



THE
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OF THE
LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The first meeting of the 1957-58 Fall and Winter Season was held on October 3rd. and was well attended.

Dr. Lester K. Ade delivered a very interesting address on "The Evolution of the Public Schools."

Dr. Lester G. Shannon, Chairman of the Program Committee, has prepared an interesting series of meetings for the months ahead. We hope you will show your interest by attending as many as possible.

The Museum will be open each Sunday

afternoon during October and November from 2:00 p. m. to 4:30. How well you offer your service as assistant Hosts or Hostesses, and the number of visitors who come to see the exhibits, will determine the amount of time the Museum will be open after the first of the New Year.

Will you do your part to help make our Historical Society interesting and successful?

Gibson G. Antes
President

Program Lycoming County Historical Society

Dr. Lester G. Shannon, Chairman of the Program Committee, announces the following speakers and their subjects:

October 3 —

EVOLUTION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Dr. Lester K. Ade

November 7 —

OCTAGON HOUSES

Mrs. Bertha Lyman Guptill

December 5 —

Explorer Scouts, Post No. 141 will present authentic Indian Dances and Ceremonials.

January 2 —

HOBBY NIGHT

February 6 —

PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS THROUGH THEIR ART

Dr. Walter E. Boyer

March 6 —

THE SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY

Dr. John Carter

April 3 —

FORT AUGUSTA

Dr. Lewis E. Theiss

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Doctors on Horseback and in Gigs

Compiled by Miss Katherine Bennett from various sources
and read by

Dr. L. E. Wurster before the Lycoming Historical Society

The first physicians in the West Branch Valley were the post surgeons stationed at Fort Augusta, Sunbury, during the French and Indian war. And the first doctor of whom there is any record was Dr. John Morgan of Philadelphia. We have no proof that Dr. Morgan practiced medicine in this vicinity. We do not know of a certainty that there were white inhabitants in this section at the time. The region was not opened for settlement until 1768. But it is an established fact that before that time, hardy pioneers ventured into the wilderness and erected rude habitations at the mouths of streams emptying into the river.

Dr. Morgan later became the most celebrated physician in America and the circumstance that led him to the provincial Fort Augusta at the time (1757) the northern limit of civilization, is interesting to trace.

Though he was but twenty-two years old, he was already as well trained as a colonial doctor could be. He had been graduated in the first class of the college of Philadelphia and had apprenticed himself for six years to John Redman, a young doctor who had extensive training in European universities.

When the first public hospital in America was founded by Benjamin Franklin and Dr. Thomas Bond, Morgan, while yet Redman's student became its first apothecary, a position which enabled him to study the practice of Philadelphia's leading doctors.

When the British army, sent over to fight the French and Indian war, brought what was rarely seen in the colonies, a group of well-trained surgeons, Dr. Morgan joined the Pennsylvania militia as a medical lieutenant so that he might watch the British doctors work. If he was disappointed to find himself side-tracked at the crude frontier, far at the confluence of the north and west branches of the river Susquehanna, he gave no sign. The records show he conscientiously practiced the art of healing under adverse conditions, frequently deploring the lack of fresh provisions and vegetables for the soldiers and the under

water in the hospital that he claimed caused bad success in his cures. He remained at this post until detailed to accompany the Forbes-Bouquet expedition to the western frontier.

After three years he felt he had learned all the army could teach him and in 1761 left to attend the University of Edinburgh, then the most renowned medical school in the world.

Dr. Morgan was considered one of the most brilliant students who had appeared at this scientific center, and the thesis he presented after two years study, was a definite contribution to medicine.

He then journeyed to Paris to attend lectures at the Academic Royal de Chirurgie and so impressed its members that they elected him to their fellowship.

From Paris, he visited Rome to sit at the feet of Morgagni, the father of pathological anatomy. There again, though he came to study, he remained to instruct.

There was such lack of communication in Europe at the time, that every faculty in the various cities he visited was a self-contained unit; its discoveries rarely went beyond its walls. Young Morgan was something of a missionary, disseminating scientific knowledge from one medical center to another.

While he was experiencing these European triumphs, Dr. Morgan was formulating plans for rebuilding American medicine on a scientific foundation. He returned to London and submitted his plans to Thomas Penn, Proprietary Governor of Pennsylvania, who became so enthusiastic that he gave him a letter to the trustees of the College of Philadelphia recommending that Dr. Morgan be allowed to establish a medical school in connection with the college.

When he returned to Philadelphia, Dr. Morgan talked two days to the trustees of the college and when he finished had torn American medicine to shreds and had insulted every native-trained doctor in the country.

But despite prejudice and opposition he gained his objective—a medical school was

established—and Dr. Morgan, a colleague, Dr. William Shippen, and later Dr. Benjamin Rush became its first instructors.

The story of this first medical college, which later merged into the University of Pennsylvania is one of the most interesting in the history of American medicine. But it has no place in this discussion. To all who are interested, I recommend a recently published biography of Dr. William Shippen written by a native of Williamsport, James J. Gibson, a brother of the late Hon. Ralph Gibson, former curator of this society.

Dr. Morgan's successor at Fort Augusta was Dr. William Plunkett, a rough and burly Irishman, direct antithesis of the svelte and polished Philadelphian.

Dr. Plunkett had been highly educated in both medicine and law in European universities. But he was something of a rowdy, and with a group of hilarious companions became involved in an assault and robbery upon an English officer, Lord Eglintown, in which the latter sustained severe bodily injuries.

He was arrested and thrown into prison but escaped and was smuggled on board a sailing boat in a barrel and brought to America.

While at Fort Augusta, Dr. Plunkett became skilled in treating scalped heads. Scalping was a procedure that generally ended fatally and usually instantly for the scalpee. There was one incident which occurred during the autumn of 1778, when Mrs. McKnight and Mrs. Durham, each with a child, were going to Ft. Freeland from Northumberland. Just above Milton, Indians suddenly attacked them from the bushes. Mrs. McKnight's horse wheeled and galloped back. Mrs. Durham's child was shot in her arms. She fainted and fell from her horse and the Indians scalped her. Later she was picked up and treated by Dr. Plunkett and completely recovered. She lived to the ripe old age of eighty-five but never was able to grow hair on top of her head.

We do not know of a certainty that Dr. Plunkett practiced medicine in what is now Lycoming County. But we do know that he was stationed at Muncy during the Pennamite wars. Later he forsook medicine for the law. When Northumberland County was formed, of which we were then a part, he became the first president judge.

There can be no doubt about the service of Dr. Benjamin Allison who was stationed at Ft. Augusta during the Revolution and attended the militia both in the valley and at camp. He was on duty at Ft. Muncy and accompanied the Augusta regiment when it went on march. Dr. Allison is the first physician known to have practiced medicine in Lycoming County though it is very likely that all these army surgeons accompanied the soldiers in expeditions up the West Branch and gave what aid they could to the suffering inhabitants.

During the latter part of the 18th century there came to that portion of the West Branch Valley that is now Lycoming County, the first of our native doctors on horseback.

They settled in the forest clearings and primitive villages that dotted the wilderness. The extent of their circuit was usually from fifty to one hundred miles over poor roads and paths, sometimes swimming their horses through creeks and rivers as best they could. Their equipment, in addition to their faithful horses, were saddlebags filled with medicines, a gun to use for protection from wild animals of the forest, and an axe to clear obstacles from their paths.

The first of these men, Dr. James Davidson settled at the mouth of Pine Creek about 1790. Dr. Davidson was surgeon to the Fifth Pennsylvania Battalion during the Revolution and spent the winter of 1778 at Valley Forge. In the valley his field of practice was wide extending from the far flung settlements of the upper West Branch to Northumberland. Like many of the early men of medicine he was also interested in law and in 1785 he was appointed an associate judge by Governor Mifflin and presided at the early courts for many years.

The pioneer physician of Williamsport was Dr. William Kent Lathey, an Englishman, whose log-cabin was on the site now occupied by the Reading freight depot, Pine and Front Streets. In 1796 his cabin and lot were assessed at ten dollars and his two horses valued at sixteen.

In 1800, Dr. Lathey married Mary Wallis the eldest daughter of Samuel Wallis, but the bride got lonely in the primitive settlement that was Williamsport. She wanted to live in a more thickly populated center so the Latheys moved to Pennsdale.

Various early physicians succeeded Dr. Lathey in Williamsport but eventually left for other localities or forsook medicine to follow other pursuits. It was not until 1838, that Dr. Thomas Lyon and Dr. Samuel Pollock located here permanently. At the time, Dr. Thomas Vastine was practicing, but after some years, he moved to St. Louis. A Dr. Shoemaker was established at Newberry but information about him is meagre.

In the county, Dr. Asher Davidson, son of Dr. James Davidson, was located at Jersey Shore and at Muncy were two physicians, who had been established since the early 1820's—Dr. Thomas Wood, Jr., and Dr. James Rankin.

Dr. Thomas Wood, Jr., was a nephew of the first Dr. Thomas Wood who located at Muncy in 1803.

Dr. James W. Peale settled in Hughesville at an unknown date but left there in 1838 to practice at Sunbury. He was immediately succeeded by Dr. George Hill who was the first doctor to remain permanently in that community.

These men were indeed the pioneers of medicine and surgery in Lycoming County—the trail blazers as it were, for the modern men of medicine.

Of this group the best known to posterity is Dr. Thomas Lyon. This man who practiced well over a half century was a dynamo of energy and possessed exceptional executive ability. He was one of the best known doctors in this section of Pennsylvania. His "History and Reminiscence" is a rare human document of the era in which he lived.

Dr. Samuel Pollock, also a highly successful physician, was one of the most beloved men of his time. Quiet and scholarly, he was devoted to his profession and keenly interested in science and literature. His avocations were astronomy, his church, and the writing of poetry. Unfortunately, his poems are too long to be quoted here but one that should be preserved for posterity was written about the Old Stone Church at Newberry. The first Presbyterians in Williamsport had to cross Lycoming Creek to worship.

Dr. Thomas Lyon was also a Presbyterian and an amusing story is told of a solicitor who asked him for a subscription to the church. "What", said Dr. Lyon, "did Pollock give?" "I don't know", replied the solicitor.

"Well find out", said Dr. Lyon, "and I will give the same". When Dr. Pollock was approached, his first question was, "What did Tom Lyon give?" "I don't know", answered the solicitor, "Well find out" said Dr. Pollock, "and I will double it".

Dr. Lyon had a brother, Dr. Charles Lyon, who located in Fairfield Township in 1844. The brick house he built may be seen today as you drive from Montoursville to Loyalsockville and pass over a tree-lined section of the road. It stands to the left, a large square house built for gracious living. But not by the wildest flight of imagination can you picture the countryside as it was when Dr. Lyon went there.

It was settled by German immigrants from the Palatinate, who cleared homesteads and tried to scratch a precarious livelihood from stony hillside farms. Their slipshod mode of living is best illustrated by a story of a visit by Dr. Lyon, made to deliver a child of a woman in a home where offspring came with remarkable regularity.

The husband and many times father, followed the doctor to the door. Trying to express his gratitude he said, "I'd pay you if I could. Too bad I never have money, but if I could do anything else I would." "Never mind about the money," said the doctor, "that doesn't disturb me, but there is something you can do for me. Before I come again, get someone to help roll the soap-barrel from the foot of your wife's bed into a corner of the room. It's been there for years and I am considerably hampered when I have to walk around it. Before I am called here again, have it moved."

It has been said that Dr. Lyon kept six horses in his stable so that he might always have a fresh one. Perhaps nothing attests to the exhausting nature of his practice among these people, which he followed for fifty-two years, than the fact that one man constantly wore out six horses.

During the 1840's there came to this valley, an odd individual, Dr. Edward Maximilian Adam. Dr. Adam is never mentioned in medical history, for until recently but little was known of him. He was born in the kingdom of Saxony of wealthy and aristocratic parents and educated in universities of his native Germany.

But Dr. Adam suffered from the fierce

conflicts of a tormented mind. Finally his unrest became so great that he rebelled against medicine and the leisure of the Junker class to which he belonged and became a wanderer. Eventually his perigrinations brought him to America and the West Branch valley.

He was walking on the streets of Milton one day when through an open door he heard a cobbler singing at his bench. If I could be as happy as that man, he thought, I would be glad to take up cobbling. He offered himself as an apprentice but the cobbler could not afford a helper. He assured him he would be glad to work for nothing and a place was made for him.

Dr. Adam enjoyed working with the cobbler and hoped that he had at last found the peace of mind for which he had longed. But the cobbler's little daughter became ill—very ill, and the attending physician diagnosed her case as brain fever. The child grew worse and finally Dr. Adam felt force to speak.

"This child does not have brain fever", said he. "She has intestinal worms". "Shoemaker stick to your last", shouted the doctor; "Why do you interfere with my work". Dr. Adam was forced to give his reasons. "You are no cobbler", said he, "you are a doctor".

The child, treated for worms recovered but Dr. Adam's peace and contentment were gone. Now that he was known as a physician, he decided that Milton was not the place for him. He traveled up the West Branch and lived for a time with a clergyman's family at Mill Hall. But the parson got in trouble for dabbling in alchemy and after several attempts to find congenial surroundings, the doctor came to Williamsport and worked in a drug store. He realized the futility of trying to deny his profession and practiced among the German speaking inhabitants.

He became interested in a strangely garbed people whom he saw occasionally on the streets and in the market place. Upon inquiry he was told they were Blooming grovers—a religious sect living north of the city—a people noted for their piety, thrift and honesty. He was called to attend a patient at this settlement and was so impressed with the superior qualities and humble mode of living of these people that he decided to remain with them.

Joseph Gross, one of the elders of the community, gave Dr. Adam a home for which he received the munificent sum of thirty dollars a year. After a time, the doctor thought he would like a home of his own and a cabin was built for him on the Gross farm. But he continued to take his meals with the family.

Dr. Adam had none of the kindliness of our native doctors. Though he enjoyed being with simple folk he was very autocratic and it is said the Blooming grovers never disputed his word. He was especially severe with the children. He objected to eating with them for he was not accustomed to children at table so they had to be served separately. He was also disgusted with their habit of eating corn on the cob. He said they looked like little pigs. During sweet corn season, the children frequently had their meals on a side porch. But when they heard the doctor goose-stepping along the path they hid the offending corn under the table.

Dr. Adam lived at Blooming Grove many years. Once he felt an urge to return to Germany and the next day he started. He was gone two years, but he longed for the plain people with whom he had found peace and contentment and one day they saw a tall figure enveloped in a long cape walking down the hill and realized their Dr. Adam had returned to them.

He lived to an advanced age and requested before he died, that he be buried in the private plot on the Gross farm. He did not want to be taken in a hearse, but carried. The day of his funeral was hot, the hill was steep and the doctor was heavy. But with two shifts of stalwart pall-bearers, he was borne to his final resting place in the manner he desired while the people of the community followed afoot.

He directed his executors to look under some slippery-elm bark in his woodshed for a trunk in which they would find some money. They located the trunk and it contained ten thousand dollars. He further directed them to look for a strong box above the lintel outside his door hidden by some broom-corn. This yielded five thousand dollars. A stone removed from his fireplace mantel disclosed a bowl of coins, mostly gold.

His will was a strange document for a man who disliked children. One large

bequest was made to an orphanage in Egypt. Every orphan in Blooming Grove was remembered. Bequests were made to relatives in Germany. But to the family who had cared for him during his long and cantankerous life, he left a measly four hundred dollars. He directed that his cabin be torn down and his medicines thrown in the cellar. The children were given the the privilege of throwing the bottles. According to Mrs. J. Westley Little, who was a child of ten at the time, the youngsters entered into this proceeding with enthusiasm and gusto. She said they were such nice throwing bottles, with slim necks and bulging sides with grapes and other designs blown in the glass. Mrs. Little and her brother, Mr. Joseph Adam Heim, were grandchildren of Mr. Gross and to them I am indebted for most of my information about eccentric Dr. Adam.

Another German doctor who had a unique career was Dr. August Richter. Dr. Richter was a man born, not thirty, but fifty years too soon. He was Williamsport's first Health officer and had an understanding of public health and sanitation that by many years antedated his time.

He waged a relentless fight against prejudice for pure milk and pure water. But the storm of his career broke when he tried to rid Williamsport of its pigs.

According to the standards of the day, pigs were the poor man's food; by fattening a couple of porkers during the summer he provided a meat supply for the winter. Almost every little hovel had a pig-sty at its back-door.

Public sentiment was against the doctor. Even the local press ridiculed him, many of its issues contained cartoons of the good man chasing pigs. One perturbed man visited him asking why he couldn't keep his pigs. The doctor patiently tried to explain the simple fundamentals of sanitation. Suddenly a glimmer of understanding lighted the man's face. "You mean my pigs are dirty" he said. The doctor admitted that pigs as a rule were not very clean. "Oh", exclaimed the man, "my pigs aren't dirty. My children are dirtier than my pigs". But the doctor was firm and the man left muttering, "He chases my pigs out of town, next he will chase my children".

Once the doctor's life was threatened and the fight became so intense that it

attracted state-wide attention. But the state health authorities were back of the doctor and the pigs had to go.

Williamsport had hardly become pigless when a minstrel troupe came to town bringing with it—believe it or not—a trained pig. The fight was finished but the press could not resist the joke. Large captions announced the existence of another pig and wondered what Dr. Richter would do about it. As you may suspect, the doctor ignored it.

Dr. Richter and his contemporaries who date from the 1850's were the immediate successors of the doctors on horseback and in the gigs. They lived in the buckboard and buggy days. Among them were Drs. Benjamin Detwiler, John S. Crawford, Thomas H. Helshy, William Hepburn, of Williamsport; Chester E. Albright and John Musser of Muncy; Charles Ludwig of White Deer Valley, a great-uncle of Dr. Charles Ludwig Youngman; John Tomlinson of Montoursville; Dr. John H. Grier of Jersey Shore.

Just one hundred years ago Dr. Lyon and Dr. Pollock settled in Williamsport. Looking back over a century one is impressed with the high standard of learning and ethics of these early men of medicine.

It was an era when professional qualifications were not standardized. Any man who fancied himself as a blood-letter or giver of physic could hang around a doctor's office as an apprentice, reading medicine it was called—and hang out his shingle.

Yet in this backwoods county, from the time the erudite Dr. Morgan sat on our door step, so to speak, down through the years, the first doctors were either graduates of European universities or accredited medical schools in our own country.

Another interesting fact is the unbroken continuity of medical practice in the families of some of these early doctors.

Dr. Thomas Lyon's family is represented by the fourth generation, Dr. Edward Lyon, Jr.

Dr. T. Kenneth Wood is the fourth generation of his family to practice in Muncy.

Dr. James Rankin, was of the third generation of Rankins in Muncy, representing 115 years of medical practice.

Dr. George Hill of Hughesville and his nephew, Dr. Reuben Hill, born in Montoursville represent 107 years of medical

practice in Lycoming County.

The doctor of today, deriving a sense of security from his Therapeutic Laboratory, Clinical Laboratory and Radio-therapy, looks back through the years with a feeling of sympathy akin to pity for these early doctors who traveled through rain, mud, sleet, cold, snow and darkness, on horseback and in gigs.

Their remedies were crude and drastic;

their instruments were few, imperfect and clumsy; their ignorance of anatomy was abysmal. But no profession produced more picturesque characters than these backwoods doctors. As they made their rounds on their hazardous errands of mercy, they were blazing the trail for the modern men of medicine, who today, zoom along concrete highways in motor cars.

Editorial

What is Our Objective

We members of this Society have indicated interest in local history. As an organization we need to have an objective to work for, or we are going to become one of our own exhibits—something of the past, something to peer at and wonder about, but of not much real good.

We have done a fine job, when you consider that we number a mere handful. But much remains to be done if our Society wants to perform a real and needed service in our community. We must consider and adopt a specific project, carry that project through to its completion, then take on another. These projects must be compatible with our reason for existing—they should preserve for future generations something of the past that will show the future how to learn from the past.

It is fine to present programs for members and guests, but in the last analysis, such programs are only entertainment for us, even if entertainment of educational nature. In addition to our programs we need to do something that will help our children realize that their own home community has a fascinating historical background. In seeing how their ancestors succeeded and progressed with the "primitive" means of their day, youth might be impressed enough to try to better their own generation.

So far we have spoken just words, but we have specific and concrete suggestions. How many of us can tell accurately how the Susquehanna Boom operated and describe in detail the various parts? Wouldn't it be unique and invaluable to have a scale model of the river and boom area with the dam, cribs, logs, etc. in detail. Sure, it would be a big job, but not impossible and certain-

ly interesting from the standpoint of research and craftsmanship.

Another project of equal historical value is the preservation of one of the original pioneer log cabins. We know of one that the owner is willing to donate to the Society. The cabin is intact and good enough condition for complete restoration. Imagine what an attractive exhibit this would make, complete with all the furniture, utensils and tools which we already have.

If these projects seem big, it is no more than right. But with the guidance and cooperation of a few of our own members, a few local educators, and a few businessmen and industrialists, the model of the river with the historic boom and the typical local pioneer dwellings could become realities. They would arouse a lot of interest and stand as permanent memorials to the efforts of our Society.

The Editors

From the Williamsport Saturday Evening Review, February 23, 1895

Thomas L. Painter is doing an extensive freight business in this section for the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

Fred Gleim and Harry Meyer are both sick in bed. These popular gentlemen are very much missed about town.

Rev. Gustave Levy has been selected as one of the centennial orators. This was a happy move on the part of the committee as the Jewish clergyman is a man of exceptional ability.

Miss Mary Young is visiting friends in Washington, D. C.

Dudley Allen Martin, Central Pennsylvania's First Archaeologist

by Henry W. Shoemaker

Life Member of the Pennsylvania Archaeological Society

If he had lived, Dudley Allen Martin would have crossed the century mark in 1956. He often said, "Life is so short, I hate to leave my collection of artifacts behind but there is no way to keep them together; they are only valuable as a whole. I hold tightly onto every inch of living; it seems a terrific separation between life and fact, and the dismal shadow of non-existence". With this somewhat gloomy outlook he cherished his collection almost like a living body, grieving over its breaking up and scattering when life closed its busy book, yet he feared its scattering and trusted no one to carry it forward, causing the break-up by his own fears.

His outlook on life was suggested by his Indian friends who felt the thrill of existence and what life brought them; the dim shadows of tomorrow left no recompose, he accepted the idea of a future life with incredulity, yet had they pondered less on its uncertainties, their days of life would have been more happily enduring.

He is the only Archaeologist mentioned by D. K. Maynard in his standard History of Clinton County, published at Lock Haven in 1874; he was evidently looked upon as the first of his line in the upper Susquehanna Valley. "I knew Mr. Maynard", Dudley Martin said, "he was one of the first to back me up as a collector of Indian history by way of their artifacts." He was shot and wounded by a hostile Indian in the Dakotas in 1872 and Clinton County came near losing this great authority. His shattered elbow, the result, he would show to friends when in a reminiscent mood.

Descended from the Martin family of French Huguenots, and the Allens, who claimed Colonel Allen as one of them, of Scotch-Irish stock, Dudley Martin was born in Lycoming County on the south bank of the Susquehanna opposite the site of Williamsport on April 23, 1856. He died April 14, 1939. His parents, only two or three

generations removed from the Indian wars, massacres, and of course, the Great Runaway in 1778.

He grew up in an atmosphere of Indian lore and legend. One of the Poorman's was returning to Dakota in 1870, and Dudley, fired by his talks of Indian adventures, begged to be taken along. "It could only be one more tribute to Indian atrocity", said his father in granting permission for his departure. "He would be dying a patriot's death". "They would not kill a small boy of 14" said Poorman, and Dudley, the size and build of a county fair jockey, boarded the train for Erie to become schooled in Indian habits and customs and of their religions, hunting and fighting method.

It was the occasion of his fourteenth birthday when Dudley boarded the Sunbury and Erie Night Express at Lock Haven for Erie. The train was late and while he tramped up and down the railroad station platform the wolves were howling in Harvey's Gap of the Bald Eagle Mountains. "I am leaving a fairly wild country after all", he said to himself. "I have some background for the Wild West". Arriving at Erie, he transferred to the line for Chicago. The waiting room at the Windy City was filled with advance agents and Martin's slim stature, clear-cut features, blonde hair, and large expressive blue eyes attracted the attention of the agent for the organization of the Pony Express. He became acquainted with the boy, and Poorman seeing the advantages from Martin's viewpoint of high adventure, let him go.

Soon marked out for his courage he was offered twice the pay to act as an armed mounted guard for the overland Express by Col. Ben Holloday. A stockman admired his sangfroid and made him head of his cattle ranch. The Sioux were camping nearby at a water hole, and one night they adopted the "blonde god", as they called him, into the tribe. It was an elaborate

all-night ceremony.

During these eventful days he became the friend of Colonel W. F. Cody; "Sitting Bull", the great Sioux Chief; Colonel Quantrell; Jack Crawford; "The Pact Scout"; Wild Bill Hickock; and Calamity Jane. Wild Bill was proud of his Pennsylvania blood which said Martin, "held back his desire to marry the lovely, dark Jane, which broke that hard woman's loving heart." Centennial Year brought him back to Pennsylvania, leaving his place as the second greatest slayer of buffaloes open. No one after that questioned the honors of Buffalo Bill (Col. Cody).

His father, was now conducting a sawmill at Lockport, and Martin, good at figures, became a prize scaler of logs and the intimate friend of Chet King, Joe Colberth, Jim David and the Quigley brothers, favored rivermen. He met a number of Seneca Indian raftsmen who told him of the Indian village near Lockport and advised him to continue his childish pastime of collecting Indian arrowheads. This had been a pastime since his tenth year and he continued it actively on the West Branch again.

The Indian remains near his Lockport home were considerable. The Monseys had several villages there and the remains were noticeable—even the little hillocks where their corn had grown were numerous. Martin adopted Indian Archaeology as a vacation pastime, putting all his spare time at it, showing his specimens to the Indian woodsmen, and getting exact ideas of rarity and where they originated. He made frequent trips between Lockport and Jersey Shore, exploring the mouths of Plum Run, Chatham's Run, Globe Run, and other tributaries of the "Big River", finding rich caches of unusual specimens. Old settlers were proud of the "historic boy" and gave him rare articles they had collected. He extended his investigations up Tiadaghton, then being changed to Pine Creek. On a branch, Elk Run, near Blackwells, an old lady took a fancy to him and gave him a priceless specimen every time he stopped at her home. The gem of them all Martin considered the fire clay panther pipe, a perfect piece of modelling, always numbered "One" in his priceless group of curios.

He accepted invitations to visit the relatives of Cornplanter on the memorial grant

on the Allegheny, beginning about 1887. There he made his first archaeological discoveries and the tribe adopted him as earlier the Sioux had done because of his fair dealing and honest discoveries.

He was directed to graves made long before the "grant" was started, making some very astonishing finds. He opened graves covered with flagstone tops, to keep the remains protected from the wolves, some of which contained the finest types of Indian jewelry, garments, and firearms. One tomb contained a den of rattlesnakes, another a rabbit warren. He was directed to Fort Berthelsdorf, the last established trading post on the banks of Sinnemahoning, making unusual "hauls"; in fact, his later sites were on the sites of white men's trading posts.

He learned archery from the Senecas and brought down deer with arrows, as the best braves could do. He here thaded bison and antelopes in the west, deer and bears in Pennsylvania with his Henninger and Harder rifles. He won many archery matches with the Indians; one was held at his home at DuBois in 1895 with a band of Senecas who had arrived for the Centennial of Williamsport. He knew the elder John Dubois who once said he wished he had become an archaeologist instead of a hunter for virgin white pine forests. He was fond of hiking but his keen eyes never missed an Indian Artifact. Likewise, he saw much wild game and almost stumbled over a large tawney panther on the Bald Eagle Ridge back of his home in 1896. He served with George Lundy Tome of Corydon, as honorary custodian for the Seneca tribe and cared for the tomb of Phillip Tome, the peerless hunter in fine shaded Forest Lawn Cemetery at Corydon. He fought the U. S. Army Civil engineers to finish and put off the induration of the Seneca Grant for twenty years, a horror that is being agitated again, which would swallow up the graves of Cornplanter Jane Logan and Johnny Half White.

Dudley Martin was a living volume of Indian Folklore. His collection of old Indian ballads was prodigious, and a visit with him to the grave was to witness an ovation. Mr. Martin was an active collector of Currier and Ives prints, specializing on those depicting Indian life and hunting. He would

travel many miles to attend sales where he could obtain scenes of his favorite subjects. His collections which began in 1877, was almost worth a visit to his home. He also collected photographs of figures in the old West's history, most of them being given to him by the great characters, themselves. His early likeness of Calamity Jane explained her great hold over men, a beautiful dark girl with regular features. "She was natural and charming" Martin described her. His great freight boat carved out of a large block of white pine at Jersey

Shore, used by a pioneer miller, George Sipes, has the marks made by Indian bullets as he was fired at while trading along the Susquehanna. What became of his complete collection of Indian relics is well known, as they are housed in Dr. Wurster's museum, but not as certain is what became of his Currier-Ives, and collection of photographs and tintypes of frontier men and women and Indians of note. And yet, the memory of Dudley Allen Martin is imperishable for his useful gathering of priceless mementos of a vanishing race.

Lumber Rafting on Big Pine Creek

as told by John S. Beck, Deceased

INTRODUCTION

John S. Beck, son of George and Catharine Beck, was born in Jackson Township, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, December 19, 1849, and died in Cogan House Township, April 30, 1946.

As a young man he worked in the lumber woods about five years, but in 1877, with his wife he moved to Cogan House Township, where he resided until his death.

He purchased 100 acres of heavily wooded land and during the next thirty years he had cleared 80 acres of the trees and stumps, converting them into a fertile productive farm. He erected a comfortable house, a large barn and other necessary buildings.

He always took an active interest in community affairs, holding the elective office of School Director, for a period of 18 years. He was elected to the unenviable position of Over-seer of the Poor, for a total of 9 years.

In his community he was known as a, "progressive", working for better schools, roads and other projects for benefit of his neighbors.

Early in 1872, when I was just past twenty-two years old, my brother George and I hired out to work for a Mr. Wesley Childs, a lumberman. He had bought five hundred acres of heavily timbered land along Cedar Run, about three and a half miles from where that stream empties into Big Pine Creek.

It was Mr. Childs' intention to cut off

all of this timber during the next few years, and then to clear some of his land for a farm. He had made a small clearing in the woods, built a frame house for his family, and a "bunkhouse" or lumber camp for his hired men.

When my brother and I came there, they were building a sawmill, to saw the timber into lumber. As soon as the mill was finished and the sawing started, we were given work at the mill. My brother went to work on the lumber piles. A man was needed to count the lumber as it was sawed each day. He also had to know the Roman numbers, and was to mark on each piece of lumber in Roman numbers the Number of board feet it contained. The head sawyer and I were the only men there who knew the Roman numbers, so counting the lumber became my job.

My knowing the Roman numbers is another story. When I was in school one of our arithmetic lessons was to learn them. Now at that time I could not see how knowing those numbers would ever be of any use to me, and so I copied them on a small piece of paper that I could hold in my hand while in the class. But my teacher soon caught on and told me I would to learn those foreign numbers, and to be prepared to recite the next day without my copy.

That was a good many years ago, but I have noticed since then that a person can usually find a use for most anything he has learned. Well, to get back to the sawmill, where by the way, I was paid two cents an hour more than the other fellows,

who did not know the roman numbers.

The area drained by Big Pine Creek is very large, and at that time was very heavily timbered. This was before the railroad was built up Big Pine Creek, so that the stream was used to get the logs and lumber out to a market. Many of the logs were floated downstream on the spring floods, and much of the sawed lumber was floated down in huge lumber rafts.

Mr. Childs had almost one million feet of hemlock, and over three hundred thousand feet of hardwood lumber. On an adjoining tract of land, but with his saw-mill located on Big Pine Creek, a man by the name of John Hillborn was sawing out a stock of three million feet of lumber. All of this lumber was bought by one man, and arrangements were made to build twelve rafts to float this four and a half-million feet of lumber down the Susquehanna River to the markets in southern Pennsylvania and Maryland.

The sawing on both jobs was finished in December 1873, and at once work was started on building the rafts, or "rafting-in," as it was called. There was lots of lumbering going on in the Big Pine Creek Valley, and our twelve rafts were not the only ones to go downstream that year.

A lumber raft was made of a series of platforms or lumber piles, fastened together end to end, with a joint, so that this long chain of platforms could go around the curves in the stream and over the spillways of the various dams in the creek and river. There were often twenty platforms in one raft, so it might be four hundred feet from one end to the other. There was an oar at each end of the raft to guide it. The pilot and two helpers were on the front end and the steersman with two helpers was on the back end. The steersman had more control over guiding the raft than did the pilot.

The pilot and steersman were specialists in this work, and were brought in by the man who had purchased the lumber. It was their job to oversee the building of the rafts and the floating of them to their destination.

To me, the building of the platforms, was an interesting experience. The lumber was stacked in great piles along Big Pine Creek, and early in January 1874 the work of rafting-in began. Each platform would

contain between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand feet of lumber, and often twenty platforms would make up one raft. These platforms had to be built in the water, for if they had been built on the dry land, it would have been impossible to move them into the water. Old timers at rafting-in seldom got wet; new hands often got more than their feet wet.

Once, a platform of lumber that extended several hundred feet upstream was to be moved down to go into a certain place in the raft. Mr. Childs thought the men should get some ropes to hold and control its floating downstream, but the pilot said they would not need the ropes, and got onto the platform with a long pole. He pushed the platform into the current, and guided the front end until it came to a stop against the bank of the stream. The back of the platform was pushed ahead by the current to make a half turn. By the time the platform had made its half turn, the pilot had run to what had been the back end, but which now was the front end, and guided it into the bank, thus starting another half turn. Several half turns soon brought the platform to its desired place in the raft.

We fellows standing on the bank of the stream did not at first understand what the pilot had in mind; when the platform first started to turn, one of the green horns jumped into the water and yelled, "I'll hold it!" The pilot saw what the man was trying to do, and called, "Let her swing!" By this time the man was up to his neck in the water, in the middle of the stream, but managed to crawl onto the platform. High and dry on the bank of the stream, we were at first scared for our friend in the water, but when we saw he was safe on the platform, our anxiety changed into laughter. He had to take a considerable amount of kidding for thinking he alone could hold back twenty thousand feet of lumber in that swift current.

In building a platform, a large number of selected two-inch plank were marked to have two-inch holes bored in them, and through these holes, pins would be placed to hold the platform together. One of the men was given the hand auger to bore the holes; he had never done any work like that, and was not making out too well. Now, I had worked one summer at the

carpenter trade, so I asked the fellow to let me try a couple while he caught his breath. Mr. Childs came along about that time, and when he saw I was making out all right, told me to keep on at it, and took the other fellow off to do some really hard work.

After working a couple of hours, I asked how many more I should bore; Mr. Childs said he thought I had enough for a while, and to sit down and rest. Well, I went for a drink of water and when I came back I saw where a man was needed, so went to work. One of the men said, "If Childs ever told me to sit down and rest, I'd sit there till he told me to go to work again."

While the rafts were being built, the pilot was looking over the men on the job, and wondering where he could get a crew to run his rafts. He asked the different men if they had ever snubbed a raft, and when he found that no one there had, he went to Childs and asked about getting a crew, as he had not found anyone with any experience in stopping a raft. I overheard Childs tell him not to worry about a crew, as either one of the Beck boys could stop a raft any place he asked them to. I thought to myself, "Mr. Childs, you don't know how little I know about stopping a raft."

Early in March the twelve rafts were finished and tied up in Big Pine Creek, awaiting the spring flood when they could be floated down to the river and tied up in Larry's Creek Eddy. From there two rafts would be tied together, side by side, and floated down the river to their destination.

The flood in Pine Creek would not last long, so it was necessary to get the rafts out of there as soon as possible. It was our plan to take one out every day until we had them all down the river. As the distance from Cedar Run to Larry's Creek Eddy was about twenty miles, we would make that run in four or five hours and have the rest of the day to walk back to Cedar Run, to be ready for our next trip the next day. I think that walking was about the hardest work I ever did. Some of the men weren't able to make it in one day, even though they did stop at the various hotels for refreshments.

Finally came the day when the melting

snows and rains had raised Big Pine Creek to flood stage; at daylight the six of us got onto our raft, waved to our friends, and were on our way to the river.

To me, on my first trip on a raft, it was very exciting. I was on the front end of the raft helping to handle the oar, and my place was the one nearest the end of the raft. Next to me was one of my friends, Martin Fable, and at the end of the oar was the pilot. Up there at the very end of the raft I had a funny feeling. I was nervous and just a little bit afraid. The current was swift, and the water was cold when once in a while a bit of spray was thrown in my face. I had heard of accidents happening to rafts, of men being thrown off into the water. I wondered what chance one would have of getting out if something like that did happen. Many times that first half hour, I almost wished myself back at the camp. At many places the stream had run over its banks, and as I looked out over that large piece of water, I wondered how the pilot could know where the channel was located, and what was to keep us from running onto the flat bottom land, where there would not be enough water to float our raft.

At other places the banks of the stream were high and we had a narrow channel, where the water seemed to be much swifter. There were bends and turns to be made; I thought, "What if we can't make one of those turns; what if the front end gets fast in the bank and the back end starts to swing around, and we are jammed in the channel?" These and many more thoughts bothered me, till I was wondering why I ever consented to go as part of the crew.

As the current carried us along and nothing happened, I soon got over my nervousness. One in a while we would make a stroke with our oar, but really there was very little to do.

A short distance above Waterville, a man named Stoddard had a saw mill, with a dam across Pine Creek. We would have to go over this dam with our raft. When I thought of that, I again had nervous chills. These dams were built with a flat platform as a spillway, and made so the rafts could ride over the dam on the spillway. The drops from the spillway was

about five feet to the level of the water below the dam.

As our raft entered the backed up water of the dam, it seemed as though we almost came to a stop: but slowly we moved forward toward the spillway. As we came nearer, we were caught in the suction of the vast amount of water pouring through the spillway, and it seemed to greatly increase our speed. Suddenly we were hanging in mid air.

Then it seemed the front end of the raft took a nose dive into the whirling, roaring water below the dam. I felt as though I was there all alone and wondered what to do. But not for long. Things happened awfully quick. The oarblade caught in the water and whipped the oar from our grasp, swinging it around with a force we could not stop. The pilot and Fabel managed to get away from it by squatting on the raft, and letting it pass over their heads. But I had no place to go or get away from it. I would have been pushed off the raft into the water, had I not jumped over the oar as it came towards me. As it was, my feet were caught by it, and I was thrown flat on the raft. We all were all right but felt we had a close call.

We got our oar back in place and found the blade had been broken off, so that our front end of the raft was out of control. We were being carried rapidly down stream, and it was necessary to tie up the raft to repair the broken oar.

The pilot looked at me, and said, "John, how about you getting off to snub the raft?" I said "All right," and made my way as fast as I could to the last platform, and told the crew back there what had happened and that I was to snub the raft. Now I had never stopped a raft by snubbing, but I had seen it done. I knew I had to get ashore and hitch a good strong rope around a large tree. Then I'd have to let out the slack on the rope slowly enough so that the raft would not be stopped too suddenly.

There was a large coil of two inch rope on the last platform, with one end tightly fastened to the cross braces. I asked the steersman if he could get the end of the raft close to the bank so I could jump off where there was a large tree a short distance ahead of us. He said "All right," and with a few strokes with his oar soon had the

end of the raft close to the back of the stream.

I took the rope and played out about fifty feet of slack, got the rest of the coil on my shoulder, and when the raft came close to the bank, jumped off the raft right at the tree I had selected. I ran around the tree clock-wise, and threw my coil of rope over that part of the rope that was stretched from the raft to the tree. Then pulling my coil of rope back under the part stretched from the raft to the tree, I had a half hitch, or snub, on the raft. Then giving out my slack on the rope very slowly, I soon had the raft coming to a stop.

When the raft was stopped, I called to the steersman for instructions. He had sent his two helpers forward to help with the repairing of the oar blade, and said I should just hold the raft as it was. Soon the two men returned, reporting everything was all right, and they were ready to go on. By this time the back end of the raft had swung out into the middle of the stream, so it would have been rather hard for me to get back on the raft. The steersman called to me, "Let go the rope, John! We'll go on without you. Yo can go back to camp and be ready to start out tomorrow."

I watched the raft disappear around a bend in the stream, then decided to go up to the dam and watch the other rafts come over the spillway. I had just gotten there when a raft came over the dam. It, too, had the oarblade caught in the swirling water and the oar pulled from the grasp of the men holding it. One man pushed off the side of the raft and was helped back on by the pilot. The man who had occupied the position I had on our raft, was pushed off the front end of the raft, and rolled out from under the second platform, where he was seiped by the pilot and pulled onto the raft. The two men who had been in the water were in no condition for any work, and in fact there was nothing they could do, as their oarblade, too, was broken, and their raft going down stream, out of control. It only went a short distance when the front end caught on a gravel bar, and the back end of the raft began to swing around. The stream was too narrow for it to make a complete turn, and it finally came to a stop directly across the channel.

There was a rowboat near by, and I got it to row over to get the two men who were

soaking wet, but not being used to rowing, I was unable to get across the swift current. Another man came to my aid and said if we could get the boat upstream a ways, he might get across. He finally did, and the two men were taken to Stoddard's camp where they were given dry clothes and a chance to get warm. Aside from the ducking, they were none the worse for their experience.

By this time another raft put in its appearance on the crest of the dam. When the pilot saw the raft across the channel he decided to break it in two, and clear the stream. He sent his two helpers to the back of the raft to help the crew there hold the raft from turning. When his front platform hit the raft that was across the channel, instead of breaking it in two, it started to slide over the first one. It went forward until it was about half way over, and then stopped. It reminded me of a big snake crawling over a log. This time there were no broken oars or duckings.

Soon after this, another raft came over the dam and headed for the mix up. I can well remember the look of surprise on the face of the pilot. He was a tall man with a high black hat pushed back on his head. He made the same decision as did the other pilot—that he would knock those two rafts out of the channel. He sent two of his men back to help hold the raft from turning, but he had no better luck. His raft started to slide over the one that was across the stream, but only got about half

way. Now there were three rafts with about a million feet of lumber in one awful mix-up.

By that time I decided there was enough lumber jammed in that narrow channel. I ran upstream as fast as I could to warn the crews of the other rafts coming down that the channel was blocked. I got the crews of the next two rafts coming along to tie up. They told me there were no more rafts coming, so I went downstream to the dam to see how they were getting along with clearing the channel. They had cut the raft that was across the channel and had gotten part of it away and tied. Soon the other part was floated clear and tied to some trees along the bank. The other rafts were now free to go on their way.

I walked back to Cedar Run and had a great story to tell the boys at the supper table that night. In taking our eleven other rafts down Pine Creek, we had no further mishaps. After this when going over Stoddard's dam we actually sat on our oar to keep the blade out of the water. The rides downstream in the early morning were a pleasant experience, but the walking back became very tiresome.

I have often thought of that first ride I had on the raft, of our mishap at the dam, and of the two men who were old hands at rafting, but who nearly lost their lives. I guess I was born lucky, for in looking back, I can recall a number of what seemed like close calls, but I have never had a serious injury.

What the Forest Meant to the Pioneers

by Dr. Lewis E. Theiss

So generally did our early historians limit their attention to wars and battles that it is only now that we are coming to realize that history is the complete story of human life—including the story of man's environment and its effect upon him. In all probability we do not even yet comprehend the relationship of our pioneers to their environment—the forest. Penn's Woods was most aptly named. It *was* a woods—and what a forest it was! The eternal gloom of the deep shade made the settlers fear it and hate it. And the idea has come down

to us that the forest was, by and large, the enemy of the pioneer. That idea is entirely false; for actually, the forest was probably his best friend. So let us look at the situation critically.

In any list of helpful things that the pioneer got from the forest, we must first mention his home. Indeed, it was the Pennsylvania rifle and the log cabin that conquered the wilderness. Choosing a suitable site, the pioneer felled the trees and cut them to length—and he didn't have a saw, at that. He notched them and

rolled them up to form a cabin. With stones, or with lengths of branches coated with clay, he made a chimney. Soon he had a roaring fire and the new home was snug enough to support life in some comfort.

His fuel also came from the forest. It was the tops and limbs of the trees he felled. So there he was, safely established in a sturdy home almost over night. If the Pilgrims of Plymouth had had log cabins, it is almost certain that the death toll that first winter, when half of them died, would have been much less. In their so-called English wigwams, real fires were impossible.

But what about food? The little pack of provisions that the pioneer brought into the forest would not last very long. What then? The forest and the streams provided food in abundance. All the pioneer had to do was take it.

In a recent issue of our society's new publication appeared the brief autobiography that Gen. John Burrows wrote. He tells the story of how he won a farm in a walk—the very farm where you had your pilgrimage in 1954. To win it, he walked to the Philadelphia land office faster than his rival could make it on horseback. His rival had gotten the jump on him. Why? Burrows was out in the forest. For what purpose? To get food for his family.

It happens that I own some of the land that General Burrows owned down on the Muncy Dam. Fortunately, I long ago talked to some of the old timers there about the old days. In regard to those early days we are no doubt fortunate in the fact that circumstances so long delayed the development of the area. The early Indian trouble, the French and Indian War, the Revolution, with its Wyoming massacre and its Great Runaway, and later the land speculators, all united to drive the pioneers out of the area or to delay its development. So that "the old days" are not really so distant after all.

At that time shad and other fish swarmed in the Susquehanna. Just below the site of the Muncy dam, which was erected about 1830, was Lawson's Island, nearly ten acres across in extent. It has since disappeared. It became a noted shad fishery, like the island near Selinsgrove that was owned by Jimmy Silverwood, who signed his name "James Silverwood, Master of Seven

Islands." To such places, in spring, came the settlers to get their winter's supply of fish. It is recorded that at Lawson's Island 2600 shad were caught in one haul of a seine.

Dr. S. W. Fletcher, in his "History of Pennsylvania Agriculture", quotes Gilbert H. Fowler as saying that "The Susquehanna shad constituted the principle food of all the inhabitants along the Susquehanna. At the Webb fishery—doubtless in the North Branch—I have known 11,000 or 12,000 shad to be taken at one haul. Shad were considered the best and cheapest of all food. The common price was three to four cents—a shad! At Stewart's fishery, one of a dozen in Luzerne County, 10,000 shad were caught at a single haul. The seine could not be pulled ashore but the shad were scooped into boats, loaded in wagons, and hauled off."

Seining was necessarily a neighborhood affair. It is easy to picture the men at Lawson's Island when they hauled the seine ashore with its 2600 shad. There, on the shore, were the baskets of salt and the many barrels to receive the fish. The boat with the net was rowed out from the shore and back again at a point further along the bank, the seine being paid out as the boat proceeded. Then all hands would take hold of the ends of the cumbersome net and slowly drag the heavy thing toward shore. What a sight it must have been! Even a hundred great, flopping fish would make your eyes bulge. But here were 2600 of them! We can see the farmers selecting the buck shad, throwing the roeshad back into the river, and splitting, cleaning and salting, and packing the catch in their barrels. If one haul of the seine did not bring in all the fish desired, other casts would be made, for the fish came rushing upstream endlessly.

Let us turn to Mr. Tom Ellis, long a resident of the Muncy Hills, who died probably more than twenty years ago at the age of almost ninety. His memory took him far back into the last century. In the sense that the region then followed the practices of early days, this was still a pioneer period. Remember that folks then had none of our modern conveniences. So they grew their own vegetables, raised and preserved their own meats, and stored their foods in

exactly the same way that the early pioneers did.

Even when we come to Mr. Ellis' time, many years after the seining described, the river was still the source of food for many folks. One day in May of 1867, Mr. Ellis went down to the river to get his winter supply of shad. By that time the Muncy Dam was more than thirty years old. He took his stand at the foot of the chute where there was an eddy. Fish would often rest in this eddy before attempting to breast the swift water in the chute. Armed with a dipnet, which in Mr. Ellis' own words was "about as big as an old bread basket," he filled his barrel with shad in four hours. On one occasion he dipped up nine shad at one scoop of the net.

"Gigging", as fish spearing used to be called, was a prime method of catching fish. Carrying a flaming pine knot in one hand and a spear with prongs in the other, a fisherman waded slowly along in the stream at night, spearing such fish as the light drew close enough to him. Mr. Ellis told me that, in one night, he had speared as much as thirty pounds of choice "Susquehanna salmon" or wall-eyed pike, not to mention quantities of other fish.

All this is very familiar to me, for when gigging was still legal I had a boat especially rigged for such fishing, with three gasoline flares backed by bright tin reflectors, to shield the eyes and throw the light down on the water. Although we caught numerous fish this way, the most enjoyable part of the sport was the opportunity it offered to study the night life of the river.

Another thing that I have done which the old timers did was to set outlines. An outline is simply a long, strong line that will reach from shore to shore. Wooden floats spaced along the line kept it up. Hooks were attached to it at intervals of six feet or so. When men fished with outlines, they practically made a night of it, to remove the fish that had been hooked and renew the baits. They went over the line several times. Mr. Ellis told me that in one night he had taken as many as 400 eels on an outline.

From the Indians the pioneers learned how to use fish baskets. Stones were piled in low walls in the stream, outward and downward from either shore toward a cen-

tral point in midstream, to direct the water to that point. Here an opening was left to permit the water to pour through. And in this opening a platform of slats is built, with high board sides. The fish, sweeping down with the current, are washed up on this platform and stranded there, the water dropping down between the slats. All the fisherman has to do is to pick up the fish. Eels by the hundreds of thousands have been caught in fish baskets as they come swimming down the river toward the sea in the autumn. I, myself, have spent some time on a fish basket at night, so that I have personal knowledge of this phase of supplying the family larder. Such experiences help one to reconstruct the old days.

But fish were not the only food the rivers brought. Untold multitudes of ducks, geese, and other aquatic birds moved along the rivers. I have seen considerable flocks of them come down on the water in front of my home and go fishing for their own suppers. In early days they swarmed over the land in countless flocks.

The forest, too, had its bird life. Wild turkeys of amazing size, like those that William Penn wrote about, grouse, wild pigeons and other birds filled the forest at certain seasons. They were easy to kill. Wild pigeons seemed to be absolutely inexhaustible. Professional hunters killed them by the millions. I have read that wild pigeons were once sold in Williamsport and other cities for a few cents a dozen. The settlers salted them down in barrels as they did the fish. Beech nuts were their favorite food. When these nuts were ripe, pigeons swarmed in the beech woods in such multitudes that they broke the tree limbs with their weight.

Dr. Fletcher quoted Mr. Charles Miner, an old-time resident of Wilkes-Barre, as follows: "The whole heavens were dark with them, the cloud on wings continuing to pass for an hour or more, and cloud succeeded cloud. There were not millions but myriads. Towns were built by them for five or six miles along the Meshoppen—every branch and bough of every tree holding a rude nest." Dr. Fletcher tells of the last great flight of pigeons over Lancaster County, in 1846. "The dense mass of pigeons," he wrote, "extended to the eastern horizon and as far north and south as the

eye could see, and was continuous from about 12:30 to 4:30 P. M." Dr. Fletcher says that in one day, in May, 1851, the American Express Co. carried over the New York and Erie Railway to New York more than seven tons of pigeons.

But birds were only a part, and a relatively *small* part, of the food supply that came from the woods and streams. Absolutely incredible is the story of the vast number of food animals that existed in Penn's Woods. Some pioneer farmers became professional hunters. Dr. Fletcher tells about one of these hunters, a George Smith, of Elk County. Dr. Fletcher says that he killed 14 panthers, 500 bears, 30 elk, 3,000 deer, 500 catamounts, 500 wolves, and 600 wildcats. He was in much the same class as Philip Tome.

Late in the year 1791, the Tome family took up land on upper Pine Creek. The family came up the Susquehanna in big canoes. At the selected site they erected a large, strong log cabin. They they cleared the land. But Philip Tome was ever more of a hunter than a farmer. Indeed, he became a professional hunter, and in his fascinating book called "Pioneer Life, or Thirty Years a Hunter," he gives a striking picture of life in our region a century and a half ago.

After telling about the countless numbers of game animals in his region, Tome wrote: "In 1803, a colony consisting of about forty families of English people made a settlement between the first and the second forks of Pine Creek. They cleared about 250 acres of land and built several good houses. But being unaccustomed to the danger and hardship of pioneer life, they abandoned their settlement after struggling along for five years. As soon as the coast was clear, deer from all the country round came to feed in the fields and sunny pastures of the deserted settlement. This afforded a capital opportunity for the hunters. We would lodge in the upper chamber of some deserted house, and in the morning, looking out of a window, could see perhaps forty deer. I have often shot a couple of deer from a window before leaving the house in the morning." Tome killed hundreds of deer and brought back tons of meat to trade with folks in the settled parts for their products. Pioneers greatly needed meat, but had so few cattle that they could not spare any for beef.

One of Tome's efforts for years was to lasso elk and bring them alive to the civilized sections. He said he could get \$1,000 dollars for a live elk delivered to a big town. Elk, it seems, will take to a high rock when run down by dogs. When he got an elk resting on a great boulder, Tome would put the noose of his rope on a long pole or sapling and get the noose around the elk's antlers. If possible, other ropes were worked about the animal's legs. There were always several men in the party. They would tie one end of the ropes fast to a tree, then drag the elk from the rock, and if necessary work more ropes around its horns or legs. Then, with a horse to pull the animal forward if it tried to balk, and the men behind to snub it if it tried to dash forward, they walked the animal out of the woods.

Tome tells about James King and a Mr. Manning, who, in 1794, went up Pine Creek in search of game. And also Indians. When they arrived at the second fork of Pine Creek, Tome says, they saw about 40 elk drinking in the stream, and as far as they could see they discovered elk in the creek. They estimated that there were nearly 200 elk at the creek . . .

"The next day, about eight miles farther up the creek, they arrived at the third fork of Pine Creek. Here they discovered a large tract of land that had been cleared by the Six Nations. They could still discern the marks of the corn hills. In this vicinity there were a great many elk and bears. Up stream about twelve miles they found a very large elk lick and saw about 60 elk."

Nor was all the forest food in the form of meat or fish or fowl. There were edible vegetable products as well. The Rev. Joseph Doddridge, in 1824, wrote the volume known as "Doddridge's Notes." In the early 1770's his family moved to the country west of the Alleghenies in upper Ohio. He tells of the indigenous fruits found in that country. The area was still a wilderness, and Indians, wild beasts, and wild fowl were everywhere.

In his account of edible products, he has this to say: "Blackberries grew in abundance in those places where, shortly before the settlement of the country, the timber had been blown down by hurricanes. (Evidently Hurricane Hazel was nothing new). When the berries were ripe, which was in the

time of harvest, the children and young people resorted to the fallen timber in large companies, under guard, for the purpose of gathering the berries of which tarts were often made for the harvest table . . . Wild raspberries of an agreeable flavor were found in many places, but not plentiful anywhere . . . Gooseberries of a small size, and very full of thorns, but of an agreeable taste, grew in some places in the woods. Whortleberries were never abundant in this section of the country, but they were in many places in the mountains . . . Wild plums were abundant in the rich land. They were of various sizes and colors, and many of them of excellent flavor . . . Our fall fruits were fall or winter grapes . . . Of these grapes we had several varieties and some of them were large and of excellent flavor."

"Black haws grew on large bushes along the moist bottoms of small streams. They grew in large clusters and ripened with the first frosts of the fall. Children were very fond of them. Red haws grew on white thorn bushes. They were of various kinds. The sugar haws which were small, grew in large clusters, and when ripe were much esteemed . . . Wild cherries were abundant in many places. The children were very fond of eating them . . . Pawpaws were plenty along the great watercourses and on the rich hills. Some people were very fond of them . . . The crabapple was very abundant along the smaller watercourses. Sour as the crabapples were, the children were very fond of eating them, especially when in winter they could find them under the leaves, where, defended against the frost, they acquired a fine golden color, a fragrant smell, and lost much of their sourness. The ladies were fond of them for preserves . . ."

"Of hickory nuts we had a great variety. Some of the larger shellbark nuts, with the exception of the thickness of their shells, were very little inferior to the English walnut. Of white walnuts (butternuts) we generally had a great abundance. Of Black walnuts there were many varieties as to size and amount of kernel. Hazel and chestnuts were plenty in many places.

Yet homes and food were far from being all that the pioneer got from the forest. Our local historian, McMinn, describing Col. Antes' home site opposite Jersey Shore,

draws this picture in his book "On the Frontier with Col. Antes." Looking below them at the bed of the creek, they saw a swamp filled with birch, beech, and elms, and groves of sugar maples. In the gap was an abundance of oaks, while all along the mountain were huge pines. In the level land across the river were quantities of walnut and butternut trees . . .

"The first tree they selected was an elm, the inner rind of which they wanted to make into chair bottoms, because it was stringy and tough, and they also wanted some of the wood for cart wheel naves (hubs), because it would not split easily. Near the elm was a sassafras tree which delighted the boys, for the bark of the root made a delicious beverage. It was a tonic to the blood and pleasant to the taste. The body of the tree was made into lengths to make bedsteads, for the wood was not only handsome, but also bugs had an extreme aversion to the wood and positively declined to harbor near it."

In the summer of 1775, the Rev. Philip Vickers Fithian, a young Presbyterian clergyman, made a missionary journey up through the Cumberland Valley and then on up the Susquehanna to what is now Milesburg, where he cut back through the mountains to the Juniata. He kept a most interesting diary. One of the interesting things in Fithian's diary is his constant complaint about the bedbugs that tormented him in home after home. When he reached a home that was free from vermin, he writes rapturously about the wonderful housewife in charge of that home. Whether McMinn was correct in his thought that sassafras wood kept these unwelcome intruders away, I do not know. But obviously it must have been a common belief in 1775.

Continuing his remarks about trees, McMinn proceeds thus: "Not far from the sassafras was a wild cherry tree, which could not be neglected, for the bark soaked in water furnished a tonic that helped the appetite and restored the declining strength. Moreover, the color, texture, and smooth grain of the wood made it possible for its use in cabinet work."

"As they passed to a soil that was more in the nature of gravel, they came to locust trees. These they wanted for posts to make sheds for the protection of their cattle, for they would resist the influence of the soil

better than other woods . . . As the boys sought a spring to quench their thirst, they came to some rich birch trees, and the quantity and size of them suggested the uses to which the Indians had put these trees. The men of the forest made dishes and boxes and canoes of the bark. The peculiarity of this bark is that it will not rot. The boys remembered that they could split the layers of this bark and write upon it with ink that they made of the puff balls found on scrub oaks. The leaves of one variety, and the twigs too, made an excellent beverage that was even more pleasant than sassafras. When the Indians made canoes of the birch bark, they sewed the strips together with the slender, tough filaments of spruce and cedar roots, and cemented the joints with turpentine (or tar) from the pine. Soon after, they came to a grove of beech trees, from which they got material for withes and switches. These served them in the place of ropes in many uses about their stables and sleds and carts."

"The great white pines were the pride of the forest. The wood was soft and spongy and easily worked. It could be made into all kinds of things and was the favorite tree for boards. The larger trees were cut down and shaped into canoes. Some of these were large enough to hold a score of persons." (For years our society has had one of these canoes stored on the back porch and most of you have doubtless seen it).

"One of the most striking evidences of American ingenuity is the way men made fences. The New Englanders had to remove the rocks in order to uncover enough soil for farming. They used these rocks for fences. So the history of New England Agriculture is written in stone—stone fences.

In Pennsylvania the huge stumps of the felled pine trees also made farming difficult. The settlers dug up these stumps, rolled them to the edges of their fields and placed them on their sides, with their long roots interlocking. Such a fence was impenetrable. There are still a few specimens remaining up in the North Mountain area and elsewhere in this region. Turpentine was made from pitch pine." (Probably McMinn meant tar.) The knots of the pitch pine furnished the best of fuel. Fallen pine trees rotted away, but left the knots hard and full of pitch. These were carried to the cabin, and the settlers having lighted them in the eve-

ning, were able to see well and even better than they could when candles were used. As fuel, pine knots lasted much longer and gave more heat than any other wood of the forest."

McMinn consistently uses the word turpentine where, I think, we would say tar. McMinn tells how the settlers made this tar and put it in barrels. The thing I wish to call attention to is the fact that this tar, made in the Pennsylvania forests by "tar burners," was the lubricant used for decades to grease axles. Every prairie schooner, with its bulging white top, carried a tar bucket hung from its rear axle. Thus, both the tar and the wagon itself were Pennsylvania's contribution to the winning of the West; for the prairie schooner was nothing in the world but a Conestoga wagon, that was invented in the Conestoga Valley near Lancaster.

But let us get back to McMinn. "The Antes lads," he says, were taken into the forest to obtain spruce to add to the birch and still further improve the quality of the home-made beverage that was perfectly safe for women and children to drink. When they carried the branches home, they bowled the young twigs until they could easily strip back the bark." (Webster's dictionary says that an early meaning of bowling was to crush or bruise by rolling an object over something.) At any rate, after loosening the bark by "bowling" the family made a drink which they sweetened with "molasses" from the sugar tree—doubtless thick syrup.

McMinn tells how the Antes boys gathered alder to make charcoal for the blacksmith shop, as it produced intense heat. They used the oak for staves for barrels and buckets. They were pleased when they found white ash trees, for, to quote McMinn again, "They had found so many rattlesnakes that they feared they would be bitten, and they knew that if they were, the leaves and bark of the white ash were an excellent antidote. Of the body of the tree they made oars and cart frames, and plow beams and handspikes."

Nowhere do we get a sharper picture of our progress than in McMinn's description of the early broom. "They took the black ash and pounded it until it was a mass of splints. These they tied with withes and so had excellent brooms, to the delight of the housewife." They gathered nuts and the nut

they valued most was the black walnut. But of all the trees there was none that interested the boys so much as the sugar maple. From this was made all the sugar they could have for household use. The sugar maples were their confectionary stores, and also the source of sweets for their tea or coffee or chocolate, or home-made beer or cider."

Neither McMinn nor the Rev. Doddridge went fully into the matter of the "old woman's doses," derived from herbs and other growths, which constituted the only remedies known on the frontier. But McMinn does have this to say: "The butternut they gathered for their mother, the family doctor. It was a benefit to all of them when sick. Out of the bark of the tree she made a decoction that was mild as a purgative, and did not leave the system in a weakened condition. No family was equipped for sickness without plenty of it on hand."

Just how and when these accomplished women acquired their knowledge of natural remedies it would be difficult to say. Undoubtedly they brought some of their knowledge from abroad. Some of it they must have picked up from the Indians. Wherever they got it, they had an astonishing knowledge of the curative properties of herbs and other plants. For many years our medical men scorned these "old woman's doses," as they termed them. Now modern medicine is swinging back to them. Recently I met Mr. J. W. Copley, who is the manager of a 250 acre farm near Reading, which is one of the several large farms on which the S. B. Pennick Co., leading pharmaceutical company, is raising medicinal plants. The medicinal plants grown on these farms have an annual value of ten million dollars or more. One thing especially interested me. Among other plants, this experimenter is working with the May apple or mandrake. This is known to be helpful in some diseases and the prospect is that in the near future it may be used extensively. If it is, plant hunters will quickly exterminate the generous growths of this plant that are found so widely. The object of these experiments is to determine whether the cultivated mandrake will have exactly the same properties as the wild ones. For drugs have to have exactly the qualities they are supposed to have.

The earliest account of the use of natural

remedies that I have run across I found in the volume called "Early English and French voyages." Captain James Cartier made his second voyage to Canada in 1535. From November to March of the following year, his vessel lay at anchor in the St. Lawrence. Evidently the crew got scurvy. To quote Cartier's narrative, "There died five and twenty of our best and chiefest men, and all the rest were so sick that we thought they would never recover again. . . ." The captain went ashore and met a band of natives, among whom was Domagaia, an Indian that he knew, who had been very sick with the disease, his knees swollen, all his sinews shrunk together, his teeth spoiled, his gums rotten. Our captain seeing him now whole and sound, was marvelous glad hoping to know of him how he had healed himself. Domagaia answered that he had taken the juice and sappe of the leaves of a certain tree, and therewith had healed himself." The captain obtained some of the leaves and boiled them, for his men to drink. But they were so distrustful that only one or two dared to taste the concoction and were presently made well. Then there was a mad scramble to obtain the material. It is thought that this tree was a sassafras tree.

"After this medicine was found," wrote Cartier, "and proved to be true, there was such a strife about it, who should be first to take it, that they were ready to kill one another." He adds that they stripped bare a tree as big as any oak in France, and it wrought so well that "if all the physicians of Montpelier and Lovaine had been there with all the drugs of Alexandria, they could not have done so much in one year, as that tree did in six days." A footnote in the text says that the bark of the white pine is also an antiscorbutic.

Probably no one knew more about these matters than did Gene Stratton Porter, whose books about the woods stirred all America some forty years ago. The hero in her book, "The Harvester," was splitting tender twigs of willow and removing the bark. "You're a good tonic," he mused, "and go into some medicine for rheumatism." When he began to peel spicebush twigs he remarked, "You don't peel as easy as the willow, but I like you better, because you will make some miserable sick child well or you may cool some one's fevered brow."

Again, the Harvester was talking to the carpenter who was building his house. "I've got to dig my year's supply of skunk cabbage," he said, "else folks with asthma and dropsy who depend upon me will be short on relief. I ought to take my sweetflag, too, but I'm so hurried now that I think I'll leave it until fall; I do when I can, because the bloom is so pretty around the lake and the bees simply go wild over the pollen. Sometimes I think I can detect it in their honey. Do you know, I've often wondered if the honey my bees make has medicinal properties and should be kept separate in different seasons."

Is this a thought for our medical men to consider? It is interesting that doctors now say that honey is good for folks with bad hearts.

"In early spring," went on the Harvester, "when the plants and bushes that furnish the roots and barks of most of the tonics are in bloom, and the bees gather the pollen, that honey should partake, in a degree, of some of the properties and be good medicine."

The Harvester was talking to a dear old lady in the city, to whom he had just sold some violets. He explained to her that he grew several sorts of violets for the drug houses, and that the flowers were used in making delicate tests for acids and alkalis, and that the entire plant, flower, seed, leaf, and root went into different remedies. Then he asked her if she would like to have him bring her some lilies of the valley from his beds.

"Well, bless my soul," the lady exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that lilies of the valley are medicine?"

The Harvester assured her that they were. "I scarcely know what weak hearted people would do without them," he explained.

My first intimate acquaintance with "old woman's doses" came when I was seven years old and was visiting an aged great aunt in Connecticut. If she were alive today, she would probably be considerably more than 125 years old. So her plant lore must have been learned from the last of the early settlers. Never can I forget her fragrant attic. The odor of it is indescribable, and is just as unforgettable as it was fragrant. There, hanging in great bunches from the rafters, were all the

simples of her day—catnip, thyme, peppermint, pennyroyal, and so on. Especially do I recall the pennyroyal; for she gave me a penny a bunch for gathering it. At any rate, here were the ingredients for the unnumerable doses, such as boneset tea, that she brewed. Such doses *must* have had much efficacy, or probably few of the early settlers would have survived the rigors of their life.

Perhaps twenty-five years ago I was talking with my old Professor of Greek. He was born on the desolate prairie, where neighbors were miles apart and doctors nonexistent. He got to talking about "old woman's doses." "My mother," he said, "used to treat such and such an ailment with lobelia. Then medical men scoffed at that. But now, I observe, the leading physicians use lobelia just as my mother did."

Oddly enough, war often leads to the most beneficial results. Before the late conflict, the source of belladonna was in Europe. There medicinal herbs had been grown for years, the wild ones having been practically exterminated by plant hunters. Suddenly deprived of great numbers of medicinal herbs, American drug firms found themselves faced with the necessity of producing their own drug plants.

Take belladonna, for example. Extracts of belladonna are used by oculists to dilate pupils before eye examinations. The drug is also used to lessen spasms and whooping cough. It is useful in the treatment of colic, cramps, and asthma. Digitalis is known to all sufferers from heart trouble. Thyme, found everywhere in turkey stuffing, is used in the production of thymol, a disinfectant and germicide.

No one will ever know when and where and how our early foremothers acquired their marvelous knowledge of these values. Like a crazy quilt, that knowledge was no doubt put together in tiny bits of experience, tradition, suggestion, and truth. At any rate, the debt we owe to those brave old mothers who faced every hardship and peril in a frightful wilderness, and gave their lives to acquiring the vast knowledge they acquired in fields innumerable, is a debt we largely overlook. It doubtless required just as much courage and fortitude for them to face the possible deaths of their dear ones who were seriously ill as was required for the men to go out and fight Indians. For, in countless cases, our brave

foremothers were the court of last resort. Life or death of dear ones depended upon their "old woman's doses." No wonder they were so meticulous in compounding them or so faithful in administering them.

But over and beyond that matter is the matter of where they *got* the medicinal drugs. A few herbs they brought with them from abroad. But, by and large, the forest, the open fields, and streams, were their sources of supply. Therein they found all the natural remedies mentioned and many, many others. So curative plants were a part of the bounty of the wilderness.

When we consider the innumerable things that the forest furnished to the pioneer, only some of which could be men-

tioned in this article, we perhaps gain a new idea of what the forest meant to the pioneer. The pioneer thought of it as his enemy. He talked about the gloom of the woods and the terror of its wild life and the fear of the Indians. But his views were warped. Apparently he did not appreciate or comprehend the vast array of blessings that the wilderness gave him. But time has remedied that shortsightedness. When we look at the things we have today, and they are marvelous indeed, we cannot forget one thing: every item we possess costs money, often much money. The wilderness furnished the pioneers with great possessions. The only cost was that of taking them.

Accessions to the Museum

1. Doll Cradle and Child's Bureau (1875). Gift of Miss Margaret Bingham Coryell, Williamsport, Penna.

2. Hobby Horse and Child's Desk. Gift of C. Stewart Coryell, Williamsport, Penna.

3. Satin Parasol, cream silk, lace trim (1890).

Beaded Bag (1908).

Pair White Kid Gloves (1910).

Gifts of Miss Louise C. Roberts, Williamsport, Penna.

4. Trumpet. Manufactured by Henry Diston Horn Works, July 1880. Willed to Lycoming Historical Society by Henry Diston Kahler.

5. Star of Hope, Volume 1, Number 40, Weekly Newspaper. Gift of Mrs. Hartmanft, Williamsport, Penna.

6. Unbound Book "The Abbot-Adlum-Green Families", Compliments of Mrs. John Abbet Walls, Baltimore, Maryland.

7. Book, Souvenir of Williamsport, Penna., containing short Directory. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schultz, R. D., Linden, Penna.

8. Booklet in German (1876) of Baptist Church. Gift of C. F. Eisenmenger, R. D., Montoursville, Penna.

9. Powder Horn and Pistol. Gift of Mrs. George B. Konkle, R. D., Montoursville, Penna.

10. Horse Collar—Won First Prize at the World's Fair in Chicago (1873), property of Mrs. Julius Hullar, Manufacturer of Horse Collars in Collomsville, Lycoming County, Penna. Two pictures concerning Mr. and Mrs. Hullar. Gifts of Mrs. Elizabeth M. Feilee, Williamsport, Penna.

11. Contents of Large Trunk, containing beautiful ladies wearing apparel, gowns, blouses, hats, scarfs (1880-1900).

Beautiful Duchess Satin Wedding Gown (1886).

Carved Rosewood Victorian Sofa. Gifts of Mr. George R. Lamade and Family, Williamsport, Penna.

12. Calendar Clock.

Regulator A Clock.

Rosewood, Four Octaves Melodeon. Presented by Mr. and Mrs. Norman S. Caldwell, Williamsport, Penna.

13. Ladies Black Jet Shoulder Cape. Gift of Miss Alexander, Williamsport, Penna.

14. Six Japanese Lanterns; Five Watches; One Ivory Colored Cashmere Wedding Gown; One Embroidery-trimmed Blouse; Three Pieces of Lingerie (1880). Gifts of Mrs. Julia Kleeman Bower, Williamsport, Penna.

15. Collection of 11 Paintings. Bequeathed to Lycoming Historical Society by Frances Tipton Hunter, late of Philadelphia, Penna., formerly of Williamsport, Penna.

From the Williamsport Saturday Evening Review, February 23, 1895

Society

The approach of Lent has certainly affected society and placed it practically at a standstill in this city. *The Review* for the two weeks past has had but few social events to publish.

A delightful musical was given for the benefit of the Christ church organ fund last Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. J. V. Brown.

Miss Helen Bentley gave a high Tea, last Thursday afternoon, in honor of Miss Kapp, of Baltimore.

Miss Emery entertained the Tuesday Night Whist Club this week. This was the last game of the series. City Engineer George Snyder won first men's prize, and Miss Jennie Weed first ladies' prize. There were three progressing tables.

Last Tuesday night Miss Helen Turner gave a country sleighing party at the home of her father, Jacob Turner. Those present from this city were Miss Helen Bentley, Miss Maud Otto and Hiester Otto.

An Assembly under the auspices of a committee of well-known young men was given in the new Armory, at Sunbury, Thursday evening last. The music was furnished by a band and orchestra, and a very enjoyable time was indulged in. Among the guests present from out of Sunbury were: Mrs. Joseph C. Bucher, Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Wolfe, Misses Kathryn D. Blair and Eleanor M. Barber, of Lewisburg; Miss Bertha Datesman, of West Milton; Miss McCloskey, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Messrs. John W. Bucher, Lewis Rothermel, Philip B. Linn, Russell E. Kelly and Fred Wagner, of Lewisburg; Miss Lou Jameson, of Bloomsburg; Miss Vasatine, of Catawissa, and Messrs. Frank Ikeler and Sam H. Harman, of Bloomsburg.

Mrs. J. V. Brown gave a progressive pedro card party, Tuesday evening last, at her residence on East Third Street.

On Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, Long Reach, Herbert L. Baird, of Sinnemahoning, and Miss Maude E. Updegraff were joined in marriage by Rev. E. P. Morse, of the Newberry Presbyterian church, in the presence of about seventy guests. Miss Lizzie Reighard acted as bridesmaid, while E. H. Baird,

brother of the groom, acted as bestman. After a reception and supper the couple left on their wedding tour, on their return from which they will reside at Sinnemahoning, where Mr. Baird fills a railroad position.

Personal

Col. Coryel called his staff officers to the city Tuesday evening last for consultation.

Manager Davis, of the Williamsport Passenger Railway Company, is attending the electrical convention in Cleveland, Ohio.

Noble Harrison was in New York City this week.

Steve Harrison was in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Henderson were in Danville over Sunday last.

R. P. Blackburn, the West End druggist, has sent out notices speaking in flattering terms of the celebrated Huyler's confections. Mail and special orders receive prompt attention from Mr. Blackburn.

Lewars & Co., are handling the Victor and Crescent bicycles this spring.

James W. Sweeley, the editor of THE SUN, and our efficient postmaster, has been giving general satisfaction since his term of office began. Mr. Sweeley is certainly a winner and deserves his success, although some people do find fault with his "cuckoo" Democracy.

Several evenings ago Clyde Duple went home after a social event and laid his satin lined full dress suit in a bureau drawer and left the drawer open. In the morning he was attracted by a noise in the bureau and upon investigation Clyde found that the family cat had crawled into the open drawer during the night and before morning found herself the mother of five little kittens. The young druggist chloroformed the cat and presented the kittens to his girl friends.

If you have any contributions, please send them to:

L. Rodman Wurster
Proctor Star Route
Williamsport, Pa.