

History of Dallas

At last, after a great deal of difficulty in making human affairs dovetail with his text, the preacher sat down. On the instant Mr. Linskill rose from his seat far back in the church and said with a deliberate, penetrating voice heard in every corner of the church, "If any man will show me that text in the Bible, I will be a wiser man than I ever have been," and sat down. Of course, this was a crushing humiliation to the preacher, but it seemed to be one of the cases of "least said soonest forgotten," and so I presume the incident has passed out of the memory of most of those who were present.

A story is told of A. L. Warring, who for a short time about 1849 to 1851 kept the hotel at Dallas. Among his most liberal patrons were Charles Bennett, a lawyer of Wilkes-Barre, and Henry Hancock, a merchant of Dallas, Huntsville and elsewhere, before mentioned. They were in the habit of stopping there on their way up or down on numerous fishing and other excursions. They were both famed for the fun that they were usually able to extract at almost any time from the most trifling incident or fact that might arise. On one occasion they began to show a disposition to criticize Warring's way of running a hotel, and wound up by telling him that unless he secured a hotel sign with an American eagle on it they should decline to again stop at his hotel. The jest was so well hidden that Warring promised faithfully to procure that bird as soon as possible, rather than lose such valuable patrons. P. V. Wambold, a cabinet maker and undertaker of note, then at Kingston, was commissioned by Warring to do the work, which he did in his usual finished style, putting in the bird's mouth a ribbon on which were painted the words, "E pluribus unum" in rather conspicuous letters.

In due time the sign was erected and ready to greet the eyes of Bennett and Hancock when they came again, which was not long after. Supposing, of course, that they would be delighted with the new sign, Warring went out to greet them, and incidentally "pointed with pride" to the American eagle on the sign. Quick as thought, signs of disgust and contempt began to darken the countenances of the guests. Of course, Warring could not understand the cause and asked an explanation. "Explanation," exclaimed the guests, "Don't you see you have insulted us? We are Americans and we asked you to erect an American eagle sign, instead of which you have had an 'E pluribus unum' bird put up here, which is an insult to every American who comes to your house." It is said that Warring was so worried over the matter that he sent the sign back to Wambold to have it made right, as I presume it was, though tradition telleth not.

The fact that no religious denomination except the Methodists has ever thrived in Dallas, has been mentioned before, but the density of the ignorance concerning other denominations in that country was never brought to the writer's notice until one of the Wilkes-Barre evening papers published the following:

"A distinguished Episcopal clergyman from Philadelphia was at Glen Summit recently. One day he came to the city and in the company of friends drove over to Dallas. Being a great walker he started off by himself to view the beauty of the surrounding country. Becoming thirsty he went to a farm house and asked if he could purchase a little milk. The milk was produced and other hospitalities extended, for which remuneration was refused. 'Do you have any Episcopalians over here?' he inquired of his hostess. 'Well, really now, I don't know,' she answered; 'our hired man shot some queer critter down back of the barn the other day, but he allowed it was a woodchuck.'"

This story is a little moth-eaten, and I fear was never indigenous to Dallas; but whatever it may lack of truth, illustrates what I before observed about the tendency of the people of Wilkes-Barre and vicinity to attribute to Dallas any unseemly or uncivilized act or remark which was without other localization.

A series of good yarns are told of and concerning one M——, an all around Yankee genius, already mentioned in these papers. On one occasion he and a party of neighbors came down to Dallas to enjoy one of Philip Raub's famous suppers of chicken and waffles, and afterwards to have a little dance. Mr. L. brought his fiddle along, and was orchestra, called off the dances, and was general manager of ceremonies as usual. As the sets were formed for the quadrille it happened that Mr. L.'s son Charles and his partner took a position nearly in front of and close to his father. As the dance proceeded, the father noticed that Charles seemed to be a great deal more interested in talking to his partner than in promptly responding to his part in the quadrille as the calls were made. This in-

difference grew until Charles was practically standing still during many of the evolutions where he should have taken part. Presently "swing your partners" came ringing from Mr. L., and the music for the swing proceeded, while Charles stood still talking to his partner, oblivious to every one else in the room. Mr. L. could endure this no longer. Suddenly the music stopped and he called out: "Charley, swing that gal; if you're goin' to dance, I want you to dance; if you're goin' to spark, go down in the settin' room."

Mr. L. at one time had a considerable reputation for his gift at swearing, and when it was learned that he was about to move to Dallas that reputation preceded him. At that time we could boast of another citizen, Mr. J. F., also distinguished, among other things, for his facility in the invention and use of oaths. About the time that Mr. L. was coming to Dallas, some one mentioned to Mr. F. that when Mr. L. arrived, he (F.) would have to retire, as Mr. L. could beat him all over at swearing. The curiosity of F. was so aroused by this that he determined to go down to the hotel at Dallas on the day of the arrival to see the newcomer, and possibly get some points in profanity. After waiting around some time, a stranger drove up to the hotel and stopped. Hardly had he done so when the floodgates were opened, and I am told by those who heard it that the way he swore was an inspiration. No name for the stranger had yet been given, and F. stood wondering if this could be his rival. After hearing a few choice specimens the doubt was enough removed for F. to approach and address him. "Ain't your name L.?" asked F. "Yes," barked the stranger; how the — do you know me? "Well, sir, by —," they told me that you were comin', and that you were the only man in the world that could beat me a-swearin', and — I know'd you by that." They were fast friends from then on—two of the best hearted men in the township; rough diamonds indeed they were.

A good story is told of Joseph Hoover dating well back in the first half of the century. He went one day to the store of Mr. Jacob R——, in a neighboring town, to get a gallon of molasses, taking with him the jug usually used for that purpose. As it happened that day, the son, Isaac, who usually waited on him, was otherwise engaged, and the father, Jacob, went down the cellar to draw the molasses. After being gone for some time, Jacob called up from the cellar to Joseph and said that the jug did not hold a gallon. "Call Isaac," replied Hoover, "and let him try; he has always been able to get a gallon in that jug."

For a number of years prior to the year 1838, Francis Hoover, who lived near the eastern extremity of the Wilkes-Barre Water Company's reservoir, where the road from Huntsville to Dallas passes around the same, claimed title to some land which also was claimed by a neighbor, Christopher Eypher. The dispute ended in an ejectment suit, which was finally decided in favor of Mr. Eypher by the poet-lawyer, David M. Jones of Wilkes-Barre, to whom the case was referred. I quote from the newspaper account which was published at that time:

"Eypher brought an action of ejectment against Hoover for some three acres of land in Dallas township, part of a larger tract of one hundred and three acres. The defendant filed the usual plea of 'not guilty guilty,' thus disputing not only the plaintiff's alleged ownership of the title to the three acres, but also denying the usual primary averment of the plaintiff in such cases that the defendant was in possession, as unless he were he could not be sued even though he had no title whatever.

"A jury trial was waived and the case referred to David M. Jones, our popular poet, who, after taking a large amount of testimony on both sides and listening to the spirited arguments of counsel, filed a report in favor of the plaintiff. To this numerous exceptions were filed by defendant's counsel, and after lengthy arguments on the exceptions, the court, Judge Woodward, filed the following opinion:

"Christopher Eypher vs. Francis Hoover. C. P. 200, January Term, 1838. Report of Referee and Exceptions.

"This is an action of ejectment, and the eighth finding of fact by the referee is as follows:

"Eighth—That the title, legal and equitable, to said land is in Christopher Eypher, the plaintiff, and that he has been in possession and has occupied and improved said lot No. 2 since March 28, 1844, the disputed land being within the certified lines of said No. 6, and of lot No. 5 certified Bedford since May 6, 1854—that he has occupied and improved said lands under and by virtue of said conveyance."

"Again, in what is called the 'history of the case,' the referee states 'that the plaintiff has been in possession of these lands for a little over

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