

History Of Dallas

(Continued From Last Week)

In the same house where John spent his later years lived later one Ira Gordon, a carpenter and farmer. Mr. Gordon's notions of family duties and farm economy were most tersely expressed in the remark credited to him that "a woman, a yoke of oxen and a wood shed are three things that never ought to be allowed to go off the farm."

1827-1828. The first mention is made this year of a postoffice in Dallas township, and Jacob Hoff is assessed as postmaster at a valuation of fifty dollars for the office.

1828-1829. Levi Hunt died of smallpox, caught while on a rafting party down to Baltimore, Md. This is said to have been the first death in Dallas township from that dread disease.

The leading event of this year was the division of Dallas township by cutting off Lehman township from it.

Joseph Ryman is assessed as postmaster. This postoffice was at his house, which stood where the Orr tavern stood, now where the Odd Fellows' hall stands. This was the first postoffice within the limits of the present territory of Dallas township.

1833-1834. Joseph Anderson buys 194 acres of land, part of tract in warranty name of Amos Wickersham. William Algerson buys sixty-five acres; Joseph Hoover buys thirty-seven acres; Felix Hooper buys fifty acres, all of the same tract. Thomas Irwin buys eighty-two acres from the Joseph Sanford tract. Charles Moore buys 180 acres, and Jacob Nulton buys eighty-six acres of same tract. The latter also buys forty acres, part of tract in warranty name of John Olden tract. Jacob Wilcox buys twenty-nine acres from the John Olden tract. Jacob Ryman appears for the first time as a single freeman, and seats 100 acres of tract in warranty name of Josiah Lusby. Ransom Demund seats eighty acres of tract in warranty name of Alexander Emsbury. Francis P. Southworth buys six-eight acres of Alexander Emsbury tract.

1834-1835. William C. Roushey appears for first time as a taxable. Philip Kunkle and James Shaver elected school directors, they being the first to be elected under the new school law providing for the establishment of common or public schools which continued to this day.

Dallas township continues to fill up very rapidly, and the unseated lands are taken up and seated so rapidly that in the year 1835, the long list embracing hundreds of tracts of unseated land at time of organizing the new township in 1817, was reduced to 25.

1835-1836. John Anderson buys fifty acres of land from Joseph Anderson. William C. Roushey assessed as carpenter, and buys three acres and one house of Joseph Ryman. Joseph Ross, buys thirteen acres of Thomas Irwin. Jonas Randall settles in the township and buys fifty-one acres and a house of John Wilson, also 175 acres of Leclere (?). William Randall appears for first time as a "single freeman." Charles Smith and William A. Barnes buy seventy-five acres of Sylvanus Fuller. Henry Anderson appears as a "single freeman" for first time. Daniel Spencer, Jr., buys fifty acres of land of Joseph Anderson.

1836-1837. Joseph S. Allen buys 130 acres of land with house and barn from Charles Moore. John Anderson buys fifty and Henry Anderson ninety-four acres of land from Joseph Anderson. Joseph Castline buys ninety-five acres from Alfred D. Woodward. William Honeywell, 2nd, buys thirty acres from Simon Anderson. Richard Honeywell buys one acre of Joseph Ryman. C. Butler buys 264 acres from G. M. Hollenback and Joseph Ryman (part of lots 1 and 2 certified Bedford). A. Thomas buys 100 acres at sheriff's sale of H. P. Hopkins and George Shaver (part of lot 5). Thomas Sweazy buys fifty-one acres of Joseph Hoover. Joseph Hoover buys twenty-nine acres of Jonathan Husted. C. Kunkle buys twenty-five acres of Felix Hoover. Henry King buys thirteen acres and one house of Ephraim Moss, also twenty-two acres of Jacob Rice (part of present Robert Norton farm, now John Reynolds plot of lots). Jacob Gould buys 165 acres of Nicholas Keizer. Rev. Griffin Lewis dies.

Christopher Snyder buys 118 acres, house and barn of J. Fisher. J. Fisher buys twelve acres, house and barn of William Snyder. A. S. Honeywell buys lot of land of T. Tuttle and Peter Seaman. Daniel Spencer buys fifty acres of Joseph Anderson.

1837-1838. Solomon Frantz is assessed as cabinet maker. Jacob Miers takes out a tavern license and starts a hotel on southeast corner at crossroads near the "Goss," or "Corner School House," about one-half mile north of McLellonsville on road to Kunkle postoffice. Excepting the license granted to Peter B. Roushey in 1823, before referred to, this was the first hotel or tavern license within present territory of Dallas township. Jacob Miers kept this tavern for about two years, when he died of smallpox, which he caught while on a rafting trip down the Susquehanna River in the same manner as in the case of Levi Hunt before referred to. Miers was buried alone a few miles back of the spot where this tavern stood. The well in the corner of the field south of the Corner School House now nearly marks the spot where the Miers hotel stood. The level ground at that point made it a favorite spot for the Dallas military company to meet and drill on training days. The last training there was on the day when the first of what proved in a few days to be Miers' fatal illness began to appear. Miers was up and about that day, but was feeling very ill. A week later he was dead. On that day, as on previous occasions, there was a great deal of drinking and fighting after the training was over. These fights grew more from an exuberance of masculine strength and physical good feeling, accompanied by a desire to see who was the "best man" than from any anger or bad blood, though what was begun in sport often ended in angry and brutal affrays.

Among the trades which appeared this year on the assessment books are Abram Huey, cooper; Nathan Montanye, blacksmith; Joseph Orr, carpenter (moved in this year); Edward O'Mealey, cooper; William Shaver,

Souls for Sale

She tried to play the vampire as she had seen the part enacted on the screen by various slithy toves. She drew her victim close to her, pressed tight against him, and poured upward into his eyes all the venom of an amorous basilisk.

"I'll pay the Price! I know what it costs to succeed, and I'm willing to pay. I'll do anything you say, be anything to you. You can't refuse me!"

She could hardly believe her own ears hearing her own voice, though with pride in the acting she was doing lifted her from the disgust for the role.

He looked at her without surprise, without horror, without even amusement, but—also without a hint of surrender. His only mood was one of jaded pity.

"Your poor child, who's been filling your head with that stuff? Are you really trying to vamp me?"

The cross word angered her.

"I'm trying to force my way to my career and I don't care what it costs." Tirrey's sarcastic smile faded.

"Sit down a minute and listen to me. A little common sense ought to have told you that what you've been told is all rot. Suppose I were willing to give a job to every pretty girl who tried to bribe me with love. Do you know how many women I see a day—a hundred and fifty on some days; that's nearly a thousand a week. And if you won me over you'd still have to please the director and the managers and the author and the public. How long would our company keep going if we selected our actresses according to their immorality?"

"Forget this old rot about 'paying the Price.' Tell Mr. Dobbs your pedigree and we'll give you the first chance we get, and no initiation fee or commission will be charged. How's that? A little bit of all right, eh? You're a nice child, and pretty, and you'll get along."

He lifted her from her chair and put his arm around her as a comrade, and slapped her shoulder blades in an accolade of good fellowship.

She broke under the strain and began to cry. She dropped back into her chair and sobbed. It was good to be punished and rebuked into common decency by the way of common sense.

It chanced that the proprietor of the company was returning to his office from a visit to one of the stages. This was the man whose name was familiar about the world. Every film from his factory was labeled: "Bermond presents—"; "Copyright by the Bermond Compañy"; "This is a Bermond picture." The slogan of the company was, "This is a Bermond year."

When Mr. Bermond heard Mem crying, his heart hurt him. He did not like scandal, disorder, confusion, or grief on his lot.

He went to Mem and tried to console her. He took her hands down from her contorted face and forced her to look at him. Seen through the cascades of her tears she was strikingly attractive, appealing.

"Sarah Bernhardt failed in her first play you know, and you may be a second Sarah some day," he said. "Just you wait!"

Mem's eyes were filling with rainbows. A bystander drew Bermond aside. It was Claymore, a dramatist who had had a few successes before he established himself in the moving pictures as a director.

"That girl has the tear," he said to Bermond. "That woman you've given me for my next picture is awful. Let me take this kid and give her a real test. She might have just what we want."

"Sure! Fine! Go to it!" said Bermond, and hastened to Mem with the good news that Mr. Claymore—the great Mr. Claymore—was going to give her a chance!

The next morning found Mem at the studio betimes, borrowing mascara and advice from Miss Calder.

Claymore was waiting for her when she came from the women's dressing rooms. She was daubed, smeared, lined, powdered, rouged, mascaroed, and generally calclimined for duty. Her heart was beating in alternate throbs of fear and frenzy. Her feet were at the brink of the Rubicon.

Claymore had provided a camera man, a few men to handle the electric lights, a property man, and even a pair of musicians—a violinist and the treader of a wheezy little portable melodeon.

Claymore marched her into the scene and gave her a little of what he called footwork.

"Go back to that door and come forward to this spot. Shake hands with—er—with your lover—er—Wellno. Let me see. That's too simple. Let's get down to business.

"You've a— Oh, well, just for instance, you've been—er—betrayed and your child has died and you've been accused of murdering it and you're now before the judge and the jury. Do you get me? You're coming into a courtroom under a charge of crime; you feel your shame, but you're innocent of the charge, yet you're overwhelmed with guilt for your fall, and the father

carpenter; Peter Shaver, 2nd, carpenter; Petr Seaman, shoemaker; Joseph Castline, blacksmith; Abram Huey Jr., cooper.

1838-1839. Jacob Frantz buys sixty acres of land from Thomas Irwin. David Fulmer buys 100 acres from Griffith Lewis heirs (Eypher farm (-)). P. N. Foster buys sixty acres, house and barn from Almon Church; Thomas Irwin buys fifty-seven acres of William Hoover. William Hoover buys fifty acres of the William Sanson tract. Jacob Rice, 2nd, appears for the first time as a taxable, and buys thirty-seven acres from Abram King. William A. Kirkendall buys sixty acres of Abram Thomas. Philip Kunkle sells 112 acres to Conrad Kunkle. Peter Ryman dies. Abram Ryman attains his majority, and buys twenty-five acres from Abram Thomas. Jacob Ryman conveys his land to Nathaniel S. Honeywell and moves west. Thomas Sweazy sells out to William Coolbaugh and moves to Wilkes-Barre.

(Continued Next Week)

of the child—was killed in the war, say—and you don't much care whether you live or die; so you're in despair, yet defiant. That's a triple layer of emotion for you and I don't suppose you can get much of it over, but—just try to give the atmosphere of it. Now back to the door. Walk through it once."

Claymore was as much embarrassed as Mem, for his invention was not in its best working order so early in the morning. He felt as silly as a man badgered by a peevish child to tell a story.

But his trite plot stirred Mem amazingly. He could not know how close his random shots had come to her and flung her back from the forward-looking artist to the lorn fugitive who had stumbled into California laden with disgrace.

She was all tremble and her eyes darted, her fingers twitched. Claymore marveled at her instantaneous response to his suggestion. There were born artists who shivered on the least breath of inspiration and suggestion.

His first impression of Mem was that he had found a genius, and he fought against the obstacles he encountered later with the zest of a man digging toward known gold.

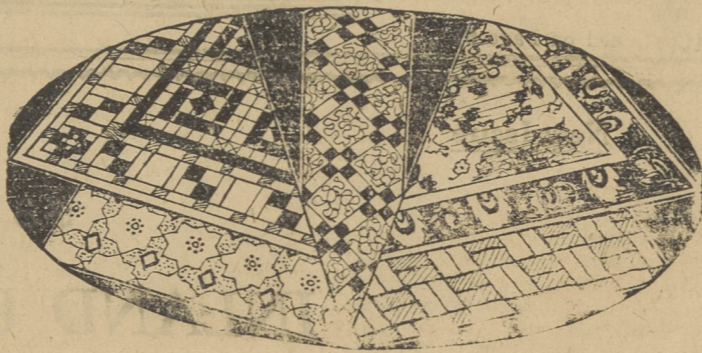
In a kind of stupor Mem obeyed his commands like the trained confederate of a hypnotist. She went to the door, came in reluctant, shamefast, doomed. She advanced slowly till she reached the edge of the rug he had indicated, then halted, and with a fierce effort hoisted her head in defiance and braved the lightning of the judge.

She heard Claymore call to her: "That's fine! Now we'll take it!" She started back, but was checked by the camera man's "Wait, please!" He ran forward and shouted directions on all sides for lights.

"Hit those spots. Throw the ash can on her. Bring up that Klieg. Put a diffuser on that Winfield. Whats the mater with the second spot? Your carbons are flickering, Mike! Trim those carbons on the second spot! Pull 'em!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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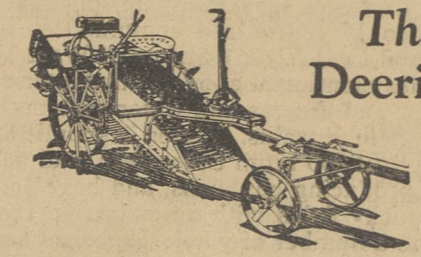
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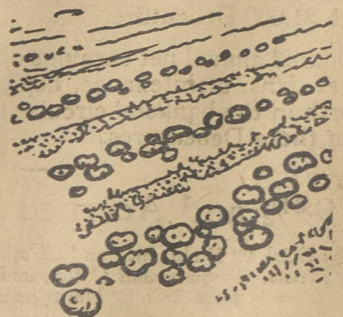
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-Harvey's Lake-

Mrs. George E. Casterline of the Lake entertained recently Miss Betty Cronauer and Earl Lehr of Wilkes-Barre and William Lerch of Chicago. Mr. Lerch has returned to resume his studies at Chicago College.

Warren Kline, manager of the Lake Improvement Co., has returned to his home in Philadelphia.

William Hennessey, who summered at the Lake, has returned to his home in Boston.

Mrs. Helen Amrose and son Francis are spending the week at Mt. Carmel, Pa., during the old home week celebration.

Mrs. George E. Casterline returned home after being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Rhodes of Ashley.

Dr. Robert E. Lewis of Kingston has returned home after summering at the Lake.

Mrs. Milton Lapp of Philadelphia is convalescing nicely after a serious auto accident in which she figured in several weeks ago at Old Forge.

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