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HISTORICAL.

(CONCLUDED.)

FRANCES SLOCUM.

"The Lost Child of Wyoming."

The most romantic character in the history of Pennsylvania is that of Frances Slocum, who was stolen by the Indians when but five years of age. With them she lived until her death, suffering many vicissitudes, and finally becoming queen of a tribe of Indians.

It is not known in what year, nor in what ship the adventurous Slocums of Somersetshire, first left England for America, but there is a record of Anthony Slocum buying land in Cohannet, New Plymouth, now known as Taunton Massachusetts, in 1637.

Giles Slocum, son of Anthony, was a member of the society of Friends in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, in 1638. From him are descended the Slocums whose American lineage dates from the seventeenth century. Giles had a son whose name was Samuel, a grandson Giles, a great-grandson Joseph, whose son Jonathan, was the father of Frances Slocum, the subject of this sketch.

After the terrible massacre of the Connecticut settlers of the Wyoming valley by the Indians, July 3, 1778, the greater number of the survivors fled through the wilderness toward the Delaware river.

A few settlers had the hardihood to remain; among them was Jonathan Slocum, whose home was several miles from the battle-field, which was from Forty Fort northward to near West Pittston.

To this home came two boys, sons of Nathan Kingsley, who had been taken prisoners by the Indians. The second day of November, four months after the massacre, three Delaware Indians approached the house, which stood in the edge of the woods.

Mr. Slocum and his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp, were absent. The Kingsley boys stood before the door grinding a knife, one of them wore a soldier's coat, him the Indians shot and scalped. Mrs. Slocum snatching her baby fled to the woods. Mary Slocum, aged ten, caught up little Joseph, aged two. The Indians shouted loudly and laughed derisively at her as she wildly darted after her mother.

Little Frances, in her terror, had hidden under the stairway, but her tiny bare feet were thrust out far enough for the keen eye of the savage to detect them. She was dragged forth.

Ebenezer Slocum, twelve years of age, and the surviving Kingsley lad were seized.

Mrs. Slocum ran back, with tears streaming down her face and begged for the children.

They scoffed at her with heartless malignity.

Pointing to Ebenezer, she cried, "The child is lame; he can do thee no good!"

The Indian loosed his hold upon Ebenezer, and throwing little Frances over his shoulder, followed the others.

The child stretched out one hand imploringly toward her mother, with the other brushed back her heavy auburn curls; with tears running down her face, she frantically besought her mother for help, which the poor, heart-broken woman was unable to give.

The father returned to find a bloody corpse at the door and his child gone.

Parties were organized, who scoured the country in the direction taken by the savages but there was no trace of the lost child. Six weeks later, Jonathan Slocum and Isaac Tripp were killed and scalped by the Indians.

Thus Ruth Slocum, in little more than a month, was bereft of father, husband and child by the merciless Indians.

The cruel uncertainty of the fate of Frances was more bitter than the knowledge of death to the grief-stricken mother. Forced to see her child torn from her by the bloodthirsty foe, she never forgot that terror-stricken face; that agonized cry of "Mamma, mamma!" rang through her brain. She thought of the tender, little bare-feet, perhaps compelled to walk over snow, and would piteously moan—"Oh if the poor little creature only had her shoes." This idea haunted her for many years, racking her heart with poignant anguish.

At the close of the war, in 1784, two of the sons traveled as far as Niagara in search of their lost sister, offering one hundred guineas for the recovery of the child; the attempt was futile, and after an absence of several weeks, discouraged, they returned home. This was a sad blow to the mother but she still had faith that Frances would be found.

In 1788 the brothers again visited the Indian country, penetrating as far as the wilderness of Ohio, offering five hundred dollars for information of their lost sister, but in vain.

In 1789 Indians were required by the government to assemble at Tioga Point to restore captured children.

Mrs. Slocum, with difficulty, made the toilsome journey to ascertain if Frances were among the captives, but she was again disappointed. Still her heart clung to the hope that she would again see her beloved child.

In 1797, four of the brothers started from Wyoming valley with a drove of cattle (to conceal the object of their visit), three went by boat from Seneca lake, Isaac driving the cattle to Queenston where they met continuing their journey together as far as Chippewa, again separating in order that a large field might be searched. Isaac drove the cattle through Canada to Detroit, arriving without shoes, almost destitute of clothing and nearly famished.

To appreciate the trials and sufferings of these brothers in search of their sister, it must be remembered that Canada and many of the states were an unbroken wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and savage tribes, with an occasional trading post or fort.

The following year another trip was made to the North and West, as barren of result as the former trips.

In 1807 the brave mother, who mourned the loss of her child to the last, died leaving with her sons the solemn charge—"Never to give up the search for Frances." For more than a half century, these faithful children were constantly on the alert to obtain some clue to their lost sister.

In 1826 word was sent that a chief of the Wyandotte Indians had for his wife a white woman, and Mr. Joseph Slocum with his nephew, made the journey to Upper Sandusky, but they were convinced that the woman whom they found was not Frances.

In 1835, Colonel George Ewing, an Indian trader, stopped over night at the Deaf Man's village, on the Mississenewa, a few miles above its junction with the Wabash, in Indiana. He was granted the hospitality of an Indian cabin and was received with kindness by a venerable Indian woman who strove to make him comfortable.

He observed that great deference was paid her by the family. As she performed her household duties, he noticed that her arm above the elbow was white. After the other members of the family had left the room he talked to her in the Miami dialect, and asked if she were not a white woman.

She finally acknowledged that she was, that she had been captured upon the Susquehanna by Indians when a child, that she thought her father's name was Slocum and that he was a Quaker. Colonel Ewing wrote an account of this interesting interview, and sent it to the postmaster at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. No attention was given it; finally the letter reached John W. Forney, who published it is his paper, the Lancaster Intelligencer.

Reverend Samuel Bowman forwarded a copy to Joseph Slocum, of Wilkes-Barre.

There was great excitement in the town when it was known that there was news of the long lost Frances Slocum.

Mr. Joseph Slocum started for Indiana stopping in Ohio, for his sister, Mrs. Mary Towne. Isaac Slocum, who also lived in Ohio, but much nearer Deaf Man's village, started in advance to find the sister.

There was one mark by which the family expected to recognize Frances. One day while the Slocum children were playing in the blacksmith shop, one of her brothers struck the forefinger of Frances' left hand with a hammer, injuring it so that the nail came off.

Taking with him an interpreter Isaac sought the Indian woman who received him with the stoical indifference of the race.

After some conversation, he saw that her finger had been injured, and asked the cause. The reply was instantly given—"My brother struck it with a hammer in the shop, before I was taken away." This convinced him that the aged, wrinkled woman, apparently an Indian, was indeed, his sister Frances.

Later the scene between Mrs. Towne, Frances, Isaac and Joseph Slocum, was one that moved all deeply, save Frances, Mrs. Towne shedding tears, the brothers excitedly pacing the floor, but the lost sister, the tiny child so dear to their memories had become a stoical, iron-hearted, immovable Indian who suspected these strange relatives might attempt to take her from her family. The following day there was another meeting when Frances gave Mrs. Towne the hind quarter of a deer, an Indian ceremony establishing friendship, then her formal manner became cordial distrust and fear vanished.

Through the interpreter Frances described her capture saying "The Delaware Indians carried her over the other side of the mountain to a cave where she cried herself to sleep. The following day she saw her father with soldiers searching for her, but a big Indian stood over her with drawn knife and threateningly said "Me kill, me kill!" So she dared not call to him.

When it was dark they pushed on until they came to a thicket where their horses were tied, then they rode to an Indian village, probably Fort Niagara.

There the chief, Tuck Horse, dressed her hair in the Indian fashion, painted her face, adorned her with wampum beads and took her to an Indian who adopted her.

In the spring she was taken to Sandusky, returning in the fall. The following spring they went to Detroit where they lived for three years. After much wandering they settled near Fort Wayne, where they lived for twenty years; then they moved to Peru, settling within nine miles of that place.

She was first married to a Delaware Indian, later to a chief of the Miamis, She-fan-can-ah.

Frances had received the name of Ma-con-a-qua (young bear), her daughters were Kich-ke-ne-che-qua (Cut Finger and O-sah-wah-shing-qua (Yellow Leaf). Her sister and brothers tried to persuade her to visit the home of her childhood.

But her reply was "I cannot, I cannot; I am an old tree; I cannot move about. I was a sapling when they took me away. I am afraid I should die and never come back. I am happy here. I shall die here, and lie in that graveyard. I am glad to see my white relatives, but I cannot go, I cannot go. I have done." She did, however, later pay a visit to her early home.

The sister and brothers with saddened hearts departed East. By the treaty of 1838 the daughters of Frances Slocum were given one section of land on the Mississinewa river.

In September of 1839, Joseph Slocum with two of his daughters, Hannah Bennett and Harriet Slocum, visited Frances. Mrs. Bennett kept a journal which contains a description of Frances Slocum that is of great interest.

"My aunt is of small stature, her hair is grey, her eyes a bright chestnut, clear and sprightly, her face much wrinkled and weatherbeaten, she has a scar on her left cheek received at an Indian dance, her teeth are remarkably good. Her dress was a blue calico short gown, a white Mackinaw blanket, a fold of blue broadcloth wrapped around her, red cloth leggins, and buckskin moccasins. They have many silver earrings, my aunt wore seven pairs in her ears. Some of their dresses are richly embroidered with silver broaches. Many trinkets, beads and chains of silver hung about the house." Harriet Slocum says—"After an excellent dinner of fried venison, potatoes, short cake and coffee, the daughters washed the dishes, replaced them edgewise on the shelves, and swept the floor.

My aunt remembers that her mother did so, and she taught her daughters to wipe the dust from the dishes before placing them on the table. Joseph Slocum never saw his sister again as she died the ninth of March, 1847.

George Slocum Bennett, of Wilkes-Barre, has an oil painting of Frances Slocum made by George Winter, also a painting of the spot where she lived when found by her brothers and a piece of her dress and moccasins.

Miss Hillard has a painting of her moccasins and earrings. Mrs. Frances Slocum Oakford of Scranton has a photograph taken from a daguerrotype.

Although Frances Slocum when questioned by her relatives, maintained that she had always been treated well by the Indians, who admired her auburn hair, and respected and revered her for her bravery, strength and good judgment, yet to us of the nineteenth century, her fate seems an appalling one.

Torn from her family at the age of five, surrounded only by fierce beings of another color, accustomed to see her captors return from battle with the scalps of their white victims, and wandering through the rugged wilderness, it is strange that she lived to the age of seventy-four.

Her pictures represent a woman of strong character, spirited courage, tremendous endurance; there is a dignified reserve that is majestic, a will power that is unconquerable. The corrugated brow indicates the force of conflicting emotions and stern concentration.

The savages felt her superior qualities, never else would they have consulted her judgment, been influenced by her decisions, paying her such profound deference, that she stands almost alone in history, as a white woman, queen over a tribe of Indians.

LEA M. HEATH.

THE HISTORY OF A TITLE.

First and Second Pennamite Wars.

Our nation has reached that point in her career in which she begins to take delight in living over the days of her youth, when her life was full of adventure and stirring deeds, and only the sound of the axe and the rifle broke the stillness of the forest. One of the most interesting of her adventures was fought out in this part of Pennsylvania, in the valleys of the Lackawanna and the Susquehanna. The story begins in England in the time of King James the First, when that monarch divided the English discoveries in the New World into South Virginia and North Virginia, or New England, and granted the latter, in 1620, to forty noblemen, calling themselves "The Plymouth Company." This company, in 1631, deeded that section of the territory now occupied by the state of Connecticut and extending west as far as the South Sea, to Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brooke and others. Numerous settlements were made in the new country, and by 1661 there was a sufficient number of people to purchase the land from the proprietors, and to incorporate it into "The English Colony of Connecticut, in New England, in America."

For almost a hundred years the colony was so taken up with her home interests, that she gave no thought to the territory she claimed toward the Pacific ocean. An occasional trader or hunter would come to her settlements and tell of a beautiful valley in her western land, rich in game and timber, and fertile as Canaan of old, and some of her people restless under the restraint of the towns, or tired of their stony fields, listening to these men, would murmur to go forth and possess the land. This unrest gradually grew until 1753, when six hundred Connecticut people formed themselves into "The Susquehanna Company" to settle the valley of Wyoming. As there were three requisites for a perfect title,—"a granted charter from the king, a purchase of the soil from the Indians and possession,"—and as this company had the first of these, they proceeded to get the second in 1754, at a conference held by the British government in Albany with the chiefs of the Six Nations. For the sum of two thousand pounds the Indians sold the whole of the Wyoming valley and sufficient other territory to cover a tract of five million acres. The colony of Pennsylvania sent commissioners to oppose this purchase, as she claimed the same territory was covered by a grant given to William Penn in 1681, by Charles the Second, and also by a deed made with these same Indians in 1736.

THE FIRST COLONY.

The Susquehanna Company had now all the requisites for a title except possession. The French and Indian war soon broke out, and interfered with any efforts at colonization until 1762, when a settlement was made on Mill Creek above Wilkes-Barre, which was totally destroyed the next year by hostile Indians. This disaster so discouraged the Connecticut people that no attempt was made to enter the valley for five years. In 1768 the company resolved that five townships, five miles square should be surveyed and granted each to forty settlers, being proprietors, on condition that those settlers should remain upon the ground, man their rights, and defend themselves, and each other, from the intrusion of all rival claims." Accordingly forty settlers for the first township, Wilkes-Barre, started toward Wyoming in the dead of winter traveling in ox carts or on horseback, exposed to many hardships. One month before their arrival the proprietors of Pennsylvania granted the same territory to three gentlemen, one of whom was the sheriff of Northampton county, on condition of "defending the lands from the Connecticut settlers." With a force of ten men these Pennamites took possession in January, of the old stockade of the first Connecticut settlers. The Yankees arrived in February, and at once besieged the temporary fort. They would have been successful, but for a stratagem on the part of the sheriff, who, remembering the "Yankee love of arguing," suggested a conference, by means of which three of the Connecticut leaders were enticed into the block-house, arrested and carried prisoners to Easton. Friends bailed them out, and they were allowed to return, only to be carried back with the other settlers by the sheriff and a large posse. They were soon released, and on their return were joined by two hundred Yankees who had come to take possession of the remaining townships. The victorious Pennamites were at once driven out, and thus the struggle went on, each side building forts, and according as their numerical strength preponderated, driving each other out of the disputed territory, until blood had been spilled, and much suffering caused to innocent women and children.

THE ORIGIN OF PROVIDENCE.

In spite of this struggle the Susquehanna Company succeeded in settling seventeen townships with a population of three thousand persons. The sixth township has an especial interest to us, as it includes our city within its boundaries. It was laid out in 1770 and called Providence, after the Rhode Island town of that name, thirty of its settlers belonging to that colony. They at first governed themselves by a general council which met at stated intervals, and they allowed only those to settle "who would be good, wholesome inhabitants," but later, as the conflict deepened, Connecticut took up the struggle, and in 1774 erected the territory into the town of Westmoreland, attached to the county of Litchfield. Three companies of troops were sent out from this town to the army of Washington, forming part of the Twenty-fourth regiment of the Connecticut line.

THE FINAL DECISION.

In 1775 the dispute had become of such national importance that the Continental Congress interfered, and requested Pennsylvania to desist from her claim. This she did until the close of the revolution, but promptly after the surrender of Cornwallis she petitioned for a settlement of the difficulty. A commission was appointed which met at Trenton in 1782 and decided that the territory belonged to the State of Pennsylvania and that Connecticut had "no right to the land in controversy." "The Decree of Trenton" merely ended the contest between the states; there were still to be satisfied individual Connecticut settlers, who claimed the land by possession, and the grantees of the proprietors who claimed the land by purchase. The Yankees asked the Assembly of Pennsylvania for a title to this territory "which their hands had cultivated and for which their blood had been shed in the cause of their country." The influence of the Pennamites was very strong at Harrisburg, and in consequence a commission was appointed by the state, which decided that the Yankees must give up their land. The unhappy settlers at once rebelled, and a cruel, insolent unreasonable man with two companies of lawless troops was sent to restore order. Then came dark days for the Connecticut claimants—who were treated most unjustly, and who at one time were driven from their homes and forced to wander many days in the wilderness. Matters grew worse and worse until the sympathy of the people all over the state was enlisted in their behalf, and some of the best minds in the commonwealth set to work to settle the trouble. At last, in 1874, the troops were withdrawn, but another difficulty faced the settlers, a conspiracy was formed by the Susquehanna Company to reconquer the territory and make of it a new state. New settlers were poured into the valley, among whom was the famous Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys, and the original settlers were not only obliged to make a stand against the Pennamites, but also against their own people whose cause they refused to espouse. A crisis was reached in 1786 when Pennsylvania formed out of the disputed land the County of Luzerne, and also in 1787 when she confirmed the settlers in their titles, thus putting an end to the Connecticut conspiracy. Next year, however, through the influence of the landholders the latter was repealed, and not until the passage of the "Compromise Act" in 1799 was there peace in the valley. By this the settlers were not only given the land, but also the Pennsylvania claimants were offered a compensation for their loss in money or property.

Thus ended a border war which extended over a period of forty years, and caused much unnecessary suffering and bitter feeling. "In the forum of law, Connecticut, with a title regular on its face, failed justly. In the forum of equity, the Connecticut Settlers, without other title than the 'possessio pedis,' prevailed rightly." The dispute was beneficial to our commonwealth, in that it brought into it a people strong in purpose, faithful in duty and untiring in industry, who, with the Quakers, the Germans, the Scotch and the Irish, have helped to make this one of the foremost states of the Union. No better monument to the indefatigable energy of these Connecticut Yankees can be found, than this, our own beautiful city of Scranton.

KATHARINE MAY WINTON.

This Paper Was Supplied by . . . Megargee Bros.,

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WERE OUR GRANDMOTHERS HAPPIER THAN WE?

Our question relates, not to this immediate generation of grandmothers, but to those remoter dames who journeyed hither to establish homes in an unhewn wilderness. They came up from the New England States, often on horseback, while the slow moving wagons struggled over stony trails, laden with only such of the household goods as were needed for actual existence.

Evidently, tall clocks and claw foot furniture could have found but little part in these early outfits; whatever the parlor splendors of the eastern states, our pioneer ancestors left them all behind. The grandmothers, therefore, whose happiness we are to consider, were women whose part in life comprised, for each a husband, and a tract of wild land somewhere among these rugged hills.

Their very log cabins were still to build and fancy draws pleasant pictures of these sylvan homes as they rose rough hewn and wholesome under the woodman's axe.

The life within their walls seems enviably simple and untrammeled to us who sit in our houses today, wound about with this network of many inventions. Our homes often seem but little more reposeful than ocean steamers or railway cars, with their gas and steam and electricity, and the voice of the outside world hooting upon our privacy through the telephone. Our dwellings become stuffed to suffocation with furniture and decoration. The whole machinery of life has grown so compilcated, and the standard of what is suitable and necessary has risen to such a straining pitch, that, often the joy of living flags. It is then we turn back to the dim, simple past and measure its pleasures by our own.

We see matron and maid as they sit at ease beside the clean swept hearth, with no work more trying to eye and nerve than the knitting.

The flame draws up brightly in the great fireplace, fed by liberal forestcks and the rotund backlog, while the master of the house reads 'the Monthly Palladium,' by the added light of a tallow candle, hooked to the back of his splint-bottomed chair.

The children crack butternuts in the ingle nook, with a pleasant subconsciousness of the adjacent pantry, with its pans of milk, cheeses, piles of maple sugar and combs of honey. The sole machinery about this blest abode is the pump log at the door, through which rushes a pure stream, summer and winter, without let or hindrance.

This description in truth is, however, but the picture of an hour when life in the sylvan home has reached its ultimate of perfection. To form a true estimate of the happiness of those archaic days, we must enquire much more fully into the nature of old time work and worry.

Of these things we long ago enjoyed a full testimony from an admired grandmother in whom dwelt the spirit of literature and recital. Her youth was passed here when pioneer conditions were at their full vigor. Her long life closed, finally, amid prosperous modern surroundings. She thus beheld the beginning and the end, and was conversant with both sides of this question. The account here set down was, in fact, her reply to the longings of a young lady, encumbered by affluence, to revert to log cabin life, one open fire, a pot and a skillet.

'That one wood fire,' responded grandmother, how often we hear about it in these days, and how few people there are who know all it had to do, and what it really was to live by it!

My own first recollections of the old fireplace have fully as much terror as pleasure in them. When we came to the settlement we could not at first get even an iron crane. We had to brace a thick pole of green wood far up the chimney. From this hung a log chain, to which we hooked the great kettle.

This wood contrivance was called the "lug pole." Whenever the pot went on the first duty of the whole household was to keep an eye on the lug pole. Some times it would last a week or more before it charred away. There was no certainty, however, as to just what it would do, from one hour to another, and when somebody cried, "The lug pole is afire!" how my heart began to beat! I would spring to snatch the younger children to the far side of the room, lest the great boiling pot should fall, while the elders ran for water to dash up the chimney.

Sometimes, too, chinks would open in the hearth, and a puff of smoke announce something burning underneath, then "the basswood logs are afire," would be the call, and then came another scramble. That big pot seemed forever on and boiling. It was high holiday when we could take it off and clear everything away. We were always heating water, trying out lard, hulling corn or sugaring off, to say nothing of the endless cooking.

That fireplace was the center of perpetual toil. We had no rest from it unless when upstairs spinning and weaving. And as for its heat and comfort, for all the roaring logs, I have seen days when water froze in the very room where the fire burned.

And how we worked in that log house! I can tell you, when I was young, girls did not open their eyes long after sunrise, stretch out idle arms and wonder what they could do to fill in another day. That question was answered for every hour we had to live. The days were hardly long enough to hold the work we must crowd into them. The household tasks, besides butter and cheese-making, carding wool and hetcheling flax, spinning and weaving everything we wore, together with coverings for the beds and linen for the table.

There was not the least question as to what women should do in those days, the only inquiry was for the Lord's strength and patience to do enough of it for the pressing needs of existence.

But there was a joy in seeing the good cloth growing under our hands—all our own work, from the time the wool ran about on the sheep's back, and the linen rustled in the blue eyed flax. I can feel the scratch upon my neck and wrists of those new homespun gowns even now. There was a hundred years of wear in the coverlets, they are hanging up for curtains now and boasted of as "grandmother's work!" What we are all doing in these days I cannot tell. Everything is so brought in all ready to use, we seem, for the most part, to be just beating the air, and tiring ourselves out trying to pass the time!

"Were we satisfied to live in that log cabin with one fire?" Not a bit of it. That would not have been natural. We were just as full of vanity and striving after style as you are now. "For what is life without new furniture?" Lowell was not the first to ask that, by any means.

Our only notion of ample plenishings was gained from our mother's descriptions of what she had known in New England. To reproduce a few of these elegances of tradition was our constant aim. As we grew older we succeeded in getting an additional room built on with a small fireplace of its own. This we regarded as a long pull forward. Over the mantel we hung an oil portrait of a maiden aunt, our chief art treasure. Looking down upon us in a large lace collar, and a genteel simper, this picture was to us an admirable object, and the standard up to which we strove to furnish. But what could we do? The days of making artistic somethings out of nothing were not yet. A splint rocker and chairs, a shelf of ancient brown leather covered books, black silhouettes framed and hung on the wall, these are the chief things I can recall. In one moment of desperation we laid down our roughest homespun coverlet for a rug. Our father, starting to enter the room, paused upon the threshold as he perceived this arrangement, and briefly commanded, "Take those bedclothes up from the floor," and we, with disappointed hearts, obeyed.

As you will imagine, there was no crowding to afternoon teas in those days, no flying all over the country for health or pleasure. The greatest social treat was to get an afternoon's use of the old horse, and ride along the bridle paths through the cool woods to visit the mother, or a neighbor. The baby always went along, and I think of one day when, after I had climbed into the saddle with mine, the old mare vaulted over the bars back into her pasture, leaving us on the ground on the other side. Did I give it up then? Not at all. No more than you would have done a tour abroad for one little mischance. Besides, was I to be conquered by that animal? I went in and caught her, backed up into the fence corner, took up the baby and mounted again.

I know that women now seem to possess everything heart can wish, but that grand feeling we used to have that we were producing something, I miss every day of my life. Of all the work we did we liked spinning best. My granddaughters think it hard that I will not let them bring my old wheels to the front, and have them standing about in halls and parlors as is the fashion now. But I will not have playthings made of those old wheels. There are too many serious thoughts and old memories the sight of them brings back to me. The sound of the wheel to a woman who knew how to use it seemed to fit in with every word of her mind, but best of all with trouble. When things went wrong we would go upstairs and "spin it off." The wheels were always brought out after a funeral. As we went back and forth and drew out the thread the sound seemed soothing and sad, and akin to our tears. Nothing has ever replaced this treasure of the past.

"Grief, thou hast lost an ever ready friend, now that the cottage spinning wheel is mute."

It has always seemed to us that in this recital grandmother touched the true key note of the unrest of today. The creative possibilities of the early times are not with us. Each woman has no more her daily task of definite productive work set before her.

Would we spin and weave? the factories pour upon us fabrics of every degree of excellence and beauty. Would we cook, wash and iron, and spend the time in dusting and arranging this miscellany of objects in our homes? If we do this how shall we dispose of the army of other women who seek these occupations, and are in need of all things? Even the impulse for literary labor seems discouraged by the avalanche of printing loading our tables, and far beyond our power to read and assimilate.

We walk, we drive, we haunt the gymnasium and tread the bicycle, and try, in short, every substitute for those labors which gave our grandmothers strong backs and tranquil nerves. Yet, as grandmother used to say, is it not all done, often, with a sense that we are only "beating the air?"

But while this is true, let us imagine ourselves confronted with the necessity for going back to the old labors and living the old life from day to day, with its every toil and limitation! How many of us are there who would not shrink from it utterly?

In seeking to make this estimate of the comparative happiness of our grandmothers and ourselves it is to be considered that we have thus far touched mainly upon the material side of the question. The greatly changed conditions of life have laid a necessity upon us little known to any ancestress. Her horizon was presumed to be limited to the welfare of her household. She felt little responsibility upon public questions of any description. The burdens of her day did not include the anxious problem brought upon us by the vast increase of population. Now the cares of the outside world press upon every woman of any degree of leisure or social power. A new outlet has opened for energies released from the old forms of labor in the needs of this great multitude, restless and unsatisfied, who cover the land, where the peaceful forests used to stand. Deep poverty is here, such want in body and soul that the diligent and faithful woman may be busy all day long in bettering the condition of those immediately about her. Every dweller in America has a birthright of peace and plenty, and it is our work to bring each one to his own.

It is for women, as well as for men, to watch the "lug pole" of our civilization, and seek to replace its weakening fabric with that which shall endure. LOUISE PALMER SMITH.

Glenburn.

Ready made suits and separate skirts There's a graceful sweep to the ready-made skirt that can't be imitated. We have the best line in town.

CONNOLLY & WALLACE.

"Well, Ruth, have you had your picture taken?" "Es, ma'am, but I sink my toof didn't take nice." "Why, did you have your mouth open!" "Oh no, ma'am." And the teacher wondered if she had heard of X-rays.

Library Work as a Profession for Women.

The Public Library movement has become so wide-spread that any good-sized town—and in some States even a small village—without a library is almost as much a subject of public reproach as it would be without a school house.

Naturally, the professional librarian who shall be all that the name implies, and not as in olden times, a mere keeper of books, is coming to be more and more recognized. Possibly in no other profession does one have need for such a wide range of knowledge as in this, and in no other to be so effectually to the "manor born;" because, while training may do much, it is useless to hope for the highest success unless one has certain inherent characteristics. Tact—always essential in every calling—executive ability, retentive memory, orderly neatness to the point of "old maidishness," accuracy, a sense of locality, rapidity;—to these all other things may be added, but without such qualifications for a foundation it will be wiser to choose another vocation for one's life work.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR SUCCESS.

A high school or college education is essential. A mere "fondness for reading" is not necessarily a qualification, and in seeking a library situation would better not be mentioned. Some librarians of long experience have replied, when such "fondness" has been urged in an applicant's favor, "Oh, well! that is no especial objection; a few months of library work will effect a cure." Others, by a series of questions have discovered that the "fond reader" who claimed to dote on Dickens could not give a list of his works nor even a clear account of the characters named in one book. The reading that will count as part of one's library training is actual, hard, study of an author's mind as portrayed in his works, coupled with an ability to grasp facts wherever found.

There are doubtless some details in various trades and professions of which the capable librarian will wish to have some practical knowledge. Proof reading and much of the details of printing office work she must know. Familiar knowledge of the different styles of type and printing processes will enable her to choose wisely the forms of her various working blanks, bulletins, and catalogues. A study of drawing and architecture is essential, for even if not called upon to actually plan a library building, there are many details of arrangement that the architect will leave to the librarian's judgment. And various fittings that are needed from time to time can be made to better personal satisfaction if the user is able to make working drawings for the carpenter.

Having finished one's college instruction the special education for library work is yet to be acquired, just as in the case of the would-be lawyer or physician. The Drexel Institute at Philadelphia, the Pratt Institute at Brooklyn, and the Armour Technological Institute at Chicago, each have training classes taking one or two years' course of study; while latterly there have been held summer schools at Amherst and some other places, giving limited instruction in the same direction. But the one Library School, at which degrees are conferred, is at Albany, under the direction of Mr. Melvil Dewey, Secretary of the Board of Regents and State Librarian of New York. The entrance examinations for admission to this school cover a considerable field of knowledge, quite up to standard of the well-known Regents' Questions, and are probably much more severe than those encountered in the United States Civil Service examinations for corresponding positions.

The "Handbook of the Library School," issued by the University of the State of New York says: "Candidates must not be less than twenty years of age and of recognized fitness and character. Graduates of registered colleges will be admitted without examination as to general scholarship, but will be examined in German, French, or any other subject required by the entrance examination, in which they may be deficient. The course in the library school is two years, with thesis and bibliography added, so that if the diploma of the school is obtained it represents eight full years of professional preparation, after completion of a grammar school course."

In some libraries a very limited number of volunteer unpaid assistants are permitted to learn something of the details of library economy in return for their services. That is one kind of home schooling to be sure; yet in the nature of things it can be only local and with view to subordinate places, and can not take the place of the high-grade instruction spoken of above.

As a library grows in size the necessity for a force

OF TRAINED CATALOGUERS

increases from one or two persons to a dozen or more, as in the metropolitan cities. But many small libraries employ a special cataloguer to come and classify and catalogue the entire library up to a certain date, from whence the librarian is to continue the work as to further additions. This opens a field for a limited number to go from place to place spending a few months in each; but is, of course, not as satisfactory to either library or cataloguer as would be the same services continuously. Therefore it will be best for a woman taking up library work not to specialize; both for the above reason, and because, sooner or later she will wish for a library of her very own to control as she thinks it ought to be managed, just as most women desire to be at the head of their own homes.

While there are many ministers, physicians, and lawyers in the same city, and such may frequently exchange the latest news and methods, the number of librarians in each locality is necessarily limited and thus, professionally, they are isolated. So when the librarian would discuss technical affairs she must needs take a journey to some other city. The progressive librarian will not neglect these trips, as the fresh ideas gained will keep her from the rut of self-complacency; or, in other words, guard against the possible feeling that her library management is so perfect it cannot be improved in some direction.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

with its annual meetings, is the great clearing house for exchange of different library views throughout the United States. This Association was organized at Philadelphia in 1876, through the efforts of Mr. Dewey; and has held meetings at various places across the continent, from Boston in 1879 to San Francisco in 1891. That of last year was held in Denver, and this year it will meet in Cleveland, Sept. 1, in connection with that city's centennial celebration. Now, having actually held sessions or taken Post Conference excursions from Quebec and Halifax to the Pacific coast, and New Orleans to Ashland, Wis., they are prepared to wisely visit abroad and study European libraries. In 1897, therefore, the Americans will probably join their English and other foreign co-workers in England.

It has usually been found wise to alternate the conferences between a city one year and a resort, as the White Mountains, Catskills, Adirondacks, etc., the next. In the one place awakening interest in the good work done by free libraries; in the other, away from the distractions of a large city, considering a more lengthened programme of carefully prepared papers. Some of the papers at these annual conferences are purely technical, e. g.: Binding and binderies; Catalogues and classifications; Library legislation; Charging systems. Others are of general interest, such as: Relation of the public library to the public school; Relation of libraries to college work; Library architecture; Reading for the young; University extension; Home libraries; Selection of books. The conventions of this association are the reverse of "junketing trips." Sight seeing, except in the hours set aside for such purposes, is frowned down and any regular library worker absenting herself from the sessions finds it remembered against her in seeking a desirable position. Not only librarians, and assistants, but also trustees and others concerned with libraries are members of the American Library Association, while those not actually connected with libraries are always urged to attend, and gladly welcomed. These conferences are of so much interest that they are looked forward to and remembered as an "event" equally well by the library student as by the professional who may have been present at that oft mentioned first conference of librarians in the United States, held in 1853.

These National conferences occur but once a year, however, and necessarily at localities too distant to permit of being attended by all who wish to do so. Therefore various

STATE ASSOCIATIONS.

have been formed. Pennsylvania has an active one with its headquarters in Philadelphia, and holding most of its meetings there. One meeting has been held in Northeastern Pennsylvania, at Wilkes-Barre in 1894, with a visit in Scranton and inspection of the beautiful Albright Memorial Building, and it is planned to meet in other localities at intervals.

Library work has its "organ" in the Library Journal, a monthly magazine published in New York by Mr. R. R. Bowker, who is well known to various Scrantonians both in a literary and business way; the latter through large orders at the Dickson Manufacturing Works in connection with his interest in the Edison Electric Light Company of New York city. The Library Journal is now in its twenty-first volume, having commenced publication in 1876, about the time of the organization of the American Library Association. Complete sets of that periodical command a much higher price than the aggregate of the $5.00 annual subscriptions.

Another outgrowth of the library movement is the Library Bureau, whose chief headquarters is in Boston. Organized originally to furnish supplies of catalogue cards, and various other library furniture and fittings, it had grown until it has branches in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and now in London, England. It supplies not only libraries, but also banks and commercial houses; for business men have been quick to see the advantages of the card catalogue in keeping accounts, and record indexes, and many other allied purposes.

A LIBRARIAN'S DUTIES.

One of the first duties of a librarian, especially in accepting a position in a strange locality, should be to acquaint herself with the local history of the town and county, and its place in the State history; and then to take particular interest in building up that department of the library. In this she will usually obtain cheerful aid from old residents of the place. She must have the Mohammedan's respect for every piece of paper, written or printed, that touches upon or relates to such matters and look upon it as sacrilege to destroy old letters, journals, and pamphlets.

Library work is no sinecure, yet to almost every person of culture who undertakes it it is peculiarly fascinating; and some of the ablest men in the profession remain in it when the same ability would readily command far larger salaries in the business world. Speaking of men as librarians, it may here be said that it is only as chief librarians or the heads of the leading libraries, and those of a special character, that men are now mostly considered as preferable. Women, on the contrary, fill the larger part of the places as assistants; while they are in the great majority as librarians of the average sized libraries. As such they have made an excellent record, too, and in the progress of events have done much to show their fitness for the highest places.

Some of the more widely known women librarians are Miss Mary Salome Cutler, Vice Director of the New York State Library; Miss Ellen M. Coe, that was, (now the wife of the Rev. Dr. Rylance), previous to her marriage librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library; Miss Hannah P. James, of the Osterhout Free Library, Wilkes-Barre; Miss Theresa H. West, of the Milwaukee Public Library; Miss Tessa L. Kelso, for many years at the head of the Los Angeles Public Library, but now with Charles Scribner's Sons in New York city; Miss Adelaide R. Hasse, of the Document Library, Washington, D. C.; Miss Caroline M. Hewins, Public Library, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Alice B. Kroeger, of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia; Miss Mary W. Plummer, of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; Miss Katharine L. Sharp, of the Armour Technological Institute, Chicago; Miss Nina E. Browne, cataloguer, Library Bureau, Boston; Mrs. Minerva A. Sanders, Public Library, Pawtucket, R. I.; Miss Caroline H. Garland, Public Library, Dover, N. H.

Library work in a certain sense, is woman's work, for it is never done. The hours spent in the library represent only a portion of the time that must be devoted to the work. All the leading newspapers and magazines are to be scanned in order that one may be ready to assist readers; the Publishers' Weekly, and other book notices studied, so as to make the best selection of new works at the least outlay of money; and other odd moments given to building up special departments or to consideration of innumerable matters essential to the growth and advancement of the particular library under one's charge.

There is one class of library work that is yet far from attaining its full possibility and that is to be found in the Sunday School library. Most Sunday Schools have a small collection, at least, of well selected books; but not many have grown to see the need of a trained librarian to make the most of those books in the work of the school. Here is an unoccupied field for a tactful missionary spirit on the part of college trained women of leisure.

The salaries paid to library workers, fall short of adequate compensation for the amount of time and money expended in preparation for the profession; although, quoting from a writer in Library Notes, "the average pay of librarians is increasing year by year as the importance of the work is more generally recognized and as workers deserving more pay are increasing. But the people who command the highest salaries are exactly the ones who do the higher grade of work which is done for its own sake and not for pecuniary reward."

EDITH WALLBRIDGE CARR.

Bertha was calling on her teacher and enjoying herself immensely with the piano. Finally she espied an organ in the next room, and running quickly to it, drew out all the stops, which included the tremolo, and began to play. Looking up in disgust, she exclaimed, "Miss Ollie, this piano stutters."