EXCERPTS FROM

## THE HISTORY OF LUZERNE COUNTY

By H. C. BRADSBY

(Readers will enjoy Mr. Bradsby's quaint, paranthetical remarks more if they keep in mind that he was writing this history of Luzerne County forty-five years ago, and refers to conditions as he knew them, not as they are in 1938.)

—EDITOR

(Continued From Last Week)

Years come and years go, and the wilderness that was early Luzerne County begins to thin out, and the land begins to be dotted with log cabins. That is, every few miles on the way can be seen in the distance the blue curling smoke lazily ascending from these outside, low, mud-and-stick chimneys. This, now, is the glorious log-cabin day and age. Let us examine one, and, if we can, secure the shadow ere the substance has gone forever.

As you approach you are impressed with the squat and heavy, solid appearance of the building. The roof is of split clapboards, weighted with heavy poles. There is not so much iron as a nail in the whole building. The batten door is made of the same kind of boards, and swings on wooden hinges. It has a wooden latch, to which is attached a leather string that passes up and through a small hole to the outside. To pull this string is to raise the latch, and permit the door to open. To lock the door it is only necessary to pull the string inside, and then no one on the outside can open it. Hence, there is much friendly significance when one says to another "My latch string always hangs out for you".

## SETTLER PROUD OF HIS LARDER

You will notice as you approach that to your right, and near the end of the cabin, somewhat to the front of the house, is a very small cabin, a kind of a baby to the main building. This is the meat house. The lord of the manor is evidently a little proud of the larder, and hence it sets a little to the front of the big cabin. It bespeaks for him a good provider, "and juicy hams and red gravy" galore. Farther off there you see the stables covered with straw, and the stacks of grain and hay, and about the premises are cows and calves, and horses, with long hair and bushy manes and tails, and razor back hogs, the largest part apparently the head, on account of the long snout. On every hand there are evidences of plenty and content.

Pull the latch and walk in, where a hearty and cheerful welcome will greet you, even the long-haired curs will "bay you a deep-mouthed welcome" that will be stopped only by the authoritative voice of the master. The wide, blazing fire, extending nearly across the whole end of the house, adds to the brightness, and the iron lard lamp, with a rag for a wick, the recent great improvement over the scraped turnip that did duty as a lamp, you hardly notice as it burns away stuck in a crack in one of the logs.

The good wife and the strong and red-cheeked girls are preparing the evening meal. The spare ribs hanging in front of the fire are turned frequently, and their odors at once whet your already keen appetite. The bread is in the oven, and on this is a lid with the edges curled up to hold the heaps of coals that are on the top, while there are still more under the oven. An iron pot is hanging by the crane, and is boiling furiously. While these preparations are going on, take an inventory of the room.

## "GRANNY" SITS IN THE CORNER

You are in one of the two split-bottomed chairs. The old chest can be seats for three or four of the family; then there are two or three three-legged stools. Then there is a bench made of a split log, with legs to it, that is seats all along one side of the table, but is moved around at pleasure. Over there is "granny", with her "specs", the brass rims nearly worn out, and all looking as old as she does, except the new yarn string that holds them in place.

At the other end of the 14x20 room are two beds, end to end, with barely room for a person to squeeze between them. On these are such high feather mattresses, and over these gay-figured red and white woolen coverlets. A gay calico "valance" hangs around the legs of each big bedstead, and under each big bed you know there is a trundle bed . . . the ancestor of the folding bed. The trundle bed was at one time a universal feature of the old log cabin, from which came that barbarous expression from some sour old bachelor about "trundle-bed trash".

The floor is of puncheon—split logs—dressed down with an axe tolerably well, but still full of big cracks; the window, a hole in the wall, covered with a piece of greased paper through which the light shines dimly. On the walls hang strings of sage, onion tops, and a beautiful wreath of red peppers. Some loose boards are laid on the cross-beams, and the stairway is cleats fastened to the wall. This is the girls' boudoir, and the walls around it are hung with dresses and female clothing.

But supper is now ready and steaming hot, and you seat yourself around the puncheon table with the happy family and fall to with a will.

(Continued Next Week)















