot.

July 22, 1855: dwellings, seventy; hotel, one; dry goods, four; clothing, two; shoes, one; harness, two; furniture, one; hardware, two; blacksmithshops, two; warehouses, three; lumber yards, three; depot buildings, three; wagon shops, two; groceries, five; office buildings, five; drug stores, two; bookstore, one; carpenter shops, three; millinery shops, three; picture gallery, one.

November 26, 1855: dwellings, ninety; hotels, two; dry goods, five; clothing, two; shoes, two; harness, three; wagon shops, two; groceries, seven; office buildings, eight; drug stores, two; bookstores, two; carpenter shops, nine; millinery shops, three; barber shop, one; mills, two; printing office, one; paint shops, three; silversmith, one; bank, one; meat markets, two; bakeries, two.

The memory of Geo. D. Elliott makes it possible to give the names of the men who owned the places of business in Kewanee in the fall of 1854:

Hotel, Tenney & Hutchins; dry goods store, Nelson Lay; dry goods store, Willard & Morse; clothing and shoe store, Montgomery & Mathews; harness shop, Eric Ericson; furniture store, Tenney & Howard; hardware store, S. F. Ezer & Co.; warehouse, Pratt & Bros.; lumber yard, Nelson Lay; the depot was then in the old elevator building.

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GAME MEN.

Oliver W. Brown, for years the oldest voter in Wethersfield township, was a farmhand in Henry county in 1839. His wages were ten dollars per month. He saved up, and bought one hundred acres in Kewanee township. He says that the wilderness at that time furnished an unlimited supply of game for the tables of the pioneers. As a man is largely what he eats and drinks, I have a theory that herein may be found the reason for so many game men in those days.

MIGRATION.

Ever since I began writing this book, I have been looking for a place where I could fittingly tell of a migration of striped ground squirrels I once saw, in my early youth. It will not fit anywhere else, so I'll insert it here. It was on an Illinois prairie, and there was a swarming myriad of the beasts, one hundred yards wide, and less than a mile long. They came up from the southeast, and were headed northwest. I stood at the window of the little prairie shack in which I dwelt, and shouted to my mother to come and see the sight of her life. She said she was too busy with the morning milk to bother with "the pesky gophers." So I was the only one who saw them, and you'll have to take my word for it.

AS TO POTTERS.

Manifest incongruity prevented naming the historic Connecticut colony Potters-field instead of Wethersfield. As time's attrition wore away the crudities, and rubbed down the paradox with the wheels which reeled the old town over into the new, the incongruity was much less manifest. Certain is it that there were many Potters. My recollection records the fact that the first Kewanee man to subscribe for my old Henry County News, in the early months of 1874, was Matthew B. Potter. His subscription began with the first number. When he died, this is what the well-known and honored James Knox Blish said of him in print:

(Matthew B. Potter died in January, 1892, trusted and honored until the day of his death. A better citizen this county never had.)

That is a great thing to say of a man. It is true, every golden word! David Potter reached Wethersfield in the fall of 1838. The sons were all good men and good democrats, except Philip. He was a good man and a republican. Matthew B. Potter's personal popularity may be judged when it is said that, though a democrat in a county one thousand republican, he held the offices of constable, deputy sheriff, sheriff, justice of the peace, sheriff again, and then judge of the probate office. In the conduct of all these offices, he deported himself with so much unassuming industry and good sense, as to be the most popular democrat in the county. Of course a steady diet of Henry County News, aided and abetted.

FIRST VEHICLES.

The first wagon and [illegible]

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HOME OF REV. D. L. CROW, KEWANEE



CATHOLIC SCHOOL, KEWANEE

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Shay, "that was built in such a logical way
day." Yet the deacon's craft may have ins
Oliver Wendell Holmes, to write "The One
the buggy was owned and used by Rev. Mr.
the wagon, notwithstanding it had such a w

A PILGRIM

Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury was a host in him
but belonged to Henry county. Was there a
Pillsbury made his way to the place of m

Shay, "that was built in such a logical way that it ran a hundred years to a day." Yet the deacon's craft may have inspired that intellectual acrobat, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to write "The One-Hoss Shay." Until recent years the buggy was owned and used by Rev. Mr. Vaill. I have not heard the fate of the wagon, notwithstanding it had such a waggin' tongue.

A PILGRIM.

Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury was a host in himself. He was located at Andover, but belonged to Henry county. Was there a settler gone to his reward, the good Pillsbury made his way to the place of mourning, and preached the funeral discourse. Was there a wedding, the good man was there present with the hallowed ritual. Among the several colonies and the isolated families, he passed smiling with those who smiled, and weeping with those who wept. He was a Godsend to the settlers, and they loved him. On October 19, 1839, the Congregational church at Wethersfield was organized. Prior to that the trustees had appealed to Rev. Pillsbury. Promptly he agreed to preach for them one fourth the time. This he did through part of 1837 and to November, 1838. Reader, it is twenty miles between Andover and Wethersfield. In these degenerate days, where is there a man who would walk the distance, though now there are smooth roads, pared with a King road drag, and repaired by the highway commissioner. Then it was a wilderness. There were no bridges. The quaint recorder of the time says: "he had to wade the streams he was obliged to cross. The disposition he made of his trousers depended entirely upon the depth of the water." But he got there just the same. The little old log church never missed a service.

The historic Congregational church edifice of Wethersfield has been purchased by the township for five hundred dollars, and is used for a townhall. The members long ago joined the church in Kewanee. It is a frame structure, built by Sullivan Howard with lumber hauled from Rock Island. Rev. W. F. Vaill reached the colony, under the auspices of the Connecticut Home Missionary Society, on November 21, 1838. Vaill's labors began at this date; but the First Congregational church of Wethersfield was not founded till October 19, 1839, owing to dissensions and strife among the members. This bitterness was potent enough to send some of the members to LaFayette, twelve miles away, for the consolations of the gospel. There they heard the words of Jesus "If you are smitten on one cheek, turn thou the other also," and were delighted. At LaFayette they sang "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love"—sang it with such fervor and unction, with such a swimming of the eyes in tears, that if a brother on the other side should happen along, the glimmering of the tears would prevent taking aim to knock his head off.

HE RAISED THE VAILL.

Rev. W. F. Vaill, pastor of the Wethersfield Congregational church in 1838, was a severe saint. He brooked no levity. Laughter was a device of the devil, in the estimation of Vaill. Here is a case in point:

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The choir was accustomed to meet at the parsonage to practice the hymns. Vaill came in one evening to mingle with the choir. Every chair being occupied, Vaill clambered upon a heap of firewood near the fire place.

The glow of the embers soothed the parson, and the drone of the melancholy music of the time lulled his soul, so that soon the good man was nodding and lurching this way and that way, to the intense amusement of the young singers. They kept an eye upon him, and chanted and lullabied till it did seem as if the pastor's head would roll off its adjacent shoulders. All at once he gave an extra lurch, and down he tumbled, headfirst to the floor, floundering amidst the rolling wood. The members of the choir were convulsed with laughter, all except Rev John Thompson, who kept his face straight with a mighty effort. Parson Vaill arose and proceeded to score the choir with blistering severity. He jawed for half an hour, while the boys and girls stole glances at each other, and choked and gurgled.

MEMBERS OF CHURCH.

The members of the First Congregational church at Wethersfield, organized October 19, 1839, were as follows: Rev. Joseph Goodrich and wife, Rev. Vaill, Nancy T. Little, Mrs. Rhoda Blish, John H. Wells, Mrs. Julia Wells, L. C. Sleight, Hosea Buckley, Mrs. Buckley, Deacon Zenus Hotchkiss and wife, Champlin Lester and wife, and Francis Loomis. Vaill was pastor eight years. The first meetings were held in Colonel Blish's residence, then in a log schoolhouse, then in the frame building built in 1849.

PIONEER MOTHERS.

I just now read how the pioneer mother of Hiram T. Lay watched him as he rollicked upon an improvised springpole (for Hiram was the baby of the Nelson Lay family) and, as she gave the pole an impulse to keep it interesting for the little one, she stooped to peer over the prairies in search of redskins. Yesterday Wes Withrow of Geneseo told how his families' men folks were obliged to journey from Rock River to Red Oak Grove in the south part of the county, and how the Indians came after the men had gone, firing guns, and evidently reckless, though they did no harm. I recall how I read in Henry Howe's history of the Great West of the mother who poured the contents of her featherbed upon a fireplace, and brought down a bunch of bucks that filled the chimney. Then I reflected that the pioneer mothers of Henry county were as brave, as noble, as resourceful as were the mothers of the ancient Spartans, who gave the hair of their heads for bowstrings.

HEIGHO, TO CHURCH WE GO.

William C. Kent, being prompted by the good Lowe of the Kewanee Star-Courier, to say a few words about "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of 1839," or earlier, grew reminiscential. He and his brother-in-law were devoid of horses, but they each had a yoke of oxen for motive power upon their respective farms. Kent and his brother-in-law and their wives were accustomed to walk

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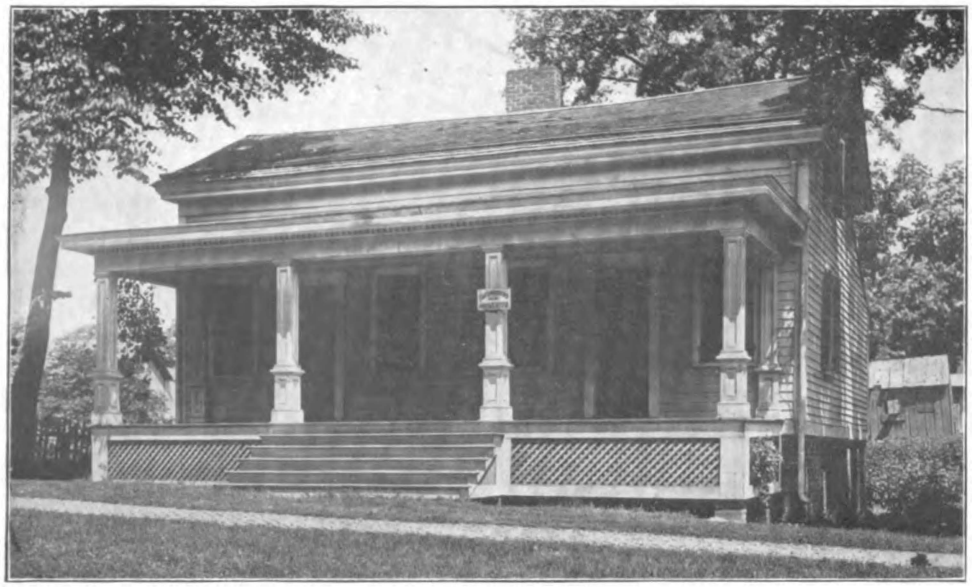

CHAPTER HOUSE, D. A. R., KEWANEE



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six miles from Kentville to Wethersfield to at
a wagon, and they got Sullivan Francis to ma
he did it. He went to the woods and selected
the right size for hubs, and cut them up. A
them in a corner of the fireplace to season. T
white oak. After the wagon was completed,
which to make one. Kent ingeniously says
This is indefinite for the purpose of history.
the schoolmaster, who was "boarding roun
said it on the bolsters, stretches a logchain
said it was "Get up, Buck and Berry, o'er the

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six miles from Kentville to Wethersfield to attend divine worship. They wanted a wagon, and they got Sullivan Francis to make one for them. And this is how he did it. He went to the woods and selected some burr oaks which were about the right size for hubs, and cut them up. After boring them for spokes, he set them in a corner of the fireplace to season. The spokes and felloes were made of white oak. After the wagon was completed, there was no box, nor lumber with which to make one. Kent ingeniously says "But we got a board some way." This is indefinite for the purpose of history. But let it go. Probably got it from the schoolmaster, who was "boarding round." So they took the board and laid it on the bolsters, stretches a logchain for the ladies to put their feet on, and it was "Get up, Buck and Berry, o'er the Prairie in a Hurry." One Sunday Kent would contribute the team, the next Sunday his brother-in-law did so. Kent closes with "The trip of six miles took us two to three hours—as long as it now takes to go to Chicago—but it was a great treat to listen to old Father Vaill and after the services to meet and shake hands with the old settlers. It helped to break the monotony of our isolated lives."

Will the indulgent reader allow another old settler to work in a reminiscence? The writer hereof invaded Illinois in 1854. In the Spring of 1855 my father bought a yoke of oxen which he named Buck and Berry. All oxen have been Bucks and Berrys to me ever since. He left me and a huge ox-whip in the wagon, while he was showing two men how he wanted a ditch dug. Being seven years old and prompted of Satan, I began to bombard the bovine beasts with the whip. Tossing their horned heads on high, exalting their tails, and digging their toenails in, Buck and Berry inaugurated a runaway. When my father, being warned by the noise, looked over the yellow sea of prairie blooms, he beheld his offspring bounding like a delirious doughnut from side to side and from end to end of the wagon box. The kine were headed for the ditch, and into the ditch went the kine and kiner, making a fine kinetoscope display. Everything was saved, except the bosom of my trousers.

SPRING'S SON.

Rev. Dr. Gardner Spring was an aristocratic saint who defied the devil from one of the most aristocratic Presbyterian pulpits in New York. He had a squabby son who hardly knew up to twice. Thrice was away beyond him. He was urged by his folks to run away to sea, and then urged by the sailors to run back home again. He didn't know the hard-a-helm from the flying jib. The Reverend Doctor Gardner Spring having invested in the Wethersfield Colony and thinking little of it, sent this son out to farm the four hundred acres he held. The father deeded the land to the son, and rigged the latter out with team and utensils.

The first move young Spring made was to trade fifty acres of land for making rails enough to fence a forty.

His second move was to marry a big Swede woman. She was a wonderful worker; but the rapid increase in family, and Spring's bad management, made it impossible for her to provide a sufficiency. They came to want. Spring kept fooling his property away.

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The aristocratic preacher was appealed to. With a full knowledge of his son's incapacity, he had turned him out to be cheated and robbed. He assumed the attitude that, as Wethersfield people had skinned his son, now they could care for the carcass.

Then the reverend father back in New York, got foxy. He recalled the fact that his wife had never signed the deed to the Wethersfield acres. Now he proposed to sell his wife's interest in the lands, which she had never released. With this fund, the land having grown in value, his son and his ever-increasing flock, could be provided for.

This proposal raised a storm of protest and indignation. The reverend doctor had given warranty deeds. His wife's claim held only for her life. The good woman settled all claims by dying promptly. The annals of Spring close here with equal promptness. The poormaster may have stepped in, or the reverend father may have provided. My guess would favor the former.

A MOVE ON.

Kewanee started up virile and vigorous, with the great Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway for its vitals. Wethersfield was off to one side. Houses were hauled over into the new town, and an exodus prevailed.

On May 9, 1856, the members of the Baptist church of Wethersfield decided to move their church to Kewanee. There were at this time over one hundred members. For some time they worshiped in different halls and in some of the other churches. On December 21, 1865, a building committee was appointed and steps taken toward the erection of a suitable church edifice, which was completed and occupied July 7, 1867. The cost including the site was over eight thousand dollars.

The Primitive Methodist church was organized in the spring of 1865 and two years later the first board of trustees was chosen. For some time prior to their organization, the persons adhering to this faith met in Cutter's Hall and in the Methodist Episcopal church.

The church edifice was erected in 1873 at a cost of two thousand dollars. The first pastor of the church was Rev. J. Hewitt, who served until May, 1867.

The Free Methodist church was organized in a private house in Wethersfield about 1866 or 1867. Meetings had been held for some time previous in different residences and also in the Swedish Methodist house of worship, and in a store room in Wethersfield. About the year 1870 they purchased the Protestant Methodist church, which stood near the site now occupied by the National Tube Co.

At the organization five or six persons were admitted as members. The first minister was Rev. Jonathan Dick.

A Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school was organized May 13, 1855, and the first service was held the following summer. In October Bishop Whitehouse made a visitation and held services in the unfinished Protestant Methodist church. During summer and autumn of 1856 Rev. Philander Chase officiated in the same church and on the 13th of July, 1856, the church was organized with the name

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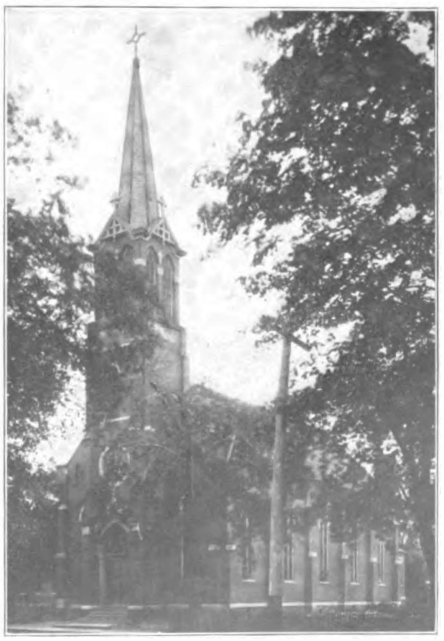
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, KEWANEE



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, KEWANEE



CATHOLIC CHURCH, KEWANEE

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of St. John. The officers were: Senior Ward
Geo. A. Morse; Jas. B. Morse, J. H. Howe,
E. V. Bronson, vestrymen; clerk, L. D. Bishe
E. Peters, who commenced his labors in 185

The first church structure was finished i
Whitehouse, November 15th of the same ye
ars. The first church bell was rung from be

The Presbyterian church was organized
Rock Island Presbytery March 26, 1872. A
February 21st, previous to the organization, to
Twenty-four members first united with the
erected a church, total cost of which, includi

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of St. John. The officers were: Senior Warden, R. P. Parrish; Junior Warden, Geo. A. Morse; Jas. B. Morse, J. H. Howe, H. L. Sloan, Geo. W. Foote and E. V. Bronson, vestrymen; clerk, L. D. Bishop. The first rector was Rev. Geo. E. Peters, who commenced his labors in 1857 and remained two years.

The first church structure was finished in 1857 and consecrated by Bishop Whitehouse, November 15th of the same year. Cost about five thousand dollars. The first church bell was rung from belfry of the St. John church.

The Presbyterian church was organized in the First Baptist church by the Rock Island Presbytery March 26, 1872. A preliminary meeting was held on February 21st, previous to the organization, to invite the Presbytery to this action. Twenty-four members first united with the church. During the summer they erected a church, total cost of which, including lot, was five thousand dollars.

Rev. M. D. Graves was pastor of the church for about three years. William H. Haxtun, S. M. Hurd, William W. Winter were elected first elders. The first church was sold to the Church of Christ in 1903 and moved to its present location on First street. The present Presbyterian church was dedicated in 1904. Property, including church and parsonage is valued about twenty-five thousand dollars. Present elders are: C. A. Brown, James Jackson, D. H. Parke and D. W. Houle. Present membership is three hundred and fourteen. About two hundred members united with church after the revival held by W. A. Sunday. Church is connected with Rock River Presbytery.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized December 15, 1855, in a schoolhouse a little northeast of where the Protestant church stood at that time. They first worshiped in this schoolhouse and also in Schniver's hall. There were thirty charter members, some of which had been connected with the same religious body in Wethersfield. They were under the pastoral care of Rev. J. O. Gilbert at that time.

The corner stone of their church was laid October 23, 1856, and the parsonage purchased in June of the same year. The first trustees were: Arthur Thorton, Wm. C. Kent, Erastus Johnson, Joshua Shipley, Wm. S. Oliver, Wm. Bowen and Wm. King. In June, 1856, a Sunday-school was organized, sixty pupils being in attendance.

The church has a membership of eight hundred, four hundred and seventeen persons were taken in on probation after Sunday revival, three hundred of whom afterward joined in full. The present trustees are: John Bowen, O. R. Warner, M. K. Warner, B. Kennish, J. C. Bannister, E. T. Heaps, A. Spickler, William Palmer and M. L. Buchanon. Church property valued at twenty-five thousand dollars, parsonage eight thousand dollars.

ST. JOHN'S. FIRST CHURCH IN KEWANEE.

The establishment of St. John's parish was the outcome of an Episcopal Sunday-school organized Ma[illegible]

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with sermon, was held in the summer following by the Rev. Mr. Porter, of Jubilee College. On October 9, 1855, the Rt. Rev. Henry John Whitehouse, Bishop of Illinois, made a visitation, and held two services. The Bishop says in his Journal: "My next visit was on Tuesday, October 9, 1855, to Kewknee, a new village of eighteen months' growth, on the line of the Burlington railroad. It was induced by a correspondence some weeks before with an energetic and faithful resident, who removed from Boston after having had, for many years, the successful charge of one of the largest Sunday-schools of the Episcopal church in that city. With two other gentlemen, members of the same parish, he removed to this state; has already established a prosperous school of fifty children, and, with his friends, equally zealous, will, I doubt not, soon provide for the regular ministrations to an organized congregation."

During the summer and autumn of 1856, the Rev. Philander Chase officiated occasionally. On the 13th of July, 1856, the parish was organized under the name of St. John's. The new parish was admitted into union with the church in the diocese of Illinois by the Diocesan convention the same year. The first officers were R. P. Parrish and George A. Morse, wardens; James B. Morse, J. H. Howe, H. L. Sloan, George W. Foote, and E. V. Bronson, vestrymen; L. D. Bishop, clerk. The Bishop says in the Journal, 1857: "Received the Rev. Gerritt E. Peters from the Bishop of Wisconsin. Placed at St. John's, Kewanee." The Rev. G. E. Peters became the first rector of St. John's parish April 5, 1857. The present church building was constructed under his direction during the summer of 1857, and consecrated the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, November 15, 1857, by the Rt. Rev. H. J. Whitehouse, bishop of the diocese. The bishop says in his address to the diocesan convention, 1858: "Sunday, November 15, 1857, was appointed for the consecration of St. John's church, Kewanee, on which occasion I preached, and again in the afternoon, when confirmation was administered to two persons. The building is all that could be desired—chaste and correct in plan; relieved from debt; large enough for the place; and the whole enterprise thus consummated in two years from the date of my first sermon in a town then a year old by the downright energy of two or three young men, is a proof what can be done; and that means are less wanting in our homeless flocks than a brave heart and wise head, to develop and concentrate what they could all command." The church building cost about five thousand dollars, and the first church bell of the town was rung from its belfry in 1860. The first communion plate was presented to the parish by the Young Men's Bible class of the Church of the Messiah, Boston, Mass.

The parish grew and prospered until 1873, when the Cummins schism organized as the Reformed Episcopal church. This movement was strongly felt in Kewanee, and as a result St. John's parish was vacant for several years. In 1875 the work was again taken up by the appointment of the Rev. W. F. Lloyd as rector. The parish gradually recovered from the loss sustained by the Cummins movement, and built the present rectory in 1883, during the rectorship of the Rev. R. J. Walker. The present vested choir was organized under the direction of the Rev. Robert Hewitt about 1895. During the rectorship of the Rev. William D. McLean the interior of the church was entirely

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lone over and the buildings put in good condition. The first memorials were placed in the church at this time, consisting of a beautiful silver and gilt chalice and paten, an oak altar and reredos, a brass missal stand, a lectern Bible, and a processional cross. The Rev. A. E. Gorter procured the present set of beautiful stained glass windows as memorials.

During this, the golden jubilee year of the church, the building has been enlarged by the addition of a vestibule and a guild room. A new organ has been placed in the church, together with new choir furniture, and the Mary Webster memorial pulpit. The buildings have been put in excellent condition, so this jubilee year finds the parish well fitted to do splendid work towards the advancement of the kingdom of God.

HISTORY OF KEWANEE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

By Horace Phillips, Secretary of the Library Board.

The Kewanee (township) Public Library, located in Kewanee, Henry county, Illinois, was organized, under the general library law of the state, on April 7, 1875. Preceding the enacting of this law there had been various preliminary meetings of the citizens of Kewanee, commencing on January 18, 1875, at which was formed the "Library Association."

The names of the citizens interested in forming this library and reading-room association, so far as shown by the records in possession of the library board, are: B. A. Gurney, chairman of the first meeting; Charles K. Ladd, secretary; W. T. Cross; W. H. Russell; Rufus P. Parrish; Andrew F. Bigelow; H. T. Lay; James K. Blish and Adolph Maul. There were five other persons whose names were not given in the records, making the number fourteen who signed the constitution, which had been adopted, and paid their fees.

The Library Association elected as board of directors, W. T. Cross, William H. Russell, James K. Blish, R. P. Parrish, Adolph Maul and Charles K. Ladd. These directors met on January 27, 1875, and elected the first permanent officers as follows: president, W. H. Russell; vice president, W. T. Cross; secretary, J. K. Blish; treasurer, R. P. Parrish. To this organization books and money were donated, and thus was formed the nucleus of what afterward, in the same year, under the recently enacted law, became the Kewanee Public Library. The finance committee, Messrs. R. P. Parrish, A. F. Bigelow and H. T. Lay, reported "sixty-five dollars subscribed and more promised." By January 26, 1875, there were two hundred and sixty-two volumes ready to be placed in the library. The library and reading room were to be open from six thirty until nine thirty p. m., from October 1 to April 1; and from seven to ten p. m. the remainder of the year, except on Sundays, when the reading room was to be open from one to seven p. m. The person first to serve as librarian was John G. Blish, at five dollars a week.

The first board of directors of the Kewanee Township Public Library, elected under the then recent law, who were the same men as formed the board of directors of the Library Association, met at the office of Charles K. Ladd on April 11, 1875, and elected the following officers. Officers for first year: presi-

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dent, W. H. Russell; vice president, W. T. Cross; secretary, James K. Blish. Directors and their terms of office, 1875 to 1909: W. H. Russell, 1875 to 1881; W. T. Cross, 1875 to 1890; J. K. Blish, 1875 to 1886; R. P. Parrish, 1875 to 1903; Adolph Maul, 1875 to 1887, 1897 to 1909; C. K. Ladd, 1875 to 1885, 1888 to 1891; E. C. Rosseter, 1881 to 1894; C. C. Wilson, 1885 to 1888; E. J. Brennan, 1886 to 1889; P. B. Keeler, 1887 to 1897; Charles R. Lory, 1889 to 1909; Robert Moore, 1890 to 1900; J. B. Russell, 1891 to 1894; Rev. Josiah Moore, 1891 to 1893; Rev. S. G. Youngert, 1893 to 1896; Horace Phillips, 1895 to 1911; Henry Ecklund, 1897 to 1910; H. W. Trask, 1900 to 1903; Leo H. Lowe, 1903 to 1906; H. H. Lay, 1904 to 1910; Harry C. Dana, 1906 to 1909; Samuel D. Burge, 1909 to 1912; Nicholas T. Demerath, 1909 to 1912. Presidents and their terms of office, 1875 to 1909: W. H. Russell, 1875 to 1876; R. P. Parrish, 1876 to 1903; Adolph Maul, 1903 to 1909. Vice presidents and their terms of office, 1875 to 1909: W. T. Cross, 1875 to 1876, 1888 to 1889; Adolph Maul, 1876 to 1879, 1885 to 1886, 1898 to 1900; W. H. Russell, 1879 to 1880; Charles K. Ladd, 1880 to 1883, 1889 to 1891; J. K. Blish, 1883 to 1885; C. C. Wilson, 1886 to 1888; P. B. Keeler, 1891 to 1893, 1895 to 1897; J. B. Russell, 1893 to 1894; S. G. Youngert, 1894 to 1895; Robert Moore, 1897 to 1898; Horace Phillips, 1900 to 1907; Charles R. Lory, 1907 to 1909; Henry Ecklund, 1909 to 1910. Secretaries and their terms of office, 1875 to 1909: James K. Blish, 1875 to 1876; W. T. Cross, 1876 to 1882; E. C. Rosseter, 1882 to 1894; C. R. Lory, 1894 to 1907; Horace Phillips, 1907 to 1910. Librarians and their terms of office, 1875 to 1909: John G. Blish, 1875, January 27 to June 19; J. C. Rice, June 19, 1875 to 1876; Thomas O'Sullivan, 1876 to 1877; Miss Amelia Bassett, 1877 to 1886; Miss S. E. Gray, 1886 to 1907; Miss H. T. Kennedy, 1907 to 1908; Miss Alice C. Mann, 1908 to 1910. Board of directors, 1909: president, Adolph Maul; vice president, Henry Ecklund; secretary, Horace Phillips; H. H. Law; Samuel D. Burge; Nicholas T. Demerath. Librarians, 1909: librarian, Miss Alice C. Mann; assistant librarian, Mrs. Kate D. Lawson; assistant librarian, Miss Ellen K. Kellogg.

The first home of the library was in the northwest corner room, first floor of the Library Hall, now called the City Hall, where it remained from 1875 to 1880. On January 10, 1880, the library was moved to the second floor of the Odd Fellows building, situated on the northwest corner of Tremont and Second streets, which place, until 1900, very well met the wants of the library.

The first catalogue, arranged by author, titles and subjects, containing twenty-four pages, was published in 1875, by the Independent Book and Job Company, of Kewanee, Illinois. Supplements were issued from time to time to contain the new books purchased or donated. A much larger catalogue was published later and several supplemental catalogues have been added. The necessity of arranging the books according to a new and better system had been fully realized by the board for many years, but action to this end had been deferred until a permanent arrangement could be made on shelves in a building of our own.

On February 28, 1901, Mr. Alexander McLean, of Kewanee, Illinois, wrote to Mr. Andrew Carnegie of New York, who had been making large donations to various cities in this and other countries, for the erection of public libraries, asking him what amount of money he would give to the city of Kewanee.

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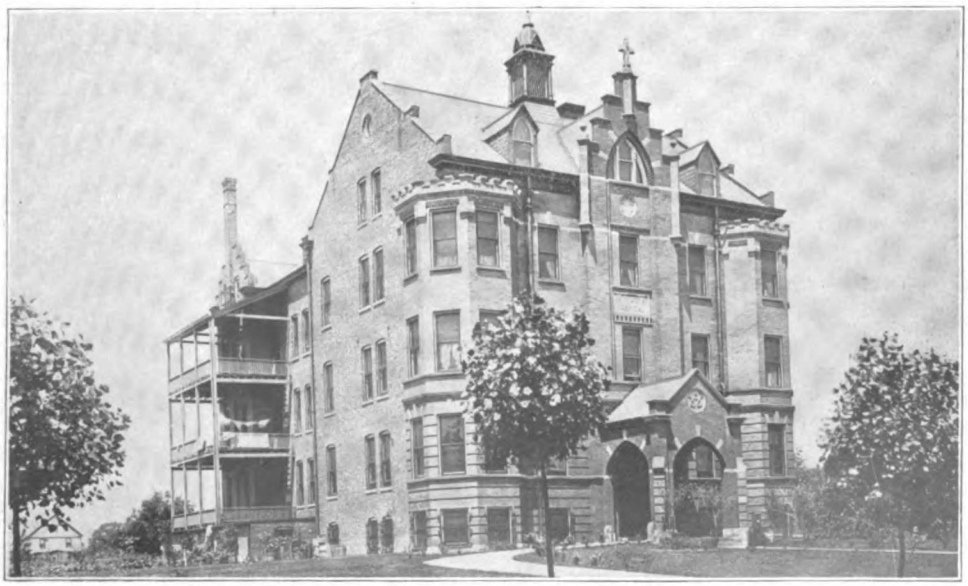
PUBLIC LIBRARY, KEWANEE



ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL, KEWANEE

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HISTORY OF HENR

The following is a copy of Mr. Carnegie's

"Alexander McLean, Esq.,
President Board of Education,
Kewanee, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

Yours of the 28th received. If the city
site and pledge itself to maintain a Public
two thousand, and five hundred dollars per y
thousand dollars for a Free Public Library
Ve

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The following is a copy of Mr. Carnegie's reply:

"Alexander McLean, Esq.,
President Board of Education,
Kewanee, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

Yours of the 28th received. If the city of Kewanee will furnish a suitable site and pledge itself to maintain a Public Library at cost of not less than two thousand, and five hundred dollars per year, Mr. Carnegie will give twenty thousand dollars for a Free Public Library Building.

Very truly yours,
James Bertram,
Private Secretary.

March 14, 1901."

Almost at once after the receipt of this letter, a public meeting of the citizens of Kewanee was held in the Kewanee opera house. The offer of Mr. Carnegie was presented to the meeting and, on motion, a committee to whom the matter was referred was instructed to inform Mr. Carnegie that the citizens of Kewanee accept his generous gift and extend to him a vote of thanks, and to say that they will proceed at once to comply with the conditions of his offer.

Committees also, at this time, were appointed to secure funds for the purchasing of a suitable site for the library building. For the following three years there were so many interests in the nature of public buildings demanding attention and money that the committees were unable to secure the funds necessary to the purchase of a site. Late in 1904, at a public meeting of citizens in the city hall, it was voted to refer to the board of directors of the Kewanee Public Library, the matter of raising funds with which to buy a site. The board accepted the responsibility, and at once, but with no success, investigated the usual means at hand of securing funds.

As a last resort the library board of 1904—president, Adolph Maul; vice president, Horace Phillips; secretary, Charles R. Lory; Leo H. Lowe; Henry Ecklund and H. H. Lay—on December 13, 1904, by vote agreed to request James K. Blish, one of the first directors and a lifelong friend of the library, to draft a bill for an act to enable boards of directors of public libraries to borrow money for the erection and improvement of library buildings or to purchase library sites. This bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, Springfield, Illinois, on February 9, 1905, by our representative, N. W. Tibbetts.

In order to bring this bill to the favorable notice of the representatives in the state legislature, the librarian, through a committe of which Henry Ecklund was chairman, after finding the counties, outside of Cook county, in which there were towns of four thousand or more people; wrote about forty-five letters to their respective county treasurers as follows:

"Kewanee, Illinois, December 19, 1904.

Treasurer.....County,
....., Illinois.

Dear Sir:—

Will you kindly give us information as to whether there are Township,

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Village or City Libraries established in your county, and if any, give their address or location.

Thanking you in advance for an early answer, I remain,

Respectfully,
Miss S. E. Gray, Librarian,
Kewanee Public Library."

On receiving replies as to the location of the libraries, the following letter was sent to the respective boards of eighty-five libraries:

"President Board of Directors,

.....Public Library,
....., Illinois.

Dear Sir:—

A bill will be introduced during the present general assembly session, which, if passed, will authorize boards of directors of public libraries in the state to call special elections at which the people may vote upon propositions to issue bonds and levy taxes for the erection of public library buildings and the purchase of sites for the same.

May we ask you to assist in securing the passage of this needed measure by urging the state senator and representatives from your district to vote for the bill when it comes up for consideration.

You will no doubt appreciate the importance of such a measure to the many public libraries throughout the state which will be benefited by a law that will give the boards of directors the same rights now granted school boards and municipal bodies. We trust therefore that you will find it possible to cooperate with us in the effort to secure the required support for the bill at this session of the legislature.

Yours truly,
Miss S. E. Gray, Librarian,
Kewanee Public Library."

Then the following letter with a copy of the bill was sent to the several boards:

"President Board of Directors,
....., Illinois.

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed you will find copy of a bill now pending before the legislature, in reference to which we addressed you a few weeks ago.

This bill has been prepared by one of the ablest attorneys in the state, who was a former member of the legislature. After looking into this subject closely this gentleman found that there now exists a law that gives directors of city libraries the right to purchase sites and erect buildings by referring the proposition to the city council for their approval, but that this law is so constituted that it does not answer for township libraries.

We believe that in every township in the state, not already supplied, there will be sooner or later a determination to build and equip a public library, and the purpose as set forth in the proposed bill is to give the directors of these

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institutions power to call special elections when, by ballot, the proposition to buy a site or to erect a library building may be acted upon by the people.

May we again ask you to give this matter your careful consideration, and, if the measure meets with your approval, to write to your representatives in the house and senate asking them to vote for the bill.

The success of the bill depends very largely upon the interest that the directors of the public libraries throughout the state give to it. It is hoped that you will give this measure your hearty and active support.

Miss S. E. Gray, Librarian,
Kewanee Public Library."

The bill became a law, under which, on July 25, 1905, the citizens of Kewanee township carried by a large majority the proposition to issue fifteen one thousand dollar bonds, bearing five per cent semi-annual interest, the bonds payable annually, the first one thousand dollars on May 1, 1907, and the last on May 1, 1921. Mr. Carnegie was immediately informed of this vote and of the purpose of the board to buy a site.

In January, 1906, the board, after examining the rough sketches of library buildings presented by various competitors, chose Messrs. Patton and Miller of Chicago, as architects of the Kewanee building.

The most beautiful available lot in the city, at the southeast corner of Tremont and First streets, was bought January 20, 1906, at a cost of ten thousand dollars.

For the purposes of studying library buildings preparatory to the determination of plans for the Kewanee building, the board visited the libraries in Rock Island, Moline, Davenport, Clinton, Sterling and Aurora.

The committee of the board, Messrs. Ecklund, Lory and Phillips, to whom was assigned the duty of preparing, in a general way, plans for the building as suggestions of the board to the architect, reported to the board that with the money, twenty-five thousand dollars now in hand, it was impossible to build such a building as the people wanted, and recommended that the whole matter be laid before the people and that there be an additional fifteen thousand dollars in bonds issued by the township. The recommendation was adopted and the proposition thus to bond the township was carried on June 5, 1906.

In the meantime Mr. Carnegie had been asked whether it would be possible, in view of the large increase of population in the township since his offer was made, for him to increase his gift.

Mr. Carnegie had based his gift, twenty thousand dollars, on the population of the city of Kewanee, not on that of the township, census of 1900, and consequently refused an increase.

After repeated unavailing efforts with representations of the great growth of the city and township, the board asked Mr. A. M. Hewlett, president of the Western Tube Company, to aid in bringing Kewanee's needs before Mr. Carnegie.

The board of directors and the people of Kewanee are under great obligations to Mr. Hewlett for the skillful manner in which he conducted a long correspondence with Mr. Carnegie's secretary, and secured from Mr. Carnegie

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an increase of five thousand dollars, making his gift twenty-five thousand dollars.

This with the proceeds of the sale of the house that stood on the library lot, and with the premium received on the sale of the bonds, gave about fifty thousand dollars, for the building and equipment after paying ten thousand dollars for the site.

The general contract for the construction of the building was awarded to Messrs. Nels Granquist and Peter Swanson, both of Kewanee, Illinois—bondsmen John Fischer, Nels F. Anderson and A. John Anderson—at thirty-six thousand dollars, on October 4, 1906. The building was begun in October, 1906.

A copy of the history of the library with various papers and articles, a list of which follows, and which may be of interest in after time, were placed in a copper box which was sealed and deposited in the corner stone (marked 1906) of the Kewanee Public Library, at two thirty p. m., of January 17, 1907.

The box in the corner stone, which was laid January 17, 1907, contained: History of the Kewanee Public Library, by Horace Phillips, secretary; first catalogue of the library, date 1875, published by the Independent Book and Job Company, of Kewanee, Illinois; a later catalogue; picture of the first board of directors, taken by Andrew Johnson, May 17, 1880; picture of library board, 1907, taken in Charles R. Lory's gallery; Star-Courier of January 16, 1907; Star-Courier of January 17, 1907; Labor Herald of January, 1907; Cambridge Chronicle of January 10, 1907; an article by R. P. Parrish: "What is the Matter with Kewanee?" "Pictorial Kewanee," published by the Star-Courier; City Directory 1905-06; coins—one cent (copper), five cents (nickel), ten cents, twenty-five cents and fifty cents (silver), all of 1906, one dollar of 1904; Chicago Sunday Tribune May 17, 1903, one page picture of Mr. Andrew Carnegie and list of his donations to 1903; The Bench and Bar of Illinois on Equal Suffrage, presented by Mr. Charles K. Ladd.

The building was completed early in 1908, at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars. The library occupies the rooms on the first floor. Three rooms in the basement were finished and furnished for the use of the Kewanee township officers. The south room on the second floor, called the Art Room, holds the beautiful collection of one hundred and thirty-four pictures given to the library by Mr. Thomas P. Pierce. The room on the north side, second floor, is used as a place of meeting of various literary clubs and for occasional lectures.

Soon after the opening of the new building the number of books was largely increased by money furnished by the Fortnightly Club, by the German Society and by many ladies and gentlemen of the city.

The Ladies of the Reading Club gave pictures and casts which adorn the walls of the Children's Room and the Daughters of the American Revolution, the fine picture of Mount Vernon, hung in the general reading room on the south side.

In the entrance room of the building is a bronze tablet, which, as follows, recognizes the givers of this substantial and beautiful library, The People's College.

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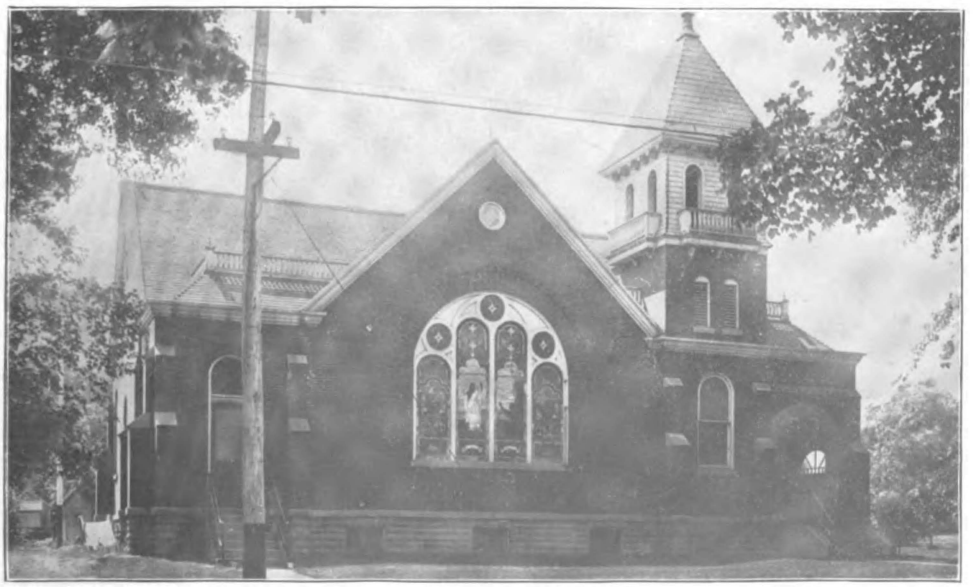
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, KEWANEE



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, KEWANEE

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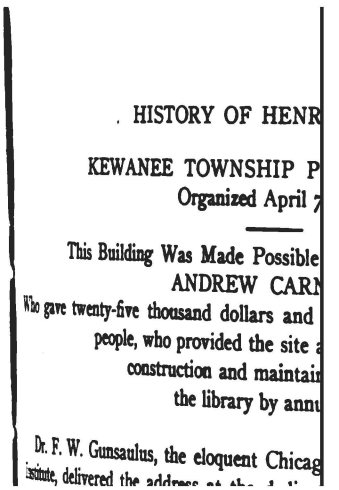
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KEWANEE TOWNSHIP P
Organized April 7

This Building Was Made Possible
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Who gave twenty-five thousand dollars and
people, who provided the site a
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the library by annu

Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, the eloquent Chicag
institute, delivered the address at the ded

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KEWANEE TOWNSHIP PUBLIC LIBRARY
Organized April 7, 1875.

This Building Was Made Possible by the Munificence of
ANDREW CARNEGIE
Who gave twenty-five thousand dollars and by the public spirit of the townspeople, who provided the site and half the cost of construction and maintain the work of the library by annual tax.

Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, the eloquent Chicago pastor, president of the Armour Institute, delivered the address at the dedication of the new building, Tuesday evening, April 21, 1908.

It may be of interest to the people of the township to know that the building was completed and paid for and that there was still some money left in the hands of the library board.

A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF KEWANEE'S MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.

By John C. Bannister.

THE "TUBE COMPANY" AND ITS PREDECESSORS.

At this writing, November, 1909, the principal manufacturing interests of Kewanee are: National Tube Company, Kewanee Works; the Kewanee Boiler Company; the Boss Manufacturing Company; Peters Pump Company; and the Kewanee Water Supply Company. Of these the two first mentioned are much the largest, and the second is the outgrowth of the first. The history of the Kewanee Boiler Company is, therefore, the history of the evolution of the Kewanee Works of the National Tube Company during the greater part of its existence, and both are the results of natural evolution from a very small beginning.

The Kewanee Works of the National Tube Company was, up to January 1, 1908, for about sixteen years known as the Western Tube Company, and during the same sixteen years, and subsequently, the Kewanee Boiler Company has been a separate and individual corporation.

Prior to 1892 the Western Tube Company, or rather its predecessor, was known as the Haxtun Steam Heater Company, and still prior to that time, or prior to 1875, it was variously known as the Anderson Steamer and Heater Company, the Anderson Universal Steam Boiler Manufacturing Company, and the Anderson Universal Steamer Company.

There are very few men now living in Kewanee who remember much, or in an accurate way, about the original company, but it is learned from the issue of the Kewanee Independent of April 6, 1871, that the Anderson Universal Steamer Company's factory, established about two years before,* was the largest factory in the county. Possibly it ought to be said that originally this concern was a copartnership under the name of Anderson and Slocum, because it is learned that such a partnership was dissolved in November, 1870. At about that

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time also a stock company was formed to manufacture the Anderson Universal Steamer, which is said to have been considered "without a rival" by farmers. In the same issue it is remarked that about twenty men were employed in this factory building the Anderson Universal Steamer, which had already begun to be used for domestic purposes, warming dwelling houses, public buildings, etc. It is alluded to as a "base burner and radiator," and the business of the company is stated to have amounted to ten thousand dollars per month (sic.).

In the issue of May 4, 1871, reference is made to the Anderson Universal Steamer Boiler Manufacturing Company, O. H. Loomis (now deceased), secretary. August 10th, following, reference is made to an Anderson house heater and radiator which had been installed in the residence of O. H. Loomis, and the system described appears to have been the prototype of the modern system of heating fresh air by passing it through steam radiators. About this same time Pierce and Brother, hardware merchants, a firm consisting of Thomas P. and John H. Pierce, were advertising Anderson Steamers for feed cooking, and this fact calls attention to the original use to which the Anderson Steamer was put.

In November, 1871, a foundry forty feet by sixty feet with a two-story cupola house and "baking room" was built, and a machine shop thirty feet by eighty feet, two stories high, driven by a forty horse power engine instead of the single horse which had furnished the power previously for this shop, was also completed, the old shop being converted into a boiler shop.

By this time house heaters had been installed in the residences of J. L. Platt, W. E. Haxtun, E. R. Kerr and O. H. Loomis, and in the Congregational church, as well as in a few other places in Illinois and Iowa. We learn from a long letter from Dr. G. E. Kimball of Iowa City, Iowa, that the Anderson Steam Heater in his home was very satisfactory in February, 1872, and in March of the same year he wrote another two-column letter which still further boosts the Kewanee product.

In April, 1872, the name of the concern appears as the Anderson Steamer and Heater Company. From that time until 1875 the growth of the company's business appears to have been steady, and the formation of the Haxtun Steam Heater Company occurred in the latter year.

In March 1876, the Haxtun Steam Heater Company reported to the state treasurer that it had a capital of fifty thousand dollars invested, used annually ten car loads of pipe, forty tons of boiler plate, and one hundred and twenty tons of cast iron; it employed from twenty-five to thirty-five hands.

In May 1876, this company took contracts for heating buildings in Eldora and Ames, Iowa, amounting to fifteen thousand dollars, and the notice of this contract is the first public intimation of the connection of John H. Pierce with the industry. From this time on, however, until 1904, his name is inseparably linked with the growing manufacturing interests of Kewanee through his continuous connection with them and the tremendous strides which they took under his hands.

In September, 1876, the Haxtun Steam Heater Company obtained its first side track for its exclusive use. The next four years were apparently years of

* The first "Feed Steamer" was probably built by Anderson in 1868.

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the original use to which the Anderson

foundry forty feet by sixty feet with a two-s
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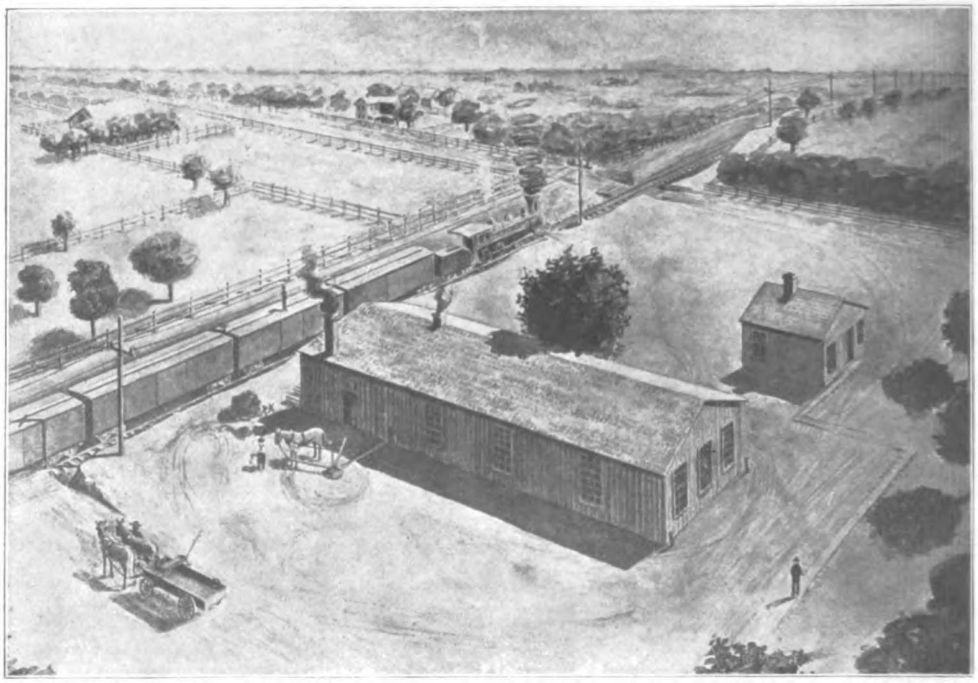
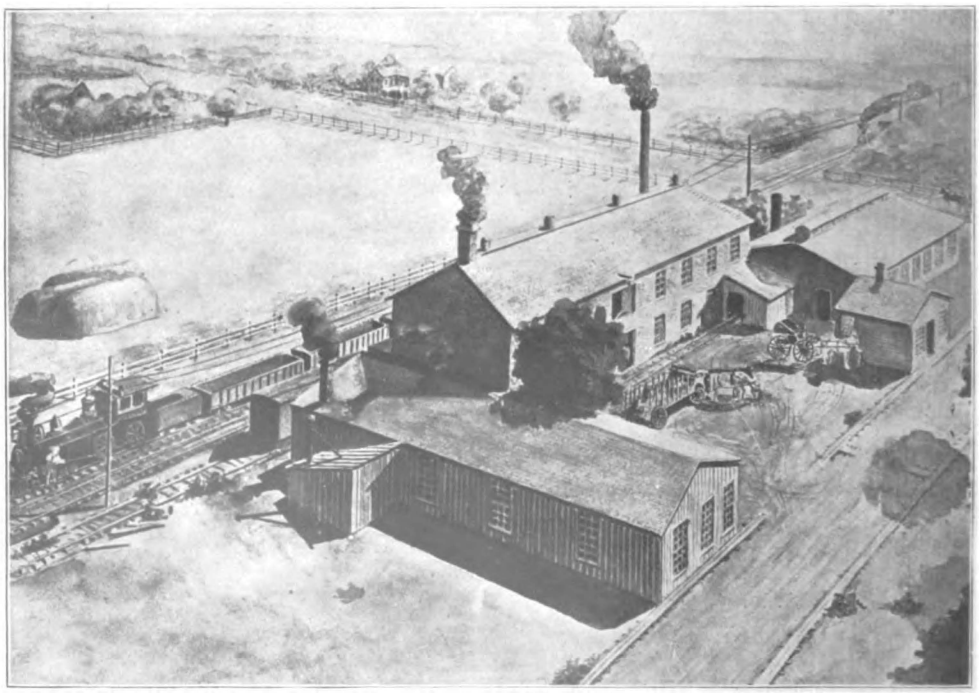


ANDERSON HEATER COMPANY, 1870, KEWANEE



HAXTUN HEATER COMPANY, KEWANEE

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continuous growth, for in October, 1880, the Geneseo "News" reports that the Haxtun Steam Heater Company employed one hundred and twenty men and melted five tons of iron daily. At that time Mr. J. H. Pierce was secretary of the company and Phil Potter its superintendent. About the same time, or a month or two later, there is also evidence that the company had begun the manufacture of fittings in a considerable way, for a three-way reaming and tapping machine was built at a cost of over two thousand, five hundred dollars which it was said would finish the three openings of a tee in about two minutes. The inventor and builder of this machine was Mr. N. D. Bailey, a mechanic of rare ability who had already been in the employ of the company for a number of years and is still employed in the Kewanee Works of the National Tube Company.

Early in 1881 a "large boiler factory" was built and a considerable addition to the foundry, and in March of the same year Mr. J. H. Pierce retired from the firm of Pierce and Brother to devote his entire time to the Haxtun Steam Heater Company. At that time the directors elected were W. E. Haxtun, J. H. Pierce, E. R. Kerr, Phil Potter, and C. S. Wentworth, and the capital stock was increased from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars. It was reported that the freight charges paid during the previous year had amounted to fourteen thousand, five hundred and fifty-three dollars and fifty-three cents and that the business had grown eighty per cent during that year just ended.

In October, 1881, two hundred hands were on the pay rolls; the foundry was occupying a space amounting to fifty by one hundred and sixty feet, the machine shop fifty by one hundred and eighty feet, and the boiler shop sixty by one hundred feet. Phil Potter resigned as superintendent in October, 1881, and at the next election of directors, in March 1882, his place was filled by E. E. Baker, who has been continuously connected with this industry and with the Kewanee Boiler Company since that time and up to the present; and Mr. Baker's name is also one of those always thought of in connection with the up-building of the manufacturing interests of Kewanee.

Building operations were extended during 1882 very largely, the capital stock was increased from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars, and the increase of business during the previous year was reported as about one hundred thousand dollars. Brass foundry operations were also begun about that time and it is evident that the company was now producing a large quantity of fittings and valves in connection with the building and installation of its heaters. Power boilers were also a part of its product. At this time the moving spirits in the organization were W. E. Haxtun, J. H. Pierce, E. E. Baker, N. D. Bailey, and Horton Vail. The last named was the head of the boiler making part of the plant and he remained in that capacity through many years and up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1902, while he was superintendent of the Kewanee Boiler Company.

About this time the city (then village) of Kewanee began exercising its beneficent powers by vacating portions of streets for the use of the rapidly growing needs of the company, a practice which has continued up to the present and which has done much to foster the interests of Kewanee's manufacturing industries.

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In July, 1882, two molding machines were in operation in the foundry and heat of twenty-three thousand pounds of iron was melted. (Compare this with the two thousand, six hundred pound heat which was the first taken off in 1876.) The following March at the annual meeting of 1883, it was reported that the sales for five years had been as follows: 1878, sixty-three thousand dollars; 1879, ninety-six thousand dollars; 1880, one hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars; 1881, two hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars; 1882, three hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars; a surplus on hand of sixty-eight thousand dollars. The boiler shop covered an area sixty by one hundred and twenty-four feet; the machine shop, sixty by one hundred and ninety-two feet; the iron foundry, fifty by one hundred feet; the brass foundry, fifty by sixty feet. In this year the directors elected were W. E. Haxtun, J. H. Pierce, C. S. Wentworth, E. E. Baker, and L. O. Goddard. During the previous year the company had used one million, one hundred and two thousand feet of pipe, six hundred and forty thousand pounds of boiler iron, three million, five hundred and twenty-four thousand pounds of pig iron, and large amounts of scrap, and one hundred and forty-nine cars of sand; and there had been paid out to employes one hundred and three thousand dollars. Considerable building was done during 1883, and in May the company was employing two hundred men.

The next great event was a mass meeting of citizens held June 25, 1883, to consider establishing rolling mills and pipe mills. The company was already manufacturing the fittings and valves which were a necessary part of the apparatus used with steam heating installations, but was buying its pipe for radiators and steam lines; thus it is seen that necessity was the mother of the mill proposition which was discussed at the mass meeting alluded to above. At this meeting it was reported that certain capital was ready to build the mill if ground was furnished for the purpose, and the following named citizens were appointed a committee on ways and means: A. B. Ashley, T. P. Pierce, C. C. Blish, David Bennison, M. C. Quinn, Elias Lyman, John Lyle, A. F. Bigelow, C. K. Ladd, S. T. Miles, E. R. Kerr, H. T. Lay, and E. V. Bronson. This committee reported at a meeting held June 27th, two days later, that it had succeeded in securing subscriptions, locally, amounting to eleven thousand, two hundred and thirty-six dollars. Later this committee purchased the ground upon which the mill buildings of the National Tube Company, Kewanee Works, still stand, and reported having sold the buildings which formerly occupied this site for two thousand, one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

About the middle of July, 1883, the rolling mill and pipe mill proposition became more than a promise by the incorporation of the Kewanee Rolling and Pipe Mill Company with the following incorporators: L. O. Goddard, Chicago; John W. Gilbert and John G. Foote, Burlington, Iowa; and W. E. Haxtun and J. H. Pierce, Kewanee. At the first annual meeting of this allied company the following were chosen directors: John G. Foote, John W. Gilbert, L. O. Goddard, J. H. Pierce, and W. E. Haxtun. The officers elected were: J. H. Pierce, president; John W. Gilbert, vice-president; E. E. Baker, secretary and treasurer. The capital stock was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Buildings for these mills were commenced about August 1, 1883, and November 14th some of the machinery was set in motion by engines aggregating six

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hundred and fifty horse power. On that date the first iron was rolled. The following statistics in regard to these mills are found in the issue of the Kewanee "Courier" of November 21, 1883: The rolling mill occupied a building seventy-five by two hundred feet with an ell sixty by sixty-five feet; the pipe mill was housed in a building sixty by two hundred feet with an ell forty by one hundred and seventy-five feet; the gas producer building was forty by one hundred and fifty feet; and the boiler house forty by one hundred and ten feet. The buildings were all of frame timbers covered with forty tons of corrugated iron sheets and covered an aggregate area of two and one-half acres. Over a million brick were also used in the construction of furnaces, etc.

In the skelp mill there were three stands of rolls driven by a four hundred horse power Corliss engine. The iron was heated in two gas furnaces having a capacity of sixty tons per day of twenty-four hours. There were also two quadruple gas puddling furnaces having a capacity of twenty-four tons of muck iron per day. In the pipe mill there were three regenerative gas furnaces, two for butt weld pipe and one for lap weld boiler tubes, and the combined capacity of these furnaces was said to be one hundred tons of pipes and tubes per day. The addition of these mills raised the total number of employes so that late in 1883 there were about five hundred people at work. At the close of the year a record of seven hundred pieces of pipe per day had been established; the monthly pay roll had reached twenty thousand dollars; and the annual incoming freight amounted to over ten thousand tons. Late in January, 1884, the pipe mill was turning out about thirty thousand feet of pipe daily, and already a new muck train was contemplated to double the capacity of the rolling mill.

In March, 1884, the Haxtun Steam Heater Company and the Kewanee Rolling and Pipe Mill Company were consolidated under the name of the former, with a capital stock of five hundred thousand dollars, and the list of officers elected at that time was: W. E. Haxtun, president; J. H. Pierce, secretary; E. E. Baker, cashier; and these with Messrs. Wentworth, Goddard, Gilbert, and Foote constituted the board of directors of the new company.

Mr. William B. Sandford had taken charge of the pipe mill and it was under his superintendence that this mill continued to turn out increasing quantities of pipe for over twenty years.

At the annual meeting in March, 1885, the same directors and officers as in 1884 were elected, with the exception of Mr. E. E. Baker who became treasurer. In October of that year the pay roll had risen to twenty-two thousand dollars per month, and throughout the year the average number of employes was five hundred and fifty,while the sale increased one hundred thousand dollars over 1884. At the annual meeting of March, 1886, the same directors and officers were elected, and again in 1887. In 1886 the capital stock was reduced to four hundred thousand dollars, all paid in, and the pay roll for that year was three hundred and thirteen thousand, one hundred and thirty-eight dollars and eighty-four cents; the shipments amounting to twenty-two million, three hundred and thirty-three thousand, seven hundred and sixty-nine pounds.

A disastrous fire occurred January 1, 1888, which destroyed all the mill buildings except those housing the gas generators and boilers. It was at once decided to rebuild, and operations were commenced within a few days on a

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larger scale than ever, so that on Washington's birthday work was resumed in the rolling mill. At the time of the annual meeting the following March, everything was going as before and the same directors and officers were elected. At this time the pay roll was announced to have been for the year previous about four hundred and twelve thousand dollars, and there were about nine hundred men employed.

Passing over the balance of the year 1889, which was marked by some building operations, the annual meeting of March, 1890, marked the entrance of the National Tube Works Company into an interest in the affairs of the Haxtun Steam Heater Company. The directors elected were: J. H. Pierce, E. C. Converse of New York, H. N. Wade of Batavia, Illinois, C. A. Lamb, Chicago, Edw. Worcester, St. Louis, L. O. Goddard, Chicago, and E. E. Baker. Mr. Pierce was elected president; Mr. Baker, vice president and treasurer; Mr. Edw. Worcester, secretary; and A. M. Hewlett, assistant treasurer. Of the above directors, Messrs. Converse, Lamb, and Worcester were National Tube Works Company men, and the election of Mr. Worcester as secretary of the company brought into the organization a man who did much for it in extending its business, and has been directly connected with the company ever since, with the exception of two or three years. He is now vice president of the National Tube Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and a very good friend of Kewanee's manufacturing interests.

In 1890 Mr. J. H. Pierce went to McKeesport to act as assistant general manager of the National Tube Works Company's great plant at that place. October 20th of that year the Haxtun company was employing one thousand, one hundred men, and in September, 1890, the first girls were employed in the core rooms. The capital stock of the company was also increased one hundred thousand dollars during this year.

The following March, 1891, the old name of Haxtun Steam Heater Company was discontinued and the name Western Tube Company was adopted. The same directors were elected as in the preceding year with the addition of Mr. J. C. Williams, who had come to Kewanee to take charge of the fitting and valve operations, and he remained with the company until 1898. In June, 1891, the pipe finishing mill was started.

In 1892 the officers were the same as in the preceding year, except that Mr. Hewlett became treasurer. Mr. Hewlett's connection with the company lasted from that time until his death in 1907, as treasurer, secretary and treasurer (after the retirement of Mr. Worcester), vice president, and president, and his name must be linked with those of Mr. J. H. Pierce and Mr. E. E Baker as composing the triumvirate which has done more for the manufacturing interests of Kewanee than any others.

In June, 1892, a mass meeting of citizens was held at which an indemnifying bond was signed protecting the company on the title to streets which had been vacated by the city. In this year also the company engaged in the manufacture of malleable iron fittings.

In the spring of 1892 the Western Tube Company decided to discontinue the manufacture of boilers and other heating apparatus, with the exception of radiators, continuing the manufacture of pipe, fittings, and brass and iron

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valves. Accordingly, a new company known as the Kewanee Boiler Company was organized by Mr. E. E. Baker, and the history of that company becomes from that time on the history of a separate corporation which will be reviewed later on in this chapter.

At this time, also, the Western Tube Company started on its grand march of development to proportions which it reached in 1906 and 1907. During the years 1893-94-95, this development was comparatively rapid, but in 1896, on account of the almost complete stagnation of business throughout the country, there was a decided set-back. At that time Mr. J. H. Pierce was president; Mr. J. C. Williams, vice-president; Mr. A. M. Hewlett, secretary; and Mr. C. E. McCullough, treasurer. Mr. J. C. Williams retired shortly afterward, but the other officers remained about as above until the election of Mr. C. I. Pierce as secretary of the company and Mr. A. M. Hewlett as vice-president. These officers remained unchanged in the relative positions until the retirement of Messrs. J. H. Pierce and C. I. Pierce in 1904, at which time Mr. A. M. Hewlett became president; Mr. John Duncan, vice-president; and Mr. C. E. McCullough, secretary and treasurer. This organization was continued until the death of Mr. Hewlett in December, 1907. Mr. C. E. McCullough retired December 31, 1907; and with these two men, who had been so long identified with the prosperity and upbuilding of the company, removed by death and retirement, the Western Tube Company ceased to exist as an operating concern, although it still has a corporate existence.

January 1, 1908, the National Tube Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which has had a controlling interest in the stock and management of the Western Tube Company since 1895, determined to operate the plant of the Western Tube Company in exactly the same way that its other departments were operated, and the Western Tube Company became, for operating purposes, Kewanee Works, National Tube Company. Mr. Duncan was transferred to Pittsburg to take charge of the sales of Kewanee Works products, in which position he remained until his resignation in September, 1909. The operation of the plant was entrusted to a local manager, Mr. J. C. Bannister, who had been a foreman, superintendent, and chief engineer, and at the present time the works are in operation under his management, with Mr. J. N. Gamble as superintendent of foundry departments; Mr. C. D. Terry, superintendent of mill department; and Mr. E. E. Bowman, chief clerk.

Not only the stock of the old Western Tube Company, but all the real estate and other property of that company, are now owned by National Tube Company of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The present directors of the Western Tube Company are: Wm. B. Schiller, Edw. Worcester, John D. Culbertson, and Taylor Allderdice, all of Pittsburg, and J. C. Bannister of Kewanee.

In the early part of this review of the history of the Tube Company at the risk of tedious details, much information has been given to illustrate the normal and steady growth of the business which started in such a modest way from the old Anderson Feed Steamer. This was deemed desirable because it is always worth while to observe the development of a meritorious undertaking, and because there are but few who can recall the facts as presented. It hardly seems necessary to allude in detail to the enormous growth of the Tube Company in

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the years which have elapsed since 1892, the time when the original business became detached from the parent company, as most of such history is within the recollection of those living in Henry county today.

The growth has been natural but almost beyond belief to those who have not witnessed it. The works now cover upwards of forty acres, and the buildings and equipment are for the most part of the most substantial and durable character. With only one or two exceptions, the larger buildings are all of steel and brick construction and especially adapted to the purposes to which they are put. In 1906 and 1907 the total number of employes reached about four thousand, two hundred men, girls and boys, and the pay roll amounted to about two million, five hundred thousand dollars annually.

During the depression of business which occurred in 1908, the product of the plant necessarily fell off to a minimum, and it is only within the past six months that operations have been at all normal, and that only in certain departments. At the time this is written conditions are improving very rapidly, and the works now employs about two thousand, three hundred people and is paying out over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars per month in wages. The present capacity may be judged from the following: Iron melted per day, three hundred and eighty thousand pounds; brass melted per day, forty-two thousand pounds; pipe welded per day, three hundred tons.

On account of its isolated position, away from the base of supplies which run into large tonnages, it is not likely that the mills of this company in Kewanee will ever operate continuously to produce as great a product as in 1906, but the other lines of goods which are manufactured, fittings, valves, and other steam and water appliances, are continually becoming in greater demand and this part of the business will undoubtedly grow to very largely increased proportions.

THE KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY.

As stated in reviewing the history of the Tube Company, the Kewanee Boiler Company was incorporated on May 4, 1892, with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars, the directors being as follows: E. E. Baker, Horton Vail, T. P. Pierce, J. P. Dugger and August Wagner. Mr. E. E. Baker was elected president and treasurer; Mr. Horton Vail, vice-president and Mr. J. P. Dugger, secretary.

The Kewanee Boiler Company bought the Bennison Mill property just west of the plant of the Haxtun Steam Heater Company, and erected a modern boiler plant, moving in late in the year 1892. The separation from the Western Tube Company was made so that the Western Tube Company might devote all of their energy to the manufacture of pipe, valves and fittings, and the Kewanee Boiler Company might continue the manufacture of boilers.

At first the product was limited to house-heating boilers and tubular boilers. In January, 1893, the number of directors was increased to six, which included Mr. B. F. Baker, who was made treasurer. Several times the capital stock of the company has been increased until the present capital stock is five hundred thousand dollars, the directors and officers being as follows: president, E. E.

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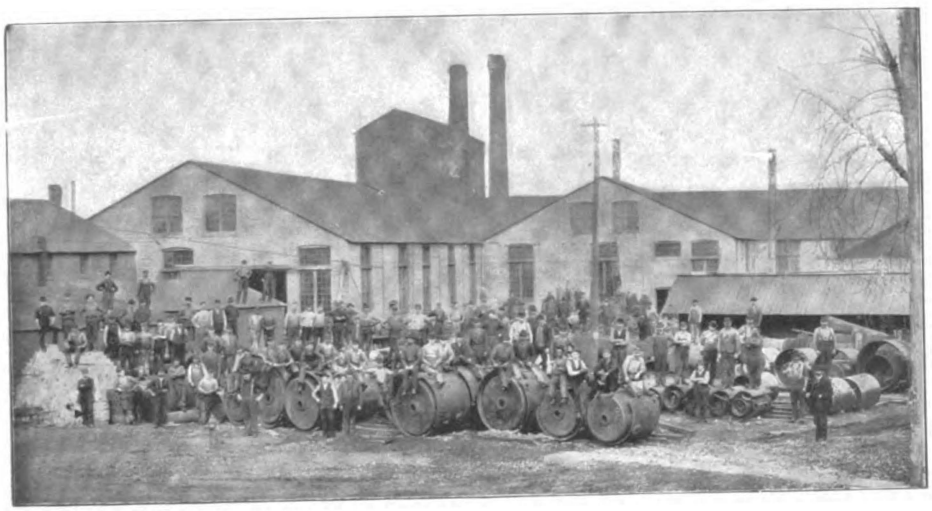
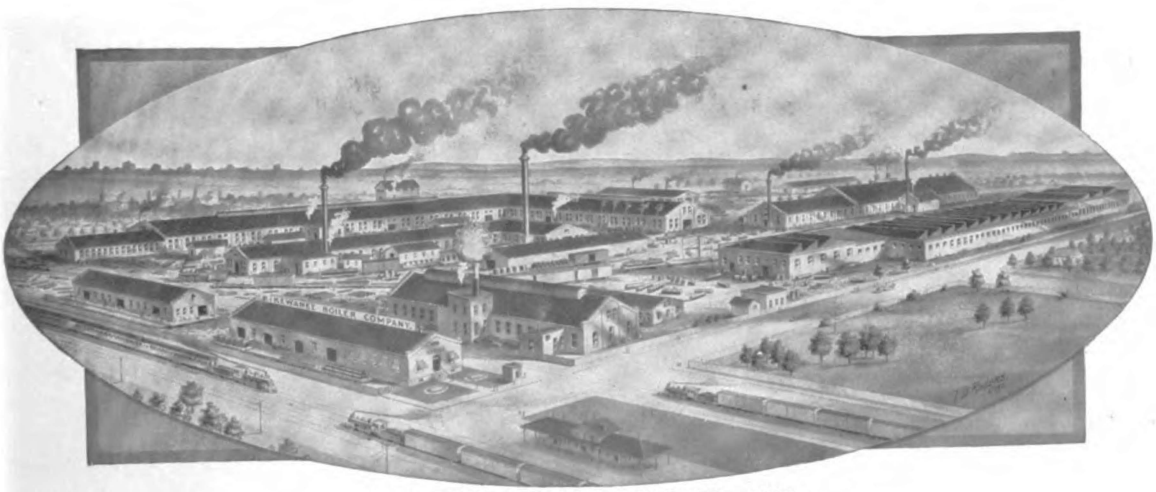


FIRST PLANT OF THE KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY



KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY, 1908

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Baker; vice-president and treasurer, B. F. Ba
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Baker; vice-president and treasurer, B. F. Baker; secretary, J. P. Dugger; M. F. Moore, C. V. Kellogg, James Mackay.

In April, 1900, the Kewanee Boiler Company sold to the Western Tube Company the real estate and buildings which they occupied, the Kewanee Boiler Company purchasing seven acres at their present site and building a new plant. The Kewanee Boiler Company used the old plant until the new plant was built, moving into the new plant in the fall of 1900. In the fall of 1901, the Kewanee Boiler Company purchased quite a number of lots and houses north of their plant, and the city vacated the streets and alleys between these lots, thus adding to the plant the area of about eight acres.

During 1902, was built the cast iron radiator plant. At the time of the incorporation of the company about eighty men were employed, and at present about eight hundred men are employed. The volume of business has kept pace with the increase in the number of men, the business at present being approximately ten times what it was for the first year of the company's existence. At the present time a very complete line of heating boilers is manufactured; also, horizontal, tubular and fire-box boilers, tanks of all kinds, and cast radiators. The trade at first was confined to a limited territory, but now covers the entire country. The business has grown so fast that at all times additions and new improvements have been made to the plant, the evolution being one of remarkable steady growth, even in times of general business depression.

The advertising done by this company is very striking, as will have been observed by readers of the Chicago papers, and it has done much to acquaint people generally with the existence of Kewanee as a manufacturing city. However, the general excellence of the Kewanee Boiler Company's product has in itself been the best sort of an advertisement for both the company and Kewanee. A noticeable feature of the year 1908 was that while many other factories were compelled to curtail production almost to nothing, the Kewanee Boiler Company was able, on account of the special demand for its goods, to keep a very large number of people employed. This has also been true in other years and too much credit cannot be given to the company for its conservative and highly successful management.

THE BOSS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

In May, 1890, Mr. H. H. Perkins of Kewanee organized a corporation under the name of H. H. Perkins Manufacturing Company with a capital stock of ten thousand dollars. Mr. Perkins was the patentee of what was known as the Boss Husking Pins, and manufactured them in a room about fifteen feet square. The huskers were very popular and are still known as the best husking pins on the market, so that their use has extended around the entire globe.

In 1892 the manufacture of canton flannel mittens was begun and a limited equipment was installed for making by machinery such mittens for use of farmers in husking season which the farmer's wives had formerly made by hand. This idea proved a winner, and July 1, 1893, the H. H. Perkins Manufacturing Company was succeeded by the Boss Manufacturing Company which had been in-

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lars, fully paid. In the same year the new company purchased forty acres of land in the western part of Kewanee and located the first building where the present local plant stands.

This business has gradually grown until today the capital and surplus employed is around five hundred thousand dollars. Whereas in 1893, three hundred and fifty dozen pairs of canton flannel gloves and mittens were manufactured, in 1909 a carload of material is cut up every day containing material for approximately ten thousand dozen pairs. The growth has, in fact been so rapid, that notwithstanding additions to the Kewanee plant from year to year, it has been found necessary by the company to establish branches in other cities in order to supply itself with help and in order that the shipping points should be in the center of the different districts. The Boss Manufacturing Company is really a pioneer in the idea of having these different factories located in different points. A specialty of different classes of goods is made in each place, the help is trained along certain lines, and with the advantage of an abundance of help and better shipping facilities, the idea has proved so advantageous that the company now has eight different factories located in different parts of the country, in addition to the general offices and home plant at Kewanee.

The first of these branches was established in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1901. In 1902 plants were located at Fort Wayne and Bluffton, Indiana. In 1903 the largest plant operated by the company was established at Findlay, Ohio, using four hundred employes with a pay roll around one hundred thousand dollars per year. In 1905, an office and factory were opened in New York City. In 1906 a branch factory was established in Monmouth, Illinois, and in 1907 another at Peoria, Illinois. In 1906, also, a second branch was started at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and in 1907 still another in Beatrice, Nebraska. All of the buying, selling, managing and superintending for these nine plants is handled from the general offices at Kewanee. The nine factories employ some one thousand, six hundred people, mostly young women, with a pay roll of about five hundred thousand dollars per year.

The Boss Manufacturing deals only with the job and wholesale trade and has extended this trade over the world. The officers of the company have been the same since 1897, and several of the heads of departments, including the general superintendent, have been with the company since it started in 1890.

The present officers are: president, W. H. Lyman; vice-president, H. T. Terry; secretary, treasurer and general manager, F. M. Lay; manager of sales, P. A. Waller; and general superintendent, T. R. Stokes. All of the above reside in Kewanee.

This business started in a very small way for the manufacture of the Perkins "Boss" Huskers. A small corporation capital of ten thousand dollars, under the name of H. H. Perkins Manufacturing Company, was organized in May, 1890, Mr. Perkins being the patentee of the Boss Huskers. The company started in a very small room, not over fifteen feet square, and manufactured at that time only four styles of husking pins. These pins were at that time, and are still, known as the best husking pins on the market, and their use has extended around the entire globe.

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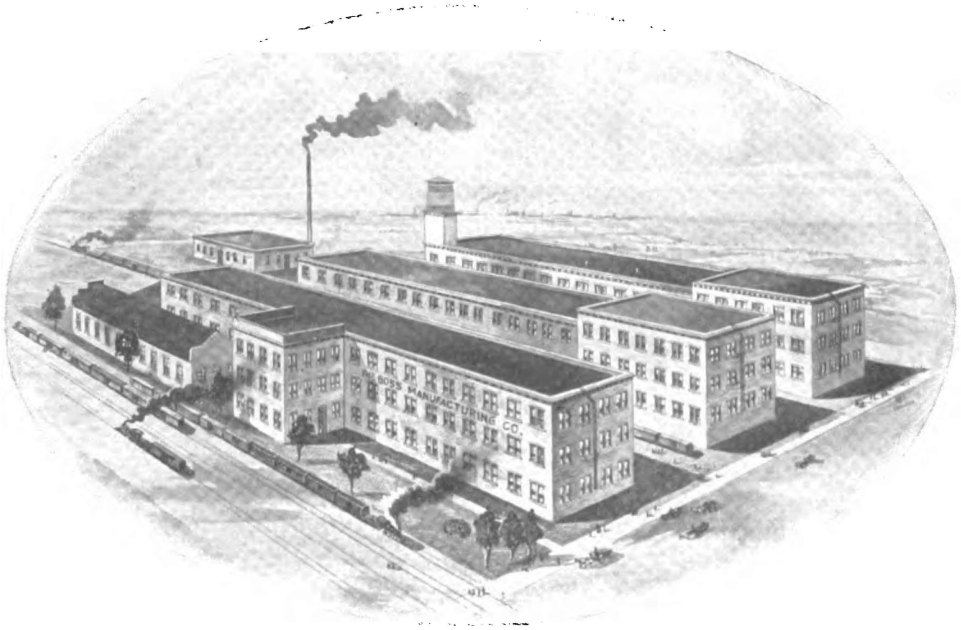

BOSS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, KEWANEE



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BUSINESS DISTRICT OF KEWANEE

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HISTORY OF HENR

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Perkins Manufacturing company was succe

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In 1892 the manufacture of a Canton flannel mitten was added to the other line. At that time Canton flannel mittens were made by the farmer's wife, who purchased a few yards of cloth at the store, and cut them out by hand, and sewed them on the family machine. These mittens were used mostly by the farmer in husking corn in the fall and winter, and were not in general use as a work mitten With this idea as a starter, it was believed that a large business could be worked up in making not only mittens, but gloves, out of the same material. A start was made in a very small way and equipment in this department consisted of one family sewing machine, a spool of thread, a bolt of Canton flannel, and a pair of shears. The business was new and the sales limited. On July 1, 1893, the H. H. Perkins Manufacturing company was succeeded by The Boss Manufacturing company, which on May 18th of that year had incorporated with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars, fully paid. In the same year the company purchased forty acres of land in the west end of Kewanee, and located the first buildings where the present property is now located.

This business has gradually grown, until today the capital and surplus employed is around five hundred thousand dollars. Where in 1893 was manufactured three hundred and fifty dozen pairs of Canton flannel gloves and mittens, in 1909, a carload of Canton flannel is cut up every day. A carload contains approximately material enough for ten thousand dozen pairs. The unprecedented growth has rendered necessary larger quarters and increased facilities. The Kewanee plant has been increased from year to year, but on account of the scarcity of help, and that shipping points might be in the center of the different consuming districts, it was rendered advisable to start a branch factory away from the home city.

The Boss Manufacturing Company is really a pioneer in the idea of having these different factories located at different points. A specialty of different classes of goods is made in each place, the help is trained along certain lines, and with the advantage of an abundance of help and shipping facilities, this idea has proved advantageous, until to today this company has eight different factories located in different parts of the country, outside of the general offices and home plant at Kewanee.

The first branch was established at Galesburg, Illinois, in 1901. The following year the Zero Mitten & Manufacturing company, operating plants at Ft. Wayne and Bluffton, Indiana, was bought. In 1902 also the Woodhull Manufacturing Company of Dayton, Ohio, which was one of the oldest established plants of its kind. The following year, or in 1903, we bought a small mitten plant at Findlay, Ohio, and moved the Dayton plant to that city. This plant at Findlay, Ohio, has since developed into the company's largest factory, operating some three hundred machines and four hundred employes, with a pay roll around one hundred thousand dollars a year. In 1905 the company invaded the eastern territory, and opened an office and factory in New York City. In 1906 a branch was established at Monmouth, Illinois, and in 1907 a branch was established at Peoria, Illinois.

In 1907 the company also bought out the Beatrice Manufacturing Company of Beatrice, Nebraska, manufacturers of corn huskers. This plant was afterwards moved to Kewanee and the product made here. In 1906 was established

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a second branch in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, by this firm, thus making in all at the present time one main plant and eight branches, operated from the general offices at Kewanee.

All of the buying, selling, managing and superintending of these nine plants is handled from the home office at Kewanee. These factories give employment to some one thousand, six hundred people, mostly young women, with a pay roll of about five hundred thousand dollars a year.

The Boss Manufacturing Company is unique in the fact that they sell only to the jobbing or wholesale trade; do not solicit the retail trade. This trade extends all over the world into foreign countries, and certain styles have been adopted in the English army. The officers of the company have been the same since 1897, and several of the heads of departments, including the general superintendent, have been with the company since it started in 1890. The officers are: president, W. H. Lyman; vice-president, H. T. Terry; secretary-treasurer, and general manager, F. M. Lay; manager of sales department, P. A. Waller; and general superintendent, T. R. Stokes.

THE KEWANEE WATER SUPPLY COMPANY.

Mr. Xenophon Caverno commenced the sale of pneumatic water supply goods in the year 1897, under the name of Kewanee Pneumatic Supply Company. The business was continued in this way until 1902, when the Kewanee Pneumatic Water Supply Company was incorporated with a capital stock of ten thousand dollars, the incorporators being Xenophon Caverno, C. H. Pratt and B. C. Parkinson. In 1905, the name was changed to the Kewanee Water Supply Company, and the capital stock was increased to fifty thousand dollars. In 1907 the capital stock was increased to two hundred thousand dollars, and the present officers are as follows: president, Xenophon Caverno; vice-president, A. W. Errett, Jr.; secretary and treasurer, C. A. Sheldon. The increase in capital stock corresponds closely with the increase in business.

For a number of years it was the policy of the company to have all of their material manufactured especially for the company by outside manufacturers. In 1904, the company built the present office and testing laboratory, a machine shop being built in 1905, and a warehouse in 1906. Since the building of this plant, the company has been developing a line of small power pumping machinery of a quality never before attempted in machinery of its size, the design being made as perfect as possible, and everything being made of the best possible grade of material and workmanship, and with a view to permanence of construction, the motto being, "Small machinery built as well as large machinery."

A very extensive campaign of advertising was inaugurated, which has advertised the name "Kewanee" all over the world, until now the "Kewanee" system of water supply is known wherever periodicals are read, outfits being shipped to nearly all of the foreign countries. The pneumatic system of water supply, particularly for houses and institutions, has been developed very largely by the Kewanee Water Supply Company. This system has been copied to a certain extent, but it was the Kewanee Company which caused the general discarding of the elevated tank, and started the use of the pneumatic system.

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In 1906 an office was established in New York, and in 1907 offices were established in Chicago and Pittsburg.

This company does not give out figures as to the volume of business, but it is not difficult for one to observe that this volume is growing from day to day and the name "Kewanee" suggests to a great many people in various parts of the world a city of which they know only through the products of this company.

PETER'S PUMP COMPANY.

About 1888 Peter Wistrand begun the manufacture of a hand pump, using the firm name of Peter's Pump Company. He continued to manufacture these pumps which have gained a very wide popularity, and in 1890 Mr. Frederick Guenther bought an interest in the company. During that year a two-story machine shop and foundry building was erected; in 1892 the manufacture of a corn planter was started, as well as a general line of pumps.

In 1893 a warehouse, fifty-two by one hundred and seventy feet was erected, and since that time a blacksmith shop and dipping room, a pattern house, and a two-story addition to the office have been built. Work is now under way on a forty by eighty foot, two-story warehouse.

In 1904 Mr. Wistrand sold his interest in the company, and the latter is now a co-partnership of three officers, who are: president, Frederick Guenther; secretary, William Guenther; treasurer, Frank Guenther.

The plant covers approximately two acres of ground, and the company manufactures twenty styles of pumps, the "Kewanee" corn planter, and the Guenther Hot Water Heater, all of which are meeting with constantly increasing sales. About fifty men are employed. The company does not give out figures as to its business, but it is known that the business is increasing from year to year under extremely conservative management, and it is one of the subtantial manufacturing interests of Kewanee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are several small industries in Kewanee which give promise of future development into greater importance. Among these may be mentioned the Wickbloom Pump Company and the Wray Fresh Water Supply Company. Both of these are as yet in a more or less experimental stage.

KEWANEE BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB.

Among the institutions of Kewanee is the Business Men's Club. This was organized in 1888, with E. E. Baker, president, H. L. Kellogg, secretary and treasurer, with rooms in the Kirley building.

In 1903 the Kewanee Social Club was incorporated.

The club has a membership of about two hundred. There is a reading room, parlor, bath, ball room, bowling alley, billiard room, with two billiard and two pool tables. The club occupies fifty by one hundred and fifty feet of floor space. The bowling alley is twenty-four by one hundred feet. The present officers

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are: president, Dr. H. J. Stewart; vice-president, C. H. Sheldon; secretary, L. L. Priestman; treasurer, Lyle Robison. Directors: C. A. Barney, J. Schoekel, A. W. Errett, Jr., F. M. Lay, Frank Nobiling.

The club has issued a pamphlet containing its rules and regulations, by-laws and list of officials.

Geneseo has a Business Men's Club, which is the only mate the Kewanee club has in the county, that I am aware of. The Geneseo club is on a smaller scale; but is a pleasant feature of life in the Maple City. It has a billiard and pool table, card tables, and several remarkable card and billiard players.

THE KEWANEE COMMERCIAL CLUB.

The Kewanee Commercial Club is a voluntary organization composed of public spirited citizens and having for its general purpose and business the development, promotion and enhancing of the civic, commercial and industrial interests of Kewanee.

This organization is an outgrowth of the old Retail Merchants and Business Men's Protective and Improvement Association of Kewanee, which was found to be too limited in its membership, and too narrow in its objects to meet fully the requirements of town promotion work. The work of this organization has been taken over by the Commercial Club and the old organization is now inactive, although it retains still its charter, and holds in trust considerable property and money that it had accumulated for factory promotion purposes.

The work of organizing the Commercial Club began in the early spring of 1908, and was completed June 1, 1908, when the newly adopted by-laws took effect, and the club began its existence with two hundred and seven charter members, the event being celebrated by the first annual "Get-to-Gether" banquet of the club held on that date.

The first officers of the club were as follows: president, T. H. Johnston; vice-president, Ben C. Parkinson; recording secretary, Lyle Robison; treasurer, Chas. H. Sheldon; general secretary, Victor R. Griggs.

The first board of directors was composed of the following: T. H. Johnston, Ben C. Parkinson, Lyle Robison, Chas. H. Sheldon, Jacob Y. Mayhew, Xenophon Caverno, Ben Muhlhauser, M. D. Scott, Robert C. Morse, Geo. R. Parrish, Elmer W. Smith, Theo. Cronau, J. H. Baethke, F. M. Wedge.

On August 26, 1908, the club was incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, and it is now acting under and by authority of its charter from the state.

An idea of the scope of the work of the club can be gained from the list of standing committees, of which there are ten in number, as follows:

Membership and entertainment, manufacturers, traffic, publicity, local trade, ordinances and legislation, civic improvement and public health, good roads, employment and investment.

These committees are active and have the united support of the entire membership of the club in their work of carrying out the purposes of the organization. Although practically a new movement, it has accomplished much for

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FIRST MEETING PLACE OF MASONS, ODD FELLOWS AND SONS OF TEMPERANCE IN KEWANEE

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Kewanee and is fast becoming a power in th
outlook for the future work of the Kewanee C

THE ELKS.

When I see a bunch of sunny-faced, ger
optimism and having a molar or incisor toot
I know they are Elks. If I happen to be as
Mine disaster, or for some humble little far
fellows goodbye, and charge upon the Elks.

Kewanee has one of these organizations
is composed of the best fellows between th

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Kewanee and is fast becoming a power in the development of the city and the outlook for the future work of the Kewanee Commercial Club is very promising.

THE ELKS.

When I see a bunch of sunny-faced, genial gentlemen radiating a halo of optimism and having a molar or incisor tooth dangling from their watchchains, I know they are Elks. If I happen to be asking aid for victims of the Cherry Mine disaster, or for some humble little family in hard luck, I bid the other fellows goodbye, and charge upon the Elks.

Kewanee has one of these organizations. As it is everywhere, the lodge is composed of the best fellows between the borders. They are the fellows with smiles that don't have to be buttoned on with warts. They are the fellows who "warm the cockles of their hearts" with the insignia of good fellowship, who "smile when you smile and weep when you weep." If Jesus of Nazareth was not an Elk, it is because there were no organizations of that order in Judea. Practical Christianity! That's the Elks. Do unto others as they would have others do unto them! The Elks come very close to living up to that Rule of Gold! I never meet an Elk without wanting to shake hands with him. And when I do, my whole body feels stimulated by the contact.

The following data concerning the Kewanee lodge has been submitted:

Kewanee Lodge, No. 724, B. P. O. Elks, was organized July 19, 1901, with officers as follows: Exalted Ruler, J. K. Smiley; Esteemed Leading Knight, P. A. Waller; Esteemed Loyal Knight, L. P. Cronau; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Dr. John H. Mannou; Secretary, C. J. Lindburg; Treasurer, F. B. Gamble; Esquire, Russell Neville; Tiler, Guy Page; Chaplain, Will Curtis, Inner Guard, Frank Shults; Trustees, Chas. E. Sturtz, one year; E. D. Lees, two year; and Thos. McClure, three years. Organist, J. W. Carnes.

The charter membership of twenty-five officers installed was by District Deputy Geo. H. Sampson, of Peoria Lodge, No. 20. The initiatory work was done by Monmouth Lodge No. 397. At present there are two hundred and sixty-five members in good standing. Present officers: Exalted Ruler, I. F. Myers; Esteemed Leading Knight, Geo. R. Parrish; Esteemed Loyal Knight, Geo. W. Gould; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Victor R. Griggs; Secretary, A. M. Jacobson; Treasurer, W. O. Nobiling; Esquire, Wm. C. Ewan, Tiler, W. J. Goempler; Chaplain, Ben C. Parkinson; Inner Guard, G. D. Swain; Trustees, C. L. Perry, L. Cavanagh, J. Y. Mayhew, S. J. Sharp, and W. T. Pierce; Organist, J. W. Carnes.

The Elks club room is spacious and commodious. It measures one hundred and twenty feet by twenty-eight feet in dimensions and two floors of a building on West Second street are devoted to the requirements of the organization. A cafe, reading, reception and billiard rooms, fully equipped and to the taste of the members are the leading features of the present home of Kewanee lodge of Elks.

The past exalted rulers of the lodge are as follows: J. K. Smiley, Charles E. Sturtz, C. C. Rowley, J. W. Carnes, F. J. Tilton, J. Y. Mayhew, I. F. Myers.

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IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.

Kewanee Tribe No. 123, Improved Order of Red Men, was instituted in the old Masonic hall on Tremont street, December 14, 1898, with thirty charter members. The tribe was instituted by Great Chief of Records Wilson Brooks. The following spring the tribe moved to the hall in the Dickey building on Main street, where it grew very rapidly, and this hall soon became too small. Upon the completion of the new Odd Fellows block, the tribe moved into the hall located on the second floor of this building, and occupied it until the completion of its twenty-five thousand dollar wigwam, located at 110-112 North Main street, where it has continued to increase steadily, and has a home of which it can justly feel proud.

The Improved Order of Red Men is one of the most prominent orders of the day, and the principles for which it stands, are of the noblest character. It is a patriotic and beneficial order, it takes care of the sick, buries the dead, and provides for the widows and orphans. As Brother Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States, has said, "it is worthy of any man's support." George Washington was one of the founders of this order, and it numbers among its members a great many of the most prominent names in American history.

Kewanee Tribe, No. 123, is the largest tribe in Illinois, and its rapid growth has been due to the untiring efforts of its members, and their motto of never sacrificing "quality for quantity" in securing new members. Its membership is composed of the best citizens of Kewanee and vicinity, and among its members are numbered many of the leading business and professional men. It has a membership of nearly six hundred. In the spring of 1905, they took in the entire Kewanee Military Band, and changed the name to the Kewanee Red Men Band, and this band is one of which any lodge may well be proud, as it is one of the leading bands of the state. Not being contented with Kewanee alone, they went out and organized tribes in Galva, Toulon, Wyoming, Cambridge, Orion, Geneseo, Princeton, Aledo, and Monmouth. The walls of their wigwam are bedecked with prizes won from the Great Council of Illinois, by efficient work.

The present officers of the tribe are: Fred Reilly, prophet; Frank Winquist, sachem; J. A. Hinkle, senior sagamore; Roy Rodgers, junior sagamore; L. H. Ortscheid, keeper of wampum; Jay Geer, collector of wampum; G. Elmer Messmore, chief of records; H. A. Dustin, Dudley Craig, C. A. Kellogg, trustees; M. A. Oliver, representative to the great council of Illinois.

Wahgoo Council No. 63 is an auxiliary to the Red Men, and is a thriving council having about two hundred members.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Wethersfield Lodge, No. 128, I. O. O. F. received its charter October 14, 1853, and changed its location to Kewanee January 1, 1855. The lodge was instituted, however, the preceding July, 25th. The officers for that year were as follows: James W. Cousins, noble grand; J. A. Pratt, vice noble grand; G. N. Palmer, secretary; John Garrett, treasurer. For the first ten years of the existence of this lodge the membership remained around forty, but during the

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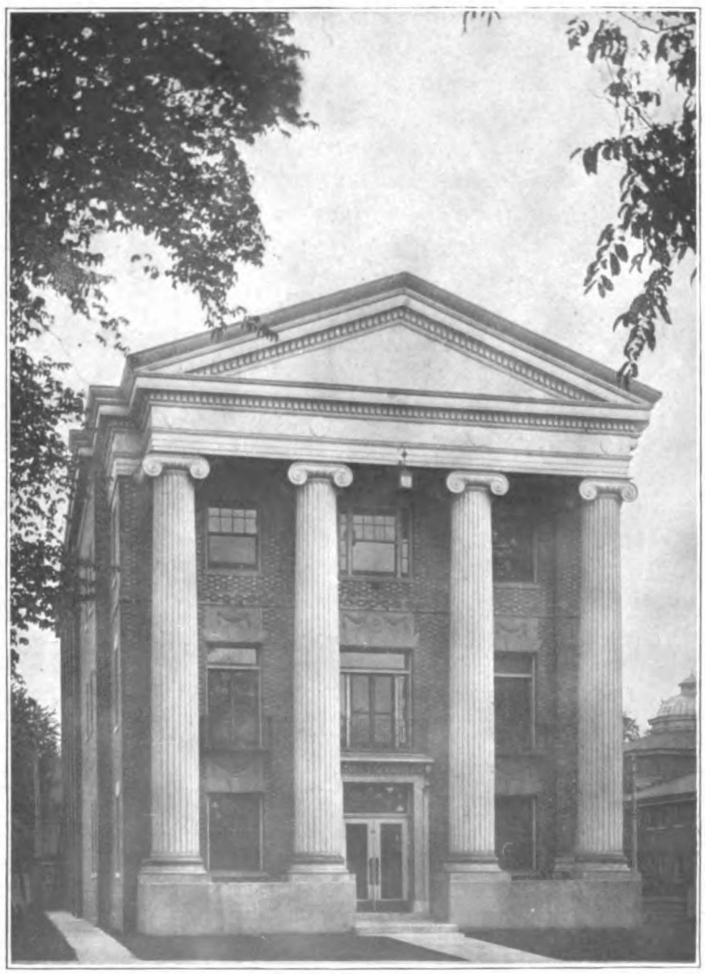

MASONIC TEMPLE, KEWANEE

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Civil war the meetings were suspended, owin
most of them being in the service of their co
a reorganization took place in the associatio
the corner of Second and Vermont streets, in
ing used for a general merchandise busines
lodge rooms were secured in the third story
American House, on Third street, and after
was purchased, on the corner of Second and F
two hundred dollars. In 1879 this building
structure was erected at a cost of five tho
building is of brick, three stories in height a
twenty feet in dimensions. The

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Civil war the meetings were suspended, owing to the lack of members at home, most of them being in the service of their country, fighting its battles. In 1866 a reorganization took place in the association and meetings were then held at the corner of Second and Vermont streets, in the second story of a frame building used for a general merchandise business and coal offices. Eventually the lodge rooms were secured in the third story of a building there known as the American House, on Third street, and afterwards a two-story frame structure was purchased, on the corner of Second and Fremont, at a cost of three thousand, two hundred dollars. In 1879 this building was moved away and the present structure was erected at a cost of five thousand, five hundred dollars. The building is of brick, three stories in height and twenty-five by one hundred and twenty feet in dimensions. To meet the cost of the building, bonds were issued, at six per cent. These obligations have long since been met and the lodge is in excellent condition financially, the total value of the lodge's holdings amounting to forty-five thousand dollars. The latter figures including the value of a building adjoining the temple, which runs from Second street through to Windsor court. The lodge rooms are fully and splendidly equipped in all details. The present membership is one hundred and seventy-eight and officers are as follows: Wm. H. Austin, noble grand; Bert M. Pyle, vice grand; Louis M. Fischer, recording secretary; Chas. L. Rowley, financial secretary; W. W. Calhoun, treasurer.

AN UNDERGROUND NIGHTMARE.

Two decades or more ago, John H. Pierce told me of the subterranean river beneath Kewanee.

"Pierce it," I suggested.

"I will," said the Dean of Kewanee manufacturers.

He did.

I yet hold the impression that "Piercing" this Stygian river affords an inexhaustible water supply. It supplies the great factories of Kewanee with plenty of water for their boilers.

I had often heard of underground streams. I believe there are more streams beneath the surface than upon it. Somehow this stream, bowling along beneath Henry county's own peerless Kewanee, clung to my fancy. I had visions of vast chambers in the rocks through which it ran; dreams of uncanny caverns; and finally a nightmare, during which the following was evolved:

Through these dismal caverns hurled
Are waters older than the world.
Before the world was, water's robe
Enrapt the clouds above the globe.
Sullen, sunless, darting dark,
These billows may have buoyed the ark;
Growled and gurgled, plashed and purled,
Through nether millstones of the world.
Whence comest thou? and where the source
From whence you fly with furious force?

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Never leaf upon thee swirled—
Never lovered, never girled;
Never moonbeamed, never fluted,
Never here has brass band tooted.
Never fisherman got stuck
On his tribe's proverbial luck.
Never schoolboy took a dive;
Never anything alive
Swam or waded in this water,
Son of man or maid of daughter.
Even ghosts have never haunted
These weird waterways enchanted.
This is Loneliness itself,
Silence canned and on the shelf.

After multi-million years,
Through the grimy roof appears,
Dropping to the stony floor,
A bit of iron that's a bore.
Then the saltless brine so brawny
Bursted upward to Kewanee.
World-old waters, sullen, fierce
Flow to whirl the wheels of Pierce.
Waters which in old days whirled
Nether millstones of the world;
Waves which in Creation's dawn
Never dreamed they'd work for John,
Their sweat now shrieks, like savage Shawnee,
In kingly mills of our Kewanee.

WETHERSFIELD TOWNSHIP.

In 1835 Dr. Caleb J. Tenny of Wethersfield, Connecticut, and a few others formed an association for the purpose of making a settlement in the west. This settlement was to be known as Wethersfield.

The stock of this company was fixed at two hundred and fifty dollars per share. Each shareholder was to have one hundred and sixty acres of prairie land, twenty acres of timber, and a town lot. During the winter of 1835 one hundred shares were taken, and twenty-five thousand dollars paid into the treasury.

In February 1836, a committee of purchase was appointed consisting of Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, Colonel Sylvester Blish, and Elizur Goodrich.

The route of this committee was through Baltimore, over the mountains to Wheeling. Down the Ohio River by steamboat to its junction with the Mississippi River, up the Illinois River to Peoria, and then to Knoxville, Henderson Grove and Andover. Arriving here, neither food nor horses could be obtained; they were compelled to walk twenty miles to Barren Grove, where they selected the company's land. The purchase was made from the government in the name of

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Goodrich and Blish, who deeded the land to Chester Bukley secretary and treasurer; he later deeded it to individuals who purchased from the company.

In November, 1836, Mr. Willard and Mr. Little reached the land purchased by the company with orders to lay out the town and timber lot. They were unable to get a surveyor that fall, but in the spring of 1837 Abram Seymour the county surveyor, divided the timber where Kewanee now stands, and the village of Wethersfield was laid out. As land was plenty at that time the streets were made ninety-nine feet wide instead of sixty-six feet.

There is only one permanent mark of that original survey left, this is a stone in the northeast corner of the school ground. It is one of the old land marks of Wethersfield.

John Kilverton built the first house in this colony in the summer of 1836, near the C. B. & Q. railroad, in the timber on the farm lately owned by C. K. Ladd.

The oldest house now standing in Wethersfield was built by Abner B. Little in 1837. It forms a part of the R. A. Little home today.

The food of the colonists consisted of coffee, corn-bread and pork, and for a change they had pork, corn-bread and coffee. It is said what was lacking in quality was made up most abundantly in the amount consumed.

William T. Little turned the first furrow on these prairies on the old C. C. Blish farm in 1837. In the same year a steam grist and saw-mill was built on the south side of Mill street between Tenny and Willard street. The mill cost nine thousand dollars, but it proved a failure, so was sold for two thousand dollars. The material for building this steam grist and saw-mill was shipped from Cincinnati to Hennepin and drawn by ox teams to Wethersfield.

One of the first things the promoters did after the people began to come here, was to advertise extensively. In some of the eastern papers the slough was called Spoon River, and pictures were made showing it with steamboats and mills. Those old deacons must have used considerable imagination in doing this advertising.

When Wethersfield township was first settled our nearest shipping point was Hennepin on the Illinois River, about forty miles from here. The goods of those who came from New England was shipped by the way of New Orleans, up the Mississippi River and Illinois River, taking about three months to come here by that route.

The first church in Wethersfield was erected in 1838. It was of logs cut and hauled from Barren Grove which covered a large part of the site of what is now Kewanee. This building stood on the corner of Tenney and Church streets, where the Wethersfield fire department now has its headquarters. In this humble building the people of Wethersfield worshiped for several years. The men brought their women folks from a distance in wagons having nothing but boards for seats. Often there was no wagon box and a board reached from the back of the wagon to the front axle.

The first minister was Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury of Andover. In performing their services he walked from Andover to Wethersfield, a distance of twenty-four miles. He made his journey in all kinds of weather, often wading and

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swimming the streams. He was a noble type of the pioneer preacher, honest, strict, and firm in his belief of what constituted the right.

In 1847 the Ecclesiastical society of Wethersfield was formed, and in 1849 a building was erected on McClure street. It was forty feet long, thirty feet wide; later ten feet was added to the north end. In 1868 the members began to leave the church and join the Congregational church of Kewanee, and in 1885 no regular service was held. In 1896 it was sold to the town of Wethersfield for a Town Hall. In the same year twenty feet was added to the north part, but the original part built in 1849 was never changed. The framework is of hard wood. The timber was hauled overland from Rock Island and other points on the Mississippi River. The large yellow stones which form a part of its foundation, were donated and partly hauled by Abner B. Little, from a slough on his farm just north of Kewanee. The slough was known as the "big slough."

This building, now the town hall of Wethersfield, was considered at that time one of the finest buildings in this part of the state. It has been the scene of many events of interest connected with the town. From its pulpit Horace Greeley once spoke to the people of Wethersfield.

Game was plenty in those early days. In the winter of 1841-42 there were heavy snowfalls and the deer were forced into the groves for food, and hundreds were killed by the settlers. They were so well supplied with venison and prairie chicken, that they became to them like quail to the Israelites in Exodus, "loathsome unto them." In the winter of 1845-46 parties of Indians came for the purpose of hunting and made their camps for several weeks each winter in Red Oak Hollow. They nearly exterminated the deer.

The first school in Wethersfield, and in this part of the country, was taught by a Miss Stewart. This school was taught in the summer of 1839 in the old log church which stood on the corner of Tenney and Church streets. The seats were slabs four to eight feet long. The legs were wooden pins driven into auger holes. There were no backs to the seats. The younger pupils sat upon these seats holding their books in their laps and swinging their feet as they could not touch the floor. The seats of the older pupils faced the wall. A board along the wall served for a writing desk. There were five girls and eight boys in this school. Only two are now left: Mrs. Day of Kewanee, and Mr. Goodrich of Wethersfield. Mr. C. C. Blish taught this school in the winters of 1841-42. Our new school building was named after him. The first building entirely used for school purposes was erected on the west side of Tenney street just north of the old brick building now standing. It was a wooden building of one room and served the purpose of a school for a number of years.

In 1856 the Baptist church association of Wethersfield sold their unfurnished church for a school. A union school called a seminary was built by Wethersfield and Kewanee in 1856. This school, costing about ten thousand dollars, was in [illegible] township. This

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In 1902 the school site was changed to the public square and money voted for a new school building.

The building cost twenty-eight thousand dollars and was completed in 1903. The enrollment is three hundred and sixty. The people of Wethersfield are proud of their new school building, their former "Goose Pond" and public square. Here the boys and girls are taught that life means work, that work brings success, and that success gives pleasure.

WETHERSFIELD.

WETHERSFIELD PRICES IN 1838.

Almanac, ten cents. One half dozen knives and forks, two dollars. Two yards calico, fifty cents. Fourteen pounds sugar, two dollars. On quire paper, thirty-seven cents. One pair buck mittens, one dollar. One horse shod, two dollars and fifty cents. One pair boots, two dollars. Two pounds raisins, sixty-two cents. Two bushels meal, two dollars. One pair shoes, one dollar and twenty-five cents. Two ounces camphor, twenty-five cents. One pair rubber overshoes, two dollars. Two ounces nutmeg, fifty cents. Four table spoons, (iron) twenty-five cents. Use of yoke of oxen one day, one dollar. Eight pounds candles, at nineteen cents per pound. One-fourth pound pepper, twenty-five cents. One and one-fourth pounds honey, twenty-five cents. One tin pail, one dollar and twenty-five cents. One pound tea, one dollar. Six pounds salt, thirty-eight cents. Straw hat, sixty-three cents.

I said in my vanity "Wethersfield is the back porch of Kewanee." Lo, this was long ago, ere I had garnered wisdom.

Behold, the first school in Henry county was taught in Wethersfield. Geneseo, albeit, provided the school ma'am.

Education being a primary element in the making of the good citizen, Wethersfield leads all the other towns in this essential.

Speaking of schools a bright Wethersfield schoolgirl has written the following essay, at once proving the efficiency of the Wethersfield school, and her own proficiency:

WETHERSFIELD SCHOOLS.

The first school in Wethersfield and the first in this part of the county was taught by a Miss Stewart, who afterward became the wife of Dr. S. T. Hume, of Geneseo. This school was taught in the summer of 1839 in a log church which stood on the corner east of James Wiley's shop. The seats were of slabs four to eight feet long. The legs were wooden pins driven into augur holes. There were no backs to the seats. The younger pupils sat upon these seats holding their books in their laps often swinging their feet as they could not touch the floor with them. The older pupils' seats faced the walls. A wide board along the wall served them for writing desks. The school books were gathered from the seats each Friday afternoon to get them out of the way for Sunday services.

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There were five girls and eight boys in this school. Among these boys was Captain William Bryan, who was shot dead on a southern battlefield in 1863. His body lies just north of the driveway in the Wethersfield cemetery. Only two of these pupils are now left in this vicinity. These are Mrs. Nancy Goodrich Day of Kewanee, and Mr. William Goodrich of Wethersfield. The others are probably all dead.

The second school was taught in the summer of 1840 by a Miss Dorr, and the third in the winter of 1841, by an Episcopalian minister. This minister, Mr. Keeler, also preached in the building. Charles C. Blish, father of Jas. K. Blish of Kewanee, taught the school in the winter of 1841-2. Our new school building was named after him. The first building entirely for school purposes was erected on the west side of Tenny street to the north of the brick building now standing. It was a wooden building of one room and served the purpose of a school for a number of years. In 1856 the Baptist Church Association of Wethersfield sold their unfinished church and the lot upon which it stood to the trustees of Wethersfield school district for school purposes. A union school called a seminary was built by Wethersfield and Kewanee in 1856. This school costing in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars, was placed in the northern part of the Wethersfield school district in Kewanee township on a lot donated by James Elliot. This building is still spoken of as "The old academy." In 1870 this union district was dissolved by and with the consent of both school districts, and the north line of the Wethersfield district was brought south to Division street.

A brick building of two rooms was built on the north side of the school ground on Tenney street in 1867 at a cost of about four thousand, five hundred dollars. This took the place of the old wooden building and was known as the north building. By 1900 another room was added to the north side of this building. By 1901 more room had to be provided. The town hall was rented and used for a school room during that year. The next year a small one-roomed house on McCune street was used for a grade. At the spring election of 1901-2 the question of room for the school came up and was discussed extensively. At regular and special meetings held in 1902 the school site was changed to the public square, and money was voted for a new school building. The plans were drawn by Architect John McCullough of Kewanee, and the contract for building was given to Miner & Carlson. The building was completed at a cost of twenty-eight thousand dollars, and ready for use October 12, 1903. The old school grounds and buildings were sold. The north building was torn down and its site is now occupied by a dwelling house. The first two schools in Wethersfield were held in the summer months. Up to 1872 the school year had not exceeded six months. In that year it was voted to extend the school year, and a few years later is was fixed at nine months.

The Wethersfield public school contains eight school rooms, two recitation rooms, a play room and a manual training room. The building is heated and ventilated by means of the best modern appliances. It is well lighted and is equipped with an exceptionally large surface of the finest blackboard. The halls are large and roomy. The manual training room has saws, planes, turning

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FIRST TAVERN IN WETHERSFIELD
Conducted by Colonel Sylvester and William Blish



PUBLIC SCHOOL, WETHERSFIELD

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lathes, etc., and much of the apparatus us
in this room.

The enrollment is three hundred and s
high school. The school building is in the
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proud of their fine school building and its

BROTHER GOO

Elsewhere allusion is made to Rev. J

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lathes, etc., and much of the apparatus used in the high school work is made in this room.

The enrollment is three hundred and seventy, fifty-four of these are in the high school. The school building is in the middle of ten acres of the most beautiful playgrounds in the state. Over two hundred trees of thirty different varieties are upon the grounds. The people of Wethersfield are without exception proud of their fine school building and its pleasant surroundings.

BROTHER GOODRICH.

Elsewhere allusion is made to Rev. Joseph Goodrich, who came from missionarying in the Sandwich Islands, to a life with the Wethersfield colonists. Economy was this man's best hold. He saved hats by going bareheaded, and shoes by going barefooted. If he couldn't make both ends meet, he made them help. He would go to divine worship with his shoes under his arm, sticking his feet into them at the threshold. Once he appeared at Col. Blish's house, where services were held, only to find Mrs. Blish doing the family wash. It was Monday, and Brother Goodrich was horrified to find that he had worked all day Sunday. Colonists who laughed at the brother for carrying his shoes on his way to church, should have paused to reflect that Goodrich simply did that which all had gone to worship for—to save their souls.*

A CURLY CABIN.

The first cabins were nearly all of solid logs. These, though laid up green, were too bulky to warp.

But Captain Sullivan Howard, the "Father of Kewanee," was a builder by trade and tradition. His secret soul scorned the corncob architecture of the pioneers. In some roundabout way, he found there was a sawmill on Spoon River. His heart yearned for boards. He hitched up, and actually hauled lumber seventy miles from that sawmill, green, heavy lumber it was, sawed out of green logs. Over trackless prairies and through bridgeless streams the doughty captain drove, and after many days he had enough lumber to build a small shack. "Enacted a small board house," the legend says.

The hot sun caressed the sappy boards, and, like other sapheads, they coiled and curled at the warmth of the embrace. The roof looked as if the shack had worn its head in curlpapers. W. H. Blish had came on from the east. Soon after his arrival he was taken ill. He lay in Captain Howard's cabin. When it rained, an umbrella had to be held over his head, while the rain fell through the roof in torrents.

Howard returned to log architecture.

John Kilvington, an Englishman, and Robert Coultas were 36ers. Cornelius Bryan was close upon their wake. Samuel Carson and Luther Sleight settled on section 33, now a part of Kewanee, among the earliest settlers. Sleight sold out, moved to Geneseo, then to Moline, thence to Sag Harbor, New York. His daughter, Mary Sleight, became a noted writer. Her first book was

*P. S.—This joke on "soles" will be more apparent if read aloud in the family circle, to half lights and slow music.

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"Prairie Days," the scenes being located in Kewanee and Geneseo. It may be this, but more likely the geographical situation, that accounts for Kewanee and Geneseo having Sleighted each other ever since.

Talking of this geographical misfortune, let it be remedied with a trolley! I have yet to hear of an interurban that is sinking money. Even the incipient line that runs only between Kewanee and Galva is a paying property. Continue that line to Cambridge, Geneseo and Moline! It will pay satisfactory dividends. Trolleys climb grades accessible to horses, equipment is light and cheap.

O. W. Brown is an old-timer, and so is Hazelton Page. Captain Sullivan Howard may be called the Father of Kewanee. This optimistic old man won't admit that the early settlers (he came in 1837) had a hard time. He says they had a jolly good time. A man like the captain can have a good time almost anywhere. When Dickens was in America, he may have taken Captain Howard for the prototype of Mark Tapley, the Hero of Optimism.

Will R. Goodrich came with his family in 1837. He was born in the Sandwich Islands. Fancy the contrast between life on the Sandwiches and life on the Kewanee Prairie! Boom of the surf in one; boom of the prairie rooster in the other! But just so it was a boom!

A quaint old house has stood for generations in the heart of Kewanee. Once it was Harry Thompson's farm house. It must have had the appearance of a palace on the prairies. Its frame is of heavy oaken hewn logs. It is two stories high. William Wolf has been the recent owner, and up to recently it rented for ten dollars per month. In no other way could the Wolf get to the door of a Kewanee pioneer home!

PRAIRIE CHICKLETS.

There was a time before the panic of 1907 when the Western Tube Company's financial dealings amounted to a million and a half dollars per month.

Billy Papke the pugilist, has built a pretty cottage home for his parents in the southeast division. A boxer might not, by the prudishly disposed, be deemed worthy of admission into a dignified history. But the soul of man is adjusted to his body as a door to its jamb; and it is a righteous idea to impress upon the young readers of history the importance of caring for the body. Billy Papke loves the pleasures of life; but he is so careful of excess that, if he is at a ball, and he is dancing with a damsel whose face is a dawn, and whose eyes are stars, a maiden who wears the moonlight round her neck, the sunlight round her head, and the clock strikes ten, Billy Papke will at once surrender all that celestial loveliness, and hustle home to bed. There he sleeps like a baby,—a good deal better than many babies,—for his rest is never disturbed by the horrors and nightmares of an overloaded stomach.

A noted scientist put himself on record recently thus: The average human has eaten enough at the age of 15, to nourish the body till ninety, were the food properly porportioned through the years. Billy Papke sleeps well. He isn't chased through the fathomless fastnesses of a fury-haunted forest by seven brocaded devils with calico tails. Rather, his dreams are sweet,—like sitting on the edge of a golden cloud with his legs hanging over, while two little angels

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pour molasses all over him. Early in the morning he is in the barn banging away at the punching bag. This swatting sound is what rouses my friend Jimmie Andrews every morning, and prepares him for the battle of life. Billy winds up his morning exercises with a spin in his automobile. He heads north from his barn, and has to turn into the street east or west at Jimmy's lawn. He nearly always turns to the left, for that's the way down town. He comes like a thunderbolt, just grazing the grass; but never injuring a spear. But the left side of Jimmie's hair is graying from the scare and apprehension.

Boys, you may know what all this does for Billy Papke. When he walks the streets he is so springy, so elastic, that it seems hard for him to hold down to the pavement. He is radiant and glowing with life. He never touches intoxicants, tobacco, tea or coffee. Compare him with an anemic who smokes cigarettes—a hollow-eyed, hollow-chested, hollow fraud, with nothing in him but nicotine. Which would you rather be? Roosevelt the Rouser was once Roosevelt the Rickety. He made the important change himself. Careful, gradual exercising did it. Dr. Shipman, the famous Boston strong man made a canvas hammock which he passed beneath a calf, and every morning he lifted that calf, yea, till the calf was three years old, and big as an elephant of the same size.

Miss E. A. White is the only woman leader of a band in the world. She has fifty to sixty male musicians, Italians of the higher class. These men are as docile as dominoes before the baton of the Great White Woman. Miss White's home when not playing in the big cities, is in the classic shades of Kewanee.

For years unnumbered I had yearned to meet the presiding genius of the great Lay-Lyman commercial house. I would see a man who has imbued a prairie town with a metropolitan atmosphere. I saw a gray man in garments gray talking to a man in the dim distance, at the far frontiers of the titanic store. The other fellow didn't count; but the gray man in gray sent a hypnotic thrill to ring the warning bells. The gray man was evidently trying to cut the interview short. The other man was explanatory. He showed with his long arms just how it was. The gray man nodded a bit nervously, and started to go. There was a postscript to the explanation. The gray man lingered, plainly under protest. When he made his getaway, a clerk approached with a brood of troubles which should have been told to a policeman. The gray man got away from him very soon, albeit politely.

"Let us come when he's not busy," I murmured to him who had towed me thither.

"He's always busy," was the response. Introductions followed, there was a mutual stare of the initiative, and the now smiling man in gray pushed me gently into a little private office. For the first time I faced Hiram T. Lay. The firm had advertised in the Geneseo News years ago. After congratulating him upon the immense success which had apparently ensued from the use of my columns, I adroitly switched to matters historical.

Elsewhere I have recorded how the father of this typical Kewanee merchant descended with his family from a railway coach on the Prairie Chicken Plain, while the engine smoked and wabbled on the last pair of rails. Every word that this man uttered was directly to the point, and covered just what I wanted to know. Not a word was wasted upon time-killing conventionalities. I expressed

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a doubt if he had honored Geneseo with his presence as often as a pretty little sister town had a right to expect.

"I have visited Geneseo when the county Sunday-school conventions have assembled there. I shall be there to attend another one shortly."

He smiled reminiscentially over the pleasant and profitable session of the Sunday-school representatives. Here was a man whose hours and minutes are seething with important business; yet who has time for the Sunday-school, time to repeat the wondrous story that comes down to us through two thousand years, from the holy horizon of Galilee.

Exactly nineteen minutes after we had assembled in this cozy corner of the mammoth emporium of merchandise, my gray-garbed interlocutor arose. He occupied the time while on the way from his chair to his feet with explaining that he was due to attend some director's meeting somewhere. There was a brief parting word, and he was gone.

This interview is not recorded as a tribute to Hiram T. Lay. It is a tribute to the Kewanee merchant, of whom Hiram T. Lay is a type. This is intended to convey an impression of the kind of men the Kewanee merchants are. They are busy business men. They have made a city beautiful on the rolling prairie. They are men of faith and of works. "Faith without works is dead." Nothing can turn such men down. The young fellows who follow these gray men are imbued with their spirit—the indomitable Spirit of Kewanee.

James Harper Andrews, being red-headed, selected a white horse to tow us over the city. I saw the vast hospital—some dislocated person was just being conveyed through the dim religious light into the hushed interior—and in a little while I called a halt before the many-columned facade of the Masonic temple. This gives one a southern sensation. The fluted pillars always had this effect upon me. The building is majestic. The contrast of this stately pile with the squat Carnegie library is striking. All the Carnegies I have ever seen have this foreshortened outline,—as if they had been hit on the head with a club. Perhaps they are designed thus to withstand earthquakes and storms.

The high school building is a vast three story and basement structure, said to be fireproof. The building is so big that the grounds are inadequate.

Here and there all over the town are huge edifices for school purposes.

The city is well supplied with churches. All the more prominent denominations are represented. Kewanee is, perhaps, the only city in Illinois with a Mormon church. It is called the Church of the Latterday Saints. Some of the foreigners who work in the factories have built churches of their own.

"If," said I, pointing at the huge twin steeples of the Methodist church, "just one precept of the gentle Jesus was kept—'Do unto others as you'd have others do unto you,'—there'd not be a jail in the land."

"True." And the keen blue eyes of the lawyer seemed to gaze far into the future.

The Merritt block in the heart of the city has met the fate of the only other Merritt block I know in Atkinson. Both are buttressed with saloons. In Kewanee the principal hotel is in the building built by Henry Clay Merritt. It is shored up, supported, pillared and bolstered with saloons. Whiskey Row is the first district which greets the wayfarer entering the city. It is unique. Noth-

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CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE, WETHERSFIELD



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ing like it exists in the United States or New Jersey. It is an entire city block, two sides of which (I'm not sure it isn't three. My recollection just barely lasts to the third corner) two sides of which block is composed of dramshops. On the northeast corner of this spiritual square is the Kewanee House. Merritt erected a huge three story building in Atkinson, which is built around a plot of ground on the corner. Merritt was unwilling to pay the price demanded for this corner. It was covered by a two story building, which is used for a saloon. My impression is that Merritt was a prohibitionist. He is spoken of in the past tense, as he is dead. It is surely a grewsome architectural joke on him to hem in and horizon him with highball works. On the other hand, Merritt perpetrated an architectural joke when he built the Kewanee House. Of all the eccentricities in brick and mortar, it is the limit.

Henry Clay Merritt is to be classed among the peculiar people of Henry county. Many years ago, when I was a simple woodland gusher, I knew the man. It was in Atkinson. He kept a cold storage plant, in charge of an old man named Lloyd. Nowers' pasture, and all the regions round about, swarmed with jacksnipe. Merritt paid one dollar and twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per dozen for these birds. He made all the boys in Atkinson rich. I had a little light shot gun, and I filled the air with shot, and sometimes a snipe would fly into it.

We drove to the water works, which are not impressive; but new works are building. We drove past the brewery (accent on "past") and encircled the great works that have made Kewanee famous. I expect the public buildings and works to be pictorially portrayed in these pages.

We drove past and through the cemeteries. These are well kept, much more so than the average burial grounds. There is an old cemetery which has been filled and abandoned, and a new one has been started. The Catholics have also filled an old cemetery. In the middle of this there is a life-size effigy of the Man of Sorrows upon the cross. Good Catholics cross themselves when passing this enclosure. The Catholics have started new burial grounds.

The ground on which Kewanee sits is sufficiently rolling to afford excellent drainage. There is hardly a lawn but that slopes amply to afford a watershed. Kewanee has no mudholes, now that her streets are paved. Legends are rife of wagons sticking in Tremont street, which is the main thoroughfare. A very old man started to tell me that story about seeing a plug hat in the muddy street, going to it, finding a man under it, who declared he had a mule under him. I did not kill him. He is very old, and will die soon anyhow.

Perhaps the good drainage may be the reason, that and good water; but Kewanee has never had a serious epidemic. Notwithstanding the unsanitary ways of some classes of her foreign population, the city has never been scourged by a plague. Then the town is high and dry, and these are healthy winds that romp through the Great Corn Belt.

A cabin was constructed in a grove in the Kewanee township territory in the fall of 1836. Three brothers, James, Samuel and William Carson, lived there the following winter. They came up from Fulton county, Illinois.

This reminds me that a serious man told me yesterday that Henry county was the last county in Illinois to be settled. That holds good right around here.

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Rock Island, then called Stephenson, was a village when Henry county was a howling wilderness. There were settlements in Whiteside county, notably at Prophetstown, when not a white face was in all Henry. South of us, settlements had begun at Galesburg, Bloomington, and away to the eastward at Danville, with others scattered hither and yon. Bureau county, our neighbor to the east, was settled a year or two before Henry. There were many settlements on the Illinois River, notably at Peoria, La Salle, Utica, and Ottawa. River navigation accounts for this. Henry county had no navigable waters, except when Rock River was in flood. There were no railways. People came up the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, and naturally settled along the timber-fringed valleys, where logs could be had for houses, and fuel was plenty.

LORAINE TOWNSHIP.

The first settlers in this northern township were from Lorraine, France. The province at present belongs to Germany, because she took it, along with another province called Alsace.

Deacon Kemis came in 1836. Following were William T. Crozier, David Heller, Rudolph Urich, Asa Blair, and the Arnetts.

The Arnett family was Rooseveltian in numbers, a dozen boys and girls. It accomplished much in the development of the fertile Loraine.

Lewis Arnett's family roster follows, in order of age: Lewis, Jr., Jacob, Mary, Anthony, Catherine, Joseph, John, Philip, Susan, William, George, Samuel. Philip returned to Pennsylvania after six months. Pennsylvania was the intermediary settlement place of the family, the half-way-house between ancient Lorraine and the raw west. I find that Pennsylvania was the half-way-house for a large percent of our population.

Mary Arnett remained in Pennsylvania. Catherine married Daniel Heller. Susan married Simeon Heller. Jacob settled in Whiteside county, on the county line. Anthony developed a farm in the northern sections of Geneseo township. The house he built yet stands. But "Tone," as he was called, was bitten by the gold bug. He went to California, and became rich. He settled in Boulder, Colorado, the fateful year when Boulder set out to boom itself into another Denver, and Tone got hit with the wrong end of the boom. Tone died about five years ago.

Jacob, George and William crossed the plains, at different times. George made the record trip,—Omaha to Oregon City in ninety days. The average trip with oxen was six months. George was with a family which included a crabbed old woman. She insisted on loading down the rigs with old flat irons, tubs and all kinds of rubbish on the plea "It'll come handy when we get there." One day George, with the consent and assistance of one of the old woman's sons, lost all this stuff. They littered leagues of the burning sand with plunder. They retained nothing but the grub. The horses were vastly relieved. Some

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for having my shirt on wrong side out, when dad forbade me going in swimming, I said: "My good dad, I done it crawling through the fence."

One day a big Missourian heading a caravan was halted by a half-breed, who had built a bridge across a stream. The fellow was surrounded by a swarm of savages and their chief. A dollar a team was demanded. This was paid, and the big Missourian started to drive on. Just then Arnett's party came up, and paid the dollar a team demanded. Out upon the bridge leaped the chief. He swayed his body, bulged his chest, waved his red blanket, and howled. No ox or horse would go near him. The Missourian demanded to know what he wanted. The interpreter said:

"Big chief, heap big, want dollar, too."

The giant Missourian said nothing. He grasped his ox-whip, a pole ten feet long with a lash the same length, and with a swinging slash, he fetched the chief a crack just over his right ear with the heavy butt of the whipstock. He went down like a log. The Missourian yanked the chief, off the bridge by the hair, and yelled to the caravan to come on, which it did. The entire tribe took to its heels, and ran. When the chief came to, he cut out and ran. Though the guards were trebled that night, there was no trouble.

The history of a township is of itself but little more than to say it has gone through the transition from the wilderness to cultivation. It is the people of the township who make this transition, and in whom we are interested. Some may say, these legends of the plains are not the history of Loraine. Certain. Bill Arnett went from Loraine in 1849 to dig gold in California. George Arnett went in 1850. They brought home thirteen thousand dollars in gold, of which Bill got seven thousand dollars, and George six thousand dollars. Bill was there one year the longer. This gold was used in the development of Loraine township. This California yellow metal improved big areas of fertile Loraine. Therefore it is a vital part of this history.

Tone and Philip went to California around Cape Horn, in company with a Swede named Benson. It took six months. Philip was seventeen years old, and the fleetest-footed runner on earth. They had to wait in New York several weeks for the ship to sail. Tone had the Arnett vein of sporting blood well developed. He bet all the money in the party that Philip Arnett could outrun any man in New York.

Benson got scared. Said he:

"Aye tank Aye ban on hal feex. Aye tank mebbe Aye walluk back."

The New Yorkers were game; but Philip beat their man. The three had money to throw at the gulls. Benson, who was one of Henry county's first Swede citizens, was highly delighted. He juggled his coin and said:

"Aye tank Aye ban race man, too."

In California, a race was made up for ten thousand dollars. The boy Philip was induced to take a drink, before the race. He was dead in a few minutes.

William Arnett had his share of sporting blood. He reared race horses, and had a race track on his farm, as quaint old Solomon Penney had before him, on his farm down by the lovely lake which bears his name. William died years ago. Joseph died more recently in Geneseo. Jacob died many years ago. At this writing the dates are not available.

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While a characteristic feature of the Arnetts is their love for a practical joke, of which pranks I could fill a hundred pages, they have a strong vein of good common sense, sound judgment, and the force to back up their opinions. Here is a case in point:

When Jacob was crossing the plains, his caravan came upon Dan Olmsted and Dan Morehouse. These men were from Prophetstown. Both were hotheads. The tedium of toiling over the plains develops all the irritable traits in a man. Naturally good-humored men became crabbed and sour. I have seen it even in long journeys by rail. The devil squats on a man's stomach, and toys with his tongue.

Morehouse and Olmsted had been neighbors on the edge of Loraine township, and had been good friends, borrowing and lending, coming and going, intimately. Wives and children were friendly. But life on the plains played hob with them. They hated each other. In the morning, one rounded up the horses while the other got breakfast. They took turn about at this. One morning Morehouse came in with the horses. He was in a bad humor. The two men sat down to breakfast. Morehouse began to find fault. Nothing suited him. Hot words ensued. Morehouse hauled off to knock Olmsted down, when Olmsted plunged a knife into Morehouse. The latter fell dead.

Jacob Arnett's party tried the murderer. His story of the quarrel was all the testimony. Olmsted was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung. Two wagons were drawn to face, the tongues elevated and chained together, the rope made ready, the noose adjusted, and then little Jake Arnett called a halt.

He explained that the men were both hot tempered, that Morehouse had been about to knock Olmsted down, and probably would have followed this up by stamping him to death. Then Jake brought out the clincher argument. "What are we going to do with these men's teams and goods? Both of them dead, and we no right to them? Leave the horses here for the Indians, and all this stuff in the wagons for the Indians? Be men! Have some sense!"

They let Olmsted go.

Philip Sand, Joseph Rink, Martin Roos all are familiar names, and date back to the days when

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer rocks and raves,
And fertile farms in fair Loraine
Lie over Indian graves."

There is an ancient church in Loraine, of which there is a record elsewhere.

I wish I had the room to tell in full how one of the Arnett brothers had a colt which the rest envied and wanted to buy; how the colt died one night; how the owner sold the colt to his nearest brother; how the latter came for it, found it dead, and immediately hiked off and sold it to another brother; how the dead colt was sold over and over all day long; but I haven't room or time. The publishers will not regard practical jokes as historical facts.

But there's one Arnett joke that I was personally involved in, which must go into this book, or I'll dynamite the printing plant.

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All the Arnetts are my friends. Sam Junior, and Charley or "Jeff," the latter a son of Joseph, have been my particular chums. "Jeff," so called by his relatives from a fancied resemblance to the late Jeff Davis, and myself often went swimming and fishing together. It was before the law against seining. I had a seine which just reached across Green River. Jeff and I were working it, and a crowd of our friends looked on, and took care of the fish. Jeff would wade along shore with one end of the seine, and I would cross the river back and forth, with the other end, making a wide sweep to gather in the fish. Of course I had to swim part of the time. It was in Green River, two or three miles northeast of Geneseo. We worked down stream. When we had got half a mile down, we started to return to the wagon. I was in a state of Nature. We cut across lots. I made Jeff promise to walk close beside me, keeping step in good time and faith, as we crossed a glade exposed to the view of a farmer's house where a lot of pretty girls lived. The traitor, observing the girls on the lawn, leaped away from my side and yelled like a crazy Comanche. I took a headlong dive into a thicket of undergrowth. Jeff nearly laughed his head off. So did the rest; but furtively, sneakingly. I was so mad I fairly foamed. I swore I would thrash Jeff as soon as I got dressed. But that goggle-eyed, purple-faced lot, getting behind things to let off steam and keep from an explosion, finally got me to laughing too.

LYNN TOWNSHIP.

Divided in twain by the erratic Edwards, Lynn township is divided by little else. Though the Edwards River may divide her territory about equally into north and south sections, she is united in all that is good, and true, and beautiful. Her people are united in religion, morality, politics and right living, about as closely as the people of any six miles square upon the great globe's surface. Green groves and sunny meadows, murmuring streams and placid pastures, bumper crops on rich farm lands, these form the topographical features of lovely Lynn. Her people are mainly of the Scandinavian race. All are Americans, just the same.

There are two pretty little towns in Lynn. These are Lynn Center and Ohiem. Both are mentioned elsewhere. They are pretty as posies on the plain.

"Fair as a Garden of the Lord" is Lynn township. Good farms, good farmers. These twain make of Lynn a lovely land, a place of prosperity.

Lynn farmers go in for the best methods of farming; for the best machinery, the best stock. They have the best horses, the best cattle, the best hogs, the best poultry. Nothing but the best will satisfy an up-to-date farmer of Lynn. He is ever on the alert for something new, something better, some improvement upon the old form or the old way. Thus Progress makes her abiding place in Lynn. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

LYNN.

To Lynn, then, when the sun was low,
Two brothers waddled weak and slow.
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Edwards rolling rapidly.

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Out of the Wabash willows waded Alvin and Abner Arrasmith, determined to seek and find a land where a man doesn't have to hold his mouth shut hard all the time, to keep the ague from shaking out his teeth.

The brothers, after many vicissitudes, which they didn't fix in their memories on the way by conversing about them, owing to the grim necessity alluded to above, the pair arrived at Richland Grove. By the way, this grove became famous afterward as the habitat of the Richland Grove Vigilance Committee, whose motto was "Death to horse thieves." The grove is on the line between Henry and Warren counties.

A hustling historian, recording the movements of the brothers, says "they reached their new home September 1, 1834, having traveled many weary miles without track or trail of any kind. When they came to the grove they were almost compelled to stop, as it was raining and storming furiously. The first day they built their house of rails and clapboards, and at candlelight moved in."

It is to be hoped that the Arrasmiths were as good hustlers as this historian. They were weak and weary, mind you. Yet, in the face of a furious storm, enough to blind them, they made enough rails and clapboards in the forenoon, to build a house with in the afternoon. And at early candlelight they moved in.

After telling that, this historian drags in a wife and child each yet for Alvin and Abner. The brothers may have packed their wives and wee 'uns on their backs, along with the carpenter tools they used in making the house. Of such stuff were the pioneers.

But the historian hasn't told us all yet. He keeps adding to the procession at every gasp. He says that these strenuous brothers were up and coming the next morning, not worn out as one would expect, "chopping, grubbing and preparing the ground for early crops the next season, and making hay and stacking it for their kine. Fifty pounds of flour to each family was the sum total of their provisions."

This is the first we have heard of the kine, or cattle. Grubbing out a field in the forest, when there was open prairie all around! Making hay after a blinding storm. The fifty pounds of flour had to last each family till new crops could be raised or about nine months! Just two hundred and seventy days for three persons to live on fifty pounds of flour, and nothing else. These people could get up more steam on less fuel than anybody.

The Arrasmiths were followed; not by officers, but by settlers. Other Wabashful ague chatterers followed the trail through the long grass, and came upon the cabin in the timber. Here they were entertained and regaled, presumably on that fifty pounds of flour, or what the Arrasmiths had to spare, and the nomads, finding the flour good, camped around and stayed awhile.

In 1836, there were fourteen families about Richland Grove. J. W. Arrasmith was born at Richland Grove, being the first birth there, in the year 1835—no date of month given. But the babe was born just over the line in Warren county, so it isn't our baby.

In April, 1836, Alvin moved over the line into Henry county. Here he built a hotel, size fourteen by sixteen. He often had a full house.

Settlers kept coming. Henry Peckenham, Charles Norman, Eben Townsend, Caleb Townsend, William Smith, Caleb Pillsbury, Jenks, Guy Dailey,

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George Henry Johnson, George B. Pillsbury. The latter married Elizabeth J. Greeley of New Hampshire in 1846. He became one of the richest of Henry county farmers. He held at different times all the official positions of the township. John and C. J. Samuelson came in 1849, Joab Tracy in 1851.

Alvin Arrasmith planted some appleseeds in 1835. Six years after, in 1841, he got fifty-six apples off of one tree. These were the first apples raised in Henry county.

LYNN CENTER.

Lynn Center is the village of fertile Lynn township. It is a station on the St. Louis branch of the Quincy railway, and is well equipped with goods required by a farming community.

OPHIEM.

Ophiem is a trading point, with good stocks for general barter. It is a small village, with lots of room to grow. The Swedish Methodists have a society here, and the Swedish Lutherans here are a branch of the big church at Andover.

MUNSON TOWNSHIP.

Munson is the central township. This is a beautiful garden of wealth and delight. It is drained by Spring Creek, which traverses the township from south to north. The surface is gently rolling, except in the northeastern sections, where some spots are rather too boisterous.

Somewhere near the heart of this central domain, is the oldtime Josiah B. Terpening farm. Here a grove of beautiful natural forest trees ornaments the landscape. William R. Terpening, son of the late Joshiah B. Terpening, informs me that the great chief Black Hawk made this grove a favorite resort. Here, among the thick forest dells, he made his winter camp. The ground was littered with Indian tepee poles, and the soil held many an anchor stake for Indian lodges, when the farm was opened by John Frank, who secured it from the government, about 1854.

An ancient cabin existed at the southeast edge of this grove, until about two decades ago, when it collapsed. This was recognized as the first building made by the hands of white men, in the territory now known as Munson township. When I lived on the farm one season, with my uncle, Joshiah B. Terpening, the old cabin was standing, or rather leaning as I remember it, one corner had decayed and crumbled down, so that the remainder of the cabin had a pitch and sag toward that part.

This grove was underlaid with coal. For many years it was the source of supply for farmers far and near. It was worked for several years by Mowbray & Lowes, lately from England. These men afterward became well-known as miners and brick and tile makers near Atkinson, and at Geneseo.

In a group of willows, on the east bank of Spring Creek, which creek traverses the Terpening farm, and passes through the grove, there was a spring,

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which supplied Black Hawk and his savage horde with water. This spring probably gave the stream its name. It was yet flowing copiously when I was employed that season on the farm. But William R. Terpening tells me that it has completely shut off, and flows no more. I regret this. I spent many poetically reflective hours at that spring, while my poor tired team rested. The spring was in a glen, out of sight of the house, and the opportunity was a noble one to learn to drink water.

Legends linger in a locality like a cockleburr in a sheep's tail. For instance:

When Washington and La Fayette
Were winter-bound in Hackensack,
Their patriotic lips they wet
With good old Jersey applejack.

The people there are telling yet
How, in that time so long aback,
Both Washington and La Fayette,
Their patriotic palates wet
With good old Jersey applejack.

So the Legend of Kiner and the Shovels lives and lingers in Central Munson. He was plowing potatoes in an orchard. The potato-rows were continuous with long corn-rows beyond the orchard. The first round down through the orchard was disastrous to the plow-shovels. They hooked into tree-roots, and were yanked off, every one of them. The legend has it that I kept right on, making the circuit of field and orchard all forenoon, never missing the shovels, but delighted that the cultivator ran easier.

I will not cripple the legend by denying it. It has run too long to shut it off. A legend, like a roadway, becomes public property after having been used a certain time.

Another deathless idyl is that of "The Tunnel and the Sow." Reverend John Dill Calhoun, one of the popular Methodist preachers of Illinois, then living with his mother, Mrs. Josiah B. Terpening, upon the farm, took occasion when the opportunity offered, to work the devilment out of his system, as he was preparing for the ministry, and would have to be good a long time. Rev. Henry Metcalf had come to take dinner, and of course there had to be chicken. Preachers and Pullets do be and abide, one within the other. Now the swine had hoked a hole through a huge strawstack. It was a tunnel, bored in pursuit of stray oats. My dear cousin, the embryo preacher Calhoun, told me to squat at the exit of this tunnel, and he would go round the stack and drive a pullet through into my waiting arms. What did he do? He went around the stack and seized upon an old sow which was asleep in the sun, and immediately made her insane by cuffing her ears, kicking her slats and hammering his heels against her hams. Then the beast, all frothing and fearful, was headed for the hole, and fired through at me. She hit me amidships, and sent me into a barnyard mess beyond words allowable here to describe. It was the most hoggish trick ever played upon me.

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In those days a generation or more ago—I used "generation" as representing the average human life of thirty-three and one-third years, a third of a century—in those days there was the most active and delightful society in that Central Munson neighborhood. Almost every evening of the week there was a social gathering at some home in the locality, or there was a debate or singing-school at the Dublin or Ayres schoolhouse. I never saw the like of it elsewhere. I doubt if it exists anywhere, any more.

Munson was named after Merritt Munson. It was appropriate, and the names of other good old-timers should have been perpetuated in labeling our other townships. The names given some of them are absurd. "Alba," which means "white." The soil of Alba is black. "Phoenix," usually spelled "Phenix," a fabled bird, which is consumed by fire, and then is restored, and rises from its ashes. How on earth such an idea came to be applied to that pretty and fertile township, I don't know. Rising from its ashes! Why didn't they call it Aldrich, in honor of its first settler, and the father of Henry county's first male child, Henry S. Aldrich? Geneseo honored Aldrich by naming a street in his honor.

Munson is one township with an appropriate name.

Within the central heart of this heart of Henry county, is the Henry County Infirmary. It it a noble pile, built upon a grand farm, to which the supervisors added another good farm several years ago. Here the county's waifs and wanderers and strays are cared for wisely and well, by the house of Wilkinson. But of this a chapter by itself.

A good league or two down from the Spring Creek coal mine alluded to above, once an Irishman named Peter McGinnity opened a coalmine, and sold his product. Bothered by water, he obtained a pump, and for a time was master of the situation. Then one morning Peter went down to find the mine flooded, and his industry petered out. Searching for the cause, he found a woodchuck burrow. Patiently did Peter punch the burrow full of culm and slack. He pumped the water out, and proceeded to dig coal. A day or two after this, the mine was flooded again. Then Peter got the hardest rocks he could find, and with lusty lunges on a crowbar, forced the stones into the villainous burrow. When the woodchuck, in his competition with Peter, got the stones out and opened the drain and flooded the mine from the creek again, Peter was rather set back. He mourned his losses; but mostly mourned he the vanquishing of an Irishman by a woodchuck. It was against the traditions of the Emerald Isle and contrary to Erin Go Brau. Peter sat down and studied. All at once an idea hit him. He got a trap, caught the woodchuck, and was never inundated any more.

When I came into Henry county in 1869, land prices ruled from thirty-five dollars to fifty dollars per acre. Sometimes a farm was sold for a little less, or a little more. The appreciation of land values has been very great. Munson farms which sold for fifty dollars per acre when I was farming there, now sell for two hundred dollars.

Perhaps it was for the best, after all, that I got out.

MUNSON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Organized July 1, 1871. Charter members, Mrs. Jane Clausen, Mrs. Ann Robb, Jacob Kough and wife, David Walker and

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Mary Ann Ruxton, Mrs. Ann K. Young, Miss Jane Kough, Chester Baxter, James Patten. Members are by letter from "Free Church of Scotland." Ministers, H. M. Corbett, G. M. Lodge, A. J. Stead, E. L. Williams, H. B. Knight, N. W. Thornton, W. E. Kimball, J. I. Dool, F. E. Smiley.

MUNSON METHODIST CHURCH. This house of worship is one of the many empty country churches. Members move away, and church is vacant for years, and sometimes becomes a barn. Not sacrilege, this, Jesus was born in a barn.

Hon. John P. Fox, prominent in Munson for a generation, and one of the last of her old settlers, has given much time, labor and thought to the following fine historical sketch:

The township of Munson was twice named. Its geographical position in the county suggested the name of Center and this selection was reported to the legislature by the first board of supervisors who were soon thereafter informed by the state secretary that there was already in the state a township bearing that name. The late Merritt Munson was at that time an enterprising character among the first settlers, and his friends proposed the present name which was accepted.

There were but a few small improvements made in this township previous to 1850.

The city of Richmond had been laid out as early as 1836 and made the location for the county seat and a public house erected. A courthouse was being constructed the following year when the entire city was consumed by fire except a small "sucker" stable. This was a crushing blow, the "city" was never rebuilt and nothing remains visible to mark the proud spot but a few broken pieces of crockery. The writer understands however that a suitable monument is soon to be erected to distinguish the place where the first court was held in the county of Henry.

The locating of homes began several years later. The best authority obtainable gives the log house built near the northwest corner of section 35 by Elisha Pennington as the first one erected in the township. It is still there. The next one was built by Jacob Frank on and near the center of the northeast quarter of section 26 and stood at the south end of a small piece of timber and some ten rods from the creek, and was occupied by the family of Josiah B. Terpening from 1854 until he built a frame house thirteen years later on the hill some forty rods northeast, to which was added the present fine farm residence built a few years since by his son Wm. R., and now the home of B. E. Vincent.

There was also a log cabin built on section 31 previous to 1850 and known at the time as the residence of "Auntie" Cooper, and ten acres of land had been broken. This was plowed and sown to wheat in the spring of '51 by R. H. Hinman to whom must be given the honor of raising the first grain in the town-

[illegible] been purchased of Albert Welton in 1850 and was probably [illegible] given the credit of doing the first general

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and Geneseo, and was probably built about the same time of those previously mentioned.

Up to 1854 there had been some dozen log cabins erected, mostly along the south side of the township and near to timber where the first settlers located. One of early date was built on section 32 formerly known as the "Josh" Bushnell place. Another by James Cochren on the northwest quarter of section 34, as early as 1853. The two cottonwood twigs planted soon after have grown to giant trees. A small frame house occupies the site and was built by the widow of Julius Morris, is now the residence of Theodore Disch. William and Julius Morris built cabins on 33 and 34 the year following. Another was built on the southeast corner of 34. R. M. Garrison and Nichols Hoose had built on 35 and Ed Else on the same section. Daniel Pennington had built opposite the grave yard. There was also a cabin on the hill north of the Elisha Pennington domicile which was after moved down and made a part of it. Buenos Ayres built a frame house on the northwest quarter of 25 in 1853. Robert Hunter made improvements the same year on the northeast of the same section. Moses Adams built a small frame house on the northeast of 22.

In 1852, Mrs. Annah Smith bought for two hundred dollars the northeast quarter of section 4 and her husband began to break the west eighty the same year. In the autumn he purchased a small one-story frame house and moved it onto this eighty. It was boarded up and down like a barn. The boards were unplaned and during the summer shrank until one's fingers could be thrust between them. This defect was remedied by lining with soft brick and mortar and finally with lath and plaster, Mr. Smith doing the work. An incident which this old domicile recalls to the mind of the writer must not go unmentioned. The spring of 1859 was a wet one. John P. Stewart and Charles P. Manville had rented and were to work this eighty, Mr. Smith's family being on a summer tour among their relatives in Maine. As a recompense for hauling a small load through the deep mud from Geneseo I was to give a day's work when it was plowing time. The season had arrived and I was at the house early in the morning. Charles was in the barn feeding the horses. I repaired to the house to find John frying pancakes, and the skill which he displayed can never be effaced from my memory. I watched the operation. He had two oldfashioned frying pans as large around as a Yankee farmer's dinner plate. He had also prepared a swab consisting of a huge pork rind tied to a stick about eight inches long. With this instrument he greased the pans. The buckwheat batter was contained in a large yellow pitcher minus a handle and of a consistency to be easily poured from it into the hot pans. He was too busy for words. As I have said, I watched, I saw him swab the frying pans, then place in the batter and shake the pan again The entire bottom was covered, and now all at once with the dextrous hand of a genius, he gave the pan a motion which sent the half done cake up two feet into the air, to return the other side up to the pan again. The operation was perfect.

At the time (1852) there was but one house in sight—William McClellen's residence. The next spring John L. Gardiner built a frame house a mile southwest on section 8 and moved there. Mrs. Eveline (Smith) Loomis was a child then, so I will set it down that she and Ella Gardiner were the first two little neighbor girls to play together in the town of Munson. Royce Allen came in

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1852 and improved the southwest quarter of 20. His father Allen and sister Miss C. P., settled on the northwest quarter of 29, "Uncle" Allen—as we all used to call him—deserves especial mention here as being a station agent for one of the underground railroads and a supporter of J. P. Hale, when he ran for president in 1852 establishing his record as a republican, even before the party was organized.

Joab Price settled on the southwest of 17 at an early date.

The township increased her population quite rapidly from and during 1854 of which due mention will be made in the next writing.

The first schoolhouse was built on the southwest quarter of section 25 probably in 1853 and was known as the "Pemberton" schoolhouse. It stood quite near the spot now occupied by the residence of S. C. Hutchinson and was moved and now is a part of the ell to his main house. S. B. Randall taught the first school the same year in this house.

What was formerly known as the Terpening schoolhouse was erected in 1855 west of and near the creek and some twenty rods or more south of the north section line.

The late Henry S. Comstock taught here in 1857.

The first township election was here in 1856.

In 1860 this house was moved to the north side of section 23. W. L. Robinson took an active part in making this change of location. It was claimed by some of the aggrieved living on the south side of the district, that it was moved during the night time, but such was not the fact, as the writer was innocently there helping in the movement. A few families of Irish descent residing near the new location suggested to some disaffected young fellows the name of Dublin which it still retains.

The Methodist Episcopal church built at the southwest corner of section fifteen was the first one dedicated. The corner stone was laid June 20, 1872, Rev. J. W. Megan, pastor in charge. Rev. Wm. Underwood, presiding elder of the Kewanee district, delivered the address. It was dedicated the 24th of the following November. Services were held regularly for twenty-five years, but a gradual change of the inhabitants left it without the necessary support, and it was sold in 1902 and taken down. The Presbyterian church on the southwest corner of section 17 was dedicated December 29th of the same year and services have been held there continuously.

The first coal bank was opened by J. B. Terpening in 1855, a few rods northeast of his residence. Coal had, however, been taken out at that place as early as 1850 by Johnny Russell, the blacksmith of Cambridge, and used in his forge. This bank was successfully worked for several years. Other coal mines were opened later on the sections west, and also on section twelve, all of which are at least for the present abandoned.

The first cemetery, and known as the Munson cemetery, is on the northwest corner of the southwest quarter of section 36, and is now generally spoken of as the Taylor burying ground. John Terpening, a brother of J. B. and W. H. Terpening, was buried here, and this was the first death to occur in the township. The grave was dug where the highway now runs as was also that of a child

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of J. B. Terpening, which died of smallpox soon after the family arrived at their new home. Both remains were removed to within the inclosure.

The cemetery contains one acre and was bought of W. H. Terpening for twenty dollars. The money being donated by the near inhabitants who also built the fence around it. Lewis Shearer furnished the walnut tree, for the posts gratis.

John W. Crawford was the first post master. The office was in his dwelling house on section 19, but was removed under the next administration to the northeast quarter of section 17 and Mrs. Harley was appointed postmistress. She was the last to serve as the office was a few years after discontinued.

Seman Bushnell was the first blacksmith. His shop was at the southeast corner of section 8.

Munson furnished more than three score soldiers to the United States army during the war with the rebellion. The following are the names of most all: A. R. Mock, Edward Chamberlain, Charles P. Manville, Andrew J. Taylor, Thomas Bennett, Hiram Tuttle, Thomas W. Eaton, Wm. H. Dennis, Carl Swiger, Eliphelet Ball, S. W. Manville, John A. Wifoat, John W. Clavenger, James H. Keyser, Edson G. Comstock, William Gillespie, Stephen Petteys, Thos. J. Attwater, Eli B. Attwater, Benj. Bennett, Paul Anderson, Dan F. Bennett, Wm. H. Bushnell, John J. Davis, John Barton, Lorenzo Draper, L. S. Johnson, Joseph Hoover, Judson Morgan, George Kelton, Henry Netzer, George B. Lower, Lyman Shearer, Rufus Pratt, Allen Wood, John Hamilton, Ira E. Higgins, John B. Peterson, Geo. W. Petty, J. S. Snyder, Edward W. Brown, Mason Long, Charles W. Eaton, John D. Hill, Jesse F. Wing, William J. Hill, Elisha Attwater, Judson Atwood, John H. Nye, Charles Hedstrum, Andrew T. Allen, John P. Stewart, John C. Johnson, Benj. Jenkins, Henry S. Comstock, William Howard, John Liken, John Doyle.

The prophetic results of traditional knowledge previously spoken of have doubtless been verified in this writing. And it is earnestly requested that when errors are discovered that the writer of this first volume may be immediately informed that they may be corrected in the more elaborate one which is to follow.

J. P. Fox.

Geneseo, Illinois, August 12, 1909.

OSCO TOWNSHIP.

Once upon a time the editor of The Geneseo News drove through and around and over Osco township. He so aimed, directed and adjusted circumstances with the environments, or vice versa, so as to pull up at Luman Woodward's castle at noon. Luman was overjoyed, or let on he was. The editor had a good dinner, such a spread as is common among the richly-blessed farmers of old Henry. Then Luman inspired him with "The Arkansas Traveler" on the fiddle. The editor seized his pen and wrote:

"Astronomers have scanned the millions of systems of worlds with their powerful telescopes, and found beyond a doubt that the system of which Earth is a part, is the Central System of all; that Earth is the best world in the system of which it is part, in fact the central part. The surface of the Earth is one-fourth land and three-fourths water. Of this land, the best central location is

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the United States of North America. Of the United States, Illinois is nearest the heart of the best soil. In Illinois, Henry county is in the very heart of fertility. In Henry county, Osco is the heart of things mundane, and Luman Woodward's farm is in the midst of Osco."

When the editor read that to Luman, in a rich, mellow tone, Luman gave a yell of ecstasy, dove down cellar, and reappeared with a jug of sweet cider.

Osco was originally a prairie township. There was practically no waste land. It is six miles square of the most perfect soil in all the universe. The farm homes form a prairie paradise, half a dozen miles square. A man who owns a good farm in Osco township ought to be happy. When Charles Oakley and C. C. Wilcox came from New York state to locate land for a proposed colony, they recalled a beauty spot in Bureau county, which had been named Providence by some pious pioneer. They found Providence had been secured by previous people. So it was one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence that they came on into Henry county, and selected "Osco."

I don't know why they called it Osco, nor what Osco means, or why it was suggested by that charming prairie country. In all my reading, which ranges over everything from "Squint-eyed Bob, the Bully of the Woods," to the "Revelations," I never met up with "Osco." The nearest was "Bosco," a gentleman who "eats 'em alive," meaning snakes. The township should have been christened for one of the pioneers. Oakley had a station on the Rock Island route named for him; but it wouldn't stick. People would call it Green River, and Green River it is.

The first colonists arrived in the fall of 1836. They were Joshua Harper, N. W. Washburne, Luke C. Sheldon, Charles W. Davenport and Tompkins. Tompkins' first name was lost in the shuffle, and has never been found. Perhaps it was Osco. Israel Crocker settled in the edge of a grove, which was long known as Crocker's Grove. But that didn't stick. It became Brown's Grove, from F. P. Brown, afterward of Geneseo, who lived a long time at the grove.

There were a few others, John Appleton and Thomas Fitch, the father of Mrs. Davenport. For fourteen years the total population was ten or twelve families. In 1852 the rush began. When it was certain that the Rock Island Railway would run just north of the township, there was a scramble for land. Albert Welton, Willis Hinman, F. P. Brown arrived in May, 1851. These were soon followed by Leser C. Welton, Benjamin Manning, Philip Emmert, and John Weidlein. Next year came Francis Gerard and Hiram Woodward. Then A. A. and E. M. Crane, Jared H. Smith and others.

School districts were formed, roads laid out, bridges built, and civilization assumed her sway.

In his latter years, Philip Emmert put up a warehouse and bought grain at Osco station.

OXFORD TOWNSHIP.

Why Oxford? The names of these townships, with a few exceptions, form an unsolvable puzzle. Oxford is associated in the average civilized mind with a huge and ancient university in old England. Just how a boggy barren in the

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OSCO DEPOT

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southwest corner of Henry county came to s
learning, is a wrench and strain upon the imag

There may be one way to account for
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Now it may be that the cattle referred
sloughs, so it was natural to call these "ma
We'll let it go at that.

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southwest corner of Henry county came to suggest an ancient English seat of learning, is a wrench and strain upon the imagination.

There may be one way to account for the selection of "Oxford" as the name for a swampy southwestern township. A prior pencil-pusher says "The cattle made paths and these were washed by the rains into drainage ways for the surplus water, and in the course of time dry, solid ground appeared where before was the bog, in many places of which a person could stand upon the tough grass sod and by jumping on it shake the ground for several feet about him."

Now it may be that the cattle referred to were oxen. They forded the sloughs, so it was natural to call these "many places of" which an ox ford. We'll let it go at that.

Oxford did not appeal to the timber-habited wise men of the east. There was nothing there but rank sloughgrass, high enough to conceal a man on horseback. Whereof could a settler erect a dwelling?

Suggestive of this dilemma is the name of the first settler, Almeron Underwood.

"It was down in Old Kentucky
That Underwood was born,
Where the corn is full of kernels,
And the colonels full of corn."

Underwood came from under the heavy wooded hills of "Ole Kaintuck." He would have been wise to change his name to Overgrass; but it didn't occur to him. The meanest thing he did was to trail his little brother, Milton, along. Think of the hilarity of life enjoyed by these Kentuckians! Almeron and wife and little Milton, living in an oxwagon in a swampy sea of sloughgrass, with no neighbors, no company, no gossip, no prospects of the present condition of things ever changing! Men have gone melancholy mad for less reason. In fact, the less reason man has, the crazier he becomes.

But a visitor finally arrived; and such a visitor! He was stark naked, in fact, he was as naked as the day he was born. He was in a fury of a temper. He yelled and screamed till he was blue in the gills, and nobody could tell what it was about. He was hairless and toothless, and unable to talk the Underwood dialect. He wouldn't eat a bite, but howled for milk. This was on December 11, 1839. The Underwoods clothed and fed the little stranger, called him Almeron D., after his father, and this was the first white child born in Oxford township.

R. D. Timberlake came in 1837. He says that the Underwoods and a big slough was all that he found.

Timberlake! Another suggestive name. Underwood, Timberlake! Each brought his wood and timber with him.

Anson Calkins came in 1841, from interior New York state. A. B. Cole came in 1839. There were six voters when Cole came. John W. Cox came in 1849 from Indiana; Robert Wilber in 1849. He died, leaving a widow and thirteen children. J. B. Hoag came in 1839, from New York state. He was married four times, and reared four children.

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Such were the beginnings of Oxford. To look at it today, one can hardly believe in the picture which portrays this as a scene of desolation, of far-reaching quagmire and billowy bog, the home of the muskrat and the bullfrog.

Far as the eye can reach, we now see an agricutlural paradise. We see lands as fertile as old Egypt's Delta in the days of the Pharaohs. We see elegant homes, enshrined in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. We see schoolhouses and churches, in short we see everything to make life worth living. As I have said all along, the lowlands are the rich land, and every rain of heaven enriches the lowlands at the expense of the highlands. Our southwestern frontier is well guarded by oxygonial Oxford, which revels in health, wealth and oxygen.

From "History of Presbyterian Church, Woodhull, Illinois."

FIRST THINGS.

First settler in this vicinity (Oxford township) Probably Almeron Underwood, already here in 1837. R. D. Timberlake came in 1837.

First house—The "Lone House;" built before 1851.

First called "Heathland"—1852.

First called "Leoti"—1855.

First called "Woodhull"—Fall, 1857, or spring, 1858.

First Sunday-school (union)—1855; Geo. Dunkle, superintendent.

First church organized (Presbyterian)—November, 1856.

First Elders—Geo. Dunkle and Jas. Barton, November, 1856

First Presbyterian minister to supply—C. B. Bristol.

First session meeting—March 31, 1857.

First teacher on Woodhull prairie—Mattie Horn (Mrs. John Billings).

First delegate to Presbytery and also to Synod—Jas. Barton, fall, 1857.

First store—By Marshall Hurd and John Billings.

First Presbytery meeting in Woodhull—Spring, 1857.

First permanent minister—Jos. H. Marshall, installed May, 1857.

First Clover schoolhouse built—1859; Summit Level, fall, 1856.

First baptism—Henry Marshall McConnell.

First marriages—Lorenzo Walters and Miss Ellen McConnell, November 24, 1857; John Billings and Miss Mattie Horn; Henry F. Creighton and Miss Mary McConnell.

First church trustees (Presbyterian)—D. V. Thompson, Wm. D. Stitt, James Barton, January, 1865; for one year.

First church building commenced (Presbyterian)—Summer, 1865.

First Presbyterian Sunday-school superintendent—Julius Tower.

First church dedicated (Presbyterian)—September 16, 1866.

First communion service in first church—September 30, 1866.

First member received into first church—Nancy Knox (Mrs. J. W. Shetler.)

First Sunday-school foreign missionary offering—Twelve dollars, October 13, 1867.

First wedding in first church—Julius Tower and Miss Ella E. Gamble, December 31, 1866.

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First funeral in first church—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Elder, November 16, 1867.

First adult funeral in first church—Mrs. Edna Pritchard, December 13, 1867.

First woman to pray in public (in Rock River Presbytery, perhaps in Illinois)—Mrs. W. C. Magner.

First marriage in first church—John Cox and Miss Mary Magner.

First baptisms in first church—Fanny Gamble (Mrs. L. E. Pritchard) and Carrie Overstreet (Mrs. Wm. Doyle.)

First chorister—Samuel W. Johnson, 1866.

First Organist—Probably Frances Grow (Mrs. Hardy), 1868.

First train through Woodhull—January, 1869.

First deacons elected—June 7, 1869.

First delegate to general assembly of the Presbyterian church—D. V. Thompson, spring, 1870.

First manse purchased—1872.

First missionary society organized—January 8, 1874.

First funeral in present church—Mrs. Anna Howell, February 1, 1886.

First Y. P. S. C. E. organized—October 21, 1886.

First junior society organized—February 18, 1894.

ALPHA.

In ancient lore we read of "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."

I should hardly admit that either of these appellations would fit this gem on the central bosom of Oxford township. It certainly is not the first of Henry county towns, in any sense of the word, nor will it be the last. "Alpha" is the first letter of the Greek alphabet. Just why it is attached to this pretty little town is one of those mysteries which lie deephidden in the wonderbox of the intellect of man. Our first letter is "A." What would be thought of the Greeks should they build a town somewhere, and call it "A." At the very least it would be thought that the Greek were hard up for names. Elsewhere in this volume it is hinted that the misnomer acrobats who named Alba township, may have been trying to call it Alpha; but were sidetracked owing to ignorance or a cold in the head. Alba is a Latin word meaning White. There wasn't a white thing in Alba township, when it was young enough to stick a name on. Even the snow was all mussed up by myriads of muskrats.

Alpha is close to the center of Oxford township. There is the crossing of the Galva & Keithsburg Branch of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and the Rock Island and St. Louis tracks of the same great system.

Anson Calkins, one of the pioneers, and a man of superior force of character, established the village of Alpha. The village dates from June 1, 1872. It is a bright and busy little place, with good stores and shops and a hotel.

Before the day of Alpha the First, there was a village named Oxford, a few miles to the southwest. The possession of two railroads at Alpha the First, made Oxford the Last. Oxford was laid out in 1858 by Daniel and James Briggs. Oxford gave up, and the people removed to Alpha, houses and all.

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A historial document before me at this writing says that the village of Oxford was the location of the "bank of the Mississippi Valley," a supposititiously swindling concern, the total assets of which were "an old rusty safe without a lock, one old-time copper cent, part of a cheap lead pencil, a rusty steel pen, and a scribbled over half-sheet of foolscap paper."

I am inclined to believe that, if there is anything in this bank story at all, the concern was conducted by strangers who forced themselves upon an honest community.

I am reminded here of an anecdote which was told aforetime concerning Henry Youngs, a former gentleman of leisure and wealth, in Geneseo. He had encroached upon the farm of a man who was rabidly opposed to city men hunting upon his premises. Henry was hammering away at the young prairie chickens in this man's fields, when the irate owner bursted upon his view. Exploded might be a better word. Out of a contiguous cornfield sprang the man of wrath, and with fury, foam and froth he denounced the unmoved hunter, who was calmly pushing a brace of young prairie chickens into his gamebag.

Seeing that the man had much to say, Henry improved the time by wiping out his gun.

When the farmer at last collapsed, had run down like a clock and was silent Henry quietly asked:

"Did you know the City Bank busted yesterday?"

"What?" screamed the farmer. And Henry could hear him thrashing through the tall corn, as he tore along toward the barn. Yet a few minutes and the excited farmer was galloping his swiftest horse toward the scene of disaster, where he was doomed to settle at fifty-eight cents on the dollar. Henry kept on hammering down the chickens.

But Oxford's bank is no more, and Oxford is no more. And honest old Henry county is noted far and wide for its careful and conservative bankers, and its uniformly successful banking.

PHENIX TOWNSHIP.

Phenix, (written also Phoenix) a bird fabled to exist single, and to rise again from its own ashes, and hence used as an emblem of immortality. Astronomically, a southern constellation.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

Phenix neither resembles nor suggests a bird which rises from its own ashes, nor can it be construed into a southern constellation. The beautiful and fertile township might have been called after one of its first settlers, and thus perpetuate his name through the ages. That the people are not altogether pleased with the name is evidenced in the universality with which they call it Pink Prairie. In the early days, before the plow had wrinkled the face of Nature, the land was adorned with pink blossoms. Hence the poetic name. A few miles to the east is a region called "Rozzum Prairie." This was originally festooned with the long and languorous resin weeds, such as you and I used to cut incisions in, and come around in a few days to gather the gum.

The people of this township have fertile imaginations, as well as fertile acres. An elevated plateau in the southeastern portion is called Bunker Hill. There is

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a Bunker Hill schoolhouse. The owner of Bunker Hill Farm is Mr. A. Phelps. He maintains a powerful binocular field glass, which reveals a wondrous panorama to the southward and southeastward, on any clear day. Of course the view is more enchanting in the summer. Then, overlooking the valley of the Green River, with its fronded foliage interlacing above the silvery ribbon of the water, and beyond for a score of miles, even to the groves that guard Kewanee, with Atkinson sentineled by Shabonna Grove, with the Maple City pegged to its place with half a score of church steeples and the titanic water tower, the city itself all curtained and concealed by maples innumerable, and everywhere fertile farms with beautiful houses and bounteous barns, and each group of farm buildings shaded in its own shimmering shelter of trees—with the waving tasseled corn, and the glory and the grandeur and the gladness of it all,—take the glass from your face, wipe the heart dew from your eyes, and say "I give thanks unto the, O, Lord God Almighty!"

Fertile imaginations joined with fertile acres, did I say? Well, perhaps I'll have to rescind that. Phenix enfolds one of the finest sheets of water in Illinois. It is a picturesque spot, frontiered with foliage, and

"The still water, still and chilly,
Is the home of the water-lily."

Yet the people persist in calling this lovely lake by the unpoetic name of "Penney's Slough."

Major Moderwell, brave soldier 'neath a tent of green, saw the folly of maintaining this misnomer. He came to me.

"I'm going to rechristen it Shadow Lake," said the major.

"And you want me to call it Shadow Lake in the paper till I get the folks in the fashion," I said tentatively.

"Exactly," rejoined the major.

I demurred a bit. I said the lake wasn't noted for its shadows, any more than other lakes are. The major called me down for my obtuseness, and alluded to the upside-down trees and bushes in the water all round the lake. I contended that these were not shadows, but reflections. I suggested "Mirror Lake." No. The major had set his heart upon Shadow Lake. So I began to call it Shadow Lake. I dragged it in everywhere I could. The files of the News will prove that I put it in the poetry, and in the advertisements. I bought a steamboat. The builder of the boat had named it "Satan." He had this devil of a name on two nickel plates on the bow of the boat. I unscrewed the plates, flung them into the river, and rechristened the steamer "Shadow Lake Shallop."

But it wouldn't go. I shouted Shadow Lake in print till the type was black in the face, and everybody called the water Penney's Slough. The people would not call reflections shadows. They could not have such reflections cast upon them. They could not see how an open boat without a mast could be a schooner. So they didn't call the steamboat Shadow Lake Shallop. In fact, I never heard them call it anything, except its original name with variations when it got fast on a sandbank in midstream.

Phenix township contains the Pleasure Resort, par excellence, of Henry county, and even extending to the counties about us. For half a century the banks of Rock River just below the mouth of Penney's Slough have been the

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resorts of campers, hunters, picnickers, the leisure class, and of people requiring a rest. It is a romantic spot. The banks of the beautiful Rock River are high and dry, and covered with ancient forest trees. Ferns festoon the ridged ravines. Water lilies drowse and dream in The Narrows, which is the entrance from river to lake, and cover the water from sight in the famed lagoon of the liles. Beauty, romance, poetry everywhere. Ed. Deming, the famous painter, whose Indian portrait paintings have found a place upon the walls of the most exclusive palaces of Europe, comes from his own palatial home upon the Hudson to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Deming. On one of these visits he made a beautiful painting of the Rock River camp ground. He told me that he has carried the beauty of that scene on the old river in his memory, in all his wanderings over the world, for the great artist's boyhood was passed in Geneseo. Ed. Deming's fame equals that of George Catlin, Fredrick R. Remington, or any painter of the picturesque people who once inhabited the plains and prairies.

For a score of years the writer passed a goodly share of his summer days at the romantic resort of the Rolling Rock. He could fill an entire chapter with incidents connected with this popular resort. The lake is called after the pioneer, Solomon Penney, who is celebrated elsewhere in this book. He was noted for race horse proclivities, and the expression, "men, this is mortal." Any event or circumstance which impressed him as being out of the ordinary was "mortal."

In the old days, people camped out. Now they have cottages and a club house. There is quite a village on the river and slough, with motor boats, automobiles, and other amusements.

Phenix is also the habitat of the Ebenezer Camp Meeting. This is under the auspices of the German Evangelical church. It draws immense crowds at its sessions in mid-August of each summer. I have written this up elsewhere. It is six miles north of Geneseo, in Painter's Grove.

Phenix has prairie and forest beautifully proportioned. When the old pioneer, Earl P. Aldrich, had all the county to choose from, he selected Phenix township. Here the first white child in Henry county opened his eyes, and wondered "where he was at," as the congressman independent of grammar did. There was no baby to play with little Henry S. Aldrich. Neither was there a boy or girl in the whole county, till Hattie Hanna arrived 'way down upon the Rock River.

All these matters are fully dwelt upon elsewhere.

After Aldrich came Amariah Withrow from White county, Illinois. Then Anthony Hunt, Jacob F. Butzer, David B. Barge, and the swarm that scents success. There was a big family of the Withrows. They halted for a time at Red Oak Grove in the southern section of Henry county, became dissatisfied and moved on.

PHENIX TOWNSHIP.

Submitted by Nellie Lauderbaugh, Salem M. E. Church.

The circuit which now includes the Salem and Sharon Methodist Episcopal churches was formerly a part of the Prophetstown circuit and within the bounds of the Rock River conference.

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In 1859, the part known as the Rock River circuit was cut off. In August, 1860, Rev. John Chandler, presiding elder of the Rock Island district, called a meeting of the old official board for the purpose of organizing a new circuit. Joseph Wesley was appointed to take charge of the work until conference.

The following persons were present at this meeting: P. K. Hanna, Wm. McHenry, E. C. Renshaw, Thos. Hill, C. P. Browning, D. B. McHenry, H. Hand, B. Fritts.

At the conference of 1868 the circuit was divded. The Hanna Chapel was cut off from the original Rock River circuit and a new circuit was formed called the Colona circuit. C. P. Browning was a leader, having obtained an exhorter's license which he held until his death in November, 1869.

In February, 1870, the board of trustees was organized for the purpose of building the Salem Methodist Episcopal church.

Rev. J. Sheldon was the first pastor of the new church.

At an early date private school was held in the home of Solomon Penney. Mrs. Penney acting as teacher. Mrs. Corey was another teacher of those early days.

The Ebenezer schoolhouse was the first one erected in Phenix township.

The first farm opened by Earl P. Aldrich, in section 30. He was the second settler in Henry county, coming in July, 1835, from Rhode Island. The trip was overland, the family traveling in a prairie schooner.

The nearest postoffice was Farmington and the only place of supplies was the government store at Rock Island.

Mr. Aldrich built the first log house and in 1838 replaced it with a double hewed one.

The first Fourth of July celebration in the county was held in the Aldrich house.

This house also formed the first stage station between Rock Island and Dixon.

Henry S. Aldrich, son of Earl Aldrich, was born in December, 1835, being the first white child born in the county.

Mrs. E. Aldrich manufactured the first cloth made in the county. Seventy-five yards; date, 1836.

Mr. Aldrich died in 1880.

The first coal mines of Phenix were opened on the Aldrich land. For a number of years, as early as 1840, they used the coal but only the cropping.

About 1852, Charles Morse opened a drift and coal was mined.

Neely Withrow came to Phenix in August, 1835. He was the first justice of the peace in Phenix. There being no jail he had a big block in his house to which he chained prisoners.

Mr. Withrow was one of the first voters at the first election held in the county, June 19, 1837.

Mr. Withrow died in 1839.

First supervisor of Phenix was Benjamin Fritts. The first full board meeting was in 1858.

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CHURCHES.

THE GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH was the first one built in Phenix, erected in 1868.

The early services of this society were held in the home of Henry Hines, about 1851, later in the Pink Prairie schoolhouse.

The first trustees were: Henry Hines, Solomon Raser, Lewis Sand, Wm. Neiswender, J. M. Obrecht.

The first minister was Rev. Evon Forkel.

For a number of years the services were entirely in the German language, later changed to English.

The following families made this church their home: Solomon Neiswender, Michael Shoemaker, John Fries, Moses Bensinger, Casper Shirk, Daniel Henney, Jesse Henney, Lewis Graff, Geo. Rieley, Mrs. Kurfis, Peter Douer, Wm. Painter, —— Rickel, Jacob Dersham, Thomas Lauderbaugh.

After the divide of the denomination, services were no longer held in this church, and in later years it was removed and remodeled, now being known as the Ebenezer Evangelical church.

WELLER TOWNSHIP.

O, land sakes, but 'twill be jolly,
When we're tied up with the trolley!
This aloofness is all folly,
Bad for Jack, and bad for Molly.
—Kiner's Kalamities.

As I sit here in my leaf-caressed studio, in the second story of the ancient, rambling eleven-roomed house which is my home, which house was built by David of the grand old Clan of Perry, I have a curious reflection flash athwart the mirror of my mind. It is that I am better acquainted with Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Long Beach, and the port of Santa Catalina Island, 'way down in the dim southwest, where the Orient salaams to the Occident, than I am with some townships of Henry county, in which shire I have conducted a newspaper through three decades. I am ashamed to admit it; but full confession is good for the soul. I can throw a June rose from yon rose-bowered window, into any crowd down town, and hit men who don't know that there is a Weller township in Henry county. All this aloofness will be dissolved by the trundling trolley and the auspicious automobile. It ought to be. Let us be brothers, not strangers. We must have our fair county interlaced and bound in brotherly love with trolley lines. Last week I was called to a distant part of the state. It was no more thickly settled than Henry county. Trolleys trundled in all directions, and it was a scramble to get seats. Every line paid from the first day, so the officials told me.

Weller township is on the southern frontier. Its history is largely absorbed in the history of the Bishop Hill colony. It was to the great central mound that the religious refugees from Scandinavia came. This is the most remarkable

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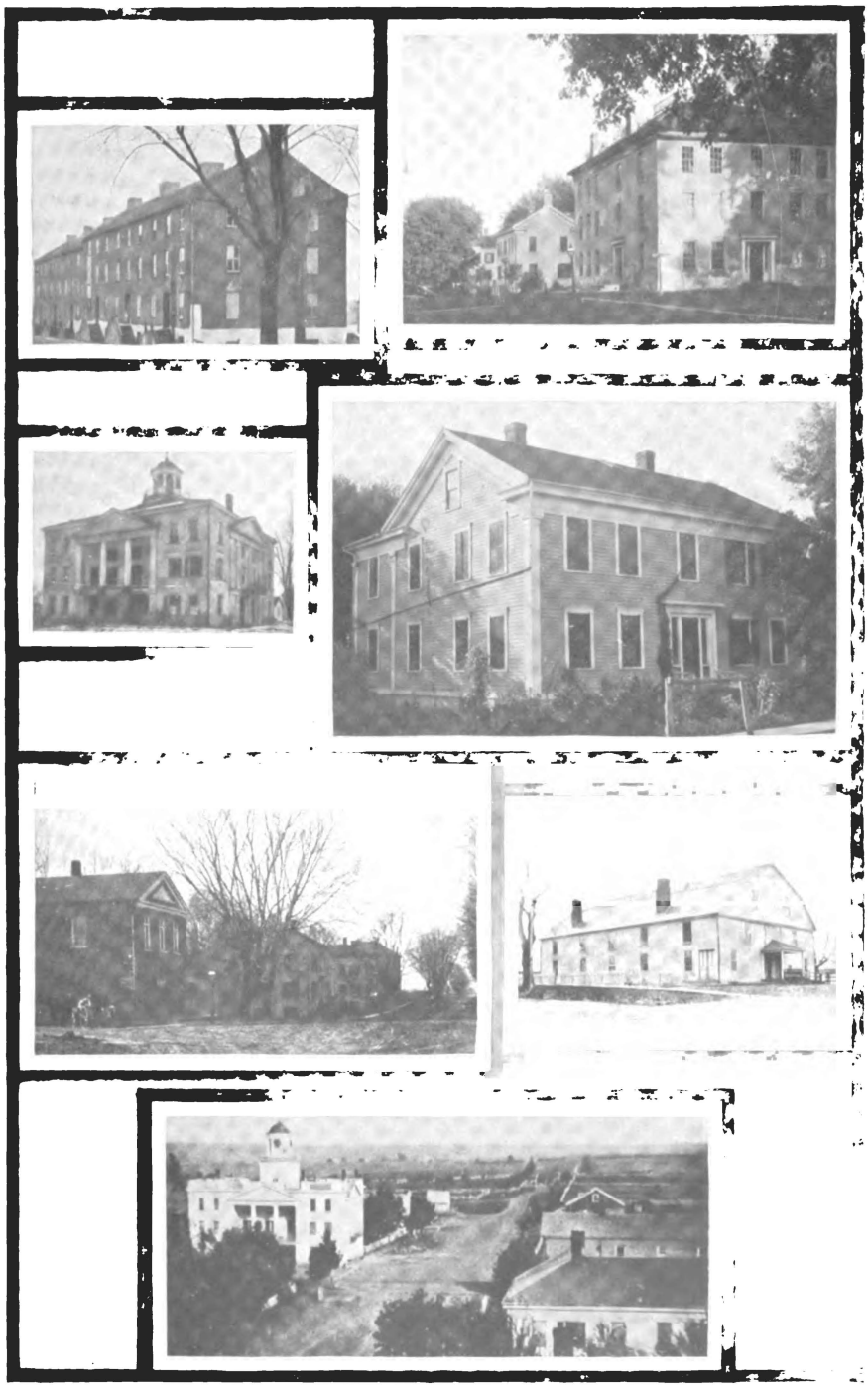

SCENES IN BISHOP HILL

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historical event in Henry county, and duly
portance elsewhere.

Sam and Neely Withrow were the first
the east end of Red Oak Grove in 1836. O
of Withrow had forged on north to Rock R
county, Illinois, the same county the Clan of
Red Oakers became dissatisfied, and conclude
men members of the family over here in
"J. Wes." Withrow, took wagons to Red Oak
were left alone in the lonely cabin on Rock R
buck Indians came along and wanted to sl
frightened women naturally refused. The

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historical event in Henry county, and duly is granted its full measure of importance elsewhere.

Sam and Neely Withrow were the first settlers in Weller. They settled at the east end of Red Oak Grove in 1836. Other members of the populous Clan of Withrow had forged on north to Rock River. They had come from White county, Illinois, the same county the Clan of Hanna emigrated from. Soon the Red Oakers became dissatisfied, and concluded to follow on to Rock River. The men members of the family over here in Phenix, including our old friend "J. Wes." Withrow, took wagons to Red Oak to help in the moving. The women were left alone in the lonely cabin on Rock River. In the night a lot of prowling buck Indians came along and wanted to sleep by the fire in the cabin. The frightened women naturally refused. They heard several shots fired in the night; but were not disturbed. Goodness, they were glad when it was morning! What a royal old friend the Sun is, anyhow!

The Withrows came and went in 1836. It is said that one piece of land was held by James Withrow, who, dying in 1839, his estate was the first probated in the county.

Weller settled up about the middle of the century. There was little civilization till the half-way mark of the late century had been reached. Some, however, came in the '40s. Among these, John T. Piatt is reported as arriving in 1840. Nearly all the settlers were Swedes, as may be inferred from the names: Jonas Berglund, Lars Anderson, John Bjork, (Bjork sounds like the initiative of a stomachic upheaval, but he's not from Missouri.) Also came Peter O. Bloomberg, Jonas Elblow, John P. Chaiser, Lars Ericson, Lars Forsberg, John H. Grammar. (Grammar was born in Germany, and came to Henry county in 1847. William Grammar came in 1843.) Came also Hans M. Hollander, Jacob Jacobson and wife, (the latter came trudging across the hills afoot;) John E. Lindbeck, Olof Moline, Wm. L. Newman, Hans Nostrum, Eric Olson, Jonas Olson, Olof Olson, Henry Poppy, J. E. Stoneberg, Olof Stoneberg, Andrew Stoneberg, Swan Swanson, Peter Wexall, Peter Wickblow, all these in the decade from 1840 to 1850. They have founded great houses and estates, and have handed down to posterity the prosperity that rewards the truly honest and industrious pioneer. They built the foundations of a healthy township, a township where the people, when asked about their health, need not murmur "Pretty well." They can look proudly the landscape o'er, and truthfully respond "Pretty Weller!"

I now sidestep and let Mr. Philip J. Stoneberg tell his interesting story of Weller township, of Nekoma, and the absorbing tale of Bishop Hill:

WELLER TOWNSHIP.

As far back as October 28, 1817, William Barrows patented by military warrant the southeast quarter of section 5 in Weller township, this patent was signed by James Monroe, president of the United States. Henry county being a part of Madison county then, the patent was recorded at the county seat, Edwardsville. Subsequently other tracts were patented by military warrants in this township.

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The first settler in Weller township is said to have been James Withrow, who located at the east end of Red Oak Grove in 1836, and died on his farm in 1839, his estate being the first probated in the county.

Among the earliest settlers was John Piatt who with his family moved from Henderson Grove to this county in 1840, there being but one house within twenty miles southeast of his home. They located at the north end of Red Oak Grove.

The Piatt family lived six years in a log house before they built a frame house. They had many, according to the biographical album eight hundred and seventy-six, discouragements at first, but the woods abounded in fruit, sugar and honey, and the prairies were alive with game. One day when Mr. Piatt went for his horses he shot three deer. The family made their own lard, soap, sugar, molasses, and vinegar, and put up meat by the barrel.

The first two years they were almost alone in the grove, there being but two other families. William Piatt, John's father, and Hiram Broderick.

In a few years several settlers had arrived. Several came from Germany, among them being Herman G. Hier, who reached this country in 1844 and presently located in the northern part of Weller township, a few miles to the northeast of Red Oak Grove. These Germans appropriated land due west of Hier's, resulting in a long string of farms, being called by the Red Oak inhabitants, "Stringtown."

Early settlers made their appearance in the south end of Red Oak Grove, the first however, apparently making their home in Clover township.

In 1848 Thomas Maxwell settled in the north end of the grove. He and John Piatt had several implements in common. According to Maxwell's sons, John and Reuben, Maxwell and Piatt bought the first McCormick reaper in Henry county in 1850, the agent being Henry G. Little. It was necessary to go to Henry to bring it home. With this machine, work for the Bishop Hill colony was done a few seasons. Four good horses did the pulling.

These two pioneers likewise owned a threshing machine, which was the first in the township. This was a separator, and so was a great advance on the old theshing contrivances, which did not separate the grain from the chaff.

Maxwell and Piatt also are said to have owned the first corn planter in the county. It was made by George W. Brown, the pioneer implement maker of Galesburg.

When township organization took the place of the old county organization, John Piatt was one of the three commissioners who named the townships. Piatt's own township was named Weller in honor of a friend of Piatt's. back in Ohio.

NEKOMA.

In 1854 there was strong talk about building "the American Central Railroad," or "the Great American Air Line," as it was also called. This road was to run west from Galva and so the Bishop Hill colonists obtained the concession of a depot on the present site of Nekoma. A few houses were built and a postoffice instituted.

But the proposed railroad did not materialize as was expetcd, and Nekoma began to sink into oblivion. Ten or twelve years, however, after the railroad

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had been graded, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, bought that part which was finished and completed the rest. The first train went through in January, 1869. Nekoma then began to pick up. On July 21, 1869, the village was laid out by Maxwell Woodhull, of Washington City.

The streets running east and west bear the names of trees—Oak, Elm, Beech and Maple—while those extending north and south are numbered avenues.

Although containing less than a hundred inbabitants it has ever been an important center for the marketing of grain, and contains two grain elevators. There are two general merchandise stores which do a good business. There is a Methodist church in the village. The school children attend school in a district school just south of the corporate limits.

The Swedish Methodist Episcopal church of Bishop Hill, Illinois, was organized in the fall of 1864, with about twenty members. The records give only a few names but it is to be presumed that their wives and some children also joined. These are the names: Eric Bengtson, Jonas Engstrom, Eric Soder, John Walstrom, John Erickson. The church edifice was built in 1869 and remodeled 1900. The membership is now one hundred and thirty. Its present pastor Rev. A. J. Strandell, who came here in October, 1905.

THE BISHOP HILL COLONY.

By Philip J. Stoneberg.

The Bishop Hill colony originated in a religious movement in certain parishes of central Sweden in the first half of the nineteenth century. The principal leader in this activity was a farmer by the name of Eric Janson,* who, the son of Jan Mattson, a farmer, first saw the light of day December 19, 1808, in the hamlet of Landsberga, in Biskops Kulla parish in the province of Upland, Sweden.

There were four boys in the Jansson family: Jan, Eric, Peter and Carl, and one girl, Anna. In 1820 the family moved to Thorstuna parish, in the province of Westmanland, where the parents had resided before their marriage. In 1838 the father bought a farm of his own, called Klockaregarden, in Osterunda parish, Westmanland and moved thither with his family, where he lived until his death in 1843.

One day when in his second year Eric was left for a little while in the care of his seven-year-old brother Jan, who by accident, cut off the first two fingers on the little fellow's left hand.[1] When eight years of age Eric was driving alone to the field when his horse ran away so that the wagon was upset, the boy thrown out and his head badly hurt by a plow that he had in the wagon. For some years afterwards he suffered with pains in the head.

When about twenty-two years old he became afflicted with rheumatism. One summer day in 1830 he rode on horseback to plow in the field. On dismounting he had a severe rheumatic attack so that he fell to the ground. While in this plight he seemed to hear a voice saying somewhat as follows: "It is writ that

* The name was thus spelled in America, but in Sweden it was spelled Jansson.

[1] Printed accounts wrongfully state it was the right index finger.

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whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive; all things are possible to him that believeth. 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it,' saith the Lord.'"[1] He prayed to be cured and when he rose again his malady was gone, and he could continue his work.

From that time his interest in religion was greatly increased. Already as a lad he had shown a religious bent which was further revealed at his confirmation at the age of seventeen in the Lutheran faith, which was the state religion of Sweden. But when he was cured from his rheumatism he felt that he had become changed spiritually as well as physically, and he believed more than ever in the power of faith. As he had himself become awakened along religious lines, so he wanted others to have a similar experience. He accordingly began to preach to those about him. He also spent much time in reading when he was not taken up with his farming, studying the Bible a great deal and devotional books by Luther, Arndt, Nohrborg and other Lutheran writers. Certain of the church writings, however, dissuading the tillers of the soil from preaching, led him to desist from public speaking after a period of about four years.

In his twenty-seventh year, Eric Janson was married. His bride was a servant in his father's household, his parents did not favor the match and the only dower was a cow and a pig. He rented some land and, with his older brother Jan, dealt in grain on a small scale. Success crowned his labors and in 1838 he purchased an estate near Sankarby, in Osterunda parish, for one thousand riks-daler[2] in cash. Here he followed his vocation of farming. Sometimes he publicly expounded the Scriptures.

In 1840 he went to the October fair at Upsala to sell cattle, being accompanied by his youngest brother, Carl. The ungodliness at the great mart so touched him that on his return home he visited his pastor to whom he revealed an intense desire to preach. And so it came about that he often spoke at meetings in private houses with the consent and approval of the parish clergy.

Adjoining the province of Westmanland on the north are the provinces of Dalarne and Gestrikland. Beyond these is the province of Helsingland, where, as in other places, there lived men and women who were more religious than the rank and file, and who, because they read much devotional literature, were called "readers."[3]

One of the prominent "readers" in Helsingland was Jonas Olson, a farmer who resided in the hamlet of Ina, Söderala parish. He was born in 1802. His mother procured writing materials for him which were destroyed by his illiterate father.[4] Yet the lad's ambition could not be quenched. Confirmed when he was fifteen years old the youth had to shift for himself, but at the age of twenty-two came home to take charge of the paternal estate as the eldest

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[1] Mikkelsen, The Bishop Hill Colony, in Johns Hopkins Studies in Historical and

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brother was a drunkard. In 1825 he attended a dance where liquor was served in mockery of the Lord's Supper. Olson revolted at this act, renounced worldly amusements, and studied the Bible and Lutheran books. In Stockholm he met C. O. Rosenius, who represented Hallean pietism and George Scott, an English Methodist clergyman. Under Scott's direction he organized temperance societies in his own and neighboring parishes, amidst some opposition, his own pastor even accusing him of designs on the latter's distillery. Olson also preached in the religious gatherings of the "readers" in his parish. Thus, for a number of years he had been engaged in temperance and religious activities when Eric Jansson appeared upon the scene.

The farmer-preacher of Westmanland traveled considerably as a dealer in flour. Armed with a certificate from his minister—a paper which was required by law in traveling from one parish to another—and accompanied by a hired man, he set out in January, 1843, for the distant Helsingland, ostensibly to sell flour but really to gain a better knowledge of the religious life in those parts. With his servant he arrived at the parish of Söderala one Saturday evening and was directed, on his enquiry if there were any prominent religious persons in that locality, to the home of Jonas Olson. Janson reached the place and informed the owner that he was a "reader," but the reception was cool, although lodging was given to the visitors.

On Sunday morning a married sister of the host came to buy flour of Jansson who, however, declined to do business on the Sabbath. This the host regarded as a sure sign that Janson was a true "reader." That same morning Janson attended church with the host and his family and in the evening went to a religious gathering in the neighborhood. Janson was invited to speak but declined stating on their return home that he objected that the Bible had not been used to the exclusion of other books. He furthermore took Olson to task on Monday morning for not conducting family worship. The upshot was that the grain dealer from Osterunda parish gained a triumphant entry into the heart of Jonas Olson.

Eric Janson continued his journey northward visiting various parishes. Preaching with much energy he drew large audiences although he often spoke for four or five hours at a stretch. On his travels homeward Jonas Olson went with him as far as the city of Gefle where several meetings were held.

By the middle of February he was home once more, but in the latter part of the same month he again started for Helsingland, getting farther north than on his previous trip. His friend Jonas Olson was with him. At times his utterances were not so well received. Arriving home in April he attended to the spring work on the farm. In his absence thieves had stolen some of his property.

Shortly after midsummer he again journeyed to Helsingland, meeting sometimes with enmity, sometimes friendship. On his return home he found a considerable opposition to himself. Janson seems to have concluded that the Bible alone was sufficient for study and meditation. He therefore discarded all other religious books. Having a strong belief in the power of faith he maintained that the true believer could be completely freed from sin, live a life free from

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sin and have full sanctification once and for all. Janson was therefore expressing views contrary to the doctrines of the established church[1], and consequently was arousing hostility.

Since a certificate from the pastor of the parish, indicating some temporal purpose, was necessary for a person to travel to another parish, Janson delayed his next trip northward until he could have a supply of flour. So in the fall of 1843 he set out for Helsingland and while there decided to move to Forssa parish. Accordingly on his return home he sold his estate at Lötorp for only nine hundred riks-daler,[2] but as his father died at that time he moved to the parental home, Klockaregarden. In April, 1844, Janson and his family moved to Lumnäs, a tenancy subject to Stenbo in the parish of Forssa, while Olof Stoneberg, who resided at Stenbo, moved to Klockargården where Janson had lately resided.

Thus, then, the farmer and erstwhile dealer in flour had acquired a wide fame as a public speaker. For one thing he found appreciative hearers in many of the "readers." He was thoroughly versed in the Bible and in the current devotional works. He was imbued with an intense, revivalistic spirit, and had an earnest and bold message which he had the power to express. He also had a magnetic personality, with a look that was compelling and a voice that was untiring. In personal appearance he was of medium stature with light brown hair, blue eyes, pale, thin face, high cheek bones, sunken cheeks, straight, pointed nose, round chin, closely drawn lips and very long and broad teeth especially in the upper jaw. The first two fingers on the left hand had been cut off by accident in childhood, as already stated.[3]

As time went on and Janson traveled from place to place the number of those who believed in his teachings, increased. Several men were deputed by him in course of time to travel into various parishes and conduct meetings in private houses and preach the new faith.

In the eyes of the clergy and conservative laymen the new movement was fanatical and ought to be suppressed. The name of "Jansonism" was given to it, and that of "Jansonists" to the believers themselves. The conventicle law of 1726 was revived which did not permit unauthorized gatherings in private houses for religious services.[4] It was felt that Jansson ought to be arrested and prevented from further preaching. But this conclusion increased the ardor of his followers. Finally the clergy refused the Jansonists admittance to the Lord's Supper and the right to witness in the courts of law Janson then retaliated by stating that there could be no faith without persecution; he denounced his opponents and held his gatherings at the time of regular church services, and dealt out the Lord's Supper with his own hands. Persecuted by the clergy of the parishes where he appeared, he rejected the authority of the established church altogether and proclaimed himself as the representative of Christ sent to restore the true Christian church.[5]

1 Norelius, De Svenska Lutherska Forsamlingarnas och Svenskarnes Historia i Amerika,

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The Jansonistic disbelief in the use of books other than the Bible was emphasized before long as strongly as it could well be done. Following the example of certain of the Corinthians in the days of the apostle Paul, who "brought their books together and burned them before all men (Acts 19:19), it transpired that on the 11th of June, 1844, a large number of religious books, excepting the Bible, the hymn-book and the catechism, after having been taken by followers of Janson to the village of Trauberg, Alfta parish, were piled in a great heap by the lake-side and ignited. Amidst the reading of Scripture and the singing of hymns, books to the value of about nine hundred and seventy-five riks-daler[1] were gradually consumed by the flames until there remained but a few charred scraps fluttering about on the blackened ground.

Two days after this event Janson was arrested and imprisoned first at Gefle, then at Vesterås until July 12th, whence he was released after a hearing. While he was in prison it is said that four of his adherents went to Stockholm and and had an audience with the king, Oscar I. presenting a petition for the freeing of Janson. They were told that on their arrival home Janson would be free. When released Janson himself visited the king who asked him, "Do you desire mercy?" "No, I desire justice," was the reply. After a second hearing at Vesterås, September 21st, he was wholly cleared of the charges made against him. His homeward journey was one continued ovation.

On October 28, 1844, a second pyre of religious books was brought about at Lynäs, Söderala parish, when not even the hymnbook and the catechism were spared. On November 20th Janson was arrested by royal order and the Upsala chapter of the church was instructed to warn him. He was brought to Gefle, where an inquiry was made into his mental condition. He was found to be of sound mind and was sent to Upsala where he was officially warned on December 18th against spreading his doctrines and was set free again. While he was in prison a third burning of books took place in Forssa parish, December 7th, but the deed, having been discovered in time, was only a partial success, and the participants were tried and fined.

After Janson was released at Upsala he retturned at once to Söderala where he addressed the people in various gatherings. On Sunday forenoon, December 22d, a Jansonistic meeting was in progress, when the civil authorities arrived, dispersed the audience and arrested Janson, who was brought back to the prison at Gefle where he remained until April 18, 1845, when he was freed, as the charges preferred against him were regarded as insufficient to warrant detaining him in prison. He returned to his home in Forssa parish.

If Janson was obliged to suffer, his followers had to do the same. They were subjected to fines, maltreatment and imprisonment. In the summer of 1844 a certain number of persons appeared before the court in Thorstuna parish on the complaint of a minister and had to pay fines for failure to attend church. In December of the same year Jonas Olson and his brother Olof were summoned to Upsala to answer to the consistory for their religious belief.[2] There they were warned for their religious views. But the outcome was that on their return home Jonas Olson was arrested, brought to Gefle and placed among prisoners whom

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he as juryman (nämdeman) had formerly assisted in convicting. Here he became a fellow-prisoner with Eric Janson, but was soon released. It happened, however, that some time later the two brothers were again ordered to the Upsala consistory. In Gefle they were arrested for preaching but were released when their destination was made known. Feeling that justice was not given them at the second hearing at Upsala they went to Stockholm and saw the king who promised to look into the matter.

On Sunday afternoon, May 12, 1845, Olof Stoneberg[1] was reading from the Bible at a gathering at a neighbor's house in Ostersunda parish when a mob came, entered the room and severely bruised the reader, while others also received blows. The sheriff (Länsman) arrived on the scene and instituted inquiries. On the following Sunday afternoon the same Stoneberg was again reading a portion of Scripture at a meeting in another house in the same neighborhood when a crowd of men appeared in the yard, including the minister. Through the timely arrival of the sheriff no trouble occurred.

About 11 o'clock on Saturday night, August 16, 1845, a minister in Ostersunda parish and several other men broke into the home of Olof Stoneberg under the pretense of searching for Janson, and damaged some property. Furthermore, the priest, who was under the influence of liquor, maltreated one of the servant girls and forced her, half-dressed, to accompany the party on foot to the sheriff's residence, over three miles away. Suit was brought against this minister but finally nothing came of it.[2]

On midsummer day—the great Swedish summer holiday—the Jansonists were holding a meeting in the year 1845. The place was Stenbo, Forssa parish. The main audience room was the grassy yard, the pulpit, the front steps of the dwelling. Presently the service was ended by the arrival of the sheriff and a number of persons hostile to the Jansonists. As the sheriff was about to arrest Janson, the preacher at this occasion, a woman pushed him off the crowded porch, while Janson got away. The house was broken into that a search might be made for the fugitive. Later several started out in pursuit of him. But Janson, accompanied by Olof Stoneberg, evaded the pursuers and after an all-night journey, mostly through woods, the home of Jonas Olson was reached the next morning, about thirty-five miles away.

Janson then lay in hiding in various parishes for some time. The authorities had set a day to try him for his utterances at a gathering the previous fall, but he could not be found. Finally he made known his whereabouts and signified his willingness to be tried. He was ordered to appear before the Forssa court at Sanna, October 11. During the process of the trial the jury refused to allow his friends to testify. The witnesses for the prosecution alone being heard, a decision from which the judge dissented.[3] The case was again taken up October 30. A change of venue was taken to the Delsbo court which met in extra session, November 18. The jury decided that the defendant should be sent to Gefle

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[1] His name in Sweden was Olof Jonsson, but in America he took the name of Stenberg or Stoneberg.

[2] See Erik-Jansonisternas Historia, 79-102, containing excerpts from the court records relative to the three last described occurrences.

[3] See excerpts from the court records of this trial in Erik-Jansonisternas Historia, 129.

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prison, pending a new trial, but the judge was for acquittal and is said to have fined the jurors for contempt.

While Janson was being taken to Gefle to what some believed would be a life imprisonment there appeared three or four of his followers on the highway who overpowered the driver and rescued the prisoner. Moreover a woman poured some blood of a kid on the road to strengthen the rumor that was spread that Janson was killed.

Janson, having thus been rescued, was concealed, now in one parish, now in another, now in this farm-house, now in that, although he was sometimes in great danger of recapture. At Voxna mills a crowd gathered to take him, but through a ruse of Jonas Olson and a youth time was obtained to hide him in a place under the floor arranged for the purpose, but various persons received bruises at the hands of the visitors.[1] Janson next hid in another parish for seven weeks under a barn floor. His next hiding place was divulged by the owner when drunk but a woman overheard the conversation and set out to warn Janson, who escaped to another place.

From what has been narrated so far it is evident that the Jansonistic movement was a serious proposition in those parishes which it affected. It engendered bitter feelings, it sundered friendships, it provoked hostilities. But the blame cannot be placed wholly on one side, nor wholly on the other. The state church might have shown more of spirituality and more of charitable tolerance. The Jansonists might have been less rash at times as well as more reasonable and more careful in their methods. The leader himself might have avoided much of the criticism which was heaped upon him both as to his conduct and as to his utterances. He might have been less arbitrary and less egostistic. But the follies, the shortcomings, the mistakes of humanity appear on nearly every page of the world's history.

The Jansonists came at last to the parting of the ways. Two courses lay before them. If they followed the one they must renounce those of their religious ideas which, conflicted with the state church, and thereby exercise the rights of citizens and dwell unmolested among the lakes and mountains of their childhood days. If they followed the other, they might adhere to their beliefs but they must depart for a distant land separated from their own by the rough billows of the deep. They chose the latter, and began to prepare to emigrate to America, which they had heard was the land of freedom.

As is generally known the first Swedish settlement in the United States was made in 1638, near the site of Wilmington, Delaware, while later other Swedish settlements were made along the Delaware river as far as the site of Philadelphia. A list of the Swedish families residing in New Sweden in 1693 embraced over nine hundred individuals,[2] among them being a certain Morten Mortenson, whose grandson, John Morton, cast the deciding vote for the Declaration of Independence.[3] Thirty-two years later the Swedish population of New Sweden was estimated at

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in 1791 of the last Swedish clergyman of the Swedes church at Wilmington, English came into exclusive use in that church. In 1823 Nicholas Callin, a Swedish minister, wrote from Philadelphia that after him would come no Swedish clergyman because the descendants of the former colonists had lost their mother tongue. He thought that the immigration from Sweden could not be important and he had for thirty-two years worked against it.

Little did Callin surmise what would happen after his day. No large immigration would take place for another decade, but now and then some individual would arrive. In the year that Callin wrote his letter a certain Eric Alund came from Sweden and became a Philadelphian.[1] The first known Swede in Illinois, Raphael Widen,[2] had been appointed justice of the peace of St. Clair county, 1814, and in 1818 had married into a French family at Cahokia, becoming prominent in state politics. Brought from Sweden to France at the age of eight he had been educated for the Catholic priesthood, but it is not known when he came to this country. Jacob Falstrom, a sailor-lad, came to Minnesota before 1819, and dwelt among the Indians for about forty years, marrying an Indian maiden. Christian Benson, a sailor, first touched America 1819, married a girl in Rhode Island 1827, reached America for the third time 1835 and coming to Illinois, settled in Portland township, Whiteside county, near Rock Island. This township was once a part of Henry county. O. G. Lange, another sailor, reached Boston, 1824, and Chicago 1838 and is known as the first Swede in the Illinois metropolis. C. G. Gosselman visited America, 1826, and wrote a book about it, while another traveler, C. O. Arfwedson, was here 1832-34, and published in both English and Swedish two large volumes regarding his trip. O. E. Dreutzer was in New York, 1831, and settled in Wisconsin ten years later. S. M. Swenson arrived in 1836 and went to Texas, 1838, whither he caused an important Swedish immigration later on, and where he laid the foundations of his subsequent fortune of many millions. H. P. Dryden came to Boston, 1838, and resided in Cincinnati and Chicago.[3] Sven Nelson, tiring of the deck and the deep, came to Illinois in 1840 and settled in Andover, Henry county. S. B. Newman reached Mobile, 1842, where an older brother had been a merchant for some time and where the newcomer in a few years became a Methodist clergyman, and afterwards preached among his countrymen in the north. In 1842, also, E. U. Norberg came to America, engaged in lumbering in the north, and later joined the Bishop Hill colony. In the early forties several Swedes are said to have resided in Cincinnati, in fact Swedes were found in various cities and parts of the United States as is evident from the instances which have been cited.

The aforementioned Swedes may not have had any especial influence on the Jansonistic emigration. But two or three others did. In 1826, Olof G. Hedstrom, a youth of twenty-three summers, arrived in New York, worked at the tailor's trade, married a cousin of his employer three years later and partly through his wife's influence [illegible] he visited Sweden,

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became a Methodist, and after a short stay in New York, worked in Pennsylvania as a blacksmith for several years. When a family of his acquaintance moved to Knox county, Illinois, he followed, it is thought in 1837, and opened a blacksmith shop at Farmington, Fulton county, later moving to Knox county, marrying a daughter in the aforementioned family and becoming one of the founders of the village of Victoria.[1] Like his brother he was a gifted speaker and so in Fulton county he was licensed a local preacher and is known as the first Swedish preacher in Illinois.

Another Swede, named Gustaf Flack, also came to Victoria in the early forties and in 1843 owned a store in Chicago and is regarded as the first Swedish merchant in that city. He had come from the parish of Alfta, Helsingland, which was one of the strongholds of Jansonism, and his letters home are said to have been read with keen interest and to have made an impression on the Jansonists. This man returned to Sweden in 1846 but did not reach his home alive, as he died on the way to it from Gefle.[2]

The first Swedish settlement in this country since the days of the Delaware Swedes was made, however, five years before the Jansonists came, for in 1841 G. Unonius brought about twelve families of gentle folks to Pine Lake, Wisconsin, about thirty miles west of Milwaukee.[3] A few others joined the settlement later but it lasted only a few years and the leader moved to Chicago in 1849, where he became a Protestant Episcopal clergyman. In 1844 about fifty Swedes landed in Boston, all except one, journeying on to Wisconsin. In 1845, through the influence of letters from one of the Pine Lake settlers five families under the lead of Peter Kassel left Sweden with the intention of going to Wisconsin. When they landed in New York in 1846 they were persuaded to go to Iowa, and so located the colony of New Sweden about forty-two miles west of Burlington. Other parties came to Iowa later and helped to found other settlements. While some, who were bound for Iowa, were persuaded to go to Andover, Illinois, and others to Jamestown, New York.[4]

Reverting now to the Jansonistic emigration it appears that in the summer of 1845 Olof Olson, of Söderala parish, sold his property and with his wife, two children and two other persons started for America to make preparations for the coming of the Jansonists. In New York Olson became acquainted with Olof G. Hedstrom, previously mentioned, who for ten years had been an itinerant Methodist preacher among the Americans in the Catskills, and in 1845 had opened a Swedish mission in the North River on a ship bought for the purpose and renamed the "John Wesley," but better known as the "Bethel ship." This Swedish mission became very important because of the many Swedish sailors who visited that port and because of the immigrants and the few who had already settled in that city. Olson became enamored with the preaching of Hedstrom, who furthermore recommended the newcomer to his brother in Victoria. Thither Olson came the same fall and early next spring, after having made a tour of Illinois,

[1] Witting in his Minnen devotes Chapter seven to O. G. Hedstrom and Chapter eight to J. J. Hedstrom.

[2] Svenskarne i Illinois, 233.

[3] Norelius, 2.

[4] Svenska Metodismen i Amerika, 149.

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Wisconsin and Minnesota, wrote to Sweden that Illinois was the most desirable place for the Jansonistic settlement.

The Jansonists had been drawn toward each other by their common faith in Eric Janson and his teachings and by the obstacles which they encountered in adhering to that belief. Their thoughts were directed constantly to the early Christians in apostolic times, so when they decided to emigrate they followed the example of the first Christians at Jerusalem by selling their possessions and forming a common treasury. It is also said that in further imitation of the first Christians seven men were appointed by Janson to have general charge of affairs.

And necessity seemed to demand some such plan of emigration. Some of the Jansonists were penniless, others had but small means, while some were well-to-do. A common fund was necessary if all should obtain sustenance and transportation across the Atlantic to America and Illinois and support during the first period in their new home. Thus from scriptural example and circumstance the principles of communism were adopted by the Jansonists to be continued during the entire existence of the colony.

It was found that about eleven hundred persons were willing to emigrate. The undertaking, therefore, was not a small affair for those days. Passports must be obtained. This implied in the first place a certificate from the pastor of the parish and next the passport proper for an individual or his family as the case might be. Passports were at first denied the people, and it was only through a petition to the royal authorities that they were granted. There were cases, however, of persons whose husbands, or parents, or other guardian relatives were opposed to their going and so these usually ran away, and, by using the ministerial certificates of others to obtain passports, or by using the passports of others, or by also disguising themselves succeeded in getting on ship board.

The exodus did not take place at once and the same seaon of the year, nor was it accomplished within the same year. Some did not leave for four or five years. A few never left Sweden at all. The first company of emigrants—a small band of sixteen or seventeen persons—sailed from Söderhamn in the fall of 1845 on a ship loaded with iron—a commodity which Swedish ships usually carried to America. The vessel, unfortunately, was wrecked in a storm the second day out. The surroundings were terrifying. All aboard believed the end was at hand. But the Jansonists were calm, engaged in devotions, partook of the holy communion and left a deep impression upon the crew and the rest, including a sailor-lad who later became a noted Swedish Methodist preacher, both in Sweden and the United States—Victor Witting. The storm subsided, no lives were lost, and the emigrants left for America again the next year.[1]

In the early part of 1846 Eric Janson succeeded in getting into Norway by traveling on skis across the mountains, and armed with the passport of another family, he departed from Christiana, with his wife, two children and three other women, sailing on a sloop to Copenhagen, thence by merchant vessel to Kiel, next by rail to Hamburg and from there by steamer to Hull, and thence by rail to Liverpool. Here they boarded a sailing vessel for New York, their voyage taking about six weeks.[2]

[1] Witting, Minnen, 55-62.

[2] The Viking, vol. 1, No. 9, p. 10.

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In the same year—1846—occurred the main emigration. The vessels departed from Stockholm, Söderhamn, Göteborg, Gefle and Christiana. The ships were small and in some cases old and unseaworthy. They were all sailing vessels, and so depended on fair winds for good traveling. The emigrants furnished their own bedding and victuals, and before embarking spent some time in baking Swedish hard tack, curing meat and gathering other food. One company took with them two goats which furnished milk on shipboard. Water and fuel were furnished free.

In a contract made on the above basis in 1850 for conveying one hundred and fifty-seven persons from Söderhamn to New York on the ship "Eolus," the transportation charges were seventy riks-daler (about seventeen dollars and fifty cents) per passenger above the age of twelve and fifty riks-daler (about twelve dollars and fifty cents) under twelve, while infants were free. Two dollars were also paid out in advance for each one to cover the landing and hospital fee, which cannot have been far from the actual amount required, for in the case of the ship "New York" which sailed from Gefle and carried one hundred and eighty-one passengers to New York in the spring of 1847, this fee was one dollar and eighty-seven and a half cents. Presumably the passenger rates varied according to circumstances and agreements. An emigrant who traveled with a small party in 1847 states that the rate in that case was one hundred and fifty riks-daler per adult, food included, and one hundred riks-daler when the passenger furnished his own food.

The number of emigrants on a ship varied. In some cases it was less than fifty, again about seventy-five, or one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty, or nearly two hundred. The time for the voyage also varied, as six weeks, nine weeks, twelve weeks, while one vessel, the "New York," was five months on the way, of which time seven weeks were spent on the English coast near Dover in repairing the vessel. Not all who embarked in Sweden lived to see the promised land. Some died on the sea, others after reaching New York, and the journey inland was begun. One vessel with about fifty emigrants was lost at sea, another was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, another lost its rudder in a storm while within a day's sailing of New York, protracting the voyage.

From New York the journey ws continued up the Hudson river to Albany, thence on the Erie canal to Buffalo, next on the Great Lakes to Chicago, whence the first emigrants went on foot for the most part while wagon transportation was secured for the luggage, and for such as could not walk a long distance. Later arrivals went from Chicago by water to La Salle, or Henry or Peru, whence they walked or rode. The last comers in 1854 traveled by rail the entire distance from New York to Galva—the year when the C. B. & Q. railway was finished to that point. The journey from New York before the days of rail required about three weeks.

When the emigrants arrived in New York not a few of them visited the Bethel ship and heard missionary Hedstrom. Janson did the same, and also preached.

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It was in the first part of July, 1846, that Janson and his party reached Victoria. Shelter was given to Janson and his family in a log cabin occupied by Olof Olson. In this cabin was organized the first Swedish Methodist church by Jonas Hedstrom, December 15th, of the same year. In Victoria Janson used his efforts to dissuade Olson from maintaining the Methodist faith and is said to have succeeded.[1]

After a short rest it was decided to secure a location for the Jansonistic settlement. On August 1, 1846, there were purchased in Olof Olson's name forty acres on section 9 and twenty acres on section 17 near Red Oak grove in Weller township for two hundred and fifty dollars from a Stark county settler. On August 21st a deed was signed by which for one thousand one hundred dollars, a tract consisting of one hundred and fifty-six acres of improved land was bought on the south east quarter of section 8, in the same township and at Red Oak grove. Here were buildings, live-stock and grain and here was established the first home of the new settlers. In that same month came the first company of Jansonists after Janson's arrival. They were chiefly from the province of Dalarne and among them was Gabriel Larson, who had contributed twenty-four thousand riks-daler.

After some prospecting it was agreed that the colony should be located at Hoop Pole grove on the south east quarter of section 14, for here was a supply of water and wooded shelter. On September 26th the quarter section indicated was bought together with the north east quarter of section 23 and the north west quarter of section 24, in all four hundred and eighty acres of contiguous land, and all purchased from the government at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

The new settlement became known as Bishops Hill—an exact translation of the name of the Swedish parish where Eric Janson was born, but the name was later spelt without the "s."

A few log-houses and tents were first erected to be followed by a number of dugouts, most of which were made in the sides of the ravine passing north and south through the settlement. The rear wall of a dug-out as well as the rear parts of the side walls were of earth, but the front parts and the front wall were of logs, there being a door at the front flanked by two small windows. The roof was of rails, sod and earth. A dug-out was usually about eighteen feet wide and twenty-five or thirty feet long. There was a fire-place in the back-wall, while usually two tiers of berths rang along the side-walls accommodating about twenty-five or thirty persons.[2] Sometimes the dug-outs were comfortable, sometimes unhealthy.

In the same fall a large structure was built to serve the purposes of a church. It was in the shape of a cross, was built of logs and covered with canvas, whence it was called "the tent church." At the north end was the pulpit, at the south a gallery and a fireplace, and it is said that this church accommodated about eight hundred to one thousand persons. During this fall there arrived a large number of emigrants so that when winter set in there were about four hundred persons in the colony, including seventy at Red Oak grove. Small houses were made of sod

[1] The Viking, vol. 1, No. 9, pp. 18, 19.

[2] Svenskarne i Illinois, 80.

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and rails were used for kitchen and dining purposes. As the accommodations were not the best, the food supply scanty and fasting obligatory, malaria and dysentery attacked the settlers and the angel of death was busy.

Poverty and circumstance determined the nature of the burials. There was no supply of sawed lumber to make coffins, therefore sheets had to suffice. Sometimes one grave must serve for several bodies. Funeral services were dispensed with, nor was the place of interment always known. It is said that a number were thus buried in a large grave in the west part of the settlement near the south edge of the grove, but the exact spot is unknown. In the east edge of Red Oak grove there was a place for the burial of the dead. A monument erected there in 1882 informs the chance visitor that in that locality fifty found a last resting place in '46 and '47.

These hardships were too much for some who accordingly left for other places. Some who crossed the ocean at the expense of the common fund never came to the colony at all, some remaining at Chicago, some elsewhere.

In June, 1847, there arrived about four hundred additional emigrants. These had come to New York in various ships during the winter and spring, those arriving in the winter being obliged to wait until the water-ways were again open before proceeding on their westward journey. In February, however, there came to the colony a company of twenty-one men and a woman as cook who left New York the month before and traveled across the country by boat, rail, stage and on foot. They were members of a party that had left Sweden in the previous October, and the men took a leading part in building a sod fence surrounding the town and over a thousand acres of land.

In 1847 was begun the making of adobe of clay and coarse grass, and a few houses were made of this material, standing for several years. In that year also was built the first frame house, which was in part occupied by Eric Janson and family. A sawmill was secured by the colonists, but was exchanged for another, while in 1848 a third one was purchased. But not all the needful lumber could be obtained in this way and some had to be transported by wagon for many miles from such places as Peru or Rock Island.

In 1848 a man smoking a pipe set fire to a pile of chaff from flax near one of the log-houses. There was a strong wind blowing and soon the log-houses near by were in flames and also the tent-church in the same locality. Therefore measures were taken to build a new church. Siding and finishing lumber were hauled from Peru; adobe was placed in the walls next to the siding. The basement and first story were fitted up into dwelling-rooms, while in the second story was the church proper.

The making of kiln-dried brick began in 1848. Both men and women were engaged in this work. Suitable clay was found a short distance west of the village and there the kilns were fired. A hundred thousand brick were made the first month. It is said that in all five million brick were made from first to last. Brick was made for the market and for home use. A dozen substantial buildings of this material were erected during the existence of the colony, some of the masons being women. From the chalk-stone in the ravine cement was manufactured, while sand was procured in the neighborhood. In 1849 a four-story brick building was begun, forty-five feet wide and one hundred feet long, and

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was finished 1850. The first story became the kitchen and dining hall. In 1850 work was commenced in extending this building another one hundred feet on the south and the next year the new structure was finished. The first story of this extension was also fitted up into a kitchen and dining hall. Thereupon the dining hall in the north part was used for the children, and the one in the south part for the adults. This building, two hundred feet long, was called the kitchen building but in English acquired the title of "the big brick." The three upper stories were divided up into dwelling-rooms, and after the close of the colony the first story was likewise fitted up into dwelling rooms, making a total of ninety-six such, exclusive of six halls.

Another of the more important brick structures was "the Steeple building," which, erected 1854, was designed for a hotel, but was finally converted into dwelling-rooms, a couple of rooms being used for school purposes until the schoolhouse was built. In the tower was installed a clock, made by three of the colonists, striking the hours and designed to be wound once a week. In calm weather the striking of the old clock may still be heard today for a considerable distance.

The great majority of the colonists were from the province of Helsingland which was famous for the cultivation of flax and the weaving of linen goods, hence it is not surprising that the colonists entered early upon this industry. At first the flax was prepared by hand, but afterwards water-power was used. All spinning and weaving were done by hand. Coarse and fine goods, linens, woolens and carpets were made. The largest production for the market for a single year was in 1851, when twenty-eight thousand, three hundred and twenty-two yards of linen and three thousand, two hundred and thirty-seven yards of carpets were produced. From 1848 to and including 1860 the total manufacture of woven goods appears to have been one hundred and sixty-nine thousand, three hundred and eighty-six yards.

There were tailors to make clothing; a tannery prepared leather for the shoemakers. In a period of thirteen years there were prepared about three thousand hides and five thousand skins. Brooms were manufactured. Carpenters made furniture and some with the help of blacksmiths made implements and wagons. Every department of the colony's industries had its overseer and each member belonged to some department for a longer or a shorter time according to adaptability and inclination.

As the colonists had been for the most part agricultural people in the old world so agriculture was their principal occupation in the new. As the years rolled by more land was purchased. The products of the middle west were gradually understood. In the busy season the shops must turn out their workmen, both men and women. At certain places there were buildings where both laborers and animals found rest and food while absent from the village. Both

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plow was utilized, drawn by three yoke of oxen. In the plowing of cultivated land horses were ordinarily employed.

Indian corn was planted for several years in the following manner: Two men, walking in a straight line opposite each other, carried each a stake to which was fastened a rope stretched out and having a ribbon tied to it every four feet. Behind each ribbon walked a woman, who, with the help of a hoe, planted the corn she carried in an apron. After a time corn was planted in another manner: A "marker" made of wood was driven over the prepared soil, and where the lines crossed girls dropped the kernels after which women, carrying hoes, covered up the seed. As the years passed by corn-planting machines made their appearance.

Wheat and oats were at first cut with a scythe, but in 1848 the cradle appeared, a hand implement consisting of a handle, a scythe-blade and above the latter a light frame of wooden fingers which caught the grain when cut and held it so that it could be laid evenly in a swath. Thereupon the grain was bound into sheaves by women oftentimes, while boys and girls carried the bundles into piles and old men shocked. Sometimes at the close of some such day's work the laborers would form in line and march home to supper while they sang some cheery song. Thus the arduous work of a day was ended in joy.

In the beginning the colonists ground their corn on hand-mills, but these had to be worked night and day to supply the need. To get wheat ground into flour it was necessary, it is said, to go twenty-eight miles away to Green River, or to Camden, now Milan. But a grist-mill run by water was erected 1847, by the creek at the north end of the village. When the water was low a few men who were studying and preparing themselve to go out as missionaries for Jansonism, sometimes tramped the wheel. A mill run by wind was built the following year. Later these gave way to a four-story steam mill built of brick and finished in 1851. Here a hundred barrels of flour could be turned out in a day. Much flour was therefore marketed while there was a large custom trade. A fourth mill driven by water-power served for various industrial purposes.

In the early days the colonists were often obliged to fast, but changes soon came for the better. A sort of thin bread of the nature of hard-tack was the principal kind of bread during the entire period of the colony. At first butter was used for the most part only at breakfast on Sundays, but oftener later on. While a greater variety of food was prepared for breakfast and dinner as time went on, the regular article of food for supper was mush of corn-meal or middling, served with skim-milk or a fluid consisting of small beer and molasses. Coffee was served only at breakfast ordinarily, but at first there was little of real coffee about it—water was boiled with a sort of roasted bread made usually of corn-meal, or middling, with some potato flour and molasses. Sometimes wheat was roasted and mixed with the coffee. Milk and molasses took the place of cream and sugar. As a matter of fact the usual beverage was small beer, a Swedish drink brewed in the colony. It is said to have been more generally used than water and was considered wholesome and appetizing. It was brewed as often as necessary to keep the supply fresh. A commodious brick building a short distance east of "the kitchen building" served the purposes of a bakery and brewery.

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Accustomed to fish in their lake-dotted home-land, the colonists made especial efforts to obtain fish in this lakeless region. Fish was secured for several seasons from the Mississippi River, the camp being on the government island at Rock Island. Some went to Henry and Chillicothe to secure a supply of fish from the Illinois River.

When the times had brightened the laborers were not only enlivened by the regular meals, but refreshments between meals—a custom which is still practiced in many a Swedish-American home. While coffee with rusks and cake forms the essential refreshment between meals today, the menu in the colony consisted of bread, with cheese or meat, and small beer, and sometimes a little of a strong drink called "No. 6," whose object was chiefly medicinal. Barrels of water and small beer were hauled through the harvest fields all day long.

Going back to 1849 it appears that in the summer a party of Norwegian emigrants came and had with them the dreadful Asiatic cholera which they had encountered on the way between Chicago and La Salle. The disease quickly fastened itself upon the colony in grim earnest. Strong, healthy men were caught, only to succumb in the fatal clutches of the plague. Eric Janson ordered a number of the people who were well to hurry off to the farm operated by the colony east of La Grange, now Orion, and remain there until the cholera was stamped out at home. But to no avail, for on the day after their arrival the first case broke out among them, and others followed in quick succession. One woman who cooked dinner was dead at 4 o'clock the same afternoon. Physicians prescribed but the deaths continued.

At the La Grange farm the deaths were most numerous, and trenches were dug for the dead, no coffins being used. At Bishop Hill the number was less, the burials were in the present cemetery opened in 1848, and coffins were used. Some who were staying at a place near Cambridge fared no better and several died of the scourge. Here a woman buried her dead husband with her own hands, Janson took his wife and two of the children to the fishing camp at Rock Island, but it was useless—his wife and the two little ones passed away in the awful disease and were buried there, the location of their graves being today unknown.

It took about three weeks for the cholera to rage among the colonists. When it was over a considerable number over a hundred had breathed their last and been imbedded beneath the soil. Of this number seventy are said to have died on the La Grange farm. The site was marked in 1882 by a monument which is located on section 36 of Western township, near the road leading to Cambridge. A year after the cholera had devastated the colony it attacked a number of emigrants bound for the colony. They were seized by the scourge on the Great Lakes, where it had been raging, and a considerable number met with suffering and death.

The colonists had left their home-land for religious reasons, as has been indicated. It was therefore to be expected that the religious life in the new settlement should be of great importance. At first two services were held each weekday in the tent-church, and three on Sunday. Janson roused the people early in the morning for the first service before breakfast. At Christmas time the first year a bell was procured which continued throughout the colony to serve the

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double purpose of calling the people to worship and to their meals, and is now in the cupola of the village schoolhouse, calling the children to school. The second service was in the evening and many years elapsed before candle-light was displaced by oil lamps. In the summertime of the first two years services were held in the woods, usually only at noon, when the work in the fields was urgent. There were two such meeting-places in the grove. It also happened that Janson sat on the porch of the frame house he occupied and preached to the people seated about. Janson, wearing a cloak of black, had direction of the services and frequently preached. Others who often officiated as preaches were: Jonas Olson, Olof Stoneberg, Nels Hedeen and Andrew Berglund. Other men were also called upon, sometimes at a moment's notice. As time went on the week-day morning services were discontinued, while the evening services became less frequent. The Sunday services were reduced to a morning and an evening service.

Eric Janson's own hymn-book, printed in Sweden, 1846, was used. Besides the hymns it contained several prayers. Later on there was a choir and an organ played by S. Bjorklund, a musician who arrived from Sweden, 1852. A revised edition of the hymnal was printed at Galva in 1857.

It was planned that twelve men should go forth to spread the Jansonistic belief, and these began early to receive instruction in English in a dugout. A small book had been printed in Sweden in 1846, containing the principles of English pronunciation and an English-Swedish word-list. In 1848 the missionaries were sent out by twos to gain their own support as they journeyed from place to place. The scheme was not a success. Two of them, Olof Stoneberg and Andrew Blomberg, visited the Shakers at Pleasant Hill, Kentucky, who at that time were about three hundred in number.

A catechism composed by Janson was printed in Sweden, 1846, and was used in the colony in the instruction of the young people in Swedish. An English school was early established, Mrs. Pollock being one of the first teachers, continuing to serve in this capacity for several years. At noon the school children marched from school by twos to the children's dining room in the "the big brick." The rudiments of the three R's and spelling were taught, but the years of schooling for a boy or girl were few for other work was waiting.

As has been shown, the economic circumstances of the colonists were at first hard. Janson felt that so long as the people lacked suitable houses to shelter them there should be no new marriages. But in 1848 this restriction was removed, in fact, a number of young people were "paired off" regardless of personal likes or dislikes. But as obedience had been a cardinal virtue so far, it was even in this. Several couples were married at a time by Janson on various Sundays. On one of these occasions twenty-four couples were joined in wedlock. Each bride had the customary bridal wreath, the only personal adornment that was allowed. The ceremony on this particular occasion took place in the grove, on a beautiful summer Sabbath. The green grass and trees, the blue sky, and the golden sunlight formed a charming setting to a novel scene. Early in

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Among those who were married in the fall of 1848 were John Root, a Swede who came to the colony that year, and Charlotta Janson, a cousin of Eric Janson. A contract was made at the time of the marriage that if the husband should ever decide to leave the colony he should obtain a divorce and let his wife remain. In his absence his wife gave birth to a son; the father on his return decided to take his wife and child away but Janson interposed, nor did Mrs. Root wish to go. One day in 1849, Root came to get his family. In the carriage with him was a man named Stanley from Cambridge. Mrs. Root and the child were taken into the buggy, and the horses were off. The act was soon discovered, however, several men started in pursuit on horseback, succeeded in overtaking the carriage and brought back Mrs. Root and child.

Later Root got his wife away to Chicago. Having a married sister and brother-in-law[1] in that city her whereabouts were known and she and her child were brought back to Bishop Hill by a few colonists. But Root, deprived of his wife a second time, is said to have gone to the Green River neighborhood and gathered a large number of men with whom he proceeded to Bishop Hill to search for his wife, also Janson and the chief agents in his wife's abduction, of whom Jonas Olson was one. The destruction of the place was threatened, but Janson and family, Mrs. Root and child, Jonas Olson and a few others succeeded in getting away to St. Louis.

Meanwhile the California gold fever penetrated the colony on the Illinois prairies and as their finances were at a low ebb, the colonists decided to fit out an expedition for the distant El Dorado. Securing some of the best horses and a good supply of provisions they began their journey in March. Some of these men had been implicated in the Root troubles and found it prudent to belong to this expedition. The party consisted of Jonas Olson, P. O. Blomberg, P. N. Blom, Peter Janson,[2] E. O. Lind, C. M. Myrtengreen, C. G. Blombergson, Sven Nordin, and Lars Stålberg.[3] Three of them started overland by way of Rock Island; the six others by way of St. Louis and the Missouri River, all meeting in the region of Council Bluffs. On August 12th they reached Placerville, California, where they located, fifty miles from Sacramento. Gold was hard to find. however, and living was expensive.[4] Thirty pounds of sugar cost ten dollars; two gallons of vinegar, four dollars; two gallons of syrup, six dollars; forty pounds of potatoes, eight dollars. A pound of tobacco cost one dollar and twenty-five cents and an ax, ten dollars. Some of the men were taken sick with mountain fever, one of them, Blombergson, passing away after a short illness.

Reverting again to occurrences at Bishop Hill it appears that Root gathered a second company of men and on the evening of April 1, 1850, came with them to the colony, demanding his wife's surrender, who was of course absent. The villagers feared the destruction of their place. But this mob-gathering as the previous one came to naught. Settlers in the Red Oak neighborhood dissuaded the [illegible] indus-

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Janson returned from St. Louis on Saturday, May 11th. He seemed to have a premonition that he would be murdered as appeared from certain of his expressions on his return. The next day he preached from the Pauline words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith," and dealt out the Lord's Supper. On Monday, May 13, he went to Cambridge to attend the circuit court, the May term of which opened that day. Janson was the defendant, as the head of the colony, in a number of cases. Root also had, it seems, a case, being the plaintiff in a trespass case against a certain Peter W. Wierstrom, continued since 1848.

Court opened with Hon. William Kellogg, judge, H. G. Reynolds, state attorney M. B. Patten, sheriff, and S. P. Brainard, clerk, by H. G. Reynolds, deputy. The record shows that Janson was concerned in five of the cases considered at the forenoon session. At the noon recess while Janson was in the court room, Root appeared in the doorway, called Janson by name and with a revolver fired at him, the bullet piercing his heart, while a second tore a hole in the victim's clothing.

When the court met again in the afternoon four cases were taken up in which Janson was the defendant. But he was now beyond the jurisdiction of all earthly tribunals. That same afternoon the grand jury came into court and presented a bill of indictment against John Root for murder. The defendant being under arrest and in the custody of the sheriff was brought into court, furnished with a copy of the indictment, a list of witnesses and jurors and was thereupon duly arraigned and entered his plea of "not guilty." Among the cases taken up the next day were three against Janson. That of the People vs. John Root was taken up and continued.

The case of Root was again considered at the November term of court 1850, when his plea of "not guilty" was withdrawn. The case was considered again at the May term, 1851, and the October term of that year. The defendant secured a change of venue to the Knox county circuit court and his case was then taken up at Knoxville at the April term, 1852. The case was continued until the September term when it was considered on September, 15th. In impaneling a trial jury of twelve men for this case the regular panel of petit jurors was exhausted besides nine other panels, in all two hundred and nineteen men. The case was then tried on the three following days, when a verdict was finally returned by the jury, finding the defendant guilty of manslaughter and fixing his period of imprisonment in the state penitentiary for two years. The court then ordered that the defendant be brought to the state penitentiary at Alton, the first five days of his imprisonment to be in solitary confinement and the rest at hard labor, the defendant further to pay the cost of the prosecution.[1]

At the end of a year Root was pardoned by Governor Joel A. Matteson, after petitions had been made for the purpose. Root's last days were spent in Chicago, for he did not live very long after his release. A saloon brawl appears to have hastened the end. A few days before he died he sent for the Swedish Methodist preacher, Eric Shogren, and asked him to conduct his funeral, stating that he believed Shogren feared God. Shogren visited him a few times before the end

[1] Circuit Court Records, Knox County, 2:264.

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came and when finally the last sad rites were conducted, a large Swedish concourse followed the corpse to the grave.[1]

The death of Eric Janson made a deep impression on the colonists, especially in view of the premonitions he expressed a few days before his murder. The body lay in state for a few days, following which the funeral took place. Andrew Berglund preached the funeral sermon. A wooden slab marked his last resting place, being replaced afterwards by a marble monument—the gift of some of his friends.

The year before his death Janson had married again. His second wife was none other than the woman who with her husband, Mr. Pollock, had gone west with Eric Janson and his party in 1846. It is said that, left an orphan at an early age, she had been adopted by a family in Göteborg, who brought her with them to New York in 1832 at the age of fifteen. There she is said to have married a sailor who went to sea and never returned.[2] She then married a Mr. Pollock, who gave her an education while she in turn assisted him as teacher in a private school of which he was the principal. She attended the preaching of missionary Hedstrom, who regarded her as one of his most earnest hearers. At the "Bethel ship" she heard Eric Janson, who visited her in her home and soon won her over to his belief, and, as stated before, she went west to Victoria. Her husband, it is said, tried to persuade her to go back east,, but she would not. Brokenhearted, he died at Victoria.

At Bishop Hill, Mrs. Pollock married Lars Gabrielson, and with him had a son, Isaac, who grew to manhood. Here she devoted much time to teaching, and was otherwise helpful. A handsome woman besides, her influence was large. Her husband died of the Asiatic cholera and some time later she had her fourth experience in wedlock—this time being married to Eric Janson. She then superintended the work of the women as Janson had been at the head of affairs his death legally threw the responsibility for such affairs upon his widow. It is said that he had asserted on various occasions that the leadership of the colony should always be hereditary within his own family. He had a son and a daughter living by his former marriage and it was his wish that the son should become his successor. At the funeral Mrs. Janson appointed Andrew Berglund, guardian of her stepson and leader until the boy's majority. This act over she appears less prominently in the limelight. She and her son lived for a time later on among the Shakers in Kentucky. At the close of the colony she conducted a boarding house in Galva. Misfortune afflicted her, her wayward son contributed to it and she was placed on the charity of her friends. Finally she went to the county poor house where she died in 1888. She was buried beside her distinguished husband, near the center of the village cemetery, a few steps from a large cottonwood tree.

The news of Eric Janson's death eventually reached the Bishop Hill gold-diggers in distant California. In November Jonas Olson left the others and started for home, boarding a sailing vessel in San Francisco for Panama. Toward the last of December the passengers, through the want of food and water, left the ship when it entered a port and took various means to cross Central America. Olson came to New Orleans in January and to Peoria and home the next month.

[1] Witting, Minnen, 242.

[2] See Mikkelsen's account, 43.

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Of the seven remaining miners all returned home except Stålberg, who decided to stay.

Jonas Olson before long took charge of affairs in the colony in place of Berglund. The idea that the control of affairs should remain in the Janson family was set aside. A sort of democratic form of government was regarded as desirable; superintendents or foremen were placed in charge of the various departments of work.

Up to this time the property of the colony had been held in the names of various individuals. But when any of these died their estates must be administered upon, sold by order of the court and purchased for the benefit of the colony. A transfer of property was necessary if the colony should get it and not the natural heirs of such individuals.

As the wealth of the colony increased the complexity of the existing system became more apparent. It seemed that the best thing to do was to incorporate the colony under the laws of the state. By an act approved by the state legislature on January 17, 1853, the colony became a legal corporation.[1] The number of trustees was fixed at seven and the following were, by this act, constituted trustees: Olof Johnson, Jonas Olson, Jonas Ericson, Jacob Jacobson, Jonas Kronberg, Swan Swanson and Peter Johnson. The last named trustee resigned January 10, 1859; and was succeeded by Olof Stoneberg. The trustees should hold office during good behavior being removable by a majority vote of the male members. Vacancies should be filled according to the by-laws. The trustees and their successors in office were empowered to make contracts, and purchase and convey real estate for the benefit of the colony.

The business of the corporation, according to the charter, should be manufacturing, milling, all kinds of mechanical business, agriculture and merchandising. By-laws could be passed concerning the government and management of the property and the business of the colony, the admission, withdrawal and expulsion of its members, regulating its internal policy, and for other purposes directly connected with the business and management of the colony, not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the state. This charter has been regarded as perhaps the most comprehensive of any ever granted in this state.[2] It was never repealed or annulled, though an effort was made in that direction later on.

On May 6, 1854, by-laws were adopted. These provided that any person sustaining a good moral character might become a member of the colony by transferring to the trustees thereof all his or her real and personal property and subscribing to the by-laws. The board of trustees were to determine the question of moral character and admission and a majority of the trustees should constitute a quorum for that purpose. The trustees might, in their discretion, refer the question of admission to a vote of the adult male members of the colony.

The property which any person, on becoming a member of the colony, should transfer to the trustee, should become, according to the by-laws, forever thereafter the absolute property of the colony. On the withdrawal or discontinuance of membership a person should be entitled to no compensation or pay for any

[1] Private laws of Ill. for 1853, p. 328.

[2] Article on Bishop Hill Colony by Judge Hiram Bigelow in Publications Ill. Historical Library, 1902, p. 106.

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services or labor that he might have performed during the time he may have been a member. But the trustees, might, at their option, give to such person or persons, such things, whether money or property, as the trustees should deem right and proper.

Any member guilty of disturbing the peace and harmony of the colony by vicious and wicked conduct or by preaching and disseminating doctrines of religious belief contrary to the doctrines of the Bible generally received and believed by the people of the colony might be expelled.

The by-laws further stated that it was the duty of the trustees to regulate and direct the various industrial pursuits and business of the colony in person or by such agents or foremen as they might see fit to appoint from time to time and to require such agents or foremen to account to them in such manner as they should deem proper. A meeting of the adult male members should be held annually on the second Monday of January for the general transaction of business. At this meeting the trustees were required to make a full and complete report of the financial condition and affairs of the colony for the year ending on the Saturday next previous to such meeting. Special meetings might be called by the trustees or a majority thereof or by a majority of the adult male members signifying their request to the trustees in writing five days in advance.

The by-laws also provided that the property and industry and the proceeds thereof belonging to the colony should constitute a common fund, from, by and with which the trustees were required to provide for the subsistence, comforts and reasonable wants of every member of the colony; for the support of the aged and infirm; for the care of the sick and the burial of the dead; and for the proper education of the children, and the transaction of all business necessary to the prosperity, happiness and usefulness of the colony and not inconsistent with the charter.

A vacancy in the board of trustees should be filled by a plurality vote at an election held for that purpose by the adult male members. Finally the by-laws might be revised, altered or amended at any regular or called meeting of the male members by a majority of those present and voting at such a meeting.

Over four hundred men and women subscribed to these by-laws in the month of May, 1854, another lot in 1855 and still others in 1860, making a total of over five hundred.

After the death of Eric Janson the colony was in debt to the extent of eight thousand dollars, and affairs were not in the best shape, but subsequently the colony prospered and its real and personal property was gradually increased. The land which the colony held for a longer or shorter time was considerable. Thus in 1849 a tract of one thousand, one hundred and sixteen acres was secured of Dr. Robert D. Foster for three thousand dollars. This land was situated in the east part of Western and the west part of Osco townships. It was later given up. The cholera monument was erected on this farm. At one time in its later history the colony owned a half interest in fifty-two acres in Cook county.

When the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad was being projected its managers proposed to run it through Bishop Hill, but the offer was declined and a station located on the present site of Galva through the efforts of J. M. and

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W. L. Wiley, who, having conceived the idea of building a town, had invested in a large amount of land in that locality.

The Bishop Hill colonists graded a portion of the road-bed of the new railroad which was built in '54 and '55. They also bought fifty town lots, built the first house and dug the first well in the new town. Erecting a brick ware-house, a store and a hotel they used the new railroad in marketing their surplus products. A Swedish weekly newspaper was also published by the colony there for a short time. One of the trustees, Olof Johnson, had much to do with the affairs of the colony at Galva, and being given the privilege of naming the new town called it Gefle from the Swedish seaport town which was not far distant from his birthplace. The name was, however, twisted into "Galva" by those who could not handle the Swedish tongue.

The first report of the trustees under the charter organization was made January 22, 1855, when it was stated that the colony owned the following property: eight thousand and twenty-eight acres of land; fifty town lots in Galva, valued at ten thousand dollars; ten shares in the Central Military Tract Railway, valued at one thousand dollars; five hundred and eighty-six head of cattle, one hundred and nine horses and mules; one thousand hogs and other assets such as wheat, flax, broom-corn, provisions and general merchandise. Subsequent reports seemed to indicate an annual average increase for each year of over forty-four thousand dollars in personal property alone.

At a meeting of the board of trustees held August 16, 1854, Olof Johnson, Jonas Olson and Jonas Ericson were appointed general agents and were authorized to buy, sell and convey real estate and all kinds of property and to sign any instrument of writing which should be valid and of as full force as though signed by the full board. At another board meeting held December 30, 1857, Olof Johnson was empowered to procure a loan for the colony of fifty thousand dollars or upwards, and was authorized to enter into any transaction therefor, and sign any contract, and convey real estate for any security, which should be binding on the colony as if signed by all the trustees of the same.

On or about February 1, 1858, the sum of forty thousand dollars was borrowed from Alexander Studwell, of New York City, and a mortgage executed therefor. The colony had lost considerably in the panic of 1857, somewhat through speculative undertakings. It lost money in banking operations at Galva in 1856-8.

These business reversals stirred up strife and discord. Furthermore the old-time religious ties had been weakening for some years; at one time certain ones favored celibacy and connubial abstinence on the part of the married, to the chagrin of many and the departure of several to other places. A growing contact with the outside world may have created a discontent with the old ways. Round about were people who were working for their individual selves. Thus, hit in many places, the communistic principles were losing hold on the colonists. People began to talk about a division of the property.

And so it transpired that on February 14, 1860, proceedings were inaugurated among the members and trustees looking to a final distribution of the property of the colony after its corporate debts and obligations had been discharged, to be followed by a final dissolution of the society.

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The number of members and shareholders of the colony was first ascertained on the basis of allowing one share to each individual of adult age, persons under twenty years receiving a fractional share, according to age. The number of full shares was found to be four hundred and fifteen. An estimate was then made of the proportionate amount of real and personal property which one share would represent. Then the entire property was divided into two large subdivisions; one of these was allotted to what was called the "Olson party," representing two hundred and sixty-five shares and the other to the "Johnson party," representing one hundred and fifty shares. The subdivisions were made in a general meeting of the members.

It appears that a full share consisted of about twenty-two acres of land, although the amount varied according to the value of the land; there was also a timber lot of nearly two acres, one town lot, and an equal share in all barns, buildings, domestic animals, farming implements and domestic utensils. The smallest fractional share is said to have consisted of about eight acres, a correspondingly small town and timber lot, and part of the personal property.[1]

The basis of apportionment in the Johnson party was as follows: Persons under fourteen years of age received two-eighths of a full share; under eighteen, three-eighths; under twenty-two, four-eighths; under twenty-six, five-eighths; under thirty, six-eighths; under thirty-five, seven-eighths; over thirty-five, eight-eighths or a full share.

The Olson party had the following schedule: Persons twenty-six years of age received a full share; twenty-five, eighteen-twentieths; twenty-four, sixteen-twentieths; twenty-three, fourteen-twentieths; twenty-two, twelve-twentieths; twenty-one, ten-twentieths; twenty, eight-twentieths; nineteen, seven-twentieths; eighteen, six-twentieths; seventeen, five-twentieths; sixteen, four-twentieths; fifteen, three-twentieths; fourteen and under, two-twentieths.

Committees were appointed to apportion among the members of the two parties the respective portions of real and personal property which the share of each member should represent. This was done and ratified by the members. A surveyor under the direction of the committees surveyed and allotted to each individual member the share of his or her real estate by metes and bounds. Thereupon by the authority of the county surveyor the entire mass of the colony lands was plotted according to surveys made. The name of the member representing each tract with the courses and distances were marked on the plats which were finally recorded in the county recorder's office. In the case of a family the property was deeded to its head.

The real esate of the Bishop Hill colony subject to distribution was ten thousand, eight hundred and fifty-seven acres. The other property, too, was considerable, so that the work of apportionment was a big undertaking.

It was generally understood that in 1860 at the time of the division of the property the debts of the colony amounted to about one hundred and twelve thousand dollars, and that the apportionment of the property was made with the stipulation that all the debts should be paid and that the members should not receive deeds to the respective pieces of land representing their shares until the debts were paid, or until the individual shareholders had paid their due proportion

[1] History of Henry County, pub. by H. F. Kett & Co., p. 149.

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of the same. Likewise the said corporate property allotted to individuals should remain charged with the lien of the debt, and should remain the property of the corporation till the whole debt was paid.[1]

Owing to the fact that the colonists needed the immediate fruits of their toil and their immediate rents and profits of their land to make needful improvements it was decided that the corporation should try to get extensions from the creditors of the colony until such time as the members had obtained a reasonable start and could contribute their respective shares towards the liquidation of the debt.

In the spring of 1861 the Johnson party perfected the individualization of its property. In the same year the Olson party was subdivided into three subdivisions, headed respectively by Jonas Olson, Olof Stoneberg and Martin Johnson. Subsequently this tripartite apportionment was succeeded by a complete individualization.

There were usually some persons who resided in the colony who were not members, but this number was not large. In 1858 the membership of the colony consisted of six hundred and fifty-five persons of whom one hundred and forty-seven were males and two hundred and fifty-eight females over twenty years of age; seventy-eight males and females between fifteen and twenty years, and one hundred and seventy-two males and females under fifteen years.

Among the colonists were a few who had received considerable training and experience along certain lines in the old country. Such a one was Eric Forsse who for twelve years had served in the Swedish army. He became the captain of a military company of twenty-six men, who, drilling for two years, acquired skill in the Swedish tactics. Dressed in blue caps, blue coats with red trimmings, and white trousers, they could march with precision and handle their flint-locks with ease. They were one of the attractions on July 4th and at the county fair. Little did they realize what would be the ultimate destiny of their organization. Like a thunder-clap came the fall of Fort Sumter and the call for volunteers. The Bishop Hill military company enlisted on September 16, 1861, and two weeks later reached camp Bureau, near Princeton, becoming a part of the sixth regiment. Here this regiment was secretly persuaded to join a number of regiments of sharpshooters at St. Louis, and one October night the regiment broke camp and embarked on the steamer Musselman, moored for the purpose at a convenient point in the Illinois River.[2] When the Colonel of the regiment awoke the next morning he found the camp deserted, and took measures to intercept the runaways. A battery was sent from Springfield to Alton to await the arrival of the Musselman and capture the regiment on board. At Alton the steamer was fired at and stopped and the deserters were lodged in the old state penitentiary, where as previously stated Eric Janson's murderer had been incarcerated some years before. The regiment was then brought to Camp Butler at Springfield for court martial but through the intervention of friends the boys were acquitted and sent to

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pany D of this regiment was practically a Swedish company, and the Bishop Hill boys formed a large part of it, while several were from Galva and Andover.

From Cairo the regiment started for the front. After tasting the realities of war at the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, Company D had two killed and fourteen wounded at Shiloh and lost three men at Corinth. In November, 1863, the company took possession of Mitchell's Mill, near Lynnville, Tennessee, and was engaged there for sometime in cutting timber and operating the saw-mill. In 1864 the term of enlistment expired and of Company D the members very generally reenlisted. A month's furlough at home followed, recruits were received, and the regiment presently joined Sherman's army at Chattanooga, finally taking part in the famous march to the sea, and in the grand review at Washington.

During the course of the war Eric Forsse, who was the first captain of Company D, was promoted major, resigning after the fall of Atlanta, 1864. The next captain was Eric Johnson, the son of the prime founder of the colony, who resigned in 1862 and was succeeded by Peter M. Wickstrum. Among the second lieutenants was Andrew G. Warner, who rose from the rank of first corporal to the above rank, and in 1864 accepted the captaincy of a colored company.

One of the original second lieutenants was Eric Berglund, son of Andrew Berglund. He was promoted first lieutenant in 1862. In the fall of 1864 he received an appointment as cadet at the U. S. Military academy at West Point, but did not enter till July 1, 1865. Four years later he was graduated at the head of the class, having the further distinction of being the first Swede to be admitted to that noted institution. Commissioned a second lieutenant he was successively promoted first lieutenant, '72, captain '84 and major '95, retiring the following year, and has since resided at Baltimore. During his active service he was engaged in various engineering duties and was also instructor of military engineering and mathematics and assistant professor of ethics and law at West Point, and was later instructor of civil engineering at the government engineering school at Willet's Point, New York. In 1878 he was married to a cousin of the wife of President Hayes.

In the early part of 1862 the Colonel of the Fifty-seventh Regiment bought a beautiful and expensive silk flag which he offered as a reward to the best drilled company in the regiment. Several months' time was allowed. In July the competitive drill took place with three regular army officers as judges. Company D was commanded by Lieutenant Eric Berglund. When this company and Company G—a German organization—had drilled the companies still remaining thought it best to withdraw from the competition. As the standing of the German and Swedish companies was very close they were obliged to repeat the drill, when the flag was unanimously awarded to Company D.[1] This trophy was for many years brought out at public celebrations at Bishop Hill. It is now faded and so fragile that its appearance at such gatherings is a thing of the past.

Going back once again to the internal affairs at Bishop Hill following the dissolution of the colony, it appears that a fire destroyed the broom-corn crop in 1861 valued at about forty thousand dollars, together with the sheds, machinery and much other valuable property, through the pranks of some boys, it is

[1] History of the Swedes of Illinois, I:666.

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said, smoking broom-corn. In the latter part of the colony much broom-corn was raised and the crop of 1861 was held in common and was designed to apply to the corporate debt. In addition to this loss, there were high rates of interest, litigation resulting from non-payment of debts, sums paid in compromise, attorney's fees, and taxes—all contributing to raise the debt, while the income was insufficient.

The Studwell mortgage for forty thousand dollars falling due in 1861 and remaining unpaid, there was considerable expense in renewing the security for a new mortgage, which in its turn fell due and remained unpaid. This resulted in a suit, a decree was entered, but time was given to pay it by installments. In case of sale the land secured should be sold in parcels, allowing occupants a chance to bid at such sale and have the right of redemption. This mortgage was secured by four thousand, eight hundred and seventy acres.

In 1862 a loan of four thousand, two hundred dollars was obtained from Wm. Nelson of Peekskill, New York, and was secured by five hundred and sixty-eight acres of land. Another loan of eight thousand was made in 1863 of A. Chittenden, a trust deed therefor being issued to H. G. Spofford, of Chicago, and was secured by one thousand, five hundred and eighty-eight acres.

In August, 1865, the trustees felt justified in assessing upon the members two hundred dollars per share to be applied on the debts—fifty dollars payable at or about the time of assessment, fifty dollars about three months later and the balance about four months thereafter. Deeds were made out and left in escrow for the members who should pay and discharge their shares of the corporate debt. But the response was not gratifying and only about fifty-five thousand dollars were realized and were applied on the debt.

All the Studwell claims becoming due, Studwell decided to sell on his decree, whereupon Hiram Sibley, of Utica, New York, was induced to buy the decree and take an assignment thereof and give the colony further time to pay it. So in October, 1866, Sibley bought the Studwell decree, paying Studwell in full. The colony was to pay the decree by installments and the interest yearly.

In March, 1868, the trustees proceeded to devise means for a complete legal individualization of the colony and the full payment of all of its liabilities. At that time, according to the trustees, the debt amounted to about one hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars, while they estimated that it would require nearly one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, besides the individual property and assets of the colony to pay the debts. A claim of the colony for about sixty thousand dollars againsst the Western Air Line Railroad for grading done in 1856, brought only six thousand, and five hundred dollars, through the failure of the company to complete its road, but until 1865 this claim was considered good by the colony.

A second assessment was accordingly levied upon the members of the colony, account being taken of the amount each member had paid on the first assessment. But believing at that time that the majority of the members were unable to pay their assessments in money, the trustees thought it was necessary to find some capitalist who would advance moneys or assume liabilities for said members, in case they were unable to pay their respective assessments, and give such members such time and terms as would enable them respectively to meet the same without

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sacrifice of property. So the trustees entered into an agreement with Elias Greenbaum, of Chicago, to perform this service for those members who desired it upon their giving him security on such individualized property or personal notes with interest at ten per cent semi-annually. Had this plan been observed by all concerned the trustees claimed that all of the debts might have been paid by the fall of 1868.[1]

These financial troubles which dogged the colonists caused worry and bitter feeling. In July, 1868, a bill of complaint was filed in the Henry county circuit court by six colonists as complainants and the Bishop Hill colony and its seven trustees as such and as individuals as defendants. W. N. Gest, of Rock Island, was appointed a special master in chancery, who, after an examination, certified that the trustees since 1860 had received money and property to the value of two hundred and forty-nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three dollars, and paid out on account of the colony, one hundred and forty thousand, one hundred and forty-four dollars, leaving the sum of one hundred and nine thousand, six hundred and nineteen dollars to be accounted for.

The case dragged its slow length along until in 1879 when, apparently through an agreement by the attorneys in the case, a sort of settlement of the case was made. The trustees were not held accountable for the one hundred and nine thousand, six hundred and nineteen dollars mentioned. Excepting the claim of Olof Johnson for twenty-three thousand, eight hundred and seventy-three dollars, and salary for the years he had acted as attorney, in fact, having served in that capacity since 1861, the business of the corporation being in the interval transacted chiefly through him, all other claims were allowed, including new obligations amounting to fifty-seven thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two dollars. This new sum included a contingent fund of sixteen thousand dollars, and costs on both sides. On account of this law suit many thousands of dollars had to be paid to the attorneys in the case and to those prosecuting and defending the suit, while the special master in chancery alone received nine thousand dollars in fees.

Under the decree entered April 25, and July 28, 1879, many tracts of land were sold by the special master in chancery. Deeds were made out to the purchasers who were notified at the sale that the owners would not voluntarily yield possession of their lands.[2] Therefore some of the grantees filed petitions for writs of assistance to help them get possession of land purchased. Among the lands sold was that of John Root, which had been bought for the benefit of C. C. Bonney, who was one of the complainant's attorneys in the colony suit. A writ of assistance was granted, directing the sheriff to put the petitioner, Lyman M. Payne, acting for Bonney, in possession of the land. Root appealed the case to the appellate court where the judgment of the lower court was reversed. Payne carried the case to the supreme court, where the judgment of the appellate court was affirmed, the opinion of the court being rendered May[1] 12, 1887, by Justice Mulkey.[3]

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[1] Answer of the Defendants to the Bill of Complaint, 80.
[2] Judge Bigelow's article, 108.
[3] Ill. Reports, 121:77.

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The law which governed the remaining cases was thus determined, and these were then dismissed. The original Bishop Hill case thereupon remained deserted. When the clerk of the Henry county circuit court was making up the docket of the court for the February term, 1888, a member of the county bar suggested that the case be omitted from the docket.[1] This was done.

On February 2, 1870, the voters of Bishop Hill decided in favor of incorporating the town. On February 11th the following trustees were elected: Jonas Olson, Jacob Jacobson, Jonas Headberg, P. O. Blomberg, and Peter Johnson. On February 28th, Olof Headlund was elected police magistrate. The board organized with Jonas Olson, president; P. O. Blomberg, clerk; Jacob Jacobson, treasurer.

On February 10, 1894, ordinances were adopted in accordance with the general laws of the state, and a village organization was the result, the elective officers consisting of a president, clerk, six trustees and a police magistrate.

As a process of division took place in economic affairs with the breaking up of the colony, so the religious life underwent a change. Some became indifferent to religion, some adopted liberal views. But others affiliated with the Methodist belief, Methodist preachers visiting the village and the neighborhood and conducting meetings. A Methodist organization was formed in 1864, in a room in the colony church, which room has since been partitioned off, part being taken up by the present stairway leading upstairs to the church proper, and the remaining part devoted to portraits of colonists and colonial scenes painted by a colonist, Olof Kraus, of Altona. In 1867 the Seventh Day Adventists propounded their doctrines at Bishop Hill and in 1870 an organization was effected.[2] Jonas Olson and Olof Osberg serving as its ministers until old age and its infirmities overtook them.

The Adventists continued to use the colony church while the Methodists, who worshiped in a hall in the colony blacksmith shop, for the first few years, built a church of their own in 1868, which was remodeled in 1900. Andrew Berglund and Olof Stoneberg became local preachers and served in that capacity until they crossed into the beyond. A society of the Mission Friends existed at one time, and a small edifice was erected. But the building was sold a few years ago and was moved to Galva to be remodeled into a private residence.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Bishop Hill colony was celebrated on September 23 and 24, 1896, when a granite monument consisting of a single large shaft was dedicated to the memory of the founders. Two of the trustees were still living, Jonas Olson, and Swan Swanson, who have since joined the majority of the first settlers who are resting from their labors and cares. Every year since 1896, a reunion has been held on September 23, excepting when that date has fallen on Sunday, when the reunion has been held either on Saturday or Monday. A program has been given in the village park, or in the colony church. Ordinarily there have been basket dinners, but sometimes union dinners in the old bakery building, in recent years fitted up into a hall. Afternoon [illegible]

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As the fall of the year mellows the colors of the trees and the fields, and softens the rays of the sun, so in the autumn of their lives the colonists, as they meet at their annual reunions reveal none of the friction which they sometimes must have felt in the days of the colony. Some of those who moved away to other localities and states come back about that time to meet again their old chums and comrades. The great majority of those who were identified with the beginnings in Sweden have gone to the realm where no troubles exist. Those who were children in the colony are already besprinkled with the snows of age. Their descendants have multiplied into a numerous body scattered far and wide.

The years will come and go. The last colonist will have been laid to rest. But the priceless heritage of a remarkable past will be handed down from generation to generation of descendants, as a stimulus to the highest and best endeavor.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

The printed material on the Jansonistic movement and the Bishop Hill Colony is in Swedish and English.

As early as 1845 a book was published at Gefle called Eric Jansismen i Helsingland. Since then the subject has been treated in various publications in Sweden.

Among the Swedish publications in this country which have dealt somewhat with the subject may be named Victor Witting's Minnen, Worcester, 1901-02; Norelius' De Svenska Luterska Församlingarnas Och Svenskarnes Historia i Amerika, Rock Island, 1890, and Svenskarne i Illinois by Eric Johnson and C. F. Peterson, Chicago, 1880. The anonymous pamphlet, Eric Jansonisternas Historia, has several excerpts from the Swedish court records.

One of the earliest English accounts is that found on two pages of a new and popular pictorial description of the United States, edited and published by Robert Sears, New York, 1848, in which the colonists are spoken of very highly. A few pages were devoted to the colony by Charles Nordhoff in his Communistic Societies of the United States, New York, 1875.

The History of Henry county, published by H. F. Kett & Co., Chicago, 1877, and the Portrait and Biographical Album of Henry county, published by the Biographical Pub. Co., Chicago, 1885, give some space to the colony, especially the former. Randall Parrish gives a few pages to it in his Historic Illinois.

The Bishop Hill colony case gave rise to the answer of the defendants to the bill of complaint which was published in 1868, and contains various interesting matter. Judge Hiram Bigelow's article on the colony in the Illinois State Historical Society transactions for 1902, dwells somewhat on "the colony case."

Michael A. Mikkelsen wrote a monograph on the colony for his doctoral thesis at the Johns Hopkins University, receiving his Ph. D. in 1892, the thesis being published in the Johns Hopkins studies in Historical and Political Science, Tenth Series, Baltimore, 1892.

In 1908 was published by the Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Company, of Chicago, a History of the Swedes of Illinois, edited by Ernst W. Olson, which gives much space to the Bishop Hill colony.

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In addition to printed material the writer of this sketch has consulted such meager documentary material as he could find. Much information has been obtained from conversing or corresponding with old settlers.

There are various errors in the printed narratives about the colony and in this sketch an effort has been made to avoid a repetition of the same. The writer therefore hopes that in his account he has reduced the mistakes to a minimum.

WESTERN TOWNSHIP.

Set a man at work writing descriptions of the squares of a checkerboard, and by the time he has worked down to the closing king-row, he will feel that descriptive writing has its drawbacks. The most vehement drawback is the monotonous similarity of his subjects. Compel him to inject spirit, humor, pathos and poetry into his descriptions, and to make the sketches cover from one to half a dozen sparkling pages, and your man will long for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade.

With slight exceptions, such as forest growth on the surface, or of coal beneath, the townships of Henry county are as alike as the squares of a checkerboard. It's the same story, too, about the settlement. Somewhere along in the central thirties, a straggler strays through the high green weeds into the tangled brush on the rim of the woods. He lives in his wagon till he can build a shack of poles and logs. Then he lets it be understood that his latchstring is always out. In just about ten years a rumor of a railroad roars through the land. In just about ten days from the first roar, prairie schooners begin to arrive, and the country begins to settle up. Rumor places a station here and there along the alleged railway, and there a village springs up, a postoffice is established, stores are started, and groceries are swapped for country produce.

I rejoice to say that Western township brings relief from this prolonged monotony. It is different. It is individual.

It had its colony scheme, too, but even that was different. It took root in New York, and was called the LaGrange Colony. It was gilded with glories which shone like a beacon light on a cliff, only to turn out a will-o'-the-wisp. Its glow of burnished gold allured the usual moths, and they made the usual fluttering getaway with the accustomed scorched wings.

In July, 1839, Kilbourne and Buell purchased eighteen thousand acres of land in Western township, laid out a town a little less in area than their beloved New York, and sold preference or choice at public auction. These men acted for LaGrange Colony. They received seven thousand dollars as premiums. The pair were paid twenty-five dollars for each quarter section. The premium money was to build a hotel, a seminary, to start a beet root sugar works, and to lobby through the legislature a state road from the mouth of Rock River to Hennepin on the Illinois River. Kilbourne did try to make good by lobbying at Springfield, but the whole scheme became a frenzied farce. One wing of the hotel was put up. It afterward became the home of Mr. Denton. The other wing of the hotel never matured, nor did the Queen Ann front or the Mary Ann behind. A few hewn logs were hauled from Richland Grove, a distance of seven

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miles. They cumbered the ground for years. J. B. Trego finally bought them, and used them in making a barn. The colonists were to come out, and each build on his land; but they didn't come.

Two little rookeries arose; but they and the few traps and calamities which had accumulated on the sod, were sold to the Bishop Hill Colony, whose members were on the ground, six thousand miles from home, and couldn't get away.

Before me is a weird record of early events. I do not vouch for them. It is set down that in the fall of 1837, M. B. Lloyd purchased two hundred and forty acres of the LaGrange company, paying three dollars and thirty-three cents per acre, when he could have bought land any where in Henry county for one dollar and fifty cents per acre. I have known Mahlon B. Lloyd a long time and he never struck me as being a man who would do that. He is given credit for having built the first farm house. It was two miles out of the supposititious town.

But here is the record of two lawyers from Sing Sing, New York. Untrammeled by the meshes of Sing Sing's omni gatherum, the two lawyers from Sing Sing came to LaGrange to raise hogs. This hoggish proceeding soon made the Sing Sing men squeal squeal. I don't know but I might add the superlative in the form of another squeal.

Albert and Francis Wells were the men. They bought of the LaGrangers a half section in 1838. Francis Wells came out. He fenced the farm with a sod fence, planted a big acreage of corn, and bought a huge herd of Berkshire pigs. The lawyer forgot that the whereas and aforesaid hog requires water to moisten his anatomy. There was no stream through the land, and no wells, except the two lawyers. So it was necessary to haul water for the hogs. It was a hot and dry summer. In marsh lands huge cracks gaped, big enough to engulf a mule. But there were no mules. Soon the Wellses could have chinked the cracks with hogs, for they died. They were diseased. In desperation the hogs were slaughtered and sold in Knoxville at one dollar and fifty cents per cwt. I have no record of how many folks died from eating the meat. Probably not less than a graveyard full. And voters so few, and so little to make majorities out of!

Albert Wells remained in Sing Sing, while Francis was out west. Francis bought a horse, and headed east. He had sunk four thousand dollars. His leavings were divided among the neighbors for fifteen miles around.

Early settlers in Western township were William Blackfan, Dr. Alfred Trego, Dr. Robert D. Foster. Two physicians and one private. The record closes with

"Blackfan died on his farm in 1841."

BELATED BOOKLET.

I had finished my manuscript, and was sitting on it picking my teeth, when I was handed a booklet on Western township. I should have drawn heavily from this brochure, had I found it sooner.

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ORION INN



VIEW IN ORION

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Here is a knockout for Dr. Baker, w
mouth of Green River in May, 1835.
cabin in Andover township.

Herein is the romaunt of Steve Mc
Steve's points, given by Charles W. Dea
called Orion: "He had on a slouch hat, th
back and sides, with a kink at each cor
can with one side stove in, and where t
thin. The nose was long and hooked, th
hair was down to his shoulders and wa
each half suspended over either ear. Th
open with two pale lips that were thin a

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Here is a knockout for Dr. Baker, who halted his prairie schooner near the mouth of Green River in May, 1835. One Butler was already living in a log cabin in Andover township.

Herein is the romaunt of Steve McCarty. Hearken to the description of Steve's points, given by Charles W. Dean, who founded Deanington, afterward called Orion: "He had on a slouch hat, the brim of which hung down at the front, back and sides, with a kink at each corner. He had a flat face like an old tin can with one side stove in, and where the bottom piece projects answers for a chin. The nose was long and hooked, the eyes small and round and black. The hair was down to his shoulders and was black and parted in the middle, with each half suspended over either ear. The mouth was double width and generally open with two pale lips that were thin as leather and covered with an unkempt beard. One trouser leg was inside of his heavy boots and the other hung outside and was covered with mud, and one leg of the man was four inches shorter than the other. He had a strong hissing voice."

This obstacle's arrival is thus set down.

"He came in the spring of 1856 and gave the quiet settlement quite a shaking up. He halted his caravan of wagons in front of the store, and slid to the ground over the double-trees and trace chains."

McCarty decided to locate. He built a shanty, hauled a barrel of whisky from Rock Island, and opened a saloon. Mrs. E. K. Blackfan led a band of a dozen women, who offered first to buy Steve's whisky. He would not sell. They caved in the kegs and poured the liquor in the street. Steve flourished a dirk. Mary Blackfan took it from him, cutting her thumb, the scar showing yet. She is now Mrs. Byron Jordan. Men gathered to see that the women were not hurt. Steve's saloon is now a stable at the Methodist manse. Steve stole cattle near Morristown, was arrested, broke jail, and fled the country.

ODE TO MARY BLACKFAN.

On Jordan's stormy heart she made
A thumbprint on that day,
Which never in this world shall fade,
Though heads may turn to gray.

THE FARMER'S SOCIAL CLUB.

By Abigail P. Keleher.

In February, 1889, about one dozen families met at the home of George Ferguson and organized "The Farmer's Social Club."

The originators of the club were Mrs. Geo. Ferguson, who is known as the "mother" of the club, and Mrs. Mary K. Long.

The object of the club was the promotion of sociability and advancement of the profession of farming.

Regular meetings were held the first Saturday afternoon in each month at the home of the members. Refreshments were served for a time, but were finally

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omitted as the membership increased rapidly, thus making it burdensome to the hostess. More time was devoted to the program, which consisted of a literary nature, interspersed with music and topics relating to farm interests.

The meetings were interesting and instructive and the club grew and flourished. It has stood a score years for all that is good, true and upright! For all that elevates the people and improves their homes! Its influence in the community has been marked. It has been instrumental in bringing about rural free delivery, this route being one of the first in this section of the country. Also the country telephone system; the prohibiting of Sunday baseball playing, and the organization of the Western Township Public Library.

The children's opinion of the club might be expressed in the following verse:

O' The Farmer's Social Club
Is the club for me!
There you may learn how to sow
And how to reap.
How to feed the cattle,
Or how to feed the sheep.

There the mammas take the kids along,
And give them a chance
To speak a piece or sing a song.
O, The Farmer's Social Club
Is the club for me.

WESTERN TOWNSHIP LIBRARY.

By Abigail P. Keleher.

At the regular May meeting of the "Farmer's Social Club" in 1904, Mrs. Abigail P. Keleher suggested the idea of a "library," which met the hearty approval of the club.

With a firm conviction that a library in the community would prove beneficial, especially to the younger people, the club, enthusiastically took up the matter and appointed a committee to investigate the subject.

The committee zealously went to work soliciting funds. Individual contributions were received amounting to two hundred and fifty-seven dollars and thirty cents. Then followed socials, home talent plays and concerts, which netted a nice little sum for the library. Mrs. Hanna Butler, a former Orion girl, now a famous vocalist and teacher, gave a concert in her home town and donated part of the proceeds to the library. Mrs. Emalyne Tomlinson Cowperth-

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ORION TIMES OFFICE



MAIN STREET, ORION

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The finance committee consisted of
McCahon. The book committee were:
Ringnell, Mrs. Grace F. Love and Miss

Orion was considered a favorable l
township, thus making it convenient for
and school children might also share its

The village board of Orion generou
house, which was fitted up for a library
was engaged as librarian and on Januar
ic Library" was thrown open to the
eighty-six books, two hundred and sev
A circulating library from the "Chica

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The finance committee consisted of Chas. Hanna, J. C. Stevenson and R. J. McCahon. The book committee were: Edgar Love, A. C. Sanquist, Dr. F. O. Ringnell, Mrs. Grace F. Love and Miss Mary Warner.

Orion was considered a favorable location as it was near the center of the township, thus making it convenient for most of the farmers. The town people and school children might also share its benefits.

The village board of Orion generously offered the east room in the opera house, which was fitted up for a library and reading room. Mrs. Kate Harless was engaged as librarian and on January 10, 1905, the "Western Township Public Library" was thrown open to the public. It contained four hundred and eighty-six books, two hundred and seventy-nine of the number being donated. A circulating library from the "Chicago Wednesday Night Club" contained seventy-three books, thirty-three statistical and agricultural reports and ten magazines and periodicals.

At the spring election of Western township in 1906 the question of the township controlling and maintaining the library was voted upon and carried by only fourteen majority.

Thus the Western Township Public Library passed from the control of the Farmer's Social Club and became a township library, maintained by a township tax.

The means of support now being a certainty, two rooms were rented over the State Bank and the library moved thither, where it still remains. One thousand, three hundred and eighty-seven of the best and latest books grace its shelves; fourteen magazines and periodicals may be found in the reading-room and six hundred and seventy-two borrower's cards are in use.

Perhaps the one individual who did the most to make this library a success was the worthy secretary and treasurer, the late Mrs. Isabelle Love, who through her untiring correspondence with libraries of other places obtained all necessary information concerning the organization and equipment of such an enterprise. She further manifested her interest by bequeathing five hundred dollars to be held in trust and used for the support of the library.

ORION.

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement ere I went to rest,
Did I look on Great Orion, sloping slowly to the west."

—Alfred Tennyson.

Evidently the late English Laureate pronounced Orion properly. Try it, repeating the lines as Orion is pronounced in Henry county English. It sounds flat, unmusical, unmelodious. We put the stress upon the O. Tennyson puts it where it rightly belongs, on the ri.

Even Billy Bolles, the mighty fan of old, publisher of the Orion Times through seasons wet and dry, did not put the proper stress upon the proper ri.

Most editors seldom fail to put the stress upon the rye. Not even if doing so produces distress subsequently.

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I don't know how this snappy and up-to-date village got the astronomical name. I'll dig up the reason and print it, if possible. May the lucky stars assist!

Orion village has two railways. It is on the Peoria branch of the C., R. I. & P. R. It is a romantic situation, with hills and hollows, ridges and ravines, downs and dales, as well as ups and downs. The farming country around it is suggestive of English landscapes. It is a garden of delights. Orion is set in the midst of all this flowery land, "Itself the fairest flower of them all." Orion is a "gem, set in an English green."

Mahlon B. Lloyd is credited with being the first settler. He came during the LaGrange colony days, in 1837. His son, Charles, was the first white male child born in Western township. A daughter of William and Elizabeth K. Blackfan was the first female white child born in Western township. Dr. Alfred Trego came in 1840, the Blackfans in 1841. For a decade only five families were in the township. These belonged to M. B. Lloyd, H. B. Engle, Edward Blackfan, George Anderson, Elizabeth Blackfan and her family. Elizabeth was the widow of William Blackfan, who died in 1843. Mrs. Blackfan proved herself a good business woman, and she was ever alert for the best good of the community.

A postoffice was established in 1850. Mrs. Blackfan was postmistress. In December, 1853, Charles W. Dean platted a town. It was called Deanington. In 1867 it was rechristened Orion. With the coming of the railways, it became a prosperous place.

Charles Dean erected the first schoolhouse in 1852. The structure cost one hundred and forty dollars. It was on Lloyd's farm, in the edge of the village. In 1854 it was moved into Orion, and a man named Charles Moon was the first teacher. Orion is originally a constellation. It had an occultation with the Moon. Thus by heaven was she taught: "Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love." One of the principal families is the Love family. A celestial aggregation!

I examined the streets for the golden pavement, when I met the first bevy of Orion girls.

YORKTOWN TOWNSHIP.

How many of my Geneseo neighbors have ever trekked over Yorktown? Please stand up!

They remind me of a comb with the teeth all out. Edford, which joins Geneseo on the west, and Yorktown, which is sixteen miles east, are Henry county's two distinctively German settlements. Both are thrifty, law-abiding precincts, where men come very close to living up to the Golden Rule, and the churches have few vacant seats on Sunday mornings.

There is no authentic record of a first-comer in the middle 1830s—a latch-string legatee, who lived on stone-bruised corn and hope, in a shack built of shellbark and sloughgrass. Elsewhere there is a dim legend of two brothers who marauded the muskrats and minks in St. Peter's Marsh, and in the swampy regions round about. But if these brothers ever existed in the wolf and Indian days, they have left neither trace nor tradition. The first settlers were from Indiana.

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Speaking of wolves, four of the biggest ones that ever happened moved into Yorktown when the coming of the railroad gave assurance of a way out for the crops. These were Jacob, Barnhart, John and Judah Wolf. Prior to their coming, however, was the advent of Benjamin Goble and John Luther. These men looked upon the northeast corner township of Henry county as good enough for them.

Philip and Jacob Ott came into Yorktown at an early day. They shrewdly foresaw the day when these rich new lands would be highly valued. They wrote to their friends. The result was the coming of a good German population. Many of these were Germans who had settled in Pennsylvania. Soon the wilderness blossomed as the rose.

A good many years ago, while editing the Geneseo News, I became interested in a series of pioneer sketches written by Benjamin Goble, and published in the Milan newspaper. It seems that Goble had moved to Milan. The old settler certainly told his story well, and had a lot of it to tell, for the writings filled two or three columns per week, for five or six weeks. It is hard to understand how enough could happen to a man who has no neighbors, no friends, no enemies, and not even a hired girl. There is no chance for romance or rescues or roundups of any kind. Yet old Benjamin Goble, veteran of many hardships, filled about eighteen or twenty columns chock full with what happened to him when he was mostly all alone.

When the railroad was a sure thing, and the deep-lunged giant of steam was actually screeching for somebody to stop him as he approached a station, the influx of settlers was great. Came George Seyller from DuPage county, George Clementz, John Gross and many more. The country settled up rapidly, the sod was turned, corn planted, houses were built, highways laid out, and schoolhouses and churches erected.

Within the confines of Yorktown township is Hooppole, a thriving village with good stores and enterprising merchants. Enormous quantities of goods are sold here, and merchants lose no bills in that community. The writer recalls observing evidences of heavy traffic at Hooppole, and speaking of it to a merchant of a Henry county railroad town.

"They sell more goods than our town sells," he said, emphatically.

But Hooppole is to have a railroad, also. I am not sure but that the new electric line is doing business right now. It is built north, to connect with the Burlington at Tampico, in Whiteside county.

Bogus Grove is so called because of a cave of counterfeiters. The cave is there yet. Dead Man's Grove was so named by the Indians, from the fact that a white man was buried there. Walnut Grove had only walnut trees. Hundred Acre Grove had just one hundred acres of trees. Heman H. Haaff changed this to Heman's Grove. Wildcat Grove was infested by wildcats.

Hooppole Grove was named by coopers from Rock Island, who came hither to get bellybands for barrels. Hooppole was subsequently applied to the village.

Lyman Stowall was the first settler in Yorktown township. His home was a typical log cabin; his farm in sections 9 and 10, was secured in 1848. The Stowall schoolhouse was the first; Edward Grisswold, first teacher. Stowall was first justice of the peace. He laid out roads, and was a stirring personality. He

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farming at Woodward's Bluff in 1844. He built a sawmill at Prophetstown, and the first frame house in that village in 1837. He is also credited with a mill on Spring Creek, in Atkinson township. He died in his ninetieth year, in 1899, in the old home on the farm. His wife followed him in death in 1901, aged eighty-six.

Frank Carpenter and Helen Brown, first marriage, 1851. The country was settling up and needed Carpenters.

The first store was started in 1881, by a peddler, David Cahn. He inscribed a sign on his flaring front proclaiming it the Minchville store. But Hooppole it was, and Hooppole it remains, though several efforts have been made to change the name. The place has a town hall, carpenter and blacksmith shops, hardware and implement store, meat market, harness shop, doctor's office, two churches. The trolley line is noticed elsewhere in the division on railways.

The Hilger tradgedy is written down in the "Chapter on Crime."

MURPHEY'S AULD LANG SYNE.

Alexander Murphey, a retired farmer of Cornwall township, resident in Geneseo, wrote a series of sketches upon pioneer life for the Chicago Inter Ocean. The editor of the Pioneer Page presents the closing article with this comment: "Perhaps, sometime when the spirit moves you, you will write again and tell us other incidents of the days that a later generation can hardly believe existed so short a time ago." The closing sketch follows:

It was early in November, 1844, that we bid farewell to the land of Pennsylvania. The family consisted of father and mother and six children, of whom I was the third. We came by steamboat. The journey was almost without incident and in two weeks we were on Illinois soil. We left the steamer at Copperas Creek, landing in Fulton county, but we were yet twenty-four miles from the location which father had selected the previous spring.

Our river passage for family, household goods and some farming utensils, cost nineteen dollars and fifty cents, and now father engaged a freighter with a huge wagon and six oxen to haul a load for one dollar and fifty cents. We arrived on the afternon of the second day and our teamster would reach his home by nightfall. Father had given him his meals, but he paid fify cents for feed for his team, and hence had a dollar left for his two days' services for self and team.

Our location was in Fulton county. We were four miles east of Spoon River; Ellisville was six miles to the northwest and Canton eleven miles to the eastward.

The country was broken and the settlements in clusters. "Uncle Billy" was the patriarch in our neighborhood, several sons having settled around him on small tracts, as well as other families of the same faith and order, all being good democrats and all more or less addicted to the drink habit. Seven miles north of "Uncle Billy's" domain was another settlement of which "Uncle Loudrick" was chief, and situated much the same as "Uncle Billy." Between these two settlements several inter-marriages had occurred and there was much passing back and forth. Further to the northwest was the Troy Mills settlement, with which there was some friction. The time was when all these settlements and others voted at

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Ellisville and as voting was not then by ballot but "viva voce," the tally sheet was accessible at all times and the result known to date. The Troy Mills folks, seeing their candidate was doomed to defeat, captured and destroyed the poll books and escaped. This overt act necessitated the holding of a new election, when many of the law-abiding citizens went to the polls armed for a conflict, but no trouble occurred. Mr. Ellis, for whom the village was named, was elected a justice of the peace in an early day, and served fifteen years without a statute, during which time not an appeal was taken from his docket. Statutes were rare in those days, but finally Mr. Ellis, Esq., obtained one and tried his next case accordingly, but an appeal was taken to a higher court and his judgment reversed. This was a hard blow on the statute and the 'squire had no further use for it.

Some distance to the south of us there was a church of Hard Shell Baptists, and like many of that time some were addicted to the use of strong drink. Brother A. was put on trial for intoxication and two ministers were selected to conduct the trial pro and con. A dozen witnesses had seen Brother A. in the gutter, feeling upward for the ground, and a strong case was made out against him. But counsel for A. simply asked each witness if he saw the good brother puke and the answer was invariably "no." Then this distinguished counsel for the defense rested his case on Matthew 15:11, viz: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man," and the good brother was exhonerated, because he did not puke. But coming back to November, 1844, we find ourselves among a hospitable and kind-hearted people. Their dwellings were of logs and seldom had more than one room. We occupied a shack thirteen by fourteen from November until the following August. Our own house was sixteen by eighteen, with a split board roof and puncheon floor, made of linden or basswood, split and hewed, but too much twisted to be hewn to a level surface.

Small game was plentiful and I kept the family in meat by means of traps, and occasionally we got a deer. Whiskey was sold by grocers at twenty-five cents a gallon, and most of the people drank freely. It was good to warm you up when cold, good to dry you when wet and good to keep the water from hurting you in warm weather.

The men were generally handy with tools and made barrels, pumps, axe handles and generally their own furniture and household utensils. A bedstead with but one post would be a novelty now, but not so then.

They lived largely from hand to mouth and borrowing was indulged in freely. Sometimes a few would join at the close of harvest, tramp out some wheat with their horses, each borrow a few bushels and some one take it to mill. This wheat was always so heavily tolled that the load was much lighter when returning.

Most families kept a few sheep, raised a patch of flax and also of buckwheat. The flouring mill, carding machine and loom constituted a division of labor, but the other work was done at home. Most of the men used tobacco in some form and many young ladies smoked the pipe. Tobacco in the garden was as common as cabbage.

Many of the adults could not read or write and the children had no opportunity to learn. For seven years we had no school except a subscription school for one term taught by an aged gentleman from Virginia, who had formerly been

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an overseer of slaves and hated colored persons as much as he hated snakes. He was a very religious man, had been baptized three times, twice by sprinkling, once by immersion and now belonged to the hard shell Baptists. His food, in addition to bread, butter and potatoes, consisted of onions, stale buttermilk and aged bacon, and if the last was a little tainted it made it better.

We soon learned that most of the answers to the examples in the arithmetic were wrong in the book. When angry at the conduct of the kids, he would yell, "Zux, zounds, you are as dumb as frogs in dog days; if your head was cut off and set on a stump you would learn just as much," and other like expressions.

When he found the word sphinx in the spelling lesson he declared on his reputation as a scholar that there was no such word in the dictionary. He boarded around with his pupils and would regale the kids in the homes by boasting of his management of slaves. Once he knocked a woman down with a hoe and it was some time before she regained consciousness.

If a worm was found on a tobacco plant just after going over it the person having that row was required to decapitate the worm with his incisors as a penalty for his negligence. When he thought they feigned sick his remedy was a pint of tobacco juice taken into the stomach, which cured without being taken.

My father was elected a justice of the peace and did much business. He married lovers without price and for a knock-down he seldom assessed a fine above three dollars and costs; but that was a good deal when yearling cattle sold for three dollars a head and steers three years old for ten.

Our postoffice was two miles from us, envelopes and stamps were unknown and letters were invariably paid for by the receiver. At first the postage on a letter was twenty-five cents, but it was soon reduced to ten. Money was scarce, but we had an obliging postmaster, who often let letters go out on "tic."

Finally, after some years, our school district was organized and a contract for a school house and furnishings let for seventy dollars. The house was about sixteen by eighteen, of hewn logs, the seats were slabs, with two pins in each end, called legs, and the only writing desk was attached to the wall and so high that all stood when writing.

Soon religious services were held in the schoolhouse and a great change for the better came into the lives of many of the people.

In the meantime Uncle Billy had died, leaving a small estate badly encumbered. His sons, who had purchased of him, had not paid and hence having no title, they moved away one by one, and a new era dawned. Early in 1854 father sold the home to a raw German, and March 1st we moved to a place in Henry county, which he had previously purchased. We came by prairie schooner minus the sails. The country was pretty well settled around the groves but quite sparsely out on the prairies. In our new home we found a good class of people, and we had much in common.

We farmed some the first season and ran a breaking plow, which was drawn by four yoke of oxen and turned the furrows two feet wide. May 1st an ox was missing and after much fruitless search a young bull was substituted, which did good service. Soon a pair of two-year-old colts were missing also and after much effort the search was abandoned for the present. In September we sunk for water on our new home in Cornwall township and twenty-five feet below the

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surface came to a huge pile of chips, some of them well rotted, while others had retained their original form. Here there was a weak sheet of water, but it had a brownish hue. A fog arose from this find, breathing in the well was difficult and after a time it was filled up.

In November, while driving into Bishop Hill, I saw a boy lead our ox to the watering trough, and on inquiry learned that Mr. B., the blacksmith, had traded a gun for him and that they were now preparing him for the block.

Mr. B. had obtained the ox honestly but was badly frightened on learning that he had stolen property in his possession. Mr. M., with whom he traded had given his name and place of residence in an effort to have B. go and see the ox and failing in this he led him to the village, where the exchange was made.

The next morning father and brother were on the road early for Bishop Hill, where Mr. B. joined them and soon they were in Wethersfield. Mr. Miner, Esq., of that village knew the offender as a poor but hard-working man, thought this was his first offense and advised leniency. Our three equestrians rode to his home, which was in an old shack, a little west of Kewanee, where he had an acre enclosed with what he called a fence. The good wife divined their errand and the sadness of her countenance elicited the sympathy of her strange guests. About 8 p. m. Mr. Marrined greeted Mr. B. cordially, and was then presented to father and brother as the men who claimed the ox. His story was as follows: The ox had destroyed his crops; a neighbor tried to shoot him, but the gun did not discharge, and believing that he had been lost out of a drove, he thought best to dispose of him and then remunerate the owner if he ever found him.

The next morning our company carried a gun back to Bishop Hill, and from there two of them drove an ox home, a distance of fifteen miles. The colts were found a year later near Maquon and by an agreement with Mr. W. we got one colt, and seventy-five dollars for the other.

We had delightful weather until the morning of January 21, 1855, when we experienced a blizzard, such as seldom occurs. But finally the storm subsided, more settlers came and there are many sunny memories connected with those pioneer days in Henry county.

One by one those pioneers have gone, some to other lands, but most of them to the great beyond. The writer then had an elastic step and raven locks that gently waved, but the step is no longer elastic and the thatch has grown thin. The light of the windows is dim and the sound of the grinders is low. He views the setting sun from the standpoint of an optimist and hopes there will be no moaning when he puts out to sea.

Alexander F. Murphey's residence in Fulton county for a time, and his experience with the unique teacher, causes me to believe that the peculiar pedagogue is the same person alluded to by my delightful old friend, "Bill" Davidson, editor of the Fulton County Democrat, printed at Lewistown.

After sketching the old man very much as Mr. Murphey has, Davidson proceeds to relate that the old teacher had a pupil who worried the life nearly out of him because of his habit of using bad words. The boy had been hammered, made to stand in a corner, to hold a book straight out for an agonizing length of time,

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no use. Slang the boy would use, thoughtlessly, not meaning anything by it; but just naturally, like winking his eyes or drawing his breath.

One day the lad sat on a front seat snuffling and sobbing. He had just received a whaling for having said "darn." Suddenly he stifled his sobs, bent eagerly forward, and, pointing to a small hole in the wainscoting behind the teacher's chair, shouted:

"There went a darn mouse!"

Instantly the old man grabbed the boy and dragged him upon the platform. Jerking him in front of the hole and pointing at it, he roared:

"Now, for using that word, you stay right here till you catch that mouse!"

School resumed its monotonous droning progress. Nobody imagined that the boy would even see the mouse again. At first there was a tittering interest in him; but he was soon forgotten. Four o'clock arrived, books were put away, and the usual intense quiet reigned, prior to dismissal. Suddenly there was a scramble behind the teacher's desk.

"Darn him, I've got him!" shouted the boy, holding aloft a wiggling mouse by the scruff of the neck.

"I'll forgive you, Jimmie," tittered the teacher. "I guess you can't help it."

LITTLE LETTERS.

No odds how long they be,
No odds how strong they be,
Little letters all you'll see,
Writ by Little Henry G.

Henry G. Little, author of the following series of reminiscential letters to the local press, from which they were clipped by James K. Blish of Kewanee, was a resident of Grinnell, Iowa, during the date of those writings. He was a real Henry county pioneer. His sister Caroline was Henry county's first bride. The aged man passed away years ago. He wielded a fluent pen.—The Editor.

HENRY COUNTY COLONISTS.

Men Who First Settled In and Around Kewanee.

In a recent letter, I spoke of the election held at the house of George Brandenburg on the 19th day of June, 1837, for the organization of the county. There were at that time, fifty-eight votes cast, George Brandenburg casting the first, while my own vote was number twenty-seven. Reuben Cone cast the last number, fifty-eight. These names can all be found in a little poll book at Cambridge, given in their order and specifying for whom each one voted. This was copied and is to be found in the history of the county. Note by Editor: The list appears in this volume. As fifty-seven of these voters have gone over "the river" and have left me alone to tell the story of that brave energetic little band of pioneers, it is to be regretted that I did not more fully follow the after history of each one. The Geneseo colony was represented by seven voters, namely: Reuben Cone, Elisha Cone, C. K. Bartlett, W. H. Hubbard, Rufus Hubbard, Roderick R. Stewart, the whole company largely strangers to each other.

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This election was my first opportunity for acquaintance with the Geneseo colonists. They kindly invited my brother and myself to return home by the way of their new town and spend the night with them, an invitation which we gladly accepted.

During the years 1835 and 1836, there were five colonies settled in Henry county. I will speak of three of them in this letter, mentioning others later on.

Andover, under the leadership of Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, was the first colony settlement. Mr. Pillsbury brought with him from his Long Island church Deacon Miller, Mr. Hoyt and several families of the Wolsey's. Good Deacon Buck came, too. He was an out and out abolitionist, who kept a station underground railroad, and often received a load of fugitive slaves, which he carried on to Princeton. The next station Eben Townsend and Edward A. Mix, were early settlers also. Mr. Pillsbury was a strong, enthusiastic man, but he failed in his efforts to make Andover a college town. I knew something of his early history. He was born and reared on the hardest and rockiest hill of New Hampshire, a poor boy, having an ambition for an education, with ministry in view. Making his way to New Haven, he there fought the battle of poverty alone till well advanced in his college course. At Yale he lost his scholarship and Christian labors brought him to the notice of benevolent persons who gave him aid. Among these was a young widow, who had both means and inclination to help the manly student. She assisted him until he commenced his ministry work. Young Pillsbury was grateful but he could not repay his benefactress only by offering himself, and she, knowing that her heart had gone with her money, accepted him. They made a happy and estimable couple. Mrs. Pillsbury died as they were about to remove to Illinois. Mr. Pillsbury's preaching and other labors in Illinois were widespread and influential.

The settlement of Wethersfield colony began in 1836 and was composed of rare good men, mostly from New England. In addition to the laudable purpose of bettering their own conditions, they had the highest objects in view. From the very first beginning provision was made for public worship on the Sabbath, and in the absence of a clergyman this was conducted for a time by Deacon John F. Willard. Deacon Francis Loomis soon joined the colonists, and I am sure no better man ever came. Still in the early days Rev. Joseph Goodrich, Frank Goodrich, Col. Sylvester Blish, Wm. H. Blish, C. C. Blish, my own father, Abner B. Little and three of my brothers, Matthew B. Potter, Sullivan Howard, J. G. Dodge, Charles Selden Miner, Hazelton Page and others who helped to lay enduring foundations for the best things. In all the Henry county colonies there were as able, self-denying women as ever settled in a new country. All over the county we found here and there on the new farms families who united with those in the town in the desire to elevate society. Schoolhouses appeared "on every hilltop" and churches were built for all. Nearly two generations have passed since those beginnings. Now Henry county has about thirty-five thousand inhabitants. *

* This estimate was made a decade or more ago. Henry county's present population is past the forty thousand mark, and the indicator moves steadily toward the fifty thousand figures.—Editor.

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A moral, enterprising and intelligent people, a blessed outgrowth from such noble beginnings. I spent thirty-one years of my life there. I knew all the people in the country, when I was sheriff and collector. I was in their homes and learned to love them. I had hold of almost every rope "in the ship," they honored me quite as much as I deserved. Thirty years have passed since I came to Grinnell, and yet I feel that Kewanee is my home. There my children were born, and there are buried. God bless dear old Henry county.

MANY INTERESTING FACTS FOR THE OLD SETTLERS OF CAMBRIDGE AND VICINITY.

In my last letter we left our old friend Glenn busy turning over the sod on the farm he first selected and where he remained during life. It was known then, in 1835, as a part of section 20 in 17 north and range 1 east. A little later in the same spring Mr. Butler built the second house in the county and began breaking prairie and putting in "sod corn" at White Oak Grove in 15 north, 2 east, now Andover. In the fall Mr. Butler gathered in the first crop of sod corn raised in the county.

Now I go back to Green and Rock Rivers, to the township of Colona and Hanna, where the settlers during 1835 and 1836 seemed to come in the most rapidly. The people wanted to settle near some great thoroughfare, and the Mississippi River was only a dozen or fifteen miles away, while Rock Island was a good prospective market, and a business center from which their supplies could be purchased until crops could be raised. Lands in that region were looked upon as more valuable than in the interior or eastern part of the county. Some of our wisest and best men believed that Rock River would be made navigable by the general government. So that for a great part of the year steamboats would be busy on that river carrying freight and passengers

Even Charles Atkinson, who was counted one of the coolest and wisest men among the new settlers in the county, was very enthusiastic in that belief; so much so that he even located in the little village of Cleveland on Rock River and established a ferry across the river there. Atkinson and George Tyler, who was also a clear-headed business man, started a store at Cleveland. They had great expectations that a city might grow up there. The Indians had for years camped there and the wild grass had given place to blue grass. The new houses were neatly made and daubed with lime and mortar in place of mud. Mrs. Atkinson and Mrs. Tyler were refined ladies; their pleasant homes stood on the very borders of the swift and beautiful Rock River. All in all, Cleveland was an attractive little village and it was quite a stirring place too; especially after James D. Tabor, who resided there, was elected sheriff. Another town was laid out about the same time as Cleveland and called Dayton. It was about two miles away, near Green River, and was owned mainly by George Brandenburg, who opened a good hotel for those days. Dayton was on the main road of Rock River and, I may say, to Chicago, so that Brandenburg did a good hotel business. Both the landlord and the good landlady were admirably adapted to their work and as some others located in Dayton and opened a store there was some rivalry between the two towns. No one could have been made to believe that in about twenty years the Chicago and Rock Island railroad company would be running

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daily trains within about two miles of those towns and the railroad town of Colona would kill both the others. But thus it happened.

The river road running up from Dayton followed a sand ridge between Rock River and Green River. John Pryor Hanna settled on this road half a mile or so from Dayton and was quite a prominent man in the early settlement of the county. Near by Mr. Hanna's lived a half-breed Indian named Antoine. Phillip K. Hanna settles a little to the north on Rock River bottom, where he had a very valuable farm. The people came in rapidly. Among them were Colbert, Withrows, Penny, Van Winkle, Britain, Sullivan, McHenrys, Aldrich, Goyer. In other directions in the vicinity were the Washburns, Marshalls, Saunders, McCulloughs, Davenports, Harper, Allan and others. In the course of one year beginning in the fall of 1835, agents for five colonies from New York and New England states made large purchases of land in Henry county and I am quite sure that in the main this was done with the best intentions and in expectation of settling the lands themselves.

The first of their purchases was made at White Oak Grove, the colony securing all the best timber of that grove and the prairie surrounding it, fifteen or twenty thousand acres in all. The committee of purchase consisted of the Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury and two others by the names of Pike and Slaughter. They also bought out the Mr. Butler before mentioned who had a house and some farm implements. This company soon laid out a large village plat and named it Andover, and in 1836 the people came on in good faith to settle upon those lands. Rev. Mr. Pillsbury cast in his lot with the early settlers; he was an energetic good man and was in the prime of life. I am sure he had the best motives in leaving his Long Island home where he was commanding a large salary as a preacher. I think his aims were no less than to make Andover a great center for the higher education and perhaps he looked forward to a theological school equal to that of Andover, Massachusetts. I shall speak again of Mr. Pillsbury and the colony further on.

Another colony purchase of lands in March of 1836, was at the Big Brown Grove and comprised something over one hundred quarter sections. The committee of purchase was this same Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, Colonel Sylvester Blish, the grandfather of Attorney James K. Blish of Kewanee, and as a third Elizur Goodrich, who was a good surveyor in Wethersfield, Connecticut, and was added to the committee to help locate lands by means of his compass and chain. I knew him in Connecticut. He was a band box, kid glove sort of man, and amounted to but little on the committee except as surveyor. His judgment of lands was of little value for he constantly objected to the entering of those choice lands in Wethersfield and Kewanee townships, which have since made many a man rich. Both Pillsbury and Blish told me that Goodrich declared those lands would not be settled in a hundred years. The committee finally carried home some thousands of the dollars they had brought to spend when for every thousand dollars fine quarter sections of that fine land could have been purchased. Wethersfield village was soon laid off into lots. In about one year after Goodrich made his hundred years prediction my own was one of a number of families residing at Wethersfield, and my own were among several teams which were turning the prairie sod.

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The Geneseo colony came in the same year and made their purchase. John C. Ward, Roderick R. Stewart, and others were among the purchasers and settlers. This same year, two more large colony purchases were made, one at Morristown with Chas. Oakley at the head of it, and a good deal of money backing it. Only two of the stockholders settled there, namely, Joshua Harper and Charles W. Davenport, Sr. LaGrange was the other colony whose projectors located their lands in either Osco or Western townships. Only two of the stockholders ever occupied their lands namely, Alfred Buel and Mr. Wells.

NO LUXURIES IN THOSE DAYS.

Period When Times Were Truly Hard in Kewanee and Burns.

STRIKING CONTRAST WITH PRESENT.

No Money Circulated in the Years of Which Mr. Little Tells.

I spoke in my last letter of the Burns people as the "average of the people," the "common people." With honorable exceptions, I have found in that class the happiest and truest men and women. From 1837 to 1850 the times were hard, yes, pinchingly hard. The Burns people lived frugally and denied themselves many of the luxuries of life. Many of them found it necessary to work for others to help themselves and their families. Wm. Carson would hew timber, John L. Doty would make rails at one dollar per hundred, and the Otis boys worked out frequently through the summer.

There was no public school money for them at the early settlement, but their children must have a common education at least. So they joined together at quite an early time and had their private school. I have the record before me that the first schoolhouse was built in Burns in the spring of 1840. Miss Jane Venom taught the first school in 1840. The second school taught in Burns was by Miss Flora Newton in 1841. The record says the third school taught was by Henry G. Little in 1843-44. Also the fourth school was taught by Henry G. Little in 1844-45, and no one can remember that better than myself, and I fully agree with the record. I have no knowledge how they employed those first teachers, but I do know how I was employed and paid. I was well acquainted with those early settlers. I had done surveying for them and as justice of the peace made deeds and other instruments of writing. In some way they knew I had been a school teacher in Connecticut. It seems they got together and talked it up and sent Wm. Carson down to see me. He said they had no money to pay, but plenty of muscle out in Burns and were ready to do hard work, and as they knew I intended to make rails to fence in fifty acres that winter, they offered to pay my entire salary in making rails at one dollar per hundred. It all looked favorable except the distance I must ride morning and night. He said I could have dinner at any of their homes. So it was left for consideration.

Now I will digress to tell you that "Uncle Billy Carson" as they called him, came down on foot with his rifle. I asked why he did it, he said he would go home through the woods and might see a deer. He left in less than an hour before sundown; before dark he returned in great haste and said he had shot three

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deer and wanted my team to take them home lest the wolves should find them during the night. The horses were harnessed in five minutes and he was off for the woods, but returned a little after dark and unloaded the best deer, a gift for myself, and went on. Such is a specimen of the generosity, kindness and good neighborly feeling of the early settlers.

The boys came down to see me and some of them were grown, and urged me to take the school, and the bargain was finally concluded and school was to commence on a specified day in a hewed log house in the Carson settlement. It was fitted up for the occasion. The morning came. I found the scholars at the house ready to receive me. Some were grown to men and women, graded down to quite small children. Then commenced a more intimate acquaintance with those young people of whom I have only pleasant recollections, and for two winters pleasant employment. I herewith give the names of my pupils in the Burns school as I remember them, and am also aided by one of the scholars. Wilson, Margaret, Donaldson, Elizabeth, Polly, Wilson second, Rachel, Robert, Timothy, Jane (now Mrs. Houle), Alexander, Mary Ann Carson;Emnass, Hilemon, Merrill, Jacob, Morilla, Susan, Harrison Otis; Jane and Wm. Leonard; Nathan Cross, David Cosner and Timothy Doty. Hugh G. Carson was in school more or less and always at the spelling school. Emily Doty also and probably a few others. All seemed to enjoy their work and I am sure I tried to inspire in them an ambition to make the most of themselves and think I succeeded at least to some extent.

I often gave them spelling schools in the evenings which were orderly and profitable. The older people often came in and joined us. At the end of my two years teaching I can say I never had better spellers, not even in Connecticut. And as a whole good progress was made, and an ambition on the part of some for a higher education. A few years later when one of those girls was to be married, she requested that I should perform the ceremony, which I did by authority of being justice of the peace, and gave the lady the marriage fee. She was Elizabeth Carson. I would be glad to speak of these scholars, each one particularly. But it does not seem best and to single out a few would be a seeming injustice to the others. But I will venture to say John—Wilson was a brilliant scholar for his advantages and I feel no one will feel jealous if I close with a little story about one of my smallest boys; he was Jacob Otis. A little fellow but very studious. He sat on a low seat and studied all the time and made fine progress for one of his age. After my second year's school, in a measure I lost sight of him for he was away at school as some of the other boys were. Finally Jacob was for a time at Knox college, and then a Baptist minister, settled at Greenwood, Iowa, and I heard good reports of him. Some six years later I was in Glenwood for the night and at evening inquired where Mr. Otis resided, my landlord said, he is now at the evening prayer meeting. I at once went to the church and being rather late took a back seat, and there heard my former pupil speak in his religious meeting. When the audience rose to receive the benediction, Mr. Otis recognized me and at the close came to me at once, and took me forward and introduced me to the deacons and the people and told them the story of his being my pupil. He said that it was while attending my school that he first gained an inspiration to make the most of himself.

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He said so many kind things that I must have blushed, but I felt I had not lived wholly in vain.

Now about that rail making. In the spring, on the day fixed to begin the work, all the patrons of the school with young men and boys appeared on the timber lot. Every man had the number of rails that fell to his lot to make. They all began to fell the best trees at the same time, and down they did fall with a crash every few minutes. Every man marked his trees. Finally the rail making commenced by a dozen or more men. It went on lively; it was a picnic. In a few days the work was completed, by making four or six thousand good rails with some hauling and the contract was honorably executed. I look back upon my Burns school with pleasure. It is now fifty-six years ago. I remember how kindly the scholars invited me home to dinner or supper when we were to have an evening spelling school, and I was made so welcome that I was quite at home in all the families. Those were happy days.

MANY INTERESTING FACTS FOR THE OLD SETTLERS OF CAMBRIDGE AND VICINITY.

(No. 4.)

For reasons given in my last letter many of those connected with the various colonies were never able to come in person to settle their lands. But a goodly number come to Andover, Wethersfield and Geneseo before the hardest stroke of the financial crash came, and they became permanent settlers. They were self denying, energetic, good men and women who brought their principles with them and to stay. In all the settlements, as soon as the little cabins were made comfortable for their family, the little log schoolhouse appeared, the Sabbath was observed by meetings in the small private dwellings. John F. Willard conducted the meetings at Wethersfield, reading a sermon and leading the other exercises. The people at Geneseo had their John C. Ward (of blessed memory) with Stewart and others to conduct their Sabbath services. Phillip K. Hanna and George Colbert were regular Methodist ministers in the northwest part of the county, and the Rev. Mr. Pillsbury dwelt at Andover. Thus we had religious meetings from the beginning of the settlement. Mr. Pillsbury preached a part of the time at Wethersfield, twenty-two miles from his Andover home. He generally walked over on Saturday and back home on Monday. There was neither house nor bridge on the way and he showed that he was a man of genuine pluck, by stripping off his clerical vestments and wading the Edwards River (not swimming it as the Henry county history has it). Mr. Pillsbury was about thirty-seven years old when he came to Henry county, of hardy New Hampshire stock, a self-made man of good ability and a thoroughly good man. His hopes for Andover were never realized but none of us can measure the value of his influence in the early settlement of the county. Soon after Mr. Pillsbury settled at Andover he married a second wife who was a daughter of Deacon Miller. They were blessed with a family of interesting children who are an honor to their parents.

Up to the fall of 1836 but little was said in regard to the judicial business of our county. We were simply attached to Knox county and their officers were

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our officers and none of them resided in Henry county except Arba M. Seymour, who made his home at Dayton with Brandenburg, but was busy all over the county. I was at Dayton in the fall of 1836 to obtain his services to survey out Wethersfield colony lands and the village, but was obliged to wait on him till the spring of 1837.

I first saw James M. Allan at Brandenburg's in 1836, he was a young man something more than twenty years old, intelligent and dignified. He had been reared in the state of Alabama, educated—in part at least—at Lane Seminary. What at first seemed in him a little haughty all wore away on acquaintance. From the beginning we were intimate friends till his life ended. At that meeting at Brandenburg's, the subject of having county officers of our own came up. Allan did not say then that he would make the first move in the matter; but as a matter of fact as early as January 1837 he started on horseback and went to Vandalia, the capital of the state, fully two hundred and fifty miles, and through the proper representation secured an enabling act from the legislature for the legal voters of Henry county to meet on the 19th day of June 1837, at the house of George Brandenburg's and organize the county. Mr. Allan did more; through his influence an act was passed on March 2, 1837, to appoint three commissioners to locate and establish a county seat for Henry county. The commissioners were Francis Voris of Peoria county, Jonas Rawalt of Fulton county, and Isaac Murphey of Warren county. Thanks are due to James M. Allan for his cold winter's ride. But for his prompt action the organization of the county would have been deferred two years. But some may say, Allan was figuring for the county seat. That is no doubt true, but he had no inside track; it was open to all equally.

You of Henry county today will never know the amount of hard work it took to save the fairest gem, Wethersfield township, from the Vandals at Vandalia at the session of the legislature of 1837. A near county called Coffee was all mapped out with Wethersfield a part of it. Now Henry and Knox counties must be canvassed and a remonstrance obtained from a majority of the voters and hurried to Vandalia to kill the bill. Who must do it? Well, we had a meeting at Wethersfield to decide. Howard says, "Henry G." must go. He has a good riding horse. So they all said but myself. But I dropped all business and was in the saddle for the next week or ten days canvassing mostly in Knox county. I might with propriety have been called "Boots and Spurs" and mud added. Parson Pillsbury, "Jim Allan" and the Hannas and others put in a laboring oar. William Dunbar of Lafayette, was with me a part of the time and did good work. The result was we killed the bill and saved to our grand county Wethersfield township. Two years later good Little Mollie Stark county was organized embracing the same territory except Wethersfield.

I first saw Joshua Harper at Dayton in 1837. He was then unmarried, tall and dignified, in every respect a most honorable gentleman, as I know from an intimacy and friendship of thirty and more years. In the fall of 1836 and throughout the year 1837 Andover was the busiest place in the county. There was already quite a large settlement and nearly all were opening farms. The company were building a saw and grist mill on the Edwards River, and Johnson was preparing to make brick. The citizens were active and energetic men with

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Pillsbury for a leader. Eben Townsend was among them, a venerable man who had retired from a New York business life. There was also good Deacon Burk. The Woolsey's, Deacon Miller, Jagger, Hoyt and Captain E. A. Mix who had been a sea captain from the age of twenty years. The last was then learning that Henry county hired men would not stand what his sailors had had to bear. Those first families who settled Andover were mostly well educated men and women. Doctor Shipman cast in his lot with them. Morcas B. Osborn and others I cannot now name. They had been used to the best society and the luxuries of eastern life. For a while they kept up good heart, but the times were hard and I saw many a homesick woman among them. In a few years many of these families returned east or went to larger places in the west. We all over the county were anxious for the completion of the Andover gristmill. It was finally completed, but before there was a bolt to make four teams stood there for their first turn. The first grist ground at Andover mill was wheat for Merrill Otis of Burns township. He took it home unbolted and the corn meal seive was used to take out the bran. There is a man still living who ate of the bread made from that first grist ground in Henry county. I think it was healthy, for the man now above seventy years old is today in good condition. He resides at Red Oak, Iowa. If we are at the next Old Settlers meeting I will introduce him as our mutual friend J. W. Otis.

In the spring and summer of 1837, Wethersfield was a busy place. The families of my father Abner B. Little and my brother William T. Little came in the early spring and my father spaded up and put in the first garden, and Wm. Tuttle turned the first furrow in Wethersfield. Soon C. J. T. Little and E. R. Wolcott joined the colony and the surveyor surveyed out the colony and the village of Wethersfield. Colonel S. Blish and his family, Wm. H. Blish and his family came in a few months later in their own conveyances from Connecticut. They knew of me and drove into my yard, and all were my guests for some weeks, in my sixteen by eighteen cabin. Charles C. Blish, then a lad of sixteen years, slept in their covered wagon with his little brother George beside him. I spent a night with the Geneseo colonists in June of 1837, and was entertained by Mr. Culver Bartlett who had a little cabin south of the center of town. I am sure they did the very best they could for me. They had come only in the fall before, and, like other new comers in a new country were short of provisions and conveniences. It troubled Mrs. Bartlett but not myself. Their only spare bed I occupied by going up a ladder into the cabin where I found a home-made bedstead and "prairie feathers." All there was then of Geneseo was a few little cabins, dotted about in the prairie grass, but they were filled with noble men and women.

In Pursuit of Criminals.

Flight and Capture of One of Henry County's First Murderers.

BROUGHT BACK AND SENT TO PRISON.

I take up the record of my experiences in the sheriff's office at the point where I left it in my last communication. Persons who failed to pay their taxes

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to the sheriff during his days of collection in the various parts of the county in the month of January, were required to pay at his office in Cambridge. The delinquent tax list was quite large and land was annually sold for taxes on the first Monday in June. The collection of taxes was no small addition to the proper duties of the sheriff, as matters were in those early days; nor were his duties light in connection with the regular sessions of the courts. There were two annual terms of the county court. The serving of papers, summoning of jurors and witnesses and waiting upon the orders of the courts fully occupied the sheriff's time, even though he had the assistance of a deputy for a large part of the year.

At the close of each term of court it became my business to take the prisoners to the state prison at Alton, a journey of some three hundred miles. As I have said, there were no railroads in those days. I several times took two or more prisoners alone in my buggy from Cambridge to Peoria on my way to the "pen" at Alton, and some of them were desperate characters. We had no jail and from the beginning I made it a point to treat my prisoners well, but to depend upon irons to keep them safe. In that way I lost no prisoner during my term of office. I had a two-seated buggy and always placed them on the front seat, with feet and hands shackled; then the two men were shackled together and by a chain their feet were made fast to the coupling pole. I took the back seat, with the lines passing between the men. There you have it as I rode in safety to Peoria.

I did not forget that I had received the entire vote of Lynn precinct when I was elected, because the people believed that I would find the murderer, Wilcox; and I remembered that my friend, Geo. B. Pillsbury, had virtually pledged me to do so. I must redeem that pledge. But it was not until the summer of 1851, after the taxes had been collected and paid over to the state and the county that I could leave for the search. Wilcox had been indicted for the murder committed in the county, near Lynn Grove, in the spring of 1850. It was not a premeditated crime, nor was Wilcox a really bad man; but he was at times a hard drinker, and when partially intoxicated, he had struck a man with a sled stake, killing him instantly.

A few days before I set out on my hunt, George Pillsbury came to Cambridge and told me that he had a clue. He had learned that Wilcox, when he made his escape from Henry county, went to Fulton county and got work at his trade—for he was a carpenter—with a man named McBroom, who was building a barn. I knew McBroom well. He lived four miles west of Canton. I felt sure that he would shield Wilcox if he could.

It was August when I started from Cambridge, taking my deputy with me. I had a span of good horses and I was ready for a long journey, if it should be necessary. We spent the first night at Knoxville, and the next day at noon we brought up at McBroom's place. He received me cordially and, in his free-hearted, hospitable way, urged me to stop over with him until the next day. I said nothing of my errand, nor did I even mention the office which I held. We had a general talk about matters interesting to us both, the new barn among other things. Meantime I kept my eyes and ears open. No light came to me

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denly to McBroom and asked, "Where did Wilcox go when he left you?" "I don't know," he said. I asked further questions in an indifferent way. Mr. McBroom admitted that Wilcox had worked for him for several months, and declared his hope that he would never be taken. I watched for another chance. Next morning while the good man of the house was attending to things at the barn, I made myself agreeable to the wife in the kitchen, as she fried the ham and eggs for our breakfast. At last I sprung the same question upon her: "Where did Wilcox go when he left here?" "I don't know," was the ready answer, and I thought I was baffled again. But a little girl of about ten summers, who stood by, spoke up quickly, "Why mother, don't you know, he went to Liverpool." The woman tried to hush the child, but it was too late, I had it. Liverpool was a coal mining town on the Illinois River, some twenty-five miles east.

Following this second pointer, we started soon after breakfast ostensibly for Canton, saying nothing to McBroom about Liverpool. Before noon I stopped and inquired of a German living about a mile from Liverpool whether he knew a man by the name of Wilcox in Liverpool. "No," he said, "But I know a man by the name of Cox, a carpenter, who used to live there. The news came that he had committed a murder up about Galena, and he left town about a week ago." I hastened on into the little mining town in the woods. I have seldom seen a rougher and tougher set of people than the inhabitants were; and so rude and wild were the surroundings that I thought a man could hardly find a better place to hide. I hardly dared to make any inquiries, but finally ventured to ask a mild mannered grocer about Cox. He knew him, and repeated what the German had told me. The man had gone about a week. I talked for some time with the grocer, and after gaining his confidence, asked him to quietly ascertain if he could, where Cox had gone. He went out among the men who had been the associates of Wilcox, and after a time returned with the information that the man sought had gone to Pekin, two miles up the river on the east side; and that he was seen a day or two before at the Red Jacket saloon. As there was no place in Liverpool for us to dine, we pushed on to Pekin.

After dinner we went to the court house, found the sheriff of Tazewell county and I told him my errand. "Your man is here," he said "and you shall have him." The deputy sheriff who was present confirmed the assurance. He knew that Wilcox was then at work upon a store just then being built on Main street. "Go and see if he is there now," said the sheriff. The deputy soon returned and reported that Wilcox was then beating a mortise in a long timber, and that he was the only man who wore a red shirt. We two sheriffs walked directly to the spot. I had never seen the murderer, but quickly identified him from descriptions given me, and introduced myself by reading to him the warrant for his arrest issued by Ben Graham, our circuit clerk.

The man undertook to lie his way out of it. He denied that his name was Wilcox, and that he had ever been in Henry county. I assured him that those questions might be put aside to be settled later but for the time being it would be necessary for him to obey my orders. Then he asked leave to see his family before leaving. I, of course, assented and accompanied him to his home. There he began to abuse his wife and to accuse her of giving information as to his

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whereabouts. I was obliged to protect the woman and put a stop to the abuse, while I assured my prisoner that I had received no intelligence whatever from his wife. She however, admitted to me that some times when her husband, in his intoxication had become violent to his family she had said to him that it would be better if the Henry county officers would come and take him away. Still it was amid the tears of wife and little girls that I finally led my prisoner away. To spare their feelings I did not put on the shackles until we had left his home. Not until I had the heavy irons securely locked upon him did I feel sure of my man. We spent the night at Peoria and the next day drove to Cambridge. The news of the arrest reached Lynn Grove on the day following, and George B. Pillsbury with at least half the men of the settlement came up to Cambridge to see their old neighbor. George was elated with results as he nodded his head, "I told you so."

At the next term of court, Wilcox was tried and sentenced to "the pen" for four or five years. Then I had another and a longer journey with him by my side; for it was my business to take the condemned criminals to the state's prison at Alton and deliver them over to the warden, who was at that time Samuel Buckmaster. I enjoyed my two years of service as sheriff and tax collector, and in spite of all the disadvantages of the circumstances, I was fortunate enough to lose never a prisoner or a dollar of the public money. I should have been pleased to serve a second term; for that, I was informed, was the wish of a large number of my constituents. But the new constitution of the state, forbade any man to hold the office of sheriff for two successive terms. Thos. F. Davenport, an honest and worthy man, was my successor. I had known "Tom" Davenport when a boy in his teens, and we kept up an intimate acquaintance until I left the country in 1867. He held a number of important county offices. Indeed so well pleased were the people with his services that from 1840 until he left for the war in 1861, they kept him in office a large part of the time. When Mr. Davenport returned from his four years of military service, broken in health, his business gone and I may say his property gone also, sorrow and disappointment followed him for the remainder of his life. He tried in vain to get into business. Misfortune succeeded misfortune. His wife died, his home was broken up; he became disheartened and finally went to the Soldiers' Home at Quincy, where he died. I wish some worthy and capable pen could portray for us the real Tom Davenport—the genial, attractive, useful man of the earlier days, before adversity came upon him. It would be well for this younger generation to know something of what is due to his memory for valuable services rendered to our country. The nation too, owes him much, for he gave in her time of need, all that he had.

J. F. Dresser was the next sheriff of our county. He kept his accounts accurately and did well in respect to the duties of the sheriff proper. At the end of Dresser's incumbency in 1856, a change took place in the county management. The township organization was adopted and the requirements of the sheriff's office were considerably diminished. So the early sheriffs of Henry county may be said to end with that date—1856.

Three of our early sheriffs were supplied by Kewanee and Wethersfield. They were M. B. Potter, who was number four of Henry county sheriffs; Henry

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G. Little, who was number five on the list; and H. W. Otis, who was number eleven. Mr. Otis is not considered among the early sheriffs, but he understood his business and did it promptly and well. He was always kind and genial and popular with the people. It is nearly thirty years since Red Oak, Iowa, has been his home, but he is often a visitor on the old Henry county grounds and in the homes of those he loved so well. No man ever left Henry county who loves it better than H. W. Otis, or who is more loyal to the home of his childhood.

Of the first fourteen sheriffs of Henry county, all are now dead but H. W. Otis and myself, unless I except Sniff, for I am not quite positive whether he is living or not.

Note by the Editor: The circumstance and date of ex-sheriff P. H. Sniff's death appears elsewhere in this volume.

(No. 5.)

The day appointed for the organization of the county by the legislature as stated in a previous letter is just at hand. It was for June 19, 1837, and that comes tomorrow, and I must go to Dayton to join with others in the duties of the day. So I cast about to see who would go with me. Not a soul of the legal voters could go from Wethersfield. But my brother, C. J. T. Little, who had been but two months in the state and hence was not a voter, would go to see the country. I had two horses but only one saddle, and not another was to be found in the settlement. But before night we had a bag filled with hay for a substitute, and were off early the next morning, and by changing saddles occasionally got along very well.

We rode from nearly the southeast to the northwest corner of the county, fully thirty miles without path or bridge, and arrived at Brandenburg's at eleven o'clock. The people were already coming in from the various settlements.

There were many ox teams in the county, but few horses and no buggies. Quite a number came on foot. I have regretted that some of the earliest settlers, and those among the best men of the county could not join in its organization. James Glenn was not there, John C. Ward and others from Geneseo were absent. From Wethersfield my father, Abner B. Little, John F. Willard, Sullivan Howard, Norman Butler and William T. Little, were voters, but they felt that they could not make that thirty miles journey without horses, or were absent for other good reasons. Some must go away for provisions. Others must make the cabin more comfortable for wife and children, or hurry up the slow ox teams to break prairie for a next year's crop. But still a goodly number arrived at Hotel Brandenburg where we were to dine and hold the election. It was one of those beautiful June days and we nearly all remained out of doors to become acquainted and talk up business. Seymour seemed to know all and gave the introductions. We were to elect officers after dinner, and I do not believe there was an office-seeker [illegible] to be a common interest for the best good of the

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to accept it. So we went on, and only for McCullough did I hear a word of electioneering, and that a simple recommendation.

I have said, or written, jokingly that the offices were parcelled out to the best looking men, and as I was not in that class I received no office. But the facts are, I am quite sure I could have been elected sheriff or county commissioner, and I think by an unanimous vote. I was the only representative of the entire east half of the county. But I could only say no to all requests to take an office. I was opening a new farm, was one of the agents for the Wethersfield colony lands and one of the committee to build the saw and grist mill at Wethersfield. I felt that I had business enough for one man twenty-four years old.

I think the election matters were nearly settled before dinner but we were not quite unanimous except on Seymour for surveyor.

Now the pleasant landlord, Mr. Brandenburg, came from the hotel and said, as was his custom, "Men come to your dinner." Mr. Pillsbury was escorted to the head of the long table and by request asked the blessing while we all remained standing with bowed heads. I cannot give the exact words of the parson, but they were much more numerous than usual in the blessing asked before meals. Indeed short, fervent prayer was offered that God would bless and guide the people in the duties before them, and that those who settled in that new county might be a God-fearing people, devoted to the cause of religion, education and temperance. I am sure that in heart, at least, all were ready to respond to the Amen. After all had partaken of a bountiful dinner we proceeded at once to the work before us. As the law was then we must vote *viva voce*. The officers to be elected were, three county commissioners, one recorder, one surveyor, one sheriff, one coroner. The clerk of the courts and the county treasurer were by law appointed by the commissioners. The election board was organized by electing John P. Hanna, Charles Atkinson and R. R. Stewart, judges, and James M. Allan and Arba M. Seymour, clerks. The first little poll books of Henry county were placed in the hands of the clerks. After all the officers had been duly sworn, a declaration was made that the polls were open to receive votes. Our landlord had the honor of casting the first vote. The following is a complete list of the names of the voters on that occasion:

George Brandenburg, Samuel Sullivan, David Wiley, Washington B. Colbert, Samuel Withrow, John L. Smith, Thomas R. Saunders, Smith Bennett, John M. Linn, Henry Sullivan, James Withrow, Neely Withrow, George A. Colbert, Edward C. Hall, Preston Browning, Alfred Berk, Geo. Tyler, George Gayer, Edward A. Mix, Thomas Miller, William Hite, Elisha Cone, Cromwell K. Bartlett, William C. Bartlett, William H. Hubbard, John Sullivan, Henry G. Little, Eben Townsend, Ithamar Pillsbury, Albert Jaggar, William S. Woolsey, Adrian Van Winkle, Alfred Ball, Thomas Glenn, Earl P. Aldrich, Stephen Marshall, Anthony Hunt, Solomon Penney, Caleb Pillsbury, Jesse Woolsey, William Potts, Samuel Clark, Jerome Brittain, Ebenezer Walters, Joshua Browning, George McHenry, Robert McCullough, James P. Dodge, William McNevin, Phillip K. Hanna, Joshua Harper, Rufus Hubbard, John P. Hanna, Charles Atkinson, Roderick R. Stewart, James M. Allan, Arba M. Seymour, Reuben Cone. Fifty-eight votes all told. The election resulted in the choice of Ithamar Pillsbury, Phillip K. Hanna, Joshua Browning, for county commissioners. Joshua Harper for recorder. Arba M.

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Seymour, for surveyor. Robert McCullough for sheriff and Roderick R. Stewart for coroner. Eight days after the election the county commissioners met at Dayton at the home of George Brandenburg and being duly qualified there opened the first county commissioners' court in Henry county. They appointed James M. Allan, clerk, and Charles Atkinson, county treasurer. All the officers then elected with two exceptions as the county clerk and the treasurer, who received their office by appointment, resided in the northwest part of the county. The exceptions were Mr. Pillsbury of Andover, and R. R. Stewart, of Geneseo. On that day the wheels of government in Henry county began to move. And for more than two generations they have moved on without friction. May they thus continue until human government shall end.

(No. 6.)

I find I have written five full letters in giving a description of Henry county as it was originally and something of its history, in which I had the honor to be one of the actors, up to the time of its organization on June 19, 1837. It has given me great pleasure to go over the ground again. I have in a certain sense, lived the life of my young manhood over. I have in imagination been back in the dear old county, working so harmoniously with the early settlers to lay good foundations for ourselves and those who should come after us. Did we have hardships in those days. My answer is, yes and no. We were nearly all young or in the prime of life, strong and healthy, with bright hopes before us. It is true we met with what would be called today hardships and privations. But there was so much to encourage us that we could see by the eye of faith into the better future, and we were "all in the same boat." So we laughed at the temporary trials. The broad acres stretching far as the eye could reach and which any one might have for the trifle of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, and make for himself farm and home, certainly had an exhilarating influence. There was a oneness, a friendliness towards each other. All were happy and eager in their work for home and for our new county,and the joy of present achievement with buoyant hope for the future overbalanced all hardships.

The writing of those fifty-eight names one by one as they voted at that first election to organize the county, has in imagination brought the faces of that noble band of men afresh before me. For the moment I seemed to see them just as they appeared on that day. The delusion soon vanished when I remembered that since that took place sixty-two years have passed and that fifty-seven of those noble men have finished their earthly course and passed from human sight, while I alone, an old man eighty-six years old, am left to tell the story. As I write this morning I am filled with a degree of sadness and loneliness, and have asked myself whether there was not a duty resting upon me to speak in their behalf. Not that those men, our first voters, were more worthy than the other early settlers; but it is the simple fact that those fifty-eight men are they who did first vote and organize the county and set its wheels of government in motion.

In the long ago I sometimes asked favors of the people of Henry county, and so far as I can remember they were always granted. When I asked to represent

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jority of the votes, and they sent me to Springfield. My county also kept me in positions which called for hard work, such as the presidency of the Agricultural Society in the early days of its existence, in which I hope I did my whole duty. Remembering these things, I do with more confidence ask in behalf of the fifty-seven men named that some little thing at least shall be done to perpetuate their names and their art as organizers of the county. I will make a suggestion, that a card be gotten up in a tasteful manner, say twelve by eighteen inches in size, and on that card shall be printed, the date and place of that first meeting, the names of the members of board of election, and of the voters in their order, with those of the officers elected, and the clerk and treasurer appointed by the supervisors. I would recommend that this card be framed, and hung in one room at least, in each of the school houses in the county. It were better if the pupils of the schools should contribute of their pennies for the frame, and so create a feeling of interest ownership. This would serve to perpetuate the names of the actors and fix in the minds of the pupils an item of history. The whole matter would be inexpensive. If I could visit the schools and tell the pupils the story of the settlement of the county and anecdotes connected therewith, I think an enthusiasm would be created for the work. I feel quite sure if such a card should be gotten up it would find its way into dwelling houses and offices. (Count me in for half a dozen.) A similar card was prepared for the members of the legislature of 1856, giving the names of all the state officers and members of the senate and house of representatives. Many of them were well framed and I occasionally see them hanging on the walls of houses, etc. In making this suggestion I do not think it would in the least conflict with the monument plan now in the hands of a committee of which Judge Waite is chairman.

If there is a better way to accomplish the object named, let it be suggested.

In my next letter I intend to begin at Richmond, the first county seat, and follow up the seat of justice until the "Ark" rests at Cambridge.

(No.7.)

The organization of Henry county was on the 19th day of June, as before stated. During the same month the county commissioner's court met at the house of George Brandenburg's, and among their first acts it was ordered that the courts be held at the house of said Brandenburg in the town of Dayton until a permanent seat of justice should be located and suitable buildings erected for their accommodation. The court also divided the county into five road districts and appointed supervisors of the same as follows: For No. 1, John P. Hanna; No. 2, Albert Jagger; No. 3, John F. Willard; No. 4, John C. Ward; No. 5, Neely Withrow. At the same term of court the county was divided into five precincts for election purposes, and places designated for holding elections, which were as follows: Precinct No. 1, at George Brandenburg's; No. 2, at the Company House at Andover; No. 3, at the house of Henry G. Little; No. 4, at John C. Ward's; No. 5, at Joshua Browning's. Two justices of the peace were to be elected in each precinct, also two constables. The elections were to be held in the month of August annually.

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In due time the commissioners appointed by the legislature to locate a county seat, for Henry county met at Dr. Baker's, the place prescribed by the act. There they met a delegation from Andover, and all proceeded to Dayton, where they met James M. Allan. Mr. Allan had, in company with Gilbert—C. R. Mitchell, bought the southeast 17 16-3 Munson township, where they had staked out a new town and christened it Richmond. They now proceeded to Geneseo. Then commenced the "tug of war" between Andover, Geneseo and Richmond for the seat of justice. At that time Geneseo had the advantage in the number of inhabitants, and I may say influence also; but its location was too far north, especially when the map showed so much cut off from the natural boundary of the county by Rock River, and so much swamp land then undrained on the northeast. The commissioners next went with Mr. Allan to the town of Richmond, located on that high beautiful prairie in Munson township. There was no house within a distance of several miles, but it was a very central location. Mr. Allan offered to deed to the county one hundred and twenty acres of the one hundred and sixty for his Richmond quarter section if the county seat should be located there.

That was considered a liberal offer and doubtless had its influence in deciding the question. The county was new and the roads were not yet located to any considerable extent. They would be run to the county seat wherever it might be. After considering the matter the commissioners decided in favor of Richmond. They were in the county from the 3rd to the 6th of October, 1837, on their mission. During the same month Allan and Mitchell made a deed to the county commissioners for the one hundred and twenty acres of the town of Richmond, so we had a county seat located. Our county court lost no time in their efforts to have the town properly surveyed into lots and streets and a public square. Allan had his forty acres laid out in the same manner.

During the same month arrangements were made with George Harris to build a hotel to accommodate the people who might assemble at the next June meeting of the court. A bonus of three lots was given him and he went forward with his work with energy and promptness. The sale of lots began, the price fixed was for the best lot fifty dollars, for second best twenty-five dollars. It was also ordered at the December term of court, 1837, that propositions would be received to build a temporary court house, eighteen by twenty-four feet, one and one-half stories high. The contract was awarded to George Harris. There was also a sale of lots ordered for the next June, and notice of the same was published in Chicago, Galena, Canton and Peoria papers. It was now settled that we were to have a county seat in fact, and nearly all were satisfied with the location, and were pleased to see the first building going up. Lots were being sold at private sale and some were preparing to become residents of the new town. Temporary roads from various directions pointed towards Richmond. Andover sawmill was kept busy to supply the demand for lumber. The lots sold were not very numerous, presumably on account of the hard times that came down upon us in 1837, and grew more severe in 1838.

The house erected by Mr. Harris was large, thirty-six by forty feet and two

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At the June term of the commissioners in 1838, the faith of the county was pledged to return the money to the purchasers of lots if the county seat was removed.

In August of 1838 the term of office of all the county commissioners expired, and while I heard no complaint against them, an entire new set of men were elected, namely: Colonel Sylvester Blish, of Wethersfield; Marcus B. Osborn of Andover; and John P. Hanna of Colona. Up to this time there had been no circuit court held in the county, and as there were a few civil cases and two criminal cases awaiting the courts, an order came from the capital of the state for Judge Ford to hold regular terms of court in Henry county. At the January term of court steps were taken to build a jail, and a contract was awarded to the same energetic builder, George W. Harris, to have it completed on the following September, but for reasons to be given hereafter, the jail was never built.

The first circuit court held in Henry county was in April, 1839, in the town of Richmond, Judge Ford presiding, and James M. Allan being clerk. The little eighteen by twenty-four court house was not quite completed, but was so near it that the court was held there. Neither was Harris' house finished but it answered to entertain all who attended court.

The story has gone the rounds for these sixty years that at the first court in Henry county, there being no jury rooms, the grand jury sat on the side of hay stack, the pettit jury on the other. I suppose it is now considered by many as a story of doubtful authenticity. But such is not the fact, it is the simple truth, as I can testify from being one of the jurors. The constable was ordered to take us to some convenient place and keep us safely, and the opposite sides of the haystack were the best to be found. So there we sat in the April sun and attended in all seriousness to our duties. We all seemed to feel that by the next term of court the people could be well accommodated at Richmond with the hotel finished, a courthouse completed and a jail for the prisoners. In addition to these buildings there would be a number of dwelling houses. Mr. Allan was now clerk of both courts, and he was to take up his residence there. But we were all doomed to disappointment. The very next month, May, 1839, a coal of fire dropped from the kitchen stove through a crack in the loose floor into the shavings underneath, and soon the blaze was beyond control, and the hotel built under so many difficulties, was going up in smoke and down in ashes. The few men there did what they could to save the valuables in the house, and none worked better than the two prisoners. The courthouse was near by and that was soon on fire and nothing more could be done but to look and see the last of Richmond's buildings, except the stable, vanish. The fire was seen at quite a distance. Two boys, then some ten or a dozen years old, stood on a high point of land in Burns township, and, as one of them told me recently, they could see the fire distinctly and knew it must be at Richmond. Those boys still live in the persons of Hugh G. Carson and W. W. Otis.

I have read in the history of Henry county, that in December, 1838, the county commissioners passed an order that at all county elections "the people shall assemble at the county seat to vote." I do not deny the statement, but have not recollection of it. Of the two prisoners who were guests at Norse's Hotel

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in irons, one took a change of venue to some other county, and the other made his escape from Sheriff Tabor on his way to jail at Knoxville. The clerk, James M. Allan, gathered up the records and all the county effects and took up his quarters at Geneseo. By a special act of the legislature that became the legal place for holding courts, and the dwelling houses of the officers the legal places for holding their offices. That first large schoolhouse at the northeast corner of the public square in Geneseo, gave good accommodations for the times as a court-room. The people of Geneseo very well accommodated those who attended court by their hotel and private residences. And here in the goodly town of Geneseo, rested the "Ark" containing the archives of the county until the spring of 1842.

(No. 8.)

The people of the county were becoming satisfied with Richmond as the county seat. But when it was destroyed by fire in May of 1839 all the old opposition to the location was aroused. Harris was not able to put up new buildings and no one else dared undertake it. Geneseo gave good accommodations for the courts for the times, the best the county ever had until the new courthouse was built and accepted in July, 1845. For the remainder of this letter, I can give nothing more appropriate than a copy of my own letter published in the Arena of Geneseo, August 5, 1897, which I herewith append:

The development of the west was sharply checked by the fearful financial crash of 1837, and Henry county suffered with the rest of the country. Settlement went on, indeed, but very slowly. Money grew more and more scarce, and "times" were harder and harder. Corn was worth but ten or twelve cents a bushel; wheat was forty cents, but it must be delivered at the river towns; dressed pork brought in the market from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per hundred weight. To many settlers the arrival of a letter from the beloved eastern home—an event dreamed of and longed for with the homesick longing which the pioneer knows so well—brought a burden almost too heavy to be borne in the twenty-five cents of postage which must be paid on delivery. Yes, the people were poor in those years—we were very poor, if lack of money and luxuries constitutes poverty. But I do not think we felt poor. Certainly we were not unhappy. It seems to me that we were rich; rich in love and neighborly kindness; rich in our equality of condition and the warm sympathy which resulted; rich in aspiration for the best things in life; rich in our high hopes, which never failed us, for the future of the great west and of our own community; rich in the common joy of overcoming difficulties, of subduing the wilderness and bending the forces of nature to our will.

I speak of what I know. For the first thirteen years of my Henry county life I was as hard working a farmer as any on the ground, and I do not forget the hardships, the privations and the severe labors in which we all shared. I have

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were abundant and the skilled hunter could easily supply his own and his neighbor's table with wild game. There were mighty nimrods in those days among us, who brought in ample store of game; and, as in the days of the Apostles, such things were common.

It was rumored that upon the "bottoms" of Green and Rock rivers there were droves of wild hogs which might be reached by the hunter's rifle, and many a colonist smacked his lips at the thought and longed to tickle his palate once more with the savory taste of fresh roast pork.

In one of their foraging excursions upon Green River bottoms certain Geneseo hunters sighted, as they supposed, a half dozen of those wild hogs. Giving eager chase they discharged their pieces in swift succession until the whole herd lay dead at their feet. Then, much elated with the day's success, they made haste to secure teams and deliver their prey in town, where the game was to be dressed and made ready for the common partition.

But this is not all of the story. It happened that not long before this Solomon Penney had moved from southern Illinois (from White county, I think) and had driven all that distance a few cattle and half a dozen of the better breed of swine. He settled on Rock River, north of Geneseo, and having neither pastures nor pens, his hogs soon strayed away. Supposing them likely to have taken the back track toward the old home, all hands turned out to hunt the missing grunters along the route. Deflecting their course by way of Geneseo to make inquires, they rode up to the home of one of the most prominent men of the town. There was an unusual stir about the premises, an air of important business afoot pervaded the neighborhood. Quite a number of men were busy dressing swine, some were scalding, some scraping, all with a pleased expression of agreeable anticipation upon their features. A horrible dread crept into poor 'Uncle Sol's' mind, and every moment the conviction grew stronger that here, before his astounded eyes, his own choice porkers lay dead at the hands of his predatory neighbors. He promptly claimed them as his own; but, alas, they were too far on the road from swine to pork for absolute identification by himself or his men, positive as was their feeling upon the matter. The parties in posession as fully believed the animals to be of a wild breed and theirs by the prowess of the rifle.

Out of this difference of opinion grew the first strongly contested lawsuit in the county. It was tried at Geneseo, in the old schoolhouse at the northeast corner of the public square, for there the county seat, in the course of its perambulations, was just then resting. Judge Thomas Ford presided, and the case occupied nearly all the time allotted to Henry county for two or three terms of court. Solomon Penney sued for damages from those whom he accused of killing his hogs, though there was never a breath of suspicion of intentional wrong. The case was entitled,

Solomon Penney
vs.
Roderick R. Stewart, et al.

and a large number of the colonists were made parties to the suit.

Henry county was then entitled to a three days' term of court twice a year, and this famous case so completely filled the time for several terms without

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a verdict having been reached, and both the judge and all others interested became impatient that the matter should be disposed of in some way.

Things were in this condition when I found myself impaneled on the jury to try the case once more. Knox and Drury of Rock Island, were attorneys on one side, while N. H. Purple, of Peoria, advocated the other side. The jury was composed of young men—I think all were under thirty years of age—and the wearied judge said to the bailiff, when the trial ended, "Take this jury to some convenient place; give them nothing to eat or drink—water excepted—till they shall agree upon a verdict, unless by order of the court." An appeal to the judge for supper had no effect. When we had agreed we might eat, not before.

The bailiff was a new man, and rather verdant as to his constable's duties, but he kept that jury securely in the schoolhouse through that long night. A memorable night it was too. We soon found out that we stood ten for plaintiff and two for defendant. The two men were a Mr. Gould, of Andover, and Jasper Thomas, a noted muskrat trapper, who lived northeast of Geneseo, near the "big slough." The hours of that dark, hungry night wore slowly away, and all our discussion left us just where we started—ten to two. We sent the constable to wake up the judge and tell him that though the jury was starving they could not agree. The reply of the judge was: "Give them nothing but water." Then we went desperately to work with all our united force to bring over Jap Thomas; but to all our arguments he had but one reply: "I know such good men as Roderick R. Stewart, John C. Ward, Philo Ward, the Manvilles, Cones and Bartletts, would never take Sol. Penney's hogs."

Our famished condition and the judge's independence to our appeals finally overcame our sense of propriety and respect for the powers that were, and if anybody had accused us of "raising Cain" for the balance of that night I doubt if we could have successfully defended ourselves against the charge. Every hour we obliged our inexperienced constable to go over to the judge's room wake him up and ask for instructions, always adding that the jury were starving. He remained inexorable, but I wonder that he did not send us all to jail for contempt of court.

When it was nearly morning, Gould at last came over to the ten, and went beyond us all in abusing Thomas for his stubborness. But the whole eleven could do nothing with him. He refused even to talk. In our desperation a bright thought suddenly flashed into the head of one of us. We concluded that we might agree to disagree. So we made up our verdict and sent our long-suffering bailiff once more to rouse the judge with the information that the jury had agreed, and were starving. "Very well" said he, "tell them to seal up their verdict. Give them their breakfast, and bring them into court at eight o'clock.

The hotel tables were always crowded during the sessions of court, but no one could stand before our wild rush for the first seats; and we made the supplies disappear with the celerity and a thoroughness which must have made

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ment and read deliberately. "Solomon Penney vs. Roderick R. Stewart, et al. We, the jury in the above cause agree to disagree." There was dead silence in the room. All eyes were fixed upon the judge in expectation of judicial severity mete for such audacity. No doubt he felt that the majesty of the law was outraged in his person, but he restrained his wrath and calmly ordered the jury to retire for further consideration. Having had our breakfast, we did not mind, but we made no headway against the settled convictions of Jasper Thomas. When noon came we were discharged, and the judge left for Rock Island. At the next term of court Solomon Penney secured a verdict for small damages, and this historic case was at last settled.

(No. 9.)

Although there was, for the times, good accommodation at Geneseo for the business pertaining to the county seat, the people very early after the destruction of Richmond by fire expressed their fears lest Richmond should be rebuilt and remain the county seat. The people on Rock River moved first in the matter. Within a month after the destruction of Richmond they held public meetings and passed resolutions in favor of removing the county seat from Richmond, and petitioned the county commissioner's court to call a convention of the people to take action in the matter. George Tyler was secretary of one of those Rock River meetings. I have before stated that Charles Atkinson and George Tyler, who lived on Rock River at Cleveland, were so enthusiastic as to be quite carried away with the great prospect of Rock River being made navigable, and our county being so near the Mississippi River they felt sure that the county seat in its relocation should be near the west side of the county, and that Cleveland was the best place.

Charles Atkinson was a long headed man and a good talker and carried influence with the people. Tyler was also a man of influence, both of these gentlemen had their business and their all at Cleveland, and were very persevering in their efforts to bring the county seat there, or at least near as possible. They spoke of Sterling being the county seat of Whiteside county on Rock River very near its border, and on the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers the county seats were all located on their waters. And the waters of Green and Rock Rivers with the timber skirting their borders, offered untold advantages for the county seat over the bleak prairies of the center of the county.

These gentlemen had an influence upon those living in the northwest part of the county but failed to convince those living in the center and eastern parts of the county.

The Andover people also very soon after the destruction of Richmond petitioned the commissioners to call a county convention for various purposes, but the removal of the county seat seemed to be the most prominent one. This petition was signed by a number of the Andover people. Among the names was that of Joseph Tillson, a strong, level headed man from about this time a prominent figure in the county for the next quarter of a century. There were various reasons set forth by the citizens of Andover why the county seat should be removed from Richmond. Among them were, that it was remote from

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timber and that there was strong objections to the location from the beginning on the part of a large proportion of the people. The subject of water power too entered into the controversy. The Andover people were beginning to value the Edwards water power which turned their saw and grist mill, and if even the little, sluggish Edwards cut quite a figure at Andover, why should not the beautiful, clear, rapid Rock River at Cleveland be considered in the discussion.

The Andover people set forth two other reasons why the county seat should be removed which did not give weight to their petition, namely, that Richmond was not on any direct route of travel. That was true but roads were soon made wherever the people settled. The last reason had no force in the statement, namely, "that it was difficult to find suitable persons willing to reside there to hold the offices." Mr. Allan was clerk of both courts and was ready to take up his residence there as soon as the county had buildings. Tabor was sheriff and would follow up the county seat as long as he could keep the office. Mr. Harper was recorder and probably would decline to remove to Richmond, but C. W. Davenport was as ready to go there as he was to go to Cambridge when that was new, and where he made a good recorder for several terms. William Ayers and others of Andover were very active in this matter and their people had high hopes that by a second effort they could secure the county seat. The Geneseo people were quiet so long as the county seat rested there, but I am sure had an eye to securing it permanently when it should be relocated. And so far as they had accommodated the courts and people in attendance they made strong friends for that point. At the session of the legislature of 1839-40 an act was passed for relocating the seat of justice of Henry county, and commissioners were appointed for that purpose in the persons of Alexander Turnbull of Warren county, Miles W. Conway of Rock Island county and Harmon Brown of Knox county. They had full power to relocate the county seat and to name the town which should receive the honor. The commissioners met at Geneseo about mid-summer of 1840 and began the work assigned them. I am sure the people of Geneseo felt too confident that their own town would win the prize and did not press their claims at first as they ought, to make sure of success. They, however, made a generous bid in the offer of village property. But from what I know they did not make that full offer until the commissioners had substantially made up their minds to place the county seat elsewhere. I think at that early day the Andover people preferred the Morristown location to Geneseo, feeling quite sure that it never could remain long at Morristown, while at Geneseo it would be permanent.

The people of Morristown through their agents Charles Oakley and Joshua Harper offered a somewhat generous donation of one hundred and sixty acres of land and one thousand dollars in money for the county seat. Other persons than the agents of Morristown figured in this matter. Atkinson's and Tyler's hands were in it, to secure it at Cleveland or near there as possible, and Mrs. Tyler was as good a helper of her husband, as Mrs. John A. Logan was in elevating her husband to the United States Senate. Mrs. Tyler was a charming woman and had made a little paradise of her home at Cleveland on the very border of the beautiful Rock River. One of the commissioners, Miles Conway of Rock Island, was quite inclined toward a river location, having so long resided near

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the Mississippi that he felt somewhat lost when away from a water course. Atkinson and Tyler had not much to offer for a county seat at Cleveland. The commissioners finally accepted the offer from Morristown and located the county seat there. As soon as the decision was known over the county I am sure three-fourths of the people were greatly dissatisfied, and felt it would be only a matter of time until there would be another change. Morristown was about six miles from the northwest border of the county and about the same distance from the west line.

The courts were held at Geneseo through the year 1841. The first circuit court was held at Morristown in the spring of 1842 in the temporary buildings provided. The few residents near Morristown made hotels of their homes in court week. I remember being entertained, with others, by the Davenport family. Charles W. and Thomas F. were then young men and they made us very comfortable. The times obliged for a time to endure the inconvenience due to the unwise settlement of the great question of county seat location. To us residing at Wethersfield it required two extra days beside attendance at court to cover the distance both ways. Had the county seat been placed at Geneseo at the time it went to Morristown it probably would have been the county seat today.

(No. 10.)

The succession of letters I have written brings me now to the early forties. The people of today must not forget that the lack of timber to fence the prairie farms greatly hindered the settlement. Sod fence had been tried and proved a failure. Barb wire was then unheard of. Neither did the people dream that within fifteen years there would be two railroads running through Henry county bringing abundance of cedar posts and good fence boards. Although the timber of Barren Grove was all in the hands of private parties, some were selling a few acres of their superabundance of timber to new settlers and they ventured out on the prairie a little further every year. Finally William Stackhouse ventured a settlement at East Cambridge in 1841. He was the first permanent settler in that portion of the county. The same year Mr. Cady came with his large family and settled in Sugar Tree Grove. Alexander Showers and Norman Malcom settled there near the same time.

Joseph Perry, who had lived several years at Wethersfield, settled at East Cambridge in 1842. We at Wethersfield turned out two wagon loads of men to assist him in raising his house, as we had done for Stackhouse. In 1842 there came to East Cambridge Richard and James Mascall and George and Henry Reeves.

The Henry county history is at fault in saying Richard Mascall came to East Cambridge in 1840, he moved from Wyoming, Stark county, in the summer of 1842.

Now the settlement at East Cambridge had commenced in good earnest and during the next two years the land on the state road was all entered to Burns township line, and still further east, also north and south of the state road. I will here give the names of most of the settlers there previous to, and in the

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year 1844: Archimedes Hanan, William McAlister (the latter was killed in an Indian war in Oregon), Martin Fite, William Vincent. Mr. Roe and his son (who made lumber in the grove with a whip saw), John Jones, Henry and Charles Else. About this time Dr. Draper settled and practiced medicine at East Cambridge. Perhaps there were some others settled about the grove as early as 1844, if so, they will be noticed hereafter.

These new settlers knew there was a large quantity of timber in Sugar Tree Grove, but it is was patent land, and the owners did not appear. Some of it was owned by large land companies and some by unknown heirs of the soldiers of the war of 1812, and it is but fair to the settlers to say they hoped to find the owners and buy what timber they needed. It is not for me to hunt up evidence as to how those new settlers fenced their farms or where they found such good straight logs, as we helped to raise them into good log cabins. The people who settled East Cambridge were very industrious and energetic men, but generally poor, like the other new settlers. For some years their headquarters were at Wethersfield, that was their postoffice, their trading point, their gristmill and blacksmith shop. The times had settled down harder and harder, and there was established what was called "Sugar Tree currency" in the shape of shingles, in fact there seemed to be a general manufactory of shingles at the grove and they furnished most of the shingles that covered the buildings at Wethersfield. For the store bill, the blacksmith's bill and all bills the Sugar Tree people wanted to pay in shingles. I have no knowledge of where the shingle timber came from, but as I passed through the grove occasionally I could see a multitude of stumps and great openings where a year or two before was the very best of that patent timber. These men at East Cambridge soon opened their farms and had a surplus of corn but no sale for it, nor were they, in those early days, raising many hogs or cattle to feed, so they disposed of their corn as best they could. Joseph Perry sold one hundred bushels of corn and delivered it at Wethersfield for ten dollars, drawing it with an ox team. Hard as the times were, the people of East Cambridge soon had preaching and schools. Rev. Edward Otis of Burns township, a Baptist minister, preached the first sermon there at the house of William Stackhouse. The first school taught there was by Mrs. Charlotte Cross, wife of William Cross. The second school was taught by my sister, Miss Laura Ann Little.

In my next letter I expect to say something of the west end of Sugar Tree Grove.

(No. 11.)

I have sometimes wondered that our goodly county was kept intact and remained to us as it was originally. It is thirty miles square, except that portion cut off by Rock River. There were many conflicting interests within our own borders, and cravings for a part of our territory by those adjoining us. To cut up old counties and organize new ones was the order of the day. Those living the most remote from the center of their counties planned for new ones, by taking a portion of their own and some from their neighbors. "Little Mollie" Stark succeeded in doing so at a second effort by keeping hands off of Wethersfield town-

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ship. The county seat of Mercer county was on the Mississippi River up to 1856. When I had the honor of representing that county in the legislature together with Rock Island and Henry counties, I introduced the bill in February of 1857, that changed the location of their county seat from Keithsburg to Millersburg, where it remains today centrally located, and I think giving satisfaction to the people. I know there was quite a strong desire, especially on the part of some residing in the eastern part of Mercer county, to make a new organization from portions of their own and Henry and Knox counties. With all the differences of opinion in regard to the county seat of Henry county, the earliest settlers were united in saying "hands off" to one and all who would take from us the smallest portion of our territory.

The time came sooner than was expected to make a third effort for a new county seat more central than Morristown. Commissioners had been twice appointed by the legislature to select for us and locate a county seat. And both times they failed to satisfy a majority of the people. But for the unfortunate fire that destroyed Richmond so soon after a fair and comfortable beginning had been made by way of buildings. I have always felt that, it being so central and the county so new, roads would have centered there and soon a general satisfaction would have been given all the county.

I hardly need repeat that the second location at Morristown not only surprised but I may say, disgusted a large proportion of the intelligent people of the county. If we were to have another county seat it must be located in some more satisfactory way than by commissioners of legislative appointment, for the people as a body had lost all confidence in such commissioners. Just at this time Joseph Tillson proposed a plan, simple and direct, for the people to take the matter into their own hands and petition the legislature to locate the county seat on a part of section seven 15-3, near the west end of Sugar Tree Grove, having first secured a gift of the land for county seat purposes.

Petitions were drawn up and circulated in the various parts of the county for the purposes above stated. Joseph Tillson managed the whole matter to its completion. He was one of the ablest and most clearheaded men we had in the county, he was cool, self-reliant, and I may say bold and outspoken in all his movements, never resorting to anything like trickery to carry his points. Judge Tillson made his move at a most favorable time, as the people were all ready for a change. I felt sure at the time and believe now, if the people of Geneseo had made the first move by petition to locate the seat of government for Henry county at their town, they would have succeeded in their effort. But they made no move to oppose in that direction until the tide towards Cambridge had set in so strong it could not be turned. With the exception of a few men residing near Saxon, who desired to be attached to Stark county, nearly every voter in the south half of our county signed the petition for the Cambridge location. It required work to bring this about and rapid work to canvass the county and send the petition to the legislature in time for action at the session. For a time the people in the southwest part of the county hesitated in signing the petition, probably because of the sight of a new county in their vicinity, but in a special canvass that idea was given up and they cast their influence for the Cambridge location. Judge Tillson went in person with his petition to the northwest part of the county and re-

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turned with forty or more signers, some living not far from Morristown. George Brandenburg was among the signers. I never could account for their asking for the removal of the county seat from near their own homes, except as an act of justice to other parts of the county. The people of Spring Creek gave something of a helping hand to Cambridge so that there was a clear majority of the legal votes for that location. Joshua Harper represented us in the house and John Buford of Rock Island in the senate. The petition was sent to our senator by Judge Tillson, asking immediate action on his part. A bill was first brought before the senate for the relocating of the county seat of Henry county. It passed both houses on petition of a majority of the citizens of Henry county, and was approved by the governor February 21, 1843. The prompt action of Joshua Harper in removing the county seat from near his own home and against his personal interest, was a sample of the man, always honorable and true to all his trusts. James M. Allan, who was residing at Geneseo sent a remonstrance signed by the people of the north part of the county, to the legislature against granting the petition forwarded by Judge Tillson, and also asked the appointment by the legislature of a new commission to relocate the county seat, but neither prevailed. The Tillson petition was much the larger and seemed to fairly represent the wishes of the people.

Among the provisions of the bill in locating the county seat near Sugar Tree Grove were those that the courts should be held at Morristown till provisions should be made for holding them at the new location, and further that all lands and money received by the county in consideration of locating the county seat at Morristown should be returned to the donors.

(No. 12.)

Soon after the county seat was located at Cambridge a deed was given to the county by the owner, Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, for the land on the west part of section seven 15-3. There were about seventy-two acres, which had been designated in the petition and by the act of the legislature for the county seat.

The deed bears date April 19, 1843. The officers of the county court proceeded at once to lay out the town, and called a special meeting on June 9th for that purpose. Charles C. Blish, the county surveyor, was employed to survey and plat the town. And at the suggestion of Joseph Tillson, it was christened after that great seat of learning in Massachusetts, Cambridge. The surveyor handed in the very modest bill of fourteen dollars for his services.

For the amount of land owned by the county, the officers were liberal in making two public squares, that on the west, which was twenty by forty rods, was called court square; that on the east was twenty by twenty rods, and received the name of College square. Joseph Tillson was a literary man and the name given to the eastern public square evidently was at his suggestion. There were streets

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circulated, giving notice of a public sale of said lots on the 26th day of June, on the very easy terms of three payments, in six, twelve and eighteen months, in addition giving the purchaser the privilege of paying all in building material for a court house on or before September 1, 1843. There was a fair attendance on the day of sale. The full board of county officers were in attendance with George McHenry as auctioneer. The sale commenced, but with great caution on the part of the bidders. The first lot was sold to Joseph Tillson, for twenty dollars. At this public sale, twenty lots were sold, the lowest price paid was fifteen dollars, and the highest forty dollars. The low price for which those choice large lots were sold proved two things. First the very hard and depressing times, and second, the lack of confidence in the permanency of the county seat at Cambridge. From the day the county seat was located at Cambridge there was a feeling in the northern part of the county that it should be again removed farther to the north. This feeling increased when the Rock Island railroad was built in about 1855. And for some years it seemed to require all the skill of the leader, Joseph Tillson, to hold things steady at Cambridge. This unsettled state of things continued until the Rock Island & Peoria railroad passed through Cambridge, which seemed to settle matters.

The question who was the first settler of Cambridge has often been agitated. Within a year or two one of the Cambridge papers published an item of its early settlement in which it stated that Joseph Tillson was the first settler. This is a mistake I know of my own knowledge, and have the testimony of others, that whatever there may be of honor, attached to venturing out first as a settler in Cambridge, that belongs to John Russell, sometimes called "Lord John," after his distinguished English namesake. "Lord John" had some peculiarities, but he was an intelligent, good and true man. I knew him well when he lived in Burns at an early day, and until he left Cambridge for his Texas home. Up to the time of his death, some four or five years ago, Mr. Russell had a strong attachment for his Cambridge home. His memory was clear, and he never tired of talking of the early settlement of Cambridge. I have before me items taken by a friend in 1891, from Mr. Russell's statements which I believe to be absolutely correct. They only confirm my own knowledge of events and he gives additional items from which I make quotations. On the 26th day of June, 1843, John Russell bought at the sale of lots at Cambridge, lot number four, for the sum of twenty-three dollars, and within two weeks proceeded to erect a blacksmith's shop on the same. Richard Mascall drew the first load of logs for the shop. This was the first building material unloaded at Cambridge. When the shop was completed John Russell and his family resided there while he was building his house; which was located where S. D. Alfred's store now stands. This was the first dwelling house erected in Cambridge. The Russell family were the first residents there. Joseph Tillson moved from Andover to Cambridge a few months later and lived in the old court house until his own dwelling was erected. In the month of November or December of the same year, all residing in and about Cambridge became intensely interested in making Cambridge the county seat, in fact, as it was then only in name. The courts were to be held at Morristown until a building for court purposes was provided at Cambridge. If they only had the little courthouse which was at Morristown drawn over to Cambridge,

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courts would be held there. The following were the plucky men who got together and obtained permission of the county commissioners to move the court house thither: Richard Mascall, Elisha Attwater, James Mascall, Wm. Stackhouse, George Neeves, Norman Malcom, John Russell and perhaps some others. They gathered all the ox teams in and about Cambridge, with wagons, timbers, chains and whatever seemed necessary for the moving purposes, and proceeded to Morristown, expecting to put timbers under the building, load it on wheels, and move home rapidly. Being disappointed in this effort, they were not discouraged. By working all night they had runners under the building ready to start home in the morning. They made the move, but the building was heavy for their teams. They, however, made a good beginning and reached La Grange that day, and there left the building and returned home for a rest and additional teams to finish the job. One week later these men with others who, joining them, made a second effort to bring the court house to Cambridge. John Russell walked to Andover and secured from Erastus Buck three yoke of oxen for additional power in the moving. By night travel all were on the spot at the time agreed upon, and soon arranged three strings of ox teams. To guide the teams properly, the lead oxen of each string were hitched behind wagons drawn by horses. Three men drove the horses and the others were on foot. When the word was given all began to move on. Very soon there was a fall of rain followed by snow which made the runners slide easily and rapid progress was made. All were in fine spirits. A description given of the scene by one of the prominent actors says, "We went on whooping and hollowing and whipping up the oxen as we wended our way to the Hub. Before night we drove into Cambridge with flying colors and dumped the court house on just the right spot, at the southeast corner of College square north and across the street from the Alfred store." Fifty-six years have passed since that event happened, and from that day to this Cambridge has been the county seat.

(No. 13.)

The little court house removed from Morristown to Cambridge, answered its purposes well at the beginning, and was a great convenience to the early settlers. First, it gave a home to Judge Tillson and family. Second, the circuit and county courts were held there. Third, it was used for a schoolhouse. Fourth, all the religious denominations held their meetings there. Fifth, all lectures and political meetings were held at this little court house.

A grandson of the celebrated Peter Cartwright preached in that same court house. His was the first sermon delivered in Cambridge. Although the settlement of the county seat was very slow, yet some noticeable progress could be seen as time went on. Early in the year 1844 W. Augustus Ayers erected a house in Cambridge and added his influence to the building up of the town.

For a time after Cambridge became the county seat, none of the county officers resided there. Esq. Harper held the recorder's office at his home near Morristown. Major Allan was clerk of the circuit and county courts, his residence was at Geneseo, but he

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found who would accept the appointments. Mr. Harper appointed Charles W. Davenport as deputy recorder. He filled the office to the satisfaction of the people, not only as deputy, but was himself elected recorder for several terms. Mr. Allan appointed Thomas F. Davenport deputy clerk of the courts. Thomas was popular with the people and was elected several times county clerk. Lewis M. Webber was at that time sheriff and resided at Geneseo, and gave Cambridge the "cold shoulder." His deputy was M. B. Potter, residing at Wethersfield.

The first school in Cambridge was taught by Miss Mary A. Taylor in the year 1844. Miss Taylor afterwards became the wife of Charles B. Miner. The second school at the county seat was taught by my sister, Sarah F. Little, in 1845.

There were two great drawbacks to the more rapid settlement of Cambridge, viz: The need of a better court house, and a hotel. At the time of holding courts some of the lawyers and perhaps the judge went to the Woolsey hotel at Andover. Others went to Geneseo or even to Wethersfield for the night. The doors of some of the private houses were opened for entertainment during court week. I think we had no hotel accommodations at the Hub until A. H. Showers opened his hotel in 1847 or 1848.

The county officers were alive and active in considering the matter of a better court house. They employed John G. Wilcox to draw a plan and specifications for a new building; for this they paid him twenty-two dollars. The commissioners ventured still further at the term of court held in June 18, 1844, by giving notice that on the 29th of July, following, they would let the contract to build the court house according to the plans and specifications drawn by said Wilcox. As there were no satisfactory bids then made, the matter of letting the contract was deferred until the 3rd day of September, when a contract was entered into with Sullivan Howard to build the court house. The court house was completed and accepted by the commissioners on the 28th day of September, 1845. It was large and commodious for the small population of the county at that time. I have not the figures before me for which Mr. Howard took the contract, but my recollection is it was about three thousand dollars; certainly not more than four thousand dollars. There were no other bidders that would consider the contract according to the specifications for less than eight or ten thousand dollars.

Sullivan Howard was a business man, and had been a large contractor in Lowell, Massachusetts, before coming west. He was also a generous and large-hearted man and honest in all his dealings.

The times were hard, there was but little business going on except the routine of farming, and there was next to no sale for the farm products. Good carpenters could be hired for one dollar a day and board. With these facts before him Mr. Howard was induced to undertake the building of the court house at a very low figure. First he made a good strike in sending a man to the pineries for a raft of lumber, and floated it down the Mississippi River to Port Byron, from thence he drew it to Cambridge in the winter, making a good profit on all his surplus lumber. With good management and cheap labor Mr. Howard came out all right and in many respects did a better job than the contract called for. The new court house made a fine appearance when compared with the little dingy buildings about it. At the first term of court in the new building the people looked it over carefully and all spoke in praise of the builder. I heard Esq. Harper say,

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"this is the first honest job I have known done for the county. Mr. Howard ought to have a monument erected to his memory here in court square."

Thomas C. Brown was our presiding judge from 1842 to 1849. Among the first cases of interest on the docket at Cambridge was that of an Indian named "John" of the Pottawatomie tribe, of which Shabona was the chief. He was charged with the killing of "Jim," an Indian of another tribe while in camp in Henry county. John was arrested and brought before Joseph Tillson, who was a justice of the peace. He held for his appearance at the circuit court to answer to said charge. Not being able to give the required bail, he was confined in a dwelling house in Cambridge, from this he soon escaped and made his way to his own tribe of Indians. The sheriff followed him and made the demand of Shabona for the escaped prisoner. That grand old chief who was called the "White man's friend," at once delivered him to the sheriff. John went willingly and between him and the old chief they in some way so satisfied Sheriff Webber that he would not make his escape that for months he remained in the sheriff's family at Geneseo and was allowed to go out alone and hunt in the woods of Green and Rock Rivers; he was faithful and true to his promise and returned every night. During those months he bountifully supplied the sheriff's table with wild game. On the day when the Indian case was to come up for trial there was a large attendance at court. John appeared in his gayest dress, he was straight as an arrow and a noble looking "red man." The grand jury were divided on the question whether John could be legally held to answer to our courts when he was not a citizen and had committed no offense against a white man. The great Chief Shabona appeared as his counsel, and, in an informal way, was allowed to address the court. He could speak fairly good English. The substance of his address was that they were Indians, and not accountable to the state or United States for acts between themselves and other Indian tribes. Then added, "One Indian killed a pappoose of my tribe, my Indian killed pappoose of his tribe, and we want no interference from your courts." Judge Brown took about the same view of the case and John was not indicted. He went out of the court room like a conqueror.

(No. 14.)

For more than four months I have written for the Chronicle giving one letter a week with very few exceptions. I have followed out the plan I had at first in giving the various changes of the location of the county seat of Henry county. It followed a circuitous route, and it took some years before the "Ark" rested at Cambridge. At the time spoken of in my first letters there was no settlement where the quiet little city of Cambridge now stands, I have already given some of the reasons why there was so little settlement about Sugar Tree Grove. It was largely because most of the lands were soldiers rights or "Patent land," and owned by land companies or individuals residing in other states. As these lands become more valuable, companies were formed to find the owners and to purchase the lands. And the owners were also anxious to find purchasers. It was not long after Cambridge became the county seat before those patent lands were bought up and settlers came in and occupied them. The early settlers of the town of Cambridge were constantly at work to bring new settlers to their

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town. It seemed to be quite an addition when A. H. Showers erected and opened a comfortable hotel near the court house. It is also true that the settlers of Cambridge gave their influence and support to those seeking the various county offices who would promise to take up their residence at Cambridge. Between the years of 1845 and 1850, after we had the new court house and hotel, there was a slow but constant improvement of the town. In my last letter I spoke of the old Morristown court house being so useful for so many purposes, but failed to say it was finally moved north of the new court house and fitted up for a store. It served that purpose well also. The owners, N. and S. Gaines, led off in merchandising and made money there.

It may appear superfluous and tame to see a long list of names in a newspaper letter, such a one as I intend to give now of those who were settlers in and about Cambridge about the year 1850, but I have learned that the children and grand children of those whose names are so registered will read the names and acts of their ancestors with intense interest. Newspapers giving such histories are in demand. I have received letters from different states from those whose parents and grandparents were actors in the scenes I have described. And I know that many have sent expressing gratitude for such historic facts, for the newspapers in which my letters are published to learn more of the acts of their parents in the early days. I have spoken in my letters of the prominent parts taken by Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury in the early settlement of Henry county. He long ago finished his earthly career and his body was laid in an honored grave at Andover, but his influence lives on, especially in his large family of children who are a blessing in the communities where they reside. I have received letters from one of Mr. Pillsbury's daughters. She is a lady of education and refinement and of a high Christian character. It is most touching to see the love and veneration in which she holds her father's memory.

And now I will give the names of those who lived in or near Cambridge about the year 1850 and with this will close the history of the settlement of that goodly town. Hereafter I may speak of events which transpired there. I do not promise to give the names of all the early settlers, but will not omit one intentionally. I must begin with "Lord John" Russell. Next comes up preeminently in my mind the names of Joseph Tillson, Alexander Showers, Quincy McNeil (the first lawyer in Cambridge) Alex Quaw (who was killed in a stone quarry); A. M. Congdon, Zackariah Ricketts, Stephen Cady, Norman Malcom, Wm. Vincent, James Montgomery, Elisha Attwater, Michael Grant, A. M. Cooper, Samuel Martin, Warren Cady, Augustus Ong, David Stanley, Samuel P. Brainard, W. H. Brainard, Thomas F. Davenport, Rev. S. P. Gilbert, Pierce & Wells (merchants); Dr. D. C. McNeil, J. S. Buckles, S. D. Alford, "Uncle Bobby" Robinson, Geo. H. F. Wilson, Henry Streight, Luther Streight, Geo. Elsworth, Rev. Mr. Lewis. Rev. Mr. Murch, A. M. Cooper, A. M. Graham, C. W. Davenport, Henry G. Griffin, A. M. Comstock, John McFarlin, Reuben McFarlin, Street Wilton, Ben Buck, A. Brown, Wm. Bass, Deacon Wm. Talbot, Stephen Talbot, Nelson Gaines, Sylvester Gaines, Seramba Jackson, Tom Brown, J. N. Roundtree. Joseph Tillson (who was the first postmaster in Cambridge), John Russell, (the first class leader in the Methodist Episcopal church). I have not included the names of those given in a former letter as residing at East Cam-

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bridge. A very large proportion of the names given were men with families. When all were counted up Cambridge had quite a population for the times. I would like to ascertain how many of those residing at Cambridge in or near 1850 whose names I have given are still living. I can at this moment only remember one, Henry G. Griffin. Esquire Griffin has been a fixture in or near the county seat from the forties. He took a prominent part in his own locality and somewhat in county matters. I remember he was at one time school commissioner and was a long time justice of the peace. And I am sure he has honorably filled every office to which he was elected. I have before me one name more, Williamson Gatewood. I remember his coming to Cambridge with his mother and step-father, whose names I have forgotten. I knew Williamson Gatewood's father, Thomas Jefferson Gatewood in an early day in Illinois. He lived then at Shawneetown, Illinois. He was familiarly known as "Jeffy" Gatewood. He was one of the brightest men and best lawyers who ever lived in Illinois. He died early, when only about forty years old. Had he lived we should have heard from "Jeffy Gatewood." One who knew him well writes: "Jeffy Gatewood stood in the front ranks as a lawyer. He was a large portly man, good looking and had as fine a head on him as was ever placed on a man's shoulders. He had a fine voice, full of melody, and few men stood higher in the supreme or federal courts at his day." I will close this letter by telling a little anecdote on Jeffy. It was at the Shawneetown court, Judge Jephtha Hardin presiding. The judge in his rulings was against Jeffy and he was sure the judge was wrong, and said to another lawyer in an undertone which the judge overheard, "I will elevate this case out of the hands of this little court." Judge Hardin addressing Gatewood said: "What is that you say Jeffy Gatewood? Did you say little court? I will show you whether this is a little court or not. I'll fine you and send you to jail in the bargain sir! Clerk enter a fine of fifty dollars against him." By this time great drops of sweat were rolling down Gatewood's forehead; he rose to his feet to explain. Judge Hardin said, "Sit down Jeffy the court will hear no explanation from you. You say little court! Clerk enter a fine of fifty dollars more against him; I'll show you how little this court is. I'll thrash you, Jeffy, and you know I can do it. Sheriff adjourn court till after dinner."

Having a fine turkey dinner, the judge came into court in excellent humor and remitted Gatewood's fines. It is said that Jeffy never intimated afterwards that Jephtha Hardin's was a little court. I am indebted to Hannon G. Reynolds, clerk of our circuit court in 1850, and to Linder's reminiscences of bench and bar of Illinois, for the anecdote related of "Jeffy."

(No. 15.)

In the first fourteen letters written for the Chronicle, I have confined myself more particularly to that part of the history of the county pertaining to its organization, and the various county seats. I have now come down to the middle

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I have in the course of my writing for the Chronicle used the words "hard times" more than once, but have not given my readers the real facts, so that the younger people who came upon the stage of action on and after 1850 could have any true conception of the meaning of the term "hard times." Let us imagine ourselves in the middle of the forties, when there was a general depression throughout the country. The state of Illinois had passed through what would be called today "A boom" then wild and unwise legislation, and the borrowing of large amounts of money for internal improvements followed. The collapse came, and all was flat. So it went on from year to year until the short-sighted and timid ones began to cry repudiation. In the years 1836-7 a large amount of government land was entered at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, vastly more than could be cultivated by the settlers. And yet three-fourths of the land in Henry county was government land. Most of the people felt themselves "land poor." And non-residents holding Henry county property often asked "can I sell my land for anything?" Many of the people seemed to settle down to the belief that the land of our largest prairies would never be settled. Archimedes Hanna, who lived on the Jennings farm late in the forties, traded as good an eighty acres of land as there was in Burns township on the state road (e ½ nw 18) to Edward Otis for a common four-year-old colt. James Carson traded a common horse for nw 24 in Burns township.

Royal Wilcox owned one hundred and sixty acres of land north of Sugar Tree Grove. After the burning of Richmond he became so disgusted with the idea of paying taxes on worthless lands that he sold it to James M. Allan for just ten dollars, a fraction more than six cents an acre. Adam K. Hanney, county school commissioner, sold the last tract of school land in the county in Loraine or Yorktown as late as 1868 for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. My own experience was that every eastern man owning Henry county land, with whom I was acquainted was asking me to buy his land or find him a purchaser. As late as the year 1850 I was down in Connecticut, and my old school teacher of 1827 told me he was carrying three hundred and sixty acres of the Andover colony land and said he was about to abandon it. He urged me to make him an offer for it in cash. My pockets were not full of money but my friends there offered to loan me the money if I bought the land. I ventured timidly to offer my old friend two hundred and fifty dollars for his Andover interest. He accepted the offer and I came home with a perfect title to two quarter sections of prairie,—one adjoining the village of Andover, the other the Vannice farm near Cambridge, and forty acres of good timber in White Oak grove. There were also two village lots in Andover. This will suffice to give an idea of the price of Henry county lands. Most of us were farmers, we could raise enough to eat, but were compelled to deny ourselves tea, coffee, and sugar and many other things which were called luxuries then, but are common now. Money to any considerable amount we could not get, only enough for taxes and some could not do even that. There were a few families who brought money to the county with large interest, these were in easy circumstances, but they were few indeed. Sheriff Webber made a large amount of money while he was in office. The clerk of the courts and recorder were doing well as they were receiving ready money for their services. But we farmers had to rough it to

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live. Corn was worth but ten cents a bushel. Wheat thirty cents at the river. Dressed pork at Lacon, one dollar and fifty cents per hundred.

I remember it was a question with the county supervisors who to select for jurors as many had not suitable clothing to appear at the Cambridge courts. Sam Kane, a good farmer in Burns township, was very much wrought up when he learned that his name was considered as a juror but was left out when Colonel Blish assured the other commissioners that he had no suitable clothing. I said in the Geneseo Arena several years ago that I had not forgotten when I wore a buckskin suit of my own tanning and making, except the coat, which was a regular Indian hunting shirt. It was a little ahead of my neighboring farmers. I have always been sorry I sold that suit when I left the farm to enter upon the duties of the sheriff's office. If I had it now I would carry it to the old settlers meeting this year if I am permitted to attend. I am not quite sure whether I would dress up in it or not. If I did I fear my friends would hardly recognize me. A buckskin suit has a fashion of shortening up after a wetting. When I last wore the pants they failed to cover the lower part of my legs. No, I guess I would not put on this buckskin suit at the old settlers meeting if I had it. I would like to show the suit but to stand before the people of Henry county even for a short time with buck pants half way to my knees, buck vest and Indian hunting shirt, the old cowhide boots with a little spare room between them and the pants, home made straw hat, would be too much to don in the year 1899 after being discarded for half a century.

After the new court house was occupied, and the county seat more central, the people attended our courts more generally. Many came for a change from the monotony of farm life, and then had a good time during court week. They engaged in sports not ball games, which are so common today, but jumping and other games. No man loved to join in those sports better than our clerk, James M. Allan, and no man could jump further. Matt Potter was a powerful jumper. Thus the people all over the county joined in at every term of court. This was not all; a horse race, a scrub race, created some excitement for want of something better.

Charles W. Davenport, who died at Orion last winter, wrote me ten days before his death how Judge Brown would manage to adjourn court a little before the horse race was to come off. I do not wonder that the people wanted a little amusement, but as I now look at it I feel it was rather hard that the good wives must remain at home in the cabins alone caring for the babies. I have for months past thought so much about Henry county, written so much about it, and had so many of the people so prominently before my mind, I have decided if I am well, to spend the next week at Cambridge. It is court week. I shall expect to see many old friends there, and see the changes made in the manner of holding courts in the last half century since I presided there as sheriff.

EARLY DAYS IN HENRY COUNTY.

H. G. Little in Kewanee Star Courier.

I have promised to speak of our neighbors on the east who lived over the line in Molly Stark. I shall make no attempt to write a history of them or the

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county, but shall simply speak of some of the people as I remember them sixty years ago. I have already said they were as good a class of people as ever settled a new country. They were generally young, ranging from early manhood on to early middle life. Not a rich man was among them all; but all were careful, saving and very industrious. Nearly every man brought with him a little money and first of all two hundred dollars of that must go for one hundred and sixty acres of land. Some were even short that amount but many were helped out by borrowing of John and Thomas Lyle, paying from twenty to forty per cent interest. It was no uncommon thing for men to pay that large interest to get money to enter their lands for a home, and it proved a wise act for often their land increased in value ten times the extra interest in one year. I think Seeley's Point at the east of Osceola Grove was first settled by Henry Seeley and Lewis Steams, in 1835. In 1836 Osceola Grove and vicinity were settled by James Buswell, Isaac Spencer, Thomas Watts, Robert Moore, James Clark, W. Hall, Robert Hall, Myrtle G. Brace and others. In 1837 the Lyles came with their own teams from Vermont and joined the settlement. In 1838, a large number came from Scotland and settled in and about Elmira. Among them were the Turnbulls, Olivers and Roues. For some years these settlers and others came to Wethersfield for their blacksmithing and milling, and we early made their acquaintance. The blacksmith's shop carried on by C. J. T. Little, was at shoeing time the most public place in all the region. To get an early turn, I have known Spencer, Lyle and other Vermonters to reach the shop by daylight in the morning. Then the Wethersfield mill was full of men waiting for their grist; sometimes a dozen or more remained all night, sleeping on the grain bags. Those who came from England, the Nortons, Halls and Studleys, had a fancy to improve their cattle and were the first to bring in the Durhams like those raised in their own country. The Scotch naturally took to sheep raising, as that had been largely their business in their home land, while the Yankee could turn his hand to anything that promised to pay best.

John Turnbull was prominent among the Scotchmen. I became acquainted with him soon after he arrived with his wife at Osceola Grove. He had then, and carried through life the characteristics of his nationality. His speech and dress were those of a true Scotchman. He was a genial man, full of the life which danced in his bright, laughing eyes. Altogether, he was one of the truest and most companionable men I ever knew. I sold him a yoke of oxen very soon after he came to this country, his means not allowing him a horse team. I delivered the oxen at his home or temporary stopping place. It was a log cabin in the grove, with only one room, in which his made the third family residing there. On one side the Scotch chests were three high. He was to pay me sixty dollars, or twelve sovereigns. His gold was deposited in the lower chest. I remember well his taking out one thing after another till he came to the bottom of the chest where was a moderate sized bag of gold, from which I was paid. Among the articles which he took from the chest were two well-filled stockings. Two men were present waiting for their pay for cows which they had just delivered. They saw the bag of gold and the stockings also, which they took to be filled with gold, and soon the news spread of the immense wealth of the Scotchman. Great bags of gold it was said, had been seen in his chests by the neighbors. Turnbull

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laughed and did not deny it. Years after he told me it gave them a wonderful credit and was a great advantage to them, though the stockings were filled with sand of the best quality for rifles for sharpening scythes, which they had brought with them. "Uncle Johnny Turnbull," as he was called, was unbounded in his hospitality and generosity after he became somewhat wealthy. He had no children of his own but those of others shared his care and liberality. Mrs. Turnbull was a fit mate for such a man. It is now sixty years since I became acquainted with the Scotchman named. They were good citizens and most of them and their children have become wealthy. There were several families of Fullers in Stark county. Jehiel Fuller taught our singing school at Wethersfield. The Fullers were among the very best citizens of the county, quiet, intelligent and capable. I think they came from Pennsylvania and had inherited from Wm. Penn integrity of character.

Wyoming, on Spoon River, was settled early. It made a good half-way house for us on the way to Peoria. Among my past acquaintances there was the family of General Thomas. The general and his estimable wife were past middle life, and were among the few elderly people in the county. Most of their children had gone to homes of their own. At Wyoming, I found Captain Butler and his interesting family, who, I think, emigrated from New York City. They put up the first brick house I found north of Peoria. The captain was an intelligent man and had a very bright family. One son was a lawyer of eminence in New York City. The captain transplanted three interesting daughters from city life to a lonely prairie home, but they were equal to the emergency and made a happy, jolly life in Wyoming in 1837. A few years later they all married. The eldest daughter married Hon. John W. Henderson, the second General Thomas J. Henderson, and the youngest William Thomas. I was but slightly acquainted with them in Illinois, but in Iowa have been the guest of John W. Henderson at Cedar Rapids. They had a delightful home and their hospitality was unbounded. Mrs. Henderson was a charming woman, and during my three days' visit there on one occasion we had a jolly good time talking over the early days of Stark county.

I think Mr. Perry and Mr. Miller resided where Toulon now stands. We at Wethersfield used to go into the grove a little west of there picnicking and gathering quantities of blackberries. Up Indian Creek a little way lived an elderly gentleman by the name of Miner, who went to Galena so often to enter land for others that he took the name of "Galena Miner," and I never knew his right name. As early as 1838, I attended a Fourth of July celebration in the grove south of where Toulon now stands. There were many there to celebrate and Col. William H. Henderson gave us a grand oration. In that region lived Major McClenehan. He was a high-minded gentleman of the old school, a native of [illegible] I once visited

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according to their strength to make the new home. Colonel Henderson was a whig. He had been in political life in Tennessee, and his voice was soon heard on the stump in Illinois against the extravagance of Martin Van Buren. Very early in his Illinois career he had stumped the state for lieutenant governor. The good wife at home managed the boys well, and they worked well, but it was very hard times after the crash of 1837 for us all.

You in Kewanee all know General Thomas J. Henderson, who was your representative so long in congress. He was then a boy of thirteen years, roughing it like the others. There was a manliness about them all, and all seemed to take to politics. Sixty years have passed since that day, and six of those seven boys are now living. They made their way in the world to positions of honor and respectability. There are in the family a judge, two lawyers, a congressman, a presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal church and good business men. As a whole I have never known so much talent in one family since I came west.

IN HENRY COUNTY'S YOUTH.

When Wethersfield and Kewanee townships were first settled, in 1836 and 1837, our nearest shipping point was Hennepin, on the Illinois River, about forty miles from here. The goods of those who came from New England were shipped by way of New Orleans and up the Mississippi and Illinois rivers to Hennepin, taking about three months to get our goods by that route. The material for building the saw and gristmill at Wethersfield was shipped from Cincinnati by the rivers to Hennepin and drawn from there by ox teams. For a time Hennepin was our postoffice. At that time this little city was putting on airs and was the rival of Peoria; and why not? It was the county seat of Putnam county, one of the largest and best in Illinois. At that time there was no Bureau county, no Marshall or Stark counties. All that vast territory belonged to Putnam county except two townships. Its western boundary came within three miles of our settlement at Wethersfield. Putnam county was then bounded on the north by Whiteside and Lee counties, on the east by La Salle, on the south by Peoria and Woodford and on the west by Knox and Henry. Grand old Putnam county was about one and one-half times as large as the state of Rhode Island and three-fourth as large as the state of Delaware. Its territory lay on both sides of the Illinois River, where steamboats were accommodating travelers and freighters. The county was well divided into the finest prairie, and timber on the creeks and rivers. Water was abundant. There was Indian Creek, Coal Creek, Spoon River, Bureau River and the Illinois River, with many smaller branches. There were also fine groves of timber dotted over the prairie, French, Bulbona and "Dad Joe's" groves. Does anyone ask why called "Dad Joe's" grove? That was once an important point on the stage route from Peoria to Dixon. The hotel was kept by a father and son, and in their hurry and bustle the son would call for "Dad" and the father would call for "Joe," hence that name was foxed and known to travelers far and near.

Settlements were commenced in 1835, 1836 and 1837, in different parts of that vast county. I think Indiantown, near Tiskilwa, was settled first. A colony from Massachusetts settled at Princeton. Wherever there was timber a settle-

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ment was made. As early as the fall of 1835, claims were made at Osceola Grove. In 1836 I found settlements on Indian Creek and Spoon River. Those were enterprising men who first settled Putnam county. Those who lived on its borders found it burdensome to travel some forty miles to do their county business. In the winter of 1837 there seemed to be a combined effort by the settlers to create out of Putnam two new counties, entire—Bureau and Marshall—and a third called Coffee, with the addition of two townships from Knox and one from Henry. Their several committees went to Vandalia, the capital of the state, and asked the legislature to pass an act creating such new counties, and were successful as to Bureau and Marshall, but failed as to Coffee county for reasons which I have before stated. Colonel Wm. H. Henderson was elected to the next legislature and succeeded in having Stark county created out of the same territory he had before asked for Coffee county, except Wethersfield township. Thus in two short years Mother Putnam was stripped and plucked on every side of her territory. Still a few townships were left to her in the Illinois River, with Hennepin as the county seat. For sixty years she has had the satisfaction of pointing to Bureau, Marshall and Stark counties as a mother's gift.

Bureau county was organized in April, 1837, and Stark in 1839. At the first term of court held in Toulon, Stark county, the judge appointed John W. Henderson clerk, even before he was twenty-one years old. He was also postmaster at Toulon. John was one of the seven sons of Hon. Wm. H. Henderson. Those early settlers of Stark county and a part of Bureau were our neighbors. They came to Wethersfield for their mail, their blacksmithing, mechanical work, and especially to our saw and grist mill. We became well acquainted with them and knew no county lines. They were as good men and women as ever settled a new country. They hailed from Yankee land, from the middle and southern states. Some came direct from England and a large number from Scotland. Every man came for the same purpose, to secure a quarter section or more of Uncle Sam's land for one dollar and a quarter per acre, on which to make a home. There was, however, one notable exception in the person of Dr. Thomas Hall, the grandfather of the present Dr. Hall, of Kewanee. He came with his family direct from England to Osceola Grove. He did not aspire to own one hundred and sixty acres of land, but only invested in a small spot for a log cabin. There I first saw him and his family in a lonely place in the grove, with no road or beaten path to his little home. Dr. Hall was a highly educated man and could take first rank in any large city. His wife was a refined woman, used to first class society. Why they should settle in that lonely place was to me a mystery, and is to this day. Our nearest physicians were at Peoria, Knoxville, and Hennepin, which gave Dr. Hall a clear field for twenty or more miles in every direction. When the fall season came on many of the settlers were taken sick with fever and ague or [illegible] fever, which always [illegible] settlements, caused in part by [illegible] in every

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still our physician at Wethersfield and Kewanee, or at least our counselor so long as he was able to ride.

IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

In the early maps of Illinois the boundaries and names of the various counties are given, in most cases as they still appear. The Henry county of today is the same piece of land as was that of 1834 and earlier. But it should not be forgotten that previous to June, 1837, Henry county was simply a broad stretch of fertile, unorganized territory. From early in 1835 scattered families or individuals had come and begun to make themselves homes in the wilderness. They called themselves residents of Henry county, for they dwelt within the boundaries so designated upon the map; but county organization there was none. For purposes of county government, Henry was attached to Knox, with the county seat at Knoxville, and there all the earliest records connected with our county were preserved. In later years some confusion has arisen respecting land titles which is due to this fact: Henry county records have been searched for deeds which were recorded at Knoxville.

In 1835 or 1836 George A. Childs, who was the county surveyor for Knox and Henry counties, appointed Arba M. Seymour deputy surveyor for the lands of the latter county, and took up his residence at George Brandenburg's in Dayton, a projected town, laid out in town lots, but containing at that time but a single dwelling.

I noticed in a recent number of the Star the statement that Henry county was organized July 11, 1837. That is a mistake. The event took place on the 19th of June, in that year. It made a deep impression on my mind, for I was one of the few who participated in the proceedings, and on that day I cast my first vote in Henry county, at the home of George Brandenburg, in Dayton, Colona township. The population had increased by steady immigration until it was felt that the several hundreds of residents had a right to their own county government.

Previous to the above date, marriage licenses for persons residing in Henry county were issued by the clerk of Knox county, and certificates of marriage were recorded by him. This fact is responsible for the rise of two claimants for the honor of having been the first bride bound in wedlock in Henry county. In the history of Henry county page 129, it is stated correctly that the first couple married there was James P. Dodge and Samantha Colbert, the ceremony having been performed by the Rev. George A. Colbert, on the 11th day of February, 1836. The bride of that occasion—now Mrs. Samantha Stagg, is still living and has recently confirmed the above statement of the Star. She also states that the marriage license was obtained at Knoxville and the certificate returned there for record. A year and a half later the first marriage license issued in Henry county was secured by Lewis Hurd, and he was married August 22, 1837, to my sister, Caroline W. Little, as appears by the duly recorded certificate of the Rev. Ithamar Pillsbury, the officiating clergyman. This was the first marriage in Henry county after a county organization existed, and the first to be placed

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upon Henry county records. This is the simple solution of the question so much discussed for sixty years.

MAJOR JAMES M. ALLAN.

"Tall, stately, grand as any king,
Yet gentle as a child at play;
In camp or court, the same alway,
And never moved at anything."
—Joaquin Miller.

The following sketches of Pioneer Days were written autobiographically by the late Major James M. Allan, and first published serially in the Geneseo Republic, in 1887. The writings are dated 1883, and are not completed. However, they cover the formative period of our county's history, a period in which the writer was a prominent participant in the county's affairs, and are, consequently, of exceptional value:

GENEALOGY.

I was born in the county of Sumner, Tennessee, near Shiloh meeting house, about five miles from Gallatin, on the 23d day of November, 1814.

My father, John, was born in Hertford, England, April 21st, 1788.

My grandfather, David Allan, was born and brought up in the town of Ayr, Scotland, near Paisley. He was one of a numerous family, whose occupation was farming in early life.

My father says he never saw but one of his father's brothers—his name was Robert who, with his brother David, went to London and into the mercantile business.

My father says two other brothers of his father were named John and James—the rest he does not recollect.

My father wrote his autobiography in Huntsville, Alabama, in the year 1828. From this I learn the facts above stated about my father and family, and also that other brothers of his father, as they came of age, went to London and engaged in the mercantile business, and that his father, David, about one year after being married removed from London to Hertford, where he opened a store, which was attended to mostly by his wife.

My father says his father, David, was in person tall, lean and remarkably erect, of good constitution and capable of enduring much fatigue.

My father says further: "My mother's name was Mary Knight. She was, I think, a native of Lodee, Dorsetshire, England. Her father, George Knight, was a substantial farmer, owning a handsome estate. She was an only daughter."

"The names of her brothers were, George, the oldest, who inherited the estate. He died very suddenly, probably when about sixty years of age."

"John commanded a ship in the East Indies. Edward also went to sea. He commanded a British frigate at the taking of Demerara. Robert was a captain

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in the infantry service. Thomas was bound to a silversmith. He afterwards became celebrated as an actor on the stage. Matthew, the youngest, was a sail maker in London. He went to Georgia, in the United States and opened a large farm and store in the upper part of the state in 1798 or '99. Then went back to England about 1806, and again to Georgia, U. S. Very soon after he embarked for the West Indies and died, as is supposed, on board the vessel."

My mother's name was Nancy, the oldest daughter of Joseph Hodge, both born in Orange or Alamance county, North Carolina, on a farm now owned by Samuel M. White, whose postoffice address is Mebanseville, Alamance county, North Carolina.

Joseph Hodge was a captain of a military company in the Revolutionary war and was wounded by a ramrod being shot through his hips from the gun of a tory named Hastings who had surrendered to Captain Hodge.

One of Joseph Hodge's brothers, named William, was also a soldier and afterwards a celebrated Presbyterian preacher. One other brother, Robert, was also a soldier. My mother, with her father and family, moved from North Carolina to Sumner county, Tennessee, about the year 1800.

My mother's mother was named Euphemia Agnew. The children of Joseph and Euphemia Hodge were named John, Robert, Joseph William and Samuel, Nancy, Jane, Catharine and Sarah.

Sarah, the youngest daughter, and widow of —— Baldbridge, was stil living a few days since, when I had a letter from her daughter at Mission Valley, Texas.

My father, when about twelve or fourteen years of age, came with his father to Charleston, South Carolina. They very soon after moved to Athens, Georgia. My father graduated there and went to Sumner county, Tennessee, to teach school in 1808. He had been there in the winter of 1806 and '07. There he became acquainted with Nancy Hodge, to whom he was married in 1809.

BIRTHPLACE AND YOUTH.

My parents lived for twelve years a very short distance from Grandfather Hodge, my mother's father, near Shiloh meeting house, Sumner county, Tennessee. My father taught school. He lived upon a small farm, and about the year 1816 was licensed a Presbyterian preacher, and preached and taught school. My blessed mother used to be fond of telling in later years of leaving her boy James at home in charge of the servants on Sunday. The meeting house was about twenty rods from our house. One Sunday, soon after my father had commenced his sermon, a three-year-old, rosy cheeked boy, dressed in nothing but a loose copperas-colored frock, bare-footed and bare-headed, marched into the meeting-house, blowing his tin whistle to the extent of its capacity. The little fellow was marching straight for the pulpit, without looking right or left, when his mother smilingly and very gently turned him about face and marched with her prisoner homeward, leaving the preacher and the audience in very good humor.

At this, our first home, was born William T. Allan in December, 1810; Eliza

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In the fall of 1821 the family moved to Huntsville, Alabama. My father preached there in the Presbyterian church until the fall of the year 1843, and until his death. My beloved mother died two years before my father.

The first year after moving to Huntsville, in 1822, another daughter was born, named Catherine, and died the same year. Sarah Allan was next born, in 1826. Laura was born about the year 1828.

My father was about five feet and eleven inches high, and weighed about 230 pounds; had a ruddy, English complexion, probably after his mother. He stood a good deal above the average of preachers in his day; was exceedingly punctillious in his habits and strict in principle and conduct. The fact of preaching twenty-two years to one audience, or in the same locality, was evidence of his capacity and strict fidelity to his trust.

My mother was one of the best, most lovely women that ever lived. She was tall and slim and never very rugged. She lived to the age of fifty-six years, beloved by all her acquaintances. She subdued and controlled her son James by kind looks and soft words of advice. The memory of her gentle temper and ever kind treatment remains with fresh incentive to good works.

Father and mother, the owners of slaves, and living in a rich pro-slavery district of country, were anxious that their children should be industrious and learn how to work. Their slaves were treated with great leniency and were comfortably fed, clothed and housed. Their sons, William and James, were encouraged to go north to school, and in consequence of the early teachings at home and associations at the north, were easily led to believe that slavery was a curse to both whites and blacks. This was rather more than our father had hoped for.

Brother William was licensed to preach and spent several years lecturing on slavery.

The writer hereof went home in the summer of 1835 to Huntsville thoroughly impregnated with anti-slavery notions. I was looked upon by the proud aristocratic people of that section as an alien. My visit home, on this account, was not the most agreeable. At that time, before reaching twenty-one years of age, I was fully convinced that such a condition of things could not always exist at the south: that sooner or later the unnatural and violent relations existing between black and white would produce terrible disaster in some shape. Having heard of the rich prairies of Illinois I said to my father, give me one hundred dollars in money and

I WILL GO TO ILLINOIS.

He gave the money. My mother gave a pair of saddle-bags full of clothes. I ran in debt for a horse to my brother-in-law, Daniel A. Smith, and one morning in October, 1835, a short time before twenty-one years old, I left for the great northwest; spent that first winter with a sister of my mother, at Carrollton, Green county, Illinois, Aunt Catherine Barr. The next spring Daniel A. Smith and my father came out to Carrollton and placed in my hands seven or eight thousand dollars to enter land with. It seems to me now that they were very imprudent in trusting so much money in the hands of an inexperienced youth who had never before handled more than one hundred dollars at once, and that only once. Seven or eight thousand dollars was a large fortune in those days. Nobody ever ex-

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pected or suspected my having any large sum of money in my possession, probably. I managed to avoid loss and to enter good lands in Henry county, Illinois, where I have made my home ever since.

My experience in Henry county, Ill., in 1836 was entirely new. My headquarters was at the house of George Brandenburg, in the so-called town of Dayton. He was a good man. His wife was a most excellent woman.

Prior and Philip Hanna lived near neighbors, and with them I frequently visited and from whom I always received the kindest treatment.

There were others living a little farther away, up and down Rock river, all of whom seemed well disposed. James Glenn, now living and the oldest settler, was always good. Indeed the early settlers were so generally good and kind to a strange youth from the south that I became strongly attached to my new acquaintances and concluded to make Henry county my home

Land was as good as could be found anywhere, and at government price.

Many young men came and remained a little while, wondering at my choice in such a new country and to them uninviting prospect. The log cabin, with puncheon floor, corn bread and an absence of all luxury, was too much for the youth generally.

There were many adventures, of course, in a new country without roads or bridges over streams. The land office was at Galena, eighty miles away. I had to make a good many trips to that place and did not get ready to return to Carrollton, Ill., until the last of December, 1836.

The 22d of December it rained in the morning about 9 o'clock, and in fifteen minutes there was a change from rain to very cold, freezing weather. The whole earth seemed covered with ice. On the next morning I left Mr. Brandenburg's riding one horse and leading another, both without shoes behind and smooth forward. It was seemingly a risky undertaking. My horses would frequently slip down on the hillsides and slide down. I had to steer the one I rode, so as to keep his head in the right direction, and pull the other along. In two days' very heavy work I reached Knoxville. There I had my horses shod and left for Peoria about 11 or 12 a. m., very cold. About 3 p. m. I halted at a cabin on the banks of Spoon River, had my horses fed and had a good dinner from Mrs. Gilman, mother of Mrs. Richards, living in Geneseo. They seemed to be very good people. It was very cloudy and I had no means of knowing the time of day. Their clock was out of repair. After making a good visit there and eating a good dinner at a late hour, I concluded to go twelve miles farther, to Farmington. Mr. Gilman said he was afraid I would get lost as everything was covered with ice and night was close at hand. I thought I could make Farmington and brought out my horses, when I found one was very lame, and had to stay all night.

It was soon dark. Had I gone I would probably have found trouble in making the twelve miles to Farmington. No house in that distance. The next morning my horse was over his lameness. I reached Peoria that day. It was bitter cold. Next morning I sold one horse. Then I mounted Davy Crockett and ventured to cross the Illinois River on the ice. It was a new experience and seemed to me dangerous. But the ice was strong. My horse was from the south and was more

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fast I ran. Both being young and active we made good time over Peoria Lake, to the great amusement of some persons crossing the river.

In two or three days I arrived at the house of Uncle Barr, whose wife was sister of my good mother, in Carrollton, Green county, Illinois.

The family were very glad to see me; they had not heard of me for a long time.

After staying there a few days I went to Vandalia, the seat of government for Illinois at that time, for the purpose of getting an act passed by the legislature for the organization of Henry county, which was then a territory attached to Knox county. The legislature promptly passed a law authorizing an election at the house of George Brandenburg in June, 1837, for the election of county officers and for locateing the county seat. This was my first visit to a state capital and first knowledge of the ways and manners of state legislators.

There was a great variety of character among the members. Generally they were men of good ability. Col. John Dement, the State Treasurer, was a native of Sumner county, Tennessee, my own birthplace. He died at Dixon, Ill., in 1883. His son Henry is now (1884) state secretary. While I was there a bill was passed to borrow ten millions of dollars at ten per cent. per annum interest, to be used in constructing railroads.

The bill originally had but a few projected lines of railroads. But they were increased, in order to insure votes enough to pass the bill, until the state was marked off like a checker-board, and finally, to be doubly sure of having votes enough, a provision was inserted in the bill to pay all counties in the state, not provided by the terms of the bill with railway promises, a pro rata share of the ten millions, according to population. The bill became a law and Charles Oakley was appointed a commissioner to go to England and negotiate a loan, which was done. The result was disastrous. A railroad was completed from Springfield, via Jacksonville to Naples on the Illinois River, and that was all, literally all. Embankments were thrown up, masonry commenced in many places, but the strap road above mentioned was the sum total of the ten millions. Hard times came to the state of Illinois, partly caused by this bad mistake in legislation and partly from the general failure of nearly all the banks in the west. They, the banks, were called "wild cat," "red dog," and other pet names. They all broke down in 1837.

I returned from Vandalia to Carrollton in two weeks and soon went south to Huntsville, Alabama, and found father and mother and sisters Sarah and Laura at home, as well as common, and glad to know that I was alive. There had been many apprehensions of my safety, I being young and without any experience in handling money or doing business of any kind. After a short visit at home I went to Cortland with my father and from there with Mr. Smith and Eliza and family went to Illinois. We went from Cortland to Tuscumbia by rail, on a car drawn by a horse. The road runs from Decatur to Tuscumbia, around the Mussel Shoals or falls. At Tuscumbia we boarded a boat and landed at Paducah, the mouth of the Tennessee River. Here we stayed two days waiting for a boat to St. Louis. While at Paducah Mr. Smith's two horses got out of the stable and started back home on a bee-line, over fences, through swamps and every other obstacle. It is a strange instinct of animals that they know the way home, no matter how you take them away. Mr. Smith and family went on the first boat. I remained a day or two longer to get the horses. After securing them I boarded the first boat and

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went to St. Louis and then to Alton, where Mr. Smith and family were waiting. Next day Mr. Smith and family went to Carlinville.

I went to Carrollton, where I had left my horse, and from there, in a few days, went to Henry county, and to Mr. Brandenburg's, where I had boarded the summer previous. "Davy Crocket," my horse of that name, was a clipper to go. A fine animal.

THE FIRST ELECTION.

In June, 1837, an election was held at Mr. Brandenburg's house, in accordance with a law passed at my suggestion the winter previous.

Three county commissioners were elected, to wit: John P. Hanna, Joshua Browning and Ithamar Pillsbury. They organized at once and gave me the appointment of county clerk. At the same election Joshua Harper was elected recorder of deeds and Robert McCullough, sheriff. Perhaps one or two other county officers were elected.

This election made Henry county independent of Knox, to which it had been attached for all business. Soon afterwards I received the appointment of circuit clerk from the judge of the circuit embracing Henry county. The county business was all done at Mr. Brandenburg's until the summer of 1838. Then I removed my office and papers to Richmond, where the county seat had been located by commissioners appointed by the legislatures of 1836 and 1837 at my suggestion when in Vandalia. Richmond was the place I had selected for the county seat.

I made Mr. Brandenburg's headquarters until the spring of 1838, when I moved my trunk and office desk and self to

RICHMOND

and to the house of Mr. George Harris. The hotel and only house in the town was owned and kept by said Harris. The house was a good, large framed house. That season a courthouse was built. Its size was sixteen feet wide and twenty feet long, one story and a half high. Richmond was situated on section 17, in township 16, range 3, now called Munson.

One term of court was held in the fall of 1838.

In the month of March, the 6th day, I was married to Susana D. Stewart, of Geneseo. We at once began housekeeping in an upper room of Mr. Harris' house in Richmond. A few weeks after our marriage the hotel of Mr. Harris was burned. I was away at the time. Went that morning to Andover Mills some ten miles away. While there Mr. Joseph Tilson came to the mill and told me he had seen a fire from the north side of the grove, in the direction of Richmond. There was no other house to be seen in that direction. Of course the fire must be there. I was not long in reaching home to find the house burned to the ground. Most everything was taken out of the house before it burned.

Mr. Harris was keeping several prisoners at the time, in irons. They were locked up to a log when the fire broke out, and cut their manacles loose with an axe. Then they worked like beavers to get things out of the house.

One of them cleared out our room nicely of everything, not omitting the desk containing all the court papers, including his own indictment.

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This was a great loss to Mr. Harris and family. They came here from New York City and were not wealthy. They moved into the stable. My wife and self loaded what little we had into a wagon and went into Mr. Stewart's house at Geneseo. The spring term of the circuit court was held in the stable, one end of which was set apart for that purpose. Judge Ford held court there in the fall of 1838 and spring of 1839. Purple of Peoria, was prosecuting attorney; Knox and Denny, were attorneys in attendance, with several others whose names I do not now remember.

The grand jury had the use of a hay stack for their deliberations, while the petit jury had a straw pile for their accommodation.

TO VANDALIA AGAIN.

In the winter of 1838 and 1839 I made a second trip to Vandalia on horseback particularly to prevent Henry county from losing its southeast corner. Colonel Henderson, of Stark county, a fine looking and very smart man, was representative in the legislature, and making effort to have a portion of the southeast corner of Henry attached to Stark, which was then, as now, a very small county. Our representative lived in Monmouth, Warren county, named Berry, I think, but am not certain. He succeeded in keeping Henry county as it is today—a large, fine county of land and now among the most populous and prosperous counties in this great state of Illinois. While at Vandalia I received from the treasurer the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars due to Henry county for and on account of the great railroad bill of the winter preceding. After having provided in said bill for all the counties having settlement enough to demand such notice, it was further provided that all the counties in the state not provided in the bill with a railway charter should have a pro rata share of the money borrowed as the population of the county was to the whole population of the state.

Henry county had about one hundred and fifty inhabitants and my recollection now is that I got one hundred and fifty dollars in money at that time as Henry county's share of the great blunder—if no worse.

I used to brag for some years afterwards over the thickly settled counties having railroad promises in the monstrous bill that we came out ahead; that we got some money while they received nothing except the great load of debt which kept the state in great trouble for many years afterwards. After the spring term of court in Richmond in the year 1839 all the courts were held in Geneseo because the clerk was there with the books and papers. An act was afterwards passed by the legislature legalizing all the proceedings. There were no criminal trials held at Geneseo. At the next legislature after the fire at Richmond an act was passed for relocating the county seat by commissioners. We had concluded that Richmond was not a very good place to live, and made no effort to retain it there.

COUNTY SEAT CHANGES.

It was located, very unwisely, in a corner of the county at what was then called Morristown, the center of the Oakley colony. A lot of New York speculators, with one notable exception—that was Joshua Harper, who came to Bran-

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denburg's a few months later than myself, and who improved a farm near where this second time the county seat was located—were responsible for it. Mr. Harper lived on his farm and continued county recorder for many years. I used to go to Morristown with the county papers in a box when court was held.

Again the county seat was moved to Cambridge about the year 1843. I write from memory. The record will show. After the building of a courthouse I deposited all the books and papers in the clerk's office at Cambridge and went over there whenever any court was held. In 1845 or '46 I quit the clerkship altogether. It had been very unprofitable business.

As soon as I moved to Geneseo, in April, 1839, I commenced the improvement of a farm on a quarter-section of land I owned a half mile east of Geneseo. Now it joins the corporate limits. In the winter of 1839 and 1840 I cut and drawed to the sawmill, then located where is now a brewery, logs for lumber with which I built a house on the corner of Buffalo and Main streets. It was part of R. R. Stewart's lot—my wife's father.

In addition to other offices I was postmaster, first at Richmond and then at Geneseo, for several years. Captain Brush, still living in Geneseo, used to bring the mail on horseback from Morristown, or rather from Davenport's farm, now occupied by William Smith, which was part of the Oakley purchase. Only once a week did we get a mail. Letters used to cost twenty-five cents at that time. Money was so scarce that it was difficult for some of the settlers to raise the money to pay postage.

We lived in the house we built on the corner of Main and Buffalo streets some ten years. One of the notable events occurring during this time was a visit in the summer of 1843 by my father and all the family excepting Euphemia. My mother died two years before this time at Huntsville, Alabama. No better woman ever lived. My father went home that fall to Huntsville and died at the age of fifty-six years. He was the picture of health when here.

My father was fleshy, weighing two hundred and twenty-five or thirty pounds. He was an Englishman in appearance. He was a fine looking man and of much more than ordinary ability. He died of heart disease.

My mother was tall and slim, possessing a very amiable temper with kindness to an extreme and great good will for everybody. She died in 1841 of consumption.

My parents are buried at Huntsville, Alabama, not far from where they lived and died, on the east side of the city.

Huntsville is a beautiful place at the foot of the mountains. A very large spring, the largest by far that I ever saw, supplies the place with water.

North Alabama was in my boyhood a fine country, then cursed with slavery. The war of rebellion devastated that country badly, from which it is now slowly recovering.

After father's death the negroes he owned were taken to Illinois and of course made free. My father attempted to free them by his will, but the laws of Alabama prevented this. There were in all, old and young, ten or twelve of them. Richmond, who had lived in the family since he was a boy, came with me to Geneseo and died, at the age of seventy-five, at our house. He was always good to everybody. Abby, "Aunt Abbie," as we used to call her, went to Jacksonville

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where she lived with my sisters. She was a good woman, always faithful and trusty. She lived to an old age, about eighty. Abby was given to my mother by her mother.

Very many of the negroes lived comfortably and on good terms with their owners. The negroes were a jolly set generally, and seemed to enjoy life as well as the whites. Yet the institution of slavery was debasing to the negro and demoralizing to the whites. It will be many years yet before its evil influences socially and politically are eradicated.

In the first ten years of my experience in Illinois I had tried office holding and farming and milling. In company with Elisha Stewart, brother of my wife, a very clever, good man, too, I built a sawmill on Geneseo Creek, on the farm now owned by our daughter Amelia. Everything was entirely new to me. I had everything to learn. I was active and stout, with indomitable pluck for almost any undertaking.

The sawmill was completed in short order. We sawed a good deal of lumber. But the stream seemed to fail as time rolled round. After three or four years I gave up the milling business. I next tried myself on selling goods in Geneseo.

I commenced a partnership with one Webber. I soon bought him off and went alone for a time. Then my brother William thought he would like to have a hand in the business. He was gratified in this and made a partner. In about one year he concluded to withdraw. I continued for a time alone. After doing a credit business for several years I concluded to collect my accounts by buying up the fatted hogs of my customers. About Christmas, 1848, after purchasing all the hogs in region of my trade I started them for Lacon, on the Illinois River, to one Jabez Fisher. I think this was his name.

There was about six inches of snow on the ground when we left Geneseo. That night we stayed on Spring Creek at Hi Southworth's, six miles east of town. The next morning we found two feet of snow, crusted over, with the air very cold. The mercury was below zero. Nothing was to be seen outdoors but snow. The hogs were covered with snow. The situation was rather discouraging at first sight. How to get four hundred head of hogs through two feet of snow to the Illinois River was quite a puzzle and problem for twenty-four hours. I went back to Geneseo and had a snow plow made. Everybody said I would have to get a yoke of cattle to draw the snow plow. They said horses could not draw it through two feet of snow. Fortunately, as I then thought, there was a good yoke of cattle near by. The owner was engaged to come with them in the morning by sun up. He came promptly. The scraper was placed close by the hogs. They had by this time made a good circus ring in the snow. The cattle were attached to the scraper but could not move it. They were large and seemingly much better to draw the scraper than horses. This for a few moments was rather discouraging. A large portion of my capital was invested in these hogs. They could not be moved to market without first making a road for them to travel in. I told the owner to take his cattle out of the way. There was just one possible chance between success or ruin. I then hitched my horses to the scraper. They moved it by great effort about two rods and stopped. There was just as nice a track for hogs to travel in as could be desired. I then instructed the hands helping to divide the lot into as many droves as there were hands, as they filed into the snow canal.

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I started my team again. It was hard pulling, but I could keep ahead of the hogs. I would drive from two to four rods and stop to give the horses breath. The plow throwed the snow on each side four feet high. We had to make nine miles to reach the first house, Jacob Cosner's.

The day was bitter cold; the wind was northwest, fortunately for us, as we were going southeast. We reached Cosner's just at sundown, hungry and tired to an extreme. Fortunately for me I had Luther Sleight in charge of the boys and hogs. Uncle Sol Penney was along, too, with his dry jokes. When he went into Cosner's house he said, "Allan, this is mortal."

The next morning was as cold as Greenland. No track was to be seen outside the yards except our canal through which we brought the drove of hogs. We left Cosner's early the next morning and passed quite a number of houses on the way to Wethersfield. The inhabitants of the houses all came to the windows with a look of astonishment at the sight of a drove of hogs going through snow two feet deep. We stayed that night at the house of Colonel Blish, near Wethersfield. There was no sign of anybody having been out with a team here or anywhere else, until we reached within a few miles of the Illinois River. The weather continued extremely cold all the time we were reaching Lacon, and until our return home several days afterwards. We were one week on the road to Lacon. I had to wait my turn to have the hogs slaughtered. They did not buy hogs alive as they do now. The price I received was one dollar and seventy-five cents per hundred pounds. The amount received was just enough to pay cost of hogs and getting to market.

I was well pleased with the result under such circumstances. The prospect after the snow fell and until it was a settled fact that a road could be made through it was exceedingly gloomy. My accounts in the store were thus paid in cash, and all expenses except one dollar.

This was the first and last attempt at transporting hogs by a canal through the snow so far as known.

In the year 1849 I sold out my goods to Henry Sleight, an elderly man from New York City, who lived on the north side of Geneseo. Mr. Sleight had been a business man in the city all his life and had been trying his hand at farming. He had a very nice farm of sixty acres, well improved, joining the town of Geneseo.

He and his boys wanted to sell goods. I wanted their farm and traded easily. I was to pay the cash for any amount over and above the value of the goods, for the farm. The remnant of goods held out beyond all expectations and I had a balance against them which I traded out at the store. That was a good trade for me. How they came out I don't know. I never meddle in other folks' business.

AFTER A RAILROAD.

For several years I had been hoping to get a railroad from Chicago to Rock Island. I used to go to Rock Island and Moline and talk railroad to their smartest men for years without making any impression on them. They seemed to think it all bosh. While keeping store, as above stated, I had occasion to write to John Thompson, bank note reporter, of Wall street, New York, about some kind of

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money, probably. Having plenty of leisure time in a country store I made an estimate of the amount of government land within five miles of the probable route for a railroad between Rock Island and La Salle at that time and said to Mr. Thompson in my letter that the amount was large enough, if entered by capitalists, to pay the cost of constructing the road within a short time after its completion, and the cost of the lands besides. This was a big statement and I hesitated about sending it, but after another day's consideration of the matter I concluded I was on the safe side, and sent the letter in 1848.

Mr. Thompson replied promptly, answering my questions as to money matters, and then said curtly, "We have no money to put in railroads in Illinois. You must build your own railroad."

This was significant. The state of Illinois very unwisely borrowed ten million dollars money in 1836 at ten per cent interest to build railroads all over the state. The money was literally squandered. The state was for a time unable to pay the interest. It retarded greatly the settlement of the state, gave it a bad reputation, and run down the prices of lands to literally nothing in many instances. In numerous cases good lands were sold for taxes and never redeemed. I sold to Royal Wilcox, of Geneseo, in 1845, the east one-half, northwest one-quarter, 17-16-3, now occupied by Red Busenbark, for a one-horse wagon, worth about thirty-five dollars. In October, 1847, Wilcox came to me and said, "I can't stand it to pay taxes on that land I bought of you any longer. Give me ten dollars and I will deed it back to you." The taxes were probably about one dollar and fifty cents per annum. He had paid out three or four dollars in taxes on that land for the two years he owned it. I gave him the ten dollars and made out a deed, executed by him and his wife, which is duly recorded in Cambridge. This is evidence of the kind of times we were having. No wonder John Thompson, bank note reporter of Wall street, said, "We have no money to put into railroads in Illinois."

Notwithstanding such discouragements, in 1849 we succeeded by constant effort in creating an impression that the road might possibly be built.

Mr. Farnum, of New Haven, Connecticut, came over the route with Mr. N. B. Judd in the summer of 1849 or 1850, I don't now recollect which, and pronounced it a good one for a railroad. Mr. Farnum was an old railroad contractor and a very fine man. He promised to build the road from Chicago to Rock Island if we would get a charter. Friends of the railroad project were elected in 1850 to the legislature for the purpose of getting the charter.

I was elected from this district to the house of representatives. The legislature met at Springfield, January 1, 1851. I went to Springfield with high hopes of getting the necessary charter without any trouble. I was as unsophisticated as a boy and expected everybody was ready to lend a hand or vote wherever there was a prospect of getting a railway constructed.

To my great surprise I found after being in Springfield a short time that the governor of the state, Governor French, a democrat, was afraid the construction of a railroad so near the Illinois and Michigan canal would ruin the business of the canal, which had just commenced business from Chicago to La Salle. Also some of the men who imagined themselves the main lights or pillars upon whose shoulders the state was resting, were also much afraid of consequences. I also found

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that settlers up above here on Rock River on the old traveled road from Dixon, through Kane county to Chicago, were afraid that a charter for a railroad from Rock Island via La Salle to Chicago, would forever prevent getting a road made north by Dixon and Aurora to Chicago. There was no expectation at that time that there would ever be many railroads made in this state. The state was, in 1851, very poor from the effects of borrowing ten million dollars at ten per cent interest in 1836.

Ninan W. Edwards, son of one of the early governors of the state and an old resident of Springfield, was a member of the house and had considerable influence. My business, in part, was to cultivate his good will and influence, and I did finally succeed in getting him to say in the house of representatives, that he had concluded that the railroad we wanted would do more good than harm to the state. My room in the best hotel in the place was opposite to the room occupied by Judge Breese, who was speaker of the house. I was young and made it convenient to do almost anything the speaker wanted. I got into his good graces, so far as to get very valuable assistance from him in an official capacity.

There was no difficulty in getting our bill through the senate. Friends of the bill on that side were much more numerous in proportion and more experienced.

The session was six weeks long, at two dollars per day, and one dollar per day after that time. Four or five weeks of the session had elapsed before the bill was passed in the senate.

It would have been impossible to have had the bill passed in the house unless we could get it taken off the files and read by its title, and passed without debate to a second reading, because the session would soon close, and the enemies of the bill could, otherwise, easily obstruct and delay its passage. After consultation among the friends of the bill it was concluded that I should at the hour of meeting in the afternoon, so soon as the speaker rapped with his gavel for order, move to take up senate bill numbered (the railroad bill,) and to dispense with the rules of reading the bill, and have it read by its title and referred to the proper committee.

Previous to leaving the hotel that day for the afternoon session I went to Judge Breese's room and said to him, I am here for the purpose of getting a charter for a railroad from Rock Island to Chicago. I have no other business here, was elected for that very purpose, and unless I succeed am ruined. Having always treated him so nicely he could not refuse my appeal. It was then and there agreed that when he rapped for order after dinner, at the afternoon session, that I should make the motion before stated. There are always more or less of the members behind time. Some of our worst enemies were among that number that day, very fortunately for us.

While everybody, almost in the house was standing and making a good deal of noise, and before the speaker was done rapping for order, I made my motion in low tones so that nobody outside of our railroad friends knew what was being done. The speaker looked at me as if he knew what I was saying and immediately put the motion and declared it carried. There were not more than a half dozen votes for the bill, or rather motion. The speaker ordered the clerk to take up senate bill (our railroad bill) and read it by the title, which was done and it

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referred to the proper committee. This insured the passage of the bill before the end of the session.

It seems very strange now that there should have been any difficulty at that time in getting a railroad charter. No railroad charter could pass that session unless it terminated at Chicago or Alton. These two places had influence enough then to prevent the passage of any charter proposed that did not name one of these places for a terminus.

The Illinois Central Railway was chartered at that session. There was strong opposition to granting that charter, from southern members. The Chicago & Alton charter passed at that session, and the Chicago & Galena.

Governor Brough, of Ohio or Indiana, was there all the session trying to get a charter for a road from St. Louis to Terre Haute, but failed simply because it did not make Alton the terminus on the Mississippi River. The Chicago & Rock Island charter was passed a few days before the session ended.

I came home well satisfied with that six weeks' work. It was about the middle of February when I came home.

About the middle of April, 1851, in company with Charles Atkinson, Judge Grant and Eb. Cook, of Davenport, I went to Peoria to organize the company. We were all directors at that time. Mr. Farnum was there and managed the matter to his own satisfaction, I suppose. Mr. Farnum was a good man. He then entered into a contract to build the road, and finished it in less than three years. I went to Rock Island on the 22d of February, 1854, to a supper and celebration of its completion. It has since been extended to Council Bluffs, and is now known as the C. R. I. & P. Railroad. Railways have since been made all over the state. The great debt contracted in the winter of 1836-37 has long since been paid and the state is now almost the equal of any in the Union.

Geneseo at once became a busy, lively town so soon as the railroad came here. Business came from Galesburg, Prophetstown and Rock Island. Four horse coaches were plenty between Geneseo and Rock Island, until the road reached Rock Island.

About this time Allan, King & Merriman entered into a mercantile agreement and kept a general assortment of goods in the McFarlane block on Main street. We sold goods on credit and bought wheat and pork. We carried a large stock of goods. In the summer or spring of 1854 I made my first trip east with my wife and Mrs. I. N. Stewart. We went to Fowlerville after visiting New York city. Fowlerville was a good place to visit. Good folks and a fine country. We visited Geneseo on the Genesee River. Went from Fowlerville to Rochester by canal.

In the fall of 1854 Mr. Merriman concluded to quit the mercantile business. I, too, wanted to quit. Morris, brother of C. C. Merriman, our partner, did the figuring for C. C. He wanted to sell first and then buy. I was always ready to sell. Morris finally made me a proposition to buy me out. I accepted his proposal. He backed square out. They wanted to do a banking business. Finally Morris concluded to make another proposal in writing, to which I agreed. He would give or take one hundred dollars. I paid him the one hundred dollars quick and took his interest in the store.

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Mr. King had already used up his capital and a thousand dollars besides. I assumed entirely all the goods and debts and accounts. My experience in the business a few years before gave me a pretty good idea of the value there was in the stock on hand. Soon after this I found purchasers for the goods in the Bernard family. They were very anxious to go into some business in town. We finally entered into a written agreement. They were to take the goods at cost and ten per cent, I agreeing to take their farms north of Green River at a stipulated price, and to pay them the difference in cash. After several days of invoicing we found a balance due me of twenty-five or thirty dollars, greatly to their surprise.

I soon after sold the farms for cash and collected the debts due the firm and paid up all we owed for goods. I made the farms clear in that operation. In the fall of 1854 the weather was beautiful; also through December and until the 20th of January, 1855. Saturday night, the 20th of January, 1855, came two feet of snow and twenty-five degrees below zero. About the 15th of January, 1855, Charles Atkinson and myself left for Springfield for the purpose of getting a charter for the celebrated "Winnebago Swamp Land Drainage Company."

When we reached Springfield, Friday, the 19th, we found that the members of the legislature had all gone home. We went to Jacksonville Saturday. That night came the twenty-four inches of snow with terrible cold weather Sunday morning. Monday morning we started for Springfield. No, it was at ten o'clock Monday night. Next morning at sun up we were nine miles from Jacksonville. At dark we got within five miles of Springfield. Mr. Daniel A. Smith was with us. We then left the cars and found supper and lodgings at a farm house and breakfast. The farmer carried us to Springfield in the morning after breakfast in his sleigh. It was two weeks before a quorum of the legislators returned to Springfield. Very many were frost-bitten on the trip. Mr. Tillson, of Cambridge, was then at the same hotel, and a judge from Chicago. Both are now gone to their final home. We stayed there several weeks and finally succeeded in getting the charter. And after a good deal of parleying and trouble we made agreement to purchase all the swamp lands owned by the county of Henry at that time.

It was a heavy undertaking. It cost large sums of money to drain. And then the ditching did not seem to do much good, only in dry seasons. When it was a rainy season the lands were wet as ever. We sold a good many lands. I kept my land office at Geneseo until the summer of 1859. In August, 1859, the company held a meeting in Chicago and divided the lands according to their respective shares. Two parties, Atkinson and Safford, held nearly double as many shares as myself. There were several smaller shareholders than myself. I proposed to the others that Atkinson and Safford take large quantities of inferior lands situated on Green River and the marshes north and northeast of Annawan at a reduced rate, saying to them that they would likely get most of them anyway in drawing. The conclusion was to make tickets containing eight hundred acres each. The small owners would soon drop out and then the larger ones would continue till all the tickets were gone. I proposed to rate the lands one, two and three dollars, and suggested the smaller owners than myself to offer to the large owners the large bodies of very poor lands at one dollar per acre.

But Mr. Atkinson thought there was a trick in the proposition, or that he would take his chances. So the proposition was rejected. A very curious result

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was that the two large owners happened to draw every acre of the immense tracts of wet lands that I proposed they should take at one-third what they paid for them. The tracts that I drew were equal in value to twice as much drawn by some others, in proportion to the number of acres. It was a regular lottery distribution. We could not divide any other way. No one knew the lands but Mr. Atkinson and myself. Mr. Atkinson is generally a very shrewd, sharp man. But he missed his reckoning wonderfully in not accepting my proposition to rate the lands one, two, three, and then he and other large owners take the low priced lands out of the pool, because they would naturally get most of them in drawing. I was very well pleased with the result, much better than if they had accepted my proposition to rate the lands.

We were not as well acquainted with human nature when we made our contract with the county court of Henry county as now. When we bought the county had no idea what value there was in their claim under the swamp land laws, nor did we. We bought the claim of the county and at once went to work with the government officials to determine what the law of September 28, 1850, meant, and succeeded, after great effort, in getting a construction that gave the claim value. The county made a good bargain in selling, much better than to hold the lands.

But no sooner had we succeeded in getting a clear understanding with the government officials in construing the law, and there seemed a prospect of our making something out of the contract, than new county officials, many of whom thought themselves wonderfully smart, commenced to raise a fuss and effort to break up the contract. A long lawsuit incurring a great expenditure by county and company was the result. After years of such trouble the county was beaten.

The meanness of some men is wonderful. I have been in Henry county forty-eight years; have done a good deal of business, hired a great many men to work, trusted a great many men, had great opportunities of making money out of individuals in various ways, but have never as yet compelled any one to pay me a cent of money, or made use of any power or opportunity to wrong any one, and am amazed often at the exceeding tenacity exhibited by others in demanding every cent they can get out of other people, right or wrong, so that they keep with the law.

I had occasion to go to Galena, where the land office was located, in December, 1836. It was stinging cold weather when I started from Mr. Brandenburg's. The ferry boat had just been hauled out of the river at Cleveland. I went to Prophetstown and stayed all night at Mr. Crook's. The ferry boat had been hauled out of Rock River at that crossing. The next morning I went in company with Dustin Crook, who was mail carrier, to Dixon. The ferry boat had just been hauled out of the river there. I stopped all night at a log house hotel kept by one Barr, a very nice man who did the best he could under difficulties for his guests. The dining room was cold as a barn. The night was bitter cold. The next morning I called on the ferryman to know the prospect of crossing the river on the ice. He thought by going down stream to where the river was wide and consequently shallow, and the current slow, it would do to risk crossing. I agreed with him to

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Green River. The horse was a very tall animal. The ice cracked all the way and when about four rods from the north bank the horse broke through and went to the bottom. There was only about three feet of water. The ferryman was leading the animal. A young man acquainted with the ferryman was along to see how we got over. He had a horse to cross. The young fellow went up to the horse as soon as the ice broke through, took him by the tail as directed by the ferryman. To the surprise of us all the horse leaped out of the water and landed safely on the ice, and went immediately to the shore. When the horse broke through the ice it settled down for a space all round him. The ice was very slippery, and when the horse jumped out the young man slipped in waist deep. Such an "ouah!" I never heard before or since. He was so scared as not to know what to do. I was unable to avoid laughing at the scene, but seeing him badly alarmed I told him to get out as quick as possible, which he did without difficulty, and stood looking at his unlucky plight. I said to him, "Don't stay a moment. There is smoke coming out of a chimney some eighty rods down stream. Run there as quick as possible." I mounted my dromedary quickly as possible to circulate the blood in his cold limbs, but looked back once to see if the freshly baptized young man was making good time. He was running for life seemingly, and no doubt reached the house and a warm fire without suffering.

I went some twenty miles on the road to Galena that day. It turned warm and snowed next day. I soon transacted my business at the land office and started on the return in the afternoon. My horse was troubled badly with snowballs on his feet. Just as he started down a very steep hill he fell. I was fearful in getting up he would slip, fall and roll on me. I attempted to jump off, but before I got off he was up full height. The first place that struck was my forehead and right hand. I jumped up quickly and felt of my head to see if that was cracked. Fortunately I had on a thick fur cap which saved me. The horse started off down the hill with the rider—now on foot—making good time to catch a ride. I overhauled him at the foot of the hill. On mounting I felt something wrong with the right thumb. It was then dark and snowing. After several miles travel I found a house. I had to sleep with my coat on. The thumb was badly swollen. The next morning it was bitter cold again. I had to carry the right hand in a sling. Late in the afternoon I came to the "Cat-Tail" slough, which is near Fulton and Clinton. The slough was frozen over, not much more than half an inch thick. Having nothing but the left hand to manage the big horse, now very much afraid of ice, I called to a man chopping wood near a shanty some twenty or thirty rods over the slough to come down and help me over. I called and yelled like thunder. He was chopping with his back to me. I thought he must be deaf, and waited for him to turn his face to me. He kept on chopping slowly. I finally called loudly and promised him fifty cents if he would come down and help me over the slough. He shouldered his axe and at once came. After a deal of trouble we succeeded in getting the horse into the water after cutting the ice away with the axe. The horse was stabled in a very open stable. I went into the shanty, owned by one Baker. Slept with him on a hard bed, with all my clothes on. I could not get my coat off. I needed all my clothes anyhow—bedclothes were scarce and the night bitter cold. After a breakfast of corn bread and potatoes I started down stream.

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In about two miles I came to a stream about ten feet wide and a foot deep, with pebbly bottom. My horse refused to go in. There was a very thin ice on the water. I got off and with a stick broke the ice as far as I could reach, but it was no go. The horse had been down in Rock River and seemed very fearful of ice and water.

I went back to where I stayed all night and hired the wood chopper to take one of his horses and go down to that little stream and ride across thinking my horse would follow, but was badly disappointed. The case was desperate. I got off, found a good stout stick and mounted again, turned the horse away from the stream and rode him about ten rods away from where the other horse had crossed and was standing on the further shore, then wheeled my horse around, laid the club to his ribs, got him under good headway, and with club and reins in the left hand managed to keep him in line and prevent his turning to the right or left. He leaped half over the little stream and landed safely on the other side. I paid the man fifty cents and bid him good bye.

I carried that club all day. The horse got to be more afraid of that club than of the ice. Next day I got back to Brandenburg's without any new trouble and left the dromedary horse with the owner near the mouth of Green River.

In December 1837 I had occasion to go to Galena and rode this time Davy Crockett, a very fine traveler. I went from Brandenburg's through Prophetstown to the home of Robert Young, who lived on a farm which is now the town of Morrison, Whiteside county. It was very cold weather. I found Mr. Young and family very nice people. Mr. Young three times advised me not to leave his house in the morning, saying the streams were high from recent rains and that the bridges were probably gone in some places. The mercury was below zero, the wind blowing from the northwest, and I had to ride north, facing the wind. But I hadn't sense enough to take good advice. After starting to go I never stopped for wind or anything else. I found the wind tedious and very cold. Ten miles from Mr. Young's I came to Johnson's creek, a small stream not over twelve or fifteen feet wide. It was swollen by recent rains and the bridge was gone. The banks seemed perpendicular. I rode up and down the stream a while hunting a place to cross. Finally I concluded to get the horse in right where the bridge and fording place had been. My horse refused for some time to go in. I finally spurred him, and in he went just like going off the roof of a house. I calculated to guide him by slapping on the side of his head to the place where it was the custom to go out when fording the stream. But there was ice in the way and it was up stream from where I went in, and the current was stronger than I had calculated, so that my horse turned down stream. I guided him very soon to a place where I jumped on his back with my feet, and then on to the bank. My horse turned round and swam to me, got his feet up on the bank and I got hold of his bridle by the bit and made a desperate effort to help him out. But his hind

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man and his son went down to the stream to see if they could get the horse out, but returned and said they could not find him. I always doubted their going to the stream at all. The wind was fearful cold, and the mercury at zero. The next morning was very cold but there was no wind. I went on foot to Galena and returned on foot to the same house. The man had been down to the creek the morning I left for Galena and found Davy Crockett in the middle of the stream with his head resting over a log, frozen stiff of course. I was greatly to blame for being so headstrong. Mr. Young gave me good advice, but I learned that fact by hard experience. I risked my own life and lost a splendid horse.

I wrote my father, living at Huntsville, Alabama, all the facts in the case. He replied, mentioning the fact of the horse three times refusing to go into the stream and said that "If the rider had been as sensible as the horse he would now be alive." His criticism was severe but just.

I often inquired after Mr. Young but never saw him since that terrible day until in 1883. I went to Morrison in company with Mr. Mallory, a railroad man, and Clark E. Carr, of Galesburg, for the purpose of consulting with citizens of that place about building a railroad from Galesburg through Geneseo to Morrison. While there I inquired after my old friend Robert Young. He was still living, and not two blocks from where I was. Of course I called on him. Found him hale and hearty. The first thing I said was "Do you recollect a young man stayed all night at your house one very cold night in December, 1837," He replied promptly, "I do. He left my house on a very fine horse one bitter cold morning when the mercury was below zero and a high old wind blowing from the nor'west. You got over Johnson's creek, but your horse did not." I was very much pleased to see him. He is now eighty-five years old. His wife of the winter of 1837, a very nice woman, is long since dead. His second wife was quite feeble when I called on him, and since then she, too, is dead. I have always had a high regard for Mr. Young.

Such events are calculated to make warm friends of the parties participating. There are many things in pioneer life to keep one wide awake. I did not then see the dangers and trials so clearly as now. The wonder to me now is how I endured so much of fatigue and lived through so much danger. The long distances between houses, the streams to swim, the marshes to wallow through, the cold weather on the prairies, and worse than all, the cut-throats and robbers that infest all new countries, were to be braved.

It takes too much time to detail much of one's experiences. I lived through it all and prospered beyond all my expectations.

I was, when young, greatly wanting in self-esteem, had no confidence in my abilities and never expected to accomplish much. I was a dull scholar when at school, and because I did not learn fast was scolded a good deal and got the idea that I had no capacity for much of anything. This was my great misfortune. Still I had firmness, combativeness and unceasing energy, and without any calculation have accomplished a good deal more than common men.

Children need the kindest treatment. They need encouragement. They want to be taught to hope, to try, to persevere. Bright scholars in school don't always prove most successful in business or the professions. Some mature earlier than others. Everybody needs very kind treatment, more especially the young. Some

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have too much confidence in themselves. Some don't have enough. Some want holding back. Others need pushing forward. Teachers generally are greatly at fault in their methods. They seem to expect every scholar to toe the same mark —to answer promptly all questions. They soon contract a habit of paying special attention to the brightest scholars, and become more or less prejudiced against the dull ones. It is their duty to give very special attention to the dullest. Some of them will ultimately be the smartest.

One of the hardest jobs I have undertaken with others is the construction of the Hennepin Canal. I have now been twenty years actively working to secure this important improvement. But very few for many years had any confidence in the undertaking. It was thought that railroads had superseded canals entirely. Now it is very generally known that water transportation is the best for heavy freights. Water transportation is now our great want in this northwest, to compete with the railroads. It is not at all likely the time will ever come when railways can carry heavy freights as cheap as canals and rivers.

Hence we conclude that the Hennepin Canal will be constructed sooner or later. The railroad owners don't want such competition. They have many of their attorneys in congress. They can afford to spend large sums of money to prevent the construction of the Hennepin Canal. But the right will prevail sooner or later. It takes long years of patient labor to get anything good done. It is astonishing how stupid and perverse large numbers of people are. They fight every good proposition as long as they can. They yield only when they can't help themselves, seemingly.

The few sometimes get control of the machinery of the government and run it for themselves without regard for the common welfare. The slave-holders for fifty years ran this government in their interest. The evils of that institution remain to this day. But they are wearing away gradually. If Blaine is elected for president in November, as I expect he will be, there will be good hope that the democratic party will disband. It has been for many years the bulwark of slavery and its resulting mischief. New evils come to take the place of slavery. Great moneyed corporations are monopolizing the powers of this government in their own interest in utter disregard of the common welfare.

I hope the time is coming when the voters, the common people, will combine sensibly to promote the common welfare.

I think the Hennepin Canal will come soon. I have spent a great deal of time and money in its behalf. I spent winters in Springfield endeavoring to get the legislature to pass laws for its construction. The result of such effort was the beginning of the improvement of the Illinois River and the passage of a law to cede to the general government the Illinois and Michigan canal, with the expectation that the cession would be accepted, and that it would be greatly enlarged and improved and made suitable for the demands of commerce. Its enlargement and the improvement of the Illinois River with the Hennepin Canal completed would give the northwest excellent facilities for cheap transportation, both by the Mississippi River and the lakes.

I spent the winter of 1867 and 1868—I think it was about that time anyway—at Springfield in the most expensive room in the Leland Hotel, the best in the city. I had the walls of the room hung with maps for illustration. I would

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get members of the legislature into my room and exhibit the situation of the proposed improvements.

Mr. Gooding, an old engineer and then superintendent of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, also Mr. Mason, an old engineer, and once mayor of Chicago, spent their time in my room assisting to influence members to vote for the bill to construct the Hennepin Canal. I bought all the maps in the city of the state of Illinois, took them to a paint shop and marked off the routes for these proposed improvements. After weeks of untiring effort we thought success was sure. But, alas for human hopes. One senator violated his promise and that one vote was our defeat.

We soon afterwards concluded it was better to have such improvements made by congress, and have since been working with this end in view.

The demand for this improvement is so great that it must be made sooner or later. Probably it will be commenced in a few years at most. I spent three or four months in Washington the winter of 1880 and 1881, when we made a beginning. It takes a great deal of work to start any new project. There are so many efforts to get money out of the United States government that members view with suspicion any new proposition. By extraordinary effort we succeeded in making ourselves heard and understood and laying the foundation for something to come. We were successful in getting an appropriation for surveys and estimates. I went to Washington again in January, 1884, to see what was going to be done and to assist if possible in getting a bill passed. The bill for constructing the Hennepin Canal did pass the house by two majority. But by trickery and treachery it was subjected to another trial the next day and defeated. Another effort will be made at the session of 1884-85. We hope for better success. There are too many democrats in the house of representatives—a large majority. It used to be a cardinal principle with democracy to oppose all internal improvements by the general government. But they are slowly learning better. The democrats on the Mississippi River and other navigable rivers are generally willing that the general government should make appropriations to improve rivers in which they are specially interested.

It is wonderful what a long life the democratic party has had. Forty or fifty years ago it was supposed to contain more of the common people than the whig party. The democrats used to call the whigs ruffled shirt gentry. The two parties vied in competition for the slave power. The democrats finally vanquished the whig party. In 1852 the old whig party was completely broken up. The slave-holding power of the south was constantly crowding its demands for more room and greater power.

I attended the first republican convention held in this state, at Bloomington, in 1856. Mr. Lincoln was there. I first made his acquaintance at Springfield in 1835. Governor Yates was there and others who had been whigs and democrats—mostly whigs. It was a very interesting time. The history of events from then until now is generally very full and complete. The republican party did a [illegible] of rebellion, abolishing slavery and restoring

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War always brings a train of mischief. The moneyed power of the north and the railway owners improved their opportunity to get from congress such legislation as the few could use to their especial advantage while the great mass of the people were absorbed in the one idea of suppressing rebellion. The banks and railroads and other corporations took advantage of the excitement and the necessities of the government to increase their powers and add immensely to their wealth and power. All the while the democratic party kept up its organization —sympathizing with the rebels—and just as far as it dared constantly aided the slaveholders in their infamous attempt to break up the Union. And this same democratic party is today making desperate effort to get control of the government. I think it will fail again and then disband. I supposed in 1872, when the democratic party nominated Horace Greeley as their candidate for the presidency that it would have the effect to break up that party. But no; it was a ruse, a feint, a hypocritical movement. Horace Greeley was one of the best men this country ever produced. The rebel element of the democratic party still leads that party. It is wonderful how men are enslaved by party organization. It would be a great misfortune to have such a party once more get control of the government. It is bad enough that they are a majority of the house of representatives.

James G. Blaine is a splendid good man. I have seen him frequently when speaker of the house and since then. I don't know of any man better qualified for the office of president.

One of the most astonishing things in all the events of the recent past is the power of military fame over the minds of the people. General Grant amounted to nothing, literally nothing, before the rebellion. He soon, after going into the Union army, proved himself a great soldier. I don't know but I had about as much as anyone to do with his first nomination.

Mr. Owen Lovejoy gave me credit for saving him from defeat the last time he ran for congress. I was his personal friend and did what I could to elect him. He, without consulting me, caused my appointment to the office of provost marshal for the fifth district of Illinois. Perhaps he thought I might thus be more able to help him again. Most all members of congress seem to like to be reelected, as well as to help one. I wrote to him soon after entering upon the duties of the office at Peoria headquarters that I could very clearly foresee trouble a brewing with the leading republicans at Peoria. They wanted to control the office in their interest. I had instructions from Washington and told these parties that I must attend to the business of the office in accordance with my instructions. I informed Mr. Lovejoy of my conclusions as to the intentions of his rivals there, and said I did not know how to avoid trouble with them, and told him he had better appoint some one else in my place; that I preferred to [illegible] I could get a position in the army. I had attempted [illegible] out-

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In 1863, when Grant was before Vicksburg, I wrote to Mr. Lovejoy and asked him if he noticed the fact that the democratic papers of the country were constantly praising Grant, and that the republican papers were saying nothing about him, and said that Grant had already given evidence of being a good soldier, and that if he continued to be successful he would be president one day—of the United States. And I suggested that the republican papers ought to say something in praise and stop the democrats from monopolizing him. He replied promptly, saying. "I did not know that Grant was fit for president."

I promptly wrote him again, saying it did not matter whether he was fit or not, if he continued successful as a soldier he would be president, and the only question now was, will you permit the democrats to use him or shall the republicans elect him?

I then suggested to Mr. Lovejoy that he see Mr. Washburn, then member of congress, and who was Grant's friend, and get him to write to Grant and get him to answer, committing himself to the republican party, so as to stop the democrats from any further attempts at monopolizing him. Mr. Washburn did write, and Grant replied committing himself to the republican policy. After that no democratic paper had anything to say in his favor. And Grant was nominated very easily at the first opportunity after the war and soon thereafter was elected. And notwithstanding his great blemishes in surrounding himself with unreliable men his military renown easily re-elected him to a second term, and came near securing him a third nomination in 1880.

Demagogues soon crowd into the ranks of the strongest battalions—on the big side, and thus get into power. Grant was a great soldier. As president a mere boy; wholly unfit for president, as Mr. Lovejoy said.

At the same time that I wrote to Mr. Lovejoy I wrote to Mr. Scripps, postmaster at Chicago and one of the proprietors of the paper now called the Chicago Tribune, as I had written to Mr. Lovejoy. In a day or two there was a long article in the Tribune praising Grant for his military success.

Mr. Scripps was an old acquaintance and an old anti-slavery man—when it required some considerable manhood and nerve to be such. All of which was very easy for me to do. It did not require any great amount of sense or nerve to write as I did. But nevertheless, it now seems to me to have been a very important movement in getting Grant committed to the right side, whether fit or unfit. He would do far less mischief as president on the republican side than on the wrong side. Mr. Lovejoy died not long after my correspondence as herein stated. I did not see him any more. Nor have I been able to get possession of the letters I wrote him. "From little acorns tall oaks do grow," or something like that, I remember reading.

CAPTAIN ERIC JOHNSON.

FROM "THE VIKING" AUG. 1906.

FIFTY YEARS IN POLITICS.

Before leaving the election of 1852 I desire to record the fact that at the polling precinct of Andover, Illinois, several votes were cast for John P. Hale, the

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free soil, or as derisively called, the abolition candidate for president. I have no means of ascertaining how many, if any, Swedish-American votes were cast for Hale. I have, however, been authentically informed that Otto Lobeck, father of Hon. C. O. Lobeck, comptroller of the city of Omaha, Nebraska, was one of the thirteen who voted for the free soil candidate for president in Henry county.

I will remark, in passing, that Andover was not originally a Swedish settlement. It was first settled in 1835, when Rev. Pillsbury, Noah T. Pike and Archibald Slaughter came as a committee for a New York association to select a site for a colony. They entered a large tract of land and laid the foundations for a city by platting a whole section of land and laid out the town after the pattern of New Haven, Connecticut, and as it was to become a seat of learning they christened it Andover. Quite a number of the settlers who located at Andover under the auspices of this colony were Abolitionists, and an "underground station" was kept at the home of Erastus Buck, south of the grove. This fact no doubt, accounted for the larger part of the free soil votes.

VIKING, AUGUST, 1907.

My first vote cast in Weller township, Henry county, Illinois, in 1860: Republican ticket. For president, Abraham Lincoln; vice-president, Hannibal Hamlin; electors of president and vice-president, Leonard Swett, John M. Palmer, Allen C. Fuller, Wm. B. Plato, Lawrence Weldon, Jas. Stark, Jas. C. Conkling, H. P. H. Bromwell, Thos. G. Allen, John Olney; for governor, Richard Yates; lieut.-governor, Francis A. Hoffman; secretary of state, Ozias M. Hatch; auditor of public accounts, Jesse K. Dubois; state treasurer, Wm. Butler; superintendent of public instruction, Newton Bateman; representative in congress, William Kellogg; state senator, Thomas J. Pickett; representative in legislature, Robert W. Smith; states attorney, Hiram Bigelow; clerk of circuit court, Amos Gould; for sheriff, Adam K. Henney; for county judge, George E. Wait; for coroner, Michael Grant.

This was surely a lucky vote for me as every man on the ticket was elected. Voters at that time had not yet learned the art of "scratching" because every man but four received the full party vote—one hundred and forty-eight, two of them, one hundred and forty-seven; one, one hundred and forty-one and the lowest one hundred and thirty-five. The democratic ticket received sixty-seven votes in this township. I will also mention, in passing, that Robert G. Ingersoll was the democratic candidate for congress in this district.

"OTTO LOBECK"

was born August 13, 1822, in Demmin, Pomerania, Germany. He was of an old and respected family (his father being city treasurer in that city): was educated in the colleges of Germany, and at the age of twenty, went to Sweden, became a citizen and one of the managers of the estate of Baron Wachtmeister, Carlskrona. In 1848, during the revolution in Germany, he, with other Germans, found it wise to come to America, and landed in New Orleans in the fall of 1848, going to St. Louis in 1849.

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Some time during the winter of 1850, he came to Andover, Illinois, and in June, 1851, married Mrs. Anna L. Gustafson, a Swedish lady, who owned the well known "Cap. Mix' Place," adjoining the village of Andover. Mr. Lobeck, having a good knowledge of the Swedish language became thoroughly identified with the Swedish people of that pioneer settlement and joined the Swedish Methodist church of which his wife was a pioneer member. He became an energetic member of the community in farming and mercantile life, and also took an active interest in politics, for we learn that he formed an acquaintance with Hon. Owen Lovejoy immediately on his arrival in Illinois and their political ideas, with other German leaders, such as Lieutenant Gov. Koerner, seemed to be the same.

Immediately on his arrival to this country, he became a citizen, and in 1852 was one of the thirteen who voted the Free Soil, or as derisively called the Abolition ticket, in Henry county for Hon. John P. Hale for president of the United States. He helped to form the republican party and assisted to carry Henry county for Fremont in 1856 by over 400 majority.

Being of a strong, active mind, positive in his own convictions, and not afraid to speak out at any time, he became well known throughout the community and did his share toward developing that part of Henry county.

At the breaking out of the war in 1861, he went with a company of men to Galesburg to enlist, but there were too many volunteers for Lincoln's first call, and in the fall of 1861, he endeavored to enlist again and would have been a member of Company C, Forty-third, the Swedish company from Galesburg, but he did not pass the necessary physical qualifications, thereupon he engaged in the mercantile business in Andover.

About the 1st of January, 1866, he sold out his mercantile interests to Francis & Keagy and resided in Geneseo for a couple of years. Thence he went to Chicago, but in 1869 moved to Dayton, Iowa, and lived there until 1884, engaging in mercantile and farming pursuits, and always taking an active interest in politics.

In 1884 he came to Omaha, where his son, Mr. C. O. Lobeck, and his son-in-law, the late Mr. C. A. Fried, were living, and died there in 1890, highly respected by everyone.

Mr. Lobeck was of strong character, a leader in every community in which he lived and was well posted on the politics of the day. He was justice of the peace at Andover for many years, and showed with considerable pride in after years, the certificate of appointment from Governor Richard Yates, the old war governor of Illinois.

United States Senator Saunders, formerly governor of Nebraska, stated of Mr. Lobeck after his death (in the course of a conversation) that of all his acquaintances, he knew of no one who was better posted on the tariff question than Mr. Lobeck.

For the pioneer time, Mr. and Mrs. Lobeck owned one of the best homes in Henry county. Having a good education, reading and writing three languages—German, Swedish and English readily and speaking all three languages fluently, he naturally became a leader among the people of his community, so that the pioneers came to see him as their adviser, and he won the respect of his neighbors by his absolute honesty and fairness towards all. The names of father and mother Lobeck are revered in every community in which they lived on account of their

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kindness and high character and the respect in which they were held by all those who knew them.

FIRST DEATH OF A WHITE PERSON IN HENRY COUNTY.

R. A. Smith has written the following letter to the editor of the Moline Dispatch, referring to the first death of a white person in Henry county and of which circumstance he was reminded by the recent death of R. J. R. Baker at Cordova:

In the spring of 1835 James Glenn, first white settler of Henry county, concluded to make his home east of Rock River, near the mouth of Green River. At that time Mr. Glenn discovered a covered wagon in which Dr. Baker (father of R. J. R.) and his family were living. Dr. Baker in a few weeks decided to cross over to the west side of Rock River, but while living near Mr. Glenn's a daughter—sister of the late R. J. R.—died, and her remains were interred in a grave about half a mile east of the Glenn homestead. They have never been removed therefrom. Her death was the first death and her grave was the first grave, of a white person in Henry county.

R. A. SMITH.

LEGEND OF THE GREAT SAND BLOWOUTS.

In the regions round about the great Sand Blowouts lives a contented old German farmer.

Notwithstanding the presence of a good deal of sand on his place, the old man usually manages to raise good crops. He never frets in the long drouths, or fumes when there is a deluge. He takes things as they come with an easy philosophy.

"I gonsider," he says, "dhot growling at dhot vhedder vhos like dher tog parkin' at dhot moon. Dher tog parks unt parks; but dhot moon he yoost goes rount, all dher same."

John, his hired man, has worked for him many years. Every spring John has hinted around modestly about a raise in his wages. Every spring the good-natured old man has puffed his pipe, and agreed to the desired raise. So his wages have risen to the top notch paid by farmers in this locality.

A few weeks ago, vainglorious over previous successes, the insatiate John limbered up his neck, and demanded a still farther raise. He said:

"Well, old man, spring's comin' on, and we might as well talk business, as usual. I want my wages raised."

"Gonsiderin' der dimes unt dher brices, how gan I do dhot?" demanded the German, puffing complacently at his pipe.

"No difference about the times and the prices. I have been with you so long, I have managed the farm so long, I have seen to everything about here so long, that you can't get along without me."

"Vhell, but gonsider, Shon,—"

"I have considered," said John. "I want my wages raised five dollars a month. You can't get along without me."

"Gonsiderin' you was to tie, vhat vould I do dhen, Shon?"

"O, then, you would just have to get along without me."

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"Vhell Shon," said the old man puffing calmly, "I guess dhot you may gonsider yourself det!"

And "Shon," who is considered dead, was last seen wandering like an uneasy ghost, looking for a job at the yellow rim of a vast Sand Blowout.

KEYSER AND THE COW.

(Geneseo News.)

Didst ever hear the tale of Keyser and the cow? I wot not.

Keyser lives on Main street, Geneseo. He is an old man now, bowed with the weight of many years; but there is still a gleam of humor in his eye, and he loves to tell about the old days before the war, and stories of the war itself, for he is a veteran.

In the early days, when Keyser was a young man, he found himself trying to make a success of life in a far-off region, among the Black Forests of Missouri. It was in one of the ulterior counties, remote and moss-grown, wild and woolly.

It dawned upon Keyser that there must be other and more favored regions on the planet. There he was, with the rest of the inhabitants, burning with fever one day, and shaking his toenails off with ague the next.

He determined to get out of the wilderness.

He had no property except one cow. He put a rope around the cow's horns, and started.

He had heard of Illinois, as a land of pure delight, and for Illinois he headed, leading the cow.

Keyser is probably the only man in the world who has walked all over Missouri towing a cow.

He met with many strange adventures. He climbed lofty hills, invaded deep, dark hollows, penetrated forbidding forests, and forged through fearful fastnesses, leading the cow. He swam deep and swift rivers, with the cow in his wake. He slept under the starry canopy, with no companion but the cow.

He came one day, hungry and gaunt, and with the footsore cow limping at his heels to the door of a cabin in the wilderness. He rapped, and besought something to eat.

When he looked up, he beheld in the cabin door a vision of loveliness. She was a wild bud of the bloomful bowers. Keyser says that the first time on his long journey he forgot all about the cow.

The girl had probably never seen any other young man, except her own brothers. She was like the snow new-fallen on a mountain top. Keyser's were the first footprints in the snow.

It was a case of love at first sight.

She besought Keyser to remain, and remain he did. He never before remained where remaining seemed so nice. He felt as if he could leave his remains there, and never whimper.

The cow appreciated the rest. Keyser became so cold to her, that she gave ice cream. But with the little bud of the bowers! O, but she was a warm young thing of life and sweetness!

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Keyser finally kept on with the cow, heading for Illinois. It was not that he cared a continental for Illinois anymore; but his going was aided and abetted by the bud's big brothers, who threatened to eat up his cow, and possibly Keyser, too.

But after he got to Henry county, Illinois, he thought and thought of the bud; and afoot and alone this time, he returned, to remain some more.

Alas, the impressionable girl had seen another man, and married him. So Keyser returned to Henry county and the cow, and thus ended life's one sweet romance.

JUDGE JOHN P. HAND.

Judge John P. Hand, recently reelected judge of the supreme court of Illinois, was born in Hanna township, and is a scion of the pioneer families for which the township was named. The Geneseo News of September 10, 1896, tells of the Judge's visit to the scenes of his boyhood:

A HANNA IDYL.

Would'st hear an idyl of Hanna township? Would'st hear a warm, green summer idyl, of rivers and ravines and romance?

Then salivate thy attention, and hold on!

Judge Hand is the hero of this idyl. You all know him. He lives at Cambridge, where he deals in law. Once he was probate judge, whence his title. For several years he ladled out law in Chicago; but he returned to Cambridge, for "It is home where the heart is." All the Cambridge folk gave him the glad hand. They made him a glad Hand, in fact. For Hand is a mighty good man. He is a politician, too, and a public speaker. He can talk for any length of time on any subject, and always acceptably. He is a good thinker, and has a sonorous voice, that gives his hearers confidence in him. It sounds so candid.

One day the good judge sat in his office wearied with the abstractions of the law. His mind, by the law of contrasts, fled away from musty books and dusty files and records, and sped over the green summer hills to Hanna township, where his boyhood was spent.

"I'll do it!" said Judge Hand.

And he straightway harnessed up his horse and set out for Hanna.

He drove to the home of his brother, and told him and a neighbor, who happened to be present, that he had come to spend a whole day visiting the scenes made sacred to him by the escapades of youth. He would rove for a day in the old ravines. He would "Loaf with his soul," as Walt Whitman said.

The gray-haired judge was on the opposite side of his horse, getting him out of the shafts. He did not see his brother and the neighbor exchanging winks.

Judge Hand is still a pretty active man. But years of good feeding and many comforts have left their sign-manual upon his imposing front. While he doesn't have to back up to a door to ring a doorbell, the small of his back is in a region remote from his vest-buttons.

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But his heart! It is the heart of a boy! And may it ever remain so!

The brother took him o'er hill and dale. Hill and dale is an old expression; but the hills and dales are still older; so it's in harmony. Judge Hand was in his glory.

Here was where he had drowned out a gopher, carrying the water in his cap, that had a hole in the crown. Here is where he had found the bumble-bee's nest, and had got Towser to dig them out, while he watched from a safe distance, and nearly laughed himself sick at Towser's antics.

Here was the identical spot where he had mauled down the hornet's nest with walnuts. Here was the very stone on which he sat and hulled walnuts, till he was so black with the juice that he might have passed for a contraband. Here was where he sat, on the edge of Rock River, fishing for bullheads. There is where he and the boys stole the watermelons. O, it was glorious!

But gee-whiz, how hot it was!

They fetched up at the house, and the neighbor said:

"Judge, you just must see the place where we used to gather wild grapes, down where the May-apples grow!"

Of course! Glorious again.

They saw the wild grapery, and the nook where the May-apples grow, and they climbed many hills, and penetrated many hollows to get there. It was pretty hot, and the neighbor walked pretty fast.

They hadn't any more than rounded to at the house again, when the brother came out, rested and refreshed, and wanted to know if the judge remembered the old wolf den in the wold?

The judge's face broke into a smile, and mopping his brow, he went away with his brother to see the wolf den.

The den was still there, but spider-webs over its cavernous mouth proved that wolves went in and out of it no more.

They had a great talk on the way to the house about the wolves they used to capture, and it was all so jolly.

The neighbor, refreshed and ready, set off immediately with the judge to show him the stump of a beetree they had cut together. This was about a mile, over hill and dale again.

When they got back, the brother had thought of a romantic nook, where the judge had composed a poem one summer day, just like this day was.

But when he started off in the direction of the nook, the judge called him down.

"This doesn't go!" said he. "I can't walk another step! I'm played out! I believe this to be a confounded conspiracy. You fellows would keep me trotting here a week! I'm going home! These scenes of my youth can stay right where they are. They ain't going to be the scene of my collapse. I'm going back to Cambridge, where there's rest and comfort."

So they gave him his dinner and horse-feed, and let him go.

OTIS OBLITERATES OBLIVION.

In days of eld, the circuit preacher timed the religious meetings "By early candlelight." Mr. Otis, in the reminiscence below, speaks of a date as "Potato

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digging time." I reflected upon this quaintness of speech this morning when I arose at the third yelling time.

Editor Star-Courier, Dear Sir: The two articles recently published in your paper referring to Charles C. Blish and the four first schools in Wethersfield, also the article relating to the Historical society to be organized, and the letter of Edw. Blair have directed my mind to the early days of Kewanee, Wethersfield and Burns.

In the year 1836 John Kilvington, an Englishman, built a round log house in the grove on what is now known as the Ladd farm in the summer, and he moved his family from what was then known as Indian town, now Tiskilwa, either the last of September or the first of October of the same year. Mr. and Mrs. Kilvington were the first settlers in Kewanee township.

John Carson with his large family came from Ohio November 3, 1836 and built a log house by a spring in the grove on the southwest quarter of section 19 in Kewanee township. Mr. Carson with his family vacated their new house in the grove February 17, 1837 and went to Fulton county for the purpose of raising a crop and they returned March 3, 1838 and took up their abode in Burns township.

Jacob Kemerling came to Kewanee township in March 1837 and occupied the house vacated by Mr. Carson, and Monday, July 31, 1837 he moved to his future home on the southeast quarter of section 35 in Burns township where he spent the balance of his life. Robert Coultas, a step-son of John Kilvington came from England to live with his parents in the spring of 1837. Mr. Coultas was a great deer hunter and was a crack shot. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun in the summer of 1854. Mr. Coultas was an honorable English gentleman, generous and kind-hearted and was loved and respected by the entire community.

Captain Sullivan Howard built a log house on his farm southeast from the old Kewanee graveyard in Kewanee township and moved his family into it in the spring of 1838.

Rev. Joseph Goodrich with his family settled on what has been known as the Goodrich, Slocum, Tamblin farm now included in the northeast part of the city of Kewanee about November 1, 1837. I cannot give the exact date, but it was in potato digging time. Cornelius Byran came with his family late in the fall of 1837 and built his cabin in the grove northeast from Kewanee by a spring on what was in later years known as the Sacrider farm. Mr. Bryan died of cholera in Peoria in the summer of 1854. Deacon Francis Loomis moved with his family into his log house on the farm, joining the original plat of Kewanee on the east late in the fall of 1838. Hugh Carson, who is well known to all the older residents of that country, assisted in raising the Loomis house.

Jeduthan Hubbard built a log house in the fall of 1838 on the corner northeast from the residence of Thomas Houle and moved his family there in the early part of the winter following. Colonel John H. Wells built a log house in the fall of 1838 on what for many years afterwards was known as the "Wells Forty" now included in the southwest portion of Kewanee. H. G. Carson, then a boy of sixteen years "raised" the northwest corner and did a good job. Mrs. Sarah Frances Stewart, a sister of the late Henry G. Little, remembers that Mr.

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Wells moved into his new house soon after it was finished but the exact date cannot now be given.

Henry Gilman Little moved from Wethersfield township into Kewanee township in the fall of 1838 and occupied a log house standing just north and across the street from where Thomas Houle now lives. Mr. Little moved back into Wethersfield township in the spring of 1840.

Robert Cunningham wintered in a half house and half cellar at the entrance of the coal bank in "Twenty-nine Slough" the winter of 1838 and 1840.

The above are all the persons I can now call to mind, residents of Kewanee township previous to January 1, 1840.

Matthew B. and John P. Potter built the first house in what is now the city of Kewanee in the spring of 1850. H. G. Carson has a record made in 1850 which settles this point beyond dispute.

H. W. Otis.

ORIGINAL RECORDS OF THE GENESEO MANUAL LABOR HIGH SCHOOL,

Geneseo Republic, June, 1909.

Last week W. H. Hosford found in the back room of his office among some old books the original record book of the trustees of the Geneseo Manual Labor high school, the first meeting of which dates back March 8, 1836, and was held "at the house of Mr. Warren Buels of Bergen, Geneseo county, state of New York."

There it was "Resolved, that the locating committee consisting of R. R. Stewart, C. K. Bartlett and John C. Ward fix upon a site for a village and lay off the same, and the lots thus layed off be sold when purchasers may be found of good character and business and that the avails be given to charitable objects."

It would be a most interesting story of worthy and high ideals, the story of this preparation of a band of earnest young men and women to go to the far-away prairies of Illinois to establish there a new community and new homes. With zeal and intense interest they no doubt devoted their entire thought to studying and planning for the important work. The records next tell of a meeting two years and four months later, in Geneseo, on July 12, 1838, when it was "Resolved 2d, That we amend the above resolution passed March 8, 1836, so as to read, the avails after all expenses are paid shall be given for the purpose of establishing a Manual Labor high school to be for the present under the control of the colony." In the records every action is noted in resolves, consecutively numbered covering the transaction of the board until 1847.

Resolved 3d is as follows, "That we appoint three trustees (as a committee of trust) to be chosen annually to hold and dispose of all funds which may come into their hands for the purpose of making a location and establishing a Manual Labor high school to be under the direction of the colony.

Resolve 4th appoints R. Hubbard, E. Cone and Jairus Wilcox a board of trustees (named committee of trust) for the Geneseo Manual Labor high school to petition the next state legislature for a charter.

Then we quote as follows:

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"At a subsequent meeting of the colony, though the record of it does not appear it was resolved that the above committee of trust be authorized by the colony to attend the public sale of section 16 of township 17, north range 3 east of the fourth principal meridian at the county seat on the 25th of October, 1838, and purchase the seventy-five acre lot as surveyed and marked No. 6 on the school commissioner's plot and designed by the colony as a suitable site for the buildings, provided, it can be done at a price not exceeding five dollars per acre and give their note for the same at twelve per cent interest until provision is made by the colony for the same."

This was done and then a resolution provided for the "sale of so many village lots at their appraised value as is necessary to pay in full both principal and interest for the school site of seventy-five acres and make the above arrangement with the committee of trust so that they as such can possess the same in fee simple.

On August 9th the inhabitants of the town were called together when the committee of trust submitted to them the act of the legislature incorporating the Geneseo Manual Labor high school as passed and approved March 2, 1839.

At this meeting it was Resolved (No. 7) that the report of the committee be accepted and the committee authorized to deed to the trustees of the Geneseo Manual Labor high school in their corporate capacity the seventy-five acres of land to be held for the benefit of said high school.

The board of trustees or committee of trust met on September 30, 1839 and formally accepted the act of the legislature of the state incorporating the high school and organized by electing Rufus Hubbard as chairman and Jairus Wilcox as clerk. Subsequent meetings are briefly reported and have mainly to do with the selling of lots that funds for the school might be realized. New members were added to the board and on December 8, 1840, John C. Ward was elected treasurer.

It was thought advisable to change some features or rules of the board at this time to permit of the school obtaining its proper quota of the state's seminary fund. An understanding was also had with the trustees of the common schools to promote the interests of both.

December 21, 1841, a meeting was held and it was decided "to take measures for the erection of a seminary building," citizens of Geneseo and vicinity having subscribed the amount of two thousand, one hundred and two dollars and fifty cents in money, labor and materials for that purpose. John C. Ward, M. B. Osborn and J. G. Wilcox were appointed a building committee.

On the 14th day of May following there is the record of a meeting when it was decided that "there would be needed to go forward with the building this season the following sums of money: for a brick-maker, fifty dollars; for a brick-layer, one hundred and fifty dollars; for ten thousand feet of pine lumber, one hundred and fifty dollars; for iron, nails, etc., fifty dollars; for C. K. Bartlett's lot, one hundred and thirty dollars; for agent to go east to solicit, fifty dollars; a total of five hundred and eighty dollars."

Two weeks later a meeting was held to approve of contracts for erecting the building made with Royal Wilcox, Gustavus Wilcox and Henry Howell.

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A plan of union with the common schools was declared adopted at a meeting on June 16, 1842.

It was also decided to sell of the brick being made at the rate of five and six dollars.

The sixty-sixth Resolve adopted November 2, 1842, was that one-half of the west of lot No. 3, block No. 3, or if one-third of lot 4, block No. 3 be given to the high school by the society, then two-thirds of said lot No. 3, block 3, shall be donated to the county provided they erect thereon a courthouse.

The sixty-seventh Resolve is "That one-half of the seminary lands be donated to the county provided the county seat be located in Geneseo permanently.

August 31, 1843, on recommendation of the citizens of Geneseo, James M. Allan was made a member of the building committee.

On August 22, 1843 the trustees met and decided: "whereas in consequence of the excessive drouth the logs upon which we have depended for floor and wall timber remain unsawed at the mill, and there being no means in the hands of the trustees to purchase lumber for the purposes nor to haul the same from the great distance from which it must be procured, if at all, without exhausting all our means already appropriated to other parts of this work, and to the payment of the mason, etc.," therefore be it Resolved (eighty-seventh) "That we will defer the building of the academy until the next spring."

On the night of July 30, 1844 the walls of the not yet completed building were blown down and a meeting was held at the office of J. M. Allan on the following day to deliberate upon the measures for rebuilding. Settlements were promptly made with the contractors and agents immediately sent out to nearby cities to solicit aid for the rebuilding of the structure. The rebuilding required much labor and effort, but on June 10, 1847 the trustees were able to, Resolve that it is the intention of the trustees to open a school in the seminary next autumn and probably about the middle of October."

The records continue uninterruptedly until March 31, 1858, after which there is nothing until in the spring of 1867 when there appears to have been a reorganization of the board in its entirety, with a view to repair or rebuild the seminary and maintain a high school as Geneseo should have. The trustees in consenting to the arrangement said as follows:

"That the board of trustees advise the committee of citizens that the present board is willing to name a new board of trustees, to be composed of Rev. Addison Lyman and eight other citizens, one of whom shall be a Baptist, one a Methodist, one a Congregationalist, one a Presbyterian, one an Episcopalian, and three business men, who are not members of any church, etc.,"

And in the Republic of March 1, 1867, we find the following story:

"At a public meeting holden last Monday evening the following gentlemen were chosen trustees of the seminary property in place of the old board, who resigned in favor of the new one: Rev. Mr. Lyman, of the old board; H. McArthur, of the Episcopalian society; George Richards, of the Presbyterian society; I. Richmond [illegible] of the Bap-

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And on March 9th the old board made a final record by appointing these gentlemen as the trustees to take up a work which had been allowed to drift and was lacking that zeal which predominated in the hearts of the original colonists.

And now Geneseo proposes to honor the memory of these sturdy and good founders of the town by erecting a modern, commodious and properly equipped high school building on the site made sacred by their sacrifices and holy efforts.

EARLY EDUCATION.

Mrs. Ella Hume Taylor prepared the following in response to a request from the State University, seeking data regarding early education:

"The families comprising the colony that located, named and settled Geneseo reached there November 19, 1836. They planned, before starting, for church and school, and in July, 1837, the first school was held in a room eighteen feet square made of poles laid up three feet high and covered with their wagon covers, with a puncheon floor and seats. Miss Susannah D. Stewart was the young teacher and there were fourteen pupils. This was also the first school in Henry county, but soon after, her sister Narcissa began teaching near what was afterwards Dayton, and another sister, Permelia, at Wethersfield, so there is no question but that the Stewart girls were the pioneer teachers in Henry county. In 1838 a schoolhouse was built upon the "Square" twenty feet on each side and covered with siding split out of oak, the colony having resolved that the first frame structure should be consecrated to the church and the school. Later this was moved, and enlarged by twelve feet, to the site of the present Congregational church. The schoolhouse was used jointly for church and school and almost every public use until 1846. There was a provision in the original town plan that in the sale of lots a certain percent of the lots should be set apart for the building of a seminary of higher learning. In the fall of 1840 the Geneseo Manual Labor high school opened under Rev. Jason Chapin. A charter was granted by the legislature but it was afterwards, probably in 1846, legally changed by the same authority, to Geneseo Seminary. Mr. Chapin died in 1846, and for some years Rev. Addison Lyman labored untiringly, and raised several thousand dollars in the east beside contributions at home and also gave his salary as minister for several years. Another case of self-denial was shown in the building of the brick seminary in 1846. The people had no money but they subscribed labor. They worked in the brick-yard, tended the masons, hauled sand and water, and dug the foundations. Just as the walls were up and ready for roofing, a storm blew down the sides, which were again put up. The ladies turned out to prepare a common table for the working "bees," and the lower part was finished in time for the fall opening of school but it was not completed as a whole until 1848. After a splendid record of many years, and considerable outlay, bringing a debt to the institution, and as Illinois had in the meantime (in 1856) perfected her system of public schools, it was decided (in 1857) to sell the seminary and grounds to the town as the public high school and so it became merged into the public school system. A Professor Abbott was then superintendent. It was not until the fall of 1869 that a four-year course of study for graduation was instituted and the first class to graduate, and it was also the

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first class in Henry county to graduate, was that of June 15, 1871, under Professor S. W. Maltby, superintendent; Miss Nellie Giff, principal and H. S. Comstock, county superintendent of schools. Geneseo has been proud of her schools and a good grade of work has been the standard lived up to as is proven by the fact that it is on the accredited list of four universities and several colleges."

A DANGEROUS RECRUIT—PURSUIT OF MILITARY KNOWLEDGE MADE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

(From the Geneseo Republic during the Hobbs Regime.)

Judge Waite, of this place, makes no pretensions to military science; he cannot be truthfully accused of possessing a knowledge of the first rudiments of gunnery, and as for "Scott's Tactics," he knows no more about them than a Choctaw chief does of vital piety; indeed, the judge has informed us with his own lips, that he never discharged a "shooting iron" in his life till last Friday, and hardly ever handled one. The way he happened to shoot then was in this wise: Having imbibed pretty freely of the war spirit, which is rampant among us, the judge has thought seriously of enlisting in the "Home Guards," for the protection of his own and other people's wives and children, and not wishing to appear ludicrously verdant at the first parade, concluded to take private lessons of Andy Crawford, esq., who is accounted "some military," using the banking office of Mr. Crawford as a rendezvous and place of drill. On last Friday afternoon he was to receive his first lesson in military tactics. Fortunately for the judge there was a great gun in the office, and in the absence of a sword, Captain Crawford used the poker.

Right here we will say that the gun had been loaded some weeks before for geese; and as it had been carried out on hunting expeditions many times since then, and never fired, the probability is, the weapon contained several or more stout charges of powder and shot; but of this fact both Captain and man were profoundly ignorant. The customary evolutions were indulged in for nearly half an hour, in which performances the judge acquitted himself most gallantly. The drill was approaching a close: "Present arms!" roared Captain Crawford, and no quicker said, than the order was obeyed. "*Make ready*—AIM—FIRE!" was the next order, and no sooner were the words out of the officer's mouth, than (the Lord deliver us) crack went the "shooting iron," off flew the old charges and whiz went bricks and mortar around the room, to the unbounded astonishment of the company, and the inexpressible horror of Esq. Smith, who occupies an adjoining office, and around whose head the shot whistled and fell in a most uncomfortable manner. All hands were perfectly thunderstruck, and couldn't have looked worse if the Mississippi River bank had been suddenly attacked by Jeff. Davis and his crew. The charges ruined a fine coat for Maurice Merriman; made an ugly hole in the partition wall, and knocked California into a cocked hat (on the map), to say nothing of the narrow escape of the people in Smith's office. Judge Waite got a plenty of "private lesson" for that time, and with no unnecessary delay repaired to his residence. It is a wonder that no person was injured or killed. This should be a warning to those using firearms.

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And here we would say, that we place no sort of confidence in the silly reports about the unnatural precipitancy of the judge's retreat down stairs; of his snapping off the extremities of his nice, new broadcloth swallow-tail coat, as he went round the corner on his *forced march* home; or his losing his hat in a mud hole and declining to go after it; of the horrible report he gave his wife of the affair, etc., etc.; and our principal reason for disbelieving is, that the judge *don't wear a swallow-tail coat.*

LATER.—On Saturday p. m. the judge took advantage of the absence of the Commander to institute a minute inspection of the double-barrel shot gun, aforesaid, for a thorough knowledge of the instrument was indispensable, if he went to the wars. He proceeded to the business with some misgivings and considerable unsteadiness of nerve; he examined the breech, the barrels and the locks; one hammer was lifted, and, then, suffered to drop with a warlike click; the other hammer was lifted; an inspection of the tubes and chambers was instituted, and discovering no signs of a *cap*, the trigger was pulled, when, thunder and lightning! off went the remaining charges in the old barrel, or new charges in the other, and again the mortar and bricks flew around the house; another ugly hole was made in the wall, and in an instant the voice of Esq. Smith was heard shouting, "Hold on, Waite, I surrender—don't shoot again, you d—l you—for God's sake, what are you doing out there?—think of my family and *don't* fire again—I ain't Fort Sumter—can't stand it—I've surrendered long ago—what in h——" and here followed a string of language which our reporter failed to take down. A survey of the battle ground showed that nobody was hurt, but both the besieger and besieged were dreadfully scared, and as pale as sheets. Smith says he can't stand it any longer; either he must leave his office, or an injunction to stay proceedings must be served on Judge Waite; for as to staying there and have that demon coolly and deliberately firing buckshot at him every few minutes in the day, with no chance to retaliate, is more than the law requires of *any* man.

Judge Waite's private lessons have had a most killing effect upon the prospects of the "Home Guards." People say they *will not* enlist if Waite does, for they had rather stand up and be fired at by the enemy than to have a *friend* constantly *popping away at them in the rear!* It is whispered that the judge won't enlist.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. MALACHY'S PARISH AND STORY OF THE PARISH.

Geneseo Republic, May 17, 1907.

The rector, Father M. F. Foley and the members of St. Malachy's Catholic church are this year enioving the Golden Jubilee Year of the celebration of the

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ALTAR OF NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, GENESEO



ST. MALACHEY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, GENESEO

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prepared not only to serve the people
representing architectural beauty, the
and graitude to God, who has prospere
beyond measure.

The work of the church in Genesec
Martin F. Foley. His labors in Genese
not only to the people of his denomin
This was attested to last fall at the t
nouncement that he had decided upon
From all walks of life in Geneseo our c
Malachy's congregation in an appeal to
to remain in Geneseo and to continue
appeal Bishop Spalding did the

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prepared not only to serve the people in this respect, but also with a view to representing architectural beauty, the structure to be a fitting tribute of love and graitude to God, who has prospered the people of this parish and community beyond measure.

The work of the church in Geneseo has since 1899 been in charge of Father Martin F. Foley. His labors in Geneseo have been very successful and of benefit not only to the people of his denomination but the community at large as well. This was attested to last fall at the time when Bishop Spalding made the announcement that he had decided upon transferring Mr. Foley to another parish. From all walks of life in Geneseo our citizens joined with the members of the St. Malachy's congregation in an appeal to the Bishop that Father Foley be allowed to remain in Geneseo and to continue in his usefulness here. Acceding to this appeal Bishop Spalding did the community a kind turn which was highly appreciated, and largely influenced the people in bringing to fruition the long talked of plan of erecting a new place of worship. Father Foley is still a young man, and in his best years, full of hope and the energy necessary to carry forward his work of ministering to the religious and ethical needs of his people. He was born in London in 1867 and was educated in St. Coleman's College in County Cork, Ireland. In 1886 he came to America where he for three years studied at St. Michaels' College at Chatham, New Brunswick, two years at Montreal, and two years at St. Mary's College, Baltimore. After that he served on various charges as assistant priest, and in like capacity at Peoria three years. His first work as priest began at Carthage this state and after three years there he was transferred to this city in 1899.

It will be of interest to the Republic readers to note facts historical of St. Malachy's parish which we are permitted to set forth this week. The story of the local organization is that of the early struggles of all worthy movements, the story of a faithful people devoted to their church and its teachings, led by faithful and holy priests. However much difference may exist among our people concerning religion and beliefs, there is but one thought concerning the good people of St. Malachy's church and that is one of veneration for their consistent and faithful maintenance here of the first and original church of Christ.

PARISH LIMITS: From 1857, fifty years ago, when the first mass was celebrated in Geneseo, till 1866, the beginning of the regime of resident pastors, Henry county was attended from Rock Island and Chicago. After Geneseo became independent its jurisdiction extended for ten miles on each side, along the Rock Island railroad, between the Illinois and Rock Rivers.

Atkinson with Hooppole was cut off in 1875 and given in charge to Father H. Tholen. Sheffield separated in 1877, when Father Groggan left the extensive and arduous mission here and took over the more concentrated one there.

The present limits include eleven townships in Henry county, with Geneseo, Colona, Cambridge and Orion as centers of congregations. Cambridge was transferred from Galva seven years ago. Carbon Cliff and Barstow were affiliated with Colona till this year, when they were added to the growing town of Silvis. Orion is attached to Colona but religious services are held there at frequent intervals.

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Catholics, retiring from active affairs, prefer a town where there is a church, so that they can attend mass, which is for them the form of highest worship of the Supreme Being, and comes down from the earliest ages of Christianity.

PARISHONERS: The oldest parishoners settled in the present parish, when the banks of the streams and rivers were clothed in the foliage of their ancient groves, and the prairies devoid of any evidences of man, except the trail of the Indian huntsman. These old members of St. Malachy's most of them had crossed the briny deep, from the old world lands of Ireland, Alsace or Lorraine in France, Bavaria or the Rhine provinces in Germany and a few from Poland. They were soon followed by those pristine lovers of freedom, the men of Holland and Belgium. The next wave brought in people born in Pennsylvania, New York, and other states.

They were young and sturdy. They feared no hardship or danger. They faced every obstacle and trial with grim resolve to be winners. Like their fellow citizens of other creeds in those rugged days, they did win. It is discouraging to note that in some instances their descendants, mock the simple ways of these hardy pioneers and empire builders, grow degenerate and fall into the most helpless modes of thought and action. Appearance rule the souls of many moderns. Manhood was the enduring characteristic of their fathers. The early settler was as the uncut diamond. His child is often as the glittering gewgaw.

The first parishoners lived in log huts and shanties, and many a time homed and hunted with the Indians. They eked only a scant return out of their laborious efforts to bring under cultivation the wooded hills and dells along Rock River; the swamps and sand dunes of Loraine; or the untouched soil of the rolling prairie of Munson.

It would be invidious in a rapid sketch of this kind, to mention particular names. They all alike possessed the staunch virtues of real heroes. The nearest available market was Chicago. Produce was hauled by ox teams from as far away as Orion to Chicago, over streams without bridges and plains without roads; over hill and valley; through groves and glades, through forests and fens; over the wide extending prairie, when no fences, no huts, no sign of human life, save that of an Indian strolling from his camp, chasing the wolf, the wild duck, the partridge or the other birds and beasts that flourished in their wild and free career, over the boundless, luxuriant soil of Illinois. Well, yes often on the tortuous trodden trail, a teamster would be found dying or already stiff in death, having imbibed too freely of fire-water purchased in Chicago.

After the Rock Island railroad went through, Geneseo became a mart for grain and live stock. Then could be seen long trains of loaded wagons blocking the thoroughfare, waiting their turn to be cleaned out by some dealer. Geneseo became and remained till Kewanee outstripped it, the principal town in Henry county. An increasing body of Catholics began to arrive. Soon they started an agitation for a church. They were poor in means, but rich in health, vigor and ambition, the ingredients of success.

PRIESTS: This is the Golden Jubilee Year of the celebration of the first mass in Geneseo. In 1857, mass, the distinguishing and historic form of worship in the Catholic church, was said for the first time in the history of Henry county,

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by Father J. G. Allman of Rock Island, in the home of James Warren. From this time, for nearly ten years, a lengthy succession of missionary priests came here to hear confessions, baptize children, bless marriages and hold divine service. On these occasions people for miles around flocked to town. They came on horseback or in lumber wagons to attend the sublime mysteries of the memorial of Christ's death and resurrection.

Father Allman the famous missionary, was succeeded by Father Muller of Chicago, who used the seminary for a church on the occasion of his visit. Then Fathers John Donelan, Murphy and McElherne in succession came from Rock Island. The first two on their visits said mass at James Warren's and the last at Perry's Hall. From this time until the resident priest was appointed, the missioners who attended the Catholics of Geneseo all came from Chicago. The first Father Corbinian using Sniff's hall and the others, Fathers Meinrad, Schuitbert, Mathias and Dionisius using the church lately erected.

For some time before 1863 the Catholics of this vicinity were talking of building a church. Finally Messrs. James Bradley now of Briar Bluff, Henry Stukee and Patrick O'Connell were elected on the building committee their chief duty being to undertake the laborious enterprise of procuring subscriptions. It was harder to get one dollar then than a hundred now for few had property. They scoured the country far and wide. They succeeded admirably, having obtained in a short time according to the printed statement of parish finances, the sum of two thousand, five hundred and fifty-nine dollars and fifty cents. They bought the lot on which the church stands for two hundred and forty-three dollars in 1864. Then by means of loans aggregating one thousand, four hundred and forty-six dollars, the building was put up but furniture and decoration were postponed. In 1866 eight hundred and sixty-two dollars and thirty-three cents was added to the treasury. The people were satisfied with plank benches and bare walls, till Father Ackley, the first resident priest took charge in the summer of 1866. A fair was held which, with some more small subscriptions, netted one thousand, nine hundred and thirty-three dollars and seventy-five cents. Then the edifice was plastered, altars, chalices, vestments, chandeliers, etc., were purchased, and something paid on debt.

Father F. W. Smyth was appointed in June 1867. During the seven years of his stay he obtained three thousand, nine hundred and eighty-nine dollars and twenty-three cents with which he cleared off the debt, put in the pews, painted the church, got the organ, more vestments, etc. The organ cost three hundred dollars. One like it could be got for seventy-five dollars now. Church goods were higher at that time than now. The statement he published in July 1873, showed a balance to the credit of the parish. It was a complete account of all money received and paid out since May 1863. The old church with furnishings cost nine thousand dollars.

Father Smyth was well liked by all the community. He lived in the Geneseo House. He attended at regular intervals the congregations of Atkinson, Sheffield, Princeton, Bureau, Bradford, Kewanee, and other places. But one by one these points set up for themselves. During his time confirmation was administered for the first time by Bishop Foley of Chicago, in 1870, to a large class of candidates. During his administration here he baptized six hundred and forty children.

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He was succeeded by Father O'Gara McShane, who stayed here from August 1874 to March, 1877, when the Chicago diocese was divided, the part we are living in being given to Peoria. Father McShane is now pastor of the Annunciation church of Chicago. He was a successful total abstinence advocate. He purchased and lived in the house just west of the standpipe. It was the rectory until 1899.

Father J. J. Grogan, a young priest, took temporary charge of the parish for a few months and then was appointed the first resident pastor of Sheffield. He is at present pastor at Ransom, Illinois.

Father L. L. Dunne at one time a missioner among the Kaffirs and Zulus of South Africa, was rector from October 1877 to February 1883. He died soon after in England.

Father M. L. O'Connor was an assistant of Rev. Dunne, and became his successor till May 1884. He died in Peoria.

Father Fallihee was parish priest until October 1888. He is now pastor of Budd, Illinois.

Father Hausser, now of Seneca, Illinois, was acting as pastor here for three months.

Father O'Hara was stationed here till November 1899, when the present incumbent, Father M. F. Foley, took hold.

NOTES: The records kept in the archives of this parish go back forty years i. e., to the time of the first resident priest, and show to the present time, one thousand, five hundred and ninety-two baptisms and two hundred and sixty-two marriages. For previous records recourse must be had to the parish church where the Mission Fathers came from.

St. Malachy is the patron saint of this church. He was an Irishman famed for learning and sanctity. He made many prophecies that have been fulfilled. He lived in the twelfth century. His feast day comes on November 3d. Six days in the year are kept holy, viz., Christmas, New Years, ascension of our Lord, the Immaculate Conception and assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and November 1st, the feast of all the saints.

SOCIETIES, CHOIR: The first choir had six members, viz., Miss Salina, organist, Messrs. Michael Bradley still of Geneseo, Charles Stukee and Joseph Fischer, both dead; Miss Bridget Curley, now Mrs. Bridget Stukee, of Chicago, and Miss Strohecker, now Mrs. J. R. Mascall of Cambridge.

The present choir consists of Miss Bertha Nehlig, organist, Misses Kate Fennessy, Clara Hofstetter, Mary Baker and Ada Kav; Mesdames Jas. Curley, Chas. Atwood, J. J. Ryan, Louis Rink; Messrs. Jas. Curley, W. G. Curley, Bert Bradley and Frank Bradley. There is also a large children's choir.

ALTAR SOCIETY: This society has existed from the start. Its president now is Mrs. J. J. Kidney.

The "Q. of V." society is an auxillary society composed of nearly all the ladies of the parish.

St. Martin's Court, No. 1345, Catholic Order of Foresters, is a fraternal organization of men.

The Success society is a school children's association.

The Research society is made up of nearly all the young people.

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The Altar boys are Albert Sieben, Frank Oberle, Dan Kidney and Perry Oberle.

The new church building will be a splendid structure of brick and stone. It will be beautifully decorated and furnished. When completed it will cost over twenty thousand dollars. Its dimensions are one hundred and five feet long by sixty-six feet in the widest part. The main auditorium will seat four hundred and in a pinch can hold twice that number. The aisles are broad. The sanctuary, sacristy, vestry, winter chapel and assembly room are all spacious. The two last will seat over one hundred each. One has a stage the other an altar. There are also a large coal room, boiler room and a store room. The basement will not be finished now except the portion under the sanctuary end of the building.

The electric lighting will be on an elaborate scale. The frescoing will be in harmony with the design. There will be thirteen large and several small art glass windows. A large bell and pipe organ will be installed. The stations of the cross, fourteen in number, the statuary, the high altar and two side altars will be very elegant. Even the pews will be a decorative feature. Everything will blend so as to concentrate the attention on one central idea, the presence of God. A steam plant on the vacuum principle will be put in as soon as the roof is on. All floors will be double with thick felt between, the top floor will be hard maple. All the furnishings may not be got for some time.

The new church will be another ornament to the town and like our schools will be a thing to bring your friends to see. The congregation is a unit in this work and have already or will have subscribed generously. But they are not the only ones helping the cause. Many citizens not of the congregation have promised to help.

COMPLETE LIST OF HENRY COUNTY SUPERVISORS.

Oxford—1857, M. Underwood; 1858, Ed. Bundy; 1859, S. C. Cox; 1860, T. M. Herbert; 1861, T. M. Herbert; 1862, T. M. Herbert; 1863, T. M. Herbert; 1864, T. M. Herbert; 1865, M. Otis; 1866, T. M. Herbert; 1867, T. M. Herbert; 1868, T. M. Herbert; 1869, T. M. Herbert; 1870, S. B. Shumway; 1871, S. B. Shumway; 1872, S. B. Shumway; 1873, S. B. Shumway; 1874, S. B. Shumway; 1875, S. B. Shumway; 1876, W. O. Campbell; 1877, A. B Cole. 1878, A. P. Falk; 1879, Orson Jones; 1880, Wm. Taze and A. P. Falk; 1881, A. P. Falk; 1882, A. D. Underwood; 1883, Chauncy Howell; 1884, John F. Cox; 1885, John F. Cox; 1886, William R. Tracy; 1887, William R. Tracy; 1888, Wm. R. Tracy; 1889, Wm. R. Tracy; 1890, J. F. Cox; 1891, J. F. Cox; 1892, J. F. Cox; 1893, J. F. Cox; 1894, J. F. Cox; 1895, J. F. Cox; 1896, J. F. Cox; 1897, W. R. Tracy; 1898, Wm. R. Tracy; 1899, Wm. R. Tracy; 1900, Wm. R. Tracy; 1901, Wm. R. Tracy; 1902, Wm. R. Tracy; 1903, Wm. R. Tracy; 1904, Wm. R. Tracy; 1905, Wm. R. Tracy; 1906, Wm. R. Tracy; 1907, H. M. Willsie; 1908, H. M. Willsie; 1909, W. C. Cole.

Clover—1857, H. Stickney; 1858, Wm. Forgy; 1859, M. Taylor; 1860, Philip

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Simmons; 1872, S. M. Neely; 1873, S. M. Neely; 1874, S. M. Neely; 1875, S. M. Neely; 1876, Wm. C. Stickney; 1877, W. C. Stickney; 1878, Wm. C. Stickney; 1879, W. C. Stickney; 1880, Wm. C. Stickney; 1881, R. F. Beals; 1882, R. F. Beals; 1883, R. F. Beals; 1884, R. F. Beals; 1885, Henry E. Houghton; 1886, Henry E. Houghton; 1887, Henry E. Houghton; 1888, Henry E. Houghton; 1889, R. F. Beals; 1890, J. W. Shetler; 1891, J. W. Shetler; 1892, W. G. Kirkland; 1893, W. G. Kirkland; 1894, W. P. Kirkland; 1895, Wm. P. Kirkland; 1896, W. P. Kirkland; 1897, W. P. Kirkland; 1898, John Shattuck; 1899, John Shattuck; 1900, John W. Shetler; 1901, John W. Shetler; 1902, Wm. W. Stickney; 1903, Wm. W. Stickney; 1904, Wm. W. Stickney; 1905, Wm. W. Stickney; 1906, Wm. W. Stickney; 1907, Wm. W. Stickney; 1908, Wm. W. Stickney; 1909, Wm. W. Stickney.

Weller—1857, John Piatt, Sr.; 1858, John Piatt, Sr.; 1859, John Piatt, Sr.; 1860, John Piatt, Sr.; 1861, John Piatt, Sr.; 1862, John Piatt, Sr.; 1863, O. Nordstrom; 1864, J. Jacobson; 1865, J. Jacobson; 1866, J. Jacobson; 1867, Joab Hayden; 1868, Joab Hayden; 1869, E. Lindstrum; 1870, John Piatt, Sr.; 1871, John Piatt, Sr.; 1872, A. Underwood; 1873, J. J. Brown; 1874, John Piatt, Sr.; 1875, John Piatt, Sr.; 1876, John Piatt, Sr.; 1877, John Piatt, Sr.; 1878, John Piatt, Sr.; 1879, John Piatt, Sr.; 1880, John Piatt, Sr.; 1881, John T. Piatt; 1882, John T. Piatt; 1883, John T. Piatt; 1884, John T. Piatt; 1885. John T. Piatt; 1886, John T. Piatt; 1887, John T. Piatt; 1888, Martin Johnson; 1889, Martin Johnson; 1890, Eric Anderson; 1891, Eric Anderson; 1892, Eric Anderson; 1893, Eric Anderson; 1894, Eric Anderson; 1895, Eric Anderson; 1896, Eric Anderson; 1897, Eric Anderson; 1898, Eric Anderson; 1899, Eric Anderson; 1900, Eric Anderson; 1901, Eric Anderson; 1902, Eric Anderson; 1903, Eric Anderson; 1904, Eric Anderson; 1905, Eric Anderson; 1906. Charles G. Falk; 1907, Charles G. Falk; 1908, Chas. G. Falk; 1909, Chas G. Falk.

Galva—1857, D. L. Wiley; 1858, D. L. Wiley; 1859, A. F. Hathaway; 1860, C. A. Shurtleff; 1861, C. A. Shurtleff; 1862, C. A Shurtleff; 1863, W. H. Hoyt; 1864, W. H. Hoyt; 1865, W. H. Hoyt; 1866, W. H. Hoyt; 1867, W. H. Hoyt; 1868, W. H. Hoyt; 1869, W. H. Hoyt; 1870, W. H. Hoyt; 1871, A. F. Hathaway; 1872, O. P. Emry; 1873, John N. Morgan; 1874, John N. Morgan; 1875, John N. Morgan; 1876, John N. Morgan; 1877, John N. Morgan; 1878, John N. Morgan; 1879, John N. Morgan; 1880, John N. Morgan; 1881, John N. Morgan; 1882, John N. Morgan; 1883, John N. Morgan; 1884, John N. Morgan; 1885, John N. Morgan; 1886, E. W. Houghton; 1887, E. W. Houghton; 1888, E. W. Houghton; 1889, Charles A. Shurtleff; 1890, John C. Johnson; 1891, John J. Corkill; 1892, John J. Corkill; 1893, C. A. Shurtleff; 1894, Chas. H. Shurtleff; 1895, Geo. D. Palmer; 1896, Geo. D. Palmer; 1897, George D. Palmer; 1898, Geo. D. Palmer; 1899, Lewis F. Matteson; 1900, Lewis F. Matteson; 1901, Lewis F. Matteson; 1902, Lewis F. Matteson; 1903, Lewis F. Matteson; 1904, Lewis F. Matteson; 1905, Isaac Grant; 1906, Isaac Grant; 1907, John Miller; 1908, John Miller; 1909, George D. Palmer.

Wethersfield—1857, M. B. Potter; 1858, M. B. Potter; 1859, S. Chas. Lester; 1860, W. H. Blish; 1861, C. B. Miner; 1862, C. B. Miner; 1863, C. B. Miner; 1864, *C. B. Miner;* 1865, *C. B. Miner;* 1866, *C. B. Miner;* 1867, *C. B. Miner;* 1868, C. B. Miner; 1869, Hugh Carson; 1870, M. Tilton; 1871, Wm. Oliver;

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1872, M. B. Potter; 1873, George N. Palmer; 1874, George N. Palmer; 1875, O. P. Wedge; 1876; J. J. Boyd; 1877, C. J. Robson; 1878, Chas. G. Robson; 1879, Chas. G. Robson; 1880, Matthew B. Potter; 1881, Matthew B. Potter; 1882, M. B. Potter; 1883, M. B. Potter; 1884, M. B. Potter; 1885, M. B. Potter; 1886, Alex Murchison; 1887, Alex Murchison; 1888, Alex Murchison; 1889, M. B. Potter; 1890, M. B. Potter; 1891, Jehiel Fuller; 1892, J. Fuller; 1893, Jehiel Fuller; 1894, Jehiel Fuller; 1895, Jehiel Fuller; 1896, Jehiel Fuller; 1897, Jehiel Fuller; 1898, Jehiel Fuller; 1899, Jehiel Fuller; 1900, Jehiel Fuller; 1901, Jehiel Fuller; 1902, Jehiel Fuller; 1903, Edw. J. Ray; 1904, Edward J. Ray; 1905, Edward J. Ray; 1906, Edw. J. Ray; 1907, Edw. J. Ray; 1908, Edw. J. Ray; 1909, Edward J. Ray.

Lynn—1857, Geo. B. Pillsbury; 1858, Geo. B. Pillsbury; 1859, Geo. B. Pillsbury; 1860, Geo. B. Pillsbury; 1861, Reuben Baldwin; 1862, A. J. Smith; 1863, J. W. Pinckney; 1864, J. W. Pinckney; 1865, J. W. Pinckney; 1866, J. W. Pinckney; 1867, J. W. Pinckney; 1868, J. W. Pinckney; 1869, A. Gustafson; 1870, G. Bengston; 1871, J. S. Long; 1872, J. S. Long; 1873, John S. Long; 1874, John S. Long; 1875, John S. Long; 1876, John S. Long; 1877, John S. Long; 1878, John S. Long; 1879, Nelson Gustus; 1880, Nelson Gustus; 1881, Nelson Gustus; 1882, John S. Long; 1883, John S. Long; 1884, Nelson Gustus; 1885, Nelson Gustus; 1886, Nelson Gustus; 1887, Nelson Gustus; 1888, George H. Johnson; 1889, George H. Johnson; 1890, George H. Johnson; 1891, George H. Johnson; 1892, George H. Johnson; 1893, Geo. H. Johnson; 1894, Leander Chilberg; 1895, M. A. Boltenstern; 1896, M. A. Boltenstern; 1897, M. A. Boltenstern; 1898, M. A. Boltenstern; 1899, M. A. Boltenstern; 1900, M. A. Boltenstern; 1901, M. A. Boltenstern; 1902, J. A. Johnson; 1903, Morris A. Boltenstern; 1904, Morris A. Boltenstern; 1905, M. A. Boltenstern; 1906, S. P. Neystrom; 1907, S. P. Neystrom; 1908, S. P. Neystrom; 1909, S. P. Neystrom.

Andover—1857, S. W. Knapp; 1858, S. W. Knapp; 1859, S. W. Knapp; 1860, H. G. Griffin; 1861, J. A. Larson; 1862, J. H. Morse; 1863, J. H. Morse; 1864, Edmund Buck; 1865, E. S. Roberts; 1866, E. S. Roberts; 1867, M. Francis; 1868, M. Francis; 1869, M. Francis; 1870, M. Francis; 1871, Edmond Buck; 1872, James Keagy; 1873, James Keagy; 1874, John A. Larson; 1875, John A. Larson; 1876, John A. Larson; 1877, H. G. Griffin; 1878, Henry G. Griffin; 1879, Henry G. Griffin; 1880, Henry G. Griffin; 1881, Henry G. Griffin; 1882, H. G. Griffin; 1883, Henry G. Griffin; 1884, H. G. Griffin; 1885, H. G. Griffin; 1886, H. G. Griffin; 1887, Henry G. Griffin; 1888, H. G. Griffin; 1889, H. G. Griffin; 1890, H. G. Griffin; 1891, Henry G. Griffin; 1892, Gustus Bengston; 1893, Thomas S. Knapp; 1894, Thomas S. Knapp; 1895, Thomas S. Knapp; 1896, Thomas S. Knapp; 1897, Thos. S. Knapp; 1898, A. P. Fragd; 1899, A. P. Fragd; 1900, A. P. Fragd; 1901, A. P. Fragd; 1902, A. P. Fragd; 1903, A. P. Fragd; 1904, John A. Engnell; 1905, J. A. Engnell; 1906, F. O. Peterson; 1907, F. O. Peterson; 1908, Frank O. Peterson; 1909, F. G. Johnson.

Cambridge—1857, R. Mascall; 1858, Richard Mascall; 1859, Amos Gould; 1860, Richard Mascall; 1861, J. S. Hinman; 1862, J. S. Hinman; 1863, Richard Mascall; 1864, N. B. Gould; 1865, N. B. Gould; 1866, N. B. Gould; 1867, N. B. Gould; 1868, N. B. Gould; 1869, Richard Mascall; 1870, Richard Mascall; 1871, O. E. Page; 1872, N. B. Gould; 1873, N. B. Gould; 1874, N. B. Gould; 1875,

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Richard Mascall; 1876, John B. Hagin; 1877, John B. Hagin; 1878, Nathaniel B. Gould; 1879, Nathaniel B. Gould; 1880, Nathaniel B. Gould; 1881, Nathaniel B. Gould; 1882, N. B. Gould; 1883, N. B. Gould; 1884, N. B. Gould; 1885, N. B. Gould; 1886, N. B. Gould; 1887, Nathaniel B. Gould; 1888, N. B. Gould; 1889, N. B. Gould; 1890, N. B. Gould; 1891, Nathaniel B. Gould; 1892, N. B. Gould; 1893, N. B. Gould; 1894, S. J. Longshore; 1895, S. J. Longshore; 1896, N. B. Gould; 1897, N. B. Gould; 1898, John L. Hull; 1899, John L. Hull; 1900, John L. Hull; 1901, John L. Hull; 1902, J. L. Hull; 1903, John L. Hull; 1904, John L. Hull; 1905, John L. Hull; 1906, John L. Hull; 1907, John L. Hull; 1908, Bernard McHugh; 1909, Bernard McHugh.

Burns—1857, Ira Parker; 1858, Ira Parker; 1859, J. A. McCulloh; 1860, J. A. McColloh; 1861, J. A. McColloh; 1862, J. A. McColloh and W. H. Pease;* 1863, Thos. Patterson; 1864, W. H. Pease; 1865, W. H. Pease; 1866, B. F. Barge; 1867, Sivilian Lester; 1868, John Taylor; 1869, John Taylor; 1870, John Taylor; 1871, J. M. McCulloh; 1872, Sivilian Lester; 1873, David Anderson; 1874, Ira Parker; 1875, Ira Parker; 1876, David Anderson; 1877, David Anderson; 1878, David Anderson; 1879, David B Anderson; 1880, David Anderson; 1881, David Anderson; 1882, David Anderson; 1883, David Anderson; 1884, David Anderson; 1885, David Anderson; 1886, David Anderson; 1887, David Anderson; 1888, David Anderson; 1889, James McRell; 1890, James McRell; 1891, James McRell; 1892, James McRell; 1893, James McRell; 1894, Jas. McRell; 1895, Julius Charlett; 1896, Julius Charlett; 1897, Julius Charlett; 1898, Julius Charlett; 1899, P. H. Neville; 1900, P. H. Neville; 1901, P. H. Neville; 1902, P. H. Neville; 1903, John Archer; 1904, John Archer; 1905, John Archer; 1906, John Archer; 1907, G. D. German; 1908, G. D. German; 1909, G. D. German.

Kewanee—1857, Austin Sykes; 1858, Ralph A. Tenney; 1859, Ralph A. Tenney; 1860, G. D. Elliott; 1861, T. H. Phillips; 1862, E. E. Slocum; 1863, S. W. Warner; 1864, E. E. Slocum; 1865, E. E. Slocum; 1866, E. E. Slocum; 1867, W. C. Kent; 1868, W. C. Kent; 1869, E. E. Slocum; 1870, E. E. Slocum; 1871, John Blackburn; 1872, John Blackburn; 1873, E. M. Vail; 1874, E. M. Vail and A. Maul;† 1875, E. M. Vail and A. Maul;† 1876, E. M. Vail and A. Maul;† 1877, J. K. Blish and Isaac Pyle; 1878, James K. Blish and Isaac Pyle; 1879, James K. Blish and Isaac Pyle; 1880, Jas. K. Blish and Isaac Pyle; 1881, Thos. P. Pierce and P. B. Keeler; 1882, Thomas P. Pierce and P. B. Keeler; 1883, Thos. P. Pierce and Philip B. Keeler; 1884, Thos. P. Pierce and Philip B. Keeler; 1885, Thomas H. Phillips and Philip B. Keeler; 1886, Thomas P. Pierce and H. L. Goold; 1887, John Moore, H. L. Goold (removed from state) and Thos. P. Pierce, appointed assistant December, 1887; 1888, John Moore and Philip B. Keeler; 1889, John Moore and Philip B. Keeler; 1890, John Moore and P. B. Keeler; 1891, E. D. Mayhew and Philip B. Keeler; 1892, E. D. Mayhew and Philip B. Keeler; 1893, Wm. H. Lyle and Philip B. Keeler; 1894, Wm. H. Lyle and P. B. Keeler; 1895, Nathaniel W. Tibbetts and P. B. Keeler; 1896, N. W. Tibbetts, Thos. McClure and Jas. C. Craig; 1897, N. W. Tibbetts, Jas. C. Craig and Thos. McClure; 1898, N. W. Tibbetts, W. B. McClure and Robert H. Lamb; 1899, N. W. Tibbetts, W. B. McClure and Robert H. Lamb; 1900, Nathaniel W. Tibbetts, Robt. H. Lamb and Nels Granquist; 1901, Nathaniel

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W. Tibbetts, Robt. H. Lamb and Nels Granquist; 1902, N. W. Tibbetts, Nels Granquist and R. H. Lamb; 1903, N. W. Tibbetts, Nels Granquist and R. H. Lamb; 1904, Nathaniel W. Tibbetts, R. H. Lamb, Nels Granquist and Elijah Storey; 1905, N. W. Tibbetts, Elijah Storey, R. H. Lamb and Nels Granquist; 1906, N. W. Tibbetts, Nels Granquist, Robert H. Lamb and Elijah Storey; 1907, Nathaniel W. Tibbetts, Elijah Storey, Nels Granquist and Robert H. Lamb; 1908, Nathaniel W. Tibbetts, Elijah Storey, Wm. H. Lyle and Elisha Beadle; 1909, Hugh Hill, Wm. H. Lyle, Elisha Beadle and Elijah Storey.

Western—1857, (With Lynn); 1858, Levi Higgins; 1859, W. W. Warner; 1860, W. W. Warner; 1861, Andrew McWhinney; 1862, Wm. McCandless; 1863, Thos. Stevenson; 1864, Thos. Stevenson; 1865, W. W. Warner; 1866, W. W. Warner; 1867, M. B. Lloyd; 1868, M. B. Lloyd; 1869, A. McWhinney; 1870, A. B. Edwards; 1871, Samuel Southard; 1872, W. W. Warner; 1873, Wm. McCandless; 1874, Levi Higgins; 1875, Levi Higgins; 1876, Levi Higgins; 1877, J. T. Fields; 1878, John T. Fields; 1879, John T. Fields; 1880, John T. Fields; 1881, Geo. W. Buck; 1882, Geo. W. Buck; 1883, Geo. W. Buck; 1884, Geo. W. Buck; 1885, Geo. W. Buck; 1886, Geo. W. Buck; 1887, L. R. Bothwell; 1888, L. R. Bothwell; 1889, L. R. Bothwell; 1890, L. R Bothwell; 1891, Leonard R. Bothwell; 1892, L. R. Bothwell; 1893, Leonard R. Bothwell; 1894, L. R. Bothwell; 1895, L. R. Bothwell; 1896, L. R. Bothwell; 1897, L. R. Bothwell; 1898, L. R. Bothwell; 1899, L. R. Bothwell; 1900, Leonard R. Bothwell; 1901, L. R. Bothwell; 1902, L. R. Bothwell; 1903, L. R. Bothwell; 1904, L. R. Bothwell; 1905, L. R. Bothwell; 1906, L. R. Bothwell; 1907, L. R. Bothwell; 1908, O. H. Larson; 1909, O. H. Larson.

Osco—1857, L. C. Welton; 1858, L. C. Welton; 1859, L. Wells; 1860, D. A. Ireland; 1861, R. H. Hinman; 1862, R. H. Hinman; 1863, A. A. Crane; 1864, H. Woodward; 1865, A. A. Crane; 1866, J. H. Smith; 1867, J. H. Smith; 1868, J. H. Smith; 1869, J. H. Smith; 1870, H Woodward; 1871, J S. Showalter; 1872, Levi Hamilton; 1873, R. H. Hinman; 1874, R. H. Hinman; 1875, *R. H. Hinman;* 1876, R. H. Hinman; 1877, A. A. Crane; 1878, A. A. Crane; 1879, D. C. Tomlinson; 1880, D. C. Tomlinson; 1881, D. C. Tomlinson; 1882, D. C. Tomlinson; 1883, D. C. Tomlinson; 1884, D. C. Tomlinson; 1885, D. C. Tomlinson; 1886, D. C. Tomlinson; 1887, D. C. Tomlinson; 1888, T. Scott Brown; 1889, James M. Welton; 1890, T. Scott Brown; 1891, Robert W. Fleming; 1892, R. W. Fleming; 1893, Andrew Weidlien; 1894, Andrew Weidlien; 1895, D. C. Tomlinson; 1896, D. C. Tomlinson; 1897, D. C. Tomlinson; 1898, D. C. Tomlinson; 1899, William Ringle; 1900, William Ringle; 1901, Wm. Ringle; 1902, Wm. Ringle; 1903, J. Luther Lough; 1904, J. Luther Lough; 1905, J. Luther Lough; 1906, J. Luther Lough; 1907, Julius N. Westerlund; 1908, Julius N. Westerlund; 1909, Julius N. Westerlund.

Munson—1857, I. N. Wilson; 1858, *I. N. Wilson;* 1859, *I. N. Wilson;* 1860, Aug. Allen; 1861, Royce Allen; 1862, L. Anderson; 1863, Aug. Allen; 1864, Aug. Allen; 1865, Aug. Allen; 1866, Aug. Allen; 1867, John P. Fox; 1868, John P. Fox; 1869, Royce Allen; 1870, John P. Fox; 1871, John P. Fox; 1872, *John P. Fox;* 1873, *John P. Fox;* 1874, *John P. Fox;* 1875, Royce Allen; 1876, Royce Allen; 1877, J. W. Crawford; 1878, Royce Allen; 1879, John W. Crawford; 1880. N. C. Gilbert; 1881, N. C. Gilbert; 1882, N C. Gilbert; 1883, N. C.

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Gilbert; 1884, N. C. Gilbert; 1885, N. C. Gilbert; 1886, N. C. Gilbert; 1887, N. C. Gilbert; 1888, N. C. Gilbert; 1889, N. C. Gilbert; 1890, N. C. Gilbert; 1891, J. M. H. Hunter; 1892, J. M. H. Hunter; 1893, J. M. H. Hunter; 1894, J. M. H. Hunter; 1895, J. M. H. Hunter; 1896, J. M. H. Hunter; 1897, J. M. H. Hunter; 1898, J. M. H. Hunter; 1899, F. S. Melvin; 1900, Frank S. Melvin; 1901, W. C. Attwater; 1902, W. C. Attwater; 1903, Wm. C. Attwater; 1904, Wm. C. Attwater; 1905, W. C. Attwater; 1906, Wm. C. Attwater; 1907, Wm. C. Attwater; 1908, W. C. Attwater; 1909, Wm. C. Attwater.

Cornwall—1857, Lewis Shearer; 1858, Lewis Shearer; 1859, Lewis Shearer; 1860, *Lewis Shearer;* 1861, *Lewis Shearer;* 1862, C. M. Hayden and Lewis Shearer;* 1863, *Lewis Shearer;* 1864, Lewis Shearer; 1865, B. F. Lininger; 1866, Elijah Benedict; 1867, Elijah Benedict; 1868, Lewis Shearer; 1869, Lewis Shearer; 1870, Lewis Shearer; 1871, Lewis Shearer; 1872, Lewis Shearer; 1873, Lewis Shearer; 1874, Lewis Shearer; 1875, Lewis Shearer; 1876, Lewis Shearer; 1877, Lewis Shearer; 1878, John W. Foy and John Farnum, by appointment; 1879, John W. Foy; 1880, John W. Foy; 1881, Geo. W. Benedict; 1882, Geo. W. Benedict; 1883, Geo. W. Benedict; 1884, Geo. W. Benedict; 1885, Geo. W. Benedict; 1886, Geo. W. Benedict; 1887, Geo. W. Benedict; 1888, Geo. W. Benedict; 1889, R. W. Wolever; 1890, R. W. Wolever; 1891, Robt. W. Wolever; 1892, R. W. Wolever; 1893, R. W. Wolever; 1894, R. W. Wolever; 1895, R. W. Wolever; 1896, R. W. Wolever; 1897, Jas. Parker, Jr.; 1898, W. D. Colby; 1899, W. D. Colby; 1900, Norman Shearer; 1901, Norman Shearer; 1902, Norman Shearer; 1903, Norman Shearer; 1904, Norman Shearer; 1905, Norman Shearer; 1906, Norman Shearer; 1907, Norman Shearer; 1908, Norman Shearer; 1909, Norman Shearer.

Annawan—1857, Silas Morton; 1858, Geo. C. Alden; 1859, Dan. Crist; 1860, Jas Carroll; 1861, Jas. Carroll; 1862, W. W. Cole; 1863, Silas Morton; 1864, H. Z. Ferguson; 1865, Josiah Dow; 1866, Josiah Dow; 1867, Josiah Dow; 1868, J. Shaw; 1869, Josiah Dow; 1870, Josiah Dow; 1871, S. L. Andrews; 1872, S. L. Andrews; 1873, S. L. Andrews; 1874, S. L. Andrews; 1875, S. L. Andrews; 1876, *S. L. Andrews*; 1877, James Dice; 1878, James M. Bice; 1879, James M. Bice; 1880, James M. Bice; 1881, James M. Bice; 1882, James M. Bice; 1883, I. G. Heaps; 1884, I. G. Heaps; 1885, I. G. Heaps; 1886, I. G. Heaps; 1887, I. G. Heaps; 1888, I. G. Heaps; 1889, S. N. Barker; 1890, S. N. Barker; 1891, S. N. Barker; 1892, S. N. Barker; 1893, S. N. Barker; 1894, S. N. Barker; 1895, S. N. Barker; 1896, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1897, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1898, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1899, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1900, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1901, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1902, E. E. Fitzkee; 1903, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1904, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1905, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1906, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1907, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1908, Elmer E. Fitzkee; 1909, Elmer E. Fitzkee.

Colona—1857, A. Washburn; 1858, Ira R. Wells; 1859, T. F. Davenport; 1860, A. C. Edwards; 1861, A. C. Edwards; 1862, A. C. Edwards; 1863, A. C. Edwards; 1864, Geo. Siverly; 1865, J. Sharp; 1866, G. D. Latham; 1867, A. Washburn; 1868, A. Washburn; 1869, R. R. Sale; 1870, R. R. Sale; 1871, R. R. Sale; 1872, R. R. Sale; 1873, R. R. Sale; 1874, Rufus A. Smith; 1875, Rufus A. Smith; 1876, Rufus A. Smith; 1877, R. A. Smith; 1878, Rufus A. Smith; 1879, B. I. Stafford; 1880, Benjamin I. Stafford; 1881, Benj. I. Stafford;

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1882, B. I. Stafford; 1883, Jacob L. Deem; 1884, Jacob L. Deem; 1885, B. I. Stafford; 1886, Wm. N. Glenn; 1887, Wm. N. Glenn; 1888, Jacob L. Deem; 1889, J. L. Deem; 1890, J. L. Deem; 1891, Charles Baum; 1892, Chas. Baum; 1893, Chas. Baum; 1894, Chas. Baum; 1895, Charles Baum; 1896, Charles Baum; 1897, Charles Baum; 1898, Chas. Baum; 1899, Charles Baum; 1900, Charles Baum; 1901, Charles Baum; 1902, Charles Baum; 1903, Charles Baum; 1904, Charles Baum; 1905, Charles Baum; 1906, Charles Baum; 1907, W. H. Miller; 1908, W. H. Miller; 1909, W. H. Miller.

Edford—1857, Wm. Miller; 1858, Wm. Miller; 1859, B. Hoit; 1860, W. M. Cady; 1861, W. W. Wood; 1862, W. W. Wood; 1863, W. W. Wood; 1864, John Tufts; 1865 N. C. Howard; 1866, N. C. Howard; 1867, N. C. Howard; 1868, N. C. Howard; 1869, N. C. Howard; 1870, N. C. Howard; 1871, P. H. Beveridge; 1872, P. H. Beveridge; 1873, L. W. Hoit; 1874, L. W. Hoit; 1875, L. W. Hoit; 1876, R. B. Paul; 1877, R. B. Paul; 1878, R. B. Paul; 1879, R. B. Paul 1880, R. B. Paul; 1881, R. B. Paul; 1882, G. H. Schrader; 1883, G. H. Schrader; 1884, G. H. Schrader; 1885, Geo. A. Carter; 1886, Geo. A. Carter; 1887, Geo. A. Carter; 1888, Geo. A. Carter; 1889, Geo. A. Carter; 1890, Geo. A. Carter; 1891, Geo. A. Carter; 1892, G. A. Carter; 1893, G. A. Carter; 1894, O. W. Hoit; 1895, O. W. Hoit; 1896, O. W. Hoit; 1897, O. W. Hoit; 1898, O. W. Hoit; 1899, O. W. Hoit; 1900, O. W. Hoit; 1901, O. W. Hoit; 1902, John F. Smith; 1903, John F. Smith; 1904, John F. Smith; 1905, John F. Smith; 1906, John F. Smith; 1907, John F. Smith; 1908, John F. Smith; 1909, John F. Smith.

Geneseo—1857, O. A. Turner; 1858, J. H. Johnson; 1859, P. K. Hanna and J. M. Allan;* 1860, J. M. Allan; 1861, H. J. Humphrey; 1862, Levi Sedgley; 1863, Levi Sedgley; 1864, Levi Sedgley; 1865, Levi Sedgley; 1866, J. M. Hosford; 1867, I. N. Wilson; 1868, I. N. Wilson and W. Sanford;† 1869, E. A. Wood and W. Sanford;† 1870, A. W. Perry and F. P. Brown;† 1871, A. W. Perry and Levi Waterman;† 1872, A. W. Perry and Levi Waterman;† 1873, Alfred W. Perry and Levi Waterman;† 1874, Alfred W. Perry and Levi Waterman;† 1875, J. F. Dresser and E. C. Gilbert;† 1876, Levi Waterman and E. C. Gilbert;† 1877, J. M. Allan and J. K. Reherd;† 1878, I. Newton Wilson and Jas. K. Reherd; 1879, I. Newton Wilson and Jas. K. Reherd; 1880, I. N. Wilson and Jas. K. Reherd; 1881, I. N. Wilson and J. K. Reherd; 1882, P. S. Schnabele and R. F. Steele; 1883, P. S. Schnabele and R. F. Steele; 1884, P. S. Schnabele and R. F. Steele; 1885, P. S. Schnabele and R. F. Steele; 1886, R. F. Steele and R. B. Paul; 1887, R. F. Steele and R. B. Paul; 1888, P. S. Schnabele and E. A. Cragin; 1889, P. S. Schnabele and E. A. Cragin; 1890, P. S. Schnabele and John P. Fox; 1891, Philip S. Schnabele and J. K. Reherd; 1892, W. W. Cole and J. K. Reherd; 1893, W. W. Cole and J. K. Reherd; 1894, W. W. Cole and J. K. Reherd; 1895, W. W. Cole and H. S. Gilbert; 1896, W. W. Cole and H. S. Gilbert; 1897, W. W. Cole and H. S. Gilbert; 1898, W. W. Cole and H. S. Gilbert; 1899, W. W. Cole and H. S. Gilbert; 1900, Herman D. Porter and H. S. Gilbert; 1901, Wm. Lowes, Sr. and H. S. Gilbert; 1902, Wm. Lowes, Sr. and H. S. Gilbert; 1903, Wm. Lowes, Sr. and Horace S. Gilbert; 1904, William Lowes, Sr. and Horace S. Gilbert; 1905, William Lowes, Sr. and Horace S. Gilbert; 1906, Wm. Lowes, Sr. and H. S. Gilbert; 1907, Wm. Lowes, Sr. and Sherman W. Shafer; 1908. Carl J. Lager and Sherman W. Shafer; 1909, Carl J. Lager and Sherman W. Shafer.

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Atkinson—1857, David Walters; 1858, Thomas Nowers, Sr.; 1859, Thos. Nowers, Sr.; 1860, Thos. Nowers, Sr.; 1861, G. R. Babbitt; 1862, G. R. Babbitt; 1863, E. F. Rose; 1864, E. F. Rose; 1865, J. Ashley, Jr.; 1866, Thos. Nowers, Sr.; 1867, Luke Wells; 1868, R. B. Lyon; 1869, R. B. Lyon; 1870, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1871, J. Ashley, Jr.; 1872, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1873, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1874, John M. Brown; 1875, John M. Brown; 1876, John M. Brown; 1877, Thomas Nowrs, Jr.; 1878, Thomas Nowers, Jr.; 1879, Thomas Nowers, Jr.; 1880, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1881, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1882, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1883, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1884, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1885, Ed. Everett; 1886, Thomas Nowers, Jr.; 1887, Thos. Nowers, Jr.; 1888, Thomas Nowers, Jr.; 1889, E. B. Watson; 1890, John Straley; 1891, John Straley; 1892, John Straley; 1893, John Straley; 1894, John Straley; 1895, Thomas Nowers; 1896, Thomas Nowers; 1897, Thomas Nowers; 1898, Thomas Nowers; 1899, Thomas Nowers; 1900, Thomas Nowers; 1901, Thomas Nowers; 1902, Thomas Nowers; 1903, Thomas Nowers; 1904, Thomas Nowers; 1905, Thomas Nowers; 1906, Thomas Nowers; 1907, James Nowers; 1908, James Nowers; 1909, James Nowers.

Alba—1857, John McNeil; 1858, Geo. Barmore; 1859, Geo. Barmore; 1860, Geo. Barmore; 1861, A. A. Lee; 1862, A. A. Lee and Geo. Barmore;* 1863, Geo. Barmore; 1864, Geo. Barmore; 1865, Z. Richmond; 1866, W. L. Robinson; 1867, D. W. Wilson; 1868, Z. D. Stanbro; 1869, D. W. Wilson; 1870, Z. Richmond; 1871, Z. Richmond; 1872, Z. Richmond; 1873, Z. Richmond; 1874, Z. Richmond; 1875, Z. Richmond; 1876, Z. Richmond; 1877, C. Hayes; 1878, Cornelius Hayes; 1879, Cornelius Hayes; 1880, Cornelius Hayes; 1881, Cornelius Hayes; 1882, Cornelius Hayes; 1883, Thomas Daly; 1884, Thomas Daly; 1885, James Warnock; 1886, Eli Seble; 1887, Eli Seble; 1888, Eli Seble; 1889, Eli Seble; 1890, James Warnock; 1891, Wm. O. McNeill; 1892, Wm. O. McNeill; 1893, Wm. O. McNeill; 1894, Wm. O. McNeill; 1895, Wm. O. McNeill; 1896, Wm. O. McNeill; 1897, Wm. O. McNeill; 1898, Wm. O. McNeill; 1899, E. G. Baker; 1900, E. G. Baker; 1901, William O. McNeill; 1902, Wm. O. McNeill; 1903, Wm. O. McNeill; 1904, Wm. O. McNeill; 1905, Wm. O. McNeill; 1906, Wm. O. McNeill; 1907, Wm. O. McNeill; 1908, Wm. O. McNeill; 1909, M. W. Baker.

Hanna—1857, Henry Hand; 1858, Thos. Hill; 1859, Thos. Hill; 1860, Thos. Hill; 1861, J. H. Paddleford and P. K. Hanna;* 1862, Z. D. Stanbro; 1863, Z. D. Stanbro; 1864, A. K. Henney; 1865, G. W. Copley; 1866, Z. D. Stanbro; 1867, Z. D. Stanbro; 1868, Z. D. Stanbro; 1869, Gilbert Erwin; 1870, Z. D. Stanbro; 1871, Z. D. Stanbro; 1872, J. H. Paddleford; 1873, J. H. Paddleford; 1874, J. H. Paddleford; 1875, J. H. Paddleford; 1876, J. H. Paddleford; 1877, D. M. Case; 1878, James H. Paddleford; 1879, Z. D. Stanbro; 1880, Z. D. Stanbro; 1881, Z. D. Stanbro; 1882, J. H. Paddleford; 1883, Jas. H. Paddleford; 1884, J. H. Paddleford; 1885, Z. D. Stanbro; 1886, Z. D. Stanbro; 1887, A. F. Davis; 1888, H. N. Hanna; 1889, H. N. Hanna; 1890, H. N. Hanna; 1891, Hobart N. Hanna; 1892, H. N. Hanna; 1893, Joseph S. Ellingsworth; 1894,

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1905, F. E. Davis; 1906, Geo. O. Withrow; 1907, Geo. O. Withrow; 1908, G. J. Jacobson; 1909, G. J. Jacobson.

Phenix—1857, *Benjamin Fritts;* 1858, Benj. Fritts; 1859, Benj. Fritts; 1860, Benj. Fritts; 1861, Benj. Fritts; 1862, *Benj. Fritts;* 1863, Benj. Fritts; 1864, Benj. Fritts; 1865, Jonathan Allen; 1866, Jonathan Allen; 1867, Jonathan Allen; 1868, *Benj. Fritts;* 1869, *Benj. Fritts;* 1870, Benj. Fritts; 1871, Benj. Fritts; 1872, Benjamin Fritts; 1873, D. B. McHenry; 1874, D. B. McHenry; 1875, D. B. McHenry; 1876, D. B. McHenry; 1877, D. B. McHenry; 1878, Daniel B. McHenry; 1879, D. B. McHenry; 1880, D. B. McHenry; 1881, D. B. McHenry; 1882, D. B. McHenry; 1883, Adam Dunlap; 1884, George Arnett; 1885, Geo. Arnett; 1886, George Arnett; 1887, Joseph B. McHenry; 1888, J. B. McHenry; 1889, E. Lauderbaugh; 1890, Adam Dunlap; 1891, George Arnett; 1892, E. Lauderbaugh; 1893, E. Lauderbaugh; 1894, E. Lauderbaugh; 1895, E. Lauderbaugh; 1896, Adam Butzer; 1897, Adam Butzer; 1898, E. Lauderbaugh; 1899, E. Lauderbaugh; 1900, Frank O. Withrow; 1901, F. O. Withrow; 1902, F. O. Withrow; 1903, F. O. Withrow; 1904, Frank O. Withrow; 1905, F. O. Withrow; 1906, F. O. Withrow; 1907, F. O. Withrow; 1908, Frank O. Withrow; 1909, Frank O. Withrow.

Loraine—1857, W. T. Crosier; 1858, W. T. Crosier; 1859, W. T. Crosier; 1860, W. T. Crosier; 1861, W. T. Crosier; 1862, G. F. Beers; 1863, G. F. Beers; 1864, S. J. Arnett; 1865, W. T. Crosier; 1866, John Rapp, Jr.; 1867, John Rapp, Jr.; 1868, G. F. Beers; 1869, W. T. Crosier; 1870, W T. Crosier; 1871, W. T. Crosier; 1872, S. J. Arnett; 1873, S. J. Arnett; 1874, S. J. Arnett; 1875, George F. Beers; 1876, George F. Beers; 1877, Moses Clifton; 1878, C. W. Coleman; 1879, C. W. Coleman; 1880, Chas. W. Coleman; 1881, Chas. W. Coleman; 1882, C. W. Coleman; 1883, C. W. Coleman; 1884, C. W. Coleman; 1885, Samuel Arnett; 1886, Samuel Arnett; 1887, Samuel Arnett; 1888, C. W. Coleman; 1889, Andrew Smith; 1890, Andrew Smith; 1891, Andrew Smith; 1892, Andrew Smith; 1893, Andrew Smith; 1894, Andrew Smith; 1895, Andrew Smith; 1896, Andrew Smith; 1897, Andrew Smith; 1898, Andrew Smith; 1899, Andrew Smith; 1900, Andrew Smith; 1901, Andrew Smith; 1902, Andrew Smith; 1903, William Papendick; 1904, Wm. Papendick; 1905, Wm. Papendick; 1906, William Papendick; 1907, Wm. Papendick; 1908, Wm. Papendick; 1909, Wm. Papendick.

Yorktown—1857, James Latimer; 1858, James Latimer; 1859, James Latimer; 1860, James Latimer; 1861, James Latimer; 1862, Philip Ott; 1863, Philip Ott; 1864, Philip Ott; 1865, J. J. Green; 1866, J. J. Green; 1867, Philip Ott; 1868, Jacob Luther; 1869, J. C. Herrington; 1870, J. C. Herrington; 1871, Wm. Mathis; 1872, William Mathis; 1873, William Mathis; 1874, William Mathis; 1875, William Mathis; 1876, William Mathis; 1877, *William Mathis*; 1878, Wm. Mathis; 1879, Wm. Mathis; 1880, Wm. Mathis; 1881, Edward Fehlman; 1882, Edward Fehlman; 1883, Edward Fehlman; 1884, Edward Fehlman; 1885, Ed. Fehlman; 1886, Martin Luther; 1887, Martin Luther; 1888, Martin Luther; 1889, Martin Luther; 1890, Martin Luther; 1891, Martin Luther; 1892, Samuel Goembel; 1893, Edward Fehlman; 1894, Edward Fehlman; 1895, Edward Fehlman; 1896, Edward Fehlman; 1897, P. E. Sommers; 1898, P. E. Sommers; 1899, August Mathis; 1900, August Mathis; 1901, August Mathis; 1902,

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August Mathis; 1903, August Mathis; 1904, August Mathis; 1905, August Mathis; 1906, August Mathis; 1907, August Mathis; 1908, August Mathis; 1909, Edward Seyller.

*Appointed to fill vacancy. †Assistant supervisors. Chairmen in italics.

CREAM.

SKIMMED FROM THE HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

(Several volumes of files were destroyed by fire.)

1874.

January 16, 1874. Henry County News issued by Belvel & Fisher. Firm members: Henry M. Belvel, of Corydon, Iowa, and Hendrick V. Fisher, of Geneseo, Illinois.

February 13. Henry L. Kiner buys interest of Hendrick V. Fisher in Henry County News.

March 6. N. H. Anderson killed by train at Bureau Junction, Illinois.

April 21. Lewis Deem died at Cleveland, Illinois. Member 112th Regiment.

May 2. Stephen Pomeroy died, Geneseo, aged 89.

May 15. News takes stand for Hennepin Canal.

May 22. Warner & Beers issue first county atlas.

May 22. Herman & Waterman, Geneseo, store robbed. Men caught.

May 22. Independent farmers' party started.

May 29. Kendall warehouse burned in Geneseo.

May 29. Martin Rice dies of injuries received in fight with Bryant on Rock River ferryboat.

June 5. John Christian buys Belvel's interest in News.

June 6. Tampico wrecked by hurricane.

June 16. Oliver C. Waite died.

June 16. Charles Bowfinger died.

July 10. Tom Collins, predecessor of McGinty, arrives. He is blamed for disasters.

July 31. "Maple City" first applied to Geneseo by News.

August 22. Mrs. Whitfield Sanford dead.

November 13. Sidney Sowers sells farm in Munson at fifty dollars per acre.

November 27. P. H. Taylor sells one hundred and sixty acres four miles south of Geneseo for fifty dollars per acre.

December 18. Major Allan attends Transportation Convention Richmond, Virginia, as delegate appointed by governor of Illinois. He reconciles south to Hennepin canal.

December 15. Hennepin canal meeting in Rock Island.

December 15. Henry county sends car of clothing to Kansas and Nebraska destitute. Grasshoppers.

December 15. Golden eagle killed in Eight Mile Grove.

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1875.

January 22, 1875. Wm. Merriman sees buck deer, two miles north of Geneseo. Probably from Kempster herd, Dutch Bottom.

January 29. Charles L. Ballou, young Prophetstown poet, suicides.

February 19. News suggests oldfashioned spelling school. One is held at Geneseo, and thence spread all over country.

February 19. Man jumps from Rock Island flyer at midnight near Rock River bridge. Bright moon and fresh snow. All get out and search; but no trace of man found.

March 5. Prayer meeting in Woodhull saloon.

March 5. Township insurance companies organized.

March 5. Cambridge moves. Ten new business buildings in process of erection on Prospect street.

March 5. Mrs. Major Gould of Cambridge makes her home a depot for supplies intended for grasshoppered Kansas and Nebraska. Mrs. Gould's activity amazes the county, which generously responds.

March 5. Christian-Spiritualist debate at Cambridge.

March 19. While crew of freight ate dinner at Geneseo, caboose burned. Only trucks left.

March 19. Big liquor suits at Atkinson.

March 26. Annie Lee, of Geneseo, aged thirteen years, burned to death.

March 26. Revival of Free Methodists in Atkinson continues three months.

April 2. Ella Porter of Atkinson, proclaimed champion speller of Henry county.

April 9. Daughter aged twelve of I. Callender of Cornwall, accidently shot dead by little brother.

April 23. Blackiston adds room to his Geneseo block.

April 23. W. R. Robertson, nomad dye worker, suicides.

May 7. Charles Youngs catches twenty-five-pound pickerel in Green River, with hook and line. This record still stands.

May 7. Amos Spaid crushed to death beneath load of lumber, north of Geneseo.

May 7. At spelling school Wm. T. Allan contests way word is spelled in standard speller. Dictionary proved Allan right.

May 21. Ancient sepulchre opened by Fred Luckett in Shabbona Grove.

May 21. Henry and Rock Island counties hold spelling contest. Won for Henry by Mrs. Fannie Perry Wolcott and Mrs. Patterson Holmes.

May 21. Drunken man at Howe's circus put hand in elephant's mouth. Lost part of hand.

June 4. David Hadley of Osco takes belladona by mistake. Recovers. Minerva Scott of Edford took an ounce of laudanum. Saved by Dr. Clerk. Orion horse doctor drank mule medicine. Pumped out.

June 11. War breaks out between Geneseo homeopaths. Dr. Fulton accuses Dr. Hoppins and wife of fraud. Rev. Langridge of Baptist church defends the Hoppins.

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June 11. Mowry & Hawkins advertise a grand reaper delivery day. Red Letter Day in Geneseo.

June 11. 'Squire Wm. Smith returns from tour of California. Shocked because California did not respect sanctity of Sabbath. Climate humbug.

June 16. Edward Morris, stockman, Greenfield, Iowa, killed at stockyards Wife Miranda Nash, daughter former Geneseo Episcopal rector.

June 18. Paddelford barns in Hanna struck by lightning and burned with all contents.

October 16. Cutting every other tree in park arouses indignation.

October 23. Death of Louis Logeman, Geneseo merchant.

October 23. Petrified log found forty feet down in Weimer coal mine, Phenix.

October 23. Death of Postmaster S. Lloyd, Atkinson.

October 30. Committee decides to make old Almshouse at county farm rendezvous for insane.

October 30. Towsley erects grain elevator, Cambridge.

November 6. Mrs. Francis, Andover, sells three hundred dollars worth of apples from her orchard to Crain, of Osco.

November 6. Colonel A. W. Perry bets boots, loses, delivers boots, and goes home in stocking feet. Incident is illustrative of the indomitable will and honesty of the pioneer.

November 6. Mirage of Mississippi River seen from Geneseo. Opposite shores seen down railroad track.

November 6. Seeley house closes at Prophetstown.

November 18. Wedding of Adam Lieberknecht and Miss Priscilla Fehlman.

November 27. Recent failure of City Bank, Geneseo, following crash of Cook County National Bank, in which Geneseo bank had surplus funds.

December 4. Burning of Lawbaugh warehouse.

December 11. Lecturer's sensational address on "Old Maids," calls forth News comment, "As long as they remain harmless, let them live."

December 11. Death of Dr. Charles H. Clerk.

December 18. Application made for charter for Farmer's National Bank.

December 22. Plowing on farms all over county.

December 22. Cracker factory started in Pope building, North Side, Geneseo, by Geo. Singleman & Company. Ran less than year. January 1, 1876.

1876.

January 1, 1876. Hitchcock & Fisher's and Rockwell's hardware stores robbed. Two men and a woman caught in Davenport, confessed crime.

January 1. Pullbacks adopted by females.

January 15. Nicholas Van Ranssalaer suicides with laudanum.

January 22. L. D. Geer, rich farmer north of Geneseo, swindled out of four thousand dollars in Chicago.

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January 29. John Allan, Swedish clerk in the Keagy & Welton store in Cambridge, proves to be Carl Gustaf Adelsvard, son of Baron Adelsvard, a great Swedish nobleman of Stockholm.

February 5. Lantern exploded in Erie church. Panic of three hundred at revival. Nobody injured, and lantern smothered.

February 5. Neponset man ships sixty-four hogs averaging five hundred and fifty-one pounds. Price six dollars and sixty cents.

February 5. Old Swamp Land case settled by Major Allan paying company one thousand dollars.

February 12. Fire at Annawan destroys harness shop, saloon, meat market and hotel.

February 12. Thacher sells Cambridge House to Hartzell, of Rock Island.

February 19. Library and reading room opened to Geneseo public.

February 26. Agitation for new courthouse.

February 26. Human bones found in Carbon Cliff mound.

March 3. Death of Phœbe Wilson, mother of I. N. Wilson and Mrs. J. Ramsey, and sister of Mrs. Steele, mother of Major Steele, aged eighty-one.

March 4. Isaac Burnett discovers ancient canal alongside railway west of town. Makes tour with editor of News over route of prehistoric canal, and convinces News man that something resembling a waterway had been scooped out by the ancients.

March 11. Geneseo board of education publishes demand for more school room.

March 18. Henry C. Sleight returns to Sag Harbor, New York, from Geneseo, after fifty-six years.

April 1. Mrs. Mary Waltz of Spring Hill, suicides. Religious mania. Voters urged to vote for one mill tax for public library in Geneseo. Cleveland, roused by Resumption Act, petitions against it with row of signatures twenty-six feet long. Voters urged to vote for new courthouse. H. P. Blaisdell acquitted of the charge of killing Nuhn, a German butcher of Geneseo, on ferryboat. Orion House sold by J. N. Harrod to H. W. Rishel. Adventurer stirs Colona by writing slanders in county papers. News tells story of "Old Butch and the Rickaticks," first News story to be copied by metropolitan press. Godfrey La Salle catches "Cherokee Doctor" at Lynn. Swindler. Peter Hammond reception of one hundredth birthday, at Geneseo.

April 10. R. F. Steele reelected mayor of Geneseo.

April 10. Sadie E. Seeley dies. Prophetstown.

April 15. Addie C. Blish, deaf mute, struck by express train at full speed. No bones broken, and up and around in day or two. Wethersfield.

April 26. Courthouse wins in vote.

April 26. Geneseo public library tax carries.

May 1. Theodore Tilton lectured in Geneseo, "Problem of Life."

May 1. Farmers National bank in full business equipment in old City bank building. Officers, president, L. Waterman; vice president, E. C. Gilbert; cashier, J. P. Stewart; bookkeeper, J. DeLoss Grant. Directors, L. Waterman, Chas. Dunham, R. F. Steele, P. S. Schnabele, E. C. Gilbert, E. P. Van Valkenburg, N. C. Howard, R. Harrington, Thos. Nowers, Jr.

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May 27. North county overrun with Gypsies. Bold and audacious. Walk into farmhouses at dinner-time, coolly sit at table and help themselves without leave or license. Farmers meet at schoolhouse, organize vigilance committee, and drive nomads out with guns.

June 17. Colonel Galligan offers buffalo to be barbecued on Fourth of July. Accepted.

June 17. Strange manifestations in North Side drugstore Sunday morning, turns out to be a living quail, crowding along the shelves behind bottles, and pushing them off. Round hole in window glass and curtain where quail came through.

July 1. Body of murdered man found six miles west of Geneseo.

July 15. Centennial exposition at Philadelphia visited by many Henry countyites.

July 15. Passenger train wrecked at Atkinson by loafers. All afterward arrested.

August 19. Plot to murder and rob Adam Westphal near Orion is prevented by one of the conspirators weakening, and informing officers.

1877.

January 7. Henry C. Sleight died at Sag Harbor, New York, aged eighty-five. Henry county old settler.

March 5. Death of Mrs. P. Underwood of Oxford. Old settler of forty years.

March 24. Kendall & Kidder, millers, dissolve.

April 21. Henry county cerulean with the Blue Glass craze. All classes of society soaking in sunshine made blue with blue glass.

April 23. Geneseo House burned.

April 28. Safe in county clerk's office robbed.

May 12. Boy named Smith deliberately burns himself to death in Munson.

May 19. Two new grain elevators building at Atkinson, by E. Lawbaugh and Ferrin & Dow.

May 19. Miller & Sons buy Harrington house lots, and prepare to erect new hotel in Geneseo.

June 3. Frederick Obermeier, head man at Petersen's store, Geneseo, drowned while bathing in Green River.

June 16. City hotel opens in Geneseo.

June 16. Galligan & Remington lease stockyards at Eldon, Iowa. Jerome Hefflefinger takes charge.

July 12. Practicing physician, Dr. Chaffee, starts newspaper in Orion.

July 12. Griffith, elocutionist, reads to audience in Geneseo, a letter from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to H. L. Kiner, commendatory of poem by the latter. Also reads poem, "The Singing Pilgrim."

July 26. News prints legend of Sears' Mill, at Milan. Two large flat stones beneath mill used by Indians for ages in grinding corn.

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August 2. Ed. Cropper drives locomotive Rock Island to Bureau junction. Sixty-eight miles in seventy minutes. All the world wondered. Common now as lies.

August 2. Geo. A. Hobbs, eighteen years editor Geneseo Republic, sells interest in paper to partner, A. Lieberknecht, and goes to Woburn, Massachusetts, where he began editing the Journal. He is yet with the Journal as editor. (July 16, 1909).

August 2. Dr. Chaffee sells Orion Vidette to two boys. Boys flunk, and the doctor resumes tripod.

August 2. Samuel Freid killed at Orion in runaway.

August 23. News astonished because windows in new Geneseo House have but one glass in sash.

August 23. Characteristic News Squib: "Alice Lakeman threw her hip out of joint at the Cambridge Fair, and supplemented the feat by dying. Alice was a female horse."

August 23. Sam Smith, great Kewanee Granger, now goes in for Greenbacks.

August 23. Epidemic of barn-burning in Geneseo.

September 27. Greenbackers arrange with Henry County News to issue a sheet called "The Industrial Advocate and News." Sheet issued three weeks, when all declared off.

November 1. Tampico ghost delusion exposed in the News.

November 15. Dr. Chaffee sells Orion Vidette.

December 4. New Geneseo House opened to public, with grand ball, and much feasting and oratory.

December 27. James McDonald arrested in west county for murder done in Pennsylvania fourteen years before.

December 27. E. P. Boyden of Atkinson, buys Tiskilwa House.

1878.

January 1. John W. Olmsted buys Prophetstown Spike newspaper from A. D. Hill, the founder.

January 28. Singleman house-block in Geneseo burned. Business houses burned, Bradley's grocery, Sengewald dye works, Ott boots & shoes, Sickler's meat market, Postel's barber shop, Captain Allen, restaurant.

February 3. German Lutherans dedicate new church in Geneseo.

February 14. "Henry County and Pekin Legal Tender" started at Pekin by deluded printer, urged on by enraged Greenbackers of Henry county. Too tender. Wilted.

July 9. Mrs. G. W. Lawrence falls and breaks patellas of both knees.

July 23. Fremont S. Rickel suicides with revolver.

July 23. Item from Cambridge Chronicle: The people of Bishop Hill have rented the steeple of the old hotel building to secure the right to wind and keep the clock therein. The clock is a legacy of the Bishop Hill colony.

July 30. News notes presence in Geneseo of French marchioness, Madame De Belloy.

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August 6. August Pobanz drowns in creek in Edford.

August 6. Everybody looking for Donaldson, lost balloonist.

August 13. Incendiarism at Cambridge. Mascall block fired, but failed. Barns burned.

August 13. Swedish coal miner killed in Alpha mine.

August 13. D. A. Roberts of Oxford, found babe on porch.

August 13. First meeting Henry County Old Settler's association. Full report in this volume.

August 28. Logs and brush found sixteen feet down in well being dug east of Geneseo.

September 4. D. H. Nichols returned after thirty years in west.

September 11. Lightning and fire destroys John Wilkins barn in Munson.

September 11. Threshing machine burns on Joe Arnett farm in Loraine.

September 18. Perry Munson buried alive in Harvey Crain well, west of Geneseo.

September 18. Freeburg of Andover, thrown from buggy and killed.

September 18. Dr. Brayton dead.

October 2. Death of Mrs. Eliza A. M. Osborn, old settler.

October 2. Harry McArthur dead, aged sixty-four.

October 2. Stolen Geneseo horses found in Whiteside county.

1883.

January 11, 1883. Uncle Billy Carse, aged eighty, perpetrates his great joke on the scribe. Says "teams cannot cross Green River bridge." "Why?" demanded the scribe? "Too narrow. They have to go lengthways of it," retorted the octogenarian.

January 11. J. Sterling Olson, Woodhull broom manufacturer, dies, after having married Miss Emma Farrar, while on his deathbed.

January 11. E. P. Van Valkenburg sells fixtures of his dry goods store. Veteran business man.

January 11. Lew Dalrymple caricatures C. K. Ladd of Kewanee, in "Puck."

January 18. Solicitors for Orphan's Home in Andover denounced as frauds by Moline "Citizen." John Engdahl of Geneseo refutes the charge.

January 18. Lieberknecht, Schnabele & Waterman of Geneseo, enter the Colorado mining field.

January 18. Frank Edgcomb freezes face coming from Cambridge to Geneseo. Story starts that he has smallpox. Great sensation.

February 8. Charles Parker, oldtime Geneseo boy, strikes it rich in Denver real estate.

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March 15. News in fight with city council, also with Prophetstown Spike, Cambridge Chronicle and Luman Woodward.

March 15. Dr. C. H. Gran, proprietor of Invalid's Hotel, Alpha, burned to death in bed. Bed took fire from lamp by which Gran had been reading.

April 5. Under heading "Footprints in the Sands," News has a column of names of Geneseo business men who have moved away, quit or died. Among them are: Dr. Brooks, Dr. Brayton, Briggs the candy man, F. H. Bernard the coal man, Butterbrodt, Cooper, Clark the druggist, Corle, Clementz, Carlberg, Cash & Bolen, Crampton, Raser, Earl & Son, DeRue, Davis & Hayward, Dorman, Dickerson & Neiswender, Townley, Martin, Merriman, Dr. Clerke, Dodge, Felger & Harbaugh, Dr. Fulton, Mrs. J. A. Freeman, Frey, Fisher & Powell, Dr. Frick, Green, Gustus, Greene, Hartley, Dowe Bros., Hoffman, Hoppe & Harmoning, Huber, Pyke & Waltz, Harbaugh the tinner, R. A. Kinzie, Kinsey & George Kidder, Lichtenstein, Logeman, Linn, McHose, Mitchell, Hawkins, Dr. Monning, Morton, Orminston, Owen, Parker, Postal, Perrin, Remington, Powell, Rickel, Parsons, Dr. Pillsbury, Rittenger & Schuck, Monesmith, Ott, Rockwell, Rapp, Goembell, Arnett, Rummell, Russell, Rink, Stewart, Staleen, Stickle, Way & Duncan, Wheeler, Wyatt, Woodruff, White, Whitson, Wells, Walters, Worrall, Dr. Zuppann, Allen & Son, Edgcomb, Adler, Anderson & Johnson, Dr. Spalding, Barlow & Co., Brown, Croft, Chapman, Faxon, Dr. Gleason, Jordan, Howard, Freeman, Sensenbaugh, Hitchcock & Fisher, Barber, Keator, Kline, Hobbs, Christian, Kinsey Bros., Geo. Lieberknecht, Kuebler & Carter, Kreiger, McDade & Anderson, Miller, McWilliams, McHenry, O'Bryan the barber, Orton & Tuttle, Palmer & George, Robertson, Robinson, Rich, Hamilton, Ruggles, Creassy, Resser, Schocker, Skinner, Eaton, Wunder Bros., Thomas, Offerle, Rasmus, Ramsey, Van Winkle, Dalton, Spurlock, Withrow, Coe, Rosenstone, Tilton, Cameron, Canfield, Chamberlin, Dr. Hodges, Buckles, Quinn, Dr. Pomeroy, Crawford, Adams, Albro, Ainsworth, Blackiston, Blake, Bracken, Bryant, Steele, Cook, Cowles, Crook, Deem, Dean, Flaggett, Furlon, Grundy, Hammond, Hutchins, Hyatt, Ireland, James, Kendall, Lewis, Libbey, Dr. Lyman, McGinley & Clauson, Mannington, Mead, Morgan, Nourse, Wingate & Blair, Perry, Spaulding, Sleight, Stough, Thompson, Turner, Vernon, Wells, Wilcox, Beveridge.

April 5, Major McClaughrey, warden of State Prison at Joliet, lectures on "Paper-bound Poison," in Kewanee, referring to cheap novels. Kewanee merchant, zealous in good works, buys all paper bound books in Kewanee, and makes bonfire in street before his store. Bonfire included Talmage's Sermons, Pilgrim's Progress, etc.

April 19. H. H. Haaf, loses eye from premature explosion of cartridge.

December 13. Editorial against wornout minstrel performances. Tab kept on one company proved the use of the same jokes and gags year after year.

December 19. Jackson Whitney, constable, being abroad at four a. m., sees panel of fence walk down street, exactly as Farnum saw one walk in Shabbona Grove, as mentioned elsewhere. Man discovered on yonder side of panel.

December 13. Orion tries to start factories.

December 13. Field of Cornwall, leaves property to Methodist church and Women's Foreign Missionary Society. James and Emma Field, children, contest will on ground of old man's mental disability.

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December 13. H. L. Kiner retakes Henry County News from H. J. Eaton. The latter had paper seven months.

1884.

January 3, 1884. Henry Barns, farmer, suicides near Orion.

January 17. Death of Rev. Philip K. Hanna at Peabody, Kansas. First Methodist minister in Henry county. Father of first white girl born in county. Hanna had been thrice married. Two of his wives are buried in Henry county. The third survives her husband. His age was seventy-eight years.

January 24. Elisha Attwater dies in Munson on January 15, aged seventy-three. He came to Henry county in 1840, and was one of Munson's oldest settlers. He was second lieutenant in one of the companies forming the One Hundred and Twelfth Regiment.

Feb 7. Holmes O. Sleight dies suddenly in Moline. He formerly lived in Geneseo and Cambridge.

Feb. 7. Judge John C. Folliott, popular traveling man, died in Peoria.

Feb. 7. Henry Boomer of Atkinson regales scribe with hunting yarns of long ago. Coons so numerous in Vermillion woods, there weren't hollow trees enough to go round, so they nested in mounds of leaves, like swine. Boomer got two thousand, five hundred muskrats one winter at the head of Green River, Cave in grove up there and grove in a swamp. Cave held one hundred horses. Used by horsethieves and counterfeiters. Lookout lived in a house built in a tree, where he had a stove, dime novels, and all the comforts of life, besides being highest in local society.

February 14. Joel Ware writes a chapter on cane mills and canning factories.

February 14. Koehler, Chicago horsebuyer, buys twelve thousand dollars worth of horses in the north county in three weeks.

February 21. Rev. Menander Spurlock, Methodist clergyman, undergoes church trial at Geneseo for alleged immoral conduct. Found guilty.

March 18. New Rink opened on First Street, Geneseo. For many years used as livery stable.

March 18. Henry county almost unanimously visits great cyclorama of Gettysburg in Chicago.

April 17. Victor W. Clough skates one hundred miles to win silver pitcher. Finishes in fine form.

April 24. Tank Kee, alleged Chinese lecturer on temperance and moral subjects, goes on big spree, and reveals fact that he is a fraud.

May 9. Burial of Peter Worrall, ex-mayor of Geneseo.

July 3. James Field, Jr., and sister Emma win suit against Woman's Foreign Society, and succeed to their patrimony. Their father, being demented at the time, had willed his property to religious societies, cutting out his own children.

July 3. Rock River woods scoured by Marshall's men, boring for coal.

July 3. Dutch Bottom Joke. Farmer had a pig he named Johnnny Butzer.

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July 3. Charles Hippler, Sr., insane. Oldtime and successful Geneseo merchant.

July 17. Ripley, farmer near Cambridge, has hallucination that he is the devil. He writes articles to the newspapers, heading them "A Letter from the Devil." Prosperous man and kind neighbor. He holds that a person starting in any direction and going long enough, will reach the North Pole. He avers that the earth is flat. He is a fluent talker, and can smother all opposition beneath an avalanche of words.

August 28. Rev. W. M. Collins, Methodist minister, formerly of Geneseo, is missing. Body of man supposed to be Collins found on shore of Lake Erie. Body has one toe missing, similar to Collins. Insurance Company not satisfied. Refuses to pay ten thousand dollars insurance to Mrs. Collins. Set detectives on case. Collins found at Toronto. Is disguised, and wears name of Myers, which is really his middle name. Collins killed soon after in excursion train wreck at Chatsworth, Illinois. Body buried at Geneseo.

August 28. Theodore Ballenstein, driving from Andover to Lynn Center with Anton Jakerbka, leader of Union Band, Davenport, is killed in runaway.

September 4. Luman Woodward states two men opened saloon in Osco. Everybody in village watched everybody else all day. Nobody dared to visit saloon. Beer spoiled and poured out. Saloonkeepers sold liquors to druggist, shanty to shoemaker, and left.

September 11. Ike Inman suicides at Cambridge with pistol. Financial reverses.

September 18. News opens Prohibition department, giving over one page to the cause. An article in it by H. H. Haaff brought brimstone and brainstorms which nearly overthrew the labor of years. Prohibition department promptly prohibited.

October 9. Death of Mrs. Wm. T. Hill, at Schuyler, Nebraska. Aged sixty-three. She was the mother of fourteen children, all living but one who was killed in army. Mrs. Hill's life for many years was passed in Munson, where true hospitality and the sweet home spirit pervaded her home.

1887.

May 26. Rev. C. L. Morgan of Moline, traveling in Holy land, meets young Ford, a Geneseo boy doing missionary work for a Presbyterian board. Ford's mother was in Syria, also a missionary. She was a sister of Col. A. W., David, Nathan and Charles Perry, of Geneseo.

May 26. Great wrestle between Thode Miller and Van Meter, Normal champion. Van Meter wins.

June 2. Fred S. Paddelford, of Hanna, turns up fifty-six arrowheads, two Indian hatchets, and other relics of the red men.

June 2. Major Hosford resigns as state agent New York Home Insurance company.

June 2. Farmer strikes cached meat while digging cellar. Neighbors join him in partaking of buffalo meat stored by Black Hawk or Shabona. News-

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paper prints meat was smoked pappoose. All doctors in Geneseo called on cases of stomach trouble.

June 2. Flow of artesian well down to thirty-five gallons per minute. Steam pump put in.

June 2. Maud, Mame and Mabel Nye, famed triplets of Cambridge, gave entertainment in skating rink. The program was literary and musical, greatly delighting one of the largest audiences even seen in Geneseo. Kiner of The News wrote the following poem for them:

THE SISTERS THREE.

And shall no grace of words glitter
In the musical murmur of rhyme,
In a world where there's much that is bitter,
For such as can sweeten our time?
For these, the fair triad of graces,
Shall no trace of the gold of life glow,
Whose exquisite three-in-one faces,
It is ours to know?

Earth's trinity, like as the stars are,
Yet, not as they, distant and still,
As Saturn and Venus and Mars are,
Whose beauty, though changeless, is chill.
But warm as the breath of the May-time,
And blessed as the sun is, and bright,
To the watcher who waits for the daytime,
Through death-ridden night.

Triumvirate, Maud, Mame and Mabel!
Each "M," which, in history's tome,
Mathematics assumed in their table
Represented a thousand in Rome:
A thousand times each do we greet thee,
And a thousand good wishes we send,
O'er hills and the valleys to meet thee
From many a friend.

June 9. Ed Barnes of Geneseo shot. Dies of wound.

June 9. Telephone exchange abolished in Geneseo. Instrument rental was forty dollars per year. Highest number at one time, forty-three. Subsequently two exchanges established at lower rentals, including almost every store and dwelling in city and country.

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1891.

April 9. C. W. Turner, Geneseo dry goods man, closes out.

April 10. George Sommers died in Loraine.

April 14. Mrs. Marie E. Ott died in Phenix, aged seventy-four. Came to county in 1854. Mother of Casper Ott of Hooppole, Henry R. and Adolph, of Geneseo, Mrs. L. Sand of Phenix, Mrs. Jacob Roos of Loraine.

April 16. May Evelyn Nye died at Red Cloud, Nebraska. One of the famous Cambridge triplets.

April 16. Mrs. H. Stowe died in Munson.

April 23. A. O. Warner, erstwhile of the City Hotel, dies in Chicago hospital. hospital.

April 23. Philip Ott died. Old settler of Geneseo.

April 23. At banquet given by Hon. W. W. Cole, H. L. Kiner made an address regretting the failure of the gravel experiment on Geneseo's streets, and advocating vitrified brick. Cole followed holding that the gravel experiment failed because of an excess of sand.

April 23. H. Mark Gilbert brings live alligator from Florida, and presents him to News.

April 30. Dispute as to oldest tree in Geneseo. R. D. Boice holds that tree by Turner & Brown lumber yard is oldest; I. N. Wilson contends that the trees fronting Patterson Holmes lot on the west, on Oakwood avenue, are much older. Dr. Hume coincides with Wilson.

April 30. N. G. Tilton died in Geneseo.

May 7. Mrs. Warner Cady died in Stuart, Iowa, aged seventy-two. Burial at Cambridge.

May 7. Sixteen wolves slain in Rock River forest by Emery Williams.

May 21. Harriet Richmond Aldrich, wife of Medore M. Aldrich, dies in Phenix.

June 5. Captain Wood dies, aged eighty-two.

June 11. Wm. Claussen dead. Built Red Mill, Geneseo.

June 11. Georgia Hamlin dead. Cambridge actress.

June 11. Mrs. W. C. Anderson dies. Phenix.

June 18. 'Squire Blackiston says great falling off in Henry county lands sold for taxes. Twenty years ago he could use twelve hundred and three thousand dollars paying taxes on these lands. Now three hundred dollars is enough.

June 18. Farmer Odell of Rock River, leaves fifteen thousand dollars to Missionary Society of Methodist Episcopal church, of Morrison. No such society existed, and heirs claimed legacy. Church held that Sunday-school connected with church is Missionary Society, and entitled to legacy. Case carried to supreme court. Won by heirs.

June 18. Wild man reported in Rock River woods. Proves to be Oldwert, a German. Had seven hundred dollars in money in his pockets, and found to have many notes and mortgages. Found insane, and sent to asylum.

July 16. Soldiers' monument set in park. Proposal to raise it. Too squatty. Raised eighteen inches.

July 16. Death of Mrs. Martin Reis at Erie.

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July 21. Big fire at Atkinson recently. Two warehouses, depot, a large quantity of grain and much other property destroyed. Loss, ten thousand dollars.

July 23. Mortimer Earl died. Geneseo. Auctioneer.

July 30. Orion Times says Bishop Hill clock, made in 1849, was built by taking an old Seth Thomas clock for a model, and simply multiplying the size of each part. The clock has worked well from the start, and yet booms the passing hours o'er hill and dale.

August 6. Clark's Horse Review has long and appreciative writeup of McHenry Stock Farm, foreshadowing McHenry's world-wide fame as the greatest rein plier on the planet.

August 6. John W. Hoover dead. Geneseo.

August 6. Lieutenant Hamilton of the British Royal navy seeks classic shades of Geneseo in which to prepare maps, which maps are issued by Cram, the great map maker. Cram a frequent visitor to the Maple City.

August 6. Pearl craze strikes Atkinson. Four tons of clams opened in one day.

August 6. George Keyser mysteriously disappears from bedside of sick brother in Chicago. Found in Wisconsin woods. Says time and events a blank. Geneseo boy.

August 13. Ten deaths reported in one issue of News: Mrs. J. W. Foy, Alfred W. Skinner, George Petherbridge, Fred Kaiser, Martha E. Wales, Mrs. Frank Sommers, Mabel Rummell, Mrs. Wm. Zabel, Mrs. D. T. Young, Mrs. Fritz Nagler.

September 10. Obituary column: Mrs. Wm. Chambers, John Wagel, Mrs. Louisa Miller, Mrs. McConaughey, Robert DeLancet, Chas. A. Hjelm.

September 9. S. L. Combs suicides by hanging, one mile southwest of Geneseo.

October 1. John Souers died in Cornwall.

October 8. Jeremiah Carman died, Geneseo.

October 9. Mrs. I. N. Stewart died. One of Geneseo's oldest settlers.

October 15. A pair of wolf whelps ran to Peter Aldeen as he was fishing in Green River, played and frisked like puppies, then made off into the jungle.

October 15. Hiram Woodward and wife of Osco, have celebrated sixty-second anniversary of marriage. Oldest known in county.

October 22. Death of Mrs. Rachel Liken, in Munson.

October 22. News reproduces old high school program, found among papers of the late Captain A. W. Wood:

GENESEO HIGH SCHOOL.

Rhetorical Exercises.

XXV. March, MDCCCLXIV.

Introductory Song (Original) .....
Prayer ..... Rev. M. N. Miles
Salutatory, (Original) ..... Milo Ward, Geneseo

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Essay: Passports to Society .....Kate Davis, Edford
The First Stroke, (Original) .....David Mead, Geneseo
Essay: The Trials of the Teacher .....Emma Sperling, Bristol
The Liquor Traffic, (Original)..... .....A. L. Humphrey, Knoxville
Essay, Prayer .....Naomi Brush, Geneseo
Steam, (Original) .....Nathan Ford, Syria
Essay: Rome ..... Susan Little, Geneseo
The Power of Habit, (Original) .....Arthur Avrill, Prophetstown
Essay; Music ..... Clara Marcy, Geneseo
Education, (Original)..... .....J. T. Hamilton, Cornwall
Essay: The Needle .....Alice Fitch, Geneseo
Progress, (Original)..... Clarence Miles, Geneseo
Essay: Pleasures of Traveling ..... Ella Parker, Davenport
Our Country, (Original) .....Chas. Perrin, Geneseo
Essay: Treason .... Susan Cole, Lyndon
Apostrophe to Alcohol, (Original) .....James Stewart, Geneseo
Apostrophe to Water, (Selected) ..... Abbie Richmond, Geneseo
Thought, (Original).....George Emmert, Morristown
Nature, (Original) ..... Thos. Bush, Geneseo
Essay: Fireside Angels ..... Carrie Strong, Geneseo
The Past, (Original) .....W. B. Moore, Deanington
Literary Men, (Selected) ..... Allen Cady, Geneseo
The Farmer, (Original) ..... Wm. Pierce, Geneseo
Essay: The Ruins of Time..... Jennie Smith, Sharon
Fiction, (Original) ..... Finley Westerfield, Morristown
American Institutions (Original) ..... Chas. Sedgley, Geneseo
War, (Original) ..... J. H. Barnes, Osco
Energy and Decision, (Original) ..... G. Goble, Alba
Nature: A Text Book, (Original)..... E. C. Chase, Chicago
The Geneseo Quarterly .....Edited by Allie Kidder and N. Ford
Valedictory, (Original) ..... W. Entrikin, Geneseo
Farewell Song, (Original).
Benediction.

October 29. Mrs. Eliza McCurdy dead in Chicago. Wife of A. G. McCurdy, old-time Geneseo grain buyer.

October 29. Death of Mr. Knebler, step-father of Mrs. Jacob Ertz, of Geneseo.

October 28. Forest fire at Rock River camp ground. Picnic and camp grounds burned over, Fox & Melvin's barn, boats, camping outfits, destroyed.

November 5. Hazlett South of Orion, first victim of shredder. Lost arm. Since this accident, one-armed farmers are more frequent than lone hands in a euchrefest.

November 5. Geneseo Institute bequeathed five hundred dollars by Mrs. Rachel Liken.

November 26. Deaths, T. K. States, Thomas Evans, Mrs. Lucy Rockwell.

November 26. Escaped monkey from VanAmburg menagarie gives Geneseo boys the run of their lives through Green River forest.

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December 1. War on English sparrows begun. Most dunderheaded, devilish law ever passed in Illinois, judging from effect on young boys.

December 3. The dead: Mrs. Leggett, C. P. Ober.

December 3. Adventurers fatten on craze of small towns for factories. Adjacent towns fleeced.

December 3. Mrs. M. R. McKinley prays all night that her blind eyes be relighted. She sees with the morning. Moline lady.

December 3. John S. Martin of Geneseo, loses hand and foot by railway accident.

December 10. Sanford Mott dies in California.

December 17. Death of Rev. Harry Brickett.

December 17. Surgeon Peck dies in Davenport.

December 24. Mrs. Elizabeth Shelhamer buys two hundred acres on Dutch Bottom for five thousand dollars.

December 31. The dead: Mrs. H. A. Ainsworth of Moline, Mrs. M. H. Pierce of Geneseo, Mrs. Mary Arnold of Geneseo, Matthew B. Potter, Kewanee old settler.

December 31. Mrs. Wahl of ward 3, Geneseo, is ninety-seven years old. Mr. Root of the infirmary is one hundred years old, and oldest person in county. Root smokes and chews tobacco, and drinks whiskey.

1892.

March 24. H. W. Thornton advocates dry hard roads by draining process.

March 31. Mary Susan Grose dies, Hooppole. Seventy-five years.

April 7. Henry L. Kiner elected Mayor of Geneseo.

April 20. Death of E. M. Way. Geneseo old citizen.

April 20. Mary Cullington died. Geneseo old settler. "Big Mary" came to Geneseo with the building of the railway in 1854.

April 28. Strange birds as big as a goose light upon sycamore trees in the Rock River forest. The sycamore is the "plane tree" of the Scriptures. These birds never light upon other trees. Though the body is as big as a goose, the neck and legs are longer. Local ornithologists failed to identify these strange birds. I think that I have spoken elsewhere of the "Moon Fowls" of the swamps north of Annawan. These queer birds were never identified. They resembled the great horned owl of Virginia, more than any other known fowl of earth. However, they were larger and more like monkeys about the head and face. The Moon Fowls had no idea of water. They never drank it, and would attempt to walk upon its surface as if it was ice, and manifest surprise when they sank into it, staring down at their immersed legs with a comical helplessness. Neither of the above birds ever made a second visitation to Henry county.

April 28. News says Monmouth, Champaign paved with vitrified brick, and Princeton is putting in an electric street car line. Then demands vitrified brick

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May 5. Died, J. M. Provins, Atkinson school man, dies out west; John W. Goss, Geneseo old-time lumberman; Thomas Hodges, old settler on western border of county; Levi Hoit, old settler, killed in his dooryard in Geneseo by cyclone.

May 12. Died, Mrs. Perry at Ottawa, Kansas, aged ninety-nine years, mother of Geneseo pioneer family. Buried in Oakwood. Wm. Lane, at Schuyler, Nebraska, buried in Oakwood; Charles E. Mosher, Iowa, buried in Oakwood.

May 19. High water on Green River bottoms drives out lot of wolves. Some of them captured.

May 22. Eliakim Anderson dies in Chicago. Buried at Geneseo.

June 9. The Orion Times says that Henry county and Western township made a record during the War of the Rebellion of which they may be proud. As near as can be ascertained there were two hundred enlisted soldiers sent from Western township during the war. The records show that Western township contributed more money for bounties for soldiers than any other township in Henry county, paying sixteen thousand, one hundred and twenty-three dollars and eighteen cents. Clover township came next with fifteen thousand, four hundred and ninety-nine dollars; the latter, however, paid an additional five hundred and twenty dollars interest. Henry county paid in round numbers for bounties, transportation and soldiers' families one hundred and thirty-three thousand, six hundred and sixty-five dollars and eighty cents, with a population in 1860 of twenty thousand, six hundred and eighty-five, and the official record shows that Henry county sent to the field four thousand, seven hundred and eight soldiers. The census returns of 1860 showed the number of persons subject to duty in this county, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, to be four thousand, three hundred and ninety-nine.

June 12. Caleb S. Russell, blind man, dies, Geneseo.

June 13. Cyclone southwest and south of city centered at P. G. Johnson's farm, destroying house and barn. Storm center leaped southwest, pouncing upon tenement on Thomas Liken farm, destroying it, and tearing to pieces the old Liken home, and buildings on the farms of John Liken, W. W. Cole, Dan Selner, John Nelson. Storm center leaped again to the country north of Atkinson and Annawan, destroying buildings of Prichard, Hayes, Warnock, Kramer and others. Baxter and Brooks on Spring Creek suffered loss. A branch of the storm created havoc at Galva and Kewanee. One life lost, house walls crushing in and killing a man sick in bed, in Kewanee.

June 30. Rock River bottoms all flooded. Lowlands everywhere under water.

July 2. Another cyclone, this time north of Geneseo. Mrs. John Crosier killed by being crushed under roof of barn in which she had sought shelter. Babe in arms. Husband rushes to Geneseo, carrying child. Babe, cared for by father's sisters in Geneseo, now a young lady. Samuel Weimer's house destroyed. Frank Cherry's new house ground to bits, forests laid prostrate, barns blown down.

July 7. Philip Lawrence Lesser, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, had a little rocky farm that maintained Philip only by the double-distilled sweat of his brow. Oil was struck, and the double-distilled sweat of the subterranean soil made Philip

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Greater instead of Lesser. But he adhered to the name of his fathers, and came to Geneseo. Here, at the age of eighty-nine years, he returned to his fathers.

July 7. Spring Hill man named Cronk, drowned in Rock River, is found after having been in water two weeks and three days.

July 14. Editor sees little girl whose mother was crushed dead in cyclone. Expresses great sympathy for "the dear little sweet-faced darling," and rejoices that she has found a good home.

July 19. First spadeful of earth has been thrown in the construction of the Hennepin canal. It was done with some effort at ceremony, and with just a common O'Costigan shpaade. The party consisted entirely of Tri-City men. The committee on invitation, by a strange lapse of memory, forgot that the canal extends east of Milan some distance. On the way home the party voted to have the opening spade, the ace of spades as one may say, plated. I suppose it was to be silver; but the argus-eyed reporter says only "plated."

July 24. Wm. Pate died. Osco.

July 31. Liberty Paul died. Geneseo.

August 4. Sarah M. Obrecht dead. Sharon.

August 18. News says: "Artesian well suddenly balked last Friday afternoon. In a few moments, flow reduced from nearly two hundred gallons per minute to fifty gallons."

August 23. Governor Lucas dead. Atkinson.

September 1. Cambridge Fair has biggest crowd in its half centuried history.

September 8. Fire Kings at Ottawa State tournament win the state championship for Geneseo the third time.

September 8. Fishermen roaring about carp. Say worse nuisance than English sparrows.

September 22. Laying corner stone of Atkinson Hall. Building committee: A. White, J. M. Hosford, W. M. Small, H. L. Kiner, J. F. Clark.

September 29. John J. Whiteline, horseman, died in Moline. Came to Henry county in 1859.

October 6. Blanche Harrington Hull dead. Kearney, Nebraska. Geneseo lady, native to city.

October 13. Mayor Kiner makes proclamation to close all business in Geneseo, Friday, October 26th, Columbus Day, celebrating the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

October 27. Andrew Taylor of Munson, boy murderer of his father, confesses. Sent to penitentiary for thirty years. By best behavior he gets out in sixteen years and nine months.

October 27. Herbert Griffin, of Geneseo, whose life has been spent in the penitentiary to a large extent, goes up again. He went through nineteen places in thirteen nights.

November 17. Deaths of Captain August Allen, Mrs. Eliza Pomeroy, Nelson Gaines, all of Geneseo. Mrs. Pomeroy wife of Geneseo's first physician.

November 17. City council of Geneseo orders streets renamed. State street to be First avenue. North and south thoroughfares to be avenues. East and west, streets. Map ordered engraved in Chicago with these improvements mani-

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fest thereon. Map calls streets and avenues as designated by council. Populace does not. Nomenclature of streets falls flat.

RICH FOR A DAY.

Perhaps as remarkable an instance of man's duplicity as was ever known in Illinois, is embodied in the following, which I consider of sufficient interest to copy entire, from The Geneseo News of November 25, 1892:

James Kay of Geneseo, was somewhat startled last Friday morning when express messenger George J. Bagley rushed into Adam Sash's saloon, where Kay tends bar, exclaiming "Old man, I'm scared to death! I've stolen one hundred thousand dollars! Here's one thousand of it. I'm afraid to have it on me, for I must go to Chicago and I'll be arrested and this money will be a dead give away. Here! Take it!"

Bagley and Kay were friends when Kay was railroading.

Bagley told Kay the whole story. He had stolen one hundred thousand dollars that had been consigned from the Omaha National bank to the First National bank of Chicago. He had bought some sacks of potatoes at Iowa City, which he intended to send to his home in Davenport, where his wife lives, with a daughter aged fifteen years, and a son aged two years.

He slipped the two packages of fifty thousand dollars paper currency into one of these bags. At Davenport he threw the bags off. He told baggage master McCullough, who was in the car with him, that he would step into the depot, and engage an expressman to take the potatoes to his house. The train was two hours late, and the conductor was in a hurry to go. This suited Bagley's purpose. He did not get back on the car, and McCullough thought he had been left.

Bagley, left alone in Davenport at 3 o'clock in the morning with one hundred thousand dollars, completely lost his head. He was scared to death, as he told Jim Kay. He took the two packages, and tramped two miles to a little white barn near his home, clambered into a hayloft, and hid ninety-nine thousand dollars in the hay. He kept one thousand dollars, and this is what he had when he reached Geneseo on the next train, at about 7 o'clock.

Kay told Bagley to give himself up, and gave him a good deal more good advice. The half-demented Bagley forced nine hundred and ninety dollars on Kay, and with the other ten dollars bought a ticket for Chicago. He was sneaking along an alley at the rear of Mrs. Miller's boarding house, 3110 Michigan avenue, where he boards, when he ran up against detectives who had been detailed on the case, the theft having been discovered at the Chicago express office, and located on Bagley's run.

At first Bagley assumed an air of injured innocence, and demanded to know why he had been arrested. But he finally broke down and confessed all.

He accompanied the express people to Davenport, to the little white barn in the suburbs, and produced the ninety-nine thousand. They came to Geneseo on the early train east Saturday morning, and received the other nine hundred and ninety dollars from Jim Kay.

It reads like a fairy tale, but it is nothing but hard facts. Bagley had located the barn in Davenport to Kay so that the latter could have gone straight to it,

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and got the money after Bagley left for Chicago, and neither the express company nor Bagley could have proven that he took it. But Jim's honesty is monumental in this age of thievery. His advice to Bagley at the start was to restore his plunder and give himself up.

December 1. James Bryant, Loraine old settler, died.

December 8. Geo. Wilson, banker, died. Buried in Oakwood.

December 15. The two brothers Swartout murder their father in southern Whiteside county, and burn body in strawstack. Motive, father about to marry young girl, thus affecting property.

December 22. John Morris Martin drowned after skating.

December 29. J. B. Ridenour drowns in old well in his lumber yard in Woodhull.

December 29. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Miller of Geneseo, celebrated fiftieth wedding anniversary. The bride, who was Harriet Cone of the Colony, and the first girl in the land, sat in the first rocking chair ever made in Geneseo. The groom, also of Geneseo, colonial days, says that the sturdy old rocker could hold two in its prime. Endorsed by all the goodly company.

December 31. The year died, and with it Mary E. Richmond. Her home had been in Geneseo since 1854.

1893.

January 12. Erie bridge over Rock River nearing completion. A man bet ten dollars with another that he could drive over on three planks. He did it, the horse walking on the middle plank, and the wheels rolling on the other two. The daredevil turned round and drove back again, without accident.

January 12. Wes. Neiswender, marble worker, sits astride new grave in Oakwood to chisel name of recent departed upon tombstone. Hears unearthly noise in ground below. Leaps and runs, yelling with fright. Gopher bobs out of hole, in grave, and makes a face at Wes, who returns and resumes the chisel.

January 12. Captain Remington of the Geneseo Railway Stock Yards, has opened a sheep yard at a point just west of Morris, which place he calls Stockdale. Will F. Black of Nebraska was superintendent of the yards. Subsequently, George Weitz of Geneseo was installed, and still holds the position.

January 19. Blackmailing sheet called The Sunday Sun, published at 315 Dearborn Street, Chicago, creates great sensation in Henry county. Reputations, supposed to be rock-rooted and mountain-buttressed, rended to rags. Everybody scared, and hunting for the Henry county correspondents of the sheet.

January 26. Levi Waterman of Geneseo made commissioner of the State Penitentiary at Joliet.

[illegible] of Salem church,

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January 26. J. A. Kinsey tells of difficulties of getting fuel in old days. He used to rise at two a. m., and go to Perry's coal bank on the western frontier of the county. This is fourteen miles. Briar Bluff, Cleveland and the Aldrich bank supplied villages and country as far south as Galesburg, and north to Dixon. Many teams went one day, loaded in the night, and returned next day. One morning at two o'clock, Kinsey started for Perry's bank at Briar Bluff. Thermometer twenty below zero. When he arrived, the woods swarmed with teams. He left for Cleveland. Same there. He drove up Rock River to Aldrich's. Similar. He came home without coal.

January 26. Old well of vast size found beneath sheds joining Red Mill, Geneseo. Bricked up, ten feet over, fifty-six feet deep. Covered with debris of ages and forgotten, teams were often driven over it, and tied.

January 28. Henry White, commonly known as "Hunter White," dies, aged sixty-two. Native of England. Came to Geneseo in 1857.

February 2. William Lewis, oldest man in county, died in Munson, aged ninety-four years, six months. Lived in Henry county fifty years, forty-six of which were passed in Cornwall.

February 9. The dead: Cynthia Ann Grant, widow of Henry Guild, aged eighty-nine years, eight months; William Hines, aged eighty; Frank Clough, aged thirty-one; Daniel Edgar Brenizer, aged thirty-two. All of Geneseo.

February 21. North side schoolhouse burns.

March 16. T. G. Bliss of Geneseo unfolds the romance of his life to the scribe. A sailor when young, he descended into the tropics and hobnobbed with the Sandwich Islanders, while they still talked of eating folks. He hobnobbed with the fierce folk of Pitcairn's Island in the palm-feathered silences of the vast Pacific. He has crowded on all sail to show a yellow streak to the yellow pirates of the Yellow Sea. He has trod the atolls of the Pacific where sea and sky scowled at each other through eternal ages, unrelieved save by a tuft of palms. And yet it was all Bliss. Now he raises garden truck on the west coast of Geneseo creek.

March 29. Nineteen-year-old daughter of John Neiswender of Geneseo, burned to death.

April 6. Henry L. Kiner reelected mayor of Geneseo.

April 13. Scribe investigates Allerton Farm, north of Atkinson, where immense sums have been spent to get rid of water. Huge embankment fences farm from Green River. At interior base of this embankment, huge sumps receive the water from miles of main and laterel tile, and huge steam engine, attached to mighty pumps, heave the water over into the river. It was a handicap fight against nature. The land is too low and too near the level of the river. However, the straightening of the river channel solves the problem.

May 3. Rev. A. J. Drake, former Congregational minister at Atkinson, falls dead at Iroquois, S. D., after fighting a fire that threatened his church edifice.

May 9. Deaths at Geneseo, Mrs. Joseph Dunham, Andrew Anderson, Mrs. Frederick Dorothea Mueller Frels of Edford.

May 25. Died: Joseph Ringle of Osco; Mrs. J. W. Crawford of Munson.

May 25. Peter Krause suicides. Geneseo.

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May 31. Mrs. E. D. Farwell dies. Geneseo.

June 1. News sets down Atkinson as best grain market on the Illinois Division of the Rock Island Railway.

June 3. Mrs. Henry Diener dead. Phenix.

June 8. Dr. John Swarthout dies in Morrison jail of consumption. He and his brother charged with murder of father.

June 8. First velocipede in Geneseo made by Frank McArthur and Burd Miller. Took all summer to finish machine, and all fall to learn to ride it. "Fall is an appropriate word for the season," slyly remarks the scribe. An exhibition performance was advertised. It was largely attended. "And," proceeds the scribe, "the first dash was against an iron post which sustains the hall roof. The gentlemanly rider admitted that all his ribs were unhinged, and that nothing held him together but his vest. Rain checks were given for the finish of the performance in the spring."

N. D. Davis died. Geneseo, June 22.

July 2. Marion Warner killed on Green River Railway Bridge, west of Geneseo.

July 6. Bank scare. A financial frenzy seizes the business world. As a case in point, a man with a good one hundred and sixty-acre farm east of Geneseo, worth ten thousand dollars at the lowest estimate, and doesn't owe a dollar, applied for two hundred dollars loan, and couldn't get it. Banks everywhere hoarding cash, and dreading a run.

July 8. Abram Miller dead; landlord Geneseo House, and famous old time tavern keeper. Age, seventy-seven years.

July 11. John Engdahl dead, Geneseo.

July 13. Mrs. Sarah E. Francis, died; Chicago. Daughter of Dwight Freeman, Geneseo.

July 24. Charles Van Housen dead. Old settler of Munson.

July 24. Louis A. Ball dead. Munson.

July 27. Three sons of C. E. Lundgren drowned in Green River at mouth of Spring Creek.

1884

February 14. News writes of Annie Small of Geneseo. At this date, Annie was twenty-four years old and had lain in bed eleven years. When a child, she had caught her heel in a crack of the sidewalk. Ulcer ensued. Amputation. Ulcer broke out higher up. Another amputation. Then ulcer broke out on spine, and has run ever since. A few years subsequent to this mention, Annie passed away.

February 21. Brick Pomeroy states in lecture in Geneseo: "I am, without doubt, the only perfect man, mentally, morally and physically, in the known world."

February 28. Schoolmaster of Yorktown has both ears partly bitten off by father of chastised pupil.

March 7. Henry County Temperance Alliance organized.

March 28. Anson Burlingame Hanna, suicides. Young farmer in good circumstances.

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April 9. Death of Peter Hammond at noon on his one hundred and second birthday, at his home in Geneseo. Oldest Mason in the world.

April 11. Insurance companies offer four thousand dollars reward for arrest and conviction of person who set fire to Singleman House, January 28th.

May 30. Editor News and of this volume sees first telephone and talks through it. He is in Hank Lyon's house in Atkinson, and talks with persons in store, two hundred yards away. Profound amazement of editor. Writes labored editorial. Says wonderful beyond all things earthly.

May 30. Geo. M. Wheaton, Geneseo boy clerking in Thomas's drug store, Rock Island, sees editor hereof wandering like lost duck in the dark. Takes him in and shows first electric light, arc and incandescent. Editor's nerves not yet steadied after telephone. Editor tries to blow out incandescent light. Mangles myriads of words in writing description.

May 30. Courthouse is building.

June 6. Frederika Schmall, aged nine, shot and killed in West Geneseo, by boy who fooled with gun.

June 20. Moved by Singleman House conflagration, Geneseo City Council starts move for waterworks.

September 26. Wm. O. Bartlett dies in Oxford, aged eighty-one. Geneseo old settler.

October 3. News notes natural curio on farm of C. Heubner, near Potter's bridge over Green River. A spring in a hillside discharges through a knothole in a tree at the foot of the hill.

October 24. Smithe sells Cambridge Chronicle to Arnold of Indiana.

November 7. Frank Joslin drowns in Rock River. Body in river several months.

1885

January 1. Mrs. Perry of Ottawa, Kansas, mother of Colonel Perry of Geneseo, is ninety-two years old. She writes bright letters.

January 1. Wildcat weighing forty pounds caught on Spoon River.

January 1. Roller skating craze on. Freak races all the rage.

February 5. Death of A. McFarland, old settler of Geneseo.

February 5. Luman Woodward accepted on staff of News reporters, after winning prize as champion liar of Henry county.

February 5. Deacon Tufts dead. Old settler.

February 26. Itch breaks out in district schools.

February 26. Peeping Tom infests Geneseo, peering into windows at night.

March 12. John S. Clark died in Peoria; buried in Geneseo. Old settler.

March 19. O'Leary, world's champion pedestrian, gives exhibition walk in Geneseo.

March 26. Sam Chamberlain of Geneseo given the title of Dean of Henry County Horsemen, by the Equine Department of The News.

April 23. News brings out Billy Catton of Rock Island as star billiardist. Catton is yet making good.

April 30. Adam Lieberknecht of Geneseo, appointed by governor to be canal commissioner.

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May 21. Hon. James H. Paddelford of Hanna, becomes member legislature.

June 25. Sam Chamberlain inaugurates annual colt shows in Geneseo.

July 23. Tiskilwa Haunted House exposed as humbug by News.

August 13. News affirms but three champion liars on earth. Tom Ochiltree one, and Luman Woodward of Osco, other two.

August 26. Chapman's new History of Henry County lauded by News.

October 15. Hull-les oats swindle costs Whiteside county farmers one hundred thousand dollars. News exposes swindle in time to prevent invasion of Henry county.

October 21. Ada Miller Pillsbury dead, aged thirty-three. Born in Geneseo House.

November 12. Gustavus Zacharias Ramstadius, Russian hermit near Andover, greatest linguist in state. Afraid Russia will send agent to destroy him.

December 20. Major James M. Allan died in Geneseo at home of son-in-law, Pearsoll. Age seventy-one years. Old settler.

1886.

January 7, 1886. Ernst Paul and Asa Crook take initiative in movement to straighten Green River, by passing petition. News strongly favors project.

January 28. Haaff Dehorning case. Fully written in this volume.

February 4, 1886. Wm. Landwehr dead, Hooppole. Old settler.

February 4, 1886. Dr. Lighthall of Tiskilwa dead of smallpox in Texas. Fakir, rich, blazing from head to foot with diamonds.

February 4. H. H. Haaff's method of deborning cattle endorsed by resolutions of Henry and Whiteside counties farmers assembled.

March 4. News urges Geneseo to vote to throw out old charter, and come under state law. Geneseo doesn't do it.

April 15. Peter H. Beveridge dies in California. Buried in Geneseo. Old settler and ex-county treasurer.

May 18. John Deere dead in Moline. He was verging upon eighty. He made the plows for the first settlers, first at Grand DeTour, up on Rock River, afterward at Moline. The Deere plows made Henry county what it is, and have been used in every agricultural country on earth.

operator of signals.

May 20. Unprecedented floods in Rock River. High water for eight months.

April 22. Geneseo made a weather signal station. Druggist Moderwell, Farmers swimming stock off bottoms to adjacent uplands.

May 27. Death of Mrs. William Porter near Atkinson. Old settler.

June 3. Valentine Seiben dies at Dutch Bottom, aged forty-eight. Old settler.

June 24. Jacob Hickman, near east county line, swindled out of two thousand, five hundred dollars by lottery scheme.

June 24. Great excitement about serpent in highway near Galva. Monster big as a saw-log. Joe Johnson, farmer whose cattle were stampeded by snake, declare that it had ears and horns.

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July 22. Wilbur F. Broughton died in Geneseo, aged forty-eight. Old settler.

July 29. Jeffrey Dickens, son of Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, dies suddenly in Moline, and is buried there.

August 15. Cyclone in Cambridge tore fair grounds to bits. Osco gets part of storm.

September 2. Harvey Crain dies at Geneseo, aged seventy-five. Old settler.

September 9. Big alligator in Green River on Fuller farm, five miles west of Geneseo.

September 23. Mrs. Mary Hale dead at Geneseo, mother of Mrs. Judge Waite.

October 14. Ed. Everett of Atkinson dredging big ditch uniting Rock and Green Rivers, north of Geneseo.

November 4. News demands gates at railway crossings in Geneseo. Gets them long after.

November 18. Egan, former editor Geneseo Sun, goes west and erects first house in Chadron, Nebraska. It was a turf house.

December 2. J. P. Miller awarded contract to dig Geneseo artesian well.

December 9. Harry Schwartz, Geneseo butcher, arrested for murder of express agent Nicholls on train near Morris last March.

December 16. German carp plentiful in local waters. Planted by government one and two years ago.

December 19. Colonel John Galligan dies in Geneseo. Manager stockyards.

1887.

February 10, 1887. Henry County News changes from nine-column folio to quarto.

February 17. Colonel H. V. Fisher introduces bill in legislature which resulted in building of Watertown Insane Asylum.

March 17. Name wanted for men's temperance society. News suggests "The Men Who Never Smile."

March 17. Fishing with seines prohibited, except in navigable waters with two-inch mesh. Closed season March 1 to July 1.

March 24. Wm. Bolt dies at Annawan, aged sixty-two. Master Mason.

April 28. Night storm in Geneseo sweeps thousands of waterfowl into the electric lights.

May 5. Many barns burned in Geneseo in past three months.

May 5. John S. Lord, former coal operator at Green River, made secretary Bureau of labor statistics, Illinois.

May 19. Samuel B. Allen dies at Atkinson. Old settler.

May 19. Great drouth recorded.

May 26. News prints diagram of geological strata of new artesian well. Well

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hope of striking natural gas, which had lately been found in Bureau county, next east of Henry county.

August 11. Moline has club house on Rock River.

August 18. Rev. W. M. Collins killed in awful railway wreck at Chatsworth. Body buried at Geneseo.

September 1. News reports grouchy farmer goes east and sees sea. Admits sea is "sort o' biggish; but the shores don't fit."

September 15. New depot building at Geneseo.

September 22. Governor Oglesby addresses immense throng at Geneseo, at unveiling of artesian well.

September 29. Senator Pierce reports subterranean river under Kewanee.

November 2. J. S. Eddy, landlord of City Hotel, suicides.

November 3. News tries to start local building and loan association. Filed away with other bankrupt enthusiasms.

December 8. O. J. Stough brings body of wife from San Diego, California, to Geneseo for burial. Stough established first Geneseo drugstore.

December 15. Geneseo Business Men's Association advertises for manufacturers to locate here. Advertisement brings swarm of letters from cranks, with which association has an evening of fun. One man wanted to start a factory to make his patent "Potato Bug Catcher." Others were as absurd.

December 29. H. C. Buchanan, old settler of Morristown, dies in Iowa.

December 29. James Bray dead. Old Geneseo railway crossing tender.

1888.

January 19. Redheaded girl and white horse craze started. "One never seen without the other."

January 19. Geneseo investigates water gas, decides it can be made for two or three cents per one thousand cubic feet.

February 9. Henry S. Aldrich, first white child born in Henry county, is surprised by neighbors with big social function.

February 16. Will of Mrs. Sarah H. Jennings of Burns disposes of over seventy-five thousand dollars in property.

February 23. Major Moderwell responds to request of News for personal memories of David R. Locke, editor of the Toledo Blade, recently dead. Locke won great fame as "Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, Postmaster of the Confedrit X Roads, Wich is in the Stait of Kaintucky." His quaintest hit was referring to the great Civil war as "the lait onplesintniss." Major Moderwell knew the man well, and writes interestingly of him. Locke drank "lime sours" a-many.

March 13. Mary Vastine Fisher dead. Mother of the Fisher brothers of Geneseo.

March 15. Hiram B. Cady dead. Old settler.

March 15. Dewey Fones dead. Old settler.

March 19. Bert Thomas dies in Geneseo.

April 26. Philo Ward dead, aged eighty. Old settler.

April 26. Philosopher's Club of Geneseo born.

May 7. Death of Wm. L. Barnes, Geneseo. Old settler.

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May 24. Geo. Cronk suicides by hanging in First street harness shop, Geneseo.

June 7. Normal and Geneseo Collegiate Institute recognized as factors in Geneseo education scheme. Each have departments in News.

May 7. John J. Lawbaugh died at Lake Village, Indiana, aged sixty years. Came to Henry county in 1852.

June 14. J. H. Paddelford's sale of fancy cattle stopped, owing to low prices. Immense prices paid by farmers for several years prior to this period, for fancy bred bulls.

June 21. Miss Grace Lambert of Geneseo writes of sight restored to her through prayer.

June 28. First cry for new high school building in Geneseo.

July 5. 'Gene Field of the Chicago News sets fashion of quoting Geneseo News. Henry County News title dropped February 24, 1887. Geneseo News quoted from Atlantic to Pacific.

July 26. Freak coin found in third ward garden, Geneseo. Bigger than a silver dollar, and has a one-cent coin brazed into center.

July 26. "Lift your hat reverently to the primary teacher" article first appears in a report of normal exercises. This editorial from the Geneseo News has been copied and stolen more and oftener than any other writing of the editor of the News. It has appeared in all the educational journals in America and Europe. It follows:

Lift your hat reverently to the primary teacher. She is the good angel of the republic. She takes the little bantling fresh from the home nest, full of his pouts, his pets and his passions, ungovernable in many cases, a rampant, riotous little wretch, whose own mother often admits she sends to school purposely to be rid of him; she takes him and a carload like him, anarchists every one, and she puts the lot in the way of becoming useful citizens. At what expense of patience, toil and soul-weariness!

August 2. Reference to gigantic teeth and horns found by J. A. Douglass and sons of Munson, on south bank of Penney's Slough. One tooth weighed twenty-four pounds and another seventeen pounds. The horns were long as fence rails, and hollow.

August 9. Louis Dalrymple of Cambridge recognized as at the head of American cartoonists.

August 16. Institute begins the fifth year.

August 16. Prairie chickens being shot against law. This vandalism kept up till birds are extinct.

August 23. Editor News puts steamboat on Shadow Lake.

September 6. Rev. J. D. Calhoun of Sheffield reports good Methodist lady in his sanctuary weighs seven hundred and seventy-seven pounds. Lydia McCullough was farmer's wife. Arms were big as bodies of men. Largest woman in the world, and one of the best. An account of her death appears in this volume.

September 7. Death of Dr. Henshaw at Geneseo.

September 27. Burglaries in Swedona traced to young society people, Harry Chilberg, Joseph Froerong and Miss Belle Huyck.

October 2. George Silvernail dead. Old time Geneseo boy.

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October 4. J. S. Clark, carpenter, lights pipe and Mercer's new mansion on Rock River was soon ashes. Loss, seven hundred dollars.

October 4. Andrew Soderberg of Osco, horseman, tells in News of boy going through airhole in ice in Sweden, was in fourteen feet of water thirty-six hours when recovered. Was restored to life, and, Andrew adds, "he is crazy and in a poorhouse in Sweden today. He has a brother south of Andover."

October 4. Teutonia Society celebrates quarter centennial.

October 11. J. E. Wells, H. L. Kiner, and Mike Rooney form Cleveland Trinity, to make speeches and sing for Cleveland campaign. In spite of this, Cleveland was elected.

October 11. New Hosford building occupied.

October 18. John Swemline of Loraine has head sawn off by circular saw.

November 1. "Chub," Colonel Galligan's war horse, dies at Geneseo, aged thirty years.

November 8. Jesse Lamont tries out his cornhusking machine, but finds that it does not work entirely to his satisfaction.

November 15. Mrs. Colonel O. Smith dies in Geneseo. Old settler.

November 15. Mrs. Luenna Bunnell of Geneseo writes novels for The News.

December 6. Incendiarism at infirmary. Barns and stacks fired.

December 20. Rev. G. C. Woodruff of Geneseo celebrates his eight-first birthday, and sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the Methodist ministry.

December 20. News begins series of "Natural History" sketches, which are hailed with joy by girl and boy.

December 27. Green and Cady families quit Geneseo for Tallapoosa, Georgia, "The Yankee City Under Southern Sun."

1889.

January 14. William P. Blackiston died in Madison, Dakota. Buried in Geneseo. Native of this city.

January 31. Henry Guild, oldest man in Geneseo, steps into coalhole in sidewalk, and receives injuries which result in his death, in his ninety-second year.

February 28. Mrs. E. P. Boyden dies at Harvard, Nebraska. Atkinson old settler.

March 14. Rev. F. H. Cumming, of Geneseo Methodist church, states in sermon that Illinois made first prohibitory liquor act on February 1, 1851.

March 14. Mrs. Jane Gifford dies in Sheffield. Old settler of Atkinson.

March 15. "Uncle Steele" Hamilton dies in seventy-seventh year. He settled at Shabbonna Grove in Henry county in 1839. His wife was Mary E. Taylor, whose brother John opened first farm in Atkinson township.

March 21. First move made for abandoning old Lower Bridge on Green River, north of Geneseo, and laying out road straight north of town. Agitation resulted in moving highway.

March 21. Allen Mendell and son drowned in Rock River, near Spring Hill while shooting ducks. Body of boy not found for five weeks.

March 21. News urges celebration of centennial of Washington taking seat as first president, on April 30, 1889. The editor waxes warm, and says: "Let

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us pull the eagle's tail till his screams may be heard from the rockbound coasts of New England to the Golden Gate of California, and from the birthplace of the Manitoba wave to the Great Gray Gulf!"

March 29. Insanity of Fred Nelson, well known Geneseo painter.

April 11. Colonel Bassett retires from editorial chair of Kewanee Independent. Succeeded by son. Colonel Bassett was editor of Independent nineteen years.

April 12. Geo. M. Wheaton dies at Geneseo. Oldest Odd Fellow in Geneseo, with exception of Geo. Godfrey.

April 18. Geneseo joins other towns in effort to secure location of Northwestern Insane Asylum. Watertown secures it.

April 25. Death of Prof. Hale at Normal.

April 25. Mussey Brothers install gasoline engine in their grainhouse at Atkinson. First seen by editor, who describes it in laborious detail.

April 25. DeLoss Wood dies in North Dakota. Munson old settler.

April 25. Old newspapers found among effects of Merritt Munson are clipped by The News. Hobbs and Hosford, old-time Geneseo editors, gibe each other amusingly.

April 25. Major Moderwell decides to remove to Chicago, where he has been made trustee of the Hiram Kelly estate of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

May 2. Mrs. Hale dies. Wife of Prof. Hale, who died recently. She died on the way east with her husband's remains.

May 9. New high school building begun, Geneseo.

May 14. Death of Dr. W. J. Smith from inability to assimilate food. Noted veterinary surgeon of Geneseo.

May 24. John Pomeroy found dead in bed in Geneseo. Insane for many years. Possessed fortune of twenty thousand dollars.

May 30. Justice Campbell of Geneseo appoints three supervisors to locate new bridge over Green River. These are Gilbert of Munson, Watson of Atkinson, Smith of Loraine. Location fixed on Saturday, June 1, 1889.

May 30. Horticultural marvel discovered by Geneseo lady. First tree below location of new bridge over Green River, on south bank, is a duplex; a sycamore and an elm grows from the same stump. Finder, Mrs. H. L. Kiner.

June 6. Judge Blanchard at Ottawa decides that posting name of person who will not pay debts, as is done by Merchants' Retail Agencies, is not blackmail; but is in effect protective of retail merchants, and compared with Dun and Bradstreet's reports, which protect wholesale merchants.

June 6. Rev. A. R. Morgan of Moline, chaplain of penitentiary at Joliet, tells in News how prisoners got drunk on alcohol they distilled from potato parings. The still was made of tin cans. June 20, two years ago, a brother of the Pauls of Geneseo and Edford disappeared from his Iowa farm. His brother, Bruce, went out and settled estate. Now, missing man returns. Meantime Bruce Paul died.

June 27, Mrs. Oscar Bills dies in South Dakota, and is buried there. Old settler of Atkinson, and one who kept close to the Golden Rule.

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June 27. Mooted point whether German carp will bite a hook, is settled. Geneseo fisherman catches first string of carp with hook and line. Great rejoicing.

July 4. Hon. J. H. Paddelford takes herd of fancy cattle into Iowa, where big prices were obtained at public vendue.

July 5. Henry Monesmith dead, aged sixty-seven. Old Geneseo settler.

July 11. W. K. Calhoun issues first Daily Decatur Despatch. Calhoun son of Mrs. J. B. Terpening of Geneseo, and cousin of News man.

July 11. A. J. Osborne of Erie finishes new Green River bridge. Commissioners engage Osborne to build new bridge over Geneseo Creek, near Luther farm.

July 11. H. V. Fisher of Geneseo appointed Aide on Governor Fifer's staff, with title of colonel.

July 18. Charles Atkinson of Moline donates ten thousand dollars to erect memorial hall for Geneseo Collegiate Institute.

August 8. Geneseo Stove Company in full blast.

August 22. Edward P. VanValkenburg, M. D., dies in Geneseo. Native of city. Sister, Louisa, precedes him in death, having passed away in Chicago, where she had taught in schools.

August 29. Pearls found in Green River. Scores hunting clams.

August 29. Scientist from college finds rare specimen in Rock River woods. Turns out to be big chunk of rock salt which cows had licked.

September 5. Township Insurance Company offers four hundred dollars reward, and Freeman Evans adds two hundred dollars, for information leading to arrest and conviction of person setting Evans' barn on fire on night of March 16, 1889.

September 12. Effort to induce men to wear shirt waists as street costume, utterly failed.

October 3. World's Fair Ode written by editor News is copied in New York, and credited to Eugene Field of the Chicago News. Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun quotes the ode, calls the brethren down, and all the guilty publishers make profuse apologies to the true and only ode oracle of Geneseo.

October 3. Fire kings of Geneseo win many prizes at state tournament at Clinton, and are proclaimed champions of Illinois.

October 7. Frederick A. Kidder dies in Geneseo. Editor and publisher Poultry Chum.

October 10. Tennie C. Claflin and Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, former Green River Station girls, sisters, make great sensation in Europe, by their spiritual revelations. Victoria married a rich London banker, John Biddulph Martin, and Tennie wedded Sir Francis Cook, a nobleman with castles and vast estates. The writer recalls when the girls gave clairvoyant exhibitions and private seances throughout the state. Stephen Haskins of Geneseo is a full cousin of these remarkable Henry county women.

October 10. F. P. Brown dies in Geneseo. Ex-mayor of Geneseo, and ex-supervisor. Old settler.

October 14. E. C. Gilbert died. Vice-president Farmers National Bank. Father of Dr. Gilbert of Geneseo.

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October 17. Geneseo News description of early times:

When the morning sun arose over the distant cottonwoods thirty-two years ago last Tuesday morning, October 15th, a lone man wandered around the prairies in this virgin vale, looking for Geneseo. After some difficulty he succeeded in recognizing it, after stumbling on it two or three times. The town was so small that the lone man had to carefully part the tall slough grass, and tread softly and searchingly around, like a boy looking for plover's eggs; till at last he found it. It wasn't much of a town. It was small and insignificant. It smelled of bullrushes, and the whippoorwill and the kildeer held high carnival. We could ring the bullfrog in here; but on October 15th his voice was hushed by the gray-headed frost. The lone man muttered to himself that it wasn't much of a town; but that its advantages were great, and the lone man was looking for a place to cast his lot. "Great advantages," amused the lone man, "here are churches to build, schoolhouses to erect, water works to 'unveil,' streets to lay out, corner stones to locate, cemeteries to start, hose companies to organize, sewers to sink, streets to grade, roads to make, houses to construct, newspapers to establish—why the place is full of opportunities. Besides, there is a big country all around it, and sufficient elasticity in the atmosphere to allow of the city growing, should it be so disposed." Then he girded up his loins, and went forth, and helped build the beautiful Maple City, putting his money in brick and mortar, and becoming as responsible as any man in the corporation for the present prosperous town. The people, after many years, recognized his merits, and made him an alderman. The council, recognizing his merits, made him chairman of the street committee, and as a result, finer streets and sidewalks has no Illinois city of five thousand people. That man, ladies and gentlemen, we now introduce as alderman Seibel. Long may he live!

October 17. Emery C. Graves out for states attorney.

October 17. Mayor Smith and city clerk Lieberknecht of Geneseo report chagrin because they had dressed up to the part of frontiersmen on their journey out west. They had gone in sombreros, buckskins and dark wool shirts, when, to their surprise, the mountains were dude-atmosphered with elegant men.

October 24. Duncan McKay of Morrison, wills one thousand dollars to Geneseo Collegiate Institute.

October 24. Bicycle Wave. Old and young bestride the swift steed of silent steel.

October 31. Robert Garnett dies. Geneseo.

November 7. E. T. Ramer proposes to install electric lights in Geneseo. Matter taken up by council.

November 8. Philip Teeters dies. Well known Geneseo character.

December 12. Daniel B. Green dead, Geneseo. Age, eighty-nine years.

December 17. Joshiah B. Terpening dead, Geneseo, aged seventy-four years.

1890.

January 10. John Curley died, Geneseo, aged seventy-seven. Old settler.

January 15. The passing of Phillip Rapp closes the history of a genuine pioneer. His was a genuine pioneer family—twelve children, seven boys, five

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girls, all living but one. He and Jacob Arnett were neighbors when all was wilderness around them. The first church in Henry or Whiteside counties was built on his farm. It was built of logs. When the log church could no longer hold the increasing audiences, another church was built, a frame. This grew old and too small, and a third was built. Phillip Rapp was always a member. The denomination was Evangelical.

January 16. Charles Perry died at Robinson, Colorado. Buried at Geneseo. Age, fifty-seven. He came to Geneseo in 1853, engaging in the lumber business with E. M. Stewart. Entered banking business with his brothers in 1854. He assisted in the survey for the Illinois Central Railway. A curious fact is that of seven brothers and sisters, his is the first death for fifty years.

January 19. , Alba Jones died at home of son-in-law. Dr. W. C. Brown, Geneseo, aged eighty-two. Employed in youth by Hudson Bay Company. Spake fluently several Indian tongues, also French and the dialect of the Brules, or halfbreeds, of the far north.

January 20. Mrs. Lyman Lyon, aged eighty-seven. Came to Geneseo in 1850.

January 21. Mrs. Sarah Caughey died near Geneseo, aged seventy-seven.

January 23. Francis Anthony Hegy dead in Geneseo, aged fifty-nine. Pioneer blacksmith, though preceded by Lyman Snow and "Reddy" Ramsey. Hegy & Wheaton was his firm.

January 23. Susanna McHenry died, aged 79. Fell and broke leg. Died from shock. Old settler in Geneseo.

January 27. Death of Dr. Ira R. Wells. Veteran of Black Hawk war. Ex-mayor of Geneseo. Surgeon of Rock Island Railway. Came to Henry county in 1850.

January 28. Death of E. Cragin, Geneseo's crockery merchant. Member Company I, 112th Illinois.

January 31. R. B. Owens died in San Francisco. Formerly of Geneseo.

February 6. Daniel Hoit dead. Came to Geneseo in 1851.

February 6. The new high school building in Geneseo finished. The News gives Adam Lieberknecht credit in the most generous manner. He was the moving spirit, which brought about this material advance in educational work.

February 11. Mrs. J. Rockwell died, aged seventy-three. Mother of J. Clark, Oscar K., and Belle Rockwell. Old settler.

April 21. Death of Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, Geneseo. Old settler.

April 24. John Reardon of Munson died. Old settler.

April 24. Mrs. John Nowers died at Atkinson. Old settler.

May 1. Corner stone of Methodist church removed, broken open and robbed of coins and other articles deposited therein twenty years ago. Munson.

May 7. Death of Frank F. Rowe, southwest of Geneseo. Old settler.

May 10. Death of Lyman Lyon, northwest of Geneseo, seventy-six years. Old settler.

May 14. Died, J. S. Kaiser of Spring Creek. Old settler.

May 16. Levi Sedgeley dead, Geneseo. Sedgeley originated Oakwood

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May 17. Mrs. Hiram Latson died in Geneseo. Old settler.

May 24. Death of Mrs. Theresa Nourse, Geneseo. Old settler.

May 29. Death of Mrs. Theo. Mattes, Geneseo.

June 10. Martin & Taxis deliver one hundred and one Champion reapers to Geneseo farmers. Red letter day and big banquet at Geneseo House.

June 20. General Henderson nominated seventh time for congress.

June 21. Mowry delivers great number of Deering reapers. Grand banquet Geneseo House.

June 26. Will of Amy Nourse probated. Bequests: Missions, six thousand dollars; Sunday schools, two thousand dollars; education, two thousand dollars; Talladega College (Alabama), one thousand dollars; Geneseo Collegiate Institute, one thousand dollars; Geneseo Congregational church, two thousand dollars.

July 10. Mrs. Cromwell K. Bartlett dies at home of her daughter, Mrs. Hiram Cady. Mrs. Bartlett's age was ninety-two. She was one of the original Geneseo colonists, coming to this site when it was a sea of yellow prairie blossoms. Her husband was one of the platters of the town, his associates being John C. Ward and Roderick R. Stewart.

July 10. John Hauck of Hooppole caught catfish in Green River near that village, weighing two hundred and eight pounds. Believed to be record fish of the river.

July 17. John McConnell of Milan bequeaths Geneseo Institute one thousand dollars.

July 17. Efforts to introduce Chinese pheasants as game bird, not encouraged.

July 17. Death of Peter Hammer, veteran miller at Andover.

July 24. Fire King Running Team of Geneseo again wins state championship at state tournament at Mendota.

September 25. President signs bill for Hennepin Canal.

October 7. Death of Mrs. Wilson J. Rider, aged fifty-two. Came to Geneseo in 1854.

November 11. N. L. Munson dead. Came to Geneseo 1855.

November 25. Ben. Simmons dies in Geneseo. Old settler.

November 27. Hardin Stoughton dies in Osco.

December 8. Francis M. Duncan dies in South Dakota. Native of Henry county. Member 112th Illinois Volunteers.

December 11. Myron H. McHenry buys Chas. B. Smith farm on Green River, north of Geneseo. Converts place into first-class farm for high bred horses. McHenry subsequently became the greatest driver in the world. He drove Dan Patch the fastest mile ever trotted.

December 25. C. C. Blish dies at Kewanee, aged seventy years, fifty-three of which he passed in Henry county. Father of James K. Blish. He was once county surveyor. He was president of the First National Bank of Kewanee for twenty years.

December 31. Zacheus Patten died in Cambridge, in ninety-fifth year. Father of L. H. Patten. Lived under all administrations from Washington to Harrison.

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1891.

January 1. William Saupe suicides in his barn, east of Geneseo.

January 3. George Arnold died in Geneseo. Philip Ott and Arnold crossed the plains to California in 1851.

January 4. Mrs. Barbara Cooper Walker Sherrard died in a Chicago hospital, whither she had been taken by her daughter, Mrs. O. K. Rockwell, of Bluff Road, Geneseo. Mrs. Sherrard died succeeding an operation.

January 15, 1891, issue of The News has the following anent "Hobe" Hanna and his:

H. W. Hanna, of Henry county, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his birth at his residence in Cleveland township, today. He was born on January 7, 1841, and has always resided in the old homestead where the festivities occur today. He is known as "the stockman of Henry county," and has been a prominent figure in this section for thirty years. It is expected that between seventy-five and one hundred guests will be present, among them James Glenn, the first white settler of the county, who started in to found a home in Colona township away back in 1835. J. P. Hanna, father of the gentleman whose anniversary is celebrated today, settled about a mile east of Cleveland, on the Rock River, in 1836. Mr. and Mrs. Hanna have but one child, formerly Miss Lilly, but now Mrs. Kirkland, of Chicago. Herself and husband will attend the meeting today. Mr. Hanna has one of the most comfortable homes in Henry county, and is familiarly known to every citizen in that and Rock Island counties. He is hale and hearty and has a host of friends, who wish him many happy returns of the day.

January 15. Death in Washington of Mrs. C. N. Whitney. Dr. Whitney founded the Kewanee Courier.

January 22. Philosopher's Club gives farewell banquet to John B. Moderwell. There was also a farewell banquet to Dr. H. H. Chase, who moved to Rock Island.

January 22. A granddaughter of pioneer Earl P. Aldrich died January 9. Her married name was Mrs. James Goode.

January 27. Captain W. C. Wilson suicided near Morristown. Financial reverses. Was in command of Company A, 37th Infantry.

January 29. Great banquet to Prof. W. J. Stabler, Geneseo musician, on eve of his departure.

February 5. Henry M. Sexton, inventor of the refrigerator car, visits his chum, H. L. Kiner of Geneseo, and offers him a ride across the continent in one of the newest cars.

February 12. R. R. Smith dies, aged eighty-three. Known in Geneseo as Soapy Smith. Had run soap factory.

March 4. 'Squire Leonard C. Campbell dies in Geneseo.

March 7. Cora V. Offerle died in Geneseo.

March 9. Amos T. Coe dead at Geneseo. Old-time merchant of Main street.

March 19. Mrs. Miller, mother of Mrs. John Beckstein of Geneseo, dies in her slumbers in the night.

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each other, but not other birds; that they live on scattered grain, never rob cherry trees, and are in all things honest and good birds.

March 19. Great fire at Galva. Starting in second story of Wentworth's grocery, it consumed the building and stock, and spread to Mink & Webb's implement house, Galva House, Runquist's grocery, Garber's dry-goods store, all destroyed except some damaged furniture of the hotel. Houghton's lumber yard was saved with assistance of Kewanee firemen. Goods from many threatened stores were heaped in the muddy streets. Aggregate loss, thirty thousand dollars.

March 26. Captain L. L. Wheeler takes up residence in Milan, to be near field of operations on canal.

March 26. First allusion in News to Miss Jane Addams' work in Chicago, is contained in following paragraphs. Sarah Anderson is now Mrs. Henry Ainsworth of Moline. The News of March 26, 1891, says:

"Miss Sarah Anderson, principal of Rockford Seminary and daughter of our old neighbor and friend, John Anderson of Main street has found it necessary to retire for a short time to Lake Geneva, to rest and recuperate. Miss Anderson's enthusiasm as an educator leads her sometimes beyond her physical strength. She is in the front rank of the foremost files of Illinois educators.

"A noble woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to strengthen and command."

"Miss Addams, a sister of Mrs. Rev. J. M. Linn of this city, and a warm friend of Miss Anderson's, stopped in Geneseo a day or two recently on a tour of Kansas, where she, too, goes to rest after her arduous labors in her benevolent school at 335 South Halsted street, Chicago. Among Miss Addams' good works is that of teaching servant girls in the evenings to read and write. Both these ladies are doing a grand work in their respective callings."

Miss Addams' "Hull House" settlement work is famed throughout civilization. She for a time dwelt with her sister in Geneseo, in the big rambling old mansion now owned by the scribe, and in which this is being written. J. Weber Linn, the novelist, had his home in the old mansion.

I have just found what is, perhaps, the root-origin of the vitrified paving idea, as exemplified on State street, Geneseo, in a News editorial in the issue of April 2, 1891, on file at my studio. Eighteen years ago! It follows:

State street for the past week has demonstrated that gravel is not what we want to solve the problem of good streets. It does not stand the test of such trying time as we have had lately. A more horrible quagmire than State street from Dr. Brown's office south to the Collegiate it would be difficult to conceive of. The gravel sinks into and mixes with the soil, and the result is a street worse than the country roads where gravel has not been used at all. Great holes and gulches make the street a dread to drivers who dare venture upon it. What we want is Joliet rock in macadamized form, or a pavement of vitrified brick. There being many who do not know what vitrified brick is, we will explain that it is a brick so superheated that it fuses or melts, the clay sand and gravel of which it is composed becoming, through the application of intense heat, liquified, much as is glass or crockery ware. A vitrified brick has a glazed surface, like the outside of crocks and is as hard and brittle as it is possible to make it with the material. Vitrified bricks are now being used in the cities of Rock Island and Davenport

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for paving purposes. It is expensive but very lasting. It might pay Geneseo well to pave State street with them, say from Martin's agricultural house to Petersen's store this year; then branch out upon other streets, according to their importance, in succeeding years, till the entire town is paved; on the plan we followed in laying our water mains for fire protection.

April 2. Death of Mrs. Adam Dunlap of Phenix.

April 2. Thomas Rooney dies at Horton, Kansas. Rooney was Geneseo's faithful night watchman for many years.

April 9. Spring calves all over Henry county treated with Haaff's Horn Killer. Henry county ever since has shown an increasing aversion to taking a horn.

December 30, 1891, Mrs. Harvey Crain died. After her death an ancient account book was found among her treasures, in which the money was reckoned in pounds, shillings and pence. There was a coin of French mintage dated 1793, and labeled six livres, which Henry, Charles and George Crain used as a teething ring.

1892.

January 6. Mrs. Captain Irvin died in Geneseo, aged seventy-two years.

January 7. Bess Comstock of Cambridge wins prizes in story-writing.

January 12. Mannington Stowe of Munson suicided while suffering from melancholy.

January 14. Abram Bellinger died, aged eighty. Edford. Oliver Root, Henry county's oldest man, died at the infirmary January 10, aged one hundred years.

January 14. Doors of all public buildings in county made to swing outward, to comply with new law.

January 21. E. G. Butcher, commonly known as "Old Butch," dies at Comanche, Iowa. Sporting and race horse character, a man unique and of a class now almost extinct. For many years he gambled on the palatial steamboats of the Mississippi River, winning and losing thousands of dollars.

January 21. Myron E. McHenry advertises his stock farm for sale.

January 21. Eric Peterson, once butler in the palace of the king of Sweden, dies on West Main street, Geneseo. He never forgot that he had rubbed royalty, and was proud, exclusive, haughty and austere.

January 21. Uncle Billy Carse dies on Pink Prairie. He was a warm friend of mine. He was eighty-six years old, and often walked the five miles to Geneseo, and then walked back again.

January 21. John Engdahl sells interest in tailor shop to John Linn of Moline.

January 21. Fisher Brothers sell hardware store to Reynolds & Hartley of Kirkwood, Illinois.

January 28. Mrs. George Wilson, wife of banker, dies.

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March 17. Mrs. Edson Muzzy dead. Geneseo.
March 22. John S. Brown dead. Geneseo. Foreman stockyards.
March 24. Mrs. James Parker dead. Shabbona Grove. Old settler.

1893.

August 10. News establishes World's Fair register at depot.

September 7. Flight of strange birds over county, flying northeast. Size of goose, very long necks and legs. Grey of color, and making weird whistling noise. Believed to be similar to the bird reported roosting on sycamore trees in Rock River forest.

September 21. News asks gunners to let the remnant of prairie chickens live and recuperate the almost vanished flocks. Request spurned, and every prairie chicken in Henry county goes down before the game hog. There have been no prairie chickens in the county since this fall.

September 28. W. W. Warner returns to his castle in Western, after a trip around the world. The stone castle built by Warner in the edge of the forest near Warner Station on the St. Louis branch of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway is the grandest in the county. It is made from stone from the Burrall quarry, close by. One room is finished in fancy woods, from foreign lands, procured by Warner in his travels.

Annah Jordon Smith dies in Munson, aged eighty-two. Old settler, coming in 1852. Died September 17.

October 12. Peter Kane, king of the fakirs, breaks a leg in Geneseo, and is taken to the infirmary. Kane is the man who invented the idea of catching a crowd by flinging money on the street. He is sixty years old, tall, piercing black eyes, long black hair, intellectual face, a man who would attract attention anywhere. In his prime, this odd character drove four horses from town to town, a raven black and milk-white animal being mated. The wagon was resplendent with polished brass and waving plumes.

October 12. This issue of The News records the deaths of D. P. Merrill of Munson, Mrs. Thomas Hill of Hanna, Wm. G. Fischer of Spring Creek, Mrs. E. F. Godfrey of Rock Island, and Harry Waterman, son of the Reverend Doctor Waterman.

October 12. Mrs. Caroline Aldrich calls upon the scribe. She is the relict of Earl Aldrich of pioneer fame, and mother of the first white boy born in Henry county. Mrs. Aldrich is just in from California. She is eighty years old, and travels alone. With the exception of asthma, she is quite strong and well.

October 19. Dr. Hall of Kewanee makes effort to organize county medical society. Complains of apathy manifested. Physicians aloof.

October 19. Solon Kendall dead. Old-time Geneseo grainbuyer and postmaster. Trustee of State Reform School for boys at Pontiac.

October 26. Joslin, over the river from Angell's, building a fair ground. The fairs since held here have been largely attended and successful.

October 26. Strange creature caught in Green River by Wm. Nesbit. Caught on hook. Foot and a half long, catfish head and mouth, four red ears on each

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side of head, which ears work back and forth like ears of horse. Four legs, no fins. Stripes on belly. A taxidermist skinned and stuffed the weird creature.

October 26. Thomas A. Ammerman dead, aged twenty-nine. William Whiteline dead.

November 2. Fritz Nagler suicides. Geneseo.

November 4. Winnie McArthur died, aged fifteen.

November 7. Will Waterman died, aged eighteen.

November 8. John W. Crawford, Munson, dead, aged sixty-five.

November 14. Mrs. Sophia Klumpp dies at home of daughter, Mrs. J. Stein, Geneseo, aged sixty-nine.

November 16. Lucille Hazard, granddaughter of Rev. Dr. Waterman dies. Four persons die in Congregational parsonage, Geneseo, all of typhoid. Health board investigates. Cesspool in yard near well alleged cause. Cesspool abolished, sanitary conditions restored, deaths cease.

November 29. Mrs. Frank L. Winsor dead. Geneseo.

November 30. Mrs. John Davis dead, Geneseo. Old resident. Age, seventy-four.

November 30. Rev. Dr. Waterman says that a celestial halo illumined the face of his granddaughter, Lucille, before she died. It faded out as she passed away. The child's father says that an aunt of his was pronounced dead by the physician. Her pulse had stopped, her heart had ceased beating for half an hour. Then she arose and called the family around her by name, gave them admonition and advice, and spake in glowing words of the beauties of the new world to which she had been called. Years after these events, Dr. Waterman was nearly killed in a railway accident in Chicago. The surgeons said he must die. Waterman lay in the hospital. He prayed fervently for life. A stranger entered the room, sat by his bedside, told him he would live, and vanished. Dr. Waterman declares that this stranger was the Nazarene.

December 7. Mrs. A. L. Hamilton dies in Kewanee. Old settler.

December 28. P. H. Owen invented the round rod braking plow, with which great areas of the prairie states have been turned over for agricultural purposes. Owen was living at Indian Town, a subdivision of Tiskilwa, when the idea of the round rod was born. He made the round rod plows at Tiskilwa for a time, then moved to Lacon, where he kept on in the manufacture of the plows. He died in Davenport, at the age of sixty-nine. Like most inventors, he never got much out of his device.

December 28. Golden Hotel, Barstow, burned down at noon.

1894.

January session board of supervisors voted to reimburse John H. Ladd and Andrew G. McMullen for money actually paid out by these men in their successful efforts to catch a horsethief, one John W. Dawling. No consideration

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Paddelford sent the mutilated fragment to Washington, accompanied by a statement that the remainder of the bill had been completely destroyed. He promptly received a new twenty-dollar note.

February 8. Norman Johnson of Henry county attempts suicide by shooting. Mrs. Ella Powers of Peoria, shoots and kills self and adopted child.

February 12. Blizzard in Henry county. Railways out of commission, and highways everywhere blocked. The wind accompanying the snow was of cyclonish violence.

February 17. George A. Terpening died. Munson.

February 17. Miss Nellie Ogden died. Geneseo, Age, eighteen.

February 20. Mrs. John Weidlein died. Geneseo. Old settler of Morristown. Age, seventy-five.

March 17. Mrs. G. A. Carter died. Edford.

March 14. Rev. J. T. Pierce died. Geneseo. College classmate of Wendell Phillips, who visited his friend here, and carved his name upon a birch tree in the yard of his old friend's home.

March 22. Marshall sells Rock River picnic grounds to Dahl.

March 31. Stockyards, Geneseo, fire burns tramps to death. How many is unknown. Three or four heaps of what seemed human remains were found in debris.

April 5. Strange case of Miss Yetta Bruckner, a graduate of Geneseo Collegiate Institute. Melancholia developing into madness, caused this beautiful and accomplished girl to run away from home, and lose herself in the woods along the Mississippi River, near Quincy, Illinois. Hunters saw the girl and tried to overtake her; but her amazing fleetness prevented. She lived for days in the brush and snow, without food. Sheriff Vancill finally induced her to go to his home. Her father was notified, and he brought her back to her home in Chicago. Miss Bruckner was a niece of Dr. W. C. West of Geneseo.

April 7. Mrs. U. F. Clark died. Geneseo.

April 12. Geneseo News uses in newspaper forms first half-tone plates, the same being pictures of Hester Brothers of Moline. Prior to this, newspaper men believed they could not be used in newspapers. Now their use is universal.

April 12. Dredge made at Deer Grove on upper Green River, for purpose of straightening channel. This work was local, and not general, as was the work which long after straightened the river in all its course though Henry county, which work cost half a million dollars, and redeemed four million dollar's worth of the richest of bottom lands on the face of the earth. It is possible that these local efforts on the upper reaches of the river suggested the greater work.

April 19. Deaths recorded; Miss Horley, Geneseo, ninety-two years; Will Koenig, Geneseo, twenty-five years; James Ramsey, Geneseo, aged eighty-three.

April 19. Rev. Dowie begins to gather satellites from Henry county.

May 10. Joseph Krieger dead. Cambridge.

May 10. Sister Mary Humbelina died at Cathedral of Sacred Heart, Davenport. Was Kate Kennedy of Geneseo.

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the first furrow, and who made the plow with which it was done. Mrs. Eva Romaine died May 13.

May 28. Joseph T. Atkinson dies. Geneseo. Age, eighty-four. He built a cabin in Henry county in 1835. It is claimed that he officiated at the marriage of the first couple. Atkinson originated the Geneseo Collegiate Institute.

June 21. The dead: Laura Way Weaver, Mrs. John Glawe, Frank E. White, Andrew Dice, Andrew Caughey.

June 25. The dead: Mrs. M. Maxwell, aged seventy-five, resident of Henry county since 1855; Oliver B. Andrews, E. P. Boyden. Boyden was an old settler of Atkinson. Later in life he was landlord of the hotel at Tiskilwa.

July 5. Captain P. M. Jefferds died. Atkinson.

July 12. Hattie Gifford Evans of Atkinson enroute around the world with young husband.

August 2. Carrie M. Schnabele died July 28. Mrs. Chas. W. Fuller died in Moline.

August 16. Chronicle newspaper office in Cambridge destroyed by fire.

August 16. Fight at Kewanee between young men named Ladd and Bonner. Bonner injured by knife thrust, dies.

August 26. James Glenn died, Colona. First settler, built first house, made first plow, turned first furrow in Henry county. A good old man, a typical pioneer.

August 26. Died. Mrs. Barbara Baum Petrie Dilenbeck, aged ninety-two,

September 6. Work on canal in full swing.

September 6. Daniel McCarthy died. Faithful foreman of Chicago, Rock Islaind & Pacific Railroad for forty years.

September 6. Mrs. Rachel Schmied dies, aged eighty-three.

November 15. Funeral of W. P. Blackiston, Geneseo old settler.

November 15. Many fine pearls found in Green River.

November 15. Editorial on Belgians of Atkinson and Annawan, and Germans of Edford. Both extolled as good citizens. Their methods of farming compared proves Belgian grain farmer and renter, German stock farmer and owner.

November 22. News has two-column editorial, urging straightening of Green River. Among many other arguments is this: "Here is this little Green serpent of a river, squirming and winding like the snake it is, through vast reaches of the richest land on earth, taking up ten times the room it should, laying waste an area that would keep busy every elevator in Henry county."

December 6. News states that traveling men, of the commercial salesman class, will not lie. Editor receives by mail card and credentials of the "Order of Ananias," with private letter hinting that he will be made captain of the clan.

December 6. Mrs. G. W. Wood dies, Geneseo.

December 27. G. W. Lawbaugh contests right of board of education to dismiss his daughter from school, owing to the fact that she has not been vaccinated.

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1895

January 3. Wm. J. Doughty of Lynn, overcome with vertigo, fell helpless in a hog lot. The brutes tore the man to shreds. When found by friends, Doughty's face was eaten off.

January 3. Kempster's deer pound on Rock River bottoms responsible for many reports and rumors of wild deer being seen in various parts of Henry county. The animals regard fences as a joke, and play leapfrog with them. Wes. Graham of Spring Hill, being at the time hunting for red squirrels in the bottom wooded lands, suddenly heard a twig crack in the darksome copse of a fen. Looking down from the lofty tree upon which his gaze had been fixed, he saw a beautiful fat deer staring at him. Before he thought, buck fever seized Graham, and the deer was dead. Graham sold it in Prophetstown for twelve dollars. When he found it was Kempster's deer, he promptly paid Kempster twenty dollars, and expressed his regrets.

January 10. Prof. J. M. F. Snodgrass of Geneseo Collegiate Institute, opens war on Santa Claus. Says the myth is a delusion and a snare; that the lie teaches the child that lying is a joke, and forever unsettles the trust and reliance the child should have in the word of his parents.

John L. Sullivan invades Henry county, making a strong impression when he fell off the rear of a train near Galva. Men and boys seized with boxing frenzy.

January 17. John Derby suicides by hanging.

January 24. Bloomington Building and Loan Association swindle includes

January 28. Lizzie Terry Cook dead, aged twenty-one.

Henry county victims.

January 31. Of all the funny events which have marked Geneseo for their own, perhaps the climax was reached on this date. A tall farmer drove a span of mules to a watering trough which was too low without unchecking. The man unchecked the beasts, standing in front a moment before drawing up to the trough. Something startled the animals. They plunged forward, catching the man astride the tongue. In this ridiculous attitude the man was carried round and round a principal business block of the city. Swarms of people lined the walks. The mules kept to the middle of the vacant street, galloping slower as their strength failed. Screams of laughter marked the progress of the procession. When the mules stopped, the man jumped into the wagon, drove home, sold out, and quit the country.

January 31. Insanity of Ernest J. Paul. Paul afterward suicided in Chicago.

February 7. Rev. A. K. Tullis, Henry county, Methodist minister, sees sea serpent in Thompson's Lake, Fulton county, Illinois, while fishing with son. Describes serpent as follows: The head was hooded with great coil of skin. Head big as bushel basket. Six big eyes. Two immense tusks from hideous jaw. Reared roaring from water, clawing air fiercely, as if something didn't suit him. Had claws to claw with. Bellowed awfully. Brother Tullis calls Havana fishermen, who casts net about monster. Net rended to rags. News theory that it was the devil, against whom Brother Tullis had made various unfriendly moves.

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February 14. Geneseo, New York, was originally known as Big Tree. In a copy of the Olean, New York, Democrat of February, 1895, is the following: "The Livingston County Historical Society has decided to properly celebrate the centennial of the conclusion of the treaty of Big Tree with the Seneca Indians, a treaty secured by Thomas Morris, and which cleared the Indian title to a large part of the land sold in the Holland land purchase. Big Tree is now Geneseo, and the celebration will be held there." The parent Geneseo is not so large as its Illinois namesake. The population is around two thousand.

February 23. P. H. Taylor dies. Geneseo. Settled in Geneseo in 1854.

February 24. Red Mill burns. Geneseo.

February 28. Conclave of young newspaper men in convention assembled, frame request that editor News answer question: "What is true secret of journalistic success?" Reply by return mail was "Scratch every man where he itches most."

March 2. James McBroom, ex-mayor of Geneseo, dies, aged sixty-seven years. Mayor two terms. For many years, member grain firm of McBroom & Wilson.

March 3. Mrs. G. Schulke dies. Geneseo; seventy-four years.

March 5. Catherine C. Butzer Henney died at Fairbury, Nebraska. Wed Daniel Henney 1854.

March 7. Quotation from Hanna township items: "I hear of the death of Freeland B. Walters at Valeria, Iowa. He was born in Hanna thirty-eight years ago. His father, John W. Walters, with his father, Ebenezer Walters, lived on the farm now occupied by J. F. Henninger in 1837."

March 7. The Woodhull Dispatch says that " eighteen years ago Dr. Farrell killed a bug in Ed. Taylor's ear; but couldn't get it out. Last Sunday Ed's wife removed it with a hairpin. It is three-quarters of an inch long, a quarter of an inch wide, and well preserved."

March 12. Maggie May Liebee dead, aged twenty-seven.

March 14. David Drehmer sends a Minneapolis Sunday Tribune with record of a great gold find by Geneseo boy, George W. Davis, son of the deaf mute Davis, who formerly lived east of town. Young Davis had studied geology. He was an expert with strata and stone formations. A. H. Hederly of Minneapolis engaged Davis to visit several iron ore claims purchased by Hederly, away up in the Rat Portage and Rainy Lake regions. Davis was employed to report on the value of the mines. In the desolate and forbidding lands he was robbed of his outfit of maps, and instruments for assaying. All his food was stolen. While hunting huckleberries for food, he almost ran against a bear, also huckleberrying. Springing backward, Davis fell over a cliff. He lay senseless many hours. He found himself at the base of a gorge in which human foot had probably never [illegible] men have sought for, fought for, in [illegible] out,

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March 28. Mrs. Wm L. Barnes dead. Old settler.

April 26. Mrs. Wm. Pate dead. Osco.

April 29. Mrs. Will Mowbray died. Native of county.

May 4. Orion bank robbed. About five thousand dollars in money stolen. Men afterward caught and sent to pen. Money recovered where it had been buried beside railway embankment.

May 9. First mention of East Moline.

May 16. Andrew Dahl killed at summer resort on Rock River. Dahl owned the premises. Team ran away in woods throwing Dahl against stump.

May 19. Gust Rahn suicides. Geneseo.

May 19. Pioneer cabin built by Israel Crocker at Crocker's Grove near Morristown, is torn down. This was the first house in Osco township. Luman Woodward describes it in an article in the Cambridge Chronicle. The sawed lumber in the house was hauled from Chicago. Woodward says:

"The small amount of sawed lumber used in the erection of this old house was hauled from Chicago on wagons, and consisted simply of the siding and the joists for the support of the second floor. To look at the finished building, no one would have suspected that it was made of such rough materials. The entire frame work was made of rough timber hewn out of oak timber from the adjoining grove. The lath for plastering was split out of oak timber, and were almost as perfect as the sawed lath used at present. The shingles were split and shaved, in the old way. The sheeting on which the shingles were laid was made on the model of the old-time puncheon floor, a sample of which can be seen on the Cambridge fair grounds. The pieces were cut just long enough to reach from one of the pole rafters to the next one. After all had been pinned on, the whole roof had been 'adzed' off, making it smooth and in good shape for laying the hand-made shingles. The studding, sills, etc., were all hewn out of solid oak timber."

May 25. Adam Feidler dead. Old-time Osco settler.

May 30. Orion bank robbers caught. Gave names of Sullivan, Lawrence and Monroe. Caught at Taylorville, Illinois. Had shaved off whiskers; but recognized.

June 6. News prints strong editorial on going to Smith Springs for Geneseo water supply. This was done, and plenty of good water secured. In same issue News demands brick paving for State street.

June 6. Aldermen Martin, Fisher and Wright selected by mayor as committee to visit tri-cities and study merits of cement and tile walks. Cement won.

June 6. Anton Beck dies. Thomas Liken dies, June 7.

June 11. Laura Kendrick dies. Atkinson. Native of Burns township.

June 14. Peter Wille dies. Atkinson.

June 17. James Dana Buck suicides, or is murdered. Western.

June 20. Axel Anderson falls in well. Drowns. Galva.

June 21. Mary Montgomery suicides. Sunny Hill.

June 22. Geo. Schmitt kicked to death by horse. Hooppole.

June 27. Andrew Schweninger dead.

June 27. J. A. Sawyer dies. Came to Illinois 1834. Prominent citizen of Geneseo.

July 4. Chinch bugs invade Osco and Edford.

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July 4. Arthur Weidlein of Morristown, wins eleven-mile race in great bicycle tournament at Davenport, Iowa, in a field of twenty starters

July 11. Levi G. Barnes, farmer of Hanna township, had a premonition of radium full ten years before the discovery of that weird substance. I find the following in The News of this date: "Levi G. Barnes is excited over a new substance which he says has recently been evolved from the atmosphere by the alchemy of science. He was telling about it to J. C. Skinner, Byron Coe and the editor the day before the fourth, and scared us half to death. We were afraid he was going to get some of it to use on the fourth. He says it is drawn from the air, and resembles cheese. It is beyond comparison, stronger than lightning. Throw a hunk of it against a mountain, and the mountain will immediately be leveled with the plain. Its presence has been suspected by scientists for many generations, many of whom sat up nights trying to suck the stuff out of the air; but invariably got left. Now they have it. It can be harnessed for domestic use, like lightning. Brother Barnes doesn't know what they'll make the harness of; but it will probably be some powerful metal—like that gold on his farm."

July 17. Fred Curtis loses arm in railway accident. Geneseo.

July 18. A Belgian woman named DeBates, while insane tried to slaughter her family of seven children with a hatchet, at Annawan. The children were all seriously injured, one having the skull fractured. The village is fearfully aroused, having yet fresh in memory the murder of Schmidt with a pumphandle by Ellis and Arkland the previous winter.

July 25. Referring to the paragraph elsewhere concerning the mysterious substance Levi Barnes, the farmer, proposes to evolve from the air, the Geneseo News of this date says: "Levi G. Barnes has furnished us with a treatise upon 'argon,' the wonderful and powerful element of the air which makes the aurora borealis. It is so powerful that a hunk of it heaved at a mountain will cause the mountain to disappear like a summer cloud. We are preparing to put a pound of it in the paper of every subscriber who is more than two years in arrears." It may be but a fancy; but it really seems as if Farmer Barnes had some premonition of radium, the wonderful substance discovered in France by Curi and wife.

July 25. Longest drought known in a decade is broken.

July 25. "Something black without a head on told me to do it," was the explanation given by Mrs. Ferdinand DeBates, of Annawan for trying to kill her children. Mrs. DeBates had been confined as insane; but escaped.

July 25. H. Clay Merritt of Kewanee, lays himself liable to fines aggregating seven thousand, and five hundred dollars for infractions of game law.

August 1. Wm. Barr reopens the Aldrich pioneer coal mines.

August 1. Rev. Frasier of Colona, Methodist clergyman, goes violently insane. Taken to asylum at Jasksonville.

August 1. Immense quantities of prohibited game found in underground vaults beneath Merritt's cold storage house, Kewanee. Case decided in favor of state. Merritt's bond, ten thousand dollars.

August 8. David Roos killed at Luverne, Minnesota. Roos was a Loraine man. He was city marshal of Luverne. He was shot in the back by a tough named DuFran.

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August 15. Rev. Grumbine of Geneseo writes "Marguerite Hunter," a book purporting to have been dictated to the clergyman by a spirit in Heaven, through the mediumship of a Chicago medium named Lizzie Bangs. Grumbine afterward was convinced that the medium had not acted in good faith.

August 15. Team horses stolen from George Weidlein of Morristown.

August 22. Mrs. Eliza Harbaugh dies at Elizabeth, Colorado, aged seventy-seven years. Old settler of Phenix.

August 22. A boy named Lager digging fishworms in a pasture near Geneseo creek, hit a box containing a one dollar bill and a three dollar bill of the bank of Ypsilanti, Michigan, of the date of 1831. The bills were bought by Fred Schureman, a Geneseo numismatist.

September 9. George W. Wood died at Arvilla, North Dakota. He was an old settler of Munson.

September 12. Two brothers named Doll opened a pop factory in Kewanee, afterward removing to Geneseo, and later to Annawan. At the latter town they had trouble with each other. A livery keeper discovered the place to be on fire at midnight. He galloped all over town crying the alarm, and a locomotive added its screams. The town was roused, and by hard work the people saved the village. The fire was in the heart of the business district, among frame buildings. The Dolls were fired out.

August 29. Mrs. Andrew J. Bracken died at Presbyterian hospital, Chicago. Old settler of Portland township, which was once a part of Henry county.

September 26. Lettie Stanbro finds stalagmite rock in ravine in Hanna township forest. These are formed in caves. A huge cave is beneath the hills in that locality.

September 29. Buenos Ayres dies in Geneseo. Old settler of Munson.

October 2. Henry Wendt suicides at his farm, seven miles west of Geneseo.

October 3. Isaac Paden dies at Woodhull, aged ninety-five years. Paden and wife lived together nearly seventy years. Mrs. Paden died last December. In their ancient carryall, they were a picturesque feature of all the old settlers' meetings.

October 10. The dead: Fred Penwell, Geneseo; Hosea F. Bliss, Spring Creek old settler, died in Des Moines; John Fleming, Cornwall, seventy-seven years old. A pioneer.

October 11. James E. Davies dies from effects of being gored by bull. Davies' age was seventy years. He married Filia Aldrich, and in the heydey of the Aldrich coal industry, Davies was foreman of the mine. Native of Wales.

October 19. J. Adam Miller thrown from wagon in front of News office. Dies from effects. Old settler of North county. Spring Hill mail carrier for many years. He resided in Henry county just forty-six years to a day.

October 24. Wm. Stahl died at Cleveland.

October 25. Fatal train wreck in Iowa, in which Mrs. E. A. Fritts, of Geneseo, sustains injuries.

October 27. Stewart Liken dies at Devers, Texas.

October 29. John Barker dies from effects of being crushed by falling wall when tearing down old Sawyer's Hall building. The accident lamed him, and he was never well afterward.

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October 31. James Hamilton, son of Mrs. Steele Hamilton and native of Henry county, dies at Coggan, Iowa.

October 31. Earthquake shock in Henry county.

October 31. Mrs. P. H. Sniff dies at Geneseo. Husband, Captain Sniff, was sheriff from 1856 to 1860.

November 24. Alpha bank robbed of four thousand, and seven hundred dollars.

November 24. Oldtimer prints statement in News that the volume of water in Rock River is reduced so that now it is but one-third of that when the country was new.

November 25. Mrs. W. T. Crosier dies, in seventy-sixth year. She came to the North county when it was a yellow-blossomed wilderness.

December 1. Ernest Holke dies suddenly. Native of Geneseo township.

December 5. News explains why James Lamphere of the County North Line is nicknamed Kerplunk. As this seriously affects the great swine industry of Henry county, I reproduce it for the benefit of nations yet unborn. James lost no hog by cholera, while his neighbors lost whole herds. "When I see one getting sick," says James, "I haul off and hit him with an ear of corn in the face, Kerplunk. It knocks the cholera out. The hog forgets all about being sick, chirks up, and goes to eating." And ever after James was known as "Kerplunk."

December 5. "Mysteriously disappeared" heads full many a newspaper tragedy. So, the ground seemed to open and swallow Otho Steele. After admission to the bar, he opened an office in Prophetstown. The prophets, like the prophets of old are wise. They side step the law. Then Steele stole away to Lyndon. But

"In Lyndon when the sun was low
The bloody law was not a go."

Then Steele stole down the Rolling Rock River to Erie, where he hung up his fluctuating shingle. Then he went crazy. A strong man was engaged to watch him, as he was violent. One night he eluded his watcher and ran for the river. His watcher ran after him. It was a weird midnight race. Steele gained the river's brink, made a flying leap into a skiff, and disappeared down the stream. He has never been seen nor heard of since.

December 16. Henry S. Aldrich's birthday. Today he is sixty years old. He was the first white boy born in Henry county. He is a jovial, genial man, though he certainly did have a lonesome boyhood.

December 19. Prolonged and perilous drought prevailing. Farmers boring deep wells in desperate endeavor to obtain water for suffering stock.

1896.

[illegible] New Year. Mrs. J. F. Dresser died in Chicago.

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January 1. First advancing of the bacilli theory regarding kissing. No noticeable falling off of the delectable in Henry county.

January 9. Mrs. John Lambert dies. Wife of the old-time gunsmith, with a stuffed lynx in the front window.

January 9. Wm. Nelson of Munson, is first corn shredder victim. Loses hand.

January 13. Mrs. Julia A. Wilkinson dies, aged eighty-four. Mother of Captain Wilkinson of Infirmary.

January 16. Mrs. Minerva Scott of Edford dies in Iowa. Lived in Chicago in 1832, when eleven years old.

January 23. This issue of the Geneseo News has a bit of historical information which I append. I will allow the reader to figure out how fast those upper waters make the riffle at the farther end, since the entire river has been straightened. "Andrew Soliday, a well-known and highly-esteemed citizen of Yorktown township, whose farm borders on Green River, relates a most remarkable feature of that emerald stream. Green River takes its rise in what is known as Inlet Swamp, in the central portion of Lee county. A rivulet called Willow Creek runs into the swamp from the east. Emerging from the swamp, which swamp covers some thirty-six sections, or an entire township, the stream, as it makes its way westward, is known as Green River. Mr. Soliday says that in early times it required eighteen months for the sluggish water of Inlet Swamp to reach Yorktown, which is some sixteen miles east of Geneseo. In recent years the river has been straightened in both Lee and Bureau counties, and now the waters that formerly required eighteen months to reach Yorktown, get there in twenty-four hours. Just how Mr. Soliday determined this immense change in the celerity of Green River, is unknown to us at the present writing. But we would take his word for the whole value of the entire length of Green River."

January 25. Death of J. A. Rishel, ossified man of Munson. He was stiff as a statue. He refused food, and starved.

February 20. Deaths recorded. Wm. Bryant, postmaster of Sharon, sixty-six; Wm. Lawbaugh, Geneseo, seventy-two; Mary C. Mirfield, found dead in bed at home of daughter; Mrs. C. W. Skinner, Geneseo, sixty-eight; Eric Lawson, Geneseo.

February 27. Death's harvest: Arbela Adams, Portland, ninety-two. Came to Ottawa, Illinois, in 1835, to Portland in 1840; Wm McElheny dies in Iowa. Farmer in Henry county 1855 to 1884; Mrs. Leslie Fisher Stevens, Chicago, niece of Fisher Bros., Geneseo; Joseph Tibbs, farmer of Phenix, sixty-eight; Warren P. Cook, ex-Mayor of Geneseo, died at Englewood; Mrs. Hanna Ekman Anderson died in Geneseo, seventy-two.

March 4. Deaths: Mrs. Wright, mother of J. E. Wright; Mr. and Mrs. Willman, husband and wife; Mrs. Mary E. Sedgeley; Mrs. Margaret Ash.

March 5. Many horses being shipped out of Henry county.

March 12. Mrs. Jacob Roos dies. Loraine.

March 19. Hannah M. Luther. Hooppole.

March 19. News worried whether a county should be referred to as "she," same as a city or a ship. City probably called "she" because she has her out-

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skirts. A ship is "she" because the rigging costs more than the hull. County is full of ships,—townships.

March 19. Ballade of ye district school north of Green River:

"Mary had a little mule,
And it followed her to school;
When the teacher, like a fool
Slapped the sad-eyed little mule
On the withers with a rule.
P. S.
Now there isn't any school."

March 24. Gold headed cane presented to man who didn't need it—George Duff. He was seventy-five years young this day. The cane was the gift of friends, and was accompanied by this poem, by H. L. Kiner:

"Dear silver-headed friend, accept this gift
From friends as true as gold;
Though it need never slightest burden lift
From one who'll not grow old.

"Dear silver-headed friend, there is no lease
Prolonging our careers;
But if good wishes foster health and ease,
You'll live a hundred years."

March 26. Died, G. W. Goshorn, March 22, 1884; Mrs. C. C. Blackiston, March 23.

April 2. Wm. S. Aldrich farmhouse in Phenix stands upon the divide of the watershed. A pail of water poured into the yard will run half north to Rock River, and half south to Green River.

April 9. The dead: A. Larson, Munson, sixty-seven; Mrs. Samuel Weimer, Phenix, fifty-seven; Mrs. Alex Casteel, Cornwall, died in Chicago, whither she had gone to care for her daughter, Mary, who was ill.

April 9. Columbia club opposes sale of old Geneseo Seminary:

Vandals, spare the Sem.,
Touch not a single brick,
Columbia's full of phlegm,
And registers a kick.

April 16. Obituary: Mrs. Sarah L. Freeman, wife of Dwight Freeman; Mrs. Elizabeth Rice Hartz, eighty; Conrad Weitz, seventy-one; Mrs. Permelia Bollen, seventy-nine.

May 14. Jane McKibbon; Lillian Sargent Hill. Mrs. Hill was a bride of three weeks.

May 14. Sherrill Bros. turn Colona Sandstone Quarry over to Arthur Burrall.

May 16. Cyclone at Frey's, near Green River.

May 24. John Cann died, aged seventy-four. A builder of Geneseo.

June 3. President Cable train Chicago to Rock Island in 3:39.

June 4. Telephone exchange installed. Geneseo.

June 17. Mrs. Thomas Liken died, age seventy-three.

July 3. Mrs. W. G. Hawkins died.

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July 30. D. O. Loy opens brick yard in Atkinson.

July 30. Vertical writing fad in schools.

August 8. Officer George shoots and kills Thomas O'Brien, a Sheffield coal miner, near village lockup, Annawan.

August 20. Rev. John Frazier, insane Methodist clergyman of Colona, drowns himself in a reservoir at the Jacksonville insane asylum.

August 28. Atkinson Field Day. Great success.

August 29. Bessie Comstock dies in Chicago. Cambridge girl, fine writer of prose and verse.

August 30. Essie Foy dies in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Geneseo girl.

September 3. Captain Wild, of Mississippi navigators, tells of finding in river anchor and forty feet of chain, anchor bearing date of 1722. Lost by French boat of eighteenth century.

September 3. Field of corn north of Atkinson goes one hundred and twenty-five bushels per acre. This is the Henry county record. Henry county threshermen take machines to great wheat regions of Minnesota and the Dakotas.

September 3. Harney and Hosfield buy three thousand acres swamp land northeast of Annawan.

September 3. Galva Standard (newspaper) hears of bashful new husband who mumbled "is cussing kisstomary?"

September 8. Incendiary attempt to burn Union hotel, kept by Mrs. Wiltamuth.

September 8. Rev. Dr. Waterman horribly mangled in railway accident in Chicago. Surgeons told him death would ensue. Dr. Waterman avers that Jesus appeared in person and told him he would live. Dr. Waterman was a stronger, better man years after, than before the accident.

September 10. Judge Hand (now and for many years judge of the supreme court of Illinois) spends a day at his boyhood's home in Hanna township.

September 10. Dixon Telegraph tells of swarms of rattlesnakes swimming in Rock River. Persons shooting at them are attacked by reptiles. In view of the historical fact that rattlesnakes do not take to water, News advises Dixon editors to take to that element.

September 10. Fred Kendall, Henry county man, ships beef cattle from Oregon to new gold mines in Arctics.

September 23. Bishop Hill semi-centennial; three thousand people present Great gray granite monument unveiled to memory of early colonists.

October 1. First X-Ray machine shown in Henry county. Apathetic reception, owing to political excitement.

October 1. Edward Mertz dead, eightieth year. Old settler. Drove from Pennsylvania to Illinois in prairie schooner.

October 1. Joseph Reynolds dead. Loraine. Native of England.

October 8. James Hundea falls off train. Galva. Killed.

October 8. William Rosenou, Kewanee farmer, killed while hunting.

October 8. Cement used in sidewalk building. Resemblance to granite suggests "granitoid," by which appellation was long known.

October 13. John Lambert dies, aged eighty. Old gunsmith of Geneseo. Wife died last January. Picturesque, fine old couple.

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October 22. Margaret Lamb has been postmistress at Annawan for thirty years. She was born in Scotland, and was a favorite child with Sir Walter Scott, who much admired the "braw lassie."

October 25. August Hoeft dies. Geneseo, aged fifty-nine. Old settler.

October 29. News proposes colonization of red squirrels. Was done, and town populated with red fox squirrels.

November 5. Fred Pobanz builds stone arch bridge over McHenry gorge, Phenix.

November 12. W. Ague grows cotton successfully in Hanna township.

November 12. Thomas Bollen dead. Came to Eight Mile in 1836. Died in Nebraska. Buried at Eight Mile.

November 19. Joseph Gibson dead. Last of the old time lightning rod men.

November 23. Asa Crook dead. Was brought to Portland, Whiteside county, when three years of age. This was in 1834. The Crooks were the first whites on the ground at Prophetstown.

December 7. George Wilson died, Menlo, Iowa. Munson old settler.

December 10. John Ash returns to Henry county, after a quarter of a century in the outer wilderness. John made an impression by sawing wood in a plug hat, Prince Albert coat, and diamonds. John was seventeen. Married a Moline girl of fifteen. Now he sells jewelry to the trade, is rich and happy in the fatherhood of a girl twenty years sweet.

December 10. L. H. Patten terminates twenty-five years of circuit clerkship. Succeeded by P. B. Keeler.

December 24. The dead: Mrs. Michael Bradley died, Geneseo, December 18, early settler; Mrs. Eliza Ann Tomlinson, Geneseo, December 18, old settler: John Withrow, old time cider maker; J. W. Wonderly, old settler of Atkinson township. Died at Hebron, Nebraska.

December 29, 1896, death of Mrs. Betsy Watson at Atkinson.

December 31. The dead: C. L. Porter, Colona; Mrs. Philip Teeter.

1897.

January 7. Henry Schwartz is out of the penitentiary. His crime was participation in the murder of Express-Messenger Nichols, in a car near Morris.

January 14. Mortuary: Frederick Opalke, Cambridge; Mrs. Jane Cragin, Geneseo, a Mexican lady; Miss Mary Keyser, one of the founders of the Hull House, Chicago. Miss Keyser's home for many years was on West Main street, Geneseo; Prof. Chas. Ford, born in Syria, where his mother was a missionary. She was a scion of the House of Perry.

January 18. Silas Crouch, prominent and well-to-do Munson farmer, suicides.

January 19. Mrs. C. L. Porter of Colona Hotel, arrested for poisoning husband. Tried and acquitted.

January 21. Mortuary: Mrs. Frank Raser, Phenix.

[illegible] dies in Tennessee, buried in Geneseo; Wm.

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January 28. Col. H. V. Fisher of Henry county becomes president pro tempore of the state senate.

January 31. Doll Brothers, who fired Annawan, get into domestic trouble at LaSalle.

February 8. Tom Boyle's barn burns. Spring Creek.

February 11. Judge Waite suggests ordinance prohibiting spitting upon public walks. Years after, this suggestion was made a law in Henry county cities, and in most of the cities of the entire country.

February 18. Mrs. Phoebe Graham, mother of Mrs. Dr. Wells, eighty-five years old; Mrs. Arthur Withrow, of old Withrow family; Mrs. Anna Eliza Barnes, died February 11, eighty-sixth year.

February 18. Henry S. Comstock ceases his work as editor of the Cambridge Chronicle. Comstock, while somewhat blatent, made a good paper, and pushed his business at all times.

February 18. Movement to find homes for orphaned children among our people. Good for the orphans; but may be bad for the pure children of the farms and villages.

February 25. Mortuary: Caleb J. T. Little, settled in Wethersfield in 1837; J. W. McClellan, old settler; Mrs. Margaret Weaver, old settler of Edford; S. S. Taylor, at Rippey, Iowa, came to county in 1837; A. J. Combs, Osco.

February 25. Grace Widney, daughter of an Alpha banker, wins plaudits from Chicago press for the rare melody of her voice.

February. Acetylene illuminating gas introduced in Henry county.

March 4. John Neiswender, Mrs. J. S. Kaiser, Mrs. Nordling, John Sears, of Cornwall.

March 18. Mortuary: Mrs. Fay Woodruff died March 12.

March 25. Death of Dr. J. B. Frick, old time druggist of Geneseo. Died in Moline. Mrs. Tracy was born in Cornwall, June 7, 1859, died March 21, 1897.

April 1. John W. Foy given appellation of "Young Eagle of the Winnebagoes" by the political press. Foy was elected to the legislature. He was a Cornwall farmer.

April 8. John Elm, Osco old settler, dies in Nebraska; Peter O'Brien.

April 15. Henry county sends carload corn to starving in India.

April 15. Craze about airships. Illumined argosies of the air seen in the upper deeps. Old citizen sees one flying over Henry county with fat men smoking in the windows. Evidently the smoking car broke loose. Wave of extraordinary excitement.

April 22. Rev. J. T. Cook dies, Sabula, Iowa. Old Henry county man; Mary Gladman dies, aged ninety-five; Joseph L. Moore dies, April 14. Postmaster Geneseo.

April 22. First mention of Perkin's mail catcher.

April 29. Mrs. David Perry dies at Hinsdale on April 23, buried in Geneseo; Joel Ware, old citizen, died April 23.

April 29. Al Ramsey buys three thousand acres in Texas.

May 6. Bicycle craze. Babies of six and Beldames of apparently

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"Fill the can and fill the cup,
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that riseth up,
And is lightly laid again."

May 7. Olof Johnson dies, Spring Creek.

June 3. Mrs. Dr. Skidmore cremated at Davenport. First Henry county person to be cremated.

June 10. Betsy Ann Fones Stafford dies. Came to Geneseo in 1857.

July 2. John Long, eighty-seven years old, wanders up the railway eastward, and is struck by a train near Atkinson. Dead when found.

July 10. Craze for motto button. Everybody wearing "Don't Kick," or some other motto button.

July 10. Dr. William C. West dies. Geneseo.

July 18. Jacob Ott dies. Old settler of Hooppole.

July 18. Atkinson lays cement walks. Mighty contest in county to settle which town can engage costliest base ball players from the big cities. Towns make full lineup with but one or two local men. Disgust for the game epidemic. Game paralyzed for a dozen years. Convalescent 1909.

July 22. Talk of draining Meredosia swamp.

July 29. Mrs. O. C. Waite dead. Old settler. Captain P. H. Sniff died July 20, aged seventy-four. Resident of Geneseo since 1854. County sheriff and deputy sheriff in the '50s.

July 30. John Rockwell dead. Old settler.

August 5. Editor News travels in Alabama for Anniston Land & Fruit Company. Writes his impressions in The News. Afterward issued by company in pamphlet.

August 12. News relates story of Shabbona. LaSalle County Fair, held at Ottawa, advertised to give fine gold watch to the lady whom Shabbona should select as the prettiest on the grounds. Time arrived, the old chief softly moved from one woman to another, peering into their faces with his keen black eyes. At last he came to Madame Shabbona, proudly smiling, and posing gracefully her three hundred and forty pounds of flesh. "There!" said Shabbona, "him prettiest." Madame Shabbona got the watch.

August 19. Great excitement over Klondyke. Many going to the boreal gold fields.

August 26. Colona rejoices over discharge of Mrs. C. L. Porter, alleged poisoner of husband.

September 2. Atkinson Field Day big success.

September 16. Rev. F. H. Cumming charged with misconduct with females. Proven, and Cumming deposed from Methodist church.

September 16. Decadence of Davenport Fair. Time was when this exhibit pulled half of Henry county's population to Davenport. Now, very few attend, and the discontinuance of the fair anticipated. County fairs are being discontinued yearly, all over Illinois. Yet the Henry county fair flourishes.

September 16. Barrel of apples comes to Geneseo from the farm where Lincoln split the rails.

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September 16. All the world watching for news from Andree, balloonatic who tried to reach the pole in a gas bag. Never again heard from.

September 16. Abraham Countryman falls dead at Hooppole.

September 23. Bees make combs and fill with honey belfry of Unitarian church, and flooring of North Side schoolhouse. Geneseo.

September 23. Professor Thornton resigns from Geneseo Collegiate Institute. Been principal from first.

September 23. Exceptionally fine pearls found in Green River.

September 23. News publishes letter from Dr. Geo. E. Merryman, of Moline, now in Klondyke. Only physician in vast Arctic region.

September 30. Wm. M. Sheppard dies. Old mason and builder, Geneseo. Partner Wm. Small.

September 30. Sugar beet raising and manufacturing gains interest in county.

October 7. Geo. V. Wells, son of Dr. Ira R. Wells, oldtime county physician, becomes writer of fiction.

October 14. Migration of squirrels noted in Henry county, probably caused by condition of food supply. Coming to streams, squirrels drag bark to water, and ferry over.

October 14. A. G. Fay dead. Old Geneseo druggist.

October 14. Salvation Army under Captain Wolfe invade Henry county towns.

October 21. Old pay car Gazelle taken off Rock Island railway.

October 21. Ebenezer Edwards dies, Hanna township. Jacob Schnaufer of Geneseo, returned from Texas, dies of screwworms in nostrils.

END OF THE CENTURY.

Historic happenings in Henry county as the nineteenth century was closing, and the twentieth century opening.

Ex-Mayor Sheppard sees Geneseo Hammond library for the first time while walking with Ex-Mayor Kiner. "You can be proud of that building. Paving will follow," said Sheppard. It did.

Mrs. Nellie Davis of Kewanee manifests strange gifts. She goes into trances in which she writes beautiful thoughts in German, a language of which she is nominally ignorant. She is a daughter of Thomas Durack of Mineral, Illinois, a section boss.

Mrs. Jennie Chamberlain dies at home of her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Weidlein, of Morristown. Years before, she had been injured in a railway collision.

Mrs. Sophia Foster Manington dies at Morrison, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Bent, in her ninety-eighth year. She was the mother of John Manington, Geneseo's old time dentist. Her death was hastened by a fall which broke a hip, as was the case with Geneseo's nonagenarian colonist, Mrs. Cone. For years Mrs. Manington's home was with her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Lyon, of Atkinson.

John Martin, pioneer of Burns township, dies, aged eighty-one.

Mrs. J. D. Culton, well known in Henry county, dies in Rock Island.

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New law requires corporations to file proof that they are not in trusts for the purpose of controlling prices. States Attorney Graves sues Henry county corporations for not complying with the law, the fines aggregating eighteen thousand dollars.

"Curly" Young of Geneseo Stockyards, acquires jet black gelding horse weighing two thousand, one hundred and forty pounds. Biggest ever known in Henry county. Harvey Clough dies in Davenport. Geneseo old timer.

James H. Andrews and Whitney start daily paper in Kewanee. "The town has nearly twelve thousand people," says the scribe, of Kewanee. Within half a dozen years she crowded eighteen thousand.

"Granitoid" walks introduced in Henry county towns.

Mary F. Hewitt, first lady traveler to sell the saloon trade, visits Henry county towns. She sells cider for Barrett & Barrett, Chicago. Says she was never molested or insulted in a saloon.

Marshall Medore Aldrich dies in sixty-second year. Son of Earl P. Aldrich, first settler. Medore died on the old farm where he was born, and within a few feet of where he was ushered into the world. He had lived there all his life. He was the last man for whom Dr. Henry T. Antes prescribed. The doctor passed away just prior to the passing of Aldrich.

Canal workmen pervade the county. Many negroes. Saloons jammed with canal gangs on Saturday nights, including swarms of negro women.

December, 1899, the month ending the century, produced a new Henry county newspaper, The Verdict, published at Kewanee, by Andrews & Whitney. The sheet was bright; but it did not last long. Andrews withdrew from journalism to enter the law. He yet practices in Kewanee.

Mrs. Byrnes, wife of the Geneseo Unitarian minister, passed away.

Jules Lombard sings at campfires in this vicinity. Jules and his brother Frank, inspired the war spirit in many in the '60s.

Enraged father seizes strap and proceeds to larrup son who would not rise after repeated calls. Screams of feminine gender were the first notice the old man had that the boy had changed rooms with the hired girl.

Mrs. Ben Gee burns to death in Geneseo, close of December and the century.

Wilder W. Warner dies on the last day of the month, the last day of the year, the last day of the century. He built a medieval castle in Henry county, of stone quarried nearby. It is the largest house in the county. A description of the castle and its unique room of many woods, appears elsewhere in this history.

Alderman Andrew Meyers of Ward 4, Geneseo, passes away January 9, 1900.

The Rock Island System opens a stockyard at Herrington, Kansas, and places Capt. Remington of Geneseo at the head of it. This makes four stockyards for the captain to conduct; the yards at Geneseo, Illinois; Eldon, Iowa; Reno, New Mexico; and Herrington, Kansas.

Henry County Farmers' Institute given good prizes in cash and goods by merchants of Woodhull, January, 1900.

Scientists excavate rare relics from the prehistoric mounds near Albany. Rude tablets of blue stone, engraven with pictures of persons, beasts, birds, plants and trees. The savants assume these pictures to be a species of writing, and are holding sessions at the Davenport Academy of Sciences, in efforts to translate.

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The News refers to "The Late Lamented Northern Short Line." This abortive railway entered Geneseo on Allen street, just east of the Rock Island depot. The right of way was all secured, and the grading partly done when it was bought by the Alton, it is said.

Uncle Dick Haney dies at Altona, Illinois, Saturday morning, January 27, 1900. Uncle Dick was the father of a long line of Methodist preachers. He was himself about the last of the old line of circuit riders. These pioneer preachers braved savage beasts and yet more savage men, roaring tempests and tremendous floods, faced starvation and death in many forms to carry the message of the Nazarene to the people of the wilds. Most of them got no pay. They pursued their work for the love of God and His Son. They ate what was set before them. When it was nothing, they did without. When they found a bed, they slept in it. When they didn't, they slept on the ground. Shaffer Creek on the west county line was named for one of these unselfish men of God, who was chilled to death in its flood.

Mrs. J. D. Hill died in Geneseo, Tuesday, February 6, 1900.

Pauline Nance, a ten-year-old Kewanee girl, sings sacred songs with wonderful magnetic power. Her favorite, "Look Away to Jesus and Be Saved," never fails to melt the audience to tears.

Great sensation along Rock River over graveyard ghouls. Hillsdale, Rapids City and Hampton Bluffs all wrought up over deed of body-snatchers, who stole bodies and sold them to medical college. Many graves opened by relatives of the dead to find if bodies are intact.

Moses Woodman Adams died in Chicago, February 4, 1900. He settled in Munson in 1853.

DeJarnett invasion of Kewanee, February, 1900. Old Rebel General and Sons DeJarnetts arrived from the interior of Arkansas to run newspapers in Henry county. Arrived in Neponset at sundown. Bought Neponset News before sunrise. Entered Kewanee, and from one office issued the Neponset News, Kewanee Democrat, Evening News, Morning Sun and Labor Review. One son opened newspaper office in Annawan. Later ran three weeks, and had a new name each issue. As the bills fell due at the end of the first month, there was an evaporation of DeJarnetts from Henry county. All their newspapers ceased, and a breathless hush hovered in the places that knew them once.

Erie hotel keeper trades thirteen thousand dollar hotel for farm in Saline county, Illinois. After giving possession, visits farm. Finds the two hundred and eighty acres to be a small mountain. Arrest of trader follows.

Theo. Mattes, old Geneseo citizen, passes over.

Henry county Keeley graduates mourn the death of Keeley.

Luman Woodward dies, February 27, 1900. Settled in Osco, 1855. Noted newspaper writer. Characteristically humorous. Helped pay for a farm by fiddling for dances.

John Lewis dies in Geneseo. Founder of large family. Himself an early settler of Cornwall.

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Henry M. Sexton, inventor of refrigerator cars, dies March 14, 1900. Well known in Henry county. Frequent visitor at home of H. L. Kiner.

Simeon Gates Woodruff died at Watertown asylum, March 24, 1900. He was a brother of Mrs. Jennie Woodruff Anderson of Geneseo, and the only Henry county citizen to become a citizen of Mexico.

On April 1, 1900, the old McBroom & Wilson warehouse was finally closed. This old landmark was built by Adrian Van Winkle. It was at the front of the corn buying industry all the time that Geneseo was known as the greatest grain town on the Rock Island road. The ancient oak-beamed structure was afterward purchased by George Little, and pulled down, after fifty years of usefulness.

A. M. Root dies in Chicago. Old time Geneseo stock buyer. Captain Remington was elected mayor of Geneseo for the fourth time, April, 1900. But one other has filled this office this often, and that the present historian.

Rev. James W. Haney dies at Galva, April 5, 1900. Well known Methodist minister.

Snowy canvas tented towns stretch away across Henry county in the spring of 1900. Occupied by canal diggers.

John H. Smith dead at Geneseo. Came from Prussia to Morristown in 1852. Farmed there till 1865. Then bought first farm north of Geneseo.

Aaron F. Davis, old settler of Hanna, dies April 26, 1900.

Two negro canal laborers shot and killed.

Z. D. Stanbro of Hanna township, exhibits editor News a compass with a history. Bought by Stanbro's father one hundred years ago. Lost in 1838 while hunting in Hanna's wilds. In 1870, Frank Williams, sitting on a plow to rest, sees bright object in fresh turned earth. Is the compass, after thirty-two years of being lost.

Mrs. J. S. Buckles dies May 5, 1900, in Chicago. Widow of well known early Geneseo lawyer.

Alderman Nicholas O'Brien dies in Geneseo, May 26, 1900.

Adam Butzer, well known farmer of Rock River bottoms, dies May 25, 1900.

Mrs. Jessie Supplee Myers dies in Utah, May 24, 1900. Popular Geneseo Collegiate Institute girl.

Canal camps quarantined smallpox, May, 1900.

Rock Island road opens stockyards at Belleville, Kansas. Remington of Geneseo is put in charge. The fifth for him.

Frank Earl dies in Geneseo, June 28, 1900.

Willard Dilenbeck dies, aged sixty-two.

Capt. Ransom Harrington dies, Geneseo, July 8, 1900.

Grandma Montgomery was born a slave in Kentucky. She made her home in Geneseo for many years, where she was a faithful attendant at the Baptist church. By comparing her earliest recollections with the contemporary history of Kentucky, it is pretty certain that the old woman is one hundred years old at this date,—July 19, 1900.

Death of Allen Dill Chamberlain at Evansville, Indiana, Deaconess hospital. "Brick" was a veteran of the Spanish war. His home was in Geneseo, where he set type on The News. In the delirium of typhoid he jumped from a sixth

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Mrs. Margaret Bowie Lamb, for thirty-five years postmistress of Annawan, died July 19, 1900. She was the oldest postmaster in Illinois in time of service.

William L. Wiley, who founded Galva in 1854, died suddenly at his home in Galva, August 2, 1900. He was eighty years old.

David Busenbark's wife died, at the old home in Munson. In a few days David dropped dead while threshing, due, Dr. Ferry said, to excessive heat, and worry over the death of his wife.

Invasion of pearl hunters from Whiteside county resented by Henry county pearl hunters. Geneseo News advises leniency. "Don't do much to them," says the editor. "Only fill their trousers with snapping turtles, and chase them across the line."

A man named E. J. Perry sold three hundred range horses in the east county, but mainly to Bureau county men. The horses were stolen. Perry was arrested.

Barnum offers reward for democrat named Olson. News offers Jonas W., of Galva.

Harry Ford killed by lightning in barn door, August 17, 1900.

'Squire G. A. Carter sells his half section farm in Edford township for seventy dollars per acre. August, 1900.

Little pulls down the old McBroom & Wilson grain house. "Once," the News man sighs, "a man named Bowie ran a newspaper in the loft of the old building. Once there was a duck pond behind the Red Mill, and a Bullhead Bayou where the Turner lumber yard is. Once 'way southeast of the station, the waters of Lake Chapin raved and roared."

Herb Ferry gives the first graphophone concert in Geneseo, September 6, 1900.

The ancient Greek manuscript found in the oriental ruins is translated into modern Greek, and then into English, by Rev. S. H. Weed, of Colona, Henry county. This scroll had long puzzled the savants, who wondered if it could be parts of Holy Writ. Weed found the excerpts to be taken from the first chapter of Ezra, and the second chapter of Esther, both of which are books of the Old Testament. Even the Weeds of Henry county are smarter that the philosophers of other counties.

Alderman Seibel finds Blanche Wolever of Henry county, teaching school in the wilds of Montana.

St. Paul Dispatch states McHenry of Henry county, Illinois, and Geers are the two foremost drivers in the world. This is McHenry's first trump of fame, September, 1900.

Curious coins are unearthed in Geneseo. One side bears date of 1841, bears goddess of liberty and words E. Pluribus Unum. The other side bears date of 1837, and the words "Bentonian Currency." The coin was purchased by A. W. Van Housen.

The Widow Jennings farm in East Cambridge, two hundred and eighty acres, sells for twenty-one thousand dollars.

Joseph Oberle dies at Eight Mile Grove, aged eighty. He was one of the oldest settlers in Henry county. September 19, 1900.

James Allen Ramsey, veteran Henry county grocer, dies on his Texas ranch, September 24, 1900.

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Fire not further fallow facts
Into Henry's History:
Wait till Time has aged the acts,
And matured the mystery.

APPLEBEE, REAPER, COTTON-PICKER.

I had come from an inspection of the oldest hotel in eastern Henry county, the Union in Annawan, and sat me down to cook while the dinner was cooking in the other hotel. A traveler for the International Harvester Company was ahead of me on this torrid day. He was done on one side, and was slowly turning the other side, when I got on the griddle. With my usual sang froid, which is the only way I ever sang, I proceeded to fill this man with information. The landlord rejoiced and applauded. The man was being so filled with information that he couldn't contain much dinner.

I said that Henry Burson, farmer on the Cornwall and Annawan line, had invented the self binder; that Burson died, under an operation for appendicitis, and that Applebee became possessed of the drawings, models, diagrams, and other preliminaries, of this great achievement, upon which he had founded a fortune. Hiram Crossley of Geneseo, Illinois, knew all the facts, gave them to me, and I had embodied them in a chapter in my History.

The Internationalist thereupon gave me some information regarding the subsequent life of Applebee. Crossley had lost track of him after locating him in Minneapolis. It appears that Applebee was overcome by prosperity. The traveling man said that Applebee built a factory and produced the Minneapolis, a self-binding reaper. Fortune turned Applebee down several times. Finally he got disgusted, and went south, where he applied his faculties to the invention of a cotton-picker. Herein is food for reflection. He did invent a machine which picked seventy per cent of the cotton, first trip over the field, and twenty-five per cent the second time, leaving five per cent on the stalks. This achievement in a line of invention, and applied to an industry of which he previously knew nothing, proves that he had the goods in the form of brain cells. It appears entirely possible that Applebee did invent the self binder, and that Burson put up the money for the experiments on a "havvards" basis, or on a per centum plan. Applebee's evil star still shed its baleful light. His pickers were getting well introduced in the cotton country, when along came a chap who invented the vacuum machine, upon the principle of the vacuum room cleaners.

This sucked a ball empty of cotton to the last fiber, in the twinkling of an eye. In a few weeks Applebee's pickers were being used for playthings by little niggers, and poor Applebee again withdrew into the hole of oblivion.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Henry county is indebted, beyond its power to pay, to Ella Hume Taylor, of

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This daughter of Henry county's first school teacher is an organizing force in herself. She is systematic in her work. Everything she undertakes wears the hall mark of success. That Henry county has an Historical Society is due directly to this good and forceful woman. I am not about to say here how much I am indebted to Ella Hume Taylor for material and assistance in this work. I shall not try to express my obligations here, as I want some space in which to print the report of the organization of the

HENRY COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of the Henry County Old Settlers' Association in August, 1907, there was created the Henry County Historical Association. General officers were elected with power to organize for historical work.

The officers of the association, after consideration of various possible lines of work, have decided that it will be best first to collect and preserve historical material which may otherwise soon be lost. If this is well done, it will serve as a basis in time for an adequate history of the county, or at least, as a source of information for historical students.

To aid in the collection of material we are sending out the accompanying suggestive list, and have asked a competent person in each township to take charge of the work in the township. The suggestive list, and the list of correspondents, are given herewith.

All who have historical material of any kind are invited to send it to one of the township correspondents, or to the secretary of the association.

SUGGESTIVE LIST OF DESIRABLE HISTORICAL MATERIAL.

Printed addresses, papers and letters.

Addresses touching local affairs.

Official papers or documents.

Newspaper files.

Newspaper clippings.

Old newspapers containing historical material.

List of old settlers with places from which they came, location and date of settlement.

Biographies, or obituary notices of old settlers.

Personal reminiscence, or data which the correspondent may get from old settlers, especially of home life, forms of industry, implements, household or other, prices of commodities, business methods, forms of amusement, dress, means and extent of education, etc.

Dates, places and circumstance of the organization of churches, schools, or other institutions.

Political news of all sorts, conventions, caucuses, attitude of the people on public questions.

Correction of errors in the existing county histories will be welcome. In such case the name of the book and the page should be given, with authority for the correction.

The association would respectfully suggest the careful preservation of local official records in the various townships.

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CENTRAL COMMITTEE OR TOWNSHIP REPRESENTATIVES.

OXFORD—W. R. Tracy, New Windsor.
CLOVER—A. A. Mackey, Woodhull.
WELLER—P. J. Stoneberg, Bishop Hill.
GALVA—Miss R. Louise Fitch, Galva.
WETHERSFIELD—Frank H. Craig, Kewanee (Wethersfield).
LYNN—O. T. Gustus, New Windsor.
ANDOVER—A. E. Anderson, Andover.
CAMBRIDGE—R. H. Hinman, Cambridge.
BURNS—Mrs. B. J. Brown, Cambridge.
KEWANEE—Jas. K. Blish, Kewanee.
WESTERN—Daniel L. Keleher, Orion.
OSCO—J. Heber Smith, Cambridge, Route 3.
MUNSON—John P. Fox, Geneseo.
CORNWALL—W. D. Colby, Geneseo.
ANNAWAN—P J. Wentz.
COLONA—J. S. Ellingsworth.
EDFORD—Benj. F. Bills, Geneseo.
GENESEO—Dante M. Stamm, Geneseo.
ATKINSON—Paul Walters, Atkinson.
ALBA—W. P. Baker, Annawan (dead).
HANNA—John W. Withrow, Geneseo.
PHENIX—Miss Nellie Lauderbaugh, Geneseo.
LORAINE—S. J. Arnett.
YORKTOWN—Mrs. John Minch.

F. U. WHITE, President,
Galva, Illinois.
JAS. K. BLISH, Vice president,
Kewanee, Illinois.
ELLA HUME TAYLOR, Secretary,
Geneseo, Illinois.

HENRY COUNTY CHURCH DIRECTORY.

COMPILED BY PHILIP J. STONEBERG OF BISHOP HILL.

Efforts were made to give a history of each church. Difficulty in securing the data compels the abandoning of this plan. I simply publish that which I could obtain.—H. L. K.

GENESEO.

First Baptist; Grace United Evangelical, J. H. Keagle; Swedish Evangelical Lutheran, A. T. Lorimer; Methodist, J. L. Shively; Zion Evangelical, W. C. Hallwachs; Presbyterian, F. A. Smiley; Congregational, Leonard A. Parr; German

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ANNAWAN.

Congregational, J. E. Bodine; Baptist, J. E. Norris; Fairview United Brethren, C. E. Velander, R. F. D. 3, Sheffield; Roman Catholic.

LYNN.

Swedish Lutheran, Ophiem, H. P. Otteson, Ophiem.

ANDOVER.

Swedish Lutheran, C. P. Edblom; Swedish Methodist, G. A. Nystrom.

WELLER.

Bishop Hill Methodist Episcopal, A. J. Strandell; Nekoma Methodist Episcopal, G. H. McCrea, Altona.

HANNA.

Cleveland Methodist Episcopal, Wade Smith, Colona.

PHENIX.

Ebenezer United Evangelical, Edwin Countryman, Prophetstown; Salem Methodist Episcopal, John Sebel, R. F. D. 1, Geneseo.

LORAINE.

Trinity United Evangelical, Edwin Countryman.

YORKTOWN.

Calvary United Evangelical, Rev. Bauman, Hooppole; Zion Evangelical, E. Burgi, Hooppole.

ALBA.

No church; has a Sunday school, only.

COLONA.

Colona Methodist Episcopal, Wade Smith, Colona; Green River Methodist Episcopal, Wade Smith, Colona.

EDFORD.

German Evangelical, St. Peter's, G. Horst, Geneseo; German Evangelical, St. John's, A. C. Mennicke, R. F. D. 3, Geneseo.

WETHERSFIELD.

Saxon Methodist Episcopal, new pastor, E. E. Shawl.

GALVA.

Baptist, E. W. Annable; Methodist Episcopal, Dr. C. O. McCulloch; Congregational, J. R. Stead; Swedish Methodist Episcopal, C. J. Nelson; Swedish Lutheran, N. Nordgren; Protestant Episcopal; Roman Catholic.

ATKINSON.

Congregational, F. I. Stevens, moving away; Methodist Episcopal, Glen Litton (new); Roman Catholic.

WESTERN.

Orion Methodist Episcopal, A. E. Ioder; Orion Baptist, W. C. Rutherford; Orion Swedish Lutheran, P. J. Brodine.

OSCO.

Osco Methodist Episcopal, A. E. Ioder; Protestant Episcopal, H. A. Burgess, Cambridge.

MUNSON.

Munson Presbyterian, F. A. Smiley, Geneseo.

CORNWALL.

Liberty Congregational, F. I. Stevens, Atkinson.

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BURNS.

State Road Congregational, W. Pierce, Cambridge.

OXFORD.

Alpha Baptist, J. W. Harnley, Alpha; Alpha Methodist Episcopal, A. P. Rollen, Alpha (new).

CLOVER.

Woodhull Methodist Episcopal, J. C. Craine, Woodhull; Woodhull Presbyterian, L. C. Voss, Woodhull; Woodhull Swedish Lutheran, G. A. Swanburg, Woodhull; Clover Chapel Methodist Episcopal, J. C. Craine, Woodhull.

CAMBRIDGE.

Congregational, W. Pierce; Swedish Lutheran, P. S. Miller. (Just back from the west); Baptist, D. O. Hopkins; Methodist Episcopal, L. H. Cullom (new); Utah Methodist Episcopal, L. H. Cullom; Protestant Episcopal, H. A. Burgess, Cambridge.

KEWANEE.

First Methodist Episcopal, J. W. Edwards (new); Primitive Methodist, S. R. Chubb, 229 S. Chestnut; Free Methodist, J. G. Rockenvach, 106 E. First; African Methodist Episcopal, D. W. Brown; Swedish Methodist Episcopal, J. Palmquist (new); First Baptist, L. C. Trent; Swedish Baptist, Gust Engstrom; Second Baptist (colored), A. Madison, S. Chestnut; Congregational, J. W. Nelson; Swedish Congregational, P. A. Hultgren; Christian, O. O. Mottsinger, 116 N. Walnut; Presbyterian, E. L. Lord, 309 Tremont; St. John's Episcopal, C. S. Lewis; Swedish Evangelical Lutheran, J. M. Rydman (sick), (S. A. Kronvall, Sunday school superintendent); St. John's Lutheran, A. C. Zeilinger, 1004 Grace avenue; St. Paul's German Evangelical Lutheran, H. E. Jacobs; St. Peter's German Evangelical, F. Mueller; Nazarene, F. M. Swain; Christian Science, Mrs. Sarah E. Bone; Latter Day Saints, G. J. Brookman; Frieden's German Evangelical, John Mueller; Salvation Army, Hugh Dundas, 317 W. South; St. Mary's Roman Catholic, Father Crowe; Polish Roman Catholic; Lithuanian Roman Catholic.

AS TO THE WIDE WORLD.

Few regions thirty miles square have given to the world at large, as Henry county has. She has given the world the self-binding reaper. This is one of the most beneficent of the labor-saving inventions. It has taken from the human back a burden grievous to be borne. Binding heavy grain into sheaves in the heat of harvest-time has broken down and invalided unnumbered men. William Burson of Cornwall township, Henry county, Illinois, has lifted this fearful burden from the backs of men forever. His son, Henry Burson, invented a successful knitting machine.

Hyatt, the Geneseo editor, gave the world celluloid. This, and all these other benefactions and world-impressions, have been mentioned in their proper places in this book; but it is well to group them, and contemplate them as a whole. It is well to post the books and see how the world's account stands in the ledger. Hyatt gave the world a substance in manufacture. which takes the place of bone.

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It is infinitely easier to mould into form than bone, and much better when moulded. It is to the artisan what concrete is to the builder.

Stark N. Barker of Annawan and Perkins of Atkinson each invented mail catchers of great merit. Barker's invention has been used for many years. Perkins' is on the verge of purchase by a great combination of railway systems.

Heman H. Haaff of Atkinson township gave to the world the gentle art of dehorning cattle. This has saved unnumbered human lives. It makes the cattle gentle, and the big ones do not bully the little cowards away from their feed. Any observant farmer has seen a big old cow drink herself full at the trough, then stand and fight off the younger and more timid creatures that were parched with thirst. This same thing occurs in the feed yard, and in the shelter. The bully cattle thrust the little cowards out into the storm. A Henry county genius has stopped these infernal traits forever.

Bud Doble, he of the "catarrhal name," as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, Bud Doble asked in wonder and admiration "who is that young man?" The great race-horse owner glanced along Bud Doble's driving whip, and smiled.

"That is Myron E. McHenry," he said, and added: "He is from Western Illinois somewhere; but he gets there just the same."

"He is the greatest driver on earth today," generously responded the man who had long held the title of champion driver of the world.

Myron E. McHenry was born in Phenix township, Henry county, Illinois. He is, and for years has been, the wonder of the world's great drivers.

Jane Addams made her home in Geneseo with her sister, Mrs. Rev. J. M. Linn, just prior to taking up her life work among the lowly in Chicago. Her home was in the house and room where this is being written. I am aware that this is a repetition; but I need not remind you that we are just now posting the world's account. We are transferring the items from the daybook to the ledger. Jane Addams established Hull House, the model settlement-working establishment of the earth. Emissaries come from all parts of the world to study the system of Hull House. In Hull House poor girls are taught to read, write, cook and sew. Employment is found for them, and they are put in the way of living a useful life.

A writer, resident in Henry county, entered the literary contest promoted by J. P. Morton & Co., of Louisville, Ky., in 1883. This was contested by some of the world's great writers. The Henry county man won second prize. The Magazine-World short story writing contest promoted in 1905 by D. C. Lawless of Toledo, O., is remembered by all writers of English. The second cash prize went to the Henry county man. These contests are twenty-two years apart, proving sustained effort. In the National Magazine contest, Boston, Mass., 1905, the Henry county man carried off a high cash prize, which was sent with a personally signed letter from Senator Allison and Admiral George Dewey. As the diplomatic Deacon, telling of his triumphs to the amazed Sunday school, so will I admit that "that little boy was myself." Egotistical? Yes. Also History.

Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin are Green River girls. Fully written up elsewhere; but we're posting the world's account, don't forget that. These two women, with their spiritual manifestations and clairvoyance, had the world at their feet for a time. Kings, princes and potentates followed in their

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train. Great preachers and philosophers admitted that these women did wonders. Victoria married Sir Biddulph Martin, a great London banker. Tennie married Sir Francis Cook, a nobleman with vast estates.

Then we have Neal of Atkinson and Wanner of Geneseo, famous base ball men, charged up to the world's account.

Also have we Adam Lieberknecht, who has ably and with credit to himself and his country, represented the United States in tropical Tampico, Mexico, and in the venerable republic of Switzerland. And Mrs. Lieberknecht, who was an honor to American womanhood, among the ladies of the old monarchies.

We have John P. Hand, judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois. We have had the Pierce brothers, two men who by force of genius built up an empire of manufacture on the raw prairie, with but one railway to fetch and carry.

The world's account would be incomplete without Ed. Deming, the famous Indian painter and artist. He was reared six miles northeast of Geneseo, on a farm. Like George Catlin, he has lived among the Indians, and won their love. From Lake Superior to the Pacific, wherever there is an Indian tribe, the name of Deming is one to conjure with. His Indian paintings are purchased by the old world nobility, and fabulous sums have been paid for them.

And, speaking of artists, the world's brightest genius came from Cambridge. Lou Dalrymple, a village boy of the middle west, went to New York, and at a single bound vaulted into the throne of Nast, the departed king of caricaturists. His brilliant work was the world's wonder and delight. My dear friend's years were few. The boy who made the world laugh through Puck and Judge, grew weary. With Shakespeare's Puck he may have said "What fools these mortals be," then gone to the Supremest Judge.

There's another genius in the South county. In Kewanee is a young man who has already given the world twelve books. About his writings is an atmosphere of intense appeal. I think the slow old world first recognized this quality in his book "When Wilderness Was King." And the old world yet expects great things of Randall Parrish.

Diverse are the deeds of our denizens. I have proven that they have made impressions upon the world with literature, philanthropy, invention, art, and otherwise. Another and radically different impression is made by Billy Papke of Kewanee. His lightning-driven digits, soft-padded by special request of the Life-Saving Service, have pounded down all obstacles which stood in the way to the title of champion of the world. Billy Papke is the gamest prizefighter extant. He never descends to the hippodrome; but fights to win, an honest, square fight. He is highly esteemed by the world at large, and adored in Kewanee. His habits and manners are exemplary. He never drinks alcoholic beverages, uses no tobacco, neither tea nor coffee, and is in bed every night at ten o'clock. His demeanor is reserved and courteous. He is never loud or quarrelsome. He is a typical gentleman.

HEAD TO FIT HAT.

Mrs. Martha E. Billings, a former teacher in a Woodhull pioneer school, relates an experience: "There was a little boy in my school whose parents had

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sent to Galesburg for a straw hat. The smaller sizes came cheaper, and when it arrived, the hat was too small. The father would not drive forty miles to exchange a hat. He took a razor and shaved his son's head. You can imagine the scene when the boy took off his hat. The young teacher had her hands full for that day."

RING DOWN THE CURTAIN.

The time has come for ringing down the curtain. Actor and audience part with mutual good will, I hope. This History of Henry County is not a mere list of names and gazetteer of places. Stupid tiers of names of local officials and members of organizations absorb little space here. Nobody reads them. It is easy to copy them by the yard. They have an official aspect, and carry weight with some. It is different to write a book full of sketches of the men and manners, women and wisdom, of a territory thirty miles square, through three-quarters of a century.

"The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow sinking to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And turns around to say Farewell!"

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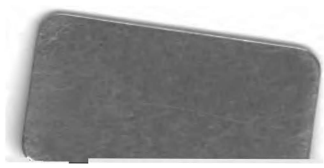

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