

to get it ground, and then carry their flour home, and they knew it was no holiday.

At another raising John Marsh and James McCollom were present and before it commenced the bottle was passed around a couple of times, when they said: "Gentlemen, if that bottle appears again, we shall go home." Their help was indispensable and the bottle didn't appear again.

In those early days there was big game in the woods. Bears were frequently seen prowling around in the day time. The howling of wolves often was heard at night, and the mild eyed deer would sometimes graze in the clearing with the cattle. They were known even to go with the cows up to the barn.

The Indian too was there. And they were tamer even than the deer. They often erected their wigwams on the flats of the creek, — the squaws plying their basket trade, and the men making axe handles. If their sojourn in the settlement was too brief to erect their camp they would spend the winter's night by the kitchen stove or preferably the open fireside in the white man's house. They were trustworthy and honest, except when they would steal back the Black Ash and Hickory from the woods the white man's government had stolen from them. But if they would not forget an injury neither would they forget a kindness. I shall mention one occasion typical of their honesty. There was an old Indian whose name was Simon. His wife's name was Rosy. They came to my father's one day and begged \$2.00 to buy Rosy a calico dress as the one she wore was getting rather shabby. They said they would pay it back, bye and bye. Soon afterwards Simon died. As soon as possible Rosy came back with \$2.00 saying, "My ole man made me promise to take that \$2.00 we had saved up and pay our debt to you." My father commended her on their honesty and told her to keep it. He had intended it as a present.

Many people think the Indian savage and blood-thirsty, but treat him kindly and he was always your friend. The spirit of Penn's Treaty with the Indians was lived over and over again in every Quaker settlement in the New World, and amid all the guerilla warfare between the Whites and the Red men on this continent not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed, except in two or three cases when the Quaker lost faith in his peace principles and sought armed protection. Such is the fruits of kindness. Would not that peace policy of the Quakers end all wars throughout the world? O Christ, that men only knew the power of love that led Thee by the way of the Cross into glory!

The Society of Friends in Lobo was early interested in the intellectual as well as the spiritual welfare of their younger members. In the winter of 1875-6 a literary society was organized which afterwards obtained the name of "Olio." The Olio became famed far and wide and many of those who had the good fortune to attend it attribute much of their after success to the