

## CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

CLARENCE E. PEARSALL

Autobiography

*Section 1, Childhood and Youth—Section 2, Exploring the Timber—Section 3, California Redwoods—Section 4, Central America—Section 5, More Recent Exploits.*

### SECTION 1.

In delving into the records of my ancestry I was surprised to learn that each generation was practically a repetition of the one which preceded it and so on back to the first Pearsall emigrant who came to America. And, as I extended my investigations along this line of inquiry, I found the same to be true, practically without exception, of all the families, with which I am acquainted, whose ancestry leads to the early colonial times. It has therefore seemed to me that it would be interesting and valuable to set down the history of a life that began before the present conditions and environments existed in this country, in order that it may be recorded how the early lumber people met the problems of their lives as they found them from day to day. This brief explanation will therefore serve to make plain why I have taken the trouble to set out so fully the happenings of my own life, which, as it will appear, began in the Pennsylvania wilderness of Jefferson, Elk, Clearfield, Forest, Clarion, and Indiana Counties, before the advent of the railroads, and while yet its virgin forest of pine and hemlock covered many a hill and mountain.

My life, which began in the lumber regions of Pennsylvania, has ever since been associated with lumbering. Hence, my earliest recollections are those of a child of a tree feller. I have followed the industry westward and until recently, when I retired from business, I have always been interested in the conquest of the forest-wilderness. In reading my recollections which follow it will be helpful to the reader if I say that the old lumberman was necessarily a far-seeing man of business whose calling it was to anticipate the march of emigration westward in the settlement of the country and to locate, examine, cruise, and acquire large tracts of timber so strategically situated as to be capable of profitable lumbering when the demand arose. Yet at no time did he permit the local demand to deprive him of the primary market which he had created on the Atlantic seaboard. First he used the Susquehanna, then the Ohio, and later the Mississippi, to reach this old market before the advent of the railroads, and today one of the largest classes of tonnage using the Panama Canal is that of the Pacific lumberman supplying the Atlantic coast market. Necessarily much of the lumberman's time was spent in the unbroken wilderness, far beyond the settled parts, spying out the land and valuing its forest. As the industry increased and just before it passed from the Middle West to the Pacific coast there came a time when the location of timber, and the investment in it, became a separate part of lumbering. It was a long way from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific coast and for a time it seemed as if

the lumber industry would never make the jump, at least not within the space of several generations. However, a few of us held to the old traditions, and we were brought face to face not only with the old problems of lumbering, but with the new problems growing out of years of search in the unbroken wilderness in the large timber of the Pacific coast, to be followed by the possibility of longer years of waiting until our anticipations were to be realized. As a fact, some of the timber I acquired forty years ago is now in the hands of operating lumbermen who probably have no intention of falling the same during the next twenty years.

On the 29th of January 1863, I began my earthly career and opened my eyes in this beautiful world for the first time, on father's farm, about three miles north of Brookville. My arrival in this world no doubt was as uneventful as that of millions before me, hence nothing remarkable can be attributed to my birth. The simple chronicle is that upon that day I was ushered into this world to play an unimportant part.

Before starting in on the story of my life, it might be helpful to add a few lines of explanation so the reader may not become perplexed as to why in many instances a lumberman was also a farmer or the owner of a farm. In early days, when the northwestern part of Pennsylvania was still largely a wilderness, with only a few settlers widely scattered and no railroads, it behooved the lumbermen to see that their camps were well supplied before winter set in. Confronted by the problem of obtaining hay and grain for the horses and oxen and other products necessary to carry on lumbering during the winter, they turned to farming during the summer. That is why grandfather John Pearsall, as well as father, both lumbermen, owned farms.

As to my babyhood I know nothing, but presume I, like other babies, caused my parents plenty of worry. My earliest recollection dates back to the time when I was about four years old. How well I remember those autumn days, when the trees in the old orchard on the hillside, above the house, hung laden with luscious red apples, while on the ground beneath were the green and yellow pumpkins. Some one told brother Elmer that these great, golden pumpkins were colt's eggs and that if we rolled them down the hill they would break open and all we would have to do, was to run and catch the colt. How disappointed we were when pumpkin after pumpkin had been rolled down, broken open, and no colts appeared.

At another time we amused ourselves by rolling an empty flour barrel down that same hill. Its leaping and bounding filled us with the greatest of glee and brother finally conceived the idea of taking turns in rolling down inside the barrel. Elmer made the proposition, so, being the older, he had the first ride. I held the barrel while he climbed in and when all was ready, I let it go. The barrel leaped and bounded into the air, then continued rolling until it struck uneven ground, swung around and bounded on down the hill, finally striking the corner of the house, demolishing the barrel and momentarily stunning brother. The next trip was to have been mine but fortunately for me the accident put an end to this sport.

The next important event in my life was our moving to town the following summer. Just how the family reached Brookville is beyond my recollection, but I was placed on a feather bed on top of a load of furniture. Well do I remember

that ride down the lane, out onto the county highway, that ended our days on the farm. The roads I presume were none too good, as once we came very nearly upsetting and I was almost thrown from my elevated position; later when the wheel of the wagon suddenly dropped into a mud hole, I lost my balance and pitched forward, but was prevented from falling by the driver. In the course of our travel, many houses were passed; more than I had ever seen. Then we crossed a river, that looked as large to me then as the Mississippi does now. On ascending Showalter's Hill, I was badly frightened by some pictures of wild animals posted on the fence, not comprehending that they were circus bills. Just how long we were travelling those three miles, I cannot remember. I only know that our progress was dreadfully slow. To me it seemed like an age and great was my delight when the driver finally halted in front of a little old-fashioned house on Main Street, Brookville, Pennsylvania. Father, having arrived before us, was there to help me down and as I went into the house, I was informed this was our new home.

Town life had its charms, and I was not long in adapting myself to my new surroundings. The first day I received a trouncing for crawling through a drain and soiling my new clothes. During that first week in the new home I received four whippings and I am not quite sure but what I regretted having left the farm with all its freedom, where one did not have to be always spick and span.

For some weeks or months, things ran along quite smoothly and peace might have reigned supreme with me for some time longer had father not insisted on my eating something I did not like. I refused, and he insisted; finally I lost my temper and threw my fork across the table, narrowly missing his head. He reached for me and I—well, I thought it time for me to leg it to the farm, and without further ceremony, ran out by the front door and down Main Street, with father in pursuit. By the time I had reached the top of Showalter's Hill, the race was on in earnest, with the goal more than three miles distant. The race promised to be a hotly contested one. I had a good two hundred yards the lead with everything in my favor, when father's sudden appearance at the brow of the hill, caused me to increase my speed until I fairly flew down the hill. Soon after reaching the foot I began to fag. Casually glancing over my shoulder, I saw that father was steadily gaining on me and as the farm was a good three miles away, I decided to give up the race and bolted up a little side street, passed the Lutheran Church and finally reached the alley back of our house where I crawled through a hole in the fence, ran into the house, hid under the bed, and implored mother not to divulge my whereabouts. But father, close on my track, soon located me, hauled me out and lighted on the seat of my trousers with a thorn rod, that he had stopped to cut while pursuing me. This incident of the chase, unobserved by me, explains why I was able to travel so far before capture.

For some time after the above escapade father and I understood each other perfectly—that is to say, I was a very much humbled little boy and for a while every thing was harmonious between us. But like all prolonged calms, it was followed by a storm.

My parents, being religiously inclined, always attended church Sunday evenings, leaving their little flock of four at home in care of my oldest sister, Idora

Upon one of these occasions, I was cautioned to be a good little boy and remember the Sabbath. I promised obedience and after my parents' departure, I proceeded to observe the Sabbath evening with services at home. My brother and two sisters constituted the congregation. I acted as minister and in the absence of a pulpit, I set to work and made one out of a set of new cane-bottom chairs by placing one on top of four. After the pulpit was completed, I climbed upon the topmost chair and began to deliver a sermon. After preaching a short time, my discourse was suddenly brought to an end as my brother Elmer hurled a pillow at me, narrowly missing my head. In dodging the pillow, I lost my balance and overturned the pulpit. The legs of the topmost chair were pushed down through the cane bottoms of the others and minister, pulpit and all were hurled in a heap on the floor. At this inopportune moment, my parents returned from church and upon beholding their new chairs in ruins, mother cried; but it was different with father. He immediately grasped the situation, guessed the culprit, and invited me to join him in the back room. He then proceeded with his trouser-dusting system that for thoroughness would put a modern vacuum cleaner to shame. The sermon that night put an end to my being called "Sonny" and "Bub" and gave me the dignified name of "Preacher," which followed me throughout my boyhood days.

Soon after this father was called to Philadelphia on business and, during his absence, I wandered at will and did pretty much as I pleased; climbed fences and porches and roamed over the neighboring housetops, very much as a stray cat might. Mother was good-natured and I soon learned to take advantage of her kindness. The neighbors all predicted that I would be killed if I were allowed to continue this wild climbing about, and the prediction came very nearly being fulfilled. One day in my endeavor to escape from mother, who was about to punish me, I crawled through an open window to an adjacent porch, from which I expected, through the help of a friendly maple, to make my escape to the ground. In some way, my feet slipped and I was left suspended in the air, hanging on by my finger tips. In crawling through the old-fashioned window, I accidentally knocked the prop out, letting the window down and so was unable to get back into the house, after losing my footing. Mrs. Pride, one of the neighbors, heard my call for help and instantly ran to my rescue. With her apron held out, she called to me to let loose and she would catch me. Afraid to trust the frail fabric of her apron, I hung on and yelled for mother. I thought she would never, never come and my fingers were just about to let go when she suddenly appeared, opened the window and rescued me from my perilous position. She cried and almost smothered me with kisses and immediately forgave me. I promised to be good, and never run away from her again, if she would not tell father upon his return, for I had by this time begun to dread father's systematic process of punishment.

For some time after this experience I remained close to the house, feasting on cookies that mother made in order to keep me home. I rather enjoyed life without father and grew to like the idea of no man in the house, for I had little fear of whippings from mother. Thus the days passed smoothly and serenely by. Aunt Jane came to live with us about this time and I was filled with joy, but my happiness was of short duration. Mother opened the door one evening and there stood a smooth-shaved, city-dressed stranger, who grabbed her in his arms and

began to kiss her. Mother tried to extricate herself from his embrace until he called her by name. Then he stooped to kiss me but I jerked away, kicked at him and used some choice language, evidently not intended for the parlor, that I had picked up on the street. The strange man grabbed me by the waist and hauled me into the back room, where he proceeded to give my trousers the best dusting they had had since the fork episode. There was something strangely familiar about this that reminded me of father. After a short time the stranger allowed his beard to grow, and in him I recognized father. From babyhood, I had been accustomed to seeing him with a beard. So it was not surprising that I failed to know him. Even the neighbors did not recognize him and many were the speculations and conjectures regarding the strange man living at Pearsall's while father was away. One neighbor even admitted that she had encouraged her daughter to set her cap for him.

My sixth birthday was celebrated at our home in the manner customary at that time; each member of the family participated in the celebration by pulling my ears, six times. By the time the last one had paid his respects to me, my ears were pretty well warmed up and I was delighted when the ordeal was over. After this part of the festivities, apples, nuts and raisins were passed. When on these occasions, apples were scarce, we had stick candy, and father often gave us a penny or two. In those days, parents did not indulge their children in extravagance as they do at the present time.

The money that I received on this birthday was the first I have any recollection of possessing as my own. Shortly after the birthday celebration, I found a corroded copper cent, which increased my possessions to three cents; then mother gave me a penny for being a good boy and I found myself the proud possessor of four cents. My, but I was rich. And like all ambitious people, when they once get a start in life, I kept right on accumulating wealth. One morning as I was going across Main Street to play, a stranger accosted me, asked me to hold his horse a few minutes, threw the reins to me and entered a store near by. I was somewhat afraid of the horse, but the stranger soon returned; tossed me a dime, leaped into the buggy and drove away. Imagine my surprise when I looked in my hand and saw that dime, more money that I had ever possessed. I watched the stranger as he disappeared and wondered who the rich man was who could throw away a whole fortune at one time. Then I took another look at the money to make sure that I had seen aright and rushed into the house and showed mother. I was the richest boy in the whole block and so elated over being a capitalist (owner of fourteen cents) that I would have been willing to compete with Jay Cooke for the financial supremacy of the world.

That first dime, to my mind, was the greatest sum of money I ever possessed, although in after years I managed to amass a considerable fortune. After I had become a capitalist, the next problem confronting me was what to do with my recently acquired wealth. A neighbor's boy possessed a toy wagon that appealed to me and, for a time, I contemplated investing my entire capital in a wagon of this kind, but found my finances insufficient to make this purchase, so decided to buy a red ball for ten cents and spend the remaining four in striped sassafras stick candy. But father, a strict advocate of economy, with a keen eye

for business, persuaded me to become a banker. To encourage me, he bought a small safe of real metal, with lock and key; a duplicate in nearly every respect of the larger ones in use at that time. My coins being deposited in this safe, through a slot in the top, I became a banker and from time to time added to my deposit, until I had nineteen cents. Then there came a lull in the banking business and fearing a failure, I decided to branch out, and invited my brother and sister to open a joint account with me. They readily consented. The depositing of their surplus coins caused the bank to flourish as it had never done before and in the course of time it was more than half full. The reserve now being very heavy, the bank was financially considered on as sound a base as the Rock of Gibraltar. Our system of banking was very simple. As we had no cashier, each depositor when desirous of drawing on his or her account to buy stick candy or licorice, took the safe, turned it upside down and violently shook it until a penny, or perchance a nickel or dime, was shaken out through the slot. This practice caused a heavy drain on the reserve, and at times, when the demands were greater than the deposits, it looked as if the bank would be obliged to suspend business. During one of these perilous times a circus arrived in town and a run was threatened on the bank. This, however, was narrowly averted by father, who came to the rescue, bought a ticket to the circus for each one of the depositors, and thus saved the bank from utter ruin.

As time passed, a dispute arose, wherein each accused the other of overdrawing his or her account. The bank might have withstood this, had the Fourth of July not been at hand. As it was, the desire for firecrackers and lemonade caused the final crash, and on the following day the bank closed its doors. Brother and sister made a demand for their balance, claiming that the bank owed them, and father was called in to adjust matters. The safe was opened and as the seventeen cents therein was inadequate to satisfy the demands, the bank was declared insolvent. The money was turned over to the creditors and I was left a bankrupt, penniless boy. Imagine how deeply I felt my ruin. I had not only lost my fourteen cents, but my entire fortune. There was however no ill feeling among the depositors. No one was to blame. We merely had a poor system. Thus ended my banking career.

During the warm spring days of '68, we moved to a three-story house on Mill Street, now Jefferson Avenue, that was built on the hillside with three stories in front and two in the rear. The stable, coal house and other outbuildings were in the back part of the lot, farther up on the hillside and next to the alley. My part of the work, while we lived there, was to keep the house supplied with wood and coal, which was not an uphill job in winter, for I put the buckets of coal on my sled and coasted to the house. I was not always successful in making my landing and sometimes had the misfortune to upset and spill the coal. We had two horses—old John, the family horse, and Billie, a high-spirited animal of blooded stock, which father drove. Elmer took care of the horses and we combined forces in caring for the cows.

Father had been accustomed to farming a little all of his life and did not like the idea of having no garden, so he had the back yard plowed and the ground prepared, that we might raise fresh vegetables for our family use. The ground

was very stony and father promised to buy me a little red wagon, like Jim Carrier's, when he went to Philadelphia to buy goods, if I would pick up the stones. I worked mornings and evenings until I had an enormous pile; more than a two horse wagon load. I looked forward to the arrival of that red wagon with as much pleasure as a boy of the present day would to an automobile. Imagine my disappointment when father returned from Philadelphia with no wagon. Never was a boy more crestfallen and miserable, nor more humiliated than I. I had promised all my playmates a ride, and many were the good times we had planned, with them as the horses and me as the driver. Father had forgotten all about the wagon while in Philadelphia, but he said that if I would carry the stones away he would buy me a pair of red-top boots with real copper toes. I spent several weeks, much to my disgust, carrying those stones away in a coal hod, when I had anticipated hauling them in the wagon; but in the end my feelings were somewhat alleviated for father bought the boots and also had me a suit made, with long trousers, the first I ever possessed. Oh, how proud I felt when dressed up in my new clothes and red-top boots. No general could have strutted more or felt prouder than I when I went to the photographer's and had my picture taken.

Shortly after this, I started to school, Miss Martha McCright, of whom I was very fond, being my first teacher. I had not attended school very long before I was taken ill with lung fever and for some time was not expected to live. During my convalescence, I was very happy with the thought of attending school again and looked forward with great pleasure to seeing Miss Martha. One day, while the nurse was absent, I slid off my chair, thinking that I could walk, but was too weak to even stand and suddenly fell to the floor. I cried for I thought that I would never be able to walk again but mother comforted me by telling me that I would soon be strong enough to go to school. Sometime after my recovery, an epidemic of measles broke out in the neighborhood and as our parents thought best for us to have all such diseases while young, we were sent over to Darrah's to get the measles. Our trip was a success; in a short time we all were down with them and for a while mother certainly had her hands full. Oh, but I was sick, and my eyes pained so that I was kept in a dark room for several days and could not understand mother's philosophy in wanting us to have such a dreadful disease.

Mother and father, being religiously inclined, did not tolerate profanity and whenever any of us indulged in this kind of language, mother usually washed out our mouths with soap suds. On the last occasion of this kind that I remember, it took the combined efforts of mother, sister Clara and Mittie, the hired girl, to hold Elmer and me while they washed out our mouths. Mother was a dear, good woman and hated to punish us, so after this struggle, she turned us over to father for correction. Father was a man who meant well, but his ideas did not always agree with ours, much to our distress. We were, however, pretty good friends and I often accompanied him on his Sunday visits to grandfather's. We usually travelled the path leading through the Dark Hollow forested by lofty white pine and hemlock, and then up the North Fork to Payne's Mill. From there on we walked over the old logging road that was used when father, as a boy, hauled square timber for grandfather, and oftentimes he pointed out the place

where he was frightened by the wild howl of the wolf, that caused the ox-team to run away with him.

During vacation and on Saturdays, like other boys, I flew kites, ran races and played ball and leap-frog. But the game that I was especially fond of was one we called Tippy Up. In this game, we drove a stake into the ground until it became firm, balanced a cross stick on top of this stake, and then placed a stone on one end of the cross piece and by hitting the other end a sudden blow, the stone was tossed high into the air. Sometimes a toad or frog, balanced on this cross piece, fell a victim to this catapult. How comical they looked as they flattened out on their descent.

Now and then a chipmunk was the victim. On these rare occasions, we usually went to the brink of the hill, near the river, where the fall would be greater. Sometimes we met with wonderful success, throwing the poor little creature into the river, from where, more dead than alive, he swam ashore. This little animal of the fur kingdom was not easily caught, for he usually had a place of retreat in the old pine stumps, where it was easy for him to dig a hole, leading from the ground up through to the top. When he was sitting on one of these old stumps, chirping with the very joy of life, we stealthily crept upon him and the little fellow, finding himself closely pursued, took refuge in one of these relics of the forest. One of us would then run a stick down the hole and force him out into the hands of another boy who was on the lookout for him. We usually paid dearly for this sport. The chipmunk did not submit gracefully and often retaliated on his captors by biting their fingers until the blood streamed from the wounds and they shrieked with pain. When our parents caught us enjoying this barbaric sport they punished us severely for our cruelties; a punishment well merited.

Another of our games, Grey Deer, in which we chased each other from tree top to tree top of the pine saplings that formed the dense forest, was very popular with us; but the one we liked best was the very dangerous one of Coon and Hounds, a game of my invention. In this game every boy insisted on being the coon and we had to count out to ascertain which one was to fill the desired place. The second place of importance in this wild and highly exciting pastime was the boy with the ax. These two having been chosen, it fell to the lot of the others to be hounds. Whereupon the hounds and axman closed their eyes, counting fifty, while the coon ran and climbed a nearby sapling pine tree. At the end of the counting, the chase commenced. The hounds were expected to catch the coon, and as he leaped from one pine sapling to another, the excitement ran high. Often the distance between the trees was too great for the coon to escape and he had to submit to his captors. He was then said to be treed, and the axman felled the tree; the coon was thus thrown to the ground, where the hounds all pounced upon him. The one who succeeded in first getting hold of him was chosen coon for the next chase. The game was a dangerous one, as occasionally, in the hurry and excitement to escape from the hounds, the top of the slender pines would break off and precipitate the coon some fifteen or twenty feet to the ground. It is remarkable that none of us were killed. We did not always escape injury, as sometimes an arm or leg was broken, or a shoulder dislocated. During one of these hilarious games, a tree broke with me, and I was hurled to the ground. For a few

seconds, I thought that my neck was broken, but I soon recovered. In the face of these drawbacks, and disregarding the remonstrances of our parents, we continued to play this hazardous and wonderfully fascinating game.

As I grew older we played what we called Sky Rocket or A Trip to the Moon, a much more dangerous game than the one just narrated. In this game we selected a more open place in the woods, where the slender white oak saplings grew thirty or forty feet tall. Six or eight of us climbed to the top of a strong sapling and bent it to the ground. The boy who had been selected to make the trip held fast to the topmost branches, and at the end of a given count, when the others let loose, the sapling flew suddenly back to its natural position and the lad was shot through the air like a skyrocket. This sudden rush through the air was a thrilling experience that I shall never forget and well worthy of the names it bore. The one who made this perilous trip had to cling on tightly, else when the tree reached its upright position, he would be hurled to the ground beyond, which in all probability would have meant instant death.

The woods, composed of second-growth pine and white oaks, where we liked best to play, lay between our house and the Litch mill pond. A path through these woods led to the upper part of the pond, our swimming pool. Above the swimming pool was an old abandoned log landing or rollway, as it was called. Still farther on, about half a mile distant, on either side of the river, were the Dark Hollows in which the virgin forest still remained. For some distance beyond this, the timber had been logged off. Just why this magnificent growth of pine and hemlock had been spared, I know not. Perhaps the owners had a certain pride in leaving this splendid timber until the close of their operations. A little stream or brook flowed through each of these hollows and along its banks were huge rocks. The caverns underneath, at one time had been the home of the wolf and the bear. Save a single path, everything was as nature had made it. A huge fallen white pine, spanning the brook, served as a foot bridge. The mere mention of this lonely dark hollow, where a murder had been committed, some years before, was sufficient to make the cold chills run down a boy's back. The path through these lonely woods was seldom used except by lumbermen in the spring, or by people desiring to take a short cut, to the upper waters of the North Fork. Many were the times that father and I travelled over this path to grandfather's. One day, during the latter part of June, I was sent to the Nigger Shanties, to look for the cows, that had preferred to remain out all night instead of returning home for a pail of good bran. On reaching our swimming hole, I found Evans Craig, Curt Larry and Jim Carrier, schoolmates of mine, in swimming and after some persuasion I joined them, but not until they first promised to go through the Dark Hollow with me. After our swim, we proceeded to hunt the cows. Upon entering the Hollow a most beautiful and surprising sight greeted us. The laurels, all in bloom, were laden with exquisite blossoms of delicate pink and white. Childlike, we stopped to gather some of these beautiful flowers and while thus engaged a huge black bear suddenly arose in front of us and with one terrific growl came towards me. I was so badly frightened that for a moment I thought my time had surely come, as Bruin nearly upset me in his mad rush to pass on the narrow path and did not even stop to say, "Beg your pardon, Sir,"

but swiftly ran across the tree spanning the brook, and with a "Wah, wah, wah," disappeared in the laurel beyond, probably as badly frightened as we were. After emitting some terrific yells, we commenced to cry and flew home as fast as our legs could carry us, and told the folks of the terrible bear that had tried to devour us. Needless to say, my parents excused me for not continuing on after the cows.

As our barn had become infested with rats and mice that made havoc with the oats in the bins, father encouraged us to kill them by showing us how we could corner them in their runways. We delighted in waging war upon them, and by guarding both ends of the bins at the same time, we were successful in penning them in. The next step was to kill them, which we did by means of a stick, as the prisoners attempted to escape. Occasionally, a mouse in his efforts to save his life, would run up one's sleeve or trouser leg, in which case we would have to undress, but not until we had crushed the little rodent to death. Milton Brady, an older boy than we, who, to our great dislike, insisted on playing with us, was easily frightened, so the happy thought of playing a practical joke on him dawned upon us. We told him of the great fun we were having killing mice in our barn, but said never a word about their sometimes running up our coat sleeves or trousers. Milton, as usual, was delighted to join in our fun, especially when it was not very strenuous. So one day, when the mice were unusually plentiful, we invited him to join us in the battle that promised to be a hotly contested one. Armed with clubs and sticks we silently stole into the barn, surprised our enemies and fell upon them with great fury. Milton was placed at the end of the bins where, we had learned from past experience, the battle would wax the hottest. A few seconds after the charge was made, the battle commenced in earnest and Milton was enjoying the excitement hugely when all of a sudden he fell to the floor and rolled madly about, yelling lustily. We instantly guessed the cause of his alarm and excitement and shouted with laughter at his predicament. Three mice and a full grown rat, that had sought refuge up the legs of his pantaloons, were scratching him in their frantic efforts to escape. Milton howled with fright until we finally became alarmed and went to his rescue. The fun we had at his expense amply paid for the fright he gave us.

For some time after this, Milton shunned us and played with the older boys until they refused to have him. To his sorrow, he then fell back on us once more. On this particular day, while playing ball, we had accidentally discovered a yellow jackets' nest, in a box that had been built to protect a shade tree. When we saw Milton approaching us, we decided to make him the victim of our find and thus get rid of him forever. Upon his arrival we stopped playing ball, a game far too strenuous for him, and proposed Hide and Seek. In this we used the yellow jacket tree for base and Milton, in order to get into the game, was the first to remain at the base, while the rest of us hid. He was told to count fifty and kick the box with every count. He had not counted more than eight or ten when he let out a hair-raising war whoop, jumped up into the air, yelled at the top of his voice and slapping himself in a dozen places, started for home on the jump. I never knew a boy to run so fast, except myself, after encountering the bear. Milton had on cotton pantaloons and as he stood directly over the hole, the yellow jackets, in

endeavoring to reconnoitre, had a splendid opportunity to make their attack. Of course they wielded their deadly weapons as they went, and put up a good fight, as is usual with them, when molested. Milton was badly stung and we were not tormented with his company for some time. I was not sorry for him nor for the part I took in this, as it evened up an old score. He had persuaded me, at a previous time, to eat an Indian turnip, one of those innocent-looking little tubers with chain lightning in them that felt like a red-hot auger boring through my tongue.

In our neighborhood there was a goodly number of felines that often made the nights hideous with their caterwauling. One evening brother and I went out to the alley to chase away two cats that were uttering unearthly yells in their serenade. Upon our arrival, we found them engaged in a desperate battle; so intent were they in their efforts to tear each other up that they kept right on, ignoring us entirely. Elmer kicked the one, while I struck at the other with an old broom I had picked up on the way. This seemed only to infuriate them and they continued with more vigor than before. Finally, brother grabbed one by the tail and as I struck the other over the head, they gave up the fight and tried to make their escape from this more formidable enemy. Elmer was badly scratched but hung on to the cat's tail until the cat, in making a sudden lunge for a pile of edgings near by, upset brother, who let go to save himself, and thus the cat made its escape. It was hard to tell who fared the worst in this *mêlée*, Elmer or the cat.

We vowed then and there that if we ever caught that cat we would kill it and thus rid the neighborhood of at least one. Our opportunity soon arrived, for the very next day when we went to the barn to feed the horses, we spied our enemy of the previous evening. Elmer rushed back and closed the barn door and the cat, seeming to scent trouble, took refuge on a beam. Brother armed himself with a pitch fork; I grabbed the stick used in mixing the cow's bran, and we sallied forth to attack the enemy. Elmer made the first charge with his weapon and as the cat passed me on his way down stairs, I struck at him with my club. The cat, finding the barn door closed and his escape cut off, was soon driven to bay in the hay loft, where the battle began in earnest. When cornered, he jumped at us savagely, but as there were two of us, we had an unfair advantage and were able to defend ourselves from his vicious attacks. We fought all around the hayloft, upstairs and downstairs and the cat seemed never to tire. Finally, in dodging brother, he attempted to pass me and I struck him a fatal blow. As I had always been told that a cat had nine lives, to make sure that he was really dead, I hit him an additional eight times, for I felt positive that if we had eight more battles like this to fight, the cat would prove the victor. We buried him in the alley and daily examined the grave to make sure that he had not come to life and slipped away. At length when there was nothing left but the bones, we decided that there was at least one cat that didn't have nine lives.

Some time had elapsed after the bear episode before I was again sent up the North Fork to look for the cows. I was still afraid to go through the Dark Hollow alone, where my excited imagination pictured the bear with open mouth, awaiting me. I was told that if I did not go I would get a trouncing, the prospects of which somewhat allayed my fears, and I started out hopeful that I would be lucky

enough to find Curt Larry or some of the other boys at the swimming hole and coax them to accompany me. Upon reaching the woods, where we were accustomed to play Sky Rocket, I met Evans Craig, Jim Carrier, Wade Miller, Will Darrah and his brother Charles, busy trying to bend down a stout white oak. Boylike, they called out, "Where you going, 'Preach'?" I replied, "After the cows," and they promised to go with me if I would help them. As I was always in for a good time, I inquired what they were going to do and they replied, "Hang a homeless dog." Now killing cats was right in my line but when it came to hanging dogs I must confess that I did not relish the idea. I hesitated and the boys coaxed, finally ending with, "Come on, Preacher, you are not going to be a coward, are you?" I could never stand for a dare and as for being called a coward, I would rather have died first; so I accepted their invitation, with the understanding that they would go with me after the cows. After the sapling was bent, a noose of strong rope was put around the neck of the friendless old dog; he was tied to the topmost bough of the sapling and, when all was in readiness, we let loose and up went the poor fellow, old and friendless to be sure, but nevertheless as fine a dog as you ever saw. We left him hanging, his body barely clearing the ground, and busied ourselves nearby for an hour or so and then returned, cut the rope and buried him behind a fallen tree. My conscience smote me somewhat for the part I had played and I am quite sure that all the boys felt equally guilty of having done wrong.

After burying the poor brute, all but Charlie Darrah proceeded to the swimming hole, where we undressed and plunged into the water. We had not been in long, when we heard the well known call of Al Miller, second cousin of mine, and a minute later he arrived on the scene and proceeded to join us. Our swimming, as we called it, was merely paddling around in the water with one foot on the bottom. After half an hour's sport of this kind, we dressed and were making ready to go after the cows when we heard another familiar call, this time from the hillside, which proved to be Curt Larry. Then we doffed our clothes and all went in for another dip and were having a hilarious time striping each other with yellow clay to imitate savages, when all of a sudden, Miss Amelia Clark, our Sunday school teacher, and a class of girls on picnic bent, appeared upon the scene and stopped upon the mossy bank, near our clothes. Imagine our consternation when we saw those girls and realized the impossibility of recovering our clothes while they were there. We squatted down, waded ashore and disappeared in the brush. It seemed as if Miss Amelia and those girls would never go. To while away the time, we wandered farther down the bank and there played on the logs. As none of us could really swim, we were obliged to be very careful that the logs did not roll with us. I selected one that had been slabbed by mistake, and which I thought was a stick of square timber. Knowing that square timber would not roll, I became bold and venturesome and, with an edging, shoved out into deep water, clear of the other logs. I was having a grand time poling about when all of a sudden the log rolled with me. I lost my balance and was thrown into deep water. My companions rushed wildly about crying, trying to rescue me, but as they could find no edgings long enough to reach me, they had to give up. I went under, swallowed some water, and then came to the surface. For-

tunately, I retained my presence of mind and when I came up, grabbed for the log but in trying to climb out, the log rolled and I went down again. When I came up the second time, I was within easy reaching distance of the log, so once more attempted to climb out, but my efforts caused the log to roll toward me. Fortunately, I finally discovered I could keep afloat by keeping the log rolling, and continued this performance until I suddenly felt my feet touch bottom and proceeded to wade ashore. A kind Providence in the shaping of that log, evidently saved my life, as every revolution of the log brought me nearer the bank. After my companions were satisfied that I was alive, we hurried back to get our clothes and to our great relief found that Miss Amelia and the girls had departed. We hurriedly dressed and scampered for home, so badly frightened that we never once thought of the cows. I swore the boys to eternal secrecy about my falling in, but in some unaccountable way my parents learned of the incident the next day. I was sick from fright, exposure and swallowing so much water, so my parents did not chastise me but cautioned me about going near the water again until father had time to teach us to swim.

Now that the chill of autumn was in the air, the swimming hole was forsaken for more vigorous sports like baseball and running races. Our race course was around a certain block, near by. Sometimes we ran abreast and sometimes in opposite directions, betting as to the winner. Our final race, before winter set in, was to decide the championship, which lay between Ed Barnes and me. Ed was a swift runner but some of my adherents claimed that I could beat him. To settle this argument and ascertain who was entitled to the championship, we ran three heats; the first was a tie. Ed won the second by about ten feet and I the third by about forty feet, and was proclaimed champion. The race, full of excitement for the spectators as well as the principals, was a hotly contested one. When it was over, our companions threw their hats up into the air and shouted with joy for the victor. Ed, mortified at his defeat and envious of my glory, claimed that I won the race unfairly; that I had jostled him and caused him to fall behind. This being a false assertion, I denied it, whereupon he called me a liar. This was something I would not take from any boy, large or small, and ordered him to take it back. He persisting in the charge, I sailed into him. For a time we fought desperately and as I was gaining an advantage, he showed the white feather and ran for home. I followed him in close pursuit. As he had about two blocks to run, I steadily gained on him and was pressing him quite closely when he bolted into the front room of his home through an open door. Nothing daunted me now; my honor had to be appeased. I rushed madly in after him and before he could make his escape into the back part of the house, I had him down and we were at it again. We fought all over that front room floor until his frantic yells finally brought his mother upon the scene. Seeing her offspring being roughly handled, she savagely sprang at me, much as a tigress might in defending her young. I jumped up and ran around the center table with Mrs. Barnes in pursuit. Round and round we ran, until she stopped to grab a broom that was standing in the corner and thus gave me a chance to make my escape. I rushed out the door and eat a hasty retreat, with Mrs. Barnes following, madly waving her weapon in the air. My companions all jeered at her and shouted with laughter. This com-

motion caused the neighbors to rush to the doors and windows to ascertain the cause of the excitement and Mrs. Barnes, realizing her situation, gave up the chase. My friends gave me a great ovation; looked upon me as a great hero and for a time fairly worshiped me. I was all puffed up with pride but not brave enough to go home for supper, for father had promised to punish me every time I fought with the boys. Someone was kind enough to inform him of the affair and he started out in search and was not long in locating me; and — well, I'll not say just what happened.

In the spring, John Mills, a neighbor, who was lumbering at Blue Rock on Little Toby Creek, borrowed our old horse, John, to visit the scene of his lumbering operations. After his arrival at the lumber camp he intended to float his rafts down the river to Pittsburgh to market his lumber; father consented to my accompanying him to drive the horse home. After driving twenty miles, ten miles of which was through hemlock forest, we arrived at the Camp, where I spent two nights, sleeping in a lumberman's bed. The first day after my arrival, Mr. Mills took me to the dam on Little Toby Creek where I watched the men roll the sticks of square timber into the water and raft them by placing twelve or fourteen sticks along side of each other. After which they placed small white oak or hickory trees, of from four to five inches in diameter, across both ends of the timbers, and fastened them together by boring holes on both sides of the small cross trees or lashings, into which bows made of white oak trees were inserted and both ends fastened by driving into the holes pins made from white ash. Three or four of these platforms placed end to end when lashed together formed a raft. Two short sticks of square timber were placed between these platforms which acted as hinges and prevented the raft from becoming stiff and unyielding, so that when they ran over the dams the raft would rise with the water, otherwise it would go to the bottom, lodge and form a gorge. On each end of the raft a thole pin, two inches or more in diameter, was inserted into a head block on top of the timbers upon which the sweeps or oars rested. Thus completed, the rafts were ready to be run to market when the spring freshets came. Each raft when completed was equipped with oars at each end, for steering purposes. Here, within a few miles of where father was born, thirty-eight years before, I had my first lesson in lumbering and as I watched the operations, I concluded that I would be a lumberman when I grew to manhood. Much of the hemlock forest at this time remained intact, as it was during the days of John and Deborah, but the trees were much larger and finer than those that grew among the white pine timber on the North Fork. On the morning of the second day, Mr. Mills hitched up old John, helped me into the buggy and started us towards Brookville. Father had always cautioned me never to drive a horse faster than a walk, up or down hills; but I, having had previous experience with John, was well acquainted with his temperament, and as the road was mostly up and down hill, I knew that I would never get home, if I obeyed father and let John have his own way, so I frequently used the whip by way of persuasion. Old John and I travelled all day through a drizzling rain, arriving home that night about dusk. In looking back, I often marvel at my parents trusting me to drive so far, alone.

As father had taught me to swim, I was now allowed to frequent the swimming pool. One day the thought occurred to me that it would be fine sport to swim in the turbulent waters that had passed over the old water wheel, in the tail race, back of Litch's grist mill, where the larger boys swam. With a "hip, hip, hurrah!" our hats were thrown high into the air; Al Miller turned hand springs and Curt Larry stood on his head. Then with a mighty war whoop, we were off for the old mill race, where we soon doffed our clothes and like so many muskrats, swam and dived in the whirling waters. Finally, weary of this sport, we rushed to get our clothes. Great was my surprise and consternation when I discovered that my shirt was missing. We looked in every conceivable place but apparently it was not to be found. As there had been no one else about we were greatly perplexed as to what had happened to this important and greatly needed part of my wearing apparel. When about to give up the search, we discovered a cow lying down, near by, peacefully chewing something that resembled a dirty rag, which upon closer inspection proved to be the tattered remnant of my missing shirt. She had evidently eaten the garment to get the little salt that it may have contained from perspiration. I thought I would get even with the cow, so jumped astride of her, expecting to have a ride, but she had a different thought which she quickly put into execution, by jumping up and running away with me into a thicket of nettles where she threw me. My, but that landing was a hot one! Having no shirt on, I was badly stung and paid dearly for the little fun I had. As we had not taken our coats with us on this memorable day, I was greatly worried how to reach home, unobserved. We finally decided to return by the back streets and were unobserved until we met some tittering, giggling neighbor girls. I felt so ashamed and embarrassed that I closed my eyes as we passed. On arriving home, mother came to my rescue and applied one of her numerous home remedies to my prickling flesh, which soon brought relief.

Our Circus days were pleasant ones, as I remember them now. Our tent, a large commodious one, that had been used at Camp Meetings, loaned to us by Mr. Darrah, father of one of the boys, was admirably suited for the circus business and was the admiration of all the neighborhood boys. We had played Circus so long that we had become quite proficient in our work and when we came into possession of the tent, we attempted all the feats of the shows that visited Brookville at that time. It was astonishing to see what we accomplished. Some of the older boys were excellent singers, banjo players and clog dancers, while others excelled in acrobatic work,—turning hand springs, somersaults, tumbling and forming human pyramids, two or three tiers high. I excelled in trapeze and contortion work and many a time made the flying leap from one bar to the other as they swung to and fro. Sometimes Jim Carrier took part with me in this dangerous act. In the contortion work, I imitated the serpent; lay upon the flat of my stomach and without any assistance, curled up backwards until I could lock my feet about my neck and then relaxing, resumed my original position, without the aid of my hands or arms, a trick I have never seen performed either in or out of the circus. In addition to this, I bent backwards and picked up handkerchiefs with my teeth from beneath my feet, and sometimes bent backwards over the back of a chair and picked up handkerchiefs, that had been placed underneath.

At slack rope walking, I was a failure. Amer McKnight, an enterprising young fellow, suggested that we have suits like the people in real shows, so mother made me one with pink and black striped trousers and a red cambric blouse. One day Amer took the responsibility of introducing girls into our show without the forethought of consulting their parents and proceeded to make them suits out of fancy-colored paper, which proved disastrous. The girls' suits were too frail to stand the strain required of them and the indignant mothers, remonstrating against the continuance of our shows, persuaded Mr. Darrah to take the tent from us; thus ended my circus days.

During vacations, I was usually sent to grandfather's farm. I do not know just why,—maybe I was unruly at home or perhaps father thought that the influence there was better for me than that of the town. Father could not have favored me more, for I dearly loved living with grandmother, for to me she was the dearest old lady in the world, except when she refused to let me have cream, which she insisted was poison when used with cherries and raspberries. I was always willing to take the chance but never had the opportunity. She also believed that tomatoes were deadly poison, and kept them only for ornaments in boxes among the flowers. The fresh bread and butter and brown milk toast that grandmother made had no equal. Delicious, too, were the wild strawberries that we gathered in the meadows, the kind I told grandmother that I could starve to death, eating. While in the country, chores seemed no hardship. It was a great pleasure to carry water from the old spring beneath the oak for grandmother, and a treat to accompany Uncle David to the bottomlands after the cows. How thoroughly I enjoyed listening to the tinkling of the bells as the cows slowly wended their way homeward. The myriads of fire flies that flitted about during the sultry evenings, afforded me great amusement. Many times I caught them and tried to discover their secret system of lighting, but all in vain. And how well I remember the melancholy notes of the Whippoorwill as he called from the red brush on the hillside, the tree tops in the old orchard or from the oaks down by the spring.

While on the farm, I amused myself and helped grandfather by picking up the stones as he plowed. On one of these occasions, we found a place where the stones were so unusually plentiful that at times he was obliged to stop the oxen and pull the plow back in order to get around the larger ones; in fact it was with great difficulty that the plow was kept in the ground. Grandfather was not a man usually given to comment, but with patience sorely tried, he stopped the oxen, dragged out the plow and said, "The devil's apron strings must have broken here and let him spill his load." This was the first time I had ever heard the expression and coming as it did, from grandfather, was a great surprise to me. Later on, while picking up stones in another field, I lifted a large flat stone, accidentally uncovering a bumblebees' nest, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were attacked and stung in numerous places. Grandfather did his best to protect me by fighting them with a piece of brush, but the oxen being badly stung also, ran away, so he was obliged to go in pursuit. I ran to the house, screaming with pain, and it was some days before the swelling went down and I recovered from the stings. Grandfather could not persuade me to return to the fields again to assist in picking up stones until he promised that every last bee had been killed.

Not long after this incident grandfather, having yoked up the oxen preparatory to going to the fields to plow, left me sitting on the sled and returned to the barn to get the gad used in driving them. Just what entered the heads of Buck and Bright, during his absence, causing them to run away, will never be known. They started down the lane at full speed with me hanging on for dear life, calling to grandfather with all my might. On reaching the end of the lane, they left the road and started for the woods, dragging the sled over the logs and fallen trees, and continued running until reaching a swale, Bright fell, and thus put a stop to their flight. Grandfather, on his way after the oxen, fished me out of the brush, where I had been thrown, as they jumped a fallen pine; then we continued on and finding Bright down with Buck standing astride of him, we proceeded to extricate them from their entanglement. Needless to say, the sled was demolished.

Occasionally on returning from the fields, after the day's labor was over, grandfather would haul in a drag of dead trees for fuel, usually selecting white oaks, that had been deadened for that purpose, and often allowed me to drive until we reached the yard where he took charge to land the drag. His wood yard, an interesting one to me, usually contained six or eight huge white oak logs at a time. These, the men of the family converted into fire wood for grandmother. When the gnats and mosquitoes were unusually troublesome, I had great fun gathering the oak chips and building a smudge fire, in an old iron kettle, to drive them away.

I thoroughly enjoyed driving the oxen, with grandfather sauntering along behind. The ten minutes devoted by him to his noonday nap seemed to me an eternity, so anxious was I to return to the fields.

When autumn came, Uncle David took me with him to gather chestnuts and taught me to watch the busy red squirrels, as they cut the chestnut burs from the trees, laying in their winter supplies. Many times we remained quietly beneath the chestnut tree, gathering up the nuts as they fell, until Mr. Red Squirrel, upon finishing his work, came down to gather in his harvest only to find that we had appropriated it. Uncle David and I found on the farm a number of Indian relics that seemed to have been hidden away. They consisted of some petrified nuts or fruit that resembled a peach, somewhat flattened, and a huge tooth or tusk about a foot long, that probably belonged to some prehistoric animal. As he gave these to me I was very proud of them. In after years they were exhibited at the Chicago Fair, and in 1906 were destroyed in the San Francisco conflagration, caused by the great earthquake, of that year.

My vacation days were usually joyous ones and I was always sorry when they came to an end and I was called home from grandfather's to attend school, although my school days, generally speaking, were pleasant ones. Great was my delight when I was promoted to the little old red brick school house on the hill, overlooking Litch's mill pond, and adjacent to the woodlands where I was accustomed to play. It was nearer home and, having caught up with many of the boys much older than I, who did clog dancing and tumbling in our circus, I was highly elated. Miss Corbet, who had an affliction that interfered with her walking, unfortunately was selected for our teacher. The older boys, being a rough set, were not long in taking advantage of her infirmity and soon became ungovernable. The disorder became an epidemic that affected the entire school,

girls included, and the pupils, to a certain extent, conducted the school pretty much to suit themselves. Miss Corbet endeavored to preserve order by telling stories, which served the purpose for a time. Childlike we enjoyed the stories more than our studies and often demanded an hour or more of this amusement by clapping our hands and stamping our feet. When at the blackboard, doing number-work, the older boys often danced a clog. Miss Corbet, unable to discipline them, sat down and cried, whereupon the boys promised to behave. Occasionally when a boy obtained permission to go to the stove to warm himself, he secretly placed a cartridge on the stove, or, if the teacher's back was turned, thrust a handful inside. The resulting bombardment often startled the pupils as well as the teacher and strange to say, no one knew who did the mischief. During the teacher's absence at the noon hour, the larger boys practiced shooting with their revolvers, using the blackboard for a target, and oftentimes went under the school house and fired up through the knot holes in the floor to frighten the girls. When the skating was good, they cut a large hole in the floor in front of the stove through which the scholars could sneak out and go skating. When tired of this pastime, we returned, crawled up through the opening, warmed ourselves and attended our recitations.

The notoriety of the school having reached our parents' ears, Mrs. Craig enquired of Evans what we were doing up there and he replied, "We are holding big meetings" (meaning Revival meetings). As time went on conditions became more deplorable. One day was made memorable by the boys building a fire under the school house and roasting a skunk, which necessitated a vacation of several days. On several occasions fires of mysterious origin were kindled on a beam beneath the floor, which fortunately were discovered before they had done serious damage; the climax was reached when they dug out the bricks from the corner of the building making a hole large enough for the boys to crawl into the school-room. Things had now reached a point not to be tolerated and the trustees and Superintendent were obliged to interfere. They tried for some time to locate the prime movers in the mischief but met with little success. They could not approach the school house without being seen by the guilty parties, so whenever they visited the school, we were all on our best behavior. Finally they succeeded in coercing one of the older boys into divulging the names of the guilty ones. They, having been warned of impending danger, were on the lookout for the Professor and when he arrived at our school, they bolted out the door-way and ran through the woods with the Professor, Ed Heichold and Mr. Galbraith in hot pursuit. They ran down the path through the pines to a lonely part of the woods near a spring, where they turned upon their pursuers, giving them such a severe beating that they were glad to escape with their lives. After this affair, the older boys were taken to the Academy and severely punished.

The rest of us still being unruly, Miss Corbet was forced to resign and was succeeded by Miss Ingram, a dashing young woman with fire in her eye. She had been well chosen. The first paper wad that I fired at Evans Craig, after she took charge, was my last. She caught me by the coat collar, jerked me out of my seat and proceeded to give me a sound thrashing. She punished Evans, too, but not so severely. In a remarkably short time she had good order and perfect

obedience; but the school was doomed. It was set on fire one Saturday night and burned to the ground and was said to have been fired by one of those older boys who had been so severely punished. Thus ended my school days in the little old red brick school on the hill.

When the low-grade division of the Allegheny Railroad, which was the second railroad to penetrate what was formerly known as the Wilderness of Pennsylvania, neared completion through Brookville, Phillip Taylor conceived the idea of forming a restricted residence district in that town and opened up his farm for that purpose. Father was among the first to build in this district and his residence was considered one of the finest homes in town. It seemed to me that there was black walnut and marble everywhere. Such luxury I had never known before, and for a time I felt lost in the spaciousness of the new home after having lived in the Shanghai, as we called our house on Mill Street. As the grounds were strewn with boards, scantlings and spalls from the stone that formed the foundation or cellar walls, father kept Elmer and me busy cleaning up and hauling it away. Without the assistance of faithful old John we could never have accomplished it. By the time snow commenced to fall, we had everything in order and the yard graded and set out to trees and shrubs.

The first winter spent in our new home was rather a lonely one as we had moved away from our old acquaintances and the deep snow and cold winter prevented an intimacy with our new neighbors, who were few and far between. The railroad was new to me, so I spent the greater part of my time watching the loading of lumber and the shifting of trains. Once, when jumping aboard a freight while in motion, I fell, barely escaping having my leg cut off, which somewhat cooled my enthusiasm for railroading.

One day at school, while reading about Darius Green and His Flying Machine, I conceived the idea of trying to fly and that afternoon, upon my return home, proceeded to take my first and only lesson in aviation. I selected for my airship a large, strong, green umbrella of the old-fashioned kind with whale-bone ribs that father had bought for family use. I climbed to the roof of the house from the cupola window, and after reaching the comb of one wing, eighteen feet or so from the ground, awaited a favorable blast of wind, from the north, raised the umbrella and leaped from the roof. Instead of soaring away through the air as anticipated, the umbrella collapsed, turning inside out, and like Darius, I fell to the ground in a heap, with the wrecked umbrella on top of me. Elsie and Mittie, our maids, having witnessed the whole affair, rushed out, picked me up and carried me into the house to mother where I was thoroughly examined for broken bones. Good fortune was with me, for aside from being badly shaken up, I was uninjured and limped off to school the next morning, a much sadder but wiser boy.

A short distance back of our home was a huge white oak that stood at the edge of a narrow strip of woods between Paddock's house and ours, where the girls of the neighborhood congregated to play. The girls wanted a swing and persuaded George Paddock and me to put it up for them. In order to fasten the cable to the desired limb, the tree had to be climbed and, as on former occasions, this task fell to me. I climbed the trunk of the tree about twelve feet, and gained the first limb, which was a dead one; hung on to the limb with my hands and with a

swing of the body threw one leg over it with the intention of righting myself and climbing higher. Unfortunately, while in this position, the limb broke and I fell head foremost. Providentially for me, the tree leaned; and in my descent, I struck with my shoulders and slid down the main body of the tree; my fall having been broken in this way, probably saved me from a broken neck. Suffering from nothing more serious than nose bleed, I was not discouraged by the accident and inspired by the presence of the girls, I climbed the tree again but was careful not to put any faith in dead limbs, even of a white oak. After reaching the selected limb, about thirty feet above the ground, I fastened the cable (an old piece of inch and three-quarter Manila which father had used in rafting but had discarded), slid down and we soon had the swing in good order. Many were the pleasant afternoons we spent in that old swing. Sometimes we twisted it up until it was impossible to twist any more and when we left go the excitement ran high. How that swing did jerk, first one way and then the other, gaining momentum with every twist, whirling and unwhirling, until sometimes we became nauseated and fell out.

It was while I played about the railroad that I became acquainted with John Long, father of James E. Long, father's partner in the hardware business. He was one of our nearest neighbors, and spent a good part of his time, during his declining years, watching the operations of the railroad. Mr. Long, a pioneer, who had always been a great hunter, took much pleasure in narrating his experiences of how he had killed wolves, deer and panther, and trapped the bear and otter. I was always a willing listener and was so deeply impressed that I decided to become a great hunter, like Mr. Long, when I was grown, instead of a lumberman. I sought his company at every opportunity and in time learned how to trap the different animals. Now that I had decided to become a great hunter, lumbering being a second consideration, I talked Tom Snyder, a schoolmate of mine, whose father was a blacksmith, into making a hickory bow and steel-pointed arrows for me, after which I frequented the woods for practice, shooting at birds and squirrels, until I became somewhat of an expert, and occasionally killed a chipmunk or a red squirrel. Aunt Elizabeth Collingwood, mother's sister, from Nebraska, paid us a visit about this time and presented me with a real Indian bow and half a dozen flint-headed arrows that had done actual service, which stimulated my desire for hunting. I continued using my steel-pointed arrows, not desiring to take chances on losing the flint ones, and later became quite successful in killing partridges (ruffed grouse), rabbits and sometimes a hawk, crow or an owl. After my efforts to snare rabbits had proved a failure, I persuaded father to furnish me with traps, which I used in trapping muskrats, mink, rabbits and coons on Sandy Lick Creek, near by.

Curt Larry came to play with me on Saturdays and holidays during the winter-time, and on these occasions we filled an old pant leg or coat sleeve with potatoes, took some salt and matches and hied ourselves to our favorite camp, in the solitude of a hollow beneath some huge hemlock trees, that, for some unknown reason, had been spared by the lumbermen. Upon our arrival at camp we usually kindled a fire, by striking our steel on a flint and allowing it to light on a piece of punk taken from the maple tree, as Mr. Long had taught me to do, and after putting our potatoes into the coals to bake, we started out to hunt a partridge or rabbit, often

stopping to cut our initials and title on the smooth bark of some hoary old beech tree,—C. E. P., the hunter; D. C. L., the cook, 1875. When we met with success in our quest for game, we returned, broiled the same over the coals, as Mr. Long had taught me, adding salt as it cooked; when done, we raked our potatoes from the ashes and sat down to a feast that to us seemed fit for kings.

At first I was not successful in killing rabbits. Father had told me that the smaller tracks were made by the rabbits' front feet, but neglected to tell me that in lighting, the tracks of the hind feet overlapped those of the front, so I had very poor luck finding the rabbits. In fact instead of following them, I had been back-tracking or going in the opposite direction. It was by merest chance that I discovered my mistake. While out hunting one day, I accidentally jumped a rabbit out of a clump of brush, watched him scamper away and upon examining his tracks, discovered how I had been misled. After this, I experienced no difficulty in tracking them to their hiding places, where they were easily caught or killed.

It was quite different with the partridge, as it was only with the most careful and painstaking precaution that one was able to surprise and kill this bird. After receiving my Indian bow, I prepared myself for partridge shooting in true Indian fashion by making moccasins; practiced walking in these and studied the habits of the bird until enabled to steal upon him as stealthily as an Indian. I imitated his peculiar drumming so perfectly that old hunters of this bird were often deceived. Intruders upon my hunting grounds were looked upon with disfavor and I took great pleasure in fooling them, especially George Turner. In hunting the partridge, I stole upon him as he drummed, remained perfectly quiet when he ceased and did not move until he resumed his drumming and in this way, step by step, crept up until close enough to shoot. When fortunate enough to topple the old cock off the log, I ran up and pounced upon him as he lay fluttering on the ground. On several occasions, I was successful in catching these birds alive when they had taken refuge under the branches of small hemlocks, during a rain or after a heavy snow. There was an old veteran in the woods, near home, that had outwitted me for an entire summer. Many hunters had tried to get him, but all in vain. Isaac Stiner shook his head and said that he had given up and would never try again; so one Saturday, having nothing in particular to do, I took my bow and cautiously proceeded down an old abandoned logging road, determined to surprise and kill this wily old bird, if it took the entire day. Realizing that there was great danger of being discovered, I stopped every now and then to listen and took every precaution lest I should be discovered; I had not gone far when I heard the old familiar, muffled sound of his wings beating against his body. His favorite haunt, an old mossy log in a hemlock thicket, down in the hollow was so well chosen that it was almost impossible to steal upon him. I was careful, however, to move only when he drummed and finally, when my going forward was likely to alarm him, I lay down and crept on my hands and knees as far as I deemed advisable, and then dropped down flat on my stomach, my bow in front and with the aid of my feet, forced myself ahead, inch by inch, until within twenty feet of him. The partridge seemingly grew uneasy, stopped his drumming and twittering as he went up and down, and walked down to the end of the log as if on inspection bent. Then, seeming to have cast aside all fears of any

lurking foe, he retraced his steps and was about to resume his drumming when all of a sudden he lowered his wings, as if in doubt that all was well, and made a second tour of inspection but finding everything apparently to his satisfaction, returned and again began to make his thunder-like noise. As he raised his wings to make the first few slow strokes that preceded the more rapid ones that were to follow, I drew back my bow and with well directed aim, shot at him; the arrow struck him squarely on the back where the neck joins the body and he rolled off the log and began beating the ground with his wings. I rushed up and grabbed him, that he might not recover and get away, and was greatly elated over my success in at last outwitting the old fellow. But, the joke was on me; when Elsie served the bird for supper that night, it proved so tough that none of us could eat it. He was a veteran sure enough and as tough as rubber. He was returned to the kitchen and Hannah, after boiling him all of the next forenoon and finding him still unpalatable, was obliged to throw him out.

After I had saved enough money to buy a rifle, killing partridges was easy enough and I sometimes killed eight or ten in a day. When the birds were not too far away, I usually shot them through the head or neck, and when unable to do this, let them go, rather than destroy the body. On the approach of a storm, the birds forsook the borders of the farm and the red-brush for the deeply wooded hollows, where it was not difficult to shoot them. Sometimes I hunted by moonlight when the snow was deep and the feed scarce, seeking a favorite wild clump of cherry, where the partridges budded. When the moon came up early in the evening, I was careful to keep these trees between the moon and myself, and when the birds were silhouetted against the moon, so that I could get better sight, fired, and was usually successful. Later in life, I degenerated into the use of the shot gun and, with the help of a dog, was able to bag fifteen or twenty in a single day and soon gained for myself the reputation of being a successful hunter of these birds, of which reputation I was not proud. I was greatly elated, however, over my skill with the bow and the rifle.

The evening of July 3, 1876, was a memorable one in Brookville. Never before had there been such extensive preparations for the celebration of the Fourth. Cannon that were used during the Civil War had been brought to Brookville and at midnight, boomed and belched forth their thunderous noise, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill as they announced the hundredth year of our Independence. I had purposely avoided going home to supper that night for fear that I would not be allowed to return to witness the firing of those cannon. Never will I forget how I rolled up rags and paper wads for tamping, on this my first night out. The booming of the cannon fairly shook the earth and sometimes, when too close, I was caught unawares and thrown almost to the ground by the concussion. Towards dawn, the enthusiasm of the people began to lag and as the firing of the cannon became less frequent, I grew sleepy, went home and slipped into bed without father seeing me. I slept soundly and would have missed the parade had mother not awakened me. About twenty thousand people had gathered in Brookville for this, the Centennial celebration, and scarcely had the last of the parade passed down the main street when a tornado swept the town. It came up without any warning and the people were blown about like leaves from the trees.

Neither the sleepless night of the third nor the cyclone of the fourth sufficed to dampen my ardour for celebrating. On the fifth, Robert Brady, Fred Christ and I went down on the bottomland, back of Litch's grist mill, near the place where the cow ate my shirt, and proceeded to amuse ourselves by doing a little cannonading on our own account. Our cannon was a small one and had not been discharged many times before there was trouble. The firing iron had been applied but the cannon failed to go off and as Robert and I stooped over it to ascertain the cause, there was a terrific explosion, after which I knew nothing for some time. Upon regaining consciousness, I heard some one say, "He's dead," and thinking that they were alluding to Robert, opened my eyes and saw Fred Christ and a strange man bending over me. Robert was lying not far from me in a dazed condition. After he had sufficiently recovered, we were taken to the doctor's. Our faces were streaming with blood, but, aside from being knocked over and having our faces filled with burnt powder, we escaped further injury. The kind Providence that watches over children and fools, had certainly taken care of us. I was hurried to Dr. McKnight's office. After the blood and powder had been washed from my face, the good doctor set diligently to work, picking out the largest grains that had penetrated the skin before they became dissolved, or I should have been permanently marked. I was then taken home and mother and I worked with a sharp knife and needle for days until, at length, I began to look quite respectable again. We never succeeded in getting it all out, but the few remaining grains are hardly noticeable at the present time. Robert was less diligent and consequently his face was badly disfigured for life.

Late in the afternoon, one fall day, as I was returning home from Snyder's, where I had been watching them kill hogs, I took a short cut through Mr. Litch's fields. Mr. Litch was a wealthy gentleman, who kept blooded stock, among which was a ram of high pedigree with a widely known reputation for his butting propensities. While leisurely wending my way homeward, I stopped at a thorn bush to get some sharp, slender thorns to pin up the rent in my trousers that had been made that afternoon, while climbing an apple tree, to secure some luscious red apples. I had not noticed the ram on entering the field, and while engaged in pinning up the hole, I heard a pitapat, pitapat, approaching from the rear. Upon looking around, to my horror, I discovered him coming at full speed directly towards me. His horns had never looked so large before. I had no inclination to make the gentleman's acquaintance, so instantly sprang to my feet and started for the fence, some hundred yards away. The ram followed and I had the race of my life. I dared not look back for fear of losing time and expected every second that he would butt me. As I leaped over the fence, the ram struck it, knocked off a board, went through without stopping and was in the other field as soon as I. Seeing that he was accompanying me, I jumped back into the first field and ran along the fence with the ram following on the opposite side. I hurried past the open gate that connected the two fields, fearing that he would come through, but the ram, not noticing the opening, kept to his side. Finally, we reached the stone fence ahead, where the race ended.

Knowing of a large chestnut tree, loaded with burs, not far from home, I wandered out there one October day, while my parents were at church. I had

been watching this tree for some time with longing for some of those sweet brown nuts. Being early in the season, there had been no hard frosts to open the burs, so I decided to climb the tree and knock them off, inasmuch as the squirrels had begun to cut off the burs and store them for winter use. As it was the Sabbath, I hesitated for some time, but those huge bunches of burs proved too great a temptation. There was no one around to tell father, so I finally concluded that if I was to obtain those coveted chestnuts, I would be obliged to climb the tree, which was about thirty inches in diameter. This was a difficult undertaking. By clinging squirrel-like to the deep ridges of the bark, I managed to reach the first limb and from there on the climbing was comparatively easy. Upon reaching the higher limbs, I broke off the largest bunches of the big burs, but the choicest ones, as usual, hung just out of reach, so I was compelled to climb out onto a small branch, which broke with me. I fell for some distance, grabbing at limbs as I went; in my frantic efforts to save myself I finally hung up by the seat of my trousers on a snag of one of the lower limbs, long enough to catch hold with my hands. Had I fallen the remaining thirty or forty feet to the ground, undoubtedly I would have been instantly killed. Recovering somewhat from my fright, I crawled back on the limb, to the body of the tree and slid to the ground, congratulating myself on my narrow escape. Having gathered a hatful of fine, large chestnuts, I returned home, and upon my arrival was kept busy explaining just how I had torn my trousers. Sister Rose thought that I must have been in a mixup with The Ram. As my trousers were badly torn, I was compelled to change my clothes before dinner and it was some time later before I had the courage to tell my parents of the accident.

After the new ice had formed on Litch's mill pond most of the young people of the town congregated there to skate. Many were the enjoyable times we had after school and in the evenings. Ofttimes we built fires on the ice and skated until after midnight. We usually had our best times on Saturdays, playing, Fox and Geese and Shinny; the last being a game that all boys enjoyed. We took great delight in skating on Hickory Ice, as we called it; ice so thin that it bent beneath our weight as we passed over it. This of course was a dangerous pastime, as the ice occasionally gave way. After having played Shinny one bitter cold day, until weary of the game, Tom Snyder suggested that we skate around a dangerous hole and see who could skate nearest to it without breaking through. We had each skated around several times, getting a little closer each time, when Ed Steele skated close to me, out of turn; our combined weight caused the ice to give way and down I went into the cold icy water. Upon reaching the surface, I was horrified to find that I had been carried under the solid ice. Realizing my dangerous position, I pushed myself down again and struggled desperately to get back to the opening. At last I succeeded and as I bobbed up, among the broken ice, Tom Snyder threw me his shinny stick, and with this I clung to the solid ice until my coat sleeves froze fast which enabled me to climb out. I was almost frozen and lost no time in getting to Snyder's blacksmith shop, less than a quarter of a mile away, where I thawed out before leaving for home. Aside from a bad cold and being somewhat frostbitten, I was none the worse for the adventure.

I carried the chain for Mr. Taylor, when he surveyed his farm, and the money that I earned, together with what I had previously saved, amounted to twenty-eight dollars, the price of a rifle that I had long contemplated buying. After the cold blustering days of winter had come and our skating was spoiled, I spent much time at the gun shop of William McCullough, where my rifle was under construction. Billie, as we called him, was an excitable and eccentric character who took great delight in telling wonderful stories of his experiences of early days, which stories were all the more wonderful in that they were constructed without regard to harmony of time, fact, reason or season. Listening to these stories kept me interested until towards spring when the rifle, with its stock of beautiful curly maple, was completed. The first living object that I tried it on was a duck, peacefully swimming in Sandy Lick Creek. By keeping a large hollow pine tree, that stood on the bank of the creek, between the bird and myself, I slowly crept upon the unsuspecting bird, leveled my rifle, fired and toppled him over. I had always lived inland so consequently knew very little about ducks and was quite proud of my success. I took my game home and had Hannah scald it for me. Then I proceeded to pick it as one would a chicken. If you have never tried to pick a duck in that fashion, profit by my experience and do not try. Since then, having learned how to pick them properly, I have had many a good laugh thinking of how I labored over that first duck. While Hannah was cooking it, the fishy odor was so strong that no one was able to remain in the kitchen for any great length of time. When the bird was served it was found to have a strong flavor of fish and it was impossible to eat it. It was like trying to eat a rubber duck with a fish flavor. It belonged to the fish-eating variety, which explains itself. The next time, however, I was more fortunate for I killed two mallards with one shot, after waiting until they were swimming abreast of each other. I was well pleased with my success and had them dressed and served at home, but the folks, remembering their experience with the fish duck, declined to partake of them, and Elsie, one of our maids, and I had them all to ourselves. This time the joke was on the family.

For some time, I had contemplated building a shanty somewhere in the deep woods, where I could spend more of my time, if I were to become a great hunter. I looked about for a suitable location; one that was somewhat remote, yet near enough to be accessible on Saturdays and holidays. The woods not far from home and the heavily wooded hills to the south of Sandy Lick Creek would have been ideal had it not been that they were frequented by hunters. As the white pine forest up Five Mile Run was too far from home, the only place left was the dark hollow on the east side of the North Fork, almost opposite the one through which father and I travelled on our way to grandfather's. This secluded place, with its virgin forest of unusually large white pines, intermingled with numerous old hemlocks, with thickets of laurel (rhododendron) beneath, was almost impenetrable. Here the sun's rays never shone. Noonday was as dark and dreary as evening. A small stream, with a fork entering it from the north, flowed through this dismal hollow. It was on a prominence between these two branches that I selected my building site. As there was little game in this vicinity, save the hare that lived in the laurel thickets, I felt confident that I should not be disturbed for several years.

Greatly enthused with this ideal location, I cleared a small space of the laurel but when it came to erecting the cabin, I found that even the small hemlock logs were too heavy for me to handle, so I shared my enterprise with Tom Snyder. With his help, we soon had the cabin completed. The summer passed without any interruptions and many were the happy times we had dining on trout from the streams or squirrels and partridge from the vicinity of Sugar Camp Run.

One day, late in October, Tom and I crossed the North Fork to the dark hollow on the western side of the stream to gather chestnuts from a tree that never failed to bear an immense crop. Upon our arrival, we found the tree laden with large clusters of burs but were greatly disappointed to find that the first frosts had not been sufficiently severe to open the burs. It fell to my lot to climb the tree to whip them off. Tom gathered them up. Then we prepared to open them. On lifting a large stone, on which to crack the burs, I was greatly surprised to find the underside a mass of crystals. Boylike, Tom and I concluded they were diamonds. Elated over our discovery we lost interest in chestnuts and turned our attention to diamonds. We turned over numerous stones. On some, we found white crystals and on others, crystals of deep purple, blue or yellow. We broke off two or three handfuls of the larger ones and replaced the stones as we had found them so that no one would discover our hidden treasure. We hurried home with our gems but, strange to say, our parents were not greatly excited over our find and pronounced them merely crystals.

The first flurry of snow in early November found me up the North Fork setting my traps, snares and deadfalls. During the winter months, I made frequent trips to that locality and usually returned by way of the shanty where I stopped to skin the fox, muskrat, coon or mink that I chanced to catch. On one of these trips, I was greatly surprised to see the fresh tracks of three deer about two rods from the shanty. As no deer had been seen in that dark hollow for years, on account of its close proximity to town, I was at a loss to know whence they came and was greatly disturbed lest some hunter had chased them there from the forest on the upper waters of the North Fork or from Mill Creek and in tracking them would discover our retreat. But fortunately a fresh fall of snow obliterated the tracks and our cabin escaped detection.

After I had been in possession of my new rifle for some time, had killed a number of partridges, squirrels and rabbits, I felt equal to attempting a shot at something not much smaller than a deer or bear. When Tom Scott returned to school one Monday, the hero of the hour for having killed a wildcat up Mill Creek, I determined to try my hand at hunting wildcats in the hemlock forest on that stream, where the huge rocks, scattered about, made an ideal home for these animals. So on Saturdays, from midsummer until late in the fall, I frequented that lonesome part of the forest, situated about three miles from Brookville, without even getting a glimpse of one. But I had the good luck to kill an ivory-billed woodpecker, the first and only one I ever saw in Pennsylvania. After the snow had fallen, and the earth had been shrouded in a mantle of white for some time, while out hunting for partridge on Sandy Lick Creek, a mile or so above Bell's Mill, I came upon a wildcat's track which I followed for some distance. Greatly elated over my discovery, I decided to follow it, as I supposed, to its

haven of refuge, in some huge hemlock tree, spared by the lumbermen, that I should find standing along the banks of the stream, kill the animal, and get the bounty for the scalp. I followed the tracks for about a quarter of a mile, but was disappointed when I discovered that they led me among some large rocks where they disappeared in a cavern. For I had fancied I would see the animal sitting crouched upon a limb of an old hemlock tree, as Tom Scott had described finding the one he had shot.

As I looked into the hole, large enough to admit a bear, I was not a little reluctant of crawling in after the wildcat, until I thought if I was to become a mighty hunter, I must do as other hunters had done, and enter the cavern to kill the wild beast. Now this was all right when it came to reading about it in books, but when it was to be put into execution it was quite another story, so I gathered up all my courage, shoved my rifle into the hole ahead of me, lay down and began to crawl in, holding my breath, thinking that every second a wildcat was about to spring upon me. However, I had not far to crawl when the low narrow passageway of the hole led to a large chamber where I could stand erect, some six or eight feet in width. Here I looked about expecting to see its eyes glistening like two balls of fire, but in this was disappointed, for on reaching the farther end of the chamber, I found a low passage, not exceeding eighteen inches in height, and about two and one half feet in width, which led to where I did not know, but I was determined to find out, so crawled some little distance into this narrow passage through which there was a strong current of air blowing towards me. Presently I came to where there was a precipitous drop of an unknown depth, so I lighted a match and threw it into the abyss where it was extinguished by the strong current of air. As I could see nothing of the animal, I decided to back out, as it was impossible to turn in those narrow quarters, get some pitch-pine, make a torch, re-enter the cavern, explore its depth and locate the wildcat.

On returning and reaching the point where the precipitous drop had caused me to hesitate to go down, not knowing how far it was to the bottom, I lighted my torch as I lay on my stomach, and with my rifle cocked and ready to shoot the cat, with my other hand threw the flaming torch over into the cavern below. Presently the smoke began to be carried back into my face and for the time it was doubtful as to who would be smoked out first, the wildcat or me. I now found myself the victim of my own folly, as the smoke began to blow into my face in such volume as to begin to choke me and when I decided to beat a retreat, by backing out of my perilous position, in my haste to escape from being suffocated, I loosened a stone, directly beneath my stomach, which raised me up against the roof of the low passageway, held me fast and prevented my escape. This rock, on my first entering the cavern, had not caused me any trouble and no doubt was loosened by my attempt at a hasty retreat. When I moved forward it would roll into its former bed, but when I attempted to crawl backwards to escape, it would roll up out of its bed and pin me fast. While in this predicament and while trying to free myself from this obstacle and prevent suffocation, the wildcat, no doubt similarly affected, sprang out at me from some unknown recess, as if about to tear me to pieces. I struck at it the best I could with the gun, but was unable to harm it. Instantly a struggle ensued in which for a time I thought the cat would get

the better of me, when suddenly it slipped past me and escaped. No doubt its finding the passage closed was the cause of its attack, until it found an avenue of escape alongside of me. By this time the torch was burned out and I was left in total darkness. Still pinned fast I worked desperately to free myself by scratching away the ground about the loose rock, which fortunately caused it to roll back into its former place. Thus released, I reached the main chamber badly choked from the smoke, and supposed I was severely scratched by the wildcat, but strange as it may seem, I had received but few injuries. When I emerged from the cavern I found the cat's tracks led up the hill and across the country. I was determined to kill my antagonist and followed after it. Once I routed it from a clump of redbrush (young oak brush whose leaves turn red in the fall of the year and remain on the bushes all winter) and before I could get a chance to fire, the cat, after making several desperate leaps, disappeared amongst the dense brush. During the afternoon I again surprised and routed the animal, which in some mysterious manner eluded me and escaped. I followed until reaching the dense hemlock forest on Mill Creek, where dusk prevented my pursuing farther. Although I had not killed the animal, my encounter with the cat and the scratches that I received made me a greater hero than Tom Scott, in the eyes of my companions.

For some time I had coaxed father to allow me to visit Uncle James, who then lived in Clarington, Forest Co. Finally, in the early part of June, after much persuasion, he gave his consent and I, overwhelmed with joy at the prospect, was not long in making the necessary preparations and getting away on the stage. Upon my arrival in Clarington, I found Uncle James preparing for a day's fishing on Millstone Creek. As trout fishing was not altogether new to me, Uncle James invited me to accompany him, and boylike I was delighted with the prospect. Up early and well on our way by daylight, we passed through several miles of the finest hemlock, black cherry, poplar and beech timber I had ever seen. Young as I was, this splendid timber impressed me deeply. When Uncle James informed me that it could be purchased for six dollars per acre, I decided upon my return to Brookville to ask father to buy some of it for me.

Uncle James gave me some instructions relative to trout fishing and left me at what he called the first crossing on Millstone Creek. He told me to fish down the stream until he overtook me. Then he proceeded up an old, abandoned road that led to the upper crossing where he commenced to fish. Having fished for sun fish and black bass in Sandy Lick and Red Bank Creeks, and for brook trout in the streams adjacent to grandfather's farm, I had some knowledge of angling. I cut a pole from a ninebark tree on the bank of the stream, fastened an ordinary line and hook to the pole, baited the hook with angleworms and started out. Following instructions from Uncle James, I was not long in acquiring the art of catching the speckled beauties. As the stream flowed through a dense forest of magnificent hemlock timber, with thickets of laurel on either side, I walked down the middle of the stream and allowed my line to float down ahead of me. Left alone, I thoroughly enjoyed the solitude of the forest, and thought that at some future time I would return to Forest County, erect a cabin and earn my livelihood by hunting and fishing. The day was an ideal one for angling and towards eve-

ning, greatly to Uncle James' surprise when he overtook me, I had almost as many fish as he. He was almost as well pleased as I with the result of my day's catch.

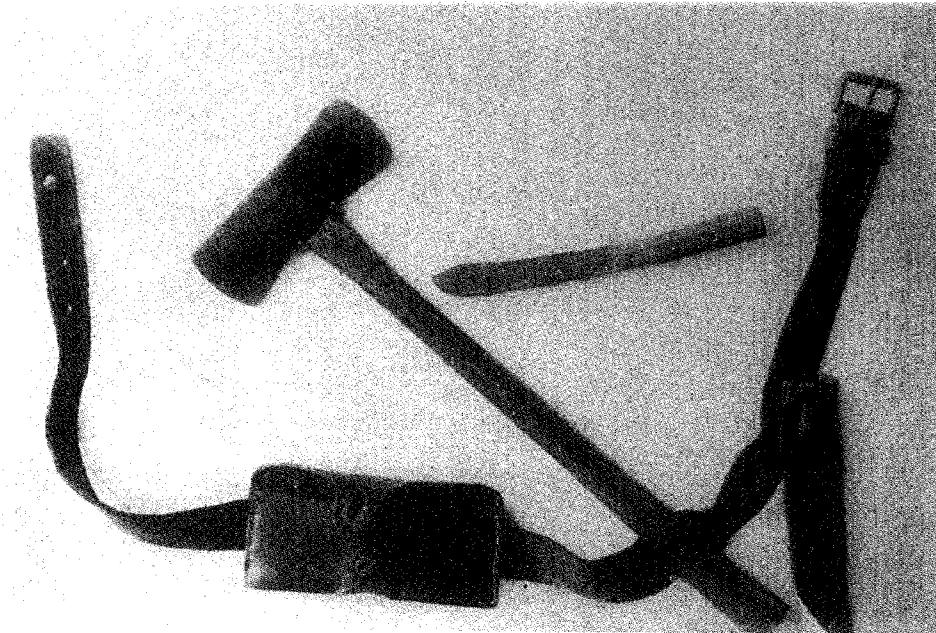
During my visit with Uncle James, we went out on the river several nights to spear fish. With the aid of pitch pine torch lights we were enabled to see and spear the fish as they quietly rested in the water. With a quick thrust we sometimes speared a pike but more often a sucker or black bass. We were usually successful but sometimes met with failure. After one of these unsuccessful nights at spearing, Uncle James, being in need of fish for the house, asked me to go to Mr. Champion's, who had a fish trap, six miles up the river, buy some fish and return on the stage. I had only an hour and ten minutes to make the journey, but by alternately walking and trotting, I arrived at my destination, bought the fish and was ready to return when the stage arrived. The fish were served on the table that evening and my uncle took great pride in telling, in my presence, of the feat I had performed. Strange to say, this praise did not in the least embarrass me. Thus far I had enjoyed my visit immensely. My time for returning home was now at hand, but as Uncle James had planned to take me with him to Spring Creek, where the trout were more plentiful than in Millstone, and had promised that we would watch a deer lick and perhaps kill a deer, I decided to prolong my stay and was looking forward with great pleasure to the coming trip. On Sunday morning, while sitting at the window, my conscience ill at ease for having failed to notify father of my intentions, I heard the quick steps of a horse trotting across the bridge that spanned the Clarion River at that point. The steps had a strangely familiar sound; I knew it was not old John but thought that it might be Lucie, father's fastest horse, and was not at all surprised when father drove up and stopped in front of the house. I explained to him why I had not returned home and he seemed satisfied. However, after dinner, he told me to get my belongings together and be ready to return home with him that evening. My visit had been a pleasant one but I was sorely disappointed in not being allowed to remain for the trip to Spring Creek. Upon my way home, that evening, I spoke to father about this wonderful timber that I had seen on Millstone but he seemed neither enthused nor interested. As my great-grandfather, my grandfather and father had all been successful lumbermen, father's attitude seemed strange to me. But, later, when I learned that father, anticipating the end of the white pine industry in Pennsylvania, had an eye for purchasing of white pine in Michigan, I readily understood his apparent lack of interest. The sawmills and the floating of square timber down the streams to market were fast denuding the hills and mountains of their splendid forests of white pine. Already, some of our lumbermen, Richard Arthurs, Robert Darrah, Paul Darling, Thomas K. Litch and others of Brookville, had obtained large holdings in the Middle West.

My acquaintance with Mr. Long, and a natural love for the forest, kindled in me a deep desire to become a great hunter and live in the woods; I spent part of my leisure time reading books on hunting and pioneer life. Reading of the countless buffalo roaming over the prairies, and of the deer, elk and antelope that were daily slaughtered for their hides, I became so full of enthusiasm that I was restless, and hardly able to control myself until the time should arrive when I would be

old enough to leave home and start out in the great world. The one book in our library that I enjoyed most was called "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Adventures." How well I remember the picture of the hunter, his rifle in one hand and his hunting knife in the other, drawn to protect his hunting dogs from the attack of a wounded bear. When I had my rifle made, I also ordered a bullet pouch and powder horn, closely resembling the ones in the picture. I had Mr. McCullough also make a small double-bitted axe and a hunting knife, with sheaths and belt to carry them.

About this time a circus, with its many attractions, came to town. Among these was Captain Bogardus, who did expert and fancy rifle shooting, breaking glass balls thrown up in the air. After witnessing this feat, I proceeded to imitate him. As glass balls were too expensive for me, I had to be satisfied with wooden blocks. George Paddock threw the blocks up in the air for me and I practiced shooting at them until I became proficient enough to hit four out of five. I also practiced at running shots until I was able to kill squirrels, rabbits or ground hogs on the run. By the time I had accomplished this, I felt quite capable of earning my own living. As father often repeated how he had earned his own living since he was a lad of sixteen, I took it for granted that he expected us to do the same. I had now passed my fourteenth birthday and thought myself quite old enough to start out and become a great hunter; so I talked the matter over with Tom Snyder, who thought himself badly abused by the amount of work his father imposed upon him. Tom was rather pleased with the idea and we immediately commenced to formulate plans for leaving home, unbeknown to our parents. Which way to go, we knew not. From all we could read and learn from books, Minnesota seemed to be a paradise for hunters, but the game there was fast disappearing owing to the settling up of the country. Wyoming Territory, the books said, still teemed with buffalo, deer, elk and antelope and so we decided to go there and become great hunters and trappers like Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Davey Crockett, and others.

For a short time we were very happy, but there was one very important item that we had overlooked, that of finances. Unfortunately, our combined wealth was only thirty-seven dollars, which was not adequate to reach that remote country, the land of our boyhood dreams. Giving up this trip until some future time when we were in a better financial condition, we decided to go to Forest County, on the Millstone, where Uncle James and I had fished, and hunt and fish. The deer and bear being plentiful in those regions we hoped in the course of a year or two to make enough money to take us to the distant hunting grounds of the Far West. I had been accustomed to seeing sled loads of deer brought to Brookville, year after year, so was perfectly justified in thinking that we could make a fortune hunting in Forest County. Our plans now being fully matured, the day finally arrived on which we were to take French leave of our parents. But our plans were frustrated. Mother, having observed my mysterious movements, spoke to father about it, and after he had finished his noonday meal he started out on a tour of investigation. I kept watch and when I saw that he had discovered my cache in the neighbor's barn, I knew that our secret was out. What to do, I knew not. Without awaiting further developments, I ran to the woods and concealed myself in a thicket where it would have taken a regiment of soldiers



FAITHFUL FRIENDS OF MY HUNTING DAYS  
STILL IN MY POSSESSION



to have found me. I remained in hiding until evening. As darkness came on, I made my way to our log shanty in the dark hollow where I spent a miserable night lamenting over my seeming misfortune. The next morning, ashamed to meet my parents and at a loss as to what to do, I hung around the shanty hopeful that Tom Snyder would appear to help plan our future and make plans for our immediate departure for Michigan. But Tom failed to appear, so in the afternoon I ventured into town to look for him. After a short time, I met his brother, John, who informed me that Tom had been sent to work on his grandfather's farm in Clarion County. Upon my return home that evening without being detected, I discovered that father had confiscated our outfit and had taken our money that had been hidden in an unused part of the stable. Baffled at every turn, I spent the second night at our shanty. Greatly humiliated at the failure of my plans, I went over and over the situation while hunger gnawed at my vitals. At length, I resolved to return home, borrow money from mother and take the first train west that would go near the lumber woods of Michigan, where I could work in the lumber woods and earn enough for my trip to the famous hunting grounds of the Far West. With this in mind, I fell asleep. It was late the next morning when I awoke.

I remained at the shanty until I was sure that father had gone to the store, then started for home. When I broached the subject to mother, she cried and endeavored to show me the folly of leaving home so young and implored me to wait until I was eighteen, when father would probably give his consent. Mother's appeal caused me to somewhat relent. I brooded over the failure of our contemplated trip and kept out of father's way until one day I accidentally met him. Strange to say, he never mentioned the incident and invited me to accompany him to Pittsburgh where the State Fair was being held. There was something magical in that invitation for all thoughts of running away from home vanished. I was delighted with the idea as I would now have the opportunity to see the great Smoky City of which I had heard ever since I could remember. As we walked down Penn Avenue, after our arrival, I was greatly disappointed to see buildings only four or five stories in height where I had expected to see them at least eight or ten. The thing that impressed me most was the innumerable telegraph wires that formed a network over the streets. As I gazed at these I wondered how a boy could ever fly a kite there. Aside from the music by the great bands, the Mechanic's Fair made but little impression on me. My visit to the Smoky City proved a great disappointment. During our stay the sun never shone and the sky, grey and cloudy, had the appearance of rain. As we reached the outskirts on our way home, where the sun shone brightly, I learned that the dark atmospheric condition in the city had been caused by the smoke from the numerous manufacturing plants. When we arrived home, to my great delight father arranged for me to accompany Fulton Frampton and his brother Samuel on a deer hunt to Forest County. The anticipation of this caused my recent trip to Pittsburgh to sink into insignificance. About this time three runaway boys returned home, sadder but wiser, and it was reported that Sam Fuller, a young man whom I knew, also a runaway, had been captured by the Sioux Indians and was living with them in Montana. This last report discouraged me from further attempts at running away. In the meantime, father bought me a four-ounce

solid silver hunting case watch, which completed my happiness. The watch is still in my possession.

Grandfather Pearsall's corn fields usually suffered a great deal from ravages made on them by coons. As it was now the September moon, and the corn ripening, I persuaded John Snyder, who was older than I, to join me, coon hunting. Grandfather having no dog, we walked over to Uncle John Henry's and borrowed his famous hunting dog, Bogus. After getting the dog we returned to the corn fields and spent several nights waiting for the coons, but none making their appearance, we grew discouraged and were about to give up, when on the last night, Bogus let out a terrific yelp and was off. We followed as far as the fence, expecting the coon to run down the fence until he reached safety in the adjacent woods. We were not disappointed in our conjectures, as the supposed coon came down the old rail fence, but he passed us so quickly, with the dog in close pursuit, that we had no time to shoot. Presently Bogus stopped barking and a moment later began to bay. We knew then, for a certainty, that he had the animal treed in an old wild cherry that stood by the fence, near the edge of the woods. Fearing that the coon might jump down and escape, we hurried to the dog's assistance. As we were reluctant to spend another night in the chilly night air, John suggested that I climb the tree, shake the coon out and let Bog kill him. Immediately following the suggestion, I commenced to climb. When about half way up, John called out, "Look out, the coon's coming." I looked up just in time to receive a good scratching as the animal lighted in my face, spitting and hissing as he sprang to the old rail fence, beyond. Bog and John followed along the fence until they reached the woods where the animal made good his escape by taking refuge in a large white oak tree. Thinking that it would be folly to attempt to dislodge the animal in the darkness, we decided to build a fire beneath the tree and await morning. Knowing that Bog would be on the alert, John and I lay down and slept. At daybreak we were up looking for the coon. For a while we thought that he must surely have escaped during the night by jumping to the branches of some other tree. Presently, I discovered what looked like a bunch of leaves, but which I thought might be the coon; I told John to be ready to shoot if it attempted to run down the tree. Then I fired at the mysterious bunch overhead; something fell to the ground; the dog instantly grabbed it and gave it a lively shaking. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that I had not killed a coon but a wildcat. We continued our coon hunting night after night until we had rid grandfather's corn field of coons and had eight hides stretched on the barn to dry. If there were any more coons in that locality, they were probably frightened away. At any rate grandfather's corn was not molested any more than fall.

During the last of our hunting at grandfather's, I surprised a grey fox, quietly sleeping at the roots of an old pine stump. In raising the hammer of my gun, the click aroused him from his slumber and he instantly jumped up and ran away. To my utter astonishment, an old red fox that had been unobserved by me, sprang from the top of the same stump and followed after his grey companion. As they ran towards John, I called to him to be on the alert; but they passed so close to him, one on either side, that he was so excited and confused that he failed to shoot. Consequently, in the excitement, both escaped. Old Bog took up the chase and