

EDWARD WEST.

Sketch of the Life of a Pennsylvanian Who Went West in Early Life.

(Continued From First Page.)

the village of Milwaukee, paying \$60 for the claim and in the fall of 1838 went to live on it to make his pre-emption good.

For several years thereafter Mr West lived on his claim and was occupied a part of his time in surveying in the western part of Milwaukee county, now Waukesha county. In 1842 he took up a farm in that county at a place called Summit, and followed farming and surveying there until 1845. In that year he located on a 400 acre tract of land which he purchased from the government. In 1852 he leased his farm and large stock of cattle and sheep for a term of years and removed to Appleton, which was at that time a small village, whose first permanent settlers had located only three years previously.

At Appleton he purchased a tract of 100 acres on the north boundary of the village and farmed there for two years, later selling a portion of the land for the first fair grounds in the county of Outagamie, for which purpose they were used for many years.

Better than any one else resident at Appleton at that early day, Mr. West saw the water power possibilities of the Fox River at this point, and in January, 1855, he purchased 533 acres of land on the south side of Fox river, alongside the Grand Chute Rapids and including "the flat" and Grand Chute Island. Here he determined to make his life work one of building up a water power center, and how well he succeeded the subsequent history of the city of Appleton has shown.

He at once began improving the flow of water at the upper end of the island in a small way by constructing a water power dam which has since been replaced by the needle-dam of the middle level and selling a few small water power lots. In 1857 the first manufacturing plants at Appleton were established on Grand Chute Island, a machine shop and a small woolen mill which has since become the large plant of the Appleton Woolen Mills, manufacturing paper-machine felts, cassimere cloth, flannel and woolen yarns.

In 1858 he dug a small water power canal about 300 feet long, which furnished power for the woolen mill and a hub and spoke factory.

In 1870 he began the great work of digging the West water power canal through the entire length of Grand Chute Island. This was the beginning of the systematic development of the Appleton water power, which has resulted in making Appleton one of the greatest water power centers of the West and established here the hub of a manufacturing region known as the Fox River valley region which is known throughout the country.

Work on the canal was begun April 1, 1870, with 130 men and 29 teams, and under his personal supervision and plans, was completed late in December of the same year. Upon its completion a mass meeting of citizens was held and Mr. West was presented with a solid silver tea service bearing the inscription: "Presented to Edward West by the citizens of Appleton as a token of their appreciation of his enterprise in building the Grand Chute Island canal." The presentation speech was made by the late A. L. Smith, then mayor of the city, and letters of congratulation were received from Gov. Lucius Fairchild, Col. C. D. Robinson, and the Hon. Hiram Barney.

The completion of the water power canal made Mr. West a dominant factor in the water power interests of Appleton, and the remaining years of his life were devoted to managing the large interests thus created for his disposal, and in improving his property and making other real estate investments. Most of the land included in his original purchase of "the flat" and Grand Chute Island have been disposed of to various manufacturing interests which now occupy the available sites, but the fee of the water-power interests created by his canal and other improvements remain in his estate under leases and rentals.

Edward West was married at Appleton in September, 1865, to Mary A. Fenno, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. U. Fenno, who were among the pioneers of Appleton. To this union were born two daughters, one of whom died in infancy, and the other, Nellie M., being the wife of Dr. Frank C. Studley of Milwaukee. He is also survived by two children of a former marriage, William S. West of Chicago, and Mrs. Williams of Milwaukee.

During the years of his residence at and near Milwaukee Mr. West had many experiences of a picturesque nature with the Indians and incident to the rough pioneer conditions. In 1836, while living on his first claim, he became very friendly with the Indians, who helped him build his cabin.—Chief Menominee was particularly friendly with Mr. West and did him many good turns. One time when Mr. West had just finished planting his potatoes he invited Chief Menominee to dine with him, and their fare was potatoes and tea, the latter of which the chief relished greatly. But after dinner Mr. West discovered that while he and the chief were dining, his band outside had dug up and eaten all his newly planted potatoes. For this they were punished by Chief Menominee, and made for months to bring presents of game to Mr. West.

In 1838, while Mr. West was living on his claim on Root river, the stock

of flour in Milwaukee became exhausted, and none was to be had for any price. Mr. West and his neighbors lived for two months on potatoes.—One midnight, late in November, his nearest neighbor, a Kentucky family named Howard, sent their sons over to tell Mr. West that their father had just returned from Milwaukee with a barrel of flour, he having been in town when a schooner loaded with flour arrived and relieved the famine; that their mother was even then baking bread, and invited him to come over and feast. All that night Mr. and Mrs. Howard kept open the house while the women mixed dough and baked short cakes on a tin reflector at the fire place, while the neighbors ate until daylight. Flour was at that time \$25 a barrel, and money was very scarce among the settlers. But hospitality was as free as the air.

On one occasion while on a surveying expedition near what is now Muckwanago, his pack pony laden with all his supplies strayed and was stolen by the Indians. He made his way back to Milwaukee on foot and told Solomon Juneau of his loss. The Indian wife of the latter sent word to her people, and in a few days the pony was returned, but the supplies had been eaten. Again the loss was made good in game and furs. In his dealing with the Indians Mr. West learned to speak the dialects of four tribes, the Winnebagoes, Chippewas, Pottawatomies and Menominees, the latter tribe being his particular friends.

In December 1838, while on a surveying expedition a few miles from what is now Waukesha, and while traveling on foot late at night he heard a gun fired, and turning a mile or two out of his road came upon a family of three—man, woman and child—in a sled drawn by a yoke of oxen with a boy to drive. The man was sick and all were suffering with the bitter cold. They had been living on the east side of the Wisconsin river and were trying to reach Milwaukee, but had lost their bearings and were going directly away from the village. The man's feet were frozen and the oxen were exhausted and refused to move. Mr. West finally coaxed the oxen to pull the sled into the shelter of a thickly wooded swamp, and began to cut wood to build a fire. The sound of his axe, heard a long distance on a clear, frosty night, brought a settler from two miles distant to investigate the cause of chopping in the forest at midnight. The party were taken to the settler's cabin and made comfortable for the night, the man's feet being thawed in cold water and treated with ointment so that he lost no toes. But for Mr. West's assistance the whole family would undoubtedly have frozen alone in the woods that night.

In 1836, at Walker's Point, while busy about his camp, a drunken Indian with several drunken friends pressed his attentions upon Mr. West, and the latter having no time to humor him the Indian became abusive and finally attacked him with a knife, stabbing him three times—once in the face, once in the body and once in the thigh, the latter a dangerous wound. The other Indians and some bystanders rescued him from the infuriated Indian and saved his life, but the scars Mr. West carried to his grave.

During all his long life Mr. West never lost his love for farming and for the soil. All his means were invested in real estate, mostly farming and suburban property, aside from his water power interests, and as long as his health permitted he supervised a farm in "West's addition" on the southern outskirts of the city, merely for his own pleasure.

Some years ago, Mr. West experienced a partial stroke of paralysis from which he recovered, but his health has since been so precarious that he has been able to get about but little.

Up to the time of his paralytic stroke he was active in public affairs, though never a practical politician and steadfastly refused to accept any public office. In politics he acted with the republican party from the date of its birth in the little school house in the village of Ripon.

Personally, Mr. West was a man of kindly nature, genial at the core, but somewhat reserved in manner. He was public spirited, and invested more than \$100,000 in permanent improvements in the city of Appleton where his home had been for more than half a century. His death is universally deplored in the community where he was much respected.

AN INDIAN FARMER WHO COULD SUPPLY BASS SINGERS BY THE DOZEN.

The extent to which the agricultured portions of the middle west are now supplied with modern conveniences may be inferred from the story which follows: There came a ring at the telephone in a farmhouse in northern Indiana one day last summer, and the farmer himself responded, relates Youth's Companion.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Can you furnish me a bass singer for to-morrow night?"

"A bass singer? Why, yes, I reckon so," answered the farmer laughing.—

"What do you want one for?"

"Because the one we've had up to now is sick. What would be your terms?"

"Well, I usually furnish 'em by the dozen. I won't charge you anything for one. How do you want him sent?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Who do you think you're talking to?"

"Isn't this the Indianapolis opera house?"

"No. This is the Barataria frog farm."

PRAIRIE DOGS.

Every now and then one hears about invasions of grasshoppers that stop railroad trains. The old yarn was being unreeled the other night on the way down to the Atlantic Highlands, when a skeptic put in his unbelief:

"I have been through several grasshopper epidemics," he said, "and I never saw any such thing, but I did encounter an exodus of prairie dogs once on what was then a prairie in Nebraska that held up a long emigrant train for a day and night."

"It was during the rush for Pike's Peak. It was no unusual sight to see miles and miles of covered wagons wending their way like an army toward what was supposed to be the better land."

"We had been out about two weeks from Omaha, when one of the advance guard hurried back along the line with the information that a drove of prairie dogs was crossing the road a mile or so ahead, and that they were so numerous that the vanguard of the prairie schooners had been stopped. A temporary halt was made."

"No one supposed it would be of long duration, but darkness coming on, we rounded up for the night. The next morning the line did not move forward, nor did it gain an inch all day."

"Then a few of us mounted our horses and rode forward to reconnoiter. When we got within a quarter of a mile of the head of the line we looked forward. The face of the earth was in motion."

"As far as the vision extended, north and south, it was the same. They were moving from the north to the south—the prairie dogs were. They were so close together you couldn't have tossed your hat between them. They did not seem to be panic-stricken but just moved on and on like a great cloud."

"It was the strangest sight I ever saw. Old plainsmen said they never saw anything like it. When they were first seen we turned the dogs in the train loose upon them, but the dogs soon gave out. Maybe there is some sort of affinity between domestic dogs and prairie dogs which prompted the former to strike when it came to exterminating their species."

"Anyway, the domestic dogs just gave up the job. As for shooting the little brown rascals, that would have been folly. We hadn't the ammunition."

"The last night of the great exodus everybody, tired out with watching it, gave up the job and sought rest wherever it could be found. The next day there was not a prairie dog in sight. We resumed our journey. As we neared our destination and the long line of prairie schooners began to disintegrate, men had something else to think about, and the sight was forgotten, I suppose."

"But I never forgot it, and now and then occasionally I have met some one who also saw the sight, and as I knew they were men who never drank or dreamed, I satisfied myself that I was not mistaken in what I saw. I reckon it was the grand army of prairie dogs looking for places to burrow. I know where some of them located, but where the devil did they come from?"—New York Sun.

CABLE LASTS A LONG TIME.

A section of cable in the Caribbean sea was recently raised from 1,359 fathoms of water, where it had lain 30 years. Tests showed its core to be in perfect electrical condition, and the rubber insulation uninjured. A fear of sulphur from the rubber might injure the copper wire had no foundation.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in the States of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer or Home-seeker, who will forward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free. Circulars Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8, and others as they are published from month to month.

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Rouss Racket Store

SOME SPRING BARGAINS.

The time is here for cleaning house and getting things in readiness for the summer. We think we are in better shape this spring to save you money than we ever were. Compare a few prices: Table oil cloth 14c yd., roller window shades 8c, oil window shades with fringe 25c, scrim for curtains 4 and 5c yd., lace curtains—a rice line 30, 50, 60, and 85c pair, clothes baskets 50, 60 and 70c, knives and forks 42, 55, 60 and 85c, silver steel tea spoons 7c set, table-spoons 14c set, wash boilers 65 and 89c, wooden wash tubs 60 to 85c, galvanized tubs 45, 50, and 55c, clothes plus 1c doz., Aunt Lydia's linen thread 4c a spool, machine thread 3c spool, garden rakes 15, 18 and 22c, hoes 20 to 25c, steel shovels 50c, manure forks 33 to 45c. The best broom on the market 20 and 25c, carpet tacks 3 bbls for 5c or 4 boxes for 5c.

Underwear! Underwear!

To say we have the best is putting it mild. Ladies gauze vests with tape only 5c with lace neck and shoulder 9, 10 and 13c, men's hairbrigan 23 or 40c suit, better 45c each, men's dress shirts 23, 45, 48, 65 and 90c—see them, men's hats in the latest shapes 45c to \$1.20, looking glasses 12 to 40c.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

We have sold more shoes this month than in any month since we have been in business, and why is this? Simply because we are selling shoes that will give good service for less money than you can get them anywhere in the county. For instance we sell you a shoe for \$1 that you pay \$1.25, and one at \$1.20 that you pay \$1.50 and one at \$1.65 that you pay \$2.00. The time was when some of the merchants in our town could make the people believe that our goods were no good, but that time is past. If you haven't bought any shoes from us why not try us and save 20c on the dollar? Trunks \$1.90, \$2.10, \$2.35 and \$2.95, telescopes, 50, to 75c. In overalls and shirts, we handle the Shippenburg goods. Shirts, 23 to 44c; Overalls 25 to 70c; Pants 50 to \$2.90. Clothing, in children's 98 to \$1.95. Boys' piece suits, \$1.95 to \$3.25. Men's suits \$2.45 to \$7.25, also, a nice lot of samples of men's suits made to order from \$6 to \$12.50. Call and see them.

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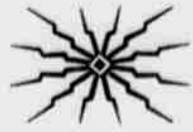
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