

HOURS OF HARDSHIP

Endured by the Dispatch Road Explorers in the Wilds of Indiana County.

A PERILOUS TRIP BY NIGHT

Through Darkness and Rain, Over Rough Mountain Roads.

A STATE COMMISSIONER TALKS

Of the Great Task He and His Colleagues Have Undertaken.

GOOD HIGHWAYS EARNESTLY DESIRED

(FROM OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH

COUNTY ROAD EXPLORATION

INDIANA, PA., MAY 8.

There is not much danger of the DISPATCH explorers being fished. We drive no faster than a walk, now. All roads are again as bad as they were when this expedition left Pittsburg. So much rain has left them in a horrible condition, and once more it is a common occurrence for our wagon to sink to the hubs in ruts and holes. It took the horses four hours to pull through from Elderton to Indiana, a distance of only 12 miles. Our average speed for the past four days will be less than that.

We simply stopped at Indiana long enough to lunch. There were threatening clouds overhead, and we were anxious to reach Chestnut Ridge before the storm broke, if possible.

No Stop at Nolo.

I had planned to spend the night at Nolo,



NOT PLEASANT, BY ANY MEANS.

which I understood was a small settlement midway between Chestnut Ridge and the Laurel Hill Mountain. But J. M. Cunningham, the well-known liverman in Indiana, told me I could never make Nolo that night.

"No, there is no other village between here and Nolo," he said, "but your party will be sure to find lodgings at Mr. Dinwiddie's store."

A Pleasant Prospect.

Mr. Dinwiddie, I learned, kept a store half-way down the eastern slope of Chestnut Ridge Mountain, about eight miles from Indiana. It was but a solitary house in the woods; yet there seemed to be no doubt from the general evidence submitted to me before I left Indiana that Mr. Dinwiddie's house was a veritable castle, so much room would be able to place at the disposal of travelers.

We started East feeling unusually gay that we only had eight miles of a drive ahead. It had been a very trying day for all of the party. The four hours' struggle with the mud ditches between Elderton and Indiana had exhausted everyone, both man and beast. All the morning the clouds had brought scintillating rain at intervals in broken zephyrs. The sun, when it got a chance to shine, was hot and glaring. When it was hidden the weather was sultry and the atmosphere close.

A Speedy Discomfitment.

Our canvas curtains, tied tightly down to keep out the rain, made the inside of the wagon so warm and close that to walk became almost unbearable. To ride was equally trying. The four horses, by their perspiration rendered profuse, were in this condition we had arrived at Indiana, and tired, hot and wet we left Indiana. Our horses, however, were not so fatigued as we were. Mr. Dinwiddie's soon appeared and we were "chuck holes" and deep ruts, that pike, for four miles out of Indiana, proved worse than anything we had struck for three weeks. The wagon lurched, rolled, shivered, shook, careened and creaked. After that we had a two-mile climb up the mountain road, caught a sharp turn, forming what is called the "Devil's Elbow."

Overrun by a Storm.

I don't know whether any superstitious traditions cling to the "Devil's Elbow," but about the time we rounded it lightning had begun to flash and the rumbling thunder rendered the echoes in the forests here anything but pleasant. The photographer tried to take a photograph of His State Majesty's elbow, but the pattering raindrops stopped him. The storm was breaking upon the scene. The photographer tried to begin the second exposure, but in five minutes the rain was pouring down. The wind, driving down the mountain, caught a schooner in the center and delayed progress.

Somebody suggested opening the rear curtain to let the wind have free access through the interior, but that proved left to do but to take all the wind and all the rain and climb on to Dinwiddie's.

Only the Beginning of Trouble.

This was our first experience with mountain roads. I wish it were our last. But alas, it is only the beginning. Mountain roads have a rock bottom. I don't mean by that that the bottom is smooth as a flagstone pavement, for the rocks crop out at all angles. Some are a few feet flat, and others have a peculiar curvature, suggestive of volcanic disturbances. In fact, if you lie

fully down on a mountain road and look ahead along the surface, what you will see will bring to your mind, the roughness of a nutmeg grater. A farm wagon like that we are traveling in, bumping over these rocks is as wretched a nuisance. It is nicer to walk, but we couldn't.

The torrents kept on descending, the lightning continued to flash, the thunder still thundered. A man on horseback passed, and we hailed him to ask: "How far to Dinwiddie's?" We didn't gather much encouragement from his reply. "Five miles," he said, "and the third fellow we met said 'Three miles,' and the third swore it was four miles. We soon got to think that there were several Dinwiddie's up that mountain."

Night on the Mountain.

At Kittanning the other day we disposed of our lanterns. We had never needed them, but now darkness gathered nearly an hour earlier than usual. We were surrounded by pines, rhododendrons, hemlocks and beech trees, and a forest of hemlocks, rhododendrons and hemlocks. We had long since passed the last human habitation. When once it began to get dark it kept on rapidly. Without lanterns there was imminent danger of running foul of logs or rolling over some precipice. How we longed for Dinwiddie's!

At last we rested Beaver and Bocephalus upon the summit. Poor fellows! They were actually drenched. There seemed no prospect of the rain ceasing. Your explorers heaved a joint sigh of relief to know that their pull up hill was over. But how little we knew! The descent which we supposed would be so easy began. It proceeded. In fact it proceeded a little faster than we cared for. Our brake-rod had broken loose and the wagon seemed as if it wouldn't hold the wheel after we were flying down the rocks.

A Terrible Experience.

The front wheel would drop a foot from the felloe, and down would bump the rear wheels, in time to witness the front wheels in turn rise high in the air over a two-foot bump. We felt that the wagon must be shaken to pieces. We couldn't fix the brake, because the wagon couldn't be stopped. The exhilaration of going down hill was so delightful to the horses that they kept right on. We just had to sit there—no, that is a mistake. We didn't sit. We bounded up and down the road, and the roof would send us back to the seat. An

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would be equitable at least. It would give to each contractor proportionate to her needs and would place the entire matter of road building in the State's hands.

An important meeting of the State Commission has been called for the 15th inst. It will be held at the Lafayette Hotel in Philadelphia.

Not the Right Kind of Stone.

There is limestone in only one township of Indiana county. That is in Cherry Hill township. Limestone would have to be carried into Indiana county, where it is adopted as a standard for macadamizing. "Five miles," he said, "and the third fellow we met said 'Three miles,' and the third swore it was four miles. We soon got to think that there were several Dinwiddie's up that mountain."

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A WONDERFUL CITY.

The Pittsburg of To-Day a Revelation to Observant Visitors.

WEALTH, HAPPINESS AND VIGOR

Evidenced in Our Massive Buildings, Solid Banks and Pretty Suburbs.

PROGRESS THAT CANNOT BE CHECKED

The comforts and facilities for travel are so great these latter days that it is a real pleasure to break away from the cares of business once in a while, and take a short trip from home. The railroads of to-day are so solidly and smoothly built, and the coaches so elegant and commodious, that a person feels no discomfort whatever in being whirled over the country at a rate of 30 or 40 miles an hour, while at every turn of the road new and attractive scenes are presented to please the eye and make the hours pass delightfully away. So writes Editor L. Harper in his paper, The Banner, published at Mount Vernon, O., in an introductory paragraph to a lengthy article, which will be found in the Pittsburg Dispatch, the main portions of which are appended:

After briefly describing the journey from Mt. Vernon to Washington, Pa., he says: "The shades of night are falling fast, as you enter Washington county. Here a grand sight is presented to the eye. The landscape is a most beautiful one. It is illuminated with the burning gas, which escapes through pipes from hundreds of gas wells that line the road on either side. The town of Washington, famous for its educational institutions, looks like its own fire as you approach it, but when the cars pass along its southern border you find described that the burning gas comes from iron mines, and that the iron ore is being refined into pig iron. However, the gas is again used to be melancholy, in an hour or two, and now he is once more looked up in his room."

The visitor's name was then sent in, and to the surprise of all, Devoy sent down the message: "If he is connected with the newspapers I will see him." Accordingly, Mrs. Devoy's name was sent to the editor of the Banner, and she was invited to call on the editor of the Banner.

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OUR NATURAL FUEL IMMENSE.

The principal portion of the gas consumed in Pittsburg comes from the Washington county wells, which are carried on other sources of supply in Allegheny, Westmoreland, Butler, Beaver and other counties. Not only are nearly all the large manufacturing concerns in the city supplied with gas, but the houses are heated and cooking, washing and many domestic industries are carried on by the use of gas. This greatly lessens the burdens of labor, as there is no coal to be carried into a house or ash to be taken out, no fires to be started in the morning, and no "boil the kettle" or "boil the wash" or "boil the milk" or "boil the water" or "boil the tea" or "boil the coffee" or "boil the sugar" or "boil the butter" or "boil the oil" or "boil the vinegar" or "boil the salt" or "boil the soap" or "boil the starch" or "boil the dye" or "boil the ink" or "boil the paint" or "boil the glue" or "boil the wax" or "boil the resin" or "boil the tallow" or "boil the lard" or "boil the butter" or "boil the oil" or "boil the vinegar" or "boil the salt" or "boil the soap" or "boil the starch" or "boil the dye" or "boil the ink" or "boil the paint" or "boil the glue" or "boil the wax" or "boil the resin" or "boil the tallow" or "boil the lard" or "boil the butter" or "boil the oil" or "boil the vinegar" or "boil the salt" or "boil the soap" or "boil the starch" or "boil the dye" or "boil the ink" or 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