

The Centre Democrat.

CHAS. KURTZ, Proprietor.

BELLEVILLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1901.

VOL. 23, NO. 12.

OUR HISTORICAL REVIEW

Some Short Sketches of a Noted Indian.

LOGAN, FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEF

After Whom Many Points of Interest in this Section are Named—Incidents Reported—Logan Mourned the Loss of his Kindred.

CHAPTER XI.

(This chapter we devote to that remarkable Indian chief, Logan, of whom we gave a partial account in the Democrat of February 14th, and with it makes up the entire history of Logan so far as we find recorded.)

LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

The name Logan is inseparably connected with the early history of Centre and adjoining counties, and has been perpetuated by applying it to a spring in Mifflin county, to a township and a village in Clinton county, to a gap in Nittany mountain, through which he once had a path, and to a stream, a branch of Spring Creek, in Centre county.

Logan was a son of the celebrated chief, Shikellamy, who dwelt for many years at Shamokin, (now Sunbury) and was there converted to the Christian religion by the Moravian missionaries. He had his son also baptized, giving him the name by which he was ever afterwards known, in honor of James Logan, at that time secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania. After reaching manhood, Logan made his abode for a while in Kishacoquillas valley, in what is now Mifflin county. The place he selected for his wigwam is a few miles above Lewistown, at what is still known as "Logan's Spring." The following account of the great chief was given in 1842, by William Brown, Esq., one of the first actual settlers of the Kishacoquillas valley, to Hon. R. P. McClay, then member of the state senate:

"The first time I saw that spring," said the old gentleman, "my brother, James Reed and myself had wandered out of the valley in search of land, and finding it very good, we were looking about for springs. About a mile from this we started a bear, and separated to get a shot at him. I was traveling along, looking about on the rising ground for the bear, when I suddenly came upon the spring; and being dry, and more rejoiced to see so fine a spring than to have killed a dozen bears, I set my rifle against a bush, and rushed down the bank and laid down to drink. Upon putting my head down, I saw reflected in the water on the opposite side, the shadow of a tall Indian. I sprang to my rifle, when the Indian gave a yell, whether for peace or war I was not just then sufficiently master of my faculties to determine; but upon seizing my rifle and facing him, he knocked up the pan of his gun, threw out the priming and extended his open palm toward me in token of friendship. After putting down our guns, we again met at the spring and shook hands. This was Logan, the best specimen of humanity I ever met with, either white or red. He could speak a little English, and told me there was another white hunter a little way down the stream, and offered to guide me to his camp. There I first met your father. We remained together in the valley a week, looking for springs and selecting lands, and laid the foundation of a friendship which never has had the slightest interruption.

"We visited Logan at his camp at Logan's Spring, and he and your father shot at mark at a dollar a shot. Logan lost four or five rounds and acknowledged himself beaten. When we were about to leave him he went into his hut and brought out as many deerskins as he had lost dollars, and handed them to Mr. McClay, who refused to receive them, alleging that we had been his guests, and did not come to rob him; that the shooting had only been a trial of skill, and the bet merely nominal. Logan drew himself up with great dignity and said: 'Me bet to make you shoot your best; me gentleman, and me take your dollar if me beat.' So he was obliged to take the skins or affront our friend, whose nice sense of honor would not permit him to receive even a horn of powder in return.

"The next year," said the old gentleman, "I brought my wife and camped under a big walnut tree on the bank of Tea creek, until I had built a cabin where the mill now stands. Poor Logan (and the big tears coursed each other down his cheeks) soon after went into the Allegheny, and I never saw him again."

The above was confirmed by a daughter of Mr. Brown, and the following added:

"Logan supported his family by killing deer, dressing the skins, and selling them to the whites. He had sold quite a

parcel to a tailor, who dealt extensively in buckskin breeches, receiving his pay in wheat. When this was taken to the mill it was found so worthless that the miller refused to grind it. Logan attempted in vain to obtain redress from the tailor. Failing in this he took the matter before his friend Brown, then a magistrate, who heard the case and awarded a decision in favor of the chief. A writ was given to Logan to hand to the constable, with the assurance that that would bring the money for the skins. But the untutored Indian could not comprehend by what magic the little paper would force the tailor, against his will, to pay the debt. The magistrate took down his own commission, with the arms of the king upon it, and explained to him the principles and operations of civil law. Logan listened attentively and exclaimed, 'Law good! Make rogues pay.'

The following incidents in the life of Logan are gathered from various sources: "When another and a younger daughter of Judge Brown (afterward Gen. Potter's wife) was just beginning to walk, her mother happened to express her regret that she could not get a pair of shoes to give more firmness to her little step. Logan stood by and said nothing. He soon after asked Mrs. Brown to let the little girl go up and spend the day at his cabin. The heart of the mother was alarmed at the proposition; but she knew the delicacy of an Indian's feelings—and she knew Logan, too—and with secret reluctance, but apparent cheerfulness, she complied with his request. The hours of the day were very slowly away; it was nearly night, and her little one had not returned. But just as the sun was going down the trusty chief was seen coming down the path with his charge; and in a moment more the little one trotted into her mother's arms, proudly exhibiting a beautiful pair of moccasins on her little feet—the product of Logan's skill.

"Logan left Kishacoquillas valley in 1771, because of the number of whites who had settled in it, and the consequent scarcity of game. He no longer could obtain subsistence for himself and family with his rifle, and determined to remove to a country where white settlers were few and game plenty. He located on the Ohio river, at the mouth of Yellow creek, about thirty miles above Wheeling, and was there joined by his relatives and some Cayugas from Fort Augusta, who recognized him as their chief, and over whom, and other Indians in the vicinity, he obtained a remarkable influence. A village was built by his followers, and here Heckewelder, the Indian missionary, met and conversed with him in 1772. The massacre of his family—an event which probably caused more discussion and comment than any other in the history of the Ohio Indians—occurred at the commencement of what is known as the Shawnee war in 1773. While Logan was absent with most of the men of his tribe, hunting, a party of armed scouts, without provocation, attacked the Indians in the village, murdered twelve of them, men, women and children, and wounded six or eight more. Logan returned to find the mangled bodies of the slain and wounded, and his cabins in smoking ruins. The heart of the man was broken, and if it called for revenge, can the call be wondered at? He buried his dead, cared for the wounded, and then, gathering around him his tribe, joined the Shawnees in the war they were commencing on the whites. His revenge was terrible. How many victims were sacrificed to it no earthly record shows."

The vigor with which the war was prosecuted by the whites, under Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, brought the Indians to terms, and they made overtures of peace. To secure this, Lord Dunmore appointed a council, on the Sciota, in 1774, and invited all the hostile chiefs to be present, Logan among the number. He refused to attend the council, but sent by the messenger the following speech, preserved in Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia":

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat? If ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not? During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man!' I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man, the last spring, who, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear."

Continued on page 4, column 3.

BIG ROW AMONG STUDENTS

Freshman Class Banquet at Milton on the Cause

SEVERAL LIVELY ESCAPADES

Freshmen Kidnapped and Locked in stables by the Sophomores—A Few got there—One Seriously Injured—Others Bruised and Scarred.

Monday and Tuesday were eventful for some of the State College boys, under plans afore concocted. The freshmen had planned a banquet to be had at Milton, Tuesday evening. The cruel sophomores would be dined that "eating" should not come off even to a chaw. The freshmen had all planned secretly, as they supposed, to have the lay-out at Milton in good shape, with lots of trimmings on the table. By a leak the sophs discovered what was a'cooking and resolved there should be no freshman gorge himself at the Miltonian feast, lest the youngsters come back with disordered stomachs bordering on indigestion, and the college be reported as having the smallpox.

Monday the sophomores were busy capturing innocent freshmen and they did bag 'em—at Peru, Lemont, Oak Hall, Linden Hall and Centre Hall. At each of the stations there was a lively chase and rough and tumble tussle, in which the sophs came off victorious by preventing the freshmen from getting aboard the train. At Centre Hall only four freshmen were successful, these got on the engine, by permission of the engineer and firemen, who stood for their protection. These latter, with perhaps a few other squads, hidden at stations farther below, succeeded in getting to Milton where there was a princely table set for upwards of an hundred and at the disposal of perhaps two score who made a successful skedaddle. Whether the lame, the blind, the halt, and other poor of Milton were invited to the "marriage feast" for want of other expected guests, the Democrat did not learn, nor did the caterer care a darn as he likely made safe that somebody pay the bill for the feast the freshmen did not enjoy on account of the intervention of the cruel sophs. Having witnessed this we testify the freshmen made a heroic fight for their grub. "Leading" the cruel sophs over fences, thro' mud and puddles, and in rolling over terra firma, sometimes on top. The line of battle extended from State College to Bellefonte, thence east to Centre Hall.

At the College, from another report, it was serious, and the class fight was attended by violence: William Dorworth, son of Dr. Dorworth, of this place, a freshman at State College, lies in a critical condition. Dorworth was thrown so severely as to sustain concussion of the brain. In addition to Dorworth's injuries many students came out of the fray with badly bruised heads and torn clothing. In the meantime the struggle between the seniors and juniors was no less hot, the former following the latter in their endeavor to head them off. About 20 or more of the juniors, however, succeeded in eluding the vigilant seniors and ate their banquet at Milton. Two freshmen got away by expressing themselves in large boxes to Milton. Several freshmen got away by attiring themselves in women's clothing and were not detected at the station by the sophs.

Perfidy Rewarded.

Representative John K. Thompson has been appointed by Speaker Marshall a member of the Pennsylvania Commission to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The commission at a meeting in Harrisburg effected an organization and decided to erect a State building at a cost of \$15,000 on the Exposition's ground. Allison, in this legislature, must take a back seat.

Peculiar Origin of a Slight Fire.

At Loganton last Thursday a little son of John Geiswite threw a glass marble, with which he had been playing, on the sofa. The rays of the sun fell upon it and heated it to such a pitch that the sofa caught fire. The flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

Tyrone's Troubles.

Suit has been instituted by the borough of Tyrone against the Tyrone Gas and Water Co., to compel the sale of the gas and water works to the municipality. The plant is estimated to be worth \$250,000.

State College Won.

A very lively game was played in the Lock Haven Normal gymnasium Saturday evening between State College and the Normal teams. The score resulted 11 to 4 in favor of the former.

PROSPECT FOR SHAD.

It is expected that what still remains of the old dam across the Susquehanna river at Columbia will be carried away in the course of a few weeks, when the ice passes off. The break made last spring has never been repaired and the dam has been greatly weakened by persons who have robbed the structure for the old iron. The up-river shad fishermen will shed no tears if the old dam is carried completely away. If the dam goes down it will permit the shad to ascend the upper Susquehanna and Juniata rivers. The owners of big fish seines are already overhauling them in view of the fine catches promised when the shad fishing season opens.

Factory Starts Again.

The Millheim knitting factory is about to start up again, the third time since it was erected several years ago. The new manager is from Danville, one who has had experience in that line of industry, and is at present interested in one or two factories of the same kind. The Millheim factory, as we are informed, is to be conducted as a branch of the factories referred to, with promise of success, which we anxiously wish the enterprising citizens of Millheim, who always evince a proper spirit in behalf of any thing that is calculated to help the town.

Facts About Easter.

Easter will fall on Sunday, April 7. Easter may come as early as March 22 and as late as April 25. It depends as every one knows, on the phase of the moon. Easter Sunday is always the Sunday that follows full moon immediately following the spring equinox, March 21. If the moon falls on Sunday, Easter, is the next Sunday following. The latest date upon which the day may fall is April 25. In 1761 and 1818 Easter fell on March 22, but that will not occur again in this or the next century. In 1886 it fell on April 25, and will do so again in 1913.

The Fawn Died.

The fawn, which was captured in Loganton last Thursday and which was cared for by W. G. Berry, died Monday. The animal died from a gun shot wound in the leg and had been chased from the mountain by dogs. As the deer was shot out of season, the case merits investigation, says the Lock Haven Democrat. If this were a Centre county case, Rightnow would look it up.

MRS. DUBBS AND THE CLUBS.

Mrs. Araminta Dubbs, President of fifteen clubs, Member of as many more, Sociate in half a score. Wrote, And read, And sang, And said, In her clubs from dawn till bed. She was ever on the go— "Mustn't miss my club, you know," "Daybreak, Health and Breakfast clubs, Honored Araminta Dubbs, Morning Club from nine to ten, Browning Club—then on again— Luncheon Club, and Sisterhood, Euchre Club, and Better Food, Ibsen Club, and Amateurs, Had for her their clubby tures. Smile And chat Of this And that— "Faith," or "How to Trim a Hat," "Latest Searches for the Pole," "What We Know About the Soul," "Woman's Sphere" and "Help the Men," "How to Treat a Sifting Hen," "Isen's Mystic Inner Thought," "Whirlwind of the Why and What," "Immortality of Plays," "Is the Walking Skirt a Craze?" "Wireless Messages to Mars," "Chats With Famous Female Stars"— To And fro, Add on The go—

Mrs. Dubbs was never slow— Talked and wrote and played and drew, Took a course in cooking, too; Sorrow came, though, after while, In a very sudden style. Mr. Dubbs became quite ill; But, with martyr's iron will, Mrs. Araminta Dubbs Kept her ceaseless round of clubs, Filled one afternoon when she Was, as sweetly as could be, Speaking, with much grace and life, On "The Duties of a Wife" To the Maids and Matrons' Guild, All her eloquence was gul'd. By A card, Which her Speech marred— Dubbs' soul had been unbarred, Mrs. Dubbs repressed a sigh, Said: "Twas mean of him to die, Just as I'm about to reach Finest part of all my speech!" But, of course, she had to quit, And that was the end of it; For, when she had buried Dubbs, Sad to tell, all of the clubs Had another on her throne, And she found herself alone.

Who stubs Her toe On clubs, Should heed the fate of Mrs. Dubbs. From the Baltimore American.

We can see no reason why one's uncle should not be received in an ante-room.

VARIETY OF COUNTY NEWS

Items of Interest Gathered From All Sections

SHORT AND TO THE POINT

What Transpired Worthy of Brief Mention, the Past Week—News From Over the County—For Hasty Readers—A New Department.

J. C. Bible has been appointed postmaster at Centre Hill this county.

Ex-sheriff B. P. Shaffer is reported to be critically ill at his home in Nittany Hall.

Mrs. Dr. Kidder, of Boalsburg, who is seriously ill with pneumonia is rapidly improving.

E. I. Confer, of Spring Mills, came before the U. Ev. conference for license to preach.

Clarence Hackenberg, son of Robert Hackenberg, of Penn township, is ill with lung fever.

Ray Allison, of Howard, left for Spring Mills where he has secured a position as bookkeeper for C. P. Long the merchant.

Quite a number of school teachers have quit the profession and gone to other occupations, where there is better pay.

The sales of Jonathan Musser, deceased, and Jonathan Krape were well attended. The proceeds of the latter were \$1,900.

O. W. Brickley, of Howard, departed for Lock Haven where he has secured a position on the Beech Creek R. R. as stone mason.

George Markle, of Bellefonte, has been granted a pension of \$8 per month and Z. T. Overdorff, of Brush Valley, one of \$10 per month.

Isaac Tressler's sale, near Linden Hall on Monday, was a big one. The sum realized was \$2400; the horses and cattle brought \$1100.

The Christian Endeavors of Centre county will hold their annual convention in State College Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 4th and 5th.

Landlord Decker, of Pine Grove Mills, has purchased the Judge McWilliams farm, near Pennsylvania Furnace. Frank Thomas will be the farmer.

John H. B. Hartman, of Millheim, lost a valuable horse on Sunday. The animal was well the day previous, but was found dead in its stall next morning.

Prof. Wm. T. Meyer, recently visiting at his old home at Aaronsburg, writes us that the report abroad that he contemplated locating there again, is not correct.

David and Herbert Stover, of Madisonburg, accompanied Joe Gramley, son of J. J. Gramley, to Freeport, Ill., the other day, where these young men will locate.

Landlord Musser, of Millheim, is still confined to his bed from the effects of the burns received on hands and arm, from the lamp explosion in his dining room recently.

On Monday, Mrs. James Hass, of Boalsburg, was taken to the Danville asylum. Owing to the impaired health during the past year, her mental faculties became unsettled.

Frank Hess went to Philadelphia Monday 11th, to bring home his sister, Mrs. Ida Rothrock, who recently had a successful operation for appendicitis at the Methodist hospital.

A fawn was captured on Anthony street, Loganton, Clinton county, Tuesday morning. It is supposed that the young deer was chased from the mountains into town by dogs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yearick, of Jacksonville, went to Niagara Falls where he expects to secure employment. They were accompanied by Mrs. Yearick's sister, Miss Fannie Johnson.

Amos Overdorff and family who left Nittany, Pa., two years ago, moved to Clintonville, Clinton county, this week. That is coming back pretty close to Centre county where they resided for many years.

Mrs. Nancy J. Bodle, of Fillmore, has been granted a widow's pension of \$8.00 per month; Samuel P. Bathurst, of Roland, a pension of \$6.00 and John Coble, Jr., of Linden Hall, \$12.00 per month.

George Kister, of Aaronsburg, purchased a fine lot of fat cattle at Jonathan Krape's sale last week. It is his intention to open a meat market in Aaronsburg this spring. Al. Bower will have charge of it.

Last Saturday evening, Ephraim Prantz, of Port Matilda, and Miss Lillian May Williams, of Martha, were united in marriage by Rev. Horace Lincoln Jacobs, at Altoona. They expect to go to house-keeping this week in Tyrone.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

While lawyers may not all be nice— Their talk, we may abhor it— At least, they never give advice— They always charge us for it.

CURE FOR COLD FEET If you're troubled with cold feet at night You should get a cure for it, of course; The doctor may fix you all right, Or perhaps you may need a divorce.

LIVE FOR TO-DAY. Don't tell me of to-morrow? Give me the man who'll say, "When'er a good deed's to be done, 'Let's do the deed to-day.' We may all command the present If we act and never wait; But repentance is the phantom Of the past that comes too late. Don't tell me of to-morrow: There is much to do to-day That can never be accomplished If we throw the hours away. Every moment has its duty Who future can foretell? Then why put off till to-morrow, What to-day you can do as well?

—Exchange

A mark of esteem—\$. Cold and distant—the Eskimos. A wedding ring—the nuptial chimera. A ripper bill—the dressmaker's, perhaps.

Good things to have off your hands—wants. Delightful Monday, for birds and boys and bugs.

The driven snow, as a rule, is driven without rains.

Four-fifths of the spring sales mean so many flittings.

People who live in glass houses should avoid Mrs. Nation.

Even the honeymoon is sometimes obscured by a cloud.

After all, genius may be only another name for hard work.

The ground is not yet clear of frost; the freeze went deep.

The only exercise some fellows take is in rushing the growler.

When people go to ask the King a favor they usually back out.

The song writer likes to have other people voice his sentiment.

Is the switch a boy's mother's branch of the family tree?

If everybody paid promptly, the collector would be out of a job.

The snow being off, the fields have a good appearance, considering.

It's enough to make a proud woman sick not to be able to dress well.

Tell a dignified individual to pull down his vest and you raise his choler.

Emigration west by young men of this county has been brisk this spring.

Revenge must be sweet, for people who want revenge usually are sour.

We often have blue Mondays, but Robinson Crusoe had a black Friday.

If there's nothing in a name, why does a man try to make a name for himself?

When society people go to the theatre they do not move in the upper circles.

"I'm so headstrong," thought the onion "that people sometimes weep over me."

If a plumber marries, his wife cannot reasonably expect him to stop hitting the pipe.

The shooter who can hit a crevice in the wall at a distance is undoubtedly a crack shot.

Those swinging doors remind us of some politicians: They have both "push" and "pull."

Adamsburg in Snyder county is to have a National bank, no other town so little has one.

When a knife blade loses its temper it becomes dull, but when a woman loses hers she becomes cutting.

Need not look for the millennium until everybody minds his or her own business, neither will a band play at the ushering in of the happy time.

Sickness is getting less general in the county of late. Perhaps 'cause the medical association has raised the fees folks may think can't afford to be ill.

Will Rebuild.

Poe mill, burned last fall, will be rebuilt this spring, for use of the Kettle lumber job. Lumberman Gotshall, of Shamokin, will rebuild the mill, having still some lumber in Poe valley, while the Kettle operation by Weibly Bros. will furnish sawing for a period of six or eight years. The length of the combined tramroad for the latter operation, via Garretts and Poe valley, is 19 miles.

Served Him Right.

Burgess Gleason, of Houtdale, recently fined a man \$10 and costs for allowing his horse to stand in the public street several hours unprotected from the cold. That was right, and if any such cruelty is discovered in Bellefonte just report it to Mayor Blanchard.

Street Caved In.

State College residents were treated to a surprise Monday morning 11th when the part of College avenue opposite Mrs. Susan Erb's house caved in, making a good-sized hole.