

Recollections of Old Superior

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By the Late **ACHILLE H. BERTRAND**,

Son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bertrand, who arrived in Superior on the steamer *Lady Elgin*, June, 1857, and remained permanent residents until their death.

Perhaps 'twas just a fancy, or mayhap 'twas just a dream,
But as I traveled down the road I saw a silver stream;
I heard its merry gurgle and I saw the red-wing fly,
And I knew that birds were nestling in the clump of trees nearby;
And then the strange thing happened, the thing I can't explain—
I was whistling thru my fingers to my old playmates again.

Edgar A. Guest.

As life nears its allotted span, thoughts turn to the days of its youth—or something to that effect seems to be a true adage, and the nearer the allotment, the deeper they dig reminiscently. That appears to be the case with the writer; and furthermore, the urge has possessed him to resurrect them from the silent recesses of memory for the benefit of those who may be interested.

Life and surroundings for a great many years have been anything but reminders or aids to such a task. They are especially so during the present time. The surroundings are vast plains, the erstwhile feeding and breeding haunts of the buffalo on one side, and on the other side, a world famous range of mountains—the scenes of our country's wildest adventures and discoveries of fabulous wealth. As to life, that has been so far removed by this wonderful age of progress and evolutions, including habits of living, mental processes and migratory tendencies, that the backward span seems as long as some of Wells' jumps in the prehistoric periods of his "Outlines of History."

And so it is with the Superior and surroundings of today in offering anything very reminding of the picturesque Superior, its activities and primitive surroundings down to the neighborhood of 1870. In an attempt to draw the picture the keenest imagination might end in failure. Nature's undefiled shore lines of those days are now buried more effectually under the structures of a great country's commerce than are the tombs of Egypt under the shifting sands of the Sahara; and their peaceful solitudes destroyed by the shrieks and din of steam and machinery, while the haze of languorous summer is obscured by the emissions of myriad stacks and chimneys. The aborigines, silently and serenely paddling their bark canoes along these shores, laden with their winter's harvest of furs from interior forests, lakes and streams, encountering no greater disturbance than

the whirr of a startled partridge in the skirting woods, the dripping flight of wild ducks at a sudden turn of the shore, or occasional families of muskrats busily engaged in the problems of life along the marshy borders have disappeared from the scene; as well as their feathered and furred contemporaries. We now devote our aesthetic moods to the contemplation of modern commercial leviathans bringing in coal and taking out grain and ore. In the background of all this were primeval forests—fragrant northern woods that densely covered every space of ground to the water's edge, and spread their cooling shadows over numerous streams and brooks and beds of green moss used to chink log houses and occasionally filling a bed tick, then, that are now completely obliterated by the irresistible demands of a modern city and the ravages of recurring forest fires far beyond its limits; leaving scattering charred trunks of ancient monarchs—fitting memorials of a majestic past.

While this is in accord with the natural evolution of progress, yet, to one who has uninterruptedly lived his most impressionable years—from childhood to manhood—in the atmosphere of these primeval scenes, a feeling of emotion arises, as if one were visiting an old cemetery where reposed the buried remains of his youthful playmates and associations.

THE OLD BAY FRONT—The old bay front, the obsessive lure of barefoot boys and despair of apprehensive mothers, was always an interesting feature of the town. The lashing Northeasters, the murmur of rippling waves, or the silence of breathless calms, were the moods of waters expended on a sandy beach that focused things serious, as well as pleasurable; in the affairs of community life; and back of it to the top of the bank were all kinds of trees, bushes, shrubbery, wild flowers and occasional berry patches—natural conditions that

remained for years after Bay Street properties had been cleared and settled. Avenues opened, some graded, stopped at the street, except Nettleton in Lowertown leading to the dock, and I Avenue in Uppertown, which were graded to the bay. So the stretch of this primeval fringe was practically unbroken the entire length of the bay shore. During the boom Mr. Charles Felt, a prominent and well known pioneer of Uppertown, extended a dock from the foot of J Avenue to the channel; but to the earliest recollections of the writer, its only tangible evidence was a couple cribs at the outer end and a few piles near shore. If the intervening space was ever constructed, there was nothing to indicate it, and the avenue had not been graded or cleared to its approach—apparently an enterprise that proved its uselessness before its completion.

Strolling along the bay shore and occasionally finding an agate of quality; gems for which certain shores about Lake Superior were famous; curiously observing boats, canoes and dugouts beached, or tied to their moorings along its stretches; essential necessities then as autos are now; in fact more so, and more or less characteristic of their owners residing above and beyond the bank, as autos are of their owners today; perchance, an Indian leisurely paddling by in his bark canoe well loaded with his family and chattels; a lumber scow or raft being poled from the upper mills to the Lowertown district for building, sidewalk, or bridge construction; a family or neighborhood party joyously gathering at their landing with lunch baskets, intent for a picnic on one of the points, or with an array of receptacles for berry picking; indicating that everything available about the home had been requisitioned for the purpose; groups of noisy youngsters at their favorite haunts enjoying an important phase of their summer sports—swimming, sailing toy boats, navigating on improvised rafts of drift lumber, or frolicing on the sand; were among the incidents of common occurrence. The upper stretches of the bay shore, along Connor's Point where the beach widened and rushes grew in long, broad areas in the shallow waters, were even more picturesque. Here was the hunting ground for youths with bow and arrow or shot gun, in quest of snipe, plover and ducks. Full fledged and equipped sports-

men found greater attraction up the St. Louis River or Allouez Bay, where ducks were in abundance during spring and fall seasons, and were bagged in similar proportion.

CONNOR'S POINT—Connor's Point, with its sandy beach on the bay side and beachless on the other side, because the shore dropped suddenly into the dark waters from marshy edges covered with willows, alders and swamp tamarack—the haunts of blackbirds and kingfishers, was one of nature's loveliest spots. It had a growth of norways with little underbrush from its base to Howard's Mill, just opposite the shipyards; but beyond were the usual varieties of trees and shrubbery and the entire point abounded in wild roses and other flowers, wintergreen, strawberries, blueberries, thorn apples and pigeon berries. Ideal spots for picnics were plentiful; or where one could lose one's self in their charming solitudes and dream the happy hours away.

Only reminder of extraneous habitations within sight or sound of many such spots on a Sunday with air conditions favorable, might be the clear, distant tones of the Oneota church bell transmitted across the St. Louis Bay when it announced the hour for morning or evening services to the village worshippers—the Merritts, Wheelers, Elys and their neighbors. An intrusion and surroundings singularly harmonious as reminders of a wonderful Creator. The Connor house, built at a very early period, stood in such a spot close to a landing from "Howard's Pocket" about forty rods west of the mill. Its last occupant was Wm. Kimball and wife during their honeymoon, and where Byron Kimball was born—if memory serves correctly. Mr. Kimball was operating the mill and producing four thousand feet of lumber per day of ten hours—its full capacity. A dock was extended to seven or eight feet of water on the bay side, and schooners occasionally took cargoes from it for ports down the lake. It is also remembered that these vessels were sometimes towed by yawl boats—there being no tugs then—up the pocket for the same purpose. The scene, including the mill of crude construction, was as picturesque as its surroundings.

It was near the close of the sixties that H. M. Peyton erected his mill at the head of the point—considered then the largest

lumber producer, but far below the capacity of later mills. The subsequent partnership between Messrs. Peyton and Kimball was the natural association of the business man with the practical lumberman. The firm prospered and for many years was among the leading lumber producers at the head of the lake, and furnished valuable aid to the community in way of employment. Mr. Peyton lived at the East End and made frequent trips to his mill. The remarkable thing about that was his mode of travel. In early years the water route was the most practical and general in use, but gas launches were then unknown, and the combination sail and row boat was the supreme achievement for small craft transportation. George Paulkner, the famous boat builder of those times, put forth his best efforts to produce a perfect example of his skill for the use of Mr. Peyton. He evidently did; as the manner in which it navigated in all kinds of weather amply testified. Appropo to modes of travel might be mentioned another adopted by one of Superior's earliest merchants, and later, very prominent in lumber and timber lands. J. D. Howard resided in Superior and had business in Duluth; and as an economical means of winter travel procured a powerful dog, sled and harness. Thus equipped, "Carlo" transported him over seven miles of ice and snow, expeditiously and comfortably.

Connor's Point, like all other points forming the various boundaries of the bay, was a burial place for Indians; with Connor's and Wisconsin Points as probably the most noted. Until the encroachments of industries and squatters, there was a notable cemetery in the neighborhood of the Connor residence—and there may have been others. Along the crumbling sand banks on the bay side, gradually receding from the effects of wind and water—occasionally undermining trees and bushes where once had been terra firma, bones, skulls and beads were often exposed. From these indications it may be inferred the region was well populated with Indians in early or more remote times; and it is related that when the Chippewas were among the great Indian nations, large numbers of them inhabited this section, which was the scene of their conflicts with the Sioux. Fish and game were plentiful, and being an important

and convenient point for voyagers and traders to establish themselves for traffic, made it a natural place for the summer homes of aboriginal captains of the fur industry, while the retired and aged made it their permanent abode.

OTHER POINTS—Other points varied notably only in surroundings, Allouez Bay, occupying the inner side of Wisconsin Point, was a labyrinth of channels, open spaces and large areas of rushes and marshes—ideal conditions for duck shooting. Bluff and Bear creeks emptying into it from verdant woods, appealed to lovers of nature who always found delight in paddling up their winding courses thru the silent shadows of arching trees. The lake shore bordering Minnesota and Wisconsin Points, however, favors them with special distinction—where one may view in silence, and contemplate with reverence, the sublimity of nature. As all beings and things that came to us from the outside were brought by lake boats which made their first appearance on the distant horizon, the youth, who had never crossed the "Rubicon" of his surroundings, may have often stood on these shores, enrapturedly gazing and ardently wondering at the mystic beyond from whence they came. But the other side held no mysteries for his elders; and it is not improbable that there were times during the years of stress and discouragement, that poignant longings awakened on such occasions, took wings and eagerly crossed the barrier to scenes and ties of former days.

In sketches of bits of New England coast, the lighthouse is generally a central figure, or a picturesque adjunct. We had such an adjunct among the scenic beauties of Minnesota Point. But, by an act of nature, or the ruthless hand of man, it has been almost, if not entirely destroyed—a very deplorable act. The old lighthouse had served its purpose long and faithfully. Its unfailing beacon had guided many ships to calm and safety, and was among the noted landmarks along the entire chain of lakes. If obsolete, it should have received the protection and perpetual care of a government usually interested in objects of historical value, and provided with tablets concerning its relations to past events of absorbing interest—something for which present and future generations would feel deeply grateful. Its only keeper recalled and well

remembered, was in charge during the sixties and early seventies. Mr. Palmer was an ideal of the type; large and portly, a full white beard to the waist and a genial personality. His occasional visits to town were always welcome, and presumably very enjoyable to his isolated life.

PICNICS AND CELEBRATIONS — Minnesota Point was usually the scene of our community picnics and Fourth of July celebrations — events that happened too rarely, and finally died out about the close of the Civil War. The big noise for the latter occasions was limited to one or more anvils with liberal supplies of powder, and the speaker of the day, Col. Hiram Hayes was the usual oratorical dispenser, as well as on most occasions requiring public expression of community sentiment. Bombs, rockets and Roman candles were unknown, but there was plenty of powder and lung power, and the juveniles attended to the small noise by a scrupulous use of crackers. There were no metropolitan airs about these celebrations, because of the total absence of a brass band; but good old fashioned music and singing were provided by transporting someone's melodeon, and the volunteer services of a chorus of lusty voices. Lunches were sumptuous and vigorously laid away through proper channels. When the shadows began to lengthen a general stampede was started for the boats, and these were soon in radius formation for various points on the opposite shore. It is remembered that sometimes a scow was used for this purpose by the Lowertown contingent, because a sufficient number of boats were not available. But instead of being towed by a launch, it was poled across the Bay. That such events seemed most notable was the general indication — probably because they were becoming fewer than once a year, and the consequent long pent up joys and exuberance of spirits exercised greater expression as opportunities for their release grew less frequent.

THINGS MUSICAL — The Roy family conducted, and mainly composed the choir of the mission church for many years; but, strange as it may seem, had never interested themselves in secular music of any character. Desiring to do their patriotic bit on a certain Fourth, they loaded the family melodeon in their

mackinaw, and propelled by a gentle lake breeze, sailed up and down the bay shore while chanting the Vesper hymns. It was very pleasingly effective, as music on the water always is, and any thought of desecrating sacred music was banished when the spirit of the occasion, and the pardonable circumstances of having been exclusively devoted to sacred music were considered.

Another imprint on the tablets of memory recalls the first brass band with all the thrills of its completeness and effectiveness. To juveniles, band music was something incomprehensible. It was on a characteristic summer day — as remembered, and a steamer from down the lake had negotiated the harbor entrance and was cautiously feeling its way up the Minnesota Point channel to the hair pin turn opposite Middletown from where the channel proceeded to Quebec Pier. Suddenly, and without the least warning or thought of such an event, strains of harmonious sounds were wafted to our ears; strange melodies were reverberating over primitive land and water. It was a brass band lustily expressing its joyous greetings to a "pent up Utica." The effect was magical on the unsophisticated — as may be imagined, and everybody else for that matter, because so unexpected and foreign to conceivable possibilities. By the time the steamer reached its moorings at the pier, we had been favored with a real band concert — every note of which was rapturously enjoyed; and after its departure with its excursion party — as it turned out to be — the event remained an impressive remembrance for many days.

was never forgotten. The boat was met at the pier by a citizenry literally keyed up to concert pitch and remained so during a continuation of the band performance there — even unto the dying strains of a farewell number as the departing steamer passed out of the bay and the lives of its thrilled auditors. While relating incidents musical — vocal or instrumental, the frog intrudes for honorable mention; and the mosquito ingratiates itself with a reminder of its puncturing preludes. What at first is abhorred, eventually tolerated, and finally embraced, is a mental process that never reached the second stage with us, so far as frogs and mosquitoes were concerned. Every block had its air dome, and Bay Street was an elongated edition of the Midway

Plaisance; owing to the unimproved condition of what are now parking strips, and where street ditches formed stagnant pools. Even in building sidewalks, frog ponds were bridged over and left undisturbed. Mosquitoes must have been the original legionnaires — numerically, and attacked in mass formation. The smoke screen was the nearest protection against these attacks; but its suffocating effects made it only a lesser of two evils. Frogs were not entirely without favor. The ponds swarmed with tadpoles towards summer, gradually transforming into more frogs — very interesting to youngsters who liked to stick around and in frog ponds in violation of maternal injunctions. Besides, announcement of spring was always a welcome message, and frogs were among the first to bring it. So were mosquitoes, for that matter.

The most welcome of all messengers, however, was a sweet little songster perched on a neighboring bush, caroling its glad tidings from dawn till dark. Its habitat was the outskirts of border settlements, or clearings where the sunshine was unobstructed. It was sometimes called the nightingale, but that was likely a misnomer. It is reminiscently mentioned in Dr. Drummond's Canadian poems in the "Habitant," as the "rosignol," and is usually associated with spring sentiments in that country.

A TYPICAL EVENING — These spring visitors recall typical evenings of the season before settlers had materially changed natural conditions. Owing to the latitude, sunsets were late, and twilights, with a balmy atmosphere and clear sky, long and delightful. On such evenings, after the day's activities were completed, it would not be unusual for the family to resort to the outside for relaxation while contemplating the offerings of the new home and its environments. The air would be fragrant and stimulating with the aromas of budding trees — especially the poplars and balsams, and musical with songs of the "rosignol" and robin red breast after the day's last morsel.

Due to generous Providence on land and water and the absence of civic development, the feathered tribe abounded in large numbers and varieties; and for the latter reason, the urban sparrow postponed its appearance. Occasionally a crow might be seen or heard cautiously wending its homeward flight to the rookeries

in the Norway pine groves across the bay after a strenuous day of foraging in the back lots and outskirts; and possibly a loon—famous northern diver, inhabiting local waters at that time, might be heard calling to its mate or offering a challenge somewhere on the bay. With the approach of dusk the nighthawk made its appearance in startling swoops and screeches, and the hoot of the owl was frequently heard in the neighboring woods. On all sides the view presented a peaceful and picturesque nature being gradually despoiled of its grandeur and solitudes by the encroachments of the white man.

COMMUNITY PROBLEMS

Incidentally, a passing or visiting neighbor might join the group for a social chat, or talking over subjects anent the times and place; the progress of land clearing, pulling stumps and fencing; what was contemplated about planting and the prospect of the weather affecting these problems; what the town board was doing or going to do about sidewalks and street grading; whether the E. C. Clark and John Grant hills on Bay Street, about Middletown—very steep and difficult to travel on foot or in vehicles, were to be reduced during the current season; the improvement of bridges over the various creeks and ravines crossing the street along its entire length; opening of avenues for the accommodation of interior settlers a block or two back from the street; discussing past, current or threatened law suits affecting land titles occurring at that time; the interesting subject of the recent first boat arrival; the difficulties attending it, comparing it with experiences of previous years, the welcome relief it brought to depleting supplies after a long consuming winter, or if it had not yet arrived, the very gripping question—"When would it?"; whether the government would start or resume cribbing at the harbor entrance—always difficult to navigate until cribbing had been extended into the lake beyond sand bar formations; during the war there was always the news from latest weekly papers to review—our only source of information until the railroads brought the telegraph—the possibilities of its duration and results; its leaders—in fact, the war was discussed from every angle more or less passionately; local incidents, neither of gripping or notable importance, perhaps, but always interesting and affording material

for prolonging conversation; news from former homes in recent letters from relatives or friends; and becoming reminiscent over youthful days when times and conditions were different; as we do now over ours, and the times and conditions of their great venture from our points of view and improved living. If the neighbor's wife was included in the group, the women were not without verbal exchanges of mutual interest; the last number of Godey's or Peterson's undoubtedly engaged them concerning new designs for spring bonnets, aprons, washable garments, etc.; the problem of making over things and family sewing in general; the luck experienced with the last batch of bread—an achievement not always crowned with success in those days of primitive milling and cooking facilities; the garden, in which the women folks took personal interest; especially flower beds involving varieties which are now rarely seen and recalled as old-fashioned; the neighborhood doings; in fact, the usual trend of conversation on such occasions, but reflecting the strange problems and incidents of lives constrained to the hazards and limitations of early pioneering. If the picture could end there, it might suggest a pleasing idyl of a pioneer's evening at that time and season; but to truthfully complete it must be included the din of croaking frogs on all sides doing their utmost at that time o'day, and the smudge pot requiring diligent attention, however distressing to the eyes and throat, if mosquitoes were to be repulsed from their bloodthirsty attacks in mass formation. The house would be kept dark, and whoever had to enter it was vociferously warned to keep the door shut. At bed time, when all had retired to the inside, followed by a few elusive stingers, and nature consigned to the guardianship of a starry firmament, the frogs and mosquitoes were in the midst of their nocturne; but the effects of a few eliminating swats on the "elusive stingers," the day's fatigues and clear consciences soon delivered them into the arms of Morpheus.

DESCRIPTIVE OF OLD SUPERIOR—Accounts show that Superior had grown to a population of about 2500 at the time of the panic in 1857. It rapidly dropped after that to near village proportions. It stretched along the bay front on Bay Street from the

Nemadji River—known then as the "Left Hand," a translation of the Indian name—to the Vincent Roy home—now occupied by the city gas works; and was designated as Lower, Middle and Upper towns in the order named from east to west. Lowertown comprised the business section principally between Hollingshead and Becker Avenues, and the greater part of the residential district scattering extending to the Nemadji, and where a number of pretentious homes, reflecting Eastern and Southern wealth and culture, were situated, and south on Nettleton and two or more parallel avenues, for as many blocks. A large majority of our Irish population resided in the latter section. Middletown occupied Bay Street only, with possibly one or two avenues opened a short distance. Dwellings were substantial, but of very plain construction, and for absolute needs only. Some were of hewn logs, and others just logs. Uppertown was very similar, except a few better houses, and boasted of a brewery on the slough erected by Louis Kuehli, one of the first settlers long since removed to Minnesota where his descendants reside. If his venture was destined to rival the institutions that made Milwaukee famous, nothing in its brief career justified such expectations, and its final disappearance completely settled it. Whether it was an indication of bibulous conditions, or the quality of its brew, cannot be stated here; but as it seems to have been established during the early prosperous years, its reason for being was probably the natural foresight of a business man at that time.

A remarkable thing about these three divisions by which the town was designated, was the sharp lines of demarkation existing between them; due, evidently, to the chaotic condition of land titles at the time of settlements in Middle and Uppertowns. Lowertown was platted by land companies of undisputed ownership, and lots sold in the usual manner and occupied by the purchasers of all classes and nationalities for business or residential purposes. Middletown was settled almost exclusively by half-breeds and a few French Canadians by right of occupancy, after extended litigation with pre-emption claimants. Uppertown had the same experience in the portion known as "Superior City," except that its settlers were mostly from the East and states bordering on the lower

lakes, and numerous Scandinavians. The "Roy Tract" adjoining on the west, was settled exclusively by French Canadians, but later surrendered their claims to Vincent Roy who proved a prior title—also the result of long litigation. At the time, or previous to these settlements, Bay Street was opened through the forest, at least in the Uppertown section; and it was not much better than a roadway through logged off lands for some years after. The bay was totally obscured from it by thick stands of trees and bushes in some places, and partly so in others, covering the intervening blocks. Settlers on either side of the street were obliged to cut out footpaths to the bay for water and other purposes. The name of "Superior red clay" is much more significant of character than locality. There may be, but the writer never came in contact with its equal in some respects. To expand on this subject is unnecessary because the reader undoubtedly gets in contact with it occasionally—saying the same things about it we did, but we said them much oftener, for more reasons and probably much more emphatically. These muddy reflections are for the purpose of conveying some idea of the difficulties in getting about before drainage was effective and walks were in general use.

When heavy snows came, they came to stay. They were not brushed aside by electric street sweepers, or snow shovel brigades. Consequently streets were buried five feet or more, and traveling between home and other points was a strenuous problem—even with the aid of snow shoes. Bay Street was the only thoroughfare from one end of town to the other, and was the principal scene of these trying and exasperating experiences. Most residents owned boats or canoes and frequently took the water route to town. Transportation of provisions and household effects was done by water and carried to the houses from the landings. Those living in the vicinity of the Nemadji had to go down the bay to the mouth of the river, and then up the river to their destination. Shortly before that time a general view of the bay front from the water presented a solid stand of stalwart woods to the water's edge, except occasional spots where a house stood on the bank and the land cleared around it. As settlers came in, these spots increased in number.

In spite of facing the full force of Northeasters, the lure and con-

venience of the bay front outweighed any advantage of protection farther back. Structures of commerce and industry, railroads and plying steamers belching smoke and soot have blotted out all the beauties of a lavish nature, and a modern water system replaced its domestic convenience. So the impelling desire now is to get back as far as possible and gratify the love of nature in other directions—White Birch, Nebagamon, Brule, Gordon, or other places of easy access.

OUT OF THE MUD

The time was finally at hand when citizens could walk to town from either end on plank walks. The comfort and appreciation of such a radical change could not be equaled by any conceivable improvement over present modes of street travel. Bay Street had a two plank walk on one side of the street—on the bay side west of the business district, and on the land side east of it. The avenues were served with one plank where needed. It might be assumed that citizens going to town for their usual shopping, mail and gossip, and sought companionship for the walk home because it was long, and darkness made it lonely and longer, would protest that two planks were as inadequate for social conversation on the way as the same number would suffice in a political platform. Vital subjects were often discussed on such occasions and single file discussions were not popular. However, the dominating consideration was that mud holes and street navigation had been overcome, and any defects in the ways and means must be cheerfully tolerated. Sometime later two planks were added to the Bay Street walk and one plank to some of the avenues. That was the ne plus ultra for years.

The women folks were not so seriously affected by the condition of the walks. Shopping excursions were rare as such needs were few and simple. About two or three a year sufficed the majority to provide the necessities that could not be entrusted to other members of the family, and they chose the time o'day and weather for the purpose. Fashions were reviewed at home—the only place they could be, through the pages of Godey's or Peterson's magazines—the popular fashion periodicals of the day. There were no window displays of styles in garments, hats, shoes, furnishings and lingerie which has since made window shopping

the most popular and best patronized feature of the mercantile business.

An outsider—nor forgotten—humorously inspired, alluded to Superior as a "town of magnificent distances." If he had been a local pedestrian for as many years as were registered by its citizens, his spirit of humor and conception of magnificence would undoubtedly have given place to quite different allusions without lessening actual distances or degree of impression.

Second Street, before its contours were transformed into the present modern thoroughfare under the name of Bay Street, was a hard street to travel; and one's objective always seemed a long ways off from almost any point in its three and a half or four miles of extent from Connors Point to the Nemadji. It was a succession of level stretches and ravines—some as deep as the bay level. There were seven or eight from its western extremity to Nettleton Avenue, and about as many more from there to the Nemadji. Nettleton Avenue was the principal crossing because it was the avenue leading to the dock (Quebec Pier), and was at the bottom of one of the deepest ravines through which coursed a torrential stream during thaws and heavy rains. Stores on the west corners were elevated on piles and timbers to a grade and the streets were cribbed and filled to the same level. The "Nettleton Avenue Hill" on the east side of this ravine, was the most popular coasting resort for both old and young Eastenders. If the pro-saic and even tenor of lives during those years escaped the ups and downs of more temperamental communities, they could not avoid the precipitous ups and downs of old Second Street. If in a snow storm, it presented the elements of a struggle for life; if on a dark and gloomy or wet night, it was depressing and sinister in aspect; and distances, in both cases, seemingly interminable, and certainly more nerve straining than "magnificently" impressive.

It wouldn't be fair, however, to leave old Second Street under the cloud of these adverse impressions. It possessed redeeming features—some exceptionally attractive, after travelling was made as comfortable and expeditious as one could wish by the completion of plank walks—community movements rarely exceeding a pace of three miles an hour. It was mostly in the open and of-

ferred views of the town and surroundings on both sides -- the woods and the bay with occasional glimpses of the lake; scenes which were always interesting, relieved the monotony of a long walk and seemingly shortened the time and distance. At certain seasons when white clover, which grew in wild profusion, was in bloom, the air was filled with its fragrance and the walk was delightful. On summer evenings generally, with time nonessential and agreeable companionship, the experience was always "magnificently" pleasant.

LAND CLEARING — Beyond the Lowertown inside properties, settlers individually owned considerably more land than usual town residents. They settled on half or whole blocks still in the condition of virgin forests. The consuming task was to clear the land and fit it for production and the better comforts of life. The enterprise furnished all the elements of pioneering with its usual rewards and penalties. Most settlers were inexperienced and the work proved to be a severe test of perseverance and endurance. Their former modes of living and occupation had been in places where pioneering was ancient history; and where shops, factories and other lines of sheltered employment had been established a long time. There were some of the professional class in which liberal perspiration and calloused hands were not accompanying or resulting factors. However, abiding faith in the great venture, notwithstanding the realization of a slim chance for a near and favorable consummation, sustained and urged them on. The conviction that here was to be a great city with its adequate rewards to the faithful, estimated in proportion to individual imagination -- some with more comprehensive vision than others, never wavered.

At first the growth of trees and underbrush was so thick that neighbors in the same block were completely hidden from each other's view. Trails between them, winding around pools and wet places, had to be carefully followed to avoid getting lost. After cutting down the trees and clearing the brush the worst was yet to come--ditching, grubbing out stumps, fitting the land for cultivation and fencing the property. All this had to be done at odd times because the family's daily requirements could not be neglected, and these were obtain-

ed by daily employment. So it was some years before these landed proprietors could point with pride, and cease to view with apprehension. A feature of the summer season at such times was the brush fires on almost every block; making the days smoky and the nights lurid. Sometimes they were unaccountably started in the neighboring woods, and great difficulty was experienced in preventing a town conflagration. Such occasions were almost annual for a while, or until surrounding areas were burnt out, and enveloped the community in dense and suffocating smoke for days. It was also a time when Indian Summers were noted for unusually smoky skies. Normally, the locality was remarkable for long and ideal Indian Summers.

PREMATURE VISIONS AND CONSEQUENCES — Pioneering is pretty much the same the country over, but there were outstanding exceptions in the case of Superior. Its inception was not inspired by the possibilities of adjacent agricultural, lumbering, or other resources usually the case in new settlements. If it had been, elaborate platting of vast areas of land, and miles of water front would have had no raison d'être. It was the premature vision of a great commercial city; based on the unique advantages of its location, and the great empire north and west of it. Through the blighting effects of the panic of 1857, followed by the Civil War, and the undeveloped condition of the Northwest--that was to be its justification, it was hibernated for twenty-five years, or thereabouts. Not until the expiration of that period did its citizens begin to reap the rewards of faith and perseverance; but, unlike the hibernating creatures of the lower species, they retained their animated beings that had to be provided with the usual daily needs of such animation.

The story of these experiences are among the most interesting in the annals of Western pioneering; but without the aid of recorded data, and living contemporaries of the times, one is certain to overlook much that would be interesting.

BOOM AND PANIC

According to stories related by participants, prepanic years were crowded with the activities of platting the townsite, laying out additions in all directions, opening streets, clearing land, buying and selling lots and erecting

buildings. Business was good and everybody bubbled with optimism and prosperity. Population was increasing rapidly and there was nothing to hamper the onward march to ultimate success. This was so impressive and widespread that national personages from the far east and south were attracted, and became enthusiastic investors and participants. They undoubtedly numbered more noted individuals from all parts having the "Hon." prefix and other titles to their names, besides prominent bankers and capitalists, than had ever been attracted to any similar enterprise before or since. Names of streets and additions in old Superior are lasting monuments to their honor and memory. The story of that period is the antithesis of that of the struggling years that followed. There were experiences of inconvenience and some hardships; but they were incidental to natural conditions; transitory and added color to the story. As that was before the writer's time--just before, and the object of this effort being to relate a hard times story with only scattering gleams of a more cheerful nature, covering the following years, the preliminary years leading to the boom, the boom, its achievements, comedies and tragedies, its comparison to those of modern times and finally, the collapse--all of which would be of absorbing interest, are constrainedly omitted. The panic was the shifting from the lighter to the heavier scenes of a gripping drama; and that concerns parts of what has preceded, and mainly what is to follow on these pages.

After the shock had spent its force, and departures had greatly decimated the population -- because the exigencies made it necessary, it is reasonable to presume that those remaining made an appraisal of their altered conditions and prepared to face it--a direction in which their faces remained fixed for a long time.

FINE BUILDINGS DESERTED

The most noticeable effect of the change was the great number of vacant buildings and dwellings -- principally in Lowertown. Many of the latter were of the better type; indicating that a majority of those interested in the affairs and developments that promised a great city, decided the game was up for a long period--a vision, this time, amply justified. The number of vacant dwellings, stores and miscellaneous buildings settled the expecta-

tions of any aspiring rental agents. "For Rent" signs were not even considered; an occupancy would have been gladly accepted for, or without the asking, as the years passed along and exposure and neglect put a large number beyond redemption. The preponderance in numbers of these vacant structures were the most tragic and outstanding reminders of an ambitious and prospering community stricken and depopulated by a sudden catastrophe. Bay Street was then built solid on both sides from Hollingshead to Nettleton Avenues, and on the bay side from the latter to Becker Avenue, except an occasional vacant lot.

Many were two story, and two or more were three story buildings. Of the latter, Coddington and Barstow Blocks are remembered. The Coddington, largest in town, had a frontage of 100 feet or more consisting of stores and offices above. The county offices and courts occupied quarters there until the East End Court House was erected. The most notable occupancy, perhaps, being that of the U. S. troops as headquarters and barracks during the Indian war scares in 1862. D. Schutte, a worthy example of German thrift, and about the last of the Civil War time merchants to drop from the scenes, amassed reputed wealth in one of the stores in merchandise and liquor.

About the close of the war he moved into larger quarters on the corner of Hollingshead Avenue, then to Duluth, and finally to St. Paul. Vincent Roy, having sold a portion of his tract to Hiram Robbins for seven or eight thousand dollars, made his first venture in merchandising in this building after several years in the employ of fur traders. That was about 1869. He closed his business career in a building of his own on the west side of the Bradshaw store. He was about three-fourths Indian—not a full blood; had been associated with fur traders from boyhood, was an excellent business man, a devout church man, always jovial and enjoyed a wide range of prominent acquaintances. Among the first, and finally the last occupancy of the block was an exclusive millinery store owned by Mrs. Dalby. She retired on account of old age and the business was finally closed by a daughter, Miss Anna Dalby. The Barstow Block stood on the opposite side of the street on the corner of Hollingshead Avenue and was occupied by Phil Sheridan, hardware merchant, and R. G. Coburn, gen-

eral merchandise and ship owner. This was the first of the prominent buildings to burn down.

Sheridan resumed his business in a one story building erected on the site of his former store. Soon after, he departed for the copper regions. Fred Bishoff, a present resident of the East End, learned the tin and sheet iron trade with Sheridan and established a business of his own after his employer's departure. R. G. Coburn moved into the Robbins building on the corner of Nettleton Avenue and carried on business there for several years, and then moved with his family back to his native state—New York. Mr. Coburn was Superior's most prominent, and a highly esteemed merchant. Many of the old timers finding themselves hard pressed at certain periods, held him in grateful remembrance. The family returned to Superior during the seventies and he spent the remainder of his life among his many old friends. Hiram Robbins who owned Mr. Coburn's last place of business, was one of the earliest merchants and among the first to leave as a result of the panic. He returned with his family from New York about the time of the St. P. & D. R. R. advent, and made extensive investments in property on the strength of his faith in Superior's revival; but the town went backward instead, and he returned to New York for the last time. He was always a firm believer in Superior and an untiring booster.

A SOCIETY ROMANCE — A noted event in our most exclusive society happened during Mr. Robbins' last residence in Superior. Lieutenant Vose of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., was in charge of government works at the harbor entrance. He was not only efficient in his profession, but a prominent personage in society as well; and therefore, a very welcome acquisition to the local set, of whom the Robbins family, recently from New York's 400, were eminent leaders. The meeting of Lieutenant Vose and Miss Fanny Robbins was a natural consequence; and that it developed into one of the most noted romances in old Superior, followed by a wedding in New York, was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. And having been led by the mysterious hand of fate from their respective points of associations in the East to the wilds of Lake Superior regions, there to meet and join their future destinies, rivaled the imagi-

nation of most celebrated writers of romantic fiction.

THE BAY RETURNS TO PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS — If the activities of pre-panic times involved the bay beyond an increase of lake boat arrivals and the movement of local craft in pursuit of business or pleasure, there was no signs to tell the tale when the town had settled down to a state of "innocuous desuetude," as former President Cleveland might have expressed it. There were no vacant or abandoned structures to remind one of any former disturbances of its present placidity so far as business was concerned, unless one is reminded of a large floating pile driver beached at the foot of Nettleton Avenue slowly going to decay, and a couple cribs at, or near the channel opposite J Avenue in Uppertown, and a few piles close to shore; all that remained or had ever been constructed of the Felt Dock. Aboriginal birch barks silently plied their ways as of yore; gill nets, their cedar floaters standing above the surface like rows of front yard pickets, stretched their lengths of a block or more across the courses of the pike or pickerel without danger of being carried away on the bows of passing steamers. These gill nets were frequently encountered on a trip up or down the bay, and were sure indications that half-breeds or Indians were residing or camping on the adjacent shore. Flocks of wild ducks leisurely floated about areas where diving was good, as unconcerned as if surrounded by the solitudes of primeval nature—and apparently were, without much stretch of imagination; and in similar unconcern the tettertail skimmed along the water's edge of the bay shore in quest of the coveted worm or bug.

THE DOCK, MACKINAW — **ALGONQUIN** — Quebec Pier, or "the dock," was the first need of the community because there was no alternative for loading or unloading lake steamers, and its usefulness was not removed because boats were less frequent since the boom had vanished. It widened at the end in the shape of the letter T — the "Coburn Warehouse," occupying the western and the "Schutte Warehouse," the eastern projections, allowing a space the width of the dock between the two warehouses for the convenience of pedestrians and teams. The inner corners of the T afforded sheltered moor-

ings for mackinaws, clinker-built and other small craft. The former were survivals of yawl-like boats, sharp at both ends, of similar construction and material as the ordinary yawl, rigged for three or four pairs of oars and carrying two sprit sails. They had less beam and possibly more depth than the yawl to meet the purposes for which they were intended — the transportation of goods and furs by early voyageurs along lake shore routes where portages were not a factor.

The large voyageur bark canoes propelled by many paddles, dipped in rhythmic time of popular Canadian boat songs of the day, entered the streams and penetrated forests where portages were encountered. With the retirement of fur traders, and the advent of modern transportation, the mackinaws, canoes and their picturesque crews dropped from the scenes, and are remembered only in connection with the days of the adventurous voyageurs. About half way out, on the west side of the dock, stood a sash and door factory owned by R. G. Coburn; the only industry within the town's limits, if no exception is made of a small tannery owned by Sixtus H. Hoffman, on the bay shore in Uppertown just east of the slough. Requiring a year or more to tan a hide by the process then used, would hardly class it among active industries on the basis of present modes of tanning. The Coburn factory was in charge of Mr. McManus, the father of John and Charles McManus, and was destroyed by fire in the late sixties. Opposite it across the dock, and nosing into a marsh lay a derelict—formerly the two-masted schooner Algonquin; well known during early navigation and noted for having brought distinguished travelers to the head of the lake in early periods. Canes were fashioned from its remaining timbers to be preserved as mementoes of the good ship's achievements, and sported on occasions of old settlers' reunions. The dock remained as its builders had left it until it was replaced by the present Quebec Pier and its flour mills.

LIVING PROBLEMS — The population had dwindled down to five or six hundred souls; principally New Englanders and New Yorkers, a number from the south, and the rest from states bordering on the lakes, Canadians and half-breed natives. Nearly all owned property and homes. A remarkable feature not generally found in frontier settlements

was the presence of numerous families reared in the atmosphere of eastern and southern wealth and culture—a circumstance notable in business and social affairs, and which unconsciously exerted a refining influence over the entire community. When the full significance of the panic and prospect of a Civil War was felt, it may reasonably be asked—and frequently is—"How did they exist?"

Effectually shut off from the outer world half of the year, and with very limited exports to provide necessities during the other half. It was truly a gripping problem. If living standards and thoughtless extravagance of the present time had prevailed, despair, starvation and suicide might have been the answer. As a matter of fact, there is not an instance of desperation recalled, and few cases of public assistance on account of physical disability. Due largely to such a fortunate condition is the fact that settlers brought with them the precepts of rigid economy and plain living taught and practiced for generations in the old home town and communities—the arts of making plain foods delectable and wasteless, and prolonging the use of so much that is now discarded.

EARLY DAIRYING

Enough land had been prepared for cultivation to supply vegetables of all kinds and of prime quality. Grass growing luxuriantly made it possible to keep cows to provide milk and butter. Hay was cut on river and creek bottoms for winter feed; but owing to a scarcity of grain, cows soon reduced in milk or went dry. To obviate a total shortage, or rather to defer it, there were occasional instances of milk being frozen in pan moulds and stacked in cupboards built on the north side of the house for use as required. It answered the purpose very well for such uses as are now made of exaporated milk. Hens were not noted for remarkable egg records, but they proved their lives worth living by an occasional sacrifice for a fry or stew in addition to the egg yield. No thoughts were entertained of rivaling pork producing localities, but those possessing the desire and a good supply of small potatoes and left overs, raised a pig or two for the following winter's supply of pork, ham and sausage.

Fishing and hunting for mere table use did not seem to appeal to the whites as strongly as the call usually preceded by an elab-

orate supply of tobacco, cigars and rye; especially in winter; besides, very few were equipped or experienced; but the Indians and half-breeds, through heredity and hunger, took to it naturally and made the white man's sport the humble means of securing these necessities without the aid of accessories. At that time big game was not as plentiful near by as when it was driven in by the advent of railroads and farm settlement; although venison was frequently brought in, and an occasional bear. Small game was plentiful and consisted mostly of partridges and rabbits. During a few seasons prairie chickens made an appearance and a liberal number supplied variety to the family meal. From whence they came, or why they discontinued their annual migrations was never explained. It happened several years before they disappeared from the Western prairies. Before this, wild pigeons were numerous—some seasons in great numbers; and were the delight of every boy who could boast of a gun. During exceptionally hard winters the family provider set lines through the ice on the lake for trout and would inspect them about every other day with results that greatly relieved the family needs. The late winter winds from the south and west threatened a shifting of the ice to the open waters and made fishing hazardous. Lines were sometimes carried away, but being always apprehensive of such danger, nothing more serious happened.

MUSH AND MILK AND OTHER THINGS — During one of these periods it was related that a prominent family had been reduced to mush and milk as their chief diet for several months. It was often served as an exclusive evening meal in many homes for the same reason—if not so drastic. When mush and milk carries the impress of a last resort, the heart may gratefully accept its daily presence, but it is only the pangs of hunger that restrains the stomach from vigorous protest. When it is an occasional matter of choice for the sake of variety, and fried mush and syrup is in mind for breakfast, it becomes a delectable dish.

Things delectable reminds the writer of certain occasions when visiting a half-breed playmate whose folks were quite prominent and well to do. His mother—a full blood Chippewa—would set

a pan of clabbered milk on the kitchen table, the cream undisturbed and thickly covered with soft maple sugar from their own sugar bush, and with a motherly smile invited us to go to it. We certainly did! with such exclamations of delight as the equivalent of "Gee!" and "Oh Boy!" of the modern kid.

TENDER BEEF UNKNOWN

Stews with dumplings often solved the problem of a wholesome inexpensive dinner. Fresh pork was available only in winter as a home product, or hauled in from North Branch or that neighborhood, after the Military Road was fit for winter team travel. Pork chops and roasts were occasional offerings to the gastronomic arena. A tender beef roast or a juicy porterhouse was unknown. An occasional dried up cow was the only available beef; and old bossy did the best she could, but had supplied the needs for which she was intended too long and faithfully to serve the purpose of a corn fed steer. Besides, killing took place as stated times because immediate preserving fresh meats existed in warm weather. For that reason fresh beef was never as tender as the cold storage product.

The old-fashioned dried apple pie is undoubtedly held in fond remembrance by all pie eaters of that period. It was the popular standby alternated with rice or bread puddings. The oft repeated humorous allusion to the Rube farmer "coming to town with a load of punkins," may have had its origin in way down east rural; but its local application was established when a resident of Fond du Lac came down the St. Louis every fall with a large boat load of pumpkins. The manner in which Mr. Pederson disposed of them would indicate that there had been no epidemic of pumpkin pie hunger beyond the control of the local product. Arbuckle's coffee and Japan tea were used sparingly by the elders only—if loving and generous impulses were successfully restrained. Those having cows were fortunate in the matter of butter during milking season, and beyond, if a surplus was packed. Shipments of firkin butter on the last boats from Detroit or farther, usually got very strong and rancid toward spring; and as stores maintained no refrigerating facilities, the spring shipments were even worse. When frozen pork was hauled in, Minnesota farm butter usually comprised a part of the load; but

owing to inexperience and lack of cleanliness in producing it, much was unfit for use. So butter was a scarce article in the family larder, and in winter, scrapple was used to spread on bread by those who had killed a porker or two, or had been able to secure leaf lard.

Those were the real days of bread and molasses; and the molasses jug was rarely empty. They were also the days when pea soup meant more than a joke on the "Canuck." But their piece de resistance was the "ragout"—a stew of fresh pigs feet and potatoes with a browned flour gravy. The only limit to this dish was the number of feet it contained. Green vegetables were within the reach of all who had time and the physical ability to cultivate a garden; but the season between maturity and frost was short and there were no other means of obtaining them. Winter vegetables always seemed to supply the demand the year around through local culture. Wild berries were plentiful and were liberally enjoyed through the berry season; but owing to limited means for buying sugar, jams, jells and preserves were sparingly put up.

HARDTACK, CORN BEEF

When the U. S. troops, ordered here during the Indian War scare, were returned, the commissaries on hand were disposed of to the citizens. All were of fair quality as far as remembered, except the "mess corn beef" packed in 200 pound barrels. It was evidently old, positively tough, and thoroughly soaked in salt petre. The price had been very cheap undoubtedly, but at that, one could not afford to feed it to the chickens; so it was put to soak, parboiled, reboiled and otherwise treated until it could be chopped up for hash; and thus saved from being a total loss. But whether it was or not, the finish of U. S. corn beef was welcome; and it was sometime before the incident could be lightly referred to.

Another U. S. commissary staple that found its way into civilian homes was the "hardtack." Their novelty attracted the youngsters who enjoyed them between meals; and they were very convenient on trips to the woods, or during haying seasons up the river and creek meadows.

Our dependence for water was on the bay and the rain barrel. As the former stood no danger of depletion, and was then undisturbed by the drainage of city sewers, we were assured of a plenti-

ful supply; but it was an awful chore to get it. Every well regulated kitchen had its water barrel, and near the door, over the back porch, hung the neck yoke; a homemade contrivance to relieve the awkwardness of carrying two pails of water and the possibility of using larger ones. Instances are remembered of an enterprising boy hitching a young heifer to his coaster and breaking it to haul water. Besides relieving the burden on himself it afforded an irresistible incentive to maintain a liberal supply on hand without evident injury to the husky young animal. Owing to mud in summer, snow in winter, and a mixture of both at other seasons, besides the distance and a hill to climb, the task of carrying water was about as attractive as sawing wood when a boy has his heart set on skating or a ball game. During certain periods in winter, snow was melted, and in summer, the rain barrel came into use; and when it wasn't gathering the gifts from above, youngsters hollered down its resounding depths just as some one has truly said they did.

MAPLE SUGAR — The maple sugar season was one of the important events of the year. While it did not materially add to the cane supply, it always yielded a generous quantity of sweets which could not otherwise be obtained. Store candy was a luxury on which one could not be accused of having been overfed. The sugar camps were in the hills back of West Duluth and Fond du Lac; too long and inaccessible a distance, and too costly in labor and time for whites to undertake sugar making profitably. So the Indians and half-breeds who had followed the maple sugar trail for years, and looked upon the industry as a holiday season, continued to be the sole producers. The start in March, in time for the first run of sap, was an exodus of families travelling on snow shoes and carrying maximum packs containing utensils, tools, pork, flour, tea, etc. They returned in canoes at the close of the sugar season, usually in May, loaded with the product of their labor. The sugar was put up in hard cakes or moulds of various sizes and shapes, in a soft granulated form, in taffy and in syrup. The granulated and taffy was packed in birch bark "moksks," or containers; also of various sizes—some artistically decorated in Indian art.

WEARING APPAREL—In the matter of wearing apparel, economy and ingenuity were even more exacting; especially as no one seemed totally indifferent about dress, or tolerant about rags. Very few ready made garments, or articles to wear were kept on sale; and it being before the days that even dreams of sewing machines disturbed the slumbers of wives and mothers, the problem of family sewing without machines or outside help could be solved by the women of the times only. Kentucky jeans, coarse woolen and cotton flannels constituted the popular fabrics for boys and dad, and calico, gingham and flannels for girls and mother. For dress occasions mother and dad trotted out the cherished garments of other days—if they still existed; if not, the purchase of an alpaca, poplin, marena, or figured delaine was very considerably indulged; and after much deliberation, hesitation and the final plunge, a suit was negotiated with the tailor for dad—a comparatively small investment, but one that may have caused many adverse reminders for months following, although forgotten years before it had completed its service.

The quality of yarn was absolutely reliable then, and a couple pairs of socks or stockings per head carefully and timely darned lasted a year. Boys and girls usually went barefoot in summer. While this custom had its economic value, it was chiefly esteemed by the boys for its convenience when the various attractions of the bay shore were in mind, and an unaccountable passion for wading in mud puddles and frog ponds.

CLEVER PATCH WORK

Patches, patriotically acclaimed during the World War propaganda as "badges of honor," were then commonly accepted without patriotic significance. Some of the more fastidious, however, drew the line on knee badges, although they complacently tolerated a couple circular ones on the seat—sometimes in lighter or darker shades, and usually procured from remnants of worn out garments. When the trousers showed signs of "weakness at the knees" the good wife came to the rescue, and again demonstrated that "necessity is the mother of invention." She cut both legs off near the trunk, transferred the right to the left, and visa versa, and sewed them on again hind side foremost in such a manner that the outside seam was

straight from the hip to the bottom, and the resulting jog on the inside seam cleverly concealed. Thus revamped, the fastidious wearer was reconciled to his poverty and ready for a frolic or a function.

The proverbial two blades of grass made to grow where one had grown, was reversed in the case of mother's or sister's dress. It was often the combination of two old dresses so devised as to challenge admiration for practical and artistic ingenuity. It was the next best to a new dress, and what funds may have been in the treasury remained intact.

The old clothes dealer hadn't a chance; and there were no rag pickers, because every scrap was carefully saved for the new parlor carpet, and possibly one or two of those oval rugs so often seen in pictures of old colonial home interiors. If anything was left after these provisions, it undoubtedly found its way to some post of usefulness.

Hats, caps and bonnets were almost exclusively home-made. The starched sunbonnets of various materials, shapes and colors were universally worn, and their fashions as eagerly anticipated in Peterson's or Godey's as are those of the latest Paris creations by their descendants of today. The male portion of the family was usually supplied with home-made caps in winter, and certain hay or grain straws were gathered, bleached, braided and made into summer hats.

WINTER WEAR

Winters were long, temperatures severe and snow deep and plentiful so that the matter of footwear was important. The Canadian shoe pac was undoubtedly the most comfortable and practical, and many were worn. Some of its best points are lost in the modern factory-made types. Arctics were sometimes worn over boots by those able to afford the combination. While the snow remained dry, the Indian moccasin was popular and often worn by women in lieu of overshoes. There were times, however, when none of these were adequate without the snowshoe, if one expected to get anywhere. There were no snow shovel brigades in those days, and when the streets were filled up, covering the tops of side fences, the snow was there to stay until the April sun removed it. Men's shoes were not worn until a later period, and boots were mostly custom-made, as also were a large portion of wom-

en's shoes; so that boot and shoe making was an important trade.

It was only by consistently maintaining these rigid economies throughout the various phases of living that families managed to make both ends meet on the slender earnings prevailing. That temptations for amusements and frivolous expenditures did not exist—from a horse and buggy for hire, to a glass of soda water, made it easier to follow the lines of strict economy.

Formal festivities of booming days survived the crash of 1857 for a time—made apparent in balls and social functions of the pretentious sort; but as general conditions grew more serious, and the community became more absorbed in their problems, they subsided; giving place to the less noted informalities of socials, neighborhood gatherings and visits. During summer, family outings on one of the points, church picnics and a Fourth of July celebration if sufficient enthusiasm had been aroused, were of occasional occurrences.

This does not mean that the human desire for pleasure and recreation had been crushed. Everybody seemed cheerful, sociable and hopeful. Glum features and despondent spirits were rarely encountered. Mellowing down was necessary, but also in accordance with voluntary inclinations.

It may be noted that a great majority of the first arrivals, or the F. F.'s of Superior, were young married people—many of these, perhaps, having made it a honeymoon venture. Following years brought their usual increase of cares and interests with new angles and responsibilities; so that the erstwhile laudable indulgence of full dress and sumptuous affairs had to give place to fewer and less pretentious, and more to the home fireside, and to the increasing number of kiddies.

CORD WOOD AND OTHER RESOURCES—The development of natural resources was gradually undertaken. Cord wood received first attention—being the only fuel to be had. It was chopped and hauled during the winter because chopping and splitting was easier when the sap was frozen, and transportation was impossible in summer. Large quantities were required for home consumption—each family burning from twelve to fifteen cords per year, and stores and shops

more or less. Even the blacksmith called for his quota to convert into charcoal. Hundreds of cords were piled on Quebec Pier by Messrs. Coburn and Schutte to supply steamers plying the lakes the following season. The varieties were birch and tamarack.

The family wood pile may be retrospectively viewed from this distance with poetic inspiration and sentimental remembrance by those who expended their youthful brawn at its shrine; but at the time, it bore an aspect altogether different—a leering spectre; the robber of their comforts, if it was too cold for outdoor sports, and the joy of living if it wasn't. And it isn't recalled that any kind of weather or season ever inspired a boy to thoughts of sawing wood.

EARLY FUEL DEALERS

Wood was plentiful and was supplied through the clearing of home ground and from adjoining vacant tracts for several years; but a time came when land clearing and forest fires retired the supply to such an extent that the cord wood industry was limited to those equipped for the business. As a result, James S. Ritchie, who later was a prominent owner of "East End" property, became a fuel baron of those times, and the Ritchie Tract, back of Central Park, was cleared of a thickly tangled windfall of tamarack and transformed into a cultivated farm. Mr. Ritchie took exceptional pride in farming and demonstrating the possibilities of local soil. No doubt he and James Bardon were the most instrumental in the early development of Douglas County agriculture. W. H. Webb might put in a joint claim for such distinction but he was not of those times. He was probably the most prominent and energetic in what may be considered the new era—including present times.

It was not until railroads brought grain for lake shipment, and boats arrived with coal to return with grain, that homes were made radiant with "Radiant Homes"—when the crackling wood burner had to give place to the glow of the base burner. Incidentally, one is reminded of the long monotonous train rides to St. Paul during the first years of the St. Paul and Duluth R. R.'s operation; partially due to occasional stops to "wood up" the wood burners then in use; a task in which passengers often joined through sheer desire to break the depressing spell of a long day's travel, and

that they might continue the pace of going some, and eventually getting there. Notwithstanding the fact that previous to this, almost a week of hard sledding, or other modes of primitive traveling was involved in the trip, the urge of rapid transit was already getting into the systems of these erstwhile complacently slow going travelers.

The development and operation of an abandoned copper mine on South Range by Capt. James Edwards, a prominent mine operator and general contractor, was an early effort. The work was carried on for a year or more, giving employment to a number of miners who had been attracted by glowing accounts of copper in this section. The venture proved fruitless, and permanently settled the question of copper at the head of the lake—at least, in paying quantities.

LOGGING AND SAWMILLS

The principal and most beneficial development was in lumber resources. Winter logging on the sites of West and South Superior was carried on for many years and sawed into lumber at the Connor's Point mills during the summer. Among the leading men in this business was J. D. Howard who was probably the pioneer logger and mill owner. The Howard mill stood for years near the base of Connor's Point. The logs were hauled and boomed in "Howard's Pocket" on one side, and the lumber piled on the bay front—the other side; thus completely bisecting the point. Its last days of usefulness were when Wm. Kimball operated it and turned out his four thousand feet per day. The lumber found a ready market in the mining towns down the lake and points beyond. Shipping lumber was the beginning of export trade, and one in which R. G. Coburn took a prominent part in its transportation through the ownership of sailing vessels. The *Nep-tune*, a two-masted schooner, was one of notable memory to living contemporaries. There were occasions of grave concern by the entire population regarding its safety during the late fall storms; and not until the good vessel hove in sight and reached the calm waters inside Minnesota Point did their anxiety relax with a great sigh of relief—actually reaching from Connor's Point to the Nemadji.

The Messrs. Merritt, Wheeler and Ely made early starts at logging around Oneota, and built a large mill that kept the village

on its feet and contributed to the welfare of its neighbor across St. Louis Bay. During the boom period the Johnson mill at the East End furnished the greater part of the lumber used in the erection of buildings of that time. It was abandoned soon after, leaving only a few ruins to mark the scene of its past achievements. It was located on the edge of the bay on easterly adjoining ground to Montreal Pier, as appears on the plats. Another mill of importance was located up the St. Louis River at Milford, a few miles above Oneota, and operated by Victor Desimval during, and after the Civil War. His son, Henry Desimval is, or was a resident of Central Park.

FISHING

Selma, gill-net and pound-net fishing off shores grew to importance and carried on until depletion of fish made it unprofitable—in the seventies. An act of Congress about that time prohibited pound-net fishing—the only method used by the large concerns—for the reason that it would eventually exterminate the species. It was also the time that brine packed fish was giving place to the ice packed which now appears to be the exclusive method—or nearly; and finally, to continue fishing at all, meant the transfer of operations from the shallow waters of existing grounds to the deep waters of the north shore and the lake islands, involving new equipments and methods. Coincidentally, the Booth Fisheries Company appeared on the scene with its equipment, efficiency and fast tugs, and put all smaller concerns where the packing houses put similar meat producers.

Peter E. Bradshaw & Co. was the largest and most continuous firm engaged in fishing until its retirement in the early seventies, when the scarcity of fish made it unprofitable to continue. They also conducted a cooper shop to manufacture their own barrels and to supply other local demands. Ross and Vose Palmer, the sons of the lighthouse keeper previously mentioned, Wm. H. Post and R. O. Reed were other notable fishermen. One of these gentlemen usually managed the Bradshaw grounds. The most favorable grounds for pound-net fishing were off Wisconsin Point, the south shore at the mouths of the Amnicon and Brule rivers and further on. Two essentials were necessary—shallow water at a proper distance from the shore,

and a soft bottom for driving poles, as well as affording better feeding grounds. Fishing was carried on during spring and fall, and a season lasted from six weeks to two months. Concerns like the Bradshaw's held their catches in storage if the market was low. During one of these holdings an entire season's catch was destroyed in the Chicago fire—rather a far reaching loss even for a Chicago fire those days.

EXCITING BUSINESS

Lifting a pound-net for the purpose of harvesting a good catch would impress an impartial observer that Congress may not have been far off in its attitude towards that mode of fishing. The contrivance consisted of a pound or trap about forty feet square, twelve deep and having a flat bottom—all of strong netting. Poles were driven around it projecting about six feet above the surface and having pulleys attached to the tops for halyards to lower or raise the pound from the bottom. Sinkers kept the pound upright and rigid. A lead was extended from the pound shoreward a quarter of a mile or more, and deep enough to stop the passage of fish traveling back and forth. When confronted by this obstruction they naturally followed it outwardly until the pound was reached, and by means of guides and an opening, made an entry into it from whence there was no return. When a "haul" was to take place the fishermen passed their boat—built for that purpose—into the pound and commenced pulling at the halyards, gradually lifting the bottom until the fish were in full view and convenient to load with forks and hooks. This is where excitement came in and thrills were supreme. Tons of every variety of lake fish that could not pass through the meshes, including sturgeons, the monsters of those waters, writhed, wriggled, floundered and splashed in frantic efforts to escape; but they were doomed for the bottom of the boat into which they were expeditiously pitched and hooked in two's and three's at a time. It often required several boat loads and half a day or more to empty the pound.

On shore the sheep were separated from the goats—the latter often amounting to a large minority. Trout, whitefish, and siskiwit, constituting the sheep or commercial variety, were dressed and packed in barrels and the remainder converted into oil, except certain species not worth while for that, were buried with

the general waste. Using present methods, all that was buried might have been converted into poultry scraps and fertilizer—materially reducing expenses as similar waste does today.

Herring were seined in large quantities at seasons when it frequented the shores in schools, and was an important factor in the fish industry. The pike was an early day fish that went upstream in spring to spawn. At such times the rapids just above Fond du Lac were scenes of profitable industry when tons were seined and salted for export markets.

The disappearance of commercial species for so many years may give these really conservative accounts the color of prevailing fish stories to those not informed on the subject, and incline them to an acceptance with at least the usual precautionary grain of salt. If the number of barrels of the real "solar" brand required to pack the fish of those days could be ascertained, none would be required for precautionary purposes.

FARMING was more theoretical than practical in early days. Personal circumstances and natural conditions considered, it could have been nothing else. At a later period the Bardon farm reached the practical stage—was pointed to with pride and admired with interest. But with other engagements of liberal compensation, Mr. Bardon was not hampered by its years of development and meager returns. It was not until after that, that farming could be undertaken with a reasonable assurance of family support during development—when wood and timber could be disposed of and winter employment secured in neighboring lumber camps; in short, following the advent of railroads, Patrick Fay and James Wright settled on land along the Nemadji River at a very early period, and for many years afterwards were spoken of as farmers; but it is not recalled that land was cleared in that time to produce more than a few vegetables and tons of hay. Finally, through the settlement of West and South Superior, the lands were sold at handsome prices for additional platting.

Mr. Cournoyer, a Canadian habitant, father of Vincent Cournoyer well known in old Superior, and the father-in-law of Vincent Roy, probably came nearer being a real farmer than any one else at the time. He resided in

the Roy home—present site of the gas works—and farmed the Roy tract after the settlers had vacated the portions they occupied, in compliance with a court decision on their titles; but not until the land had been well cleared. The tract produced fine annual crops of oats, rye, barley and wheat, besides timothy and clover. There were also horses and cattle on the place. It may be interesting to note that these crops were harvested with sickle, or cradle, and thrashed with a flail—instances when one living "by the sweat of his brow" was a positive reality, and where "waving fields of grain" meant more than the poetic imagination of a writer.

TAXES AND POLITICS

Besides the natural resources already related, there was another source of employment that beneficently touched nearly every citizen. That was the annual appropriation of town and county funds for street and road improvements made necessary by the nature of the soil, the effects of heavy rains and deep snow, and the usual consequences of graded thoroughfares without paving or macadam—especially on Superior red clay, and for building and repairing sidewalks. The funds were mainly contributed by non-resident taxpayers. It gave the laborer a per diem when he needed it most, it increased trade for stores and work for shops, it afforded the taxpayer a chance to make a saving in his taxes by buying the orders at a discount—and he always could, and the same opportunity to local representatives of large non-resident taxpayers, and who were a material means of converting these orders into real circulating money.

Besides these valuable pecuniary benefits, the appropriations often brought our elections to the ideal standard of political strife; and incidentally enlivening torpid mentalities. There were always factions for their reduction, and others for an increase or a status quo. Naturally, charges of personal, predatory, or sinister interests, and the crushing load of the small home taxpayer were banded back and forth—the usual political stock in trade. But, sometimes, anything that produced excitement was a Godsend and a health stimulant. As a matter of fact, the assessments for these funds were spread over such a large area, and the amounts apportioned to individual taxpayers

—mostly non-resident—so small, that it was really a very inexpensive as well as beneficial expedient for community welfare; and the improvements? . . . always an urgent necessity.

NOT EXTREME PRIVATION

Summarizing these various sources of income, the greatest portion coming from the outside, directly or indirectly, considering the quantities of vegetables and other eatables produced in the home gardens and vacant lots, not forgetting liberal supplies of milk and cream, the cackling announcement of laying hens, and the last squeal of neighborhood porkers, and being reminded of bred in the bone economies, and the very simple needs of this stranded band of watchful waiters, it becomes apparent that their lot was not a case of extreme privations or painful sufferings. There were trying periods, true; particularly during the last years of the Civil War, and after; when things bore the aspect of a last ditch, and hope reached the threshold of despair; but it never crossed it; and these periods, however hard to endure, were passed over—somehow, and the roll call revealed no serious casualties.

The outstanding disclosures of a research of those times would include remarkable examples of philosophical endurance, adaptation to conditions and circumstances, a minimum of necessities without sacrificing health and many of the pleasures, and a serene attitude.

THE BIG INDIAN WAR SCARE OF 1862

Undoubtedly the most severe nerve test experienced was not the pangs of hunger, nor the pall of despair hovering over prostrate hopes, but the Indian War scare of 1862. It had the elements for arousing every dormant germ of fear and excitement reposing in the breast of a notably uneventful existence. Following the New Ulm and other Minnesota massacres it was learned that the Sioux, in a contemplated alliance with our Chippewas, were preparing to repeat those horrors in Superior. The community was plunged into a state of fear, excitement and dire apprehension.

Town meetings were held to discuss the situation and devise ways and means to meet it. The results were the organization of a home guard, armed and supplied with ammunition by the state, the later arrival of a com-

timely assurance that they were pany of U. S. troops, and the erection of the stockade. The citizens who assumed the responsibilities of preparation and conducting military activities maintained a proper composure; but with these ominous proceedings following each other in rapid succession, the orders to be in readiness to enter the stockade when the alarm was sounded, and the warning to outlying dwellers to get in town for protection, only served to increase an already tense situation; especially among the women and children. The surrounding woods were scrupulously avoided through fear of harboring dreaded foes; neighborhood cows that favored their shaded places during the heat of the day, and fed on the luxuriant grasses about their borders and winter roads, were rounded up and driven in for evening milking by the men folks instead of younger members of the family as was the usual custom. Going out after dark was reduced to urgent necessity, and at such times every stump bore the aspect of sinister animation, or of concealing a lurking red skin. As a consequence, darkness always found families within the confines of the home; and the hour of bed time was usually fraught with the uncertainties of the morrow. Very likely all were not in the grip of such mental conditions, but they were the general prevalence. Due to rumors and the suspicions they aroused, or for other reasons, local Indians disappeared almost entirely and life was made miserable for the few who remained.

MARTIAL LAW

Men who had never known the use of firearms for self-preservation, equipped with muskets, bayonets and paper cartridges of the muzzle loading type of the period, daily and nightly patrolled the streets and outlying approaches in obedience to the orders of the officer of the day. In fact, the town was under martial law to all intents and purposes, if not by formal declaration. Every individual bearing a suspicious appearance, or an unaccountable presence, was halted and carefully investigated. Experienced woodsmen scouted the woods in vicinities of Indian trails and haunts, keenly watching for any significant signs. Communication was maintained with the Sioux country and runners were on hand to report movements. Alarming reports did come in, and a stampede to the

stockade was barely averted by a groundless. The impression is that this occurred more than once, and it is recalled that rumors more or less sensational, and badly distorted as they passed from mouth to mouth, were always on the wing.

Many had reached a state of mind that racked their nerves when awake and tortured sleep with dreams of the horrors of Indian warfare being enacted. An instance well remembered concerned the writer, then eight years old, dreaming of getting up and looking out of the little attic window while thinking about Indians and their cruelties, being spied by a red-skin and shot dead. Then followed a radical shifting of scenes. As an expired victim of the tragedy he immediately became concerned about the fate of his spiritual body; and after the lapse of past due time, wondered why it hadn't been called to its last accounting, and whether it had been good enough in its mortal life to enter the gates of heaven, or had enough to be cast into eternal fires. Waking up in the midst of this momentous suspense, and realizing it was all a dream, it was a great relief to know that the question of ascension or descension was indefinitely postponed. The dream may have borne greater significance on the normal trend of the boy's mind than on the events that occasioned it; but the memory of it always remained vividly associated with those events.

After it was learned that the Chippewas remained loyal, or had decided to do so, and the Sioux had concluded that keeping away from Superior was the better part of valor, vigilance relaxed and the highly tensioned nerves gradually subsided to normalcy. The troops returned to the bourne from whence they came, or some other, and the muskets issued to the guards, remained unreclaimed, did service in the peaceful pursuit of wild game, and were the delight of the youths who had almost wished their heads off for the possession of a fowling piece.

THE STOCKADE

The stockade was built of tamarack logs, sharpened at the top end, eight to twelve inches thick and about twelve feet high. Log block houses occupied each of the upper corners, enabling the garrison to direct an enfilading fire along all sides but the bay, or front side. On the front was an opening about twenty feet wide, on each side of which, the stock-

ade was projected into the bay about one hundred feet to insure access to water. It was a very substantial, bullet proof structure, and a striking reminder of its colonial prototypes seen in illustrations in our school books. It occupied a level space between Carlton and Walbridge Avenues, from Third Street to the bay. Bay Street, the only open thoroughfare in the neighborhood, passed through it, for which spaces had been left to be closed when necessary. Three frame dwellings stood within the enclosure on the bay side of the street, usually occupied by half-breed families and Stephen Bungo of unique celebrity. The stockade stood for several years, the only reminder of the big scare, and then was cut down for the prosaic needs of cooking and heating stoves. Not a log was spared that might have occupied the niche of honor in a museum or library as an historical relic of the most pretentious event of those times.

ONE YOUTH KILLED

With one exception, the memorable event occasioned nothing more serious than the worst scare and liveliest excitement the community ever experienced. The exception was the tragic death of Godfrey Schaar; a young and only brother of Caroline Schaar who became Mrs. Foltz of Central Park. The youth was shot by Sergeant Farrel of the U. S. troops while on patrol duty. It was after dark, and while carrying a fish pole and bundle, was seen coming up from the bay at the corner of Bay Street and the avenue leading to his home. Not being recognized and his appearance suspicious, he was commanded to halt. In a spirit of fun Godfrey disobeyed the command and the fatal shot was fired. The recognition of this unfortunate victim, and the fact that they had been most intimate friends, so shocked the Sergeant that he subsequently died from the effects. It may be noted incidentally that Farrel was not a lieutenant as has been stated, and that commissioned officers do not perform the duties of private or non-commissioned men.

Mr. Schaar, one of the well known pioneers, had served as a musician in the German army, and when the war broke out had taught Godfrey to play the drum. For that reason, and being a popular schoolmate, he was the conspicuous figure in our military and war stunts with wooden guns and swords. Our boyish patriotism usually found expression

in battles around the old stumps, and drilling exercises when outside.

ELECTIONS AND POLITICS

Elections undoubtedly produced the most exhilarating effects of any community happenings. Political parties were pretty evenly divided, and were the two dominant national parties of the present day. Not a religious, economic, or political issue is recalled which diverted the allegiance of a republican or democrat from his party doctrines in which the tariff was the same leading issue and political football it's been ever since. Due to the passions engendered by the war, partisanship was absolute except in cases of local issues, and it is not at all improbable that bipartisanship secretly existed in that respect, as it does now. Speaking campaigns were not carried on. Electioneering was confined to personal solicitation, gumshoeing, treating at the bar, and many heated discussions among mere voters. The most prominent and successful among old time campaigners was D. Geo. Morrison—part Scotch and part Indian. He was a pastmaster in these methods, and held the office of Register of Deeds for many terms. His penmanship, in numerous volumes of county records, was as strongly characteristic of the man as were the contemporary cartoons of Thomas Nast in Harper's Weekly characteristic of the artist. He was a very efficient official, of gentlemanly attainments, exceptionally genial, a magnetic personality, and a life long democrat. It was very hard to refuse D. George a vote for personal, political, or any reason.

At first, and for many years following, local issues concerned the town only; but as lands became available for lumbering and increased in value throughout the county, conflicting interests arose over taxation, and representation on the County Board, and paramount issues often shifted to that branch of local government. About that time the late James Bardon, who had become the most extensive local owner of town and county property, and among the most prominent and able citizens, was the undisputed leader and adviser in all political matters affecting town and county interests—a power to be used through quite different methods from those of D. George, but as effectively and with fairness and keen vision.

For the small population served, and considering the time and place, public officials were of an unusual high type. That was due to the class of people attracted by the boom, and the number who remained as permanent residents during, and after the panic.

AMUSEMENTS—Public entertainments or stage attractions were practically unknown. There was a hall for such purposes in the Coddington Block used as a court room, in which a single instance is recalled, in the early seventies, when a member of the Angus family, a professional clog dancer, organized a home talent minstrel show and gave a performance. The occasion aroused much interest and fluttering anticipations among the young folks, and was thoroughly enjoyed. Capt. Roselle Coburn was a star performer; was all dolled up as a negro minstrel, did his stunts in jokes and songs, but seemed to draw the line on dancing. A negro minstrel performance was given at the Superior Hotel in the early sixties under similar auspices. These constitute the only stage attractions recalled during the period involved in these accounts.

The Agricultural Hall, a two story building on the east side of Coddington Block, and erected about the same time, was intended for public doings and agricultural fairs. The latter were held during prosperous times, but discontinued soon after the panic. The elite used it for occasional balls at which A. C. Hayward, a prominent and well known citizen and a very good violinist, was the whole orchestra. Waltzing was coming in vogue then, but under the protest of some whose wives or husbands were partners in the dance, because the positions of dancers were considered in violation of long established standards of propriety. According to modern views in such cases, the standards should have been revised, or reformed; but as dancing died out about that time there was no necessity of having the matter arbitrated or brought before a board of censors.

To people of today it may seem incomprehensible that a community could exist uncomplainingly for years without public amusements or society events. Such things are greatly matters of habit and philosophical adaptation. With a total absence of allurements one becomes reconciled to the limitations of isolated settlements, and that tends to a

better development and appreciation of home life. In that respect it may be said that the words of the immortal Payne were never more truthfully exemplified, than by those people—"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." Especially when the days grew shorter, the temperature dropped lower and the wood-box piled higher.

THE YOUNGER SET.—Nearly all settlers were newlyweds or had been married only a few years. So it was not until after the war that the "younger set"—as the society reporter puts it—began to appear. Although entering that age without the opportunities of the usual formal pleasures and frivolities of a "younger set," they apparently found life very satisfactory in the enjoyment of simple but wholesome outdoor sports and informal home parties. In summer, boating, occasional picnics and croquet—that inspiration of cartoonists with visions of village sports, were the principal amusements. In winter, skating and moonlight coasting parties were in the same order of expending exuberant spirits, and candy pulls were sometimes indulged. Nature had done her best to induce sleighing parties, but there were not over half a dozen teams in the place—if that many—and these were too busy hauling cord wood, and too tired at night to jingle sleigh bells at a 240 gait. The late George M. Smith, then a hay and feed merchant, a leading member of the "younger set," and for about forty-five years, the American Express Company's agent at Duluth where he recently died, was the owner of a black stepper and cozy cutter that lifted him into high favor among the fair sex. Or rather was a factor; because George possessed personal attributes that made him entirely self-reliant in that respect. But it was his black stepper that caused the envy of all horseless knights of gallantry.

It was not until the early seventies that anything like an ice cream parlor had been ventured. Up to that time there had been no place where a youth, gallantly disposed, could invite his fair companion to a social ice cream, or a hot lunch after a coasting or skating party. Youthful votaries of the sumptuous places of present times would probably consider life under such conditions not worth living; but the total absence of these luxuries was taken as a matter of course. Per-

haps there were no complaints because they had never experienced, or seen others enjoy the thrills of spooning into, or over, a dish of ice cream.

SOCIETY MATRONS—Elite society undoubtedly flourished during Superior's palmiest days. Its many citizens of social prominence from the east and south would justify such a conclusion; and if progress had continued unabated to the goal of a metropolis, would have established an enviable position; but as conditions turned out, ultra social activities declined to a minimum—as did those of lesser prominence. It is not remembered that clubs or organizations in which women take such prominent part existed. Outside of some church work, with its social relations, there was very little to bring them together beyond the desire of mutual friendships. With the amount of family sewing always in demand and domestic duties interminable, there was not much time for society, and home staying became an accustomed habit.

GREGARIOUS MEN—Men, naturally gregarious, found opportunities for social pastimes. Box-stoves of all sizes and shapes—some holding full length cordwood, were the undisputed centers of such occasions in stores, offices and shops—especially during cold weather. Certain members of the sex—merchants, lawyers, land agents, town and county officials, almost nightly gathered around the genial warmth of the Superior Hotel box-stove, and practically exhausted every subject of conversation or discussion except the oft recurring whys and wherefores of the railroad situation and the great future of the head of the lakes. They were inexhaustible. Among these expounders, conversationists and jokers, may be mentioned Col. Hiram Hayes, P. E. and J. W. Bradshaw, John I. Post, Capt. Edwards, Isaac I. Moore, H. N. Setzer, Geo. W. Perry, E. C. Becker, E. W. Anderson, John Hogan, James Bardon, Charley Bright, Wm. Cranwell—a very bad stutterer, but a good listener and M. Macara—a hotel boarder who always required his biscuits "hot and crispy." And in an adjoining room there were others none the less interested in the ways and means of congeniality, but expressed in terms of cribbage, old sledge and pitch—the popular games of the day—with occasional recourse to the favorite beverages of the hotel bar.

MAIL TRI-WEEKLY

Stores kept open evenings for the accommodation of late customers who usually aimed to be at the post office when the overland tri-weekly arrived from St. Paul with Sam Coutoure at the reins. These residents also craved for a chat with their fellow men, and meeting thus, usually found gratification. When the mail arrived these scenes shifted to the postoffice on the corner of Hollingshead Avenue and Bay Street where Wm. R., father of Geo. W. Perry presided as P. M., and occasionally as J. P. During the process of distribution, at which he was deliberate and near-sighted, there was enacted in the lobby what may be the usual scenes in small town post offices where mails are received as seldom as tri-weekly, and time, as the essence, an unknown quantity to all concerned. The lobby was usually well filled with good-natured expectants and non-expectants; some silently awaiting the finish while observing the P. M. passing letters or papers to the place of Uncle Sam's last responsibility, and occasionally casting a glance at their own boxes for an anticipated weekly or monthly, or perchance a letter; while others, who neither received or expected mail, were intent on deciphering names of those who did. The few business men had spacious lock boxes which were frequently inspected with or without success. In case of the former, part would be retained, the remainder returned to the box for future attention, and a position sought near the dim wall lamp for perusal of apparently very important communications; while fellow lock box owners, who had also been favored, crowded up for the same purpose. Besides the apparent necessity of immediate perusal, it lent a tone of distinction over those who were limited to mere call boxes. Conversation played its usual part at such times, and good humor was maintained by flashes of pertinent wit, funny jokes and considerable joshing. Thus an hour, or thereabouts, was consumed and the P. M., having completed his task, appeared at the window to serve the fortunate ones, and say "nothing" to the unfortunates. The crowd then dispersed, and those having letters from relatives or friends were sure of a flurry of excitement when home was reached, and recurring allusions for days following. Family mails rarely exceeded the local weekly, a

church monthly, a fashion and story magazine and occasional letters.

From planting to harvest season, there was very little time for such gatherings and talking-fests. Home gardening and other interests about the place claimed it all. It afforded the past master long easement from these gregarious invaders, and might have been considered a vacation; but outside of schools, the word had no local application or significance. The bay and lake view from the benches on the long porch of the hotel appealed strongly to those inclined to friendly intercourse and scenic contemplation; but occupants were limited to hotel boarders when so inclined, or summer visitors on rare occasions. Among the latter might have been seen Mr. Sweetzer, a retired capitalist from Indiana, who owned the famous "Sweetzer Tract" and who usually spent a couple of summer months in Superior. He was very notable for his ultra fashionable attire, including the inevitable plug hat and ivory headed cane—reminders of similar accessories stowed away in local homes among other classics of former days.

A LOGGING CAMP SOIREE

—Life in a logging camp was not always a somber existence of hard work, or consuming salt pork and beans and "hitting the hay," that the same process might be resumed the next day without loss of energy. There were occasional spots in the dragging days of a long winter that relieved monotony and enlivened an atrophying mentality for days in anticipation, and weeks in recurring memories. An instance is recalled of a certain logging camp established on the west bank of the St. Louis River, near the water's edge of an old clearing above Grassy Point known as the Knowlton Place, and operated by Baptiste Guesclin; one of the French Canadian settlers on the Roy tract, and who subsequently received the first contract on the East End entry crib work, and whose descendants now live in Superior—the Bruno family. Mrs. Guesclin was a typical belle Canadienne; and while her husband was short in stature, he was long in the characteristics of his race. Both presented a very good example of French Canadian convivial hospitality. The camp was built of logs, comfortable and roomy. In one end was the family section, in the middle,

the cooking and eating section, and at the other end was the bunk house and lounging quarters for the men. All sections stood under one roof and communicated. Invitations had been passed among Superior neighbors and friends for a logging camp supper and an evening jollification.

All cordially responded despite snow, cold weather, and inadequate means of travel. The writer, a participant, because the kids could not be left at home, remembers a large white horse and single sled, or pung, equipped with a deep box well bedded with hay, and belonging to Mr. Morrisette, grandfather of Cleophos Morrisette, a present resident of Superior, which did service on the occasion. The most clearly impressed features of the ride were that the horse did very well, but was not breaking any speed records, and always managed to pull the sled back to the narrow solid track when it skidded into the deep snow on either side, and that the open stretch up the St. Louis Bay was awful cold. All guests arrived in due time and the greetings were hearty and loquacious; followed by animated and gestural accounts of home gossip, its comedies and tragedies, interspersed with humorous pleasantries. The youngsters, led by the young Guesclins, lost no time in viewing the wonders of a logging camp; particularly the great piles of logs on the bank awaiting the proper stage of spring water to slip or roll in for a start to their final destination. The long table was set in camp style with everything steaming hot on board and ready for action. The "ragout" was given first place—where it naturally belonged from provincial tradition down. The usual menu for a logging camp special included the dried apple pie, wild berry preserves and Arbuckle's coffee—likely replacing a cheaper grade or roasted barley of daily consumption. The hired men shaved and cleaned up after the day's work in the woods and joined the party; some of them having relatives among the guests and all home town acquaintances. The French meal is usually a process of eating enlivened with light, but spirited conversation. It avoids cramming and aids digestion. The presence of guests does not lessen the eating, but increases conversation and prolongs the meal. So it may be safely assumed that the logging camp supper was not an affair of quick disposal. The end came, however,

and the feasters retired for relaxing intercourse, while the inner man was performing functional duties and the room was being cleared for the dance.

At the proper time the fiddler made his appearance; that important personage upon whom depended the remaining joys and thrills of the evening—or rather, night. After the usual preliminaries of tuning and executing a few testing harmonies, or whatever they are, he launched off on a lively number—a signal that the dance was on. Stately cotillions, graceful French fours and vigorous single and double jigs merrily followed each other in rapid succession. The jigs always brought merriment to a climax when ambitious observers, awaiting an opportunity, would step in place of a dancer and proceed to excel the retired performer—if he or she could. The rhythmic swish of the shoe pac in the gliding steps of the dance on the rough board floor had a fascination as of the wilds; a fitting component of the scene within its confining walls of rough logs reflected by the light of tallow candles placed about the room. But there were no thoughts of scenic effects or suggestions in the minds of the revelers. It was sufficient and all absorbing to know that the dull and laborious routine of daily life had finally given place to the relief of hunger for some of the joys of living. All wearing the bloom of vigor and endurance, and the hours fleeting on joyous wings, it required the warning approach of dawn—the harbinger of another day with its tasks and obligations, to remind them of the inevitable and of all things earthly, however heavenly some of them were. So the festivities ended with many sighs of regret mingled with the parting "aurevoirs."

Why the return trip is a total blank has never been explained; unless obliterated by overpowering sleep after so much excitement and strange experience, or a state of mind so absorbed and concentrated on the event that all sense of seeing or hearing had become stupefied.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS — French settlers maintained the customs of their ancestors dating back to the provinces of France where they originated. Among these, Christmas and New Years were the most important events of the year; religiously and convivially observed. Christmas was devoted to

home celebration and church duties; especially the midnight mass. Modern expectations in the matter of Christmas gifts would have been absolutely impossible, but such as they were — a few sticks of candy, some gum drops, and variously colored candy coated caraway seeds, an apple, a gaily colored jumping jack, or jack in the box, a squeaky animal or bird toy, and a home made doll and furniture, the usual gifts — in fact, almost a complete list, produced as many thrills and as much happiness as the innumerable high priced toys necessary to meet the expectations of modern kiddies. They hung their stockings with as keen delight, and finally closed their tired eyes with as joyous anticipations of the morrow as do their juvenile descendants of today.

The Impressions of a midnight mass in those primitive times are indelible. The little mission church between Nettleton and Becker Avenues on either Fourth or Fifth Street, its anomalous attendance of whites, Indians and half-breeds, its simple decorations of balsam and cedar boughs exhaling their aromas through the warmth of the box stove heater, the windows of 8x10 lights illuminated with candles set on inverted V shaped frames, shedding a soft glow over the surrounding snow and presenting a scene relatively effective from the outside, the crude manger at the foot of the altar, and the service with all the specialties and solemnities of the occasion that seemed to deeply impress every attendant, whether a member of the congregation or not, was a scene characteristically and singularly picturesque. Regular worshippers and citizens of other denominations, the former including all the Indians and half-breeds within traveling distance, had gathered from all directions of the wide spread community and entered the church as the bell in the tower of hewn timber, erected at the rear of the edifice, sent its Christmas peals through the frosty night air. There was nothing about the congregation or its surroundings that reflected luxury or even moderate wealth; but every phase expressed the spirit of devotion, good will and peace. As a result of earnest preparation, the choir in the small loft over the entrance was in full accord and efficiency. The Roy family — about three-fourths Indian — were chiefly depended upon for that purpose. The service included three sermons — English, French and Chippewa, when

Father Chebul, a native of Austria, was pastor. He was a noted missionary among the Indians during the fifties and sixties, translated the prayer book and catechism into their language, was very successful in his work, and ended a remarkable life among them at the old La Point mission many years ago. At the close of the service, wraps and mufflers were carefully adjusted to encounter the degree of temperature usually prevailing at that time of night and year, and after numerous greetings between friends and acquaintances the little church was left to its solitude — highly gratified over the great event, no doubt, if walls could feel and think.

Walking was good in those days; that is, it wasn't deplored; and a mile or two of it under ordinary conditions was cheerfully accepted. There were no automobiles then to make the journey comfortable, speedy and snappy; and to torture the minds of unfortunates who would have had to walk because they had not the price of a flivver. Even the antiquated horse was beyond their means; but the lack of these conveniences did not weigh on buoyant spirits, or lessen the vigor of walking. Mental processes of those times rarely, if ever, expended energy over things unattainable, or which were not absolute necessities.

FRIENDLY NEW YEARS

New Years was a day of renewing friendships, felicitous exchanges and convivialities. It was also a time of introspection; and if it was found that an offense had been committed against friend or stranger, it was the duty of the offender to make a frank confession and humbly ask forgiveness. Thus the new year was started with a clear conscience and proper social standing — two very important considerations in their plan of living. New Years calls and church attendance being matters of strict observance meant a busy day, if not a strenuous one; but every preparation had been made in advance and daylight on New Years morning found the callers on the trail and the hostesses ready to receive. Sometimes the snow was deep and the temperature a pinching factor; but spirits ran high and nothing daunted. It was an occasion when civilities were at their best and wit at its brightest. At church it was possible for those to meet who had otherwise been unable; and on New Years night a gathering at one of the

neighbors usually ended the day.

Removals to the copper country and Minnesota farms reduced the number of these families to a very few. These were absorbed by the American born and bred population, and their quaint customs handed down from generation to generation entirely disappeared; as do all foreign customs through the process of Americanization.

OUR SCHOOLS — Considering the settlement's isolation from all civilizing influences and the rigid economies imposed to maintain existence, it would seem that what was accomplished for the education of its children was a supreme achievement. Fortunately there were none of the innovations crowding the present system of education to confuse and divert the mind from the single track purpose of mastering the three R's. There was, besides, that element of educated and refined citizens from the East and South rarely found in small pioneer communities that, by example, stimulated a natural desire of the less favored to do everything possible for the mental development of their children. Teachers had to be entirely self-reliant; because there were no principals, superiors, or even fellow teachers to direct, advise, or consult. They were fortunate in that respect also. Teachers were not only well fitted academically, but of hereditary culture; and usually of sufficient experience in the daily use of such attainments to understand and train these children of the forest — as it were — with wisdom and efficiency.

SCHOOL PATRIARCH

It has been truly said that I. W. Gates was the patriarch of schools in old Superior. About every youth of those times passed under the kind and able teachings of this man of venerated memory. As long as life lasted, or will last, his name always has, or will, arouse the most cherished remembrance of pupil or parent. He was not only successful as a teacher, but without direct effort on his part, every boy and girl that came under his influence faced the future with the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood — instilled by his personality only. Precepts well expounded may sound good, but living them daily in the presence of impressionable pupils sink deeper and last longer. He was a tall, lean man of very kind features. His greetings were always pleasant and sincere. Pupils desiring to

approach him for whatever reason always did so with utmost confidence because they were sure of an interested, patient or sympathetic hearing. A violation of discipline was met with a firm reprimand without anger; and the favorable effect was not the result of fear so much as repentance. While hearing classes his interest was always keen and helpful; and in working problems on the blackboard, its successful development towards the desired result seemed to inspire as much enthusiasm in him, in his quiet way, as in the class.

After school was dismissed—at four o'clock, and if the day was bright and warm, he would walk leisurely and musingly, his hands clasped behind his back, to his home up L Avenue; a white painted house presumably designed after many similar country town homes in New Hampshire—his native state. It was then wedged into the edge of the forest, occupying a forty acre tract—now Gates Addition, and through which coursed the creek waters of the "slough." He had cleared enough land to accommodate the home buildings, including an ice-house and a spacious barn, garden, and hay field. During vacations and terms he did not teach, these engaged his entire time. And because it was then quite removed from his neighbors on Bay Street, he was rarely seen during such periods.

All communities are dependent on some of its members for the administration and welfare of its schools. If, fortunately, one has shown exceptional qualities for the responsibility, has never spared generous efforts in doing the work, and eventually crowned it with eminent success, it is proper and customary to do honor to such a fellow citizen by giving his name in perpetuity and loving remembrance to a suitable school building. Such an opportunity was overlooked when the Central Park School was named. Under any other circumstances the name it bears could not have been excelled. We venerate the memory of Lincoln as the greatest and most beloved American since Washington, and he was a known lover of children; but schools more than anything else, reflect local pride and intellectual progress, and should perpetuate the names of those most conspicuously responsible for their achievements. If that is a logical argument the Central Park School should have been named the I. W. Gates, Denver—

the writer's present home—is a notable example in that respect.

EARLY TEACHERS

The first teacher called to mind was Wm. H. Connor—there may have been others before him—the son of a jovial way down east Yankee blacksmith who had settled in Uppertown. His home was later purchased and enlarged by Judge S. H. Clough, and eventually became the home of the Hertzog family, but was always known by the old timers as the Clough home. Young Connor was clerk of the town of Pokégama during the boom days, or about their close. He enlisted in the war and earned the rank of Captain, but never returned to Superior. He sent home his uniform, however, and his father took great pride in showing it to the neighbors; especially the cap, which had been shot through by a confederate bullet—barely missing its mark. Mrs. Samuel Smith was one of the earliest teachers, residing on the corner of L Avenue and Sixth Street—neighbor and friend of the Gates family. Miss Holbrook, a niece of Mr. Gates, taught a couple or more terms and then returned to her eastern home—if memory serves correctly. Both were very able and popular. Lorenzo Palmer, another son of the lighthouse keeper, served a term or two. About the time of Mr. Palmer's regime the school was given a taste of the real "Hoosier school master." A short husky fellow of the homespun variety by the name of Cobb, who probably lost the chance of making a good ball player by coming before his time, and missing his choice of vocation, stepped on the scene and his name is recorded on the roll. His achievements are not among surviving recollections; but some elements of his personality and methods of punishment are. The former, in comparison to our accustomed standard of teachers, were strikingly impressive; and the latter by his scuffling methods were not so striking, perhaps, but as effectually memorable. And the angry scowl, the set jaws, and determined stride to the culprit when the bounds of his limited patience had been reached, was a characteristic that the interval of a life time has not effaced from the tablets of memory.

A teacher remembered for many excellent qualities was Miss Sarah Syre, daughter of James Syre, a prominent settler.

Her natural attractiveness and genial and sympathetic relations with her pupils established a popularity that undoubtedly held a wide niche among the cherished memories of school days in after years. Another tie of their affections was her interest in their outdoor sports. That may have been due to her English ancestry. And back of it all, she was a splendid teacher. That such an ideal state of affairs could not continue indefinitely was revealed at the close of her last term. Unfortunately for her pupils, but undoubtedly for her own happiness, her approaching marriage to Peter E. Bradshaw, who was then our leading merchant, ended a very successful career as teacher for the estate of matrimonial honors. The announcement was a severe shock to the school; and these young pupils, in their artless innocence, could not quite grasp its logic. But they got together and formulated a testimonial of their love and keen regret over their loss, or something of that kind, signed it, and presented it to her. It is understood that Mrs. Bradshaw has preserved that memorable document—in kind remembrance, no doubt, of her bereaved pupils.

A passing incident that has proven its lasting impression, and may be amusingly recalled by Mrs. Bradshaw, happened in after years when the Old Settlers Association was on its way to Fond du Lac on the steamer George Frost to attend one of its annual picnics. The crowd was distributed about the decks viewing the river scenery, noting spots of old time familiarity and renewing acquaintances of the same period. Among the Duluth and Oneota members was one strikingly typical of the state of Maine Yankees, who noticed Mrs. Bradshaw among a small group enjoying the surroundings. He awkwardly but modestly approached and addressed her in slow measured accents—"Are you Sallie Syre that was?" She evidently recognized an old time acquaintance of quaint mannerisms, and graciously replied that she was.

Among the last teachers of the old regime were Misses Lottie and Fannie Myers; pupils of Mr. Gates and daughters of Joseph Myers, a well known settler. They were also received with popular favor and keenly missed when the family moved to a farm at Twin Lakes.

ARDUOUS SCHOOLING

School duties were arduous then; and the goal of accomplishment had to be reached while the going was good. The burden of struggling parents was patiently endured, but relief could not be indefinitely postponed.

The most severe test on concentration of mind and reasoning faculties was, undoubtedly, mental arithmetic. The problems were long and complicated as those familiar with "Ray's Mental Arithmetic" will agree. It was the first recitation of the day; perhaps, because it usually was studied at home, was fresh in mind and cleared the way for the less strenuous studies to follow.

Grammar received special attention. Mr. Gates was a thorough instructor in the arts of proper English — the value of which is noted in the common errors one daily meets in conversation as when informed that "I seen my duty and done it"—not intentionally attributed to a former Wisconsin statesman, but as an example of frequent occurrence; or, "He learned me how to run the machine when he come home;" with a cheerful indifference for grammatical proprieties by those who had received the usual common school education.

Good penmanship was then a laudable ambition and a Spencerian copy book an important factor among text books. The introduction of the typewriter and other manifold writing devices have displaced the written for the printed word, except for bookkeepers and recording clerks. For that reason, evidently, the art of good penmanship is disapproved by many, and the distorted hand writing in daily evidence is also a favored indication that time is the essence — even more notable in signatures.

The Friday afternoon spelling match—now relegated with many of its contemporaries — was an important event. It encouraged intimate relations with the spelling book. Two captains were appointed and they alternately selected pupils—the noted spellers chosen first, to fill their respective ranks or sides. The teacher then announced the words promiscuously selected from the book. Fatal words began to thin the ranks until, eventually, all were hors de combat. But the keen interest inspired by the contest developed correct spelling to a very high degree.

MUSIC FEATURED

All children love music and nothing could have been more exhilarating to those simple and primitively childish minds. Such a thought, or something similar, must have possessed most teachers, because it was a custom devotedly and cheerfully maintained. In that respect, Mr. Gates again comes to the front; possibly for the reason that his rich mellow bass always added to the harmony and joy of singing. The repertoire must have included every school song of the day, and during the war, patriotic and war songs were added. The approach of summer vacation was specialized by appropriate songs and a final farewell number combining pathos with pleasure. With windows and doors open on a balmy June afternoon of such days, surrounding Nature—about the only audience within hearing, must have smiled in appreciative acknowledgement. Mr. Gates always carried a tuning fork in his vest pocket and used it on every occasion; so we were sure of the right pitch before going ahead. To the youngsters, this contrivance was a mysterious and wonderful thing. By means of the blackboard, he spent much time and patience in teaching the rudiments of music—resulting in many pupils becoming proficient in the art of singing by note and some in mastering instruments at home.

The little school house in which these scenes of life long influence were enacted, stood on the site of the present Lincoln school; its second successor. It was a frame structure of one room containing either sixteen or twenty double desks, and a teacher's platform at the front and between two vestibules. The box stove, of temperamental moods, stood near the center of the room. The furniture was home-made except a couple common chairs on the platform. The interior and contents were severely plain and void of paint or color. It was clap-boarded on the outside and had been painted—probably when built. Surrounding it were blocks and streets cleared of trees, but conspicuous for bushes, stumps and logs in various stages of decay. Bordering rail fences were the principal indication of streets. L Avenue had a one plank walk on one side, and a winding wagon track to avoid stumps. As these scenic surroundings met the eye at every turn, whether at school, or at home, they exercised no distracting influence on the pu-

pils at study. And if they became restless from long concentration, there was the usual restorative of dropping the pin.

FAVORITE COASTING HILL.

The hill on Fifth Street, dipping into the slough, was the favorite coasting place. The slough was another favorite scene of our winter sports including our first skating of the season. It was quite crooked with a number of small landing channels winding through its bordering marshes which afforded ideal conditions for playing at running a stage line while snow was light and footing was good. Four or six horse teams were improvised by hitching as many prancing and speedy kids; and the stage driver was usually the owner of the sled. The girls were inveterate travelers on business or pleasure bent to the various points on the route; making the transportation industry extremely active physically, if not financially. It is not recalled that even the penalties of forfeit games between boys and girls were coined into fares.

A few years previous to the erection of the Lincoln, was built the most imposing and commodious school house of the time — sufficient for many years to come; but the advent of railroads, resulting in rapid increase of population, required its displacement for the present building.

There were several half-breed and a few full blood Indian attendants at every term. The Bunko children—three-fourths Indian and one-fourth Negro, but strongly favoring the latter, only increased the anomalous condition of school attendance. Following the lines of least resistance by nature, most of them consistently stopped further effort when studies reached hard thinking and close application—if the call of the wilds had not forestalled that point.

The Lowerton school of early days had a very similar experience. Thomas Clark, a civil engineer, prominent in laying the first town site and land surveys, was among the first teachers. Mrs. Sarah B. Newton, a member of the Dalby family that was among the first comers, having left the culture and luxuries of Philadelphia for the wilds of the Northwest, and who was the mother of Louis Newton, born, raised and still a citizen of the East End, taught several terms, and is probably the best remembered of its teachers. She was noted for her strict discipline, and

excellent teaching qualifications. It is vaguely recalled that Richard Relf taught a term or two. He was son-in-law of Thos. Clark, and also a civil engineer. Miss McVicker was a teacher. She afterwards married James Newton, and they were the parents of Capt. Harry Newton of the U. S. A. and his brothers and sisters—well known Superiores.

STARTS HIGH SCHOOL

When it became apparent that a number of the older scholars in both schools should be afforded more advanced opportunities, Mr. Gates established a school in the Presbyterian Church which was virtually the first high school in Superior. It was afterwards transferred to a vacant building near the corner of Bay Street and Becker Avenue. With few exceptions this completed the school education of Superior's first home-grown human product. Among the attendants of this school are remembered, Benjamin and Cora Howard, and possibly John, George L. Brooks, Geo. M. Smith, Thomas Bardon and sisters Ann, Mary and Jane, Ross Palmer, Charles and Maggie Dewar, Will, Julia and Belle Calverly, Frances Greeley, Clara Clough, Lottie and Fanny Meyers and the writer.

When the graded system was established—which is the present system—the old order of teaching passed into history; but not without having left a remarkable impression upon its beneficiaries and the community at large. There was a degree of enthusiasm and interest in school work, instilled by the character and quality of teachers and cooperation of parents beyond the ordinary. A reason for this may have been that there was so little to offer the youth of average capacity in this isolated community that the mind easily concentrated on education. Or they may have been to the manner born.

INDIANS—Indians in considerable numbers came down from the Interior during spring to dispose of their winter's hunt and trapping, and to spend their summer's along the various shores of surrounding waters where fishing and hunting was good, and convenient to berry picking; especially the blueberry. These were plentiful on all the points. Strawberries and raspberries grew in abundance along the roadsides, vacant fields and clearings, and wild plums, choke cherries and cranberries were found in liberal quantities in the woods.

Trailing along Bay Street, or leisurely and silently paddling their birch bark canoes following the shore line, or crossing the bay from Minnesota or Wisconsin Points on their way to town for a day's trading and loitering about the streets and stores, adding a touch of color to the usual features of small town activities, were incidents of common occurrence. The chief evidence of aquatic life was mainly aboriginal during the earlier years. They were always friendly and peaceful, but looked distrustful and dangerous when under the influence of "fire water"—a condition that rarely happened, however, and never resulted in harm to the whites.

Their favorite camping grounds were on the leeward side of lake winds on the points forming the major boundaries of the bays, or on certain shores of the St. Louis River. It was said that the "Big Island" above Grassy Point, was a favorite place because of its protected situation against attack, in addition to its advantages of ideal camping grounds. Spirit Island in the center of Spirit Lake, further up the river, was a place of supernatural habitation according to Indian tradition. The story is told in the "Eye of the Northwest" among its legendary tales. The love of a young Sioux Chief for a Chippewa maiden as passionately responsive; the resulting elopement because the two nations were bitter enemies and therefore keenly felt the disgrace of such a union; a chase after the defilers of tribal honor with a promise of fatal punishment when overtaken; its termination on the island where the canoe of the young chieftain was found destroyed near an improvised shelter where the previous night had been spent; the diligent but fruitless search for further evidence of their presence or departure from the island; and the final conclusion that they had been bodily spirited away, and that the place must be shunned forever after; were the thrilling incidents responsible for the name the lake and island bears, and the reason for being avoided by every Indian to this day. Their birch bark wigwams nestling in the shadows, turned over canoes protected in the shadows from the heat of the sun, which was disastrous to the pitch gum covering their seams, the drying fish nets stretched on frames, members of the family moving about the camp, and hungry barking curs were familiar scenes that greeted the whites coasting along

these shores, or following the winding trails. At night their camp fires dotted the water's edge across the bay from town—suggesting all sorts of sinister fancies in the minds of timorous observers. Their wigwams were of two kinds—the cone shaped, probably where poles were easiest to procure for the frames, and the oval, or inverted bowl shaped where willows and alders were the handiest. These skeleton frames were left standing when camps were abandoned, and consequently marked the erstwhile abiding places of the red men for years after, or until destroyed by fires or the disintegration of time.

PLAYED LA CROSSE

These were conspicuous on the high banks now occupied by Billings Park and the Country Club. This may not be taken as an inference that their former occupants were the original basket picnickers and golfers of these beautiful grounds; but it does indirectly remind the writer of witnessing the noted Indian game of La Crosse played by full blood descendants of its originators, and seemingly aroused a fair sample of the modern ball game enthusiasm. Being too young to clearly understand the game, it is only remembered that the sticks or rackets were between three and four feet long with a net on the end similar to a tennis racket, but much smaller and baggy, that the ball was the size of a base ball, soft and covered with buckskin, that the game consisted of picking and throwing it with the racket back and forth, and much scrambling for its possession when it was on the ground. It was sometimes played on the street for the entertainment of the public, and a worthy excuse for passing the hat—or rather its equivalent.

There was evidently so much of the wilds they inhabited, in the nature of the backwoods Indian, that the domicile of the white man had no attraction for them if it meant the abandonment of the wigwam. It is remembered that the government sent carpenters to a Lake Vermillion reservation to erect houses for its proteges, and did build comfortable log houses with doors, windows and fireplaces; but according to reports, the proteges rather scornfully treated the paternal efforts of the great white father by erecting their wigwams about the premises and leaving the houses to the amusement of children and dogs.

Notwithstanding their friendly and harmless attitude, the women and children in general never could get over a sense of fear at the sight of blanketed red skins. Their approach was always a signal for a stampede to the house, the barring of doors and huddling together in a safe corner of the room until the danger had passed. And if the desire possessed the visitors, there was no code of good manners to restrain them from going to a window, plaster their shaded features to a light, and stolidly make a general survey of the interior until satisfied, then quietly sneak away. It sometimes happened that the family was taken unawares and the Indians would walk in unceremoniously with the usual greeting—"How!" and the frightened hostess frantically pondering the same word in the interrogative—How was she going to survive it? With a few words and signs indicating their willingness to accept any little offering, and having been given something to eat, and with more remarks and signs expressing gratitude, departed as silently as they came. There were some women, however, who were not afraid, and others on very friendly terms with them. Mrs. Wm. Kimball, who spent her honeymoon on Connor's Point, where they frequently called, had no difficulty in dealing with them in their own tongue and could point to notable cases of friendship. Miss Molly Syre, a sister of Mrs. P. E. Bradshaw, was a girl favorite among the Chippewas of Fond du Lac, where the family once resided, because she spoke the language like an Indian, and her charming personality did the rest.

BIG DAY NEW YEARS

The few who generally wintered in or about the settlement made a full day of New Years because they were sure of a good harvest of donations usually provided for that purpose. They trailed the streets from dawn till dark; their blankets well encircled at the waist, and baggy above it to afford room for the day's accumulation and they made no distinction between those who kept open house and those who did not. Their greetings of "How! How!" and "Happy New Year" were profuse with an eye of expectancy for something to eat that did not disappoint them. Just what may have been the musings filtering through their minds when relaxed in squatting posture in the glow of the wigwam

fire, listlessly inhaling and exhaling the pungent fumes of kinnikinnick at the close of such a day, will never be known. Perhaps they never mused.

When the warm summer days permitted less than the one piece bathing suits of modern popular beaches, the young braves to the number of a score or more, gaily decorated with paint and feathers—some with sleighbells strung around their ankles, and accompanied by the entire camp population, would come to town from one of the points and put in the day performing various Indian dances. The drums and rattles were in the hands of the elders, and the women joined with their weird chants. The performances usually took place in front of the stores in anticipation of donations which they always got, an spectators chipped in with 5 and 10 cent U. S. scrip then in circulation. At night they returned to camp, and if on Minnesota Point and weather conditions favorable, the drums with occasional waves of chanting voices could be heard at all hours, and the camp fires plainly indicating the place of festivities.

With the advance of railroads in the North followed the retirement of many Indians in the same direction. Still later when lands became valuable and occupied by farmers, and game laws interfered with fishing and hunting, those remaining were forced to retire to their reservations. And when logging was started and saw mills were operated on their lands, our half-breeds followed the full bloods, and most of their descendants now reside on the reservations, and undoubtedly prosper better than when in contact and competition with the whites.

EARLY MERCHANDISING

Just before railroads had revolutionized old conditions and habits of living, it fell to the writer's good fortune to serve an apprenticeship in the general merchandising, fur trading and fishing business of Peter E. Bradshaw & Co. Much of the knowledge of what is contained in these recollections was gained through that experience. A paper read at a grocer's banquet held in Superior, February 1920, inspired a few supplementary phases of general merchandising in the early days, but as nothing resulted from the effort they will be freely quoted for the purpose of this occasion.

The splash into the seas of destiny from the launching ways of

approaching manhood took place soon after the partnership dissolution of Bradshaw, Bly & Co. Eber H. Bly was a prominent early citizen. When the N. P. R. R. reached and terminated at Bismarck, he opened the "Head Quarters Hotel," a famous hostelry when the Black Hills were reached from that point, and Fort Lincoln, a few miles below on the Mississippi River, was the headquarters of General Miles during his Indian war campaigns in the Northwest. The hotel thronged with army officers and travelers to and from the Black Hills. But that is irrelevant and getting a long ways from home recollections. It was also near the time that the last of the pre-Civil War merchants had given place to new firms in Superior—Peter E. Bradshaw & Co., and Vincent Roy, general merchandise, Fred Bischoff hardware, Geo. M. Smith hay and feed, and Thos. Garrety meat market, comprising the leaders.

The Bradshaw's enlarged and occupied the former premises of Alexander Paul, fur trader, and were the principal firm of the community. Owing to their fur trading and fisheries they controlled the major part of the Indian and half-breed trade. Both Peter E. and John W. spoke Chippewa fluently, knew the Indian character thoroughly, and were always on very friendly terms with them. They were from Boston—very worthy exponents of its best traditions, and genial personalities. Peter E. was a Civil Engineer by profession, but the lure of the wilds evidently led him into fur trading and found it so satisfactory that John W. joined him. That was some years before they expanded into their mercantile and fishing activities. With their retirement, or about that time, passed away the profits and romance of fur trading at the head of the lake.

RAILROAD TALK

When railway communication existed only in the minds of citizens, when casual meetings on street corners, the inviting convenience of a dry goods box on a sunny side offering a good whittling chance attracted the conversationally inclined, desultory trading over counters and earnest discussion around box stoves, were usually safe bets that the railroad problem was receiving attention, although the actual performance of hauling freight and passengers was still remote, and the screech of the locomotive a hundred and fifty miles away

without immediate hope of shortening the distance, merchandising was quite a different business from its present system of efficiency and daily replenishment of stock. Our only available purchasing markets then were down the lakes; and goods had to be shipped in during navigation of about six months in the year. Via the Military Road when completed to St. Paul, and could be travelled with loaded teams in winter, Ed. Engalls and Hank Smith of North Branch, and H. W. Shaw, our townsman, brought in occasional loads of frozen pork, sausage and farm butter from southern settlements, which were greatly appreciated; but could not have been very profitable to the shippers, considering the long and laborious hauls and the prices consumers could afford to pay.

Winter stocks of all kinds of merchandise had to be purchased for fall shipments, and sufficient quantities to last until the following opening of navigation. As the greatest consumption was during the closed months, it was necessary to make these purchases include more than half a year's supply. Clothing, dry goods and footwear were purchased mainly in New York and Boston; while other purchases were from Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago.

WORRIED ABOUT BOATS

When these shipments were delayed into late fall, and more uncertain by storms and early freezing—as often happened, the arrival of last boats were matters of grave concern to the entire community. They were not the powerful, storm resisting craft of the present day—mere tubs in comparison. Whether it was to be flour and pork with potatoes and fish, or just potatoes and fish during most of the winter was the question. Fishermen's wives and sweethearts standing on the surf beaten shores never scanned the seas more earnestly or anxiously for the return of their loved ones, than did this community for a sign of the incoming steamer—the belching smoke rising from beyond the Eastern horizon. And when the vigil was rewarded, the glad tidings were heralded from Connor's Point to the Nemadji. And by the time the boat had entered the harbor, negotiated the difficult channel to the hair-pin turn, probably after grounding a time or two—as often happened, headed for Quebec Pier and finally docked, a good portion of the town was there to greet it. The place which had

been dead to the world for days was now a bustling scene of rolling barrels, rattling trucks, and joyous crowds. The man of the hour was the purser. Besides checking off his freight and looking after his bills of lading, he was doing a Saturday market business selling peaches, pears, grapes and watermelons. It was the only opportunity for those able to afford such luxuries, and most everybody managed to raise the price of a basket of fruit and a melon to take home. "York state apples" were the only fresh fruit sold by merchants because they were winter keepers. Fruit stands of any kind were absolutely unknown. And fresh vegetables, owing to the long journey, were seldom seen on early boats. The natural spring craving for these delectables had to be held in restraint until the summer supply of home gardens could satisfy it.

The arrival of the first boat in the spring was cause for as much concern as the last boat in the fall; owing to the large fields of ice usually packed at the west end of the lake by prevailing Northwest winds at that season. While the hazard of foundering was not great, the difficulties of getting through sometimes involved a week or two of severe hardships, and did result on some occasions, of being so hopeless that a return to Bayfield was necessary to await a more favorable opportunity, or leave their cargo there to be picked up on the next trip.

A GREAT EVENT

The landing of the first boat occasioned another gathering and jollification at the dock. In fact, boat arrivals being the only notable break in an isolation so exceptional as was the case with this community, their occasional appearance always drew somewhat of a crowd—glad to welcome anything of diversifying interest. But the first arrival was the most significant and tangible ending of a long pent up winter; the first proof of the year that communication with civilization and an outer world was still a reality. True, there were the semi, or tri-weekly mails from St. Paul, and the arrival and departure of the stage saved it from total isolation; but there was not the gladdening thrill of shaking hands with old friends fresh from former haunts or neighborhoods; getting first hand news and gossip about people and places formerly known; and the first boat meant a fresh supply of things

badly needed. There was also a glamour and heroism about a first boat that keenly appealed to the sentimental side of the community. These boats had been its only means of communication long before the Military Road was more than a mere trail through the intervening forests between Superior and St. Paul, over which mail was then carried by half-breed packers. So they naturally held first place in the hearts of the settlers.

The first steamers remembered were Side Wheelers—the Lady Elgin, North Star and Keweenaw—old friends and welcome visitors at every port on the lake. Most every settler along its shores had journeyed to the goal of his ambition on one of these boats. Then followed the propellers Cuyahoga and the City of Madison, which alternated on regular trips for several years, or until railroads made it necessary for more and larger boats to handle the increased traffic. And because Duluth got the first railroad that Superior had anticipated so long, it became the port of entry—much to the disappointment of the watchful waiters on the other side of the bay. The Northern Light made a few early trips, but was evidently transferred to other routes and is probably only a vague memory to the oldest settlers.

LAKE TRAGEDY

When coal and wheat began to move as a result of the St. P. & D. R. R., boats came in fleets and the first of these were the India, China and Japan. The St. Paul soon followed and was the finest and largest boat then coming to the head of the lake. The R. G. Coburn, named after our old time leading merchant and shipper, was a later companion to the St. Paul. Undoubtedly, the most tragic event in the annals of old Superior was the foundering of this boat on the return of its maiden trip. Its reception at all ports had been notably cordial and eventful in honor and esteem of the man for whom it was named; and particularly so by the citizens of Superior and Duluth. It, with its party of gay excursionists, left the latter port with flying colors amidst the hearty wishes of its friends for a long and prosperous career. A few days later it was learned that it had foundered in the upper waters of Lake Huron with all on board. Weeks of careful search by friends and relatives of the lost ones ended without success. The tragedy meant much

more than the loss of a lake steamer in which our community justly took a special interest and pride. Among those who perished were two most estimable and popular young women—Mrs. Tom Holton and Miss Mamie Mann. The former was a sister of Mrs. Peter E. Bradshaw, and the latter the daughter of a former prominent citizen, and fiancée of John W. Bradshaw. They had been spending a very enjoyable summer visit with relatives and friends and were returning to their homes in Cincinnati. It is not recalled that the loss of life every affected the community as sadly as did the tragic and untimely end of these young women.

A great many articles of common use found on the counters and shelves of a modern grocery were then unknown; while others have greatly improved with the usual changes of time and progress. Of the endless varieties of breakfast foods that now confuse the purchaser, oatmeal was the only article of those days, and that was always in bulk—just plain ground oatmeal. Very good and satisfying, but lacking the distinction of having been "rolled" or "steel cut." The nucleus of endless varieties of canned goods that appeals the blase shopper of the present day, existed then in a very limited number of green vegetables, fruits, oyster oysters and sardines.

STYLES LASTED LONGER

The price list of a traveling salesman would have been a very simple affair compared to the encyclopedic requirements of a present day gentry of the cloth. But they were also among the unknown factors of the trade. And as a natural consequence merchants missed half of the joys of doing business. Stocks rarely exceeded staples; novelties or luxuries were not much of a temptation to patrons who had to exist on bare necessities. So the Knight of the grip had very little to offer as an advantage over mail orders. Besides, merchants made trips East occasionally to look over the markets, make purchases and broaden their vision. In dry goods, styles were not so radical or frequent in changes as they are now, and a limited line of plain dress goods, consisting of poplins, marines, alpacas, delaines, ginghams and calicos, without the alluring names under which they are now exploited to the confusion of shoppers, generally jus-

tified the announcement that a full line of dress goods had been received. Ready made did not go beyond a few men's suits, and women's wraps were confined to shawls; of which good stocks were kept. Every woman who had dressed in style previous to her coming to the settlement, brought her paisley and wore it sparingly to prolong its distinguished and refined usefulness. Several of these were later handed down as cherished heirlooms. Those were the days when the hoopskirt cut a swath as wide as a modern harvester. Their principal change in style was in the width of the swath—generally getting narrower, until it compared with that of a lawn mower before fashion decreed its retirement. It usually occupied a conspicuous place in the shop window, and the art of folding one into proper dimensions when a sale was made was the result of much practice and patience.

The plebian dried apple, strung on yards of twine and packed in a tangled mass in barrels, the exasperation of all who had to dig them out with a steel claw, was then a staple article rarely missed in the list of family needs. Its humble sphere in sustaining life has been succeeded by its aristocratic descendant, the evaporated apple. But due to the rivalry of other dried and canned fruits, and the more exacting tastes of present consumers, it will never enjoy the popularity of its ancestor.

THE PORK BARREL

Before the pork barrel became exclusive as a legislative adjunct, it was also the basis of a grocer's stock. In this phase of its dual purpose, pork was packed in brine in 200 pound barrels under the name of "mess pork"—the only manner in which it was handled in those days. Observation might have been made that it was a little rusty—as it often was; but pork was pork then, as it is now in its legislative exclusiveness, and persistent objection was as useless then as it is now. All hams were smoked; not painted or soaked in a prepared liquid as many are now, and were considered the most desirable of cured meats. There was no bacon, as near as can be remembered, and the article put up by modern packers in refined wrappers, tied with fancy tapes, would have been beyond the most fantastic imagination of any early settler.

Creameries were unknown, and dairy butter, shipped from Detroit and lower points, packed in

brine in 50 pound firkins, was the only kind kept on sale. At a later period Minnesota farm butter was brought in during winter. The most discouraging article of food that reached the family larder undoubtedly was butter. Stores were without refrigeration, and it soon began to get strong or rancid; and it had to be shipped in large quantities to maintain the supply—especially through winter and spring; and heat in summer was worse than the former long and changeable period. While reaching the venerable in age, it reversed the natural order of things, by getting stronger the older it grew. It was usually the subject of deprecating or derisive jokes as purchasers exercised their habitual privilege of inspection. But butter being a prime necessity of the American family, it generally accompanied the inspector home; otherwise it was carried. That which was brought from Minnesota farms in winter, in pound patties or larger rolls, included about every degree of quality and color found in the product with very little to satisfy exacting tastes. As cows became more numerous the real home made butter increased from a rare luxury to more general use.

NO EGGS FOR SALE

The sight of a basket of eggs on a store counter would have caused consternation. A fear of serious mental derangement would have resulted. As time progressed, chickens increased in numbers, but they were strictly late spring and summer layers and no surplus of eggs reached the stores. Many families lived from one year to another without seeing an egg.

A gallon of molasses could not be disposed of by reaching over to the shelves for a can and handing it to the customer, and closing the incident just that quick and easy. It involved the time reflected in the proverbial remark of some down east Uncle Hirom—"As slow as molasses in January." It came in casks and was drawn through a spigot. When a gallon was required the measure was put in place and left to return in time to prevent an overflow—depending on the time of the year. In case one's sweetheart, or some other fellow's dropped in at such a contingency and things terrestrial were forgotten for the time being, upon a return to the original job, it would be discovered, very likely, that things celestial had played havoc with the molasses, and the

flour, a sweet looking mess. The moral in measuring molasses, whether in January or July was — "Keep your mind on that job."

Codfish, symbolic of the alleged standard of a certain numerous aristocracy, as well as being a very valuable food, was a staple adjunct to a grocery stock; and was still cured in the old dried and shriveled form — generally piled on molasses and vinegar barrels, or other convenient places. A codfish wrapped and passed over to the purchaser might have been mistaken for a dozen American Beauties by a modern observer, so far as the general shape of the parcel was concerned — that the purchaser desired to "say it with flowers," but there never having been such an appeal to sentiment as a greenhouse or natural flowers kept on sale, the mistake was very improbable by observers of the time and place.

GROCERIES IN BULK

At that time groceries were handled mostly in bulk and paper sacks were unknown. Expert wrapping of sugar, rice, tea, coffee, powder, shot, etc., in the coarse brown straw paper then in use, was a laudable ambition. Scargil Wakelin, a well known citizen who had served his apprenticeship in London groceries, or whatever they are called over there, and where they employed every possible means of economy, was an expert. He could put up anything handled with a scoop in perfectly solid and safe to carry packages without the use of twine, and were masterpieces of the art.

In these days of high cost of living and reckless expenditures, such economies would be contemptuously derided — would be viewed as an impertinent intrusion on the privilege of a profiteer to charge his customer with double or treble profits on the extra cost imposed by the needless use of high priced wrappers and elaborate containers. On the other hand, if consumers are indifferent to extravagance on their part, and accept prices imposed as the natural consequence of a new and advanced era, the profiteers are so much to blame.

"FRESH" BEEF

Exacting patrons of present day markets served with choice cuts from corn fed beef which has passed through a process of cold storage for weeks before reaching the block, would throw up their hands in despair, and probably go on a hunger strike

if suddenly transferred to the days of old Superior, and were offered a porterhouse rib roast from the carcass of neighbor Brown's old cow which had outlived her usefulness as a milker, and was making her last contribution to the community larder. Up to the approach of the seventies Louis Kitchell was the only caterer in fresh beef; and his supply was derived from purchases of local cows. The beef was naturally tough, stringy, and having no refrigerating facilities, had to be disposed of as soon as dressed — especially during warm weather. The appearance of Kitchell in the vicinity of an owner's premises justified the conclusion that another faithful bovine had ended her lacteal benefactions. When the Military Road became fit for driving stock the local beef situation was greatly improved. Thomas Garrety was the first to drive beef cattle from the southern farming country and operate a meat market with the usual facilities and supplies of fresh meats. Drovers also came through with cattle for the mining towns down the lake.

MONEY HERDING CATTLE

The first money earned by the writer was during a school vacation when a drove was herded on Connor's Point awaiting the arrival of a boat for shipment. The job netted only a few dollars but it was a wonderful sum of money for a boy to have earned and absolutely own; and the fact that it relieved the family finances to that extent was a crowning achievement. From early morning until an hour before dusk, the narrow portion of Connor's Point at Howard's mill was faithfully guarded to prevent the cattle from crossing over towards the main land; and at the latter hour they were driven to the end of the point where a careful check was made of their number and left for the night. The return over a lonely trail through the somber shadows of approaching darkness, skirting Indian graves suggesting sinister possibilities, and producing shivering apprehensions on an imagination fraught with Indian scares of past experience, however groundless they may have been, were incidents gladly ended when the plank walk near the Roy home was reached.

Indians, as peaceful and harmless as they were, formed the principal and very effective basis of parental warnings against childish propensities for roaming

through neighboring woods, or following the alluring bay shore beyond calling distance. Bears were another terror of the woods and exercised a potential influence over timid natures. But they were rarely seen about the settlement neighborhood; although stories existed about bruin's pranks with trespassers into his alleged domains, and of his occasional visits to outlying homes of early settlers, producing all the thrills of such intrusions.

A MILLINERY STORE

It might not be conceivable that an exclusive millinery store could find support during those superstitious times. Very likely it didn't; and if it had not been a survival of the erstwhile prosperous times it might never have existed. However, such an establishment, owned by Mrs. Dalby who was among a number of early arrivals from Philadelphia, occupied a store in the Coddington Block until, or about the time of its destruction by fire. Hats and bonnets were remodeled from season to season with occasional new ones; and thus it sometimes happened that a member of our fair sex appeared wearing a creation from the hands of a real milliner.

It happened sometimes that certain articles were exhausted before spring. It is remembered that brooms were sold out and matrons had to do their sweeping with an improvised substitute made of cedar boughs. The same thing happened to kerosene, and candles were the only illuminant. Candle moulds were familiar objects among the kitchen utensils, and the ball of candle wicking put away in some handy place. If the old adage of "early to bed and early to rise" became suddenly popular, it was more on account of a poor light than the hope of becoming "healthy, wealthy and wise." Measured by similar occurrences at the present time of electric lights and sweepers would mean serious inconveniences; but at that period the backward step was comparatively short. There were families still using home made candles in place of kerosene, and cedar brooms instead of the broom corn sweepers. Other shortages occurred which had to be endured until the arrival of the first boat, and temporary privations more or less serious sometimes happened. It was fortunate for the community that such conditions did not induce merchants to increase prices. Evidently the advantage taken by organized busi-

ness of raising prices to the limit of endurance in all cases of scarcity, and its vicious practices of producing artificial scarcity when desired, are among the progressive achievements of modern times.

FUR TRADING WAS EXPERT BUSINESS

If still extant, the books of P. E. Bradshaw & Co. would be most interesting perusal. These records of daily transactions in their various enterprises might be of extreme value to any one rummaging for data while engaged in research. In accounts with firms and individuals engaged in as many occupations; with families of all classes giving a fair estimate of the frugality or extravagance of the times; getting an insight into the menu of an historic hostelry, the Superior Hotel; the stewardship of its all around man, John T. Morgan, who was always a material factor in its various functions; looking after its steamboat and stage arrivals, among whom were occasional personages of national note, acclaiming the hour for meals in brazen tones as he thumped the gong, and his tall angular form strode the long veranda at the rate of about four paces to the rod, and who knew all about the more or less comic or tragic incidents within its confines and surroundings and loved to relate them to his friends.

The status of such characters then is impossible in these times of heartless commercialism. It requires a degree of fellowship that is not offered now, and sentiment that does not exist. John Tallayrand Morgan was among the very first on the new town-site; having arrived with a St. Paul crowd that laid out the first platting. He was familiar with all the happenings of the boom days and following the collapse; and a very interesting recounter to listen to. In the firm's accounts of their transactions in the most extensive fisheries then carried on at the head of the lake. Among them may be recorded the loss of an entire season's catch in the Chicago fire. Payrolls containing names which are now only memories—if not entirely forgotten; but which stood for valuable members of the community—Ross and Vose Palmer, Wm. H. Post, Ike Clark, Charley Winters and R. O. Reed would be among them at one time or another; besides a number of half-breeds—Cadotte, Le

Swiss, Denis, Lefevre and others. Undoubtedly the most interesting pages would be those relating to the fur trade. Accounts with Indians would appear whose names, if translated, might serve a school teacher as an example in grammatical phrases; and which reached from one side of the ledger page to the other. These accounts were usually opened in the fall before starting for the winter season of trapping and hunting, and were for supplies advanced consisting of flour, sugar, tea, powder, shot, steel traps and a few dry goods. Thus provided they would start on their annual hike to the Northern woods; sometimes crossing the Canadian borders, and locate for the season's work. The credit side of the ledger remained a blank until their return in the spring with their winter's harvest of furs and a settlement effected.

BIG SUMS INVOLVED

These accounts with nomadic Indians in search of furs and foods in the silent fastnesses of distant forests frequently reached amounts that would stagger the comprehension of modern merchants or traders; but they proved safe and profitable to those who understood and played the game. At the close of the trapping season, sometime in spring, they journeyed back via trail and stream to the trading settlement to dispose of their winter's harvest and replenish depleted supplies. The accounts were settled after considerable dickering about the prices to be paid for the various kinds and qualities of furs. As to quality, they were usually "prime" — heavily furred and dark in color; a distinctive characteristic of northern furs. What furs remained after accounts were settled were traded for goods and supplies in a manner that would hardly be tolerated in these times of rapid transactions. A beaver, otter, fox or a few mink skins would be laid on the counter for a price; if satisfactory, deliberation as to what would be taken in trade would follow, and finally a partial exchange would be accomplished. This process was continued until the trade was completed—involving an hour, more or less, and sometimes as much as half a day with intermissions between the partial transactions, if our aboriginal friend felt so disposed.

It was a pleasing diversion as well as a business transaction with them. Besides, it was a realization, the thought of which had

often comforted them through the hardships and privations of a hard winter in the wilderness, and they were going to enjoy it as long as possible. The next day the process would be repeated over another beaver, otter, fox or furs of lesser value, and so continued until the entire supply on hand was exhausted. When this became the general condition among the various individuals or families, they usually got together for a pow wow and dance that lasted as long as contributions justified, and then silently stole away to neighboring shores and interior streams and lakes for a summer's fishing, hunting and berry-picking—living a life of ease and perfect contentment, and absolutely unconcerned as to how the old world wagged. Some of these furs are almost, if not quite extinct; and due to the double process of increasing demands, and decreasing supplies, prices have advanced to such a degree that trading values of all furs of those days would seem astonishingly low; although not considered so then. Prevailing prices paid by traders were about as follows—otters \$5.00 or more, beavers \$3.00 more or less, minks 50c, martens proportionately more, black bear \$3.00 or more, muskrats 5c and 10c, red fox were not valuable, but the black, white and silver tips were the rarest and choicest skins of a trader's collection, and commanded the relative or proportionate prices they do now. The coarser furs of wolves, wild cats and raccoons—used for sleigh robes, overcoats and other rough wear, then, were ridiculously low compared to their present value. And through the arts of modern furriers and misleading names, are taking the place of the disappearing finer skins in the manufacture of women's furs.

SHIPPED TO BOSTON

At the close of the season — along in the summer, the loft was well filled with all kinds of native furs, as well as the pungent odors of insecticides. Assorting and baling was the order of the day, and shipments to Boston began to move. The firm's bank account in New York was increased by the Boston fur brokers or dealers, and drawn upon to balance accounts with their creditors. In this manner the commercial ball was kept rolling—meeting all requirements without the necessity of a local bank.

It was during these trading periods that the characteristics

and incidents of the fur business were undoubtedly most in evidence. The store was usually crowded with Indians — sometimes including dogs. Squaws with nursing papooses, simpering maidens, young braves feathered and painted, hoary and corrugated old bucks and heads of families squatted on the floor, boxes or bags, or trading at the counters, or roaming about the place aimlessly, if not surreptitiously. Of the latter, it may be said that the thought of employing a secret officer or forces of detectives as is the case with our modern stores and civilization, was never suggested by any act of these primitive and nomadic creatures. Candy and tobacco were served—not in the manner that would meet with the approval of Mrs. Afternoon Tea, perhaps, but placed within easy reach. They munched and smoked the time away; some stolidly, others apparently interested in the surroundings, and groups chatted in those soft cadences peculiar to the Indians of the forest; a modulation taught by the flickering embers, the sighing pines, the fluttering leaves, the rippling brooks, the distant hoot of the owl, and the solemn stillness that pervaded it all. They were pupils of nature; the greatest school marm on earth.

When the mingling odors of kinnikinnick and tobacco, blankets that probably had never known the use of soap and water, and scattering piles of furs of every description, began to rise, spread and penetrate every nook and cranny as well as one's olfactory nerves, may have been the juncture at which the fur trader, serenely contemplating the scene and tolerating the fumes, reflected—"This is the life!"

INDIAN HUMOR

The stolidity of the Indian may be proverbial, but is not always a fact. The process of trading between the Bradshaw's and their friends of the wilds was frequently interspersed with humorous jesting and friendly bantering. Their command of the language afforded them the advantage of each opportunities to indulge a sense of humor they liberally possessed, and was met and returned with equal spirit. Their many years of dealing with Indians earned friendships and loyalty that never wavered — a remarkable instance when all Indians were good Indians long before they died.

It is remembered that one winter a trip to Lake Vermillion, or

a point in that neighborhood, to visit certain trappers and hunters was deemed necessary. John Bradshaw fitted and loaded a dog train with supplies, and in company with a local half-breed who knew the woods, started off with dog train, packs and snow shoes. It was in mid-winter when snow was deep and the thermometer hovering around low records. There being no roads or stopping places, they had to follow trails and provide shelter at night. It involved hardships and dangers as well as discomforts for many days. The trip was accomplished without experiencing much more than the discomforts, and the object satisfactorily attained; besides returning with a full load of valuable furs, and many interesting accounts of friendly receptions, sumptuous dog feasts in their honor, and numerous adventures on the road.

INDIAN PAYMENTS AT

FOND DU LAC—With the passing of the old time fur trade, there also disappeared another phase of Indian traffic of importance. Chippewas were then receiving government annuities in money and blankets. Headquarters of the Agent and other officials having the business in charge was then at Bayfield, and payments to all Indians at the head of the lake and far into the interior were made at Fond du Lac—late in summer or early in fall. Another reason for Indians to spend their summers in our neighborhood was to be on hand at these payments. The occasion meant the distribution of several thousand dollars and a large number of blankets which were also a medium of exchange. The event was as important to the whites as to the reds and all began to congregate at the sleepy little village several days in advance of the arrival of the U. S. officials, and remained as long after their departure; or until the money put in circulation had been gathered in by the whites who were traders with such supplies of merchandise as Indians usually required, and some, located outside of the reservations with stocks of liquor, were prepared to ply their nefarious traffic—not usually required, but for which, temptation frequently overpowered better judgment.

The arrival of many people, the sight of Indian camps sprung up in all directions, and the temporary establishment of trading stores was a wonderful awaken-

ing for the village usually steeped in lethargy. If it had not been for these yearly interruptions, its somnolent existence might have been a serious challenge to the record of Rip Van Winkle. The payment of these annuities occupied a week or more, keeping the government force busy, and the traders likewise. While it was a serious business matter to all concerned, it nevertheless presented a gala appearance, and it was so intended by all interests involved. To the Indian, it was his real and only annual holiday besides material benefits derived; to the trader, it was a pleasant diversion from the colorless monotony of his business at home—if not an actual vacation; and to the U. S. officials, it was the characteristic junket with the usual side functions not included in the official program. Altogether, it had the reputation of being a hilarious and sporty event, and usually was. The government officials came by steam boat to Superior, and there loaded into Mackinaws for Fond du Lac. They were a distinguished and rather pompous crowd—the paymaster and agent with a retinue of assistants, interpreters, servants and packers. In the matter of circulating Uncle Sam's money they were certainly of paramount importance. They came from the glamorous outside in the attitude of benefactors—and they were. Accompanying them were friends, or notable personages from the east who were out to enjoy the experience—and did.

The last of these annuities were paid years ago and the curtain has dropped for ever on scenes characteristically picturesque, and historically notable; collectively, and individually.

INDIAN BAY POST

Evidence and stories indicated, and historical records undoubtedly show, that for many years previous to the settlement of Superior, Fond du Lac had enjoyed the activities of an important fur trading post, and was the ultimate objective of voyageurs, explorers and adventurers—mostly from Eastern Canada. That largely accounts for the numerous half breed population found at the head of the lake when the whites came to build a city and develop and civilize its primitive surroundings. The number of old dilapidated buildings it contained in excess of the few occupied about that time, and its inhabitants bearing the impress of human remnants usually found in

communities having outlived their usefulness, was proof of having seen better days; and that its master minds did not linger to reflect on departed glories, but departed with them in search of new fields to conquer. That has been the policy of the Hudson Bay Fur Company which once operated a post at Fond du Lac, and it is still retiring to the north as civilization continues its ceaseless march following the same course.

What seemed to verge on tradition during the writer's early boyhood, were stories told of a fort and trading post occupying the site of the later Roy home, and the base of Connor's Point. All traces had disappeared as far back as memory can recall, except that the house occupied by the Roy family may have been a survival, and that the land surrounding it had the appearance of having been cleared and cultivated long before Uppertown settlers had located on adjoining lands of virgin forest.

ECCENTRICS AND CHARACTERS

We had some eccentrics and characters. Some of the former might not have differed from ordinary individuals if circumstances in which they were placed as a result of the 1857 collapse had not existed. They were men of fine attainments, prominent in early activities, and were in the swim when everything was prospering; but the change left them stranded, and not having been reared or experienced to meet the problems of their altered conditions, retired into miserly bachelor quarters in some vacant office or business block, of which they had ample choice, and struggled along by attending to non-resident land and tax matters, and an occasional legal case — a situation that provided much food and time for thought, but very little for material support. That the effects were not more serious than eccentricity may be surprising.

One is recalled who always preceeded the object of his occasional visits to the store with some classic quotation — indicating that his companions were mostly books with much time to peruse and ponder over them. He was highly accomplished in the art, but their impressiveness, however, was seriously hampered, if not entirely diverted by a very bad case of stuttering. Another loved his cigar; but it was

only by the most careful financing that he could manage one a day. The brand he preferred were ten cents each, or three for a quarter. To buy three would place an irresistible temptation to exceed his daily limit, and the saving by such a purchase was too important to neglect. The dilemma was overcome by taking one cigar at a time, and with the small remainder of an erstwhile lead pencil which had been retrieved from the lower lining of his vest through a worn out pocket, registered a mark on the edge of the shelf under the cigar box, and about once a month, or when finances permitted, settled at the rate of three for a quarter. The advent of railroads made him a wealthy land and lot owner and it may be presumed that while looking over the cases of a modern cigar store in the attitude of a connoisseur, such incidents were recalled with amusing effect.

PEERLESS, TOO

It may be noted here that the cigar trade with its usual variety of tastes and favorite brands, evidently did not justify a cigar case. It did not. A box of 5 centers, and another of the 10 centers, occupying shelf space in company with Adam's Peerless and the better grades of smoking tobaccos of the times, usually satisfied a trade inured to exacting limitations in the matter of indigence.

Another had an obsession for reviewing the railroad situation. Being of sedentary occupation and meager habits, he presented a lean and sallow appearance; and his clothes of black broadcloth, grown shiny and faded with age and constant brushing, his high crown stiff hat of ancient vintage in the same condition, and a high standing celluloid collar, mostly covered by a black choker tie of a then ancient fashion, constituted a fair reminder of a Mecawber minus the portliness, but including the mental status of waiting for something to turn up. He was very deaf, and on account of his affliction, was in constant fear that some hopeful news might escape him. So he daily or periodically left his shop—which was also his bachelor quarters—for a round of information and exchange of opinions on the possibilities of a "clean up" in the next boom, if one should happen to pick up a cheap piece of property now and then while prices were very low. Being much more of a thinker than a reader, and

having nothing in his solitary existence to divert his mind, it seemed to have settled in that rut. And how his business could support—even one of his frugal habits was a mystery. But, nevertheless; when the boom came, it developed that he had accumulated several pieces of property and did make a "clean up" that netted enough to maintain him in comfort the rest of his days in his former home—Philadelphia; which he lost no time in reclaiming. And there were others of hereditary gentility who presented pathetic spectacles in their efforts to keep up the standard of past generations in fashionable appearance and sumptuous habits.

STEPHEN BUNGO

Undoubtedly the most picturesque character was Stephen Bungo—half Indian and half Negro, with Negro features predominating. Quoting from "The Eye of the Northwest" we learn that—"Lewis Cass, James Duane Doty and party were here in July 1820. Doty especially mentioned the great number of Indians which he found in whose veins was remote mixture of French blood. He also recorded that three miles above the mouth of the St. Louis River, in a Chippewa village, on Pokegama Bay, he found the children of an African named Bungo, who was the servant of an officer once stationed at Mackinaw. Bungo had married a Chippewa woman; their youngest child was then nine or ten years of age. Stephen Bungo who died recently, age ninety years, was one of those children. He claimed to have been born just above the mouth of the St. Louis, and though half African and half Chippewa, always boasted that he was the first white man born at the head of the lakes. He was a man of intelligence and full of curious reminiscences. In 1837 he was the government interpreter and signed the treaty made by Gen. Dodge on July 29 of that year at St. Peter's. He was religiously inclined and used very good English. He was a frequent visitor at the store and was occasionally induced to favor his listeners with very interesting reminiscences—some of historical value that may never have reached the recorder of these very remote and interesting times — if there has ever been one. Being "the first white man born at the head of the lakes" as he frequently claimed in his reminiscent moods, was probably intended to mean that the distinc-

tion between white and dark races depended more on comparative intelligence and education than on color; and based his claim on the possession of the former. He was strong for education and always interested in keeping his children in school.

WOMAN HERMIT

There was a woman, a quaint old character, who might be termed the hermit of Minnesota Point. She had lived there alone so many years, and was so well known in that connection that she almost seemed an integral part of the natural surroundings. William Howenstine and George Faulkner — both bachelors and boat builders, and the lighthouse tender were the only other residents on the point until about the eighties when summer cottages began to appear. Her home was a little cottage built of wreckage and lumber washed up on the neighboring shores; and about it were her gardens and flower beds, and numerous shrubs and trees, completely hiding it from view — a picturesque spot that would readily attract an artist in search of an inspiration; especially if she was to be included in the picture. The place was directly opposite Quebec Pier to where she crossed on her periodical trips to town. The remarkable thing about her, considering her isolation and solitary life, was an uncanny faculty for keeping fully informed on every bit of gossip floating around the community, and apparently possessed of supernatural access to every skeleton closet within its confines or surroundings. How she did it was a consuming mystery; but that she did it was clearly proven whenever she visited the store for her customary supplies, and incidentally relieved herself of an overburdened mind by an astonishing rehearsal of local gossip in a manner impressive and convincing. Otherwise she was a kind old soul, being being as good a hand to manage a row boat as ever pulled an oar. For these commendable qualities, it is hoped the recording angel drew the balance in her favor when she was called to her last accounting.

FOUR COLORED FOLKS

It might be of interest to know there were four colored folks in the town from very early times to the close of their lives. They were Black Grant, Black Mag, Pollock and her father. All had been born in slavery and were very good citizens. Black Grant had received a convent education somewhere in New York, and

was noted for her musical talent — an accomplishment that made her popular among those who required such services in the entertainment of guests. A song remembered as one of her favorites, which she rendered with all the art and expression of her race, was "The Blue Moselle" — quite ancient and probably unaccounted among surviving old melodies. Her repertoire was not noted for keeping up with the new songs and instrumentals of the day. The community was too far removed to know what was transpiring in the musical world as in most everything else; and the spirit of novelty had been dulled by the conditions of the times and place. Besides, the old songs aroused a flood of pleasant memories, and auditors did not seem averse to their frequent repetitions. Some of them have been revived by famous singers for the phonograph as characteristic of musical taste and talents of a past age, as well as for their merit and the interest they may possess for those who can still look back to them for their first musical impressions. Her services most in demand was nursing the sick and medical treatment at which she was quite dependable; and she was the only person available in a professional way so far as nursing was concerned. When she died the East End paper devoted considerable space in an account of her life. Black Mag and Pollock were well known and popular with families using domestic help. The latter's father was a typical, kind old darky who said very little, but sawed wood — not figuratively, but literally, year in and year out. He owned a small weather stained vine clad cottage adjoining the Uppertown school — a picket fence separating the two premises. To the school children the place presented all the mysteries and repelling aspects of a haunted house; and when the old darky quietly entered and closed the door behind him, the combined silence and weirdness about the premises did not relieve the tension of foreboding mystery. When he appeared and crossed the school ground to, or from it, with his saw buck and buck saw on his shoulder, there was a scampering for safety. They were not accustomed to a black face — seemed uncanny and inspired fear. Knowing the race to be light-hearted, fond of companionship and amusement, it would seem that their lives, so far removed from their native haunts and associations, might

have weighed heavily on spirits untrained in the lessons of initiative and self-reliance; but they appeared contented and indifferent to opportunities to return. Besides, they felt sure of the care of a humane community when old age or incapacity overtook them — as was finally the case.

BY THEIR WHISKERS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

— Because they were in proper form in those days, and barber shops were forced to discontinue, owing to the exigencies of the times, hirsute decorations were amply and variously in evidence. The care and manipulation of a razor is not within the accomplishments of all men by any means; and lines of least resistance cannot be achieved by awkwardly applying a dull razor to a tough beard. So, in such cases at least, the only alternative was to let the beard grow, and they were numerous. For that reason, and as a matter of choice with many others, the patriarchal appendage was greatly in the majority. In case of luxuriance and other exceptional qualities, they were petted and pampered, and were sedulously guarded against alterations in any form. Some beards, however, were more expressive of ferocity than patriarchal benevolence — having particularly in mind certain persons who had been proving up on, or further improving their preemption claims in various sections of surrounding woods, or otherwise similarly situated with or without kindred companionship, and naturally neglecting personal appearances during such times. Then on periodical visits to town for replenishing supplies, and renewing the touch of fellowship for which they had consumed long hours in their solitude, their beards threateningly bristled in all directions. The flowing beards to, or near the waist line were highly prized, but they were rare. Shorter beards were more or less pointed as a result of reflective or contemplative moods, spreading a la rabbi from careful and persistent brushing, or left to their natural inclinations. In either event, shirt fronts and neckties were doomed to obscurity — a considerate effacement in some cases. Mr. Palmer of the lighthouse possessed one of the rare kind — snowy white and truly patriarchal. His three sons, Vose, Lorenzo and Ross, followed paternal footsteps in that respect, but fell short of the

ancestral standard. J. W. Hacker, one of the first settlers and a resident of Uppertown, had not shaved from the time he landed; so he once informed the writer, and the result was a silky coal black beard of unusual length and luster. Undoubtedly the most remarkable beard of record for length, symmetrical beauty, color and texture, was that which graced the manly breast of the late Thomas Bardon; who moved to Ashland when that town was in its infancy, and became very wealthy and prominent in its business and social activities. It very likely constituted a part of his remains when they were laid away not very long after the death of his brother James in Superior.

There were those who wore beards au naturel minus the moustache. Mr. Gates was among the number; and he never changed. Whether the style was a mark of the intellectual or not, it seemed popular with that class, and indicated a New England origin. Rev. Mr. Higgins, a Presbyterian minister during the sixties, and perhaps later, and universally esteemed, contributed to such an impression with a classic of medium length. Dennis Dean, first postmaster and merchant added to the dignity of his features with an open faced beard. Whether he changed the style of his dress at any time—a rare thing in those days—he never changed his mind concerning his beard. Diedrich Schutte, a merchant previously mentioned, displayed the same choice and permanency of beard on his somewhat austere Teutonic features; but closely trimmed, and of a light auburn color. Mrs. Schutte was noted for remarkable business ability and was largely credited for her husband's financial success; but it is not known or was thought that she ever presumed to wear the whiskers.

BUSINESS SHIFTS

If expectations or any hopes were entertained that the dawn of a great prosperity would center in, or even include the reconstruction of the business district of old Superior, the ways of destiny soon decreed otherwise; and the result was removals and retirements from business that just about completed the job of total evacuation threatened by the panic of '57, when the development of West Superior and East Fifth Street got under way. The old haunts and stamping grounds of merchants and trades-

men had been pretty well thinned out by fires and decay up to that time, and what buildings remained were then boarded up, or left to the usual fate of neglect and abandonment. To pause here and reflect upon what this section of old Second Street—now Bay Street—had meant to the community for so many years, and then contemplate its resulting aspect of tragic and desolate isolation, was to stir up the deepest emotions in any old settler inclined to sentiment; and most of them undoubtedly felt that way. The old "Superior Hotel" renamed the Nicollet, still stood; but sadly proclaimed to all who might view, that it had ceased for ever to feed or fete its welcome guests. However, in the midst of these silent reminders of departed life long associations, there still remained one faithful soul—immovable, conquerable; as long as life endured. West of the hotel a few doors, hung the sign of "William Wunderlee, Boot and Shoe Maker;" and himself still bending over his bench literally pegging away as he had done for nearly forty years, and maybe more. But instead of turning out custom made boots and shoes for which he was justly famed, change of fashions and manufactured stocks had degenerated his business to repairs only. The boy who "stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled" had absolutely nothing on William Wunderlee; and any old timer dropping in would have known him instantly by his changeless beard, except that it was growing white with age, and his shaved upper lip of remarkable broadness. Within the walls of his shop was the only place where one could feel the flickering pulse of old times—the last breath of old Second Street's former life. And that became a literal fact when it was learned one day that Mr. Wunderlee had closed his shop door for the last time, and had gone to his daughter's home in Duluth; from whence he joined the majority of his fellow pioneers soon after.

Others having full beards including the moustache, most of them variously trimmed, and producing effects of individuality, recalls Thomas Clark, surveyor and first school master, Richard Relf, civil engineer, Wm. R. Perry, P. M., his son, Geo. W., attorney, Wm. Cranwell, land agent John I. Post, retired merchant, James Bardon, real estate, S. H. Clough, circuit judge, and William Kimball, lumberman,

who knew Byron from cover to cover, and may have felt about Childe Harold and others of his poems as did the poet in a certain passage—

"Let sage and cynic prattle
as he will,
These hours, and only these,
redeem life's years of ill!"

At least they seemed to have made such an impression on his poetic nature when it is considered that he quoted Byron fluently and copiously. William Howenstein, land surveyor, carpenter and boat builder, and George Faulkner, famous boat builder, and both sharing the same bachelor's quarters on Minnesota Point opposite Quebec Pier, never shaved. Neither did Scargil Wakelin, he of the game leg and proprietor of the Wakelin House, and a well known Englishman of the tradespeople type. John T. Morgan camouflaged a rather shallow, narrow chest with a thin screen that was in keeping with his tall angular form. Lars Lenroot was another who never did violence to his pleasant features with a razor. His beard was of the fragile kind as was his physical appearance of probably less than medium height; but wielding a blacksmith hammer the major portion of a long industrious life, disillusioned any impression of a delicate constitution.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY

His shop, at the hill's brow, on the corner of Bay Street and L Avenue, resounded with the rhythmic clang of its anvil for many years. All sorts of winter vehicles, especially logging bobs, were home made, and Mr. Lenroot did the iron work, besides keeping ox teams and the few horses in town well shod, and doing general blacksmithing.

"And children coming home
from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming
forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks
that fly,
Like chaff from a threshing
floor."

But the village shop under the chestnut tree that inspired Longfellow had no advantage in that respect over this one which also stood on the way of children to and from school, and likewise presented irresistible attractions that often encroached on time that should have been devoted to chores at home. Ox shoeing seem-

ed intensely interesting; as the creature was lifted on raw hide slings and securely bound to the shoeing frame that it might not break away or shatter its timbers while being fitted to the latest style of calk soles. Another memorable impression was a collection of shot guns, rifles and pistols ranged against the wall on the back side of a long work bench that afforded untiring interest to embryonic nimrods. Several were old time flint locks, and others the percussion cap models of the current period. The collection was made while Mr. Lenroot was employed as a government blacksmith for Indians during previous years. He was a man of fine intelligence; kept posted on matters of current interest, and loved to discuss them in his dispassionate and logical way. Those who knew him are not surprised at the able manner in which national issues are met in the halls of Congress by his distinguished son, the Hon. I. L. Lenroot, Wisconsin's junior senator.

James Syre wore a fine importation brought from England that, added to his distinguished bearing and personality, gave the impression of an English country gentleman of comfortable circumstances and frequent recourse to his mutton chops. James Newton, at times the Douglas County Sheriff, was a man of indomitable courage and nerve—qualities emphasized by an erratic, rather short wiry beard of any auburn shade. These qualities were evidently transmitted to his eldest son—Captain Harry Newton of the U. S. A., and demonstrated to the satisfaction of General Funston when he selected the Captain as a member of his picked men for the capture of Aguinaldo during his early campaigns in the Philippines. And, appropo, is recalled a very interesting meeting of the writer with the General in the fall of 1906—an incident of a lay-over of some hours between trains in a Kansas City Union Depot. A short well rounded man in civilian dress was noticed casually looking over a newstand.

CHATTED WITH FUNSTON

His distinguished appearance commanded attention that led to a mental query—"Isn't he the famous General Funston? An irresistible desire to settle the question resulted in a meeting that was marked with affability and interest on his part when he learned the intruder was formerly of Captain Harry's home

town and had known him from childhood. He enjoyed the subject and unhesitatingly spoke of Harry as an officer and companion at arms in the highest terms. Bob (Robert) McLean was not remarkable for his beard, but it may be reasonable to venture the assertion that his frank features never endured or enjoyed the moods of a razor. Accountable for that to a large degree, very likely, was his occupation of land surveyor and timber inspector that claimed most of his time ranging the lake shore and interior forests. He enjoyed the reputation of being the most efficient and reliable woodsman at the head of the lake. Stephen Bungo did fairly well for a half Indian and half Negro, but his beard was very woolly and badly kinked. Notwithstanding this glaring contradiction, however, old Steve ingenuously held to his claim of having been the first white man born at the head of the lake.

It was very evident that Hezekiah W. Shaw wore his erratic and stunted growth without affectation; but rather as an alternative for the inconvenience and bother of using a razor. His father-in-law, Bella Brooks, also father of the late Geo. L. Brooks, and Mrs. Cora Smith, was similarly endowed, though shorter and thinner. Mr. Shaw was a prominent citizen chiefly engaged in cordwood and timber, besides making occasional winter trips to North Branch and other points on the Military Road for a load of frozen pork that found ready demand on his return. About 1871 he and Ed Ingalls established the firm of Shaw and Ingalls in Duluth which dealt in lumbermen's supplies and general merchandise. It was this firm that brought the famous sidewheel lumber steamer, the Lottie Bernard, to the head of the lake; mainly for the purpose of getting supplies to logging camps and fisheries down the north and south shores. Her fame rested on her very unusual lines and clumsy, unwieldy appearance. She had a low, broad hull about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and her cabin, machinery, stack and side wheel shaft occupied a compact space at the stern end. Forward of the cabin was an open deck about three-fourths of her length without superstructure of any sort; not excepting a spar. When traveling light, her elevated bow and sunken stern presented a ludicrous appearance; but with her cargo, she rested on even keel. She fin-

ally foundered in a storm somewhere down the North Shore with all on board. Among the crew was George, a son of R. G. Coburn, who was sailing as mate in anticipation of becoming a lake captain as his elder brother Roselle had done before him. Quite recently the writer met a middle aged Denver citizen who, the conversation developed, was a native of Houghton, Michigan. In endeavoring to recall things of mutual remembrance he humorously mentioned the Lottie Bernard as a freak steamer that once plied those waters. Our similar impressions and vivid recollections of Lottie immediately established the spirit of kindredship that usually follows when strangers meet and discover that the years and scenes they cherish in memories of a remote past centered within the same boundaries.

EXCLUSIVE BUT DEMOCRATIC

Tom (Thompson) Ritchie, an exponent of the Spanish or Van Dyke variety, led no followers or followed no leaders of the cult. While exclusive in that respect, Tom was very democratic and popular in all others.

Chin beards, long and short, fan tailed, square cut or pointed, were numerous. Col. Hiram Hayes, attorney, and Peter E. Bradshaw cultivated these perennial crops. August Zachau, one of the first settlers, contractor and merchant, perpetuated a similar trend of mind concerning that phase of decorative art. Fred Bishoff, Sr., who established the first bakery on the corner of Nettleton Avenue and Bay Street, but which went the way of doomed enterprises when the rule of absolute necessities and home baking arbitrarily followed the panic of 1857, was a life member of the chin beard legion. His credential was of the long spreading genus, while his friend and neighbor Zachau's was the short and pointed. Eber H. Bly, a man of business and who gave the impression of having always trod the ways of affluence and sumptuous living, was another chin beard legionnaire vouched for by a short, carefully trimmed effect minus the usual companionship of a moustache.

Burnsides, evidently popularized by Gen. Burnsides of Civil War fame, had a place on the map. James R. Snyder, our merchant tailor, held the medal for unwavering devotion to the Burnside shrine. His whiskers and moustache were rather thin and

colorless with age; but the religious use of hair dye seemed to satisfy an inherent vanity in man concerning whiskers at that time.

There were a few instances of the ideal side-whiskers, with or without the moustache—the long pointed effects trained out at right angles from the chin, and which shed a tone of distinction upon the wearer. John W. Bradshaw, tall and athletic, although proportionately light in weight—quite the reverse of his brother Peter E.—expert with gloves and Indian clubs, and probably the best dressed man in the community, reflecting the latest fashions from his Boston tailor, wore an exceptionally fine specimen and moustache with becoming grace. He also seemed opposed to alternating crops or fallowed fields. Jim (J. S.) Ritchie was a fair second to his friend J. W. with a less imposing exhibit of the sandy variety. Tom and Jim were boom time arrivals, high class citizens and the notably devoted sons of an aged mother who reflected the lavender and old lace of classic Philadelphia. They were engaged in real estate until it suffered the blight of hard times, then continued as local representatives of large eastern property owners and general tax agents—Tom, up to the time of his return to Philadelphia in the middle eighties, and Jim, until he transferred his attention to farming and fuel, as previously noted, then later to his valuable interests in West Superior to the close of an active life—about twenty years ago. H. M. Peyton, tall, slender and of refined features, would probably have as soon parted with any other of his God given graces as with his side companions of medium length, but without the blending moustache.

And there were the throat fringes from ear to ear, or limited to the nether regions of the chin that might turn a goat to thoughts of infringement on his natural prerogative; the types humorously attributed to hayseeds and erstwhile Yankee sea captains, that found occasional favor in this be-whiskered community. Tim Symonds is remembered; and Tom Garrety belonged to this class. Capt. Thompson who sailed the Neptune about the end of his maritime career, was very typical of the old salt—ruddy complected, full featured, always good natured, jocular, and amply avoirdupoised. He wore his hirsute muffer the year around. Chas. Felt, a sure enough

New Englander and a good physical prototype of the Captain, one of the first Uppertown settlers and probably its largest property owner, foremost in church matters, who revived the singing school of reminiscent way back east rurals, by organizing and teaching classes that materially helped the problem of winter evenings as well as vocal training, and who was first to introduce family organs to cheer the homes where outcroppings of musical talent induced a purchase, was one of the faithfuls of the throat beard gentry. An absentee of a decade or more could return and identify old friends and associates by the beards they wore should all else fail.

BEARDLESS FACES RARE

Moustaches only, were few; and clean shaves, or absolutely beardless faces held the low score. Geo. F. Holcomb, Capt. Edwards, E. W. Anderson, and John Hogan were among those remembered who wore moustaches only, and these were usually trimmed before reaching the drooping or Wild West stage. Vincent Roy did his best for a moustache, but all he could show in testimony of his efforts were a few isolated hairs at the extremities of his upper lip, leaving a broad barren expanse between—undoubtedly the effects of aboriginal ancestry. D. Geo. Morrison enjoyed additional distinction by always appearing with a clean shave. Johnny Lynch, a well known old bachelor of the times, always devoted to his church, was another beardless exception. If correctly recalled R. G. Coburn also defied the decrees of fashion by persistently maintaining his kind features unadorned in any way. James Collier was a full figured Irishman as well as the jovial landlord of the Traveler's Home on the corner of Bay Street and Becker Avenue, and did general team work. His native wit and keen sense of humor reflected in full measure on his beardless face. Richard Bardon, father of the noted Bardon family and personifying a high type of his race, must have possessed the happy combination of a good razor and the skill to handle it—apparently not the case with his sons, James and Tom—if one may judge by his habitual appearance with a clean flawless shave. He was among the first of the early settlers to render the final accounting.

A complete ramification of this unique subject would require much more than the rambling reminders of those made familiar by prominence or close intimacy. For that reason much of the outside majority will fail to be of record; but enough has been accounted for to prove the supremacy of the beard in its various phases at that period.

Of beards, the winds could be as reminiscent as the writer—it they ever got that way. Their reputation for blowing through one's whiskers had nothing figurative about it when on a three days rampage of ruthless caressing. In that respect they must look upon this beardless age with keen respect when reminded of the days of long ago. And Jack Frost, a worthy rival in these attentions, made a specialty of beards and moustaches in his most intimate relations. It was a common occurrence to see one or more individuals bending over a box stove patiently thawing ponderous icicles from their mustaches and whiskers when the irrepressible J. F. was making his seasonable sojourns.

CONFUSING TO YOUTHS

With the youth, the forecasting shadows of coming events was an important period. The downy fuzz was anxiously awaited as the final proof of young manhood. But with such an array of exemplified styles for selection, a choice was some problem—a point here at which the writer may be accepted as unquestionable authority for the very good reason of having had contemporary experience. Usually it was only after considerable experimenting that a style could enjoy any degree of permanency. It seems, however, that the moustache was a settled factor; but with or without its related adornments, and what they might be, were questions of very profound consideration and changeable conclusions. Mutton chops, Burn-sides, the more distinguished side whiskers, if length and quality could be attained, and the imperial or goatee—all others being usually considered as too maturish—were in line for the coveted adjunct. But the mustache held universal favor—at first, incipient, then Shakespearian, and as they grew in length and density, the drooping effect with a graceful up curve, or the straight waxed ends. It created a demand for cosmetics and other tonsorial sundries that had not previously existed.

LONG HAIR, TOO

It being impossible to cut one's own hair, that crowning glory received rare attention; and was consequently permitted to assume remarkable lengths. The art of hair cutting presented all sorts of doubtful skill and efficiency by amateurs, handy friends or neighbors, and paterfamilias where the family was concerned. These haircuts ranged from cross-cuts about the nape of the neck to close shingling; according to one's temerity in attempting the job, and the season of the year. A noted case of long hair was that of H. N. Setzer; a prominent attorney, tall and square shouldered, but rather stooped, and extremely near sighted. He was a staunch democrat, and about the time of Lincoln's second election he made a solemn vow that he would never have his hair cut until the election of a democratic president. Needless to say that his knight of the shears had a long lay off. His hair had completely overlapped his shoulders in its downward course when last remembered, and added a unique appearance to his wide fame as a lawyer. Had he lived long enough, and he may have, to appreciate Lincoln's great and benevolent statesmanship, as all others have since those prejudicial and passionate days, no doubt he would have regretted his rash impulse and still have remained a democrat if the urge possessed him.

For many years these head and face embellishments retained their various hereditary tints and colors; but the time came when they changed to the inevitable grays and white of advancing years with frequent examples of shining domes confessing immunity from comb and brush. And they were not alone in this ageing process. Surrounding structures of all kinds—achievements of their younger days when life throbbed with vigor, ambition and promise, were keeping pace in the exchange for the ravages of time and unavoidable neglect. Even occupied premises to a limited number could rarely afford the expense of new paint and repairs.

About the time of Duluth's resurrection, and old Superior's dearest period, the community presented a rare spectacle of extremes in its population of almost exclusive youth and old age. The gap representing a middle age class was practically bridgeless. And these heroic and hoary old scouts were jogging along the "home stretch" in daily

companionship with the crumbling edifices of their youthful adventure. Probably all, or most all of them, have passed "under the wire," and only a few of the crumbling edifices remain.

This tonsorial digest may not be as interesting as it is a positive proof to the beardless generation of the present period, that whiskers, like other fashions and customs, had their day. Will they, in their various and impressive styles reflecting grace, dignity, distinction, solemnity, benevolence, ferocity and foppishness, ever achieve a come back?

A BANKLESS COMMUNITY

George F. Holcomb, a leading citizen, and public official in his later years, has been referred to as a banker during the boom days; but there was no banking institution after that period. The pleasant feeling of possessing a bank account, or the embarrassment of having a check returned for insufficient or no funds, were sensations never experienced. It may also be noted that notwithstanding the absence of banking maxims about "a rainy day" and a "penny saved," improvidence was much less rampant than in most maximized banking communities. The thrill of seeing Mr. Banker taking his late morning, or early evening walk between his banking house and his banker's home, was never felt. And the boast of having bankers' families among our social top notchers could not be made. However, the lack of these thrills, sinking sensations, eminent distinction, and banking facilities, did not seem to hamper the trend of society or business. As merchandise stocks were purchased down the lakes and further east, and exports of lumber, furs and fish went the same way, the matter of shifting credits to a convenient point—such as New York, in the case of the Bradshaws, and in turn, drawn upon to pay for purchases, was a simple and handy process. In the matter of local circulation there was a certain amount of floating currency that seemed to serve the requirements by its restless movements from pocket to ill, and till to pocket in endless repetition, without finding a resting place in a bank vault. As a consequence, all surplus money in individual possession was hidden away, and the most of that eventually found an outlet through the tax collector, and from there got back into circulation. And when extra fall and winter pur-

chases were made, an investment in a cow, or some other economic necessity, the balance of the surplus was released and resumed its rotating process. The principal sources of currency from the outside were from lumber exports, non-resident taxpayers and the annual Indian payments made by the Government. The real coin of the realm, however, was county and town orders received by most citizens in payment for labor and supplies, and served as a medium of exchange in general business transactions. During some of the early periods they were almost the sole dependence of the community. Orders were readily picked up by tax payers or their agents owing to a discount on their face value, but accepted as par in payment of taxes.

BARTER

Currency and orders were not the only means of transacting business. Trading in commodities was a material factor. Many families had a surplus of vegetables in the fall which were exchanged for goods, and then sold by merchants to those who were not raising them; to lumbermen and other employers who fed their help. Labor and its products, such as cord wood, hand shaved shingles and fish were traded for supplies. Hence, it may easily be seen why there was no banking house, and how the community managed without it.

The manufacture of shaved or hand made shingles was not an unusual enterprise previous to, during, and following the Civil War. Scattering pines about the neighborhood were cut down and converted into shingles by those handy in woodcraft as a means of keeping the proverbial wolf from the door during dull winter months. And the business was also carried on more extensively in camps convenient to timber supply. Sawed shingles—principally of cedar, made their first appearance in the later sixties, and were the product of the mill and factory on Quebec Pier owned by R. G. Coburn as previously mentioned. The first saw mills were not equipped for the usual by-products of the industry except laths in one or two cases. Hand shaved shingles of the early days may still be found on old structures, attesting to their superior lasting qualities.

Some of the first log houses were roofed with logs from 8 to 10 inches in diameter, split in two, and hollowed out similar to a trough. They were laid from

the ridge to the eaves hollow side up, and inverted pieces laid over the joints. A similar inverted piece fitted over the abutting ends formed the ridge. Such roofs were very substantial and water proof and made warm by chinking under the eaves with moss. Log houses were sometimes lined on the inside with common lumber and papered with newspapers saved for the purpose for months previous. While the writer resided in Central Park during the 1890 decade, he happened to enter one of these abandoned old time domiciles adjoining his pioneer home and owned by an uncle, Louis Rocheford who removed to a farm near Princeton, Minn., at an early date. The sight of the old living room and kitchen stirred up an endless chain of memories such as might have inspired a Riley, or Guest to themes of reminiscent times. In the midst of these reveries, attention was drawn to the old newspapered walls, and finally absorbed and lost to all sense of existing time in interesting news items and the trend of thought during that period, and various business advertisements that might have amused, or impressed a modern expert on the progress made in the art of luring trade; but vividly reminding in this instance, that the days when parents went to the stores on their semi or annual purchase of general family equipment were real events.

THE LOCAL WEEKLY PAPER

The profitable, or rather mere existence of a weekly newspaper, was one of the strenuous problems of the community. However, and by whatever ways and means, the local paper made its weekly appearance throughout the years—a patent inside, a few locals, comments on the weather or other more or less pertinent matters, a personal now and then, occasional topics of state or local interest, and extracts from outside exchanges of a wider range and more comprehensive nature. An adequate grist of local items often proved the maximum test of the one man power of the whole works within a limited field of almost changeless and prosaic movements. Sometimes its readers would get a thrill over hopeful railroad news through the reported revival of the old St. Croix Land Grant, or that James Stinson, a wealthy Chicagoan and large owner of local property, was receiving encouragement in

his latest effort to bring a road to Superior, or that the Walbridge interests, similarly concerned, were cultivating a germ that would soon effect a cure of local conditions. Such flurries, however, always "passed on," and the following issues relapsed into the usual grind of non-explosives; but nevertheless welcome to every family and eagerly absorbed by all its reading members. The returns of an exciting local election happening on a Tuesday, as our laws decree, would naturally screw up the tension of one's anticipation over the results; but such returns coming the following Saturday evening—the usual time of the paper's issue—found tension relaxed and the returns robbed of their customary thrills; the results having become ancient history by that time.

It may be said there was nothing new under the sun of those pioneer days to tempt the skill of an expert advertiser in the exploitation of a community constricted to bare necessities. Printer's ink was used sparingly on brief announcements of the usual stocks in trade, and their rare republicans. One might sometimes indulge in a little extravagant verbiage to stimulate attention; that, in some cases, would seem more humorous than effective, if viewed from present standards of the art, and probably did then to the intelligentsia or sophisticated. A dependable and material item in the paper's income, was the annual publication of the delinquent tax sale. It was always large and consisted mostly of outlying additions involving thousands of lots owned by non-residents that resulted in several fat issues of the paper. Besides, there was county printing, legal notices, occasional demands for job printing, the ever present contributions from the Ayers, Jaynes and Perry Davis patent panaceas, and the subscriptions. All of which was controlled by an absolute printing monopoly because there was no possible competition inside of a hundred and fifty miles. Yet it is not improbable that the reputed eagerness and enforced economies of small town weeklies was typically imposed. Neither is it conceivable that, in this instance at least, the publisher carried an inside pocket case for the accommodation of annual passes, or ever enjoyed the privilege of smiling approvingly on an envelope placed on his desk and containing "comps" for himself and family, and incidentally re-

minding him of "the power of the press."

THE CHRONICLE

The first paper in Superior, the Chronicle, was published by Washington Ashton and John C. Wise; both having answered to the call of the wilds from their homes in the cultured east. They were among the first comers and shared in the prosperity of the boom. After that the paper was continued by Mr. Ashton until his death about Civil War times, when Mrs. Ashton assumed the management for a while, and then it went into the hands of James and Thomas Bardon, and published as the "Superior Times" to about the closing days of old Superior.

The only old time printer recalled was Cyrus Young living with his father and sister in the neighborhood of the E. C. Clark home on the eastern border of Uppertown, a few blocks back of Bay Street. His last school days were during the early terms of Mr. Gates; from whence he took up the printer's trade. The family moved to the copper country about the middle sixties.

FIRST RAILROAD

Sometime in 1869 railroad surveys were started from Duluth to N. P. Junction to meet similar parties coming from the south to locate a line for the Lake Superior and Mississippi R. R., known now as the St. Paul and Duluth, and construction was started the following year. Making Duluth the terminus as planned by its promoters who were evidently concerned in giving Minnesota a lake port communicating with its business centers, was natural, feasible and justified—as time proved. Nevertheless it was a surprise and severe shock to the other side of the bay. The thought of Duluth preceding Superior as a railroad and commercial city, and surpassing it in importance had probably never entered the minds of its leading thinkers. Or that a road, the first to reach the head of the lake, could, or would come from any other direction than through north Wisconsin. And again, it was inconceivable that any road could overlook the incomparable advantages Superior possessed in water frontage and city building, and select a point absolutely void of these essentials at that time. The outer harbor, planned and attempted by means of building a long breakwater into the lake, was abandoned when typical Northeasters

demonstrated their irresistible forces against the hand of man. Not until the canal was cut through Minnesota Point, and the swamps, marshes and floating islands which filled the Duluth end of the bay, were dredged out after years of labor and large expenditure of money, could the town boast of a real harbor.

When the Northern Pacific R. R. followed the same route and terminated in Duluth soon after its predecessor, it looked as if Superior's goose was cooked. All its past years of faithful endeavor seemed futile. The hopes and aspirations of a lifetime — almost, were ruthlessly brushed aside, and the irony of fate was heaped upon a helpless and declining community. While Duluth was growing rapidly, Superior was losing prominent citizens, among others, who were moving across the bay to take advantage of better business and employment opportunities. Lake boat arrivals ceased altogether because there was not enough business to justify side trips from Duluth. The old dock, the scene of so many joyous welcomes and sad partings, where hopes and fears had so often centered, was practically left to the elements of rain and decay. Merchants, whose business had sadly depreciated, were now buying principally from the nearer and more convenient markets of St. Paul and receiving their goods by rail via Duluth. The Military Road, which would be termed an "arterial highway" these days was abandoned soon as mails were transported by rail, and forwarded to Superior by ferry in summer and stage in winter; as was the case with merchandise and all other matters of transportation.

A DOZEN DREARY YEARS

Thus, Superior being pitilessly discarded by the fickle dame fortune after an ardent, loyal and unwavering courtship of about twenty years, sorely feeling the shrinkage of its population by the lure of a successful rival, mercilessly deprived of its life-long ties by land and water, which had sustained it through all its years of patient waiting and endurance, and associated with numberless events and incidents of sacred memory that daily concerned the lives of its citizens, and finally realizing that the end of it all seemed to be a future of hopeless existence at the small end of a ferry line in summer, and stage in winter, presented a spectacle pathetic, if not apoplectic—a state of being that lasted, and added twelve years to an already remarkable record of watchful waiting. It is not probable that the criticisms and cutting sarcasms inspired by a more recent case of national "watchful waiting" originated with the survivors of these patient souls. However, notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of things, and the deadening effects of the panic of 1873 on railroad building and new developments — business reversed and following stagnations which always seemed to select Superior as one of their abiding places on the eve of achievement, its leading citizens were undaunted and none the less persistent in their endeavors to bring Superior into its own with proper recognition of its commercial advantages. The proverbial period of darkness before dawn was long and depressing; but the new day and era finally spread its ascending rays. This occurred when the Northern Pacific entered the old

town in December 1881. The culmination of a faith, loyalty and perseverance rarely equalled, and appropriately celebrated. The Northern Pacific was followed a few years later by others for which the goal had been set from the beginning. In other words, the road that finally put Superior on the railroad map was one considered only as a natural result of the entry of those for which the town had strived since its birth.

OLD TOWN BECOMES MEMORY

On the day this occurred, old Superior, of singular experience, in a primitive land of romance, adventure and Indian traditions, and exceptionally favored by nature for the highest aspirations of its ambitious citizens, passed into the realms of consecrated memory; and the new Superior started on the career of its inheritance. As population increased and consequent changes in personal relations became manifest, it was deemed advisable to gather together all that remained of the old settlers at the head of the lake and organize the "Old Settlers Association;" to preserve their integrity and perpetuate the memories of old times at periodical reunions and meetings to be properly recorded for the benefit of future generations.

DEDICATION

To this Association, which is now represented mostly by the descendants of its original members, if not entirely, through the passing of their allotted time, and these descendants nearing the same end, many of whom have already completed the span, these recollections are affectionately subscribed.