Early and late Mosinee.

Ladu, Edger E., 1833-1913
Wausau, Wis.: Paul F. Stolze, 1907

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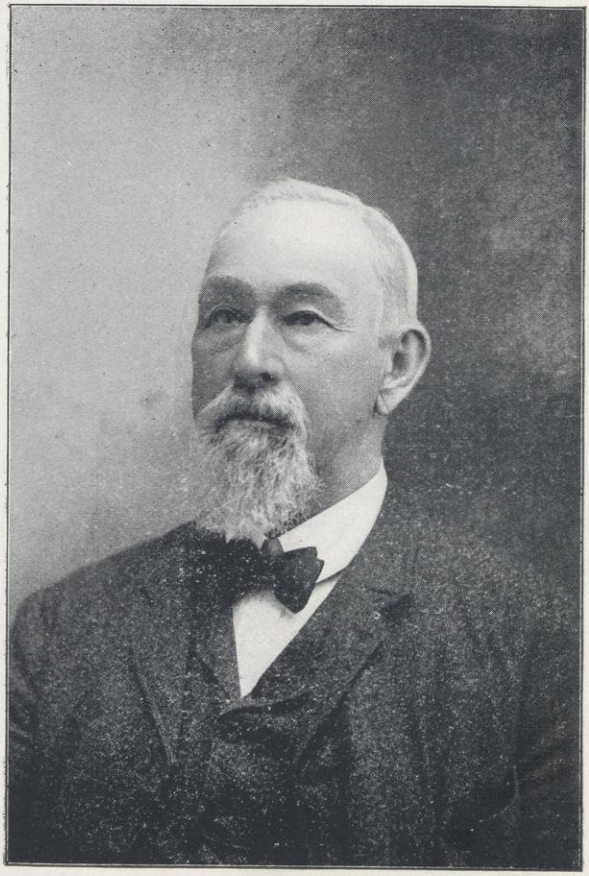


EDGAR E. LADU.

EARLY AND LATE
MOSINEE.

Written by
Edgar E. Ladu.

PRICE $1.50.

Paul F. Stolze, Blankbook Mfr., Wausau, Wis.

Introduction.

The Author of Early and Late Mosinee was born in the Town of Verona, Oneida county, State of New York on the 15th day of February, 1833 and is now in his 75th year of age, he came to Mosinee on the 26th day of September 1866, and he wishes to inform the readers of Early and Late Mosinee that there is not an item or incident herein related but what has a foundation in fact the majority of which he was conversent with the balance he received from reliable sources and can be substantiated, hoping that the reader may be interested in its perusal, he is

Most respectfully Yours,

Edgar E. Ladu.

I have been requested to give a talk about the early days of Mosinee and the trials and hardships experienced by the pioneers in the days when this part of the state of Wisconsin was in a primative state, and the vast expanse of territory now known as Northern Wisconsin was sparsely settled except by Indians and the white man's habitations were few and far between. Of course the reader must not expect me to give a concise history, item by item, incident by incident as they occurred, as I did not jot them down in my note-book at the time of the happening, but will almost wholly rely on my memory and such help as I have been able to secure of the old residents. Some of them considerable older residents than myself.

I cannot very well speak of the early days of Mosinee without speaking more or less of the surrounding country, and up and down the Wisconsin river; the village of Mosinee not being incorporated until many years later. The name of Mosinee applied at that time to quite

a strip of country known as town twenty-seven north and ranges two, three, four, five, six seven and eight, east, an Extent of forty two miles East and West and six miles north and south containing two hundred and fiftytwo square miles.

Before the year 1836 the whole of this upper valley of the Wisconsin river was in possession of the Indians. In the year 1836 a treaty was effected with the Menomonie Indians whereby a strip of territory six miles wide and forty miles long, extending up the river from Point Basse passed from the Indians to the whites.

At this time, 1836, and for many years after this place that we now know as Mosinee was only known as Little Bull and there are many people now living who cannot locate Mosinee that are perfectly well acquainted with the exact locality of Little Bull. Just why the name Little Bull was given to this particular place I am unable to say, but I suppose it was because of the tremendous bellowing and roaring and lashing of the mighty volume of water as it rushes with such intense furry through the very narrow slit in the solid granite rock, and tumbles into the whirling, raging malstrum just below the jaws of the gorge. It seems that who-

ever gave it this name was so well impressed with its fitness for the place that he kept right on up the river, giving names from the Bull family to the different rapids, until he had used up all the names but three, so he came back and started over again at Little Bull and gave the name of Bull Calf to the first channel on the west side of the main gorge. Having yet two names left, he commenced on the tributaries. To the first stream he gave the name of Bull Junior, and then following up Bull Junior five or six miles he found a tributary to the Junior and gave it the name of Bull Sampson. Thus you see we have Little Bull, Big Bull, Jenny Bull, Grandfather Bull, Grandmother Bull, Bull Calf, Bull Junior and Bull Sampson.

The first commencement of any business industry here at Mosinee, or at Little Bull Falls as it was then known, was in the year 1839, when a man by the name of John L. Moore began the building of a sawmill, which he operated for about ten years, or until 1849, when he disposed of his mill interests to a company of young men, Joseph Dessert, William Pencast, Henry Cate and James Ethridge. The last three named dropping out of the company one by one until Mr. Joseph

Dessert became the sole owner of the mill property and business, and has since 1859 retained a controling interest in the different firm names under which the property has been operated until the final closing out of the lumber manufacturing business at the mill within the last two years.

Fifty years ago, and even forty years ago—yes, I might say thirty years ago—this whole upper Wisconsin was a vast, howling wilderness, with very few exceptions, from Gill's Landing on the Wolf river up to the city of Merrill of these days. It was then known only as Jenny Bull and contained but a very few residences and a hotel and sawmill. All along the poorly constructed road it was very little else than dense forest on both sides, inhabited by the noble red man of various tribes, wolves, bears, lynx, elks and an occasional moose, together with large numbers of red deer. Of all the denizens of this vast forest, none of them were so much dreaded as the Indian. Yet we hear of very few depredations being committed by the Indians in this territory. Thousands of them were continually roaming from place to place, yet they were peaceful when left unmolested, but warlike and bloodthirsty when interfered with.

This was the general condition of this whole country from Mosinee to Gill's Landing on the Wolf river, up to Merrill on the Wisconsin river and also from Berlin on the Fox river a distance of over one hundred miles south.

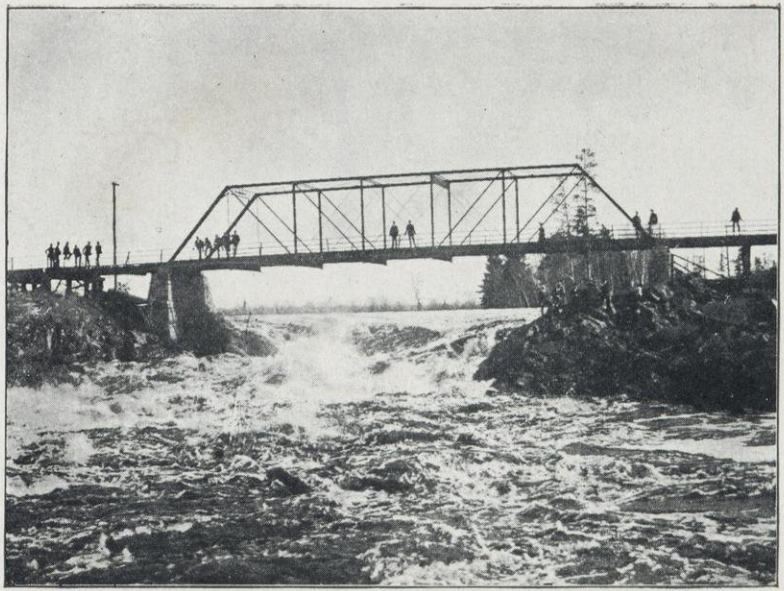
This whole upper country had to draw its supply of provisions from the lower part of the state and even as far as Galena, Ill. All the lumber camps and mills had to have large quantities of supplies, such as pork, flour, beans, tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, etc., and all things had to be brought into this country with horse teams it took a great number of them to do the work. These teams were mostly two-horse teams, weighing, I should judge, about 2,800 pounds on the average to the team. There were also quite a number of four-horse teams engaged in this business of hauling freight from the distant towns in the lower counties, and many farmers of those counties done quite a profitable business with their own teams bringing the products of their farms up into the pineries where they found a ready sale at a high price for everything they had to dispose of. Very often on their return trip home they would load their wagon or sleigh with lumber which they were able to secure at a moderate price.

This teaming in those early days meant something else besides play. It meant hardships from start to finish for man and beast. The roads were never in good condition as a whole, and the days were always very long, often from three and four o'clock in the morning until ten and eleven o'clock at night. Rain or sunshine, snow or sleet in the slush, mud or ice, it made but little difference with those hardy and courageous teamsters, their business was to get their trip around as soon as possible, which trip often took them a whole week to make, even if the trip encountered nothing but favorable conditions. Sometimes it took ten days. Very often the teams would be bunched together in a string of from two and three to ten, all the wagons or sleighs loaded to the utmost capacity of the teams to haul. The hotels, or rather taverns as they were called in those days, were crowded to their utmost limit to accommodate them as they stopped for the night or their midday meal. They were a class of men easily satisfied and seldom complained of the fare furnished them by the landlords of those days, providing there was enough of such as it was and well cooked. These teamsters were a class of men that were not to be fooled with, yet

they were kind and generous as well as brave.

I think from what I have said up to this point that you can, in some degree, comprehend what the general conditions of the country was like when I first came to Mosinee, the 26th day of September, 1866. Now I will try and tell you about how, what now is known as the village of Mosinee was like, and how I was impressed as I beheld the wondrous beauty of its location, the lavishness with which nature had surrounded it with such grand and awe-inspiring scenery. It took such a hold on me that I never come in sight of these old gray granite rocks but that I feel like getting down on my knees and thanking my Maker that I have been permitted to look upon such grandeur. I have seen many places of interest in my life, yet in all my travels I have never seen anything or place that has so captivated me at once as did Mosinee and its surrounding beauties of nature when I first beheld its glorious attractiveness. The village of Mosinee of today is very far different in nearly all respects than it was forty years ago. Its buildings are not the same now as then, its personals are not the same, with a few exceptions of which I shall speak later.

The streets and general apperance are far different now than at that time. Little Bull Falls are not the same in contour as they appeared forty years ago. At that time the falls were just about as nature finished and left them. Since that time man has been at work defacing with powder, drill and dynamite and very many of the grand and beautiful points have been blasted away. At that time there was a large rock in midstream about three hundred—possibly four hundred feet up stream from the main iron bridge over the jaws of the gorge. This rock has been blasted away, and thus one of the grand features of Little Bull Falls has been obliterated and lost. Its location can scarcely be decerned except by those who are well acquainted with its locality. This rock was known as Kelly Rock and had quite a history of its own, some of which I will give you as I have it, by and by. This Kelly Rock was never known to be wholly submerged, even in times of great floods, but would stand firm with its round gray head above the surface and let the surging, angry billows lash its sides with tempestuous furry, and seemed to laugh at their feeble efforts to wrend it from its foundation. Yet in spite of the war of the elements, it re-



BRIDGE OVER THE JAWS OF GORGE.
HIGH WATER.

mained firm on its base, a grand, guarding sentinel over the mighty cataract just below.

There was another rock called the Shoemaker, and was situated on the right hand side of the channel about 16 feet from the shore line and was as near as I can remember, about six feet in diameter. This Shoemaker Rock was generally submerged when the river was in a good and supposedly safe condition for raft running through the falls. But a most tremendous current of swirling and foaming water ran wild riot all around it. There is also a history in connection with this rock which I will give you later on. This rock was about two hundred feet below the jaws of the gorge.

The bridge that spanned the jaws of the cataract at that time was very much different from the present iron one, and its floor, or roadbed I should judge, was from two feet to thirty inches lower than the present bridge.

This old bridge was made wholly of wood with the exception of some iron bolts. It was built on the lattice work style, and was boarded up on both sides and without roof. It was a most substantial structure and gave the company that put up the present iron bridge considerable trouble to tear it out of their way.

At the west end of the bridge the roadbed was on the ground until it reached Bull Calf channel, which was spanned with a wooden bridge, then a short distance after crossing this bridge it was on the ground until it reached the bridge crossing what is known as Bean Slough. This was the longest stretch of bridge crossing the main channels of the river, and there was quite a sharp raise coming off the bridge up onto Little Bull Island, then clear sailing was had with the exception of several quite large mud holes until you reached what is known as Mill Slough, which was also spanned with a wooden bridge somewhat lower than the one now in use, which we gracefully cross, and brings us right up to Mosinee.

Now we have had quite a little outing looking over and taking note of some of the salient points about this, one of Nature's grandest scenic views that can be found on the whole length of the Wisconsin river. Now let us take a walk up the streets of Mosinee and see what we will find. We will start from the foot of the hill and travel towards the cemetery. We look upon the right hand and upon the left hand of the street as we pass a long and take note of all that interests us, or in

other words, all that we see. As we start we have found on our left hand a horse barn painted red, which was some larger than the one you can see there today. It was destroyed by fire some years ago and this one was built on the same foundation occupied by the one beheld. Now we look to the right and we do not see anything, for at that time the barn that we can now see there was not in existence, it has been built since. As we walk on up the hill we see a white house on our left, just up on the level ground and we inquire what is being done there as we see quite a number of men strolling around and smoking their pipes, while others were sitting on benches. We are told "This is the mill boarding house." We have now reached the top of the hill and are on level ground. Now we look to our right and see another white house and we make the inquiry who lives there? We are told "Mr. David Roberts lives there." This is the same David Roberts that we were introduced to forty years ago the 26th day of this last September, and under whose hospitable roof myself and family were royally entertained until we could get our household goods set up in shape to keep our own house That house has disappeard and the palatial

residence where Mr. Roberts now resides has taken its place. There was no building where Mr. Roberts' store stands. It was all open ground. A few steps farther along was a one story and a half building on the right, just where the printing office of the Mosinee Times now stands. It has since burned down and the Times office building took its place. Where the library building stands was a vacant lot, and we step along a few rods in the street, for there were no sidewalks in those days and we behold the battlement of the store of Nathan Blake on our right The store building has since been enlarged at least three different times, until it has attained its present vast proportions and is now occupied by the firm of LaDu & Bernier, and nearby was a small white house occupied as a dwelling by Mr. Blake the merchant.

On our left was standing a rough boarded, not very large building, occupied by J. R. Bruneau as a grocery store on the lower floor, the upper story being used as a dwelling by William Gilbert. This building has been enlarged until it has become one of the landmarks of the village and is owned by Joseph Homier. A few feet west was standing a small one story building used by

William Gilbert as a shoe shop. It vanished many years ago, as also has a great many others. A few steps further brings us to the alley north of Mr. Homier's building and we see on our left a long, weather-beaten structure that had been used as a bowling alley some years before. It has since that time undergone reconstruction and is now in the possession of Frank Beste and used as a saloon.

Now we come to a halt and take a look ahead. You don't want to go any further in that direction. Why? Because right in front of us is an inland lake, reaching from near the house now occupied by Mr. Schwalbe clear up to the back of that splendid grove of pines just back of Celia Keefe's residence in length, and in width it reached from near the bowling alley to the street now running past the drug store und up past the old school house, and was from two to four foot in depth. This lake was one of the prominent features of Mosinee away back in those early days. In summer time, from early spring until late in autumn, it was occupied by the grandest troupe of musicians that the mind of man can possibly conceive, and a grand concert was given by them daily and nightly during their long stay. In con-

nection with this band of musicians was a chorus of voices of the widest range, from the lowest, strongest and hoarsest of diapason, through the tremula, piccolo, soprano, flute until the highest of tenors was reached. This lake was popularly known as the "Frog Pond." It was also used very much by the school-boys of those days to float their rafts in summer, and in winter as a sliding, skating and general frolicking place, as quite a number now living in the village can testify. This "Frog Pond" has since been drained and filled in with slabs, logs and earth until it is as you see it today, almost entirely covered with fine buildings, and right in the center of the business part of Mosinee.

Well, as you do not want to go any farther in that direction, and seem to be getting weary, let us find a place to sit down and I will tell you, as near as I can, of the buildings and parts of buildings that are left of what were then standing and used. Yes, this is a good place to sit down as we take our seats on the steps of LaDu & Bernier's mercantile establishment, and I lean back against the building and take a long breath and commence my story again. Yes, the mill-boarding house has been enlarged since then. The little house that was

occupied by the merchant, Nathan Blake, is now the kitchen part of Willis F. LaDu's house. The house of Mrs. Edstrom was then used as postoffice and grocery store and was presided over by Alexander Erwin. It has since been modernized as you see it today. The house occupied by Mr. Erwin has been moved and is now a part of Arden Paronto's horse barn. The large white house standing just beyond Mrs. Edstrom's was then on the other side of the street, and had a very large wing to it reaching nearly back to the alley. This wing part was taken off and is now located at the farther end of the street on the left hand side as you go east.

There was a house standing on the lot opposite the Thompson house occupied by William Cuer and his sister, Electa. That house has been moved to the extreme end east on the same street, and has been added to somewhat. There was a small building standing about midway between the guardlock and the bridge over Mill Slough. This building was used as a saloon, and was the only saloon this side of Little Bull Falls, now we have four. At that time the population of Mosinee of actual residents was less than one hundred, and today its population does not very far exceed four

hundred, so you see that the saloon and population keep quite an even pace with each other, the population gaining just a nose ahead. The house now owned and occupied by Miss Celia Keefe looks just about the same and stands on the same ground it stood on forty years ago, and was occupied by Geo. Drake and family. Mr. LaDu's barn stands where it did then and looks just the same red barn. The house where Louis Vachreau lives was there as it is now although it has been remodeled quite a bit. In this house at that time lived Sebastian Kronenwetter and family. Where A. von Berg now lives stood a far different house in appearance, and was owned and occupied by George La Count. It burned down long ago. What is now used as the village hall was then the school house, and was also used as a church edifice for religious and funeral services, and on such occasions was generally pretty well filled, sometimes crowded.

Where Frank Beste now lives was standing an old shack, partly boarded up and left that way. The house now owned and occupied by doctor Daniels has been so remodeled that the man who first lived in it would not be able to recognize one feature of the old house. The

house owned and occupied by Peter Tinetti was then the pleasent home of Henry Ward, the tanner. It has undergone a series of repairs since 1866. The next on the list comes the house just west of the one now owned by Mrs. B. Brabant, was the one where resided the legal and judicial talent of Mosinee in those days, the Hon. Judge, as he was often called, George Partridge, before whom came all those having grievances to be settled, and justice was meted out as the case deserved. I never heard of a case that was decided by Justice Partridge ever being carried to a higher tribunal.

We will now take quite a jump west until we reach the corner of the street just west of where Louis Dessert now resides and we arrive where another of the legal lights resided in a low, rambling shack of a house. weather stained and almost entirely covered with beautiful flowering vines and roses, planted and cared for by the most excellent wife of H. A. Bean. He also was known as Judge Bean. He was an educated man and a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and had served for some time as Corporal in the Regulars of the United States army. The old Bean house was torn down long ago to make room for the stately edifice now

standing very nearly on the same ground.

Having now reached the most westerly limit, we will come back and commence over again. On the corner where stands the fine, large brick department store of J. Hanowitz, stood what was known by the name of the Tonguay House, owned by Joseph Tonguay and conducted by him as a tavern or hotel. It was destroyed by fire, as well as another one built on the same site. The barn used in connection with this house was moved from the lot where the meat market stands to its present location across the alley from Dr. Daniel's horse barn. We will cross the street and go west until we reach the house now known as the John Prain house. It has been very much improved in appearance. This was the first house I lived in with my family when I came to Mosinee.

There was a ramshackle of a building standing where the splendid palace now owned and controlled by C. A. Gardner stands, and was known as the Whitelaw house. Yes, there was another house that we have passed by, it stood on the spot where the house stands that Mr. Homier owns and is occupied by old Mr. Horan, the mail carrier. At that time it was in the

possession of Jno. LaBarge, a curly-haired Frenchman and his family. I think this is about all of the resident part of Mosinee forty years ago. I will now give you the places of industry that were in operation at that time.

There was a saw-mill, a tannery, a grist-mill and a blacksmith shop. They were situated near the dismantled mill structure that now stands at the lower end of the Mill Slough. The tannery, old sawmill, blacksmith shop, together with a large storehouse building, a large barn and some smaller structures and sheds, were all swept away in the great flood of 1880, sometime in June. The grist-mill was standing about where the brick boiler house is situated, one end of which was undermined by the raging waters and left standing at a very acute angle. The probable cause of this wholesale destruction of property was that the guardlock gave way and thus precipitated a great volume of rushing water upon it suddenly and it had to go. I think I have given you about all of interest in that direction. At the time of the flood in 1880, the Joseph Dessert company lost a large amount of manufactured lumber, lath and shingles which were stored and piled in the vicinity of the saw mill, as well as a vast quantity of sawlogs

that were stored in the millpond and above the guard-lock and at other supposedly safe places along the river above Mosinee.

The sawmill structure now standing withstood the battle of the flood. It was the old mill built by John L. Moore in 1839 that was swept away and it stood at the left hand of this one now standing. The tannery stood just at the left of the mill.

I think I have given about as good a description of Mosinee as I can, so that you may comprehend, in some degree what it looked like forty years ago, with the exception of one house that was situated on the lot right in front of the one now occupied by Mr. A. von Berg. An old woman owned and lived in it. Her name was Brand, and a story is related of her that she, during a cold snap in winter, found herself with only one match in the house to start a fire with, and it was too late to go out to get more, as she was old and feeble, so she retired with the terrible uncertainty on her mind as to whether the match was a good one and would alight when scratched so that she could start her fire in the morning, and it so worried her that sleep refused to come to her weary eyes so to make sure as to whether

the match was a good one or not, she got up and gave it a scratch, and behold, it was a good one and lighted readily, and surely then she was left without a match and had to lie in bed until some small boys came to bring her some wood as they were in the habit of doing, and rapped on the door, then she got up and told them just how she had foolishly lost her last match.

We will now turn our attention as to how the vast amount of lumber that was manufactured above Little Bull was conveyed to market before the railroad came into the country.

I will endeavor to try to explain to you so that you may in some degree form an idea as to how the enormous amount of lumber that was manufactured above Mosinee was transported to the market in the lower country.

At that time there was not far from twenty sawmills above Mosinee on the Wisconsin river and its tributaries, and placing a conservative estimate on their output, it would not be very much less than 125,000,000 feet of manufactured lumber per year, and all this vast amount had to be rafted and run over Little Bull Falls, and to do this work it required a great number of men,

at least two thousand five hundred of stalwart, husky fellows, none of your weaklings could hope to secure a position at that particular work, as it required men of great courage and physical endurance, as all sorts of dangers were likely to be encountered and must be met bravely, face to face and no flinching. You say you don't just understand how this rafting was done and what is meant by it, so I will endeavor to illustrate to you as intelligently as I am able.

This rafting was commenced just as soon as possible in the spring after the ice broke up and went out. At some places rafting was done on the ice where it was considered safe to do so. In the first place a great quantity of rafting pins, or "grubs," as they were called, had to be secured. These "grubs," or pins, were made from small trees, dug up with the nob of the roots of the tree attached to them. The "grub" had to be four feet long and large enough, after being dressed, to fill a hole two inches in diameter, with a head left on the root end, about three inches in diameter, so that it would not pull up through the hole in the "grub-plank."

These "grub planks" were bored with a two-and-a-

quarter inch auger generally and had three holes made in them; they were generally ten inches wide. These plank were laid down three of them for what was called a "crib," the "grubs" were inserted in the auger-holes with the head on the under side let into a recess made for the purpose, and a small wedge fastened the "grub" in place. The plank were then placed the right distance apart and a board placed against the grubs and a hole bored in the board opposite each of the grubs, then the board was put on to the grubs crosswise, at right angles with the grub plank, or "runner," as they were called, then the rafting commenced by placing the lumber on the frame thus made. Each course being laid on crosswise of the under one, until the crib had been built up to from sixteen to twenty courses, according to the dryness of the lumber, or the stage of the water flowing in the river would warrant.

The next step was to place these cribs end to end about five or six inches apart until six or seven of them were thus placed, then they were ready for the binding and coupling planks which were bored with holes opposite each grub and then the winch was put onto the grub on top of the binding, or coupling plank, and the

grub pulled up at the same time the plank was pressed down by the block under the long lever of the winch, a man pressing down hard on the long end of the lever. When all the slack had been taken up in this way, a small sliver was started from the grub close to the plank and a wedge driven in hard to hold everything solid.

The winch was made with two iron rings and one or two links of heavy chain; the rings were, one of them, two and one-half inches in diameter inside, the other about one inch larger, the links of chain being put in between the rings, and then a lever of strong wood about six feet long, one end of which was put through the largest ring, then it was ready for use. When the proper number of cribs were put together then a stick of timber, 6x8 inches, was put on the three grubs at each end of the string of cribs, and thoroughly wedged down, this was the headlock in which was inserted the oarpin on which the oar was placed to guide the raft with. The oar was about forty-five or fifty feet long, the stem was about eight inches through at the end where the oar-blade was inserted and nearly fifty feet in length, nicely finised at the small end where the men had to work. The oar-blade was sixteen feet long and

generally eighteen inches wide and three-fourths of an inch thick at one end two and one-half inches thick at the other end. The thick end was fixed firmly in the large end of the oar-stem.

Two strings of cribs six or seven long, were coupled together side by side, and constituted what was known as a Wisconsin river raft. I will, by your permission, digress somewhat in order to explain more fully the position that the rafting grub held in the commercial affairs of all this upper Wisconsin river country.

The rafting grub was considered a legal tender for any kind of indebtedness, either public or private. They were even a better medium of exchange than gold coin. A settler coming into town with a load of grubs on his ox-sled commanded the immediate attention and respect of every business man at once, and all were very desirous to secure his very valuable article of commerce, and it was very fortunate for the early settler that the grub held such an important relation in the industrial affairs of the country at that early date, for the reason that very little money was in circulation and it was very hard to get hold of, especially for those who were hewing out homes from the dense wilderness in which the

most of them were located. It was well for them that the wild forests surrounding furnished them with the means to provide for their pressing needs. Often during the season the whole family that were large enough were employed with their father in gathering the small saplings and carrying them to a place near their log shanty where the small trees were converted into the coin of the realm by the father.

I could point out to you a number of ladies in Mosinee that were a great help to their hard-working father by their ever readiness to take hold of this enterprising work. But it was fun for them to ramble in the woods and gather up the grubs as their father dug them; they were helping and they enjoyed it to the fullest extent, and when the father took their joint product to town a stick of candy or some other dainty for them was never forgotten, and they were enthusiastically happy.

Rafting and Running.

We will now come back to the rafted lumber, and follow it until it has passed over Little Bull. Just as soon as possible after the going out of the ice in the Spring, everyone connected with the running of the lumber to market got busy, for it was of vital importance to make as rapid progress as possible, for many rapids had to be gotten over and at such places, much time was required to get past them in safety, and yet with all the forethought, and preparation very many accidents occured.

Of all the rapids none were more dangerous and feard than Little Bull. Soon after the opening of the river in the spring, rafts would begin to land in the eddy above the milldam until acres of rafts were accummalated to the capacity of the eddy to hold with safty, and there they would remain until such time as the water was at the supposedly safe stage to run Little Bull. Every hour from early morning until dark, pilots and bowsman would make their way to the bridge over the gorge, and comment on the outlook, and wondering how long the water would hold too high, or whether it

was rising, or was it falling or what do you think, would it be safe to try it today?

There resided here at Mosinee one William Cuer, he was considered the safest pilot to run a raft over Little Bull, as he never was known to lose a man or allow his raft to be wrecked going through Little Bull, and it was known that he never would try to run until he considered it safe to do so. I have often heard pilots and owners of lumber enquire, where is C u e r? What does he say about the safty of running today? but Mr. Cuer was not to be found many times, but he was always keeping his eyes on the condition of the water, he would go up to the eddy talk with the pilots of the Lumber he was to run through Little Bull and have them get everything in readiness, so that quick work could be done when he started to run, he kept his own counsel. Sometimes a pilot would say, I believe I can run it all right and I will try it, so up he goes to his lumber, cuts out a rapids piece and starts, and when he starts there is no holding back, he must go through, should he succeed in getting through safely, then the fun commences. Others who think they can run just as safely, will tie loose as it was called, and the chances

are that from one to three men are lost from the raft and drowned and then running the Falls is stopped for that day. No one not having seen the running of Little Bull in high water can form any idea of just what it is like, the awful danger to be faced, the terrible strain of mind and muscle as you hear the roaring, tumbling, seathing and lashing of the mighty volume of water rushing to the vortex out of sight of those who are borne on the raft into the very jaws of death. It is a fearful situation to contemplate. If it were not for Kelly Rock, I have heard many pilots say we could get through all right, even on this stage of water, but Kelly Rock stood firm and defiant right in their way. Many and many anathemas have been hurled at Kelly Rock, without in the least affecting its firmness. Just wait a little and see what is happening. Mr. Cuer is making his way up to the Eddy, just as the day is drawing to a close and gets in consultation with some pilot, just a word, and he returns home again, looks around, sees the boy he has engaged to handle his horses and says for him to be on hand bright and early in the morning, and at daybreak you would see C u e r on one horse the boy on the other making for the eddy, and on reaching

there, C u e r jumps from his horse and runs onto the string of raft that has been prepared for him, and it is let loose and it is started for the gorge. The boy has started already with both horses for the potato patch below the sawmill, where he is to wait if he has to until C u e r is taken from the raft in a skiff and brought to the shore, lights his pipe, jumps onto his horse and flies for the eddy as fast as his horse can go, hitches his horse to a post, jumps onto another rapids piece and away he goes again. He always runs with two crews, one going the other coming all day long. I have known him to make thirty trips in one day. He always had one dollar for each trip through Little Bull.

Now comes the time when the fun really commences, for no sooner does Cuer start than every pilot and bowsman that dare run Little Bull get a hustle on, and raft follows raft in quick succession until darkness comes on and then the weary, tired out raftsmen can seek their supper and rest, only to renew the same dangerous business the next morning at daybreak. It sometimes happened that as the crews sought their places of rest, that one or two of their comrades were missing. Where are they? They have been washed over-

board and drowned in Little Bull. In spite of every precaution taken for the safety of the men with sucker lines stretched across the rafts for the men to hold onto while passing through the Falls and its whirling maelstrom below, their hold on the rope has been broken loose, and they are swallowed up in the great flood. I have seen a raft with ten men on, five at each oar, every man of them all out of sight under the water at the same time, not a particle of the raft or men could be seen for a few seconds, but several hats were seen floating on the billows around. At such times of running the Falls, everybody who could, men, women and children would hurry to the Falls, and stand around or sit on the rocks and watch the rafts as they came on down the slide into the gorge. It was a galla day for all Mosinee. There were hundreds of raftsmen in and around Mosinee at such times. Those engaged in running the Fall were on the jump, after landing their raft below at some safe place, to get back to the eddy for another trip, going through and coming back all day.

Early Mosinee, Township 27.

EARLY MOSINEE.

As we look back upon the Township of Mosinee containing as it did forty years ago, 252 square miles of territory with its entire population numbering not to exceed five hundred souls all told, and with less than one thousand acres of cultivated land, its inhabitants scattered here and there widely seperated, and what is now the village of Mosinee, was being a mere hamlit, we can in some degree realize the wildness and privation as well as many difficulties to which the early settlers were subjected. There were at that time quite a number of natural hay marshes where a very excellent quality of wild hay could be secured in the season and for many years was the only source from which to draw the necessary supply of hay to feed the cattle and horses of the settlers and lumbermen. Hundreds of tons of this marsh hay was harvested every summer. It was years before tame grass were grown in sufficient quantity to take the place of the marsh hay, and many lumbermen claimed that their working stock of horses and

oxen could stand the hard work to which they were subjected better on the marsh hay than they could on the tame. The township was very slow in being settled, as it was considered only as a fit place for Indians and wild beasts to live in after the pine timber would be taken out of it. It was claimed that the soil was not good for agriculture, it being rather of a sandy nature along the river bottoms. That impression was held by many who really desired to locate a home in this territory, but in time as the early settlers improved their farms so as to begin to raise crops, it was found to be not only good land for agriculture but that it produced crops of the cereals and vegetables of a superior quality and brought a higher price in the market than the same article shipped from the lower part of the state could command. There were many obstacles to encounter that materially handicaped the settlers and lumbermen in securing the abundant product of the hay marshes. Some of the marshes were low and wet also being to soft at the bottom for teams to travel on in order to gather the hay after it had been cut and cured, necessitating them to make use of poles to carry it to a higher place where it could be stacked, and there were no mowing machines

in those days nor horse rakes to help lighten the work of gathering the hay crop. The old fashioned scythe and snath was used in cutting the grass and the old time hand rake did execution in gathering the cured grass into windrows, and the two and three tined pitchfork was the proper instrument used to pitch the hay from place to place, not a horse working hayfork was known or heard of in this part of the country in those good old summertime haying time days, and then the mosquitoes had to be reckoned with every moment of time you were on the marshes from early morning until you were safe at home in a well smoked out room. They were something fearful to contend with. There were clouds of them in evidence continually, never letting up for a moment. The men at work were obliged to wear netting over their heads and gloves on their hands to protect themselves from the tormenting pests. I realize that many readers of the description here given of the plague of the mosquito to the early haymakers of this section of country will say, we will take it with a few grains of salt, but let me say that I have not overdrawn the actual condition as it existed forty years ago, for I was right in it myself. You will perhaps say why did people

continue to stay in a country so infested by such torments, but let me tell you that people that came here in the early days were made of stern material. They possessed the staying qualities that was needed to battle with such difficulties as surrounded them and no thought of giving up the strife entered their minds. They went cheerfully forward with determination to conquer every obstacle that stood in their way of success. There was but one voting precinct in the whole township and that was at the little hamlet near Little Bull Falls, now known as the village of Mosinee. Here all voters had to come to cast their votes. Some of them came twenty-five miles to cast their ballot. In the early days the lumberman entered the forests under the old time idea of felling the trees with the axe, leaving a stump from two to three feet in heighth and squaring the butt of the fallen tree also with the axe, but at that time it was believed to be the only proper way to proceed, and many other old time methods were employed in their business.

Now the question confronts us and who is able to give an unbiased answer. Which of the two factions is the most credit due for developing the country: The lumbering speculator who comes into the country only

to take what he can out of it or the settler who comes into the country for the avowed purpose of clearing and subduing the soil and making him and his family a permanent home? Early Mosinee township held within its borders wonderful possibilities for the future to unfold. There was a diversity of soils from which the settler could make his selection to suit his fancy. There were living streams of pure water, there were light sandy soils, heavy clay soils, loamy soils, stony soils, and all of them naturally rich soils. There were rolling lands, flat lands, swampy lands and rocky lands, heavily timbered lands, light timbered lands, pine lands hardwood lands, as well as mixed timber lands, and some patches of prairie lands all suitable for settlement.

Dog and Bear Story.

Bear stories are something that interests nearly everybody, especially the children, and the better faculty a person has for relating such stories the greater amount of enjoyment of the fun the hearers are able to get out of its relation. I was never considered as a very fluent story teller, but I will tell you this bear story and you can judge for yourself as to its value.

In the spring of 1867 the people of Mosinee township elected me to the office of assessor and it became my duty to visit every settler in the township in order to faithfully perform my duty in accordance with the law. Yes I'm coming to the bear story just as fast as I can, but I have to get where the bear is before I can tell you, and the bear is fifteen miles away in the wilderness all unconscious that I am coming his way, and in order to reach him I must travel for miles and miles on foot over the worst kind of a road through the Irish settlement and I know at that early date that every Irish settler kept from one to three dogs of the most miserable breed of mongrel curs that it was ever my distress to behold. I was always

very much afraid of dogs, it never took very much of a dog to put me to flight. Why I have often traveled half a mile out of my way to avoid passing by a place where there was a dog kept, but I never was afraid of bears or wolves nor foxes and even skunks held no terror for me, but at the dog I drew the line. So how to get around the dog problem weighed heavily on my mind for I knew that I would have to go into every house and shanty in the whole Irish settlement in the discharge of my official duties, and I also knew that just as soon as the dogs would catch sight of me that they would make a bee line for my legs and chew me up alive, as they were all very ferocious and not being used to seeing travelers they would deem it a rare opportunity to make my acquaintance in their most impressive manner.

After careful deliberation for a number of days I conceived the brilliant idea of engaging some man to go with me that was not afraid of dogs and I calculated to keep the man between myself and the dogs. I finally found the man I was looking for. He was an Irishman and lived in the heart of the settlement and owned a dog himself. The plan for carrying out my idea was agreed upon. I was to go with him out to his home,

stop overnight with him and the next morning we would start in on my duties. It was about fourteen miles from his home to the home of the fartherest settler and we would pass several on our way, and I could take their assessment as we passed along.

You see I am getting along towards the place where the bear is keeping himself. So I went with my hired man to his home about twelve miles west from Mosinee, and stopped overnight with him. After breakfast next morning we started on our trip calculating that we would just about reach the fartherest settler at night. We got along very well until we reached the Big EauPleine river, which we found to be quite a large stream without a bridge to cross over it, and the water was too high to think of trying to wade through it. What was to be done. Here we were in a bad fix sure enough. We did not have an axe nor even a nail and the stream was 150 feet wide, and about eight feet deep, and we must get across somehow, for it was getting along in the afternoon and it was six miles from the opposite shore to the settler's home where we expected to put up for the night. My hired man looked at me and says: Now what are you going to do. We can't get over the river and it is getting

along towards night, so we had better go back to the last house we passed for the night, and bring an axe with us in the morning. I says let's look around some first. I think we will find some way out of our difficulty. So we went up the stream until we came to a bend and found a couple of sawlogs had lodged there. I says here we are, can you ride a log? No sir says he I cant, can you? I made the reply, I guess we can ride them over. So I cut some withs with my pocket knife, found some cross pieces and fastened them to the logs with the withs and with a pole I cut. We crossed the stream on the logs, then fastened our raft for future use and started on again. We had gone about a quarter of a mile when my comrade says in a hurried rather low tone, what is that, look there? I looked at him as he pointed to some object lying about eight rods from us in a small opening. He says it is a bear and his eyes were fairly bulging as he pointed to the bear. Following the direction, I also saw the bear, and I said it is an old bear with her cubs. Dont you see them by her side. You bet I do says he and we better be getting out of this before she smells us and gets after us. I thought just about as he did. Although I wasn't afraid of bear, I was as

ready to get out of the way as he was. I tell you we got out of that vicinity with both feet. I noticed that my hat had a tendency to crawl up on my head, and required a lot of attention to keep it where it belonged. I noticed also that my companion had almost as much trouble with his hat as I did with mine. Of course we were unarmed or it would have been different. We were not scared but were only hustling on our way. You see we were pretty well matched. I was not afraid of bears and he was not afraid of dogs.

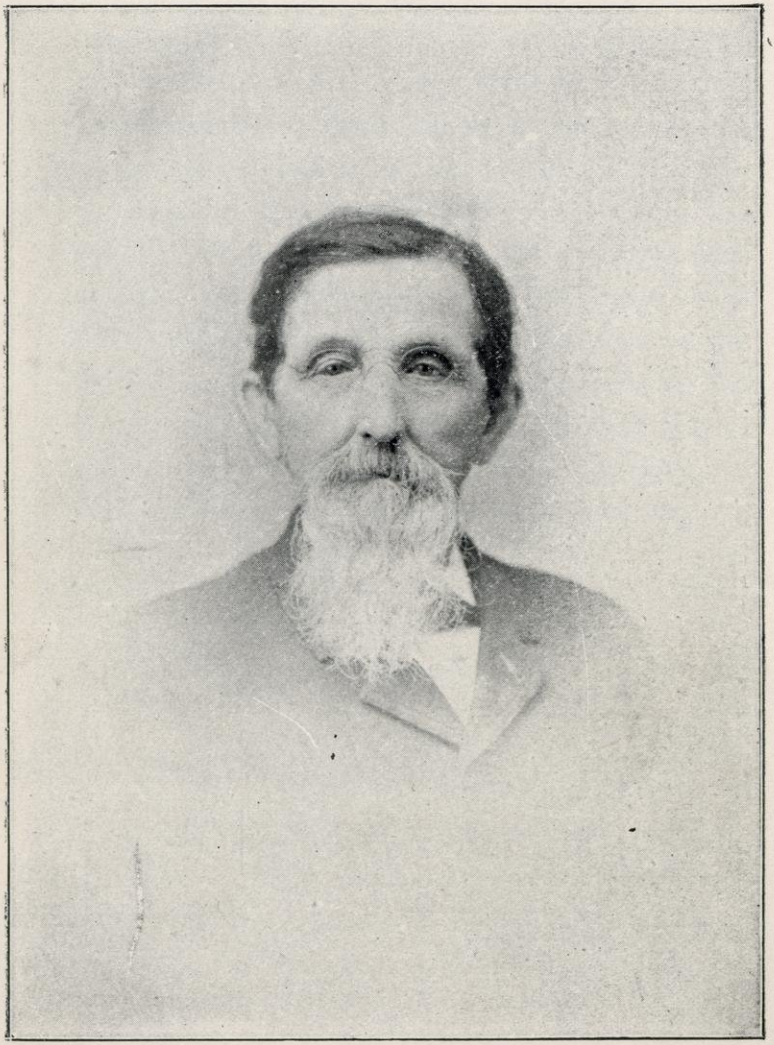
We were traveling through a dense forest and it was over five miles to the first settler, but the gait we had assumed would soon bring us within sight of his opening, and a welcome sight it would be for both of us. At last we saw light ahead, and my man says that is Mr. Hays' clearing. As we approached we could see the house some eighty rods back on the fartherest side of the clearing and the road turned at right angle, so that as we came to the opening we were right in the elbow. A set of bars was placed in the fence that on being let down we could follow the path leading to the house. As we came to the bars and looked towards the house, I saw something like a streak wiggling. I asked what is

that, and he says that is nothing only the farmers dogs coming to meet us. Well sure enough they were on the rush in single file, three of them, and yelping as though it was their last chance. As my man let down the bars and stepped over them, I fell in line right behind him expecting of course that the dogs would pitch at him first, and I could by this time feel the goose pimples coming out all over me. My man kept right on and did not appear to be the least bit shaky about the legs. Well what do you suppose those dogs did when they met us. Did they tear the flesh off the bones of my guide? No sir not a bit. They never seemed to notice him in the least, but turned out around him and came up behind me, rammed their noses against my legs, and every last dog inspected me and growled and sniffed, then trotted back to the house again. Surely I thought my hour had at last arrived and I would have to be carried home in pieces. I wondered what made the dogs act as they did. I finally concluded that they thought I was trying to hide away from them behind the other man, and as they approached they discovered that he was an Irishman and they would not touch him, but with me it was different. They would interview me at all events. So

they did so and not finding any smell of bear grease on me and being in company with the Irishman I must be all right and they retreated satisfied. After finishing my business with the farmer we journeyed on to the last settler's home, where we arrived just at sunset. Here we tarried all night and were right royally entertained. At this place we related how we had seen a bear with her cubs. There were two young men, sons of the farmer, that were at home. They said they would get that bear in the morning. We told them just where we saw them. They said they knew the place and would get a good early start so as to get the bear and cubs before we would be along and we could see them.

When we got up next morning the boys were gone with their guns and dog. We started on our back track after we breakfasted and made quite a bit of talk as we hustled along, for we were some excited over our adventure with the bear and wanted to get there as soon as we could. When we were within about half a mile of the place we saw the boys coming back without the bear or the cubs. I said it had got away from them, probably went away during the night. As we met the

boys we asked them where is the bear. They said there was no bear to be seen, nor any signs of a bear ever having been there. There was an old black stub of a stump that had been burned and that was all the bear we had seen. We said it beat everything if that was the case. They said that was the fact and that we must have been scared to imagine that the black stump was a bear. We could hardly believe what they said, so we plodded along until we came to the place where we had seen the bear and investigated and we found it just as the boys had told us—an old black stub of a stump instead of a bear. We hadn't much to say after that.



JOSEPH DESSERT.

Joseph Dessert.

Mr. Joseph Dessert, whose biograph we now write, is a native of Canada, having been born in Maskinonge, Province of Quebec, January 8, 1819, being a son of Peter and Melonie (Baulien) Dessert, both natives of that province. Twelve children were born to his parents, none of whom are now living excepting the subject of this sketch. He attended the schools of the neighborhood of his father's home and worked at lumbering in Canada until he was twenty-two years of age. In 1840 he entered the employ of the American Fur and Trading Co. in the Lake Superior region and remained in their employ four years, returning home July 1, 1844, and on September 16th started for the unknown forests of Wisconsin, where he was to make his home which he was destined to honor by his exemplary and potent business career. Reaching Buffalo he proceeded by steamer to Milwaukee, thence by lumber wagon to Fort Winnebago and on to Whitney Rapids and other intermediate stopping points. The most of his journey from Fort Winnebago was made afoot. Mr. Dessert reached

Mosinee October 20, 1844, and from that date until 1905 was a continuous resident of Marathon county. For five years he worked for wages in the solitudes of this vast wilderness, lumbering and logging on the river. Then, in 1849, he joined fortunes with William Pencast, Henry Cate and James Etheridge and started into the lumber mauufacturing business under the firm name of Pencast, Dessert & Co., Mr. Dessert's partners dropping out of the firm one by one until 1859, when he bought out the last one and became the sole owner. He conducted the business alone for twenty-one years; then, in 1880, he admitted to partnership his nephew, Louis Dessert. For ten years the business was under the firm name of Joseph Dessert & Co., and in December 1890 the present Joseph Dessert Lumber Co. was incorporated. The company as incorporated continued the lumber manufacturing business until 1905, when they ceased the manufacture of lumber. Mr. Dessert being the president; his nephew, Louis Dessert, vice-president and manager; H. M. Thompson secretary and treasurer. Mrs. H. M. Thompson is also a stockholder. In 1862 Joseph Dessert was married in Waukesha county to Miss Mary Sanford, daughter of William E. and

Lavina T. Sanford, the former a native of Connecticut, the latter of New York State. Mr. and Mrs. Dessert have had two children, Marion M., who died in infancy, and Stella, wife of Henry M. Thompson, secretary and treasurer of the Joseph Dessert Lumber Co. Mrs. Dessert died July 1st, 1881.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Dessert, as can be seen by a glance over his biograph, came to Mosinee in 1844, four years before Wisconsin was admitted as a state. When he arrived at Mosinee, a young man of 25 years of age, this place was designated by name only as Little Bull. The whole of this northern part of the state was not yet devided into counties and towns, and at that early date the men working in the lumber camps suffered very much for provisions, as everything had to be brought a long distance over a very poor trail, called a road. Mr. Dessert told me that at one time, while he was employed in the logging camp, that all they had to eat for a number of days was nothing but salt pork and blackstrap molasses. He said they were not able on such diet to do very much work, but it kept them alive, and there was no help for this condition until supplies could

be got to them. All was being done that could be. There was no other way, only to grin and bear it with as good grace as possible, which the men did. Mr. Dessert being of a very observing mind, and anxious to take advantage of any opportunity to better himself that presented a fair prospect of success, soon discovered an opening where he was satisfied to make a venture. And as we are informed in his biograph, entered into partnership as related, and became the controling spirit in the different firms, under which the lumber manufacturing business has been operated here at Mosinee since 1849. Mr. Dessert was never an office seeker. He had business of his own sufficient to keep him well employed to look after its intricate details, and it needed all his attention, for the conditions of the country, were such that it required the utmost vigilance to avert disaster. Nevertheless his townsmen elected him to fill many offices of trust. He served as county commissioner for a number of years with credit to his abilities. He also served for many terms as chairman of the town board of supervisors. He was always anxious while serving his constituents that the public affairs should be managed along the lines of

economy, as much so as his own private business. In 1889 the village of Mosinee was incorporated and Mr. Dessert was elected its first president, which office he greatly honored by his wise administration of the various responsibilities entrusted to him. Physically he could not be called of very robust build, being rather slim and delicate in his general proportions, but of wiry, cord-like muscles, not very tall, about five feet five inches in heighth, with dark brown hair, eyes as black as night, and exceedingly expressive. At about the age of forty he came very near losing his eyesight, as a cataract formed on the eyes and necessitated an operation, which proved to be successful, although it was a long time before he was able to resume the active oversight of his business interests.

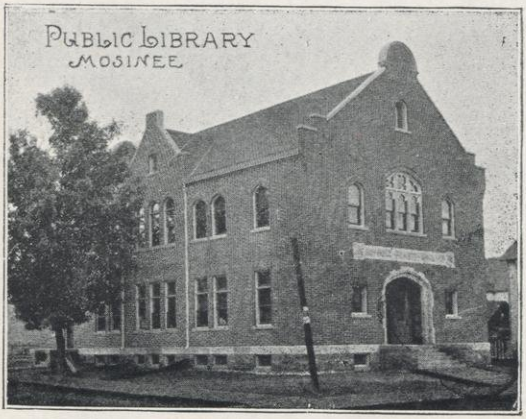
Socially he was all that the word implies. Ever ready to grasp you by the hand and express by its hearty presure the pleasure it gave him to meet you.

In conversation he was ever very pleasent and affable, always ready and willing to hear the opinions of others, and just as free to relate his own convictions.

Politically he was a staunch republican, firmly believing that the best interests of the General Govern-

ment, and for all the people, could best be secured by the application of the principles of that political party.

As a philanthropist he is the embodiment of the principle, and which he manifested by practical demonstration. In 1898 he built what is known as the Joseph Dessert Public Library, costing many thousands of dollars, all at his own expense, and for nearly eight years took upon himself every item of expense connected with institutions of that character. The library building is situated on a village lot by itself, and is a very imposing structure. Its basement walls are of red granite, capped with Bedford stone, on which the superstructure is built, which is termed a veneered brick building, and is very nicely finished. The reading room is large and well furnished with tables and chairs. It is lighted by electricity and is heated from a furnace placed in the basement. Has large windows and is in every particular a very pleasent room in which to spend an hour or two in thoughtful study. The shelving for the books are placed in a recess back from the reading room, where they present an inviting picture. There is also another quite large room, where the meetings of the library board can hold its sessions without



PUBLIC LIBRARY.

being disturbed in its deliberations, or their interfering with the quietness of the reading room. There is also a small store-room in connection with the librarian's office. The second floor is finished as an entertainment hall, with opera chairs, and has a raised rostrum with foot lights, drop curtains, and wings with painted scenery of attractive appearance. This hall is also lighted with electricity. A cloak room is in connection with the box office, at the head of the stairs leading to the hall. I have described this building particularly that all who read may realize that it is a substantial as well as an ornamental edifice. Its proportions are 72x36 feet. Its location is on one of the principal streets and corners in the village.

In 1906 Mr. Dessert made a gift of the library building to the village of Mosinee. He also donated one thousand dollars in cash for the benefit of the library. In erecting, maintaining and finally donating it to the village he has placed an opportunity, within the reach of every young man and woman, where without expense, only by taking advantage of their leisure hours, they may acquire knowledge along almost any line of education. Here they can come in contact with the

foremost minds and thoughts on any subject fully discussed. Here they will find all the best periodicals of the day, dealing on almost every question, and the young man or woman may here find a store-house from which they may gather knowledge that would prepare them for the various duties and responsibilities of life.

Mr. Dessert on the 8th day of January, 1907, reached his 88th year, and still retains a great degree of mental vigor for a person of such advanced age, and his bodily strength is very well preserved, and is able to take his daily walk when the weather will permit. He was a resident of Mosinee for 61 years continuously. The longest of any person now residing within its boundaries. He is now a resident of the city of Milwaukee, having gone there with his son in law, Mr. H. M. Thompson and wife, with whom he has resided for a number of years. They moved from Mosinee in 1905.

Log = Driving.

Log driving was quite a prominent feature of the lumbering interest along the Wisconsin River Valley in early days of Mosinee. Very many hardships and exposures, as well as dangers, were expected by the brave men who engaged in the perilous business of log driving. The saw mill at Mosinee required many million feet of lumber in logs. In those early days the bulk of the logs were cut from the forest bordering on Rib river and its tributaries, and were floated down Rib river to the Wisconsin, and on the Wisconsin down to Mosinee. It was a very hustling time here at Mosinee, When it was decided that the water was high enough and the ice having broken up and gone, a crew was gathered and sent to the banking ground where the logs were stored along the streams. The booms must be run out and strung along and properly fastened to piers in the river, so that all would be in readiness to receive the logs as they came. It took quite an army of men to man the booms, and to run them through the guardlock and pack them closely together in the mill pond.

Everything being ready, a messenger was sent to the foreman at the different places where logs were stored with orders to let them loose at a certain hour of the night or day, as the case might be. As it was known about how long it would take for logs to float to Mosinee, and the foreman having charge of the booms and storage of the logs here, would know just at what hour to look for the logs to begin to arrive, and men were placed on the boom at intervals, with pike poles to keep the logs from jamming on the boom. And once the logs began to arrive the men had to stand to their posts rain or shine, night and day, until the logs were all driven into the boom. At such times men had to undergo great hardships and privations. Sometimes it was impossible to relieve them in order to take a little rest, or to get their meals, as no men could be found to take their places. There is a man now doing business in Mosinee who told me that at one time of running logs he had worked on the boom for three days and nights consecutively without any rest or sleep, and was requested to keep on working for another half day, but he refused to do so for fear of falling off the boom into the water and being drowned. When everything was at

such high tension it was in order to take some provision to the men on the booms, so that they might not faint from hunger. Millions of feet of logs were run past Mosinee for the mills lower down on the river, and all these had to be sorted out and run through the divide on the boom here, and it was a hustling time for the men at the divide, especially at night. All night long a man with a lantern would stand on the boom and examine the water mark on each log and say in a loud voice: o u t s i d e, if it was a log for below, and i n s i d e for the log to be stored here, and the men had to work lively to divide the logs properly.

A Foolhardy Act.

I think it was in 1868 that two young men, each one of them being fine specimens of physical manhood, both of them endowed with sufficient nerve and determination, enough to face a rocky mountain lion, decided to run the Little Bull Falls with a skiff. Whether they were going to do so for any particular object other then bravado and adventure I cannot say, but to say the least they met with plenty of adventure and experience before their journey came to an end. In addition to themselves they had a stove also in the boat. They were advised by others not to make the attempt to run the falls as the water was rather high and rough. But no amount of reasoning seemed to avail, go they would at all hazards. They started from the Fall City side of the river above the dam, rowed across to the west side, and then made for the slide or apron of the dam. Away they flew like a rocket with their frail craft down the frightful raging torrent, and plunged into the seething whirl of the eddy below the bridge, and all were out of sight. But up they came, the boat upside

down, one man clinging to it for dear life, the other man was whirled around by the water and thrown close enough to the shore rocks to be drawn out more dead then alive for a few moments. The other man managed to cling to the boat for nearly a half mile, when it was carried by the current near an Island. Then he let go and succeeded in reaching the land and crawled out. A boat was quickly manned, and he was taken from the island. The stove has never been seen since, and probably remains at the bottom of the eddy. I never have heard that they were not thoroughly satisfied with their experience. Certainly they never tried it the second time.

Indian Scare No. 1.

Forty years ago there were very many Indians roaming all over this northern section of the state of Wisconsin. They did not confine themselves to their reservations, but roved in small bands wherever their inclination led. They would locate themselves just where they pleased, put up their tepee and the squaws were ready to commence begging from the inhabitants of any village or community near where they were encamped, and they were very industrious along that line of business. They were a source of great anxiety to the families of the early settlers at all times, and more especially to the good wife of the household that was visited by them on their begging expeditions, for when the Indians were around it was not known at what hour or minute when from one to three or four squaws would softly open the door and file into the house without the formality of knocking, or perhaps the light from the window would become obscured, and on looking in that direction she would see the face of some squaw with her nose flattened on the light of glass, with her black piercing eyes taking in everything

that is within. Should she not be satisfied with what she has seen? She finds her way to the door of the house and enters without farther ceremony, and proceeds to business. She says heep hungany (hungry) as she presents herself in the middle of the room, and the now trembling, half scared to death housewife lets her have almost anything the squaw asks for, bread, meat and sugar, as quick as her trembling hands can hand them out, and with a grunt the squaw leaves the house, only to return daily as long as they remain in the vicinity. Sometimes the squaws were quite ugly. When refused they would stamp around and yip until they secured what they wanted. This course of action was only adopted, on special occasions, when they could not succeed in the usual way, and when there was no man to be seen around.

At that early date the Indians were quite peaceable in this part of the country, and gave the whites but very little cause for complaint, unless they were treacherously dealt with by the whites, but were not easy to control when they were abused, and often they bore a great amount of abuse before retaliating, or showed any signs of discontent.

It is a well known fact that the Indian is a great lover of whiskey, and that an Indian will sacrifice almost anything he has to obtain s c h o t o w a b o o. (Indian name for whiskey.) Even his blanket is not too sacred to be traded for fire water, and many a white trader has reaped a rich harvest of dollars by taking advantage of this weakness of the Indian.

Notwithstanding that the Government has placed a heavy penalty of fines and imprisonment upon the crime of giving or selling intoxicating liquor to the Indian, very many white men have been guilty of violating the laws of the nation and state whenever the opportunity to do so presented itself, without the probability of their being reported to the authorities.

This was the general condition of the situation in regard to the Indians of all this northern part of Wisconsin. Some incidents have occured in which quite serious trouble has arisen between the whites and Indians, which had very alarming features in connection with them, and real tragedy was averted only by the timely diplomatic influence of some person in whom the Indians had implicit confidence.

Such an incident occured in the month of October,

1866 and caused quite an Indian scare which lasted for a couple of days. I very well remember the incident for I took particular notice of the Indians that were connected with the trouble. I was attending to some business at Knowlton, a small hamlet six miles distant from Mosinee on the southline road leading to Stevens Point. It was an ideal fall day, the sun shone brightly and the atmosphere was balmy and refreshing. I had called to see a person with whom I had business and I was seated near the outside door which was open. Occasionally I would look out. As I did so I could see for quite a distance along the road which ran close by the house. And as I was looking along the road I saw quite a number of men coming in single file rather briskly and my interest in them was at once awakened. I stepped to the door and stood there watching them as they came towards me. I soon discovered that they were Indians. There were six or eight of them, fine stalwart specimen of the noble red men. They were swinging along at a good lively gait. As they came closer to me I saw that some of them had knives in their hands which looked to me like table knives ground to a point. I noticed them particularly because they appeared to be

so much different from the Chippewa Indians that were commonly seen by me. I concluded they must belong to the Pottawattomies. After they were well out of my range of vision I soon forgot them, and only at intervels it would come to my mind where are they going. They seem to be in a hurry, something that an Indian scarcely ever does unless he is on the war path. My business being done I stopped overnight at Knowlton When I reached Mosinee the next morning I found quite an Indian scare was in progress. On an inquiry as to the cause I was informed that a roving band of Indians had taken possession of the saloon at Keelerville, kept by one Aaron Forbes, and were making lots of trouble. It proved to be the same Indians that I had seen at Knowlton. They had reached Keelerville just before sundown, stopped at the saloon, called for whiskey and it was given them. They soon wanted more, which was handed out to them as before. This was enough to start a desire in them for more, but they were refused any more as they were getting rather noisy. When they were refused they concluded to run the saloon themselves and soon commenced to make lively times. Windows were smashed and the furniture destroyed. They drove the saloonkeeper out

and took full possession, helped themselves to all the whiskey they wanted and whooped and danced and yelled like demons. The sister of the saloonkeeper who was keeping house for him fled for her life. She was nearly prostrated with fright and it was several days before she regained her normal strength and courage. This lady was well along in years and she ran nearly two miles to the home of her daughter for protection. The saloonkeeper ran for help to the home of Mr. William Gouldsberry, the owner of a small sawmill who had several men in his employ in and about his sawmill at Keelerville, which is about one and one half miles north from Mosinee on the southline road. As soon as he made the situation known, several men returned with him to the seat of war and joined battle with the enemy in vigorous manner. The battle raged fiercely for some time until one of the Indians was killed by one of the white men. Then the Indians declared war on the whites and outnumbering them, the whites were forced to retreat or be slaughtered, but they succeeded in emptying all the liquor flasks and bottles of their contents before they retired. The Indians demanded the man that had killed the Indian. They made a hunt for him

but he had made his escape and could not be found. They were very fierce and declared that unless he was given up to them that they would have revenge on the inhabitants of Keelerville. It now became very certain that some influence must be brought to bear on the Indians or they would soon be beyond control, as they were crazy drunk as well as desperately mad. One of the white men, more thoughtful then the others, said we must get Mr. Connor here as soon as possible. This Mr. Connor was a quarter breed French and Indian, married to a Chippewa squaw and was a very fine man of about sixty years of age. Both whites and Indians esteemed him very highly and he had great influence with the Indians. He lived with his family just across the river on the point of land opposite the sawmill. He was sent for at once and came promptly to the rescue, but he had considerable difficulty in quieting the ferocious and now bloodthirsty Indians. Their brother's blood had been spilled and white blood must flow to satisfy them. They didn't want to kill any one but the man that had killed their brother, but unless he was delivered to them they would put on their war paint and feathers and commence hostilities, but by great perse-

verance in talk by Mr. Connor they finally concluded to call the war off. And as they recovered from their drunkenness they could understand in some degree that it would have been foolish on their part to have started a massacre of the whites. The man that killed the Indian could not be identified and nothing was ever done to bring him to an account.

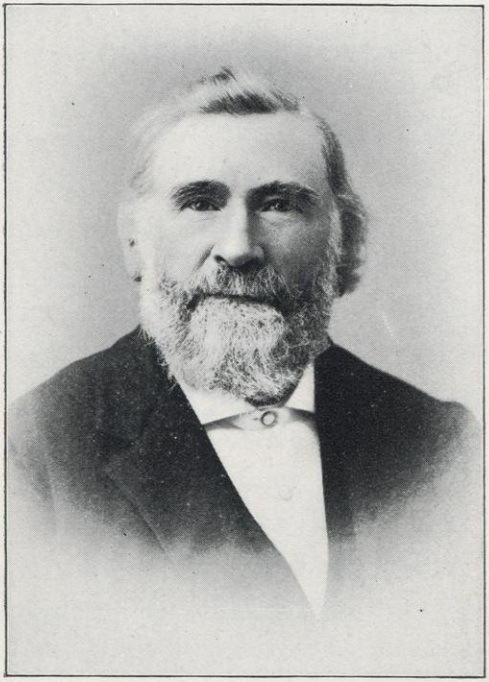
It appears that the saloonkeeper was in the habit of letting the Indians have whiskey whenever he could with probable safety. This trouble with the Indians broke up his saloon business in this region and he sold out and moved to Minnesota and the people were glad to have him leave. The Indians hung around for days and then left, after burying their brother.

Mr. Robert Freeman.

The subject of this sketch was born August 1st 1830 in County Caven in the north of Ireland. His parents were of the blue blood of Irish nobleman for generations. On reaching manhood's estate he determined to build his fortune by his own efforts, like many other young men. He was ambitious to be about its building, and not finding favorable conditions in his native country, his attention was turned towards the United States for a solution of the problem. In 1850 he crossed the Atlantic. On arriving in the United States, he came directly to Milwaukee, Wis., where in July of the same year, 1850, he was married to Miss Ellen McShara, who was from the same county as himself in the north of Ireland. He was now in the land of promise.

He now with his young wife took up his residence in Green County, where they resided for one year. During their residence in Green Counnty their first child Margart Ann was born to them.

Not being satisfied with the outlook where they were, Mr. Freeman, anxious to be permanently located,



Robert Freeman.

Mrs. Robert Freeman.

finally decided after considerable investigation that Marathon County held forth the most tempting solution of the problem he had so earnestly looked forward to. Consequently in October 1851 with his small family he came to Mosinee, at that time known only as Little Bull. Since coming to Mosinee three other children have been born to them, namly: William, Mary Jane and Ellen.

He located at the little hamlet of Mosinee only temporarily, just to give himself a chance to explore his surroundings. He found himself right in the heart of a vast wilderness surrounded on all sides by dark dismal forests with only an occasional sign of civilization. Here surely was room for him to put in practice his long cherished scheme to hew out for himself the modest fortune he so much desired. He at first thought to clear a piece of land for a farm and selected it about two miles west of Mosinee and commenced operation on it. In a short time he had made quite an opening and he proceeded to cultivate his ground, but it proved not to be very fertile, being rather stony and sandy and unproductive. After mature deliberation he concluded to combine with his farm making some other lucrative occupation that would prove a source of income until

he could find a more fertile tract of land on which to erect his permanent residence. Being now pretty well acquainted with what little business was being done in this part of the country, he secured a compass and became a land cruiser. This was a new venture for him, but it promised good healthful returns and that was just what he most desired. So he set about informing himself regarding the details of the business. Then he began to put in practice his newly acquired knowledge, obtaining from the land office maps and plots of the government survey of the lands in this section of the country. He commenced by locating section corners, running the lines, locating quarter stakes and otherwise familiarizing himself with the details of land cruising. On one of his cruising tours he came upon a section of land bordering along the banks of a pure stream of water. After carefully looking over the situation he determined to secure this land for himself and accordingly he soon had his family comfortably situated in a home of their own. This was in the year 1861. The small stream soon received the name of Freemans Creek. Here he busied himself making shingles the old fashioned way with a froe and drawing knife, occasional-

ly putting a few logs into the stream and running them down to the larger stream and selling them for the best price he could obtain for them. This business he followed with variable success for several years in connection with his land cruising, at which business he now had become an expert as well as an estimator of standing timber. In the year 1883 he entered into partnership with Frank Fellows of Mosinee, under the firm name of Fellows & Freeman, for the purpose of engaging in the lumber manufacturing industry. They built a sawmill on four mile creek, six miles north of Mosinee, where they owned quite an extensive tract of fine timber lands.

They operated this mill with success for about fourteen years. Then they sold out the sawmill property to the Gardner Bros. After settling up their company business they dissolved partnership. Mr Freeman after a season of rest again entered the ranks of business men. He has dealt quite extensively in real estate, owning as he did, land in every town in Marathon county. Mr. Freeman is one of the genuine hustlers. Although he will soon be 77 years of age he is never so happy as when business enables him to get out and be

among his fellow men. Mr Freeman is one of the old landmarks of civilization of the township of Mosinee. He is a genial wholesouled man, ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who are unfortunate.

Socially Mr. Freeman is held in very high esteem by all with whom he comes in contact and for a man of his advanced age is wonderfully well preserved, being as sprightly and nimble as most men are at fifty. At this present time he appears to be in as robust health as 20 years ago. With his full round face and red cheeks, almost every hair white, with full white whiskers he presents a picture that is good to look upon.

In his political affiliation he is loyal to the democratic idea and has great influence among his fellow townsmen and may be relied on to stand pat. He is a firm believer in the future greatness of his adopted country. His religious views and church connection are Roman Catholic and is considered to be one of the strong pillars of that denomination, always ready with his voice and purse to come to the relief of any undertaking of that society that is in need of financial and moral support.

O. E. and O. A. Priest.

Orin Elliot Priest came to Wisconsin and settled in the township of Mosinee in 1853. He moved from Cattaraugus county, New York. He was located there on the Indian reservation on the Allegheny river, two miles up the river from the mouth of Little Valley Creek, where it empties into the river. The mills that he owned and operated there were known as the Hemlock Mills. There location was on the south bank of the river, not far from the east end of the city of Salamanca, which city at that date was not in existance. He bought land and erected his dwelling about four miles north of of Mosinee, on the southline road. He followed his trade of millwright for a term of years. In 1867 he lost his wife and he took up his residence with his daughter Mrs. Ellen R. Gardner. With her he made his home until his death, which occurred in September 1889.

Orin Alonzo Priest the son of Orin E. Priest was born December 13th, 1835 in Cattaraugus county, New York. He came to Mosinee in 1854, one year after his parents, and on April 29th, 1857 was united in marriage to Miss Julia A. Robbins of Mosinee. To them have

been born five children; Harvey A. born Feb. 6th, 1858, Oscar E. born March 11th, 1861, Ester E. born April 26th, 1866, Anna M. born July 26th, 1871, Mary E. born Oct. 26th, 1876.

Mr. Priest on July 16th, 1861 enlisted in the army and was mustered out June 7th, 1865. As a veteran, having served his country nearly four years, he was engaged in several hard fought battles and was in the battle of Gettysburgh. He was one of the Iron brigade under the command of the famous General Bragg. On his release from the army he returned to his home in the town of Mosinee where he still continues to reside. His long term of service and the exposure and hardships of a soldier's life in the line of duty were so wearing upon the constitution that he has suffered more or less from the time of his discharge and has with great difficulty been able to manage his business successfully. He is one of the old landmarks of Mosinee township of old times and is known throughout its extent. He is a thorough, rather radical, republican in politics, is a good talker and believes what he advocates. The family religiously lean towards the Methodist Episcopal persuasion.

Mode of traveling before the railroad.

The mode of travel and the facilities for conveying travelers from place to place forty-five and fifty years ago and even forty were of a very primitive character, although at the same time the traveler had the choice of several different ways, whichever of them suited him best. There was the original style of travel that he might adopt. He could foot it at his leisure, stop and rest as often as he chose and have no one to growl at but himself and should he not like the company he was in he could stop for a day and investigate how things were coming along. This was a very popular style of traveling, as it very often was the case that there was no other way that could be taken advantage of and very often it was necessary to get along on your journey. It was a very safe way to travel providing you were careful. Then you would sometimes find that you could hire a man with a team and lumber wagon to convey you for a distance for a goodly sum of money and thus you would be rushed through the country at the frightful speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles per

day, owing considerable to the condition of the trail, for it could not be classed as much of anything else, but it was rather expensive means of transportation unless there were several travelers together. Then that would lessen the expense some, but very many were glad to get along any old way.

Yes you had another means of conveyance, which was considered up to date at that time. There was the mail wagon that carried passengers and charged every cent it was worth to take you along, and it was worth every penny you paid to ride with the mail wagon, for it was nothing else but a mail wagon with two or three seats fixed on top of the box, and the driver felt himself of great importance when he had a load of travelers, for he could make a great show by cracking his whip over the horses ears and now and then brushing a fly that was getting busy with the flanks of the horses and in various ways endeavoring to impress upon the minds of the passengers that he would get them through on time, as he was not only carrying the fast mail, but was also the driver of the lightning express, and that the limit of speed must be maintained throughout the trip or damage would be claimed. At that time there were but

few settlers along the trail from Berlin to Stevens Point and but little money could be raised in taxes for working the road, and the stage as well as all that were teaming as a business had to get along as well as they could, but as settlers came in and started making openings and homes, more work was laid out in bettering the condition of the roads. Where low marshy places occured they where corduroyed with logs or poles laid crosswise of the wagon track with dirt piled on top and in various other ways the roads was improved so that the trip that formerly took four days to make could now be done in three days, making quite a saving in time and vexation. Demands were made by the traveling public for something more comfortable than the lumber wagon to ride in, so a platform spring wagon was put into the service in carrying the mail and passengers and proved to be a great improvement on the former method. These wagons were drawn by two horses. That was the only way that travelers had of getting into this northern section of the state. The platform spring wagon was in use only for a few years after the lumber wagon went out of fashion.

Then a great revolution took place. The Frink

& Walker Stage Company put on the road the regular thoroughbase concord coach drawn by four horses and surely then this country was as well provided for the comfort of the traveling public as any part of the United States not having the blessing of the railroad. It really was a great improvement on the old way of travel. It was a source of great curiosity for all the boys and children of every town or hamlet through which the coach passed, nothing like it having ever been seen before by them and even many of the older people had never seen the regular stage coach and it proved a source of interest to them. It would have done you good to have seen the boys and children of Mosinee when the time for the coming of the stage coach drew near. They would get together half a dozen in a bunch and start over the river to meet it in order to follow it into the village and they were just as enthusiastic as any lot of boys you ever saw following the band wagon of any circus. They wold run and jump and whoop and yell all sorts of noises to express their delight. They not only serenaded it into town but followed it out also.

Cornelia Blair.

William G. Blair and his wife Cornelia with their family of three children came to Mosinee in 1852. They bought the hotel property on the east side of the river, known as the Fall City Hotel. At that early date it was thought that the business interests at this point on the Wisconsin river would center on the east side, and those interested had quite a city laid out in lots and named it Fall City. As there was no bridge across the river at that time their hopes were not without some foundation, as the line of travel was all on that side, the road passing within a few rods of the hotel. But the building of the bridge in the winter of 1855 and spring of 1856 across the jaws of the gorge of Little Bull, prepared a way to reach the west side of the river where the business industries were located and the prospects of Fall City ever becoming the commercial center of business vanished. Mr. Blair was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and Mrs. Blair being of Scotch descent, they had in their constitution the determination of their ancestors not to be downed by adverse circumstances. They con-

tinued the hotel business the same as before. Here at Mosinee two more children were born to them: Clitus S., born March 29th, 1856, and Helen M., born May 20th, 1853. In all they had eight children. Three of them died before they came to Mosinee and two small boys they brought with them were drowned in the Wisconsin river, as was also a son of D. W. C. Mitchell a near neighbor at the same time. In 1861 a call for volunteers was issued by the president, and Mr. Blair being a loyal and patriotic citizen, volunteered and went to the front and was in the battle of Pittsburg landing. In this battle he was wounded and was taken prisoner and was in the enemies hands for three months. Then he was exchanged, but not being strong enough to travel he was taken to the hospital where he died, and now sleeps in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn. Mrs. Blair being now left alone with three children to support, and all the necessities of life continually increasing in price, it was a question of the gravest interest how she alone, unaided, could meet the responsibilities of the situation, but being a woman of great courage and naturally inclined to look difficult problems squarely in the face, she rose to the responsibility without

flinching, as everything was depending upon her. She now took full control of the hotel business with the determination that she would win the horse or lose the saddle, (as she told me herself). She so managed her business that in a short time her hotel was never without its full share of the patronage of the traveling and freighting public, and by her close attention to the comforts of her guests, it became the most popular hostlery on the southline road between Wausau and Stevens Point. She put her whole personality into the management and details of her business and she won the admiration and good will of all with whom she came in contact. The Fall City House was a point that all the teamsters and travelers on the road would always strive to reach for their noonday meals or nightly stops, as they were sure of generous treatment and a royal welcome, and any that were sick or ailing were sure to be cared for.

Mrs. Blair was a woman of a wonderful personality. She was a little above the average woman in heighth, standing straight, and being well proportioned, with no superfluous flesh. Her muscles were like steel cords. She was of commanding appearance, a woman to be

noticed among many. She was kind and sympathetic with those who were in need of consolation. She never spared herself whenever her help was called for by those in distress, night or day. She was ever ready to go to the relief of the sick or needy, sparing neither herself nor her purse. In all, she was one of those grand and noble women who have made the world better by having lived in it. In the spring of 1881 Mrs. Blair received a paralytic stroke, from which she suffered much. Finally relief came and her mission on earth ended on the 1st day of May, 1881.

Sabastian Kronenwetter.

Hon. Sebastian Kronenwetter.

Sebastian Kronenwetter was born in Wittenberg, Germany, January 20, 1833, and is a son of Michael and Francisca (Funk) Kronenwetter. He attended the German schools in his boyhood and in 1846, when thirteen years of age, emigrated with his father and mother to America. They settled at St Marys, Elk county, Pennsylvania, and there the parents remained honored and respected residents through life. Of their five children two only now survive, Nicholas and Charles, both of whom still reside at St. Marys. Sebastian grew to manhood at the home of his parents, and at St. Marys, on October 15th, 1855, he married Miss Mary Biri, a native of Alsace, France, now a possession of Germany, and daughter of Benedict and Barbara Biri. Two years later he resolved to seek a home in the Northwest, coming to Wisconsin in 1857. He located in Mosinee, where for two years he worked in the pineries. In 1859 he engaged in the hotel business, which he conducted for two years; then, in 1861, he removed to Wausau and opened a hostelry in that bustling little

city. For two years he prospered, but in 1863 fire destroyed his hotel, consumed all his earthly possessions and left him with his wife and babes penniless. Mr. Kronenwetter returned to Mosinee and began anew at the foot of the ladder. He launched into the logging and lumbering business on his own account in a modest way. His business grew and in 1870 he purchased the Gouldsbury mill property at Keelerville and removed there with his family. The children born to Mr. and Mrs. Kronenwetter have been Michael, born at St. Marys, Pa., February 2, 1857, who died in infancy; Helen O. born at Mosinee June 22, 1860, wife of Michael Lutz; Francis M., born at Mosinee June 26, 1861, who died November 18, 1863; Karl A., born at Wausau August 2, 1862; George S., born at Mosinee September 15, 1864, Clara F , born at Mosinee October 9, 1866, now the wife of Eugene Wirth; Henry M., born April 1, 1869; Frances M., born February 21, 1872, who died February 10, 1874; Mary I., born in Mosinee September 15, 1874, and Anna O., born in Mosinee March 31, 1877. Sebastian Kronenwetter died at his home on the 27th day of April, 1902, at the age of sixty-nine years, three months and seven days.

Mr. Kronenwetter was one of the prominent men of the town of Mosinee. He was chairman of the town board for many years, served as supervisor a number of terms, and was chairman of the county board of supervisors. He was also a member of important committees in connection with the county board. He was elected to the legislature of the state and served one term in the assembly. He was a staunch, middle of the road democrat, yet he had great respect for those who honestly differed from him in their political views. He was a man of great influence among the Germans of Marathon county and whatever movemeut for the benefit of the county that was being agitated, if it had his approval, was almost certain of being favorably considered by the town or county board of which he was a member.

As a business man Mr Kronenwetter was a success, working his way up from a day laborer to a position where he was an employer of many men, and by close attention to business he laid the foundation for a snug little fortune. On account of failing health, he was compelled to retire from the active oversight of his business for some years previous to his death. He was a

man very much respected by all who knew him. He had a sympathetic nature and any distress appealed to him, and he was ever ready to give aid and encouragement to the despondant. He was a genial, jovial, companionable person. His religious connection was with the Roman Catholic church, of which he was a very influential member.

Tragedies of Little Bull.

We will now turn our thoughts for a short time to the "Tragedies of Little Bull," of which there are many. We cannot refer to all of them, as we are not in possession of all the records relating to the fearful loss of life that has occurred at that place. It has been enormous. Little Bull Falls can claim over one hundred victims for its share in the destruction of life in the rapids of the Wisconsin river. As many as ten lives in one year have been lost since I have been a resident of Mosinee and many of the bodies of the victims were never found, and yet there was no lack of men who were willing to face the dangers. Just think of it for a moment and try to comprehend the great nerve and determination of the class of men who would risk their lives perhaps twenty times a day for many days during the season of running the rafts over the falls, but that was the kind of material of which those men were made.

We will now speak of some of the particular tragedies and incidents that have occurred, with two excep-

tions, within the last forty years to my knowledge. You will remember that I said I would give you some of the history of Kelly Rock. The first incident happened before I came into this country, and I have taken it from the history of the incidents of the Upper Wisconsin River Valley. It appears that while rafts were being run over Little Bull a raft got saddlebagged on Kelly Rock and one of the men was left stranded on the rock, in the midst of the foaming torrent, without any means to extricate himself. There he was and there he must stay until some means of rescue was devised. It is recorded that he remained on Kelly Rock five days and nights before deliverance came. He was nearly exhausted from exposure and want of food, in spite of all efforts made to relieve him. It was impossible to communicate intelligently with him on account of the tremendous roaring of the water, although many attempts had been made. His final deliverance came about in this way: Two raftsmen, one named Wm. Wood and the other Hunt, whose baptismal name is not given, were on a raft running the falls when they saw this man on Kelly Rock. As they were going back for another raft they met a man and Wood wanted to know

why they didn't get him off the rock. He was told that it could not be done, as it had been tried, and all they could do was to throw him bread and whiskey as the the rafts passed the rock. It appears that Wood was not very choice in the use of language, and the reply he made was very emphatic, as he exclaimed, "O, Hell!" At the same time he emptied his pockets of their contents, handing them to bystanders, and said "What do you think of it Hunt?" as he turned toward him, but he had no need to ask him, as Hunt was doing the same thing. They then made their way to the eddy and said, "Get us the best boat you have and the strongest oars, as there must not be any mishap in this business. The boat was gotten ready and Wood and Hunt got into it and started on their perilous trip. They passed the dam in good order, with their nerves and muscles wrought up to the highest tension, and with accurate judgment they intended to just skirt Kelly Rock and give the now nearly dead man a chance to tumble into the boat as it passed, but unfortunately, just before reaching the rock, the oar broke that Wood was using his giant strength on to hold the boat true to its course, and on the boat went over the falls without rescuing

the man, but nothing daunted by this failure of their first attempt, the boat was gotten back to the eddy and Wood said, "Get me an oar that I can't break." So one was quickly made. He took it, looked it over, put one end of it under one log and over another for a fulcrum and jumped on it with his whole weight and turned it over and tried it that way, and remarked, "It will answer." Then they started on their second trial, away on the raging flood. Hundreds of anxious eyes watched them as they plunged along, both intent on so steering their craft that it would reach the desired point in just the right position to accomplish the object for which they had undertaken. See them as they pull this way and instantly reversing, holding on with all their strength against the treacherous currents they have to contend with. The man on the rock sees the efforts being made for his deliverance and struggles to his feet and gets as close to the edge of the water as he dares. As the boat rushes past he tumbles into the arms of Hunt and is brought to safety amid the shouts of the multitude. This rescued man's name is supposed to have been Kelly and the rock has from that time bore the name of Kelly Rock.

The second incident connected with Kelly Rock occurred in the year 1867, when a man by the name of Daniel Austin was stranded on the rock for three days before rescue came to him, although every craft passing tried to get near enough for him to jump onto. Bread and whiskey were thrown to him and it is said he threw away the bread and drank the whiskey. Be this as it may, it was a fact that he was a great lover of whiskey and was never known to refuse a nip when it was offered to him. At last, on the evening of the third day, a raft was gotten close enough for him to leap onto, to the great relief of his distressed wife and children.

Tragedies of the Dam.

This point of the river being so destructive to lumber passing through it, and so great was the loss of life, the Wisconsin River Improvement Company concluded to build a dam below the falls, believing that the back water would subdue the great eddy and thus make it safer for both life and lumber. So the dam was accordingly built, and it proved to be of some advantage so far as the eddy was concerned. It did back the water so as to improve the whirling maelstrom, but then the dam became a menace to both life and lumber as great, if not more so, than before it was built. I remember well, it was on the 23d day of April, 1874, that I was on my way to the city of Wausau, and at Cedar Creek I met Mr. Michael Stafford. We stopped and talked for a few minutes and he told me he was on his way to Little Bull to help the boys run his lumber over the falls. He went on to Mosinee and I went to Wausau. When I returned home I heard the sad news that Mike Stafford and four other men had been drowned at the dam below the falls. The men had been on a raft with

the pilot and all were drowned. Their bodies were recovered shortly, but life was extinct, and so it was never certain when you started with a raft over the falls whether any of the crew would reach the landing below in safety or not.

In 1874 a Norwegian, who had settled somewhere above here with his family, became dissatisfied with this part of the country and concluded to seek a more congenial clime in which to spend his strength and build himself a home and secure a fortune. He accordingly set about making arrangements to move his family, consisting of one son and two daughters, his wife being dead. The boy was about fourteen years of age, one of the girls nine and the other three years old. Not being a person of very much cash capital he thought it the best and most economical plan to build a raft sufficient to accommodate them all on their journey to the new Eldorado. In due course of time he landed at Mosinee with his outfit above the dam. People advised him not to think of such a foolhardy thing as to endanger their lives by running through Little Bull. But like some other Norwegians that I have known, it was of no use to talk to him. His mind was firmly fixed on

making the attempt. Come weal or woe, through the jaws of the falls he was going. He was not going to portage his goods by land when plenty of water was running right where he wanted to go. It was rather late in the afternoon when he decided to make the run through the falls and camp for the night farther down the river. He succeeded in running the falls in safety, as the water was not very high, but when the raft reached the dam everything was engulfed as it plunged into the boiling suds below, and but for the heroic efforts of Mr. N. Kellogg and several other courageous men who witnessed the incident, all would have been drowned, and it was with great difficulty and danger that any of them were rescued from a watery grave. The father and boy were the first to be reached and brought to land. Then the search for the girls was begun, and fortunately Mr. Kellogg succeeded in twisting a pole into the dress of the three year old girl, and she was brought to the shore apparently dead, but by using every effort possible, she was resuscitated, and was taken to the Fall City House where she was taken in charge by the landlady, Mrs. Cornelia Blair, who was just the right person to mother and nurse her back to a beauti-

ful healthy childhood. And during this time the little girl got complete control of the kind heart of Mrs. Blair, so that she could not bear to let her be taken from her care. She wanted the child for her own, and the father gave it to her. She adopted the child and brought it up with her family. The body of the older girl could not be found, as the undertow of the water had whirled it under the apron of the Dam, and darkness coming on prevented further work to secure it, and had to be abandoned for the night. Early the next morning the body was found and properly buried. The father and son then went on their way to Minnesota, in which state the son is doing a nice business.

Shoemaker Rock.

Shoemaker Rock, as we said before, is situated below the jaws of the gorge, and although it was a continual menace to the raftsman, it was not considered as dangerous an enemy as Kelly rock, for the reason that the general tendency of the current of the water, as it came tumbling through the gorge, was to throw the raft into the boiling maelstrom on the opposite side, obliquely across the chasm. Notwithstanding this feature in its favor, it has two fatal tragedies connected with it, and of a remarkable coincident character. The first incident occurred some years before I resided here. A raftsman was thrown from a raft into the flood, and his body lodged on that particular rock, and with great difficulty his body was secured. I am not certain as to whether his name was Shoemaker, or whether he was a shoemaker by trade, but my informant told me that since that tragedy happened, the rock had borne the name of Shoemaker. The second incident which also proved a tragedy I can vouch for as well as can very many others who are now residents of Mosinee, and is quite a lesson

to all those who would tempt fate by undertaking to do something of a hazardous nature of which they have no practical knowledge.

Mr. William Gilbert, who resided in Mosinee, thought he could pilot a raft through Little Bull Falls as well as any other man. Although he had never been a raftsman, nor had ever run the river, yet he determined to give it a trial, and in order that he might be the more successful he drew a plan of the river and rapids from the eddy to the potato patch, locating every rock and the position in which the raft needed to be in at each point, and he went to the eddy and rode through the Falls several times before venturing to take the responsibility of a rapids pilot. He also secured a life preserver, which he put on whenever he secured a job of running the falls, and he was now ready for business, and as he told me himself there was big money in it, and he was going to have his share. He was fortunate enough to be engaged to help run a fleet of rafts, and he had very good success in the fall of 1871, so he felt encouraged to take hold of the business again in the spring of 1872. He did quite a thriving business for a number of days, until he had only one more trip

to make. As he remarked to a man as he was going back to the eddy he said, this is my last trip, and so it proved to be, for on passing under the bridge with his raft, he was lost overboard, and his body lodged on Shoemaker rock. This happened about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 19th day of April, 1872. His body was taken off the rock just at night. He was by trade a shoemaker. He had became so confident of his ability to run safely that he failed to put on his life preserver that day when he needed it most.

Pioneers.

It would be unfair to the pioneer settlers of the township of Mosinee not to relate some of the hardships which became their lot to encounter and contend with while wresting from this vast wilderness a place they might call home. Many of them were very much disappointed when they came with their families to locate on their land, to find that they had been fraudulently dealt with by the land agent at the land office. They found themselves widely separated from each other, when they supposed they were being located near by, so as to be neighbors, and have their land clearings unite, and thus make an opening in the forest that would be of mutual benefit, as well as more pleasant and cheerful. Instead of this cheering prospect being realized, they were miles apart. There was no redress. They had paid for their lands, and must needs settle where their lands were located. Their money was gone, yet their land was paid for, and they had no time to spend in regrets or contests. They found themselves strung out for a distance of from six to twenty five

miles from Mosinee all in the dense wilderness, without any sign of a road. Nothing but a blazed trail served to guide them from one settler to another, and the blazed trail often led through marshes and low wet places for quite a distance. None of them had very much means to commence with, but all had that indomitable will and courage, that they went at their home making with that determination that knows no defeat, and soon the small log cabin is erected, and the small family is comfortably housed.

And now commences the struggle for the realization of their fondest hopes which they had all entertained since they decided to become the pioneers of civilization in this northern part of our country. Their real wants were many, but the means to meet them were very meagre. It would take at least two years before much could be expected in the line of provision for the family from the cleared ground, that might be made by the energetic settler. In the meantime what is to be done? That problem must be solved by them, necessaries must be obtained from some source, and it becomes certain that the husband must leave his little family, and go in search of work, in order to secure the supplies needed. His family must be left alone

day and night in the wilderness, until the return of the husband and father. And all the time he is away the wolves make the night hideous with their everlasting howl. Just think for a moment what quality of mental courage that young wife, with one or two little children must have been endowed to withstand the shock of such surroundings for a week or more at a time, and only short intervals between such absences of husband and father.

Then the father, having secured work for a few days or a week, bought the needed supplies. How is it to be conveyed to his family? No road on which to travel, and not a team is owned by any one of the settlers, and such a long distance to be covered. There is no other alternative than to shoulder whatever he has, and trudge with his back load through the dark dismal forest, oftimes until late at night, before he reaches his loved ones in their humble home. And this had to be done time after time. Every sack of flour must be toted on the back for miles and miles. One of the first settlers told me that he had at one time carried a fifty pound sack of flour and some tea, coffee and sugar on his back, from Stevens Point to his homestead, a

distance of forty miles. His home was located twelve miles west from Mosinee.

It was not always the husband that was compelled to tote the necessities to the little cabin in the woods, but the wife and mother was often obliged to leave her little children all alone, and trudge her way out, and often carrying some much coveted article of her wardrobe, in hopes that she might find a purchaser, and with the proceeds of the sale she could purchase a few of the many urgently needed necessities and bring them to her family, and often such trips reached forty miles. Sometimes in the spring of the year a little maple sugar would be made, and the wife would make that tedious journey, carrying all the sugar she was able, to secure her thread, needles, pins, a skein of yarn, or any other needed delicacy, and return to her darling children.

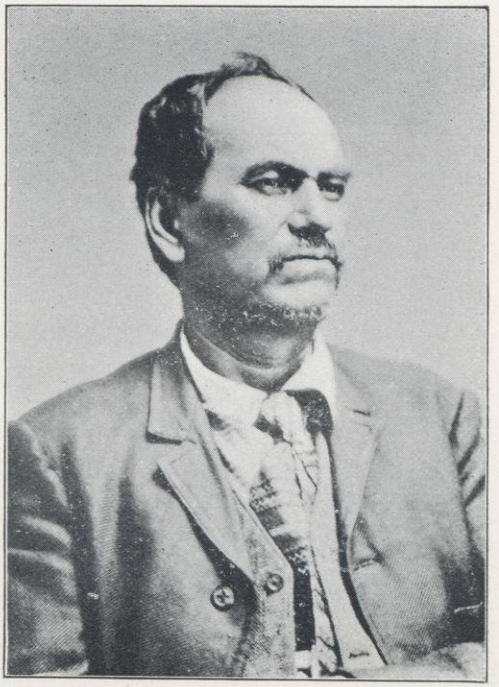
Now gentle reader don't for one moment think that this is just a fancy picture of my own invention, for these things were of actual occurance, and if it were necessary, I could give the name of the real actors in the drama. I have given you just one side of the condition of the pioneer settler, and one family case only,

and there were many of them in just the same situation, yet everyone of them bears up with wonderful fortitude under such discouraging trials.

Another situation confronts them, of a more heart rending character. Sickness invades the household. What shall be done at such times? Doctors are out of the question, for not a medical practitioner can be reached inside of forty miles, and the sick must be attended to, let it be father, mother, or child, something must be done for the relief of the suffering one. The husband or wife, whichever can best be spared, starts for the nearest neighbor, perhaps from three to eight miles distant, in hopes to secure some assistance in caring for the sick one, very often to find that the neighbor is in just as needy circumstances as themselves. After securing some simple home remedy, such as they have to spare, and a hearty (God bless you) they plod their sorrowful way homeward with aching hearts. Many times these simple remedies brings relief, and all is well again.

A very distressing and sorrowful case was related to me by one of the relatives of the family, and at the time living only one half mile from them. The family

consisted of father, mother, and six children, the oldest girl being twelve years old. The mother was taken sick. It was in the month of January, and snow very deep, and like most of our northern winters, was very cold. No doctor could be reached. The kind neighbor's wife came to the relief of the distressed family, and all was done that they could do, yet without avail. The silent messenger came and claimed its victim. The husband and neighbor's wife did of necessity prepare the dead for burial. The husband and neighbor dug the grave in the little clearing. A rough box was secured, and together they laid the body in the grave. And what made the circumstances more distressing, was that no priest or clergyman could be obtained to say a prayer over the remains of the beloved wife and mother. This is but one of the many like incidents that happened to the early settler.



MICHAEL DEJARDEN.

Michael DeJardian.

The subject of this sketch was a full blood Indian, of the Chippewa tribe. He was born not more than two miles from where the village of Mosinee now stands. His fathers tepee was located not far from the bank of the Wisconsin river where he had cleared a small patch of ground of its brush and small trees that his squaw might have a place to plant some corn and a few vegetables, as they were rather above the ordinary Indians in intelligence and patterned somewhat after the fashion of the whites in many respects. Mechell, as he was called, in his early life was engaged with his father in trapping, fishing and hunting, which in that early day was a very lucrative business, as there were plenty of beaver, otter, mink, martin and many other fur bearing animals in all parts of this country. Mechell was very friendly with the whites, and often worked in the lumber camps and on log drives with them, and was greatly respected by all the citizens of Mosinee.

He enlisted in the army during the war of the Rebellion, for three years, and served the whole term of

his enlistment and proved to be an excellent and courag-ious soldier. He was in several battles and suffered the loss of the fingers of both hands, which were shot off during action. At the expiration of his term of enlistment he was honorably discharged and allowed a pension and citizenship. He then returned to Mosinee, married an Indian maiden of his tribe, and after a few years re-sidence near here he moved his family onto the Flam-beau Indian Reservation, where they made their per-manent residence. He divided his time between where his family were and the village of Mosinee, where he was always welcomed by its citizens. He was inoffensive, never quarrelsome, always good natured. He would at times get funny and at such times he amused the children by singing and giving an exhibition on the sidewalks of the Indian style of dancing. He always came to Mosinee to get his pension. Three years ago this spring, 1904 he came for that purpose and was taken sick and died. He was buried from the Catholic Church, of which he was a member, and was followed to his last resting place by the old soldiers and residents of the village.

Rail Road.

There can be no dispute about the railroad being a great factor in developing a new country. A country without a railroad that has not a navigable water-way for steamboats is very much handicaped in its industries, no matter how energetic or industrious its inhabitants may be. Even if they have a water-way that may be of service one way, but is not capable of being used both ways, is a great drawback on the profits of any enterprise that may be engaged in, for there is so much uncertainty connected with delivering products of manufacture that it is discouraging for those who are putting forth every effort in building up any business industry and again the possibility of great loss in the transportation of their product to suitable markets is so uncertain that it becomes a source of annoyance that few can realize except those engaged in business. Such was the condition of transportation facilities before the advent of the railroad into this upper Wisconsin river country here at Mosinee. The river ran close by the lumber manufacturing plant of Joseph Dessert & Co.,

which was the only industry here at that time, excepting a small tannery of very limited capacity, and all the lumber manufactured had to be rafted and run to market on the river, many times at great loss in consequence of the breaking up and wrecking of rafts of lumber in their transit over the many rapids before reaching their destination on the lower river. Very often the cost of logging, cutting the lumber, rafting, and running to market, would leave but a small margin of profit with which to continue the business, and many were obliged to suspend operation. In the latter years of the sixties some talk about a railroad being built into this country was heard and agitated for some time, but finally quieted down for a while, and people began to think that this country was doomed to remain for all time without a railroad. As the Wisconsin Central had been built through Stevens Point, north to Ashland, the nearest point to be reached from Mosinee being Junction City, sixteen miles distant. The outlook was rather gloomy. Certain it was that the building of the Central was a great relief to the people of this section of the Wisconsin Valley, for it relieved the necessity of

hauling their supplies such long distances, as they were compelled to before the road was built, and travelers could reach these parts very much more speedily.

Railroad talk did not remain quiet very long. It soon was revived again, and the country was quite agitated in regard to it. It was proposed by a company of men to build a railroad connecting with the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul road at Tomah, from there to Centralia on the Wisconsin river, then continue the road north, until it reached Wausau in Marathon county. The company sent out its agents along the proposed line of construction to solicit subscriptions for stock in the new enterprise, and they were successful in securing subscriptions from several wealthy business men, but not sufficient to satisfy the promoters of the railroad, so the proposition was brought forward that the county take stock in the enterprise. The idea was commented upon and agitated for quite a long time. Finally the county after careful deliberation decided to take twenty thousand dollar of the stock of the proposed road. Even this generous sum was not sufficient to satisfy the demands of the promoters. And the county still further assisted the project by donating five thou-

sand dollars towards building a bridge across the Wisconsin river, and yet demands were forthwith made for an additional donation, which was granted by the county in giving all the county land held by the county on delinquent taxes. This last donation consisted of several thousand acres of valuable land and proved a princely gift. This gift was the last drop of blood that could be drawn from the county's veins, for they were now drained dry and nothing further was to be gained by agitation. The company commenced the construction of the road and in the fall of 1874 it reached as far north as Knowlton, on the east bank of the Wisconsin river, where its train service ended for the winter, although the road bed had been graded and ties and iron laid toward Mosinee and Wausau. In the spring of 1875 the road was completed to Wausau and train service was put on the whole length of the line, and this northern section of the state was let out into the civilized world. It really was a galla day for this whole upper country when the iron horse came roaring and snorting along, bringing to these half civilized communities the wonders of the world and opening to them the way to prosperity.

Samuel Hinkley.

Samuel Hinkley was born in Mercer, Somerset county, Maine, October 15, 1822, a son of Josiah and Sabra (Works) Hinkley, who were born in Maine of English ancestry. He was reared upon his father's farm, and after attaining manhood followed a seafaring life off the Atlantic coast for about six years. In 1849 he abandoned the sea and in 1850 came west and located in Alexandria, Missouri. He worked at the butcher business there a few months and came to Mosinee, Marathon county, in the spring of 1851 and engaged in lumbering, and has been a resident of Mosinee since that date. Samuel Hinkley was united in marriage to Miss Hattie M. Johnson at Mosinee September 25, 1882. She was born in Wisconsin and was a resident of Mosinee. One child, Sabra Almeda, was born to them May 27, 1888.

Samuel Hinkley was a very prominent person in Mosinee from the time he first became one of its residents until the time of his death, which occurred October 9, 1904. From the time he arrived in Mosi-

nee until old age and infirmities came upon him and compelled him to retire from the active labors of the position which had been his ambition to fill with credit, he was constantly in the employ of the Joseph Dessert Lumber Company and had the general oversight of all outside business as the trusted foreman of the company, and well he merited their trust, for there never was a man more faithful to the interests of his employer than he. He was ever ready, night or day, to go and do that which would advance the best interests of the company for which he labored. Mr. Hinkley was one of the most popular men of Mosinee from the beginning. While he was never known to let pleasure interfere with his various duties, no party or social gathering was considered complete unless Uncle Sam was one of its members. He had not been long in Mosinee until he received the appellation of Uncle Sam and it clung to him for the remainder of his life. It seemed to just fit him, and Uncle Sam was never appealed to but that he responded with alacrity. Uncle Sam was always very popular with the ladies of Mosinee for the reason that if they wanted anything done out of the ordinary, such as fixing up a place for a picnic or to put

up a swing for the children, or anything along that line, Uncle Sam was the man appealed to and they were sure of assistance. He was a man who at the close of the war of the Rebellion prepared and took the lead in erecting the first liberty pole here in Mosinee and he was one that participated in raising the flag of our country on every occassion that called for the observance of past patriotism. He had full control of the pole and the flag and he saw to it that everything was kept in fine order as long as the first pole stood. When it became unsafe to stand any longer he took it down and made another and raised it where it now stands and looked after it and kept the flag flying on all occasions of public interest as long as his health and strength would permit. He was a patriot of the right stripe. While he did not go to the front as a soldier, his heart was in the interest of those who did go. He was always loyal and true. Mr. Hinkley was a man of very strong character and of a determined mind, and could always be depended upon. He was ever charitable and kind to all mankind. Uncle Sam was always ready to go to the help of the distressed and he seemed to have the faculty of discovering those who needed help and he

was there to relieve and encourage. In sickness he never was known to stand aloof and wait for others, but went himself and rendered such assistance as was needed, and he saw to it that those in the lower walks of life in needy circumstances were looked after in their sickness and troubles. Uncle Sam was a person that will be remembered as long as there is a person living that was acquainted with him. His personality, his benevolence, his every action, his influence, his cheerfulness, his kindly deeds cannot be forgotten.

DAVID ROBERTS.

David Roberts.

He was born near Montreal Canada, June 6th, 1831, a son of Constant and Flavie (Laplainte) Roberts of that country. Of a family of nine children only David survives. He grew to manhood on his father's farm, rereiving a limited French education. When nineteen years old he left the parental roof and found a home in Wisconsin. On November 27th, 1850, he came to Mosinee, and since that date has been a continuous resident of the village. For nine years he worked in the woods and on the river. In 1859 he engaged in the lumbering business for himself. In 1882 he added to it a general mercantile trade. He soon relinquished the lumber business, but still continues the mercantile trade, in which he has been successful. Mr. Roberts was married at Stevens Point in 1863 to Miss Jane Morey, a native of Wisconsin. To them were born two children: Marion born February 14th, 1873, died May 3rd, 1883. Mrs. Roberts and infant son died in 1878.

On June 15th, 1881 Mr. Roberts was married to Miss Elizabeth Lemmer, daughter of John and Eliza-

beth (Dahlem) Lemmer who emigrated from Germany, and became early settlers of Marathon Co. Wis.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roberts have been born three children: Nelson D. born March 3rd, 1884., Emilia E. born November 21st, 1885 and Constant C. born July 1st, 1888. Nelson D. died May 1st, 1906, aged 22 years one month and 27 days.

Mr. David Roberts came to Mosinee when but nineteen years old, just as he was nearing the morning of his majority, and about to assume the responsibilities which are incumbant on all men upon reaching their majority. He was ambitious and full of energy, and in the strength of his early manhood determined to succeed in spite of the unfavorable outlook of the conditions prevailing at that date. He saw a future for this northern section of the country and he also realized that it meant hard toil and many privations for those who undertook to subdue this wilderness and bring it into a condition of civilization suitable to make it a desirable locality in which to erect his future home. He succeeded by his own efforts in his various undertakings, until now in his ripe age of 76 years, he can enjoy the rest of his days in peace and plenty.

Mr. Roberts has filled many public offices in the township of Mosinee, serving several terms as chairman of the board of supervisors, has been postmaster and school treasurer, and many other positions of trust in the community. Socially he is rather of a reserved nature, never crowding himself upon the attention of any company, yet is genial and pleasant and courteous to all that approach him. He is a staunch republican, and stands firm by his colors through thick and thin, believing that he is right in his choice. He is a firm straightforward man in all his dealings, a man to be depended upon to fulfill all his obligations. The family attend the Catholic church.

Patriotism of Mosinee.

The patriotism of the township of Mosinee can never be questioned, for it stands out so prominent that it cannot be overlooked, and its influence has been felt on the battlefield, at a time when the life of our government was assailed by enemies within its borders. At the time when our country was threatend with disruption, the township of Mosinee was but very sparsely settled, and scattered here and there throughout its extent, and none of them in very affluent circumstances. The majority of them having families that would be apt to undergo great privations were its provider and protector to be taken from them, for it was with the greatest economy by all, and in every way possible, that they were able to sustain themselves

The inhabitants of the township were of various nationalities. There was Germans, French Canadians, Irishmen, Americans and Indians. Each of these different nations was represented by patriots in the great struggle for the unity of our nation, and many of those brave men who went to the front have never returned

to their home and families. They laid down their lives for their country and sleep the sleep that is the patriots glory. And many more of them left parts of their body on the field of battle, and came home maimed for life, and none came back that were not broken in constitution, and must suffer the remainder of their lives for their devotion to the welfare of their country.

At this date 1907, there are but few of those old veterans left, to tell the story of the great conflict in which they participated.

We will append a list of the names of those who went to the front, at a time when many a heart was quaking with fear for the life of our beloved country, and to whom we owe the blessings of security, peace and prosperity, through which this country has arisen to the most honored place among the nations of the world. All honor to their memory.

John Keefe.
Jackson Keefe.
O. A. Priest.
Henry B. Gardner,
William G. Blair.
Edward Connor.
Joseph Robbins.
Tunis Guyett.
Bazil Guyett.
Ole Oleson.
William G. Gilbert.
William W. Mitchell.

Stephen Pauquett.	Peter Mitchell, Jr.
Amy Rancour	Peter Mitchell, Sr.
Lewis Potter.	Joseph Pasha.
Battees Brabant,	James Mitchell.
Michael DeJardin.	Eugene Roberts.
King Young.	Jack Doud.

There was two or three Indians whose names we cannot secure.

Indian Scare No. 2.

Forty years ago the Indians were very much in evidence. At all times and in every place you could see bands of them, and families constantly on the go from one place to another, hardly ever settled for any length of time, and they were at all times on the lookout for something to eat. It made but little difference to them what it was, only that it would serve to fill their stomachs they were satisfied.

It very often happened that some of the jobbers would have a sick horse or an ox, and just as sure as such was the case, certain it was that Indians would be on hand watching very anxiously to see what the result would be, and no doubt hoping all the time that the sickness would prove fatal, as then there was a prospect ahead of a right royal good feast. It didn't worry them in the least whatever the disease might have been. The important question with them was, would it end in the death of the animal, and should it die all the owner had to do was to drag the carcass to some place away from his camp and the Indians would do the rest. No need

to dig a hole in the ground and cover it, for the Indians claimed it as their meat, and no sooner than the carcass was left the squaws would get busy with their knives and hatchet. Some of them setting up stakes, fastening poles to them and laying others across them, and building a slow smokey fire under them. The other squaws by this time would have the carcass cut up in strips. Everything of flesh about the animal would be made of great food value to them. The strips of flesh would be laid on the poles, and smoked and dried, and they were happy. I have seen this done many a time during the first five years of my residence in Mosinee. In summer time there was always very many tepees around the little hamlet of Mosinee. There were nice groves of young pines growing all around, and furnished them a pleasant camping ground. I have seen probably from thirty to fifty tepees at one time set up around in the young pines. It was a fine shelter for them, and from their sheltered camp the squaws could make their daily raid on the inhabitants, begging from them anything they could. Such was the situation in the fall of the year 1867. The village was well surrounded with tepees, when one night about eleven o'clock I was awakened by

one of my nearest neighbors rapping at my door. I arose and found my neighbor very much excited. He said that the Indians were in a terrible uproar and he was fearful that they would commence a massacre of the whites of the village, and every one of us had better be up and armed, ready to meet them, should they break loose. I asked him the cause of the trouble and he told me that some white men had gone to their camp with whiskey and had got into a row with them, and that one of the Indians had been killed in the scrape, but that the white man had got away from them before they could kill him, and that the Indians were on the hunt for him, but had not found him yet, and they were raving mad and declared that unless the whites found him and delivered him up to them they would raid the town. He said Mr. Connor had been sent for to see what he could do towards quieting them, as he was the only white man that had very much influence with them, and he was in hopes that Mr. Connor would get here before hostilities commenced. So there we were right up against a proposition that none of us knew just how it would turn out, as there were so many bucks around, probably outnumbering the whites two to one, and but a very few of the whites having any firearms it was

an enigma which required careful solution. As yet the Indians were holding themselves in check, only they were making considerable noise just outside of the town. It was decided after a consultation among the men of the village who got together that a guard should be placed on the watch, so that at a signal that was agreed upon, to be given by the sentry on watch, that in case the Indians showed signs of fight, then the signal was to be given and all men were to turn out and stand by their colors in defense of our homes and families. It was very fortunate that Mr. Connor was at home when the messenger sent for him. Appealed to at his house he responded readily to the call for assistance and came at once to the scene of difficulty, and soon had the Indians in council. At first they would hardly listen to him, but finally he brought them to terms in this way. They were to stop all hostile demonstrations until he could go and find the head chief and bring him onto the ground, and then the chief was to decide what course was to be taken. This council was held near where Beauman Vanvalkenberg's house now stands, the Indian having been killed close by there Mr. Connor started for the chief at once, as he knew where to find him. In the in-

terval while waiting for the chief to come the vigilance of the citizens was not relaxed. The sentinel was kept on duty day and night. The Indians also were on the lookout and made life for the women and children rather uncomfortable, and some of the brave men were rather shaky about the knees and wished that the smell of battle was in some other quarter of the globe, but it didn't make any differance, it was right here, and must be decided where the cause of the trouble occurred, no matter how weak kneed any man felt, and I do believe that more than one half of the men in the village felt that way, although if it had come to a real war with the Indians I have no doubt that to the last man they would have acquitted themselves like men. While Mr. Connor was gone the Indians put on their war paint and feathers, and would travel up and down some of the streets and lay down by the side of the street, where they could be seen, and see for themselves what was going on Yet they did not offer to molest anyone, and the people did not interfere with them, and the squaws quit begging aud kept to their wigwams, which was some relief. The third day Mr. Connor and the chief arrived, and the chief soon convened a coun-

cil and heard the evidence in the case. The council was held near where the picnic ground is, on the west side of it. After hearing the testimony the chief stood up in the middle of the circle and made his talk to them He told them that while it was very wrong for the white man to come into their camp and abuse and kill their brother, that they themselves were not without blame. He said if they would not drink firewater that the class of men that made the trouble with them would not be very apt to bother them. He also told them that he was very sorry that this trouble had happened, and the white men of the town were very much distressed about it, but that they were innocent and had done no wrong to them. He also told them that it would not have brought their brother back if they had slaughtered the whole of the inhabitants of the town. It would only have set on foot a war which would have resulted in the killing of a great many more Indians, and he advised them to bury the hatchet and move their wigwams to some other locality for he would not sanction any interferance with the white brethren, and they listened to the voice of their chief. They buried their brother near where the council was held. By the

time this council was convened, there were nearly three hundred bucks gathered here ready for the fray. The chief was not a very old man, but was a fine looking stalwart intelligent Indian. And thus was the second Indian scare.

Steamboat.

I have heard the question asked years long since passed, why is it that there is not a steamboat running between Mosinee and Stevens Point? Or was it ever tried? There looks to be water enough, and there is not any fall between the places. Yes it has been tried at three different times. Along in the early days it was thought that a steamboat would be a great fortune winner on these waters, and Mr. William Fellows and a Mr. Walton, both men living at Stevens Point, built a boat and began the navigation of the river, expecting to coin money in the enterprise. They established or thought to establish a daily line each way. They started their boat and came to Mosinee with whistle tooting and bell ringing, and ran the bow of their boat onto a gravel bar just below the sawmill. As there was not any other place to dock their boat, the gravel bar did very well as a landing place. The boat brought freight as well as passengers. It was a great sight for the people living here at that time to see a steamboat come sailing up the Wisconsin, and to know that Mosinee

was situated at the head of navigation. This first venture was made over forty years ago, but it proved to be a failure as a money maker, and was abandoned after making a number of trips, as it was likely to bankrupt the men who operated it, and Mosinee village is today the proud owner of the only relic of that first steamboat, and that relic is the fire bell, proudly mounted in the belfry of the engine house. Its only duty now is to sound the note of warning, and rouse the people to action, whenever the fire demon shows its lurid tongues of flame. About the year 1870 another party thought they could put a boat in commission that would prove their sagacity in solving the problem of steamboat running. The boat was built and made three or four trips, but was declared a failure, the same as the first one, and the owners ran it ashore at Beans Eddy and made a floating sawmill of it, and they did quite a business with it for a couple of years.

In 1882 Mr. W. W. Mitchell of Stevens Point, a man of good sound business judgment, concluded to try his system of steamboat navigation. Accordingly he built a boat, put it in commission and commenced operations, and he was successful in convincing the

people that he had any amount of business nerve, yet he was wise enough to see and know when to abandon the enterprise, which he did after a few money losing trips.

Thus you see that many trials have been made to use the river for general transportation purposes, but without favorable results.

Justice Partridge's Court.

There is hardly ever to be found a community so well balanced but that instances arise that cannot or will not become adjusted without being brought into the civil courts of law to be decided. Such was the condition of this section of the country forty years ago. Every little while there would arise some difficulty that would not be settled out of court. In the town of Mosinee the most of such cases were brought to trial before Justice George W. Partridge, who was well known to be of an unbiased mind, and very fair to both parties to the suit in all of his rulings. He was considered to be well up in his interpretation of the law and his integrity was unquestioned. He was well along in years and had a wide range of experience, and the people had the utmost confidence that any case tried before him would be justly decided on its merits. I was never very much in the habit of attending law suits, as I never could get very much satisfaction out of them, but I did attend one trial held be-

fore Justice Partridge. He was sometimes called Judge Partridge. It was this way: One of my neighbors met me on the street and asked me if I was going to the law suit. I asked him what suit? He said there is going to be a suit before Judge Partridge this afternoon and you had better go if you want to see some fun. As he was going himself, I went along with him. We reached the courtroom and found it to be a room about ten by twelve feet in size, with a round deal table and three chairs. On the table was a copy of the revised statutes, an inkstand and pen with a few sheets of white writing paper. The room was pretty well filled with spectators, I should say crowded, so that the judge had to elbow his way to his bench as he came out from his private office. I saw that court was about to be called to order, so I asked about the parties to the suit, and was informed that two brothers were the parties. I knew both of them. One of them was a rather small man, but chuck full of dynamite in his makeup. This one I learned was the plaintiff. The other man was of a different mould, being larger every way, and of a more quiet disposition. It appeared that his cattle had got into his brother's field and did some damage, and they

could not agree about the settlement, so the suit was brought for adjustment. The judge took his seat, rapped on the table and declared the court in session. The constable made his returns. The court then asked the parties if they had counsel. They said they did not need any. He asked them if they were ready for trial. They said they were Then the court declared a recess for five minutes, and he retired to his private office. When he came out he was wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and coughing quite badly. He took his seat, opened court, asked the defendant to stand up and plead guilty or not guilty. He pleaded not guilty. The plaintiff interrupted, declaring that he lied. He was guilty. Down came the knuckles of the judge on the table with a whack as he called for order in the court. Then the plaintiff was asked to bring forward his witnesses. He said he hadn't any, only himself, and wished to be sworn. He was sworn. Then the court took another recess, while the judge retired to the private office again. I suppose to consult some legal authority. I thought he found what he was after, for he looked very pleased as he entered the courtroom and resumed his seat. The plaintiff then gave his tes-

timony. The defendant said not a word while the testimony was being taken. I noticed that the judge never put down a word, but seemed to be in deep thought, as his eyes were closed most of the time. Only when the testimony was given rather strongly did he appear to notice very much. I thought he might be weighing the evidence, as it was very heavy. The plaintiff finally reached the end of his testimony and sat down, and I wish you could have seen him look at his brother. The court then took another recess and retired. And during this recess it was rough house. Some even proposed to go into the judge's private room to see what he was doing. Some said he was praying over the case, others said they believed he must have a bottle hidden away that he was consulting, instead of lawbooks. And during this time the plaintiff was calling the defendant all sorts of names. At last the court came out with his illustrious countenance beaming. It was so illuminated with intelligence. Again order was restored and the defendant gave his testimony in a quiet manly way, denying very nearly every statement of the plaintiff. The plaintiff called him a liar at every turn. The court rapped and called for order, threatening to fine him

for contempt of court. No cross questioning was done on either side. Finally the evidence was all before the court. Then the judge said he would take the matter under consideration for one week before rendering a decision. I never heard how the case was decided. And that was a sample of Justice Partridge's court.

H. A. Bean.

H. A. Bean was a young man about thirty years of age when he first came to Wisconsin. He was a man of rare natural abilities and educational qualifications rather above the ordinary. He was a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, a government institution. He served in the regular army as corporal for a number of years and came to Wisconsin at the close of his service. This was in the early fifties. Soon after coming to the state he made the aquaintance of a young lady school teacher, Miss Triphena A. Moore, living at Waukesha, to whom he was married. Not finding suitable employment in that place he came with his wife to Mosinee, where he soon found employment as bookkeeper for Mr. Joseph Dessert, the lumberman and mill owner of Mosinee, in whose employ in that capacity he remained while he lived.

Mr. Bean was the only highly educated man in the whole township, which soon became apparent. He was elected to the office of town clerk, which office he held until his death. He was well versed in civil law, which

the people soon realized and elected him as one of the justices of the peace, the duties of which office he administered so impartially and judiciously that he soon was referred to as Judge Bean. Many difficult law cases were brought before him for adjudication and were disposed of to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

Mr. Bean had a personality decidedly his own. He was never very communicative and appeared to like best to live within himself, yet he was very pleasant to converse with. He was a man of commanding appearance, tall, broad shouldered, full breasted and straight as an arrow, weighing about one hundred and ninety pounds. He was a republican in politics and a Universalist in religious belief. His death occurred on January 2nd, 1881, being 60 years, 11 months and 12 days old. Mrs. Triphena A. Bean, his wife, continued to live at Mosinee with her children for a number of years. When her son-in-law, Oliver Paup, moved with his family to California Mrs. Bean concluded to go with them to the land of continual flowers, where she remained for a few years, but the climate not being suitable for her health, she returned to Mosinee and made her home with another son-in-law, Mr. Bartholimew Keefe, where she died August 5, 1895.

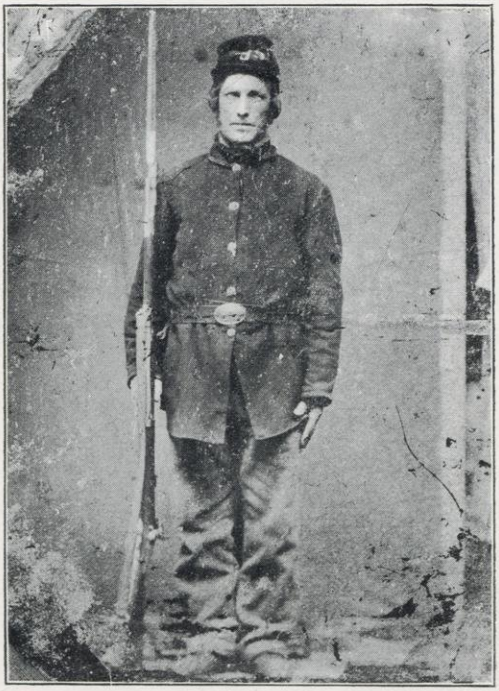
Mr. and Mrs. Bean have the distinction of being the parents of the first white child born within the limits of what is now the village of Mosinee. The child died in infancy.

F. L. Demers.

Frank L. Demers.

Frank L. Demers is a native of Canada. He came to Wisconsin in 1855 and worked through the winter in the pinery for a lumber firm at Jenny Bull (now Merrill). In the spring of 1856 he came to Mosinee and engaged to work for Mr. Joseph Dessert, in whose employ he remained for several years, until he embarked in business for himself in the mercantile trade. He followed this trade for a few years and then retired to his farm, where he worked hard in cultivating the soil. Becoming dissatisfied with farming he returned to the village of Mosinee and since that time has been engaged in the fruit, confections and grocery business. On November 14, 1871, he was married to Miss Adelia Moyer of Stockton, Portage county, Wisconsin. They have four children: Zelda G., Frank L. Jr., Clarence O. and Edward N. Mr. Demers is an old man, but you would not think him over fifty years of age, as he is well preserved, having taken good care of himself. He always has been strictly temperate and has never been sick except with cold, with which he has never

been laid up more than a day or two since he came to Wisconsin, a fact that speaks well for the healthfulness of this part of the state. Mr. Demers belongs to early as well as late Mosinee. He is a man that attends strictly to his own business. He is a justice of the peace and notary public. He never has put himself forward for public office. He makes no pretensions of being in sympathy with democracy, but is willing that the majority should rule, yet he would prefer that majority to be republican. He was brought up a Roman Catholic, but makes no pretensions now of adhering to that faith.



JOHN KEEFE,
Co. G, 14th Reg. Wis. Vol. Inft.

John Keefe.

John Keefe was born in Roscommon, Ireland, March 25, 1809. He was married to Miss Mary Higgins at his home town in Ireland in 1833 and came to America the same year. He was one of a small number of the sons of Erin that came to the town of Mosinee for the purpose of making a home when but few white settlers were to be seen from Wausau to Stevens Point. In 1859 he went with his family to the land he had previously bought, twelve miles west of Mosinee, where he had built a log cabin, and there they established themselves in their own home. Before settling on his land in Mosinee township Mr. Keefe, after coming to the United States, had been with his family in Virginia, at Troy, New York, and at Watertown, Wisconsin. After he had settled on his land and before much headway had been made in clearing it, the call for volunteers was made by President Lincoln for the suppression of the Rebellion. Mr. Keefe, being a true adopted son of the United States and a lover of law and order, joined the volunteers, for his

patriotism would not let him rest while his services were needed for the protection of the government. He enlisted on the 8th day of January, 1862, in Company G, 14th Wis. Vol. Inft. In the battle of Shiloh on the 7th day of April, 1862, he was wounded on the left side of the head by a shell, making quite a depression and wholly destroying the sight of the left eye. He never fully recovered from the effects of this wound. After being in several hospitals for about three months he gained sufficient strength to be removed to his home in the wilderness, being taken there on a bed placed on a sled drawn by oxen. It took a long time before he recovered sufficiently to do much work, and it became necessary for him to return to the hospital at Milwaukee before he was fully out of danger. He then set about clearing and improving his land, but found after a few years of hard work that his strength was failing with the great strain of such labor. He concluded to sell out and go with his family to Iowa, where the land was already cleared and ready for the plow. Finding a purchaser for his land he sold and moved to Fonda, Iowa, where he remained a few years. Then he reached the conclusion that there was no country quite like

Wisconsin and no place in Wisconsin so entirely captivating as the village of Mosinee. Consequently he sold out in Iowa and moved back to Mosinee. Being now well advanced in years and his strength not sufficient for manual labor, he, with his only unmarried daughter, kept house and lived among his old friends, between the homes of two married daughters. Here he lived in peace and comfort until the ripe old age of 92 years. His last illness lasted but a few days, but loving hearts and hands ministered unto him all that could be done. His death came peacefully on September 25, 1901.

Mr Keefe was a familiar figure on the streets of Mosinee for many years and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He was an old Irish gentleman of the most pronounced ideas of what individual responsibility means and is greatly missed by all. He was a consistent Roman Catholic.

First Wedding.

The first wedding in the Irish settlement occurred in the year 1862 and the ceremony took place at the home of the bride's father, Mr. John Keefe. The contracting parties were Mr. Robert Smeaton and Miss Ann Keefe. The officiating priest at this first brilliant beginning of wedding festivities in the Irish settlement came all the way from Stevens Point to properly celebrate the opening ceremonies of the momentous occasion. This wedding, you will observe, was held forty-five years ago and during the time of the civil war, and it would not be out of place to describe in some degree the mansion in which the solemn ceremony took place. The mansion was built of round logs about twenty-four feet long and fourteen feet wide, ten feet high on one side and seven feet on the other. The roof was made of a few boards and many shakes. There was a small fireplace built in one corner of the high side. There was an opening called a door, cut through the logs in the high side. The door was about five feet six inches high by two feet six inches wide. There was a window

at one side of the door containing six lights of glass 7x9 inches in size. It also had a window of the same dimension in one end to admit the proper amount of light. The floor was made partly of boards, the balance of split logs, and was very substantial in construction. The spaces between the logs were chinked and moss worked into the small cracks and mud mortar was plastered over the moss and chinks; then it was declared a finished warm mansion. Now don't think I am stretching the description beyond what it will bear, for we visited the structure a few years later, and can vouch for the correctness of the description. This was not the only castle of the same style of architecture in the settlement. Some of them were not built on the same grand principles as this one, but they answered all the purposes for which they were constructed. Great preparations had to be made for this first wedding, and time must be taken by the forelock, so there would be nothing lacking to have it celebrated with great eclat. As we have been informed by one of the guests in attendance, who was also a near relative of the bride, preparations were commenced fully a month before the time set for the gathering together of invited

guests and neighbors, that all might have a right royal good holiday, one that would be out of the ordinary. One that could be referred to in years to come as being worthy of a prominent position in the history of the Irish settlement. It was thirty-eight miles to the nearest town where a priest resided, and a messenger was sent to ascertain if the priest could and would make the long and tedious journey through the dismal forest for the occasion. We are informed that the messenger made two trips before the final arrangements were completed. And it was a great relief when it was ascertained that the priest would be present to solemnize the marriage ceremony. It was also decided to hold communion services after the wedding ceremonies were concluded, as the people of the settlement were so isolated that they were deprived of this sacrament of the church to which they belonged. Word to this effect was circulated throughout the settlement, so that all might have the opportunity of being present, and enjoying this blessing. The parties most interested, after consultation, concluded that the joyous occasion would not be fully celebrated without having a night of dancing. The next step in the programme was to secure the necessary

musical talent. It must be superior to anything that had ever been known in the settlement. The music must be of that exuberant quality that would cause the limbs of the most indifferent to tingle with delight. Then something would be doing and time would pass unheeded and fatigue be unknown. Under these conditions the festivities would be pronounced a decided success from beginning to end. The bridegroom was a young man of splendid appearance and considered the handsomest man in the country. The bride was also one of the loveliest maidens in the whole settlement, and the bridegroom, realizing that he was securing the choicest flower from among the real beauties, felt that it was incumbent upon him to see that the very best and most popular orchestra of the country was engaged to discourse music suitable for the occasion. It so happened that he was acquainted with two of the most noted musicians of this region, both fiddlers of great renown. One was a half-breed Indian and the other a Canadian Frenchman, and they could fiddle from night until the break of day without showing signs of weariness. Both were well versed in the popular airs of the day, being in love with their art, and were strong of

arm. Their instruments were the very best that could be secured. Away back in those early days a person who played the violin was not called a violinist. That name was not known among the ordinary people. A violin was spoken of as a fiddle and a musician was termed a fiddler, and the man that could get the loudest and strongest tone out of the fiddle was considered the greatest fiddler. The two musicians mentioned had the reputation of being on the top round of their profession. The bridegroom knew that each one had a reputation to sustain and would put forth their best effort to give satisfaction at this particular function, as it would enhance their already high standing in the country as great fiddlers. Before this first wedding the only music the young people had to dance by was very peculiar, being termed lilting, but it gave the best of satisfaction. It caused such enthusiasm to take possession of the dancers that it was enjoyed to the fullest extent. There were quite a number in the settlement that could lilt. Some of them were men, but the most musical lilterers were found among the older women. It was wonderful how some of those old ladies could lilt. It was strenuous work and one could not lilt very long without

resting, but as soon as one gave out another would commence. As those who did the lilting had different voices keyed on a higher or lower pitch, they furnished a fine variety for dancing. It is a fact that at this date, 1907, when a fiddler cannot be secured to fiddle for the young people when they get together for an evening's jolification at some farmer's house, that lilting is resorted to and gives satisfaction. The bridegroom was successful in securing his choice musicians and all arrangements were perfected as far as forethought could suggest, and all was ready for the appointed day. The wedding day was a clear, cold January day near the first of the month. The snow covered the face of the earth and all nature was dazzlingly bright. The priest arrived the evening before, so as to be in readiness for the ceremony at an early hour, for all must be concluded before twelve o'clock noon. Quite early in the morning the guests began to arrive all arrayed in their holiday attire. The elite of the whole settlement were on hand in season, and the especially invited guests from Mosinee and the old trading post, as well as the musicians, put in their appearance in time for the beginning of the ceremonies, which took place as soon as

the altar could be arranged. Everything being in readiness the bride and groom with their attendants took their places and the nuptial knot was tied. A short recess was taken for congratulations, after which communion sacrament services were administered. Tables were arranged and the wedding dinner served. All being in a condition to do justice to the bountiful repast to which they were invited, they showed by their close attention to it their appreciation of the efforts of the hosts for their comfort and pleasure. All now having given a good account of themselves at the festive board, took a short recess to do a little smoking and chatting while the tables were moved back to the wall and left there laiden with more pie, cake and meats and other delicacies for the refreshment of the dancers through the night. While this was being done the musicians were rosining their bows and tuning their fiddles preparatory for the commencement of the dancing. The room being rather limited, the fiddlers would be required to stand, so they selected the most appropriate position where they could have as much elbow room as possible. All now being in readiness the fiddlers took their stand, the guests arranged them-

selves in line and commenced dancing to the popular air of "Old Dan Tucker." The figures mostly danced in those days were French fours and jigs. The most popular airs for dancing in the early settlements were "Old Dan Tucker," "Dandy Jim," "Rory O'More," "The Irish Washerwoman," "Devil's Dream," "Durang's Hornpipe," "Fisher's Hornpipe" and "We Wont Go Home Till Morning," and we are informed that on this grand festal occasion the guests did not go home till morning. We are also informed that the fiddlers just outfiddled themselves as never before and gained much notoriety for their great endurance and the classic rendering of the music. When daylight came the guests departed for their homes, declaring they had enjoyed the best time of their lives.

Peter Sicard.

Peter Sicard came from Canada, where he was born. There he lived with his parents and worked until 1855, when he decided to come to the United States. Arriving at Mosinee he entered the employ of Joseph Dessert and continued in his employ, with the exception of one year he worked for David Roberts, until he decided to go into the mercantile business. He remained in that business a few years until failing eye-sight compelled him to dispose of his interests and retire from the activities of a business life. His sight continued to fail until he became totally blind and in this condition he could feel his way about the village for a number of years. About four years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis. He partially recovered, but was again stricken, and has since been entirely helpless, forced to lie in bed continually. At the age of seventy-two his mind is clear and he talks readily and sometimes laughs. He is one of two men now living in Mosinee who were young men here over fifty years ago, so he properly belongs to early as well as late Mosinee. In February,

1867, Mr. Sicard was married to Miss Charlotte Jane Mitchell. They have had three children born to them: Alfred N. Lester G. and Laurena M. Mr. Sicard was always a very hard working man until his afflictions came upon him. He was a good citizen in all respects. He was brought up in the Catholic faith, and in politics was a strong republican.

Old Settlers.

We will say a few words for the old settlers that we have not spoken of in particular, believing they should receive some credit for their courage in first opening up this section for homes. They were all worthy of remembrance, but we can speak of but a few, and only of those whose influence in guiding the general course of events were greater than the others. Mr. Phelix McGuire was a very prominent personage in the Irish settlement, having been in this region of country a few years before the few families that came at nearly the same time to locate. He had made himself proficient in locating different descriptions of lands. He ran out their land for most of them and assisted them to get onto their lands with their families, and was altogether the man to consult with. He was a very energetic man and held many offices of trust and responsibility in the town until his death. Mr. Thomas O'Connor was another splended specimen of the real old Irish gentleman. He came early and prospered above many of his neighbors. He held very important offices in the

town, and was a man of great influence in the county, so much so that he was elected to the assembly from the first district of Marathon county and served one term with honor. We were in hopes to have shown his face to the readers of these lines, but have been unable to secure his photo. There were Mr. Edward Fitzgerald and his brother, Mr. James Murry, Mr. Timothy Kennedy, Mr. William Hays, Mr. Patrick Burns, Mr. Garret Hughs, Mr. William Keefe, and Mr. John Keefe. All these men located at nearly the same time, between 1857 and 1859.

End of Early Mosinee.

LATE MOSINEE.

Late Mosinee Township.

Late Mosinee we will find, is very much different from early Mosinee, but for the purpose of giving the reader an idea of how and wherein the difference may be observed it will be necessary to take a view of the whole territory as it existed forty years ago, as the reader can do by referring to early Mosinee, as given in a chapter on the first pages of this book. Look it over carefully and make your own comparison. In writing about late Mosinee we will have to follow its development up to the present time, noting such changes as appear to us to be of importance in helping the reader in forming an intelligent estimate of its present condition as a whole. To-day we find a population of approximately three thousand five hundred souls. Settlers came into this township slowly at first, but from one year to another you could see that a gain was being made, and those that came and took up land for homes soon showed that they were in earnest, and improvements began to be noticed in all departments. Where it had been dark forests or jungle, now began to be seen

JOSEPH DESSERT LUMBER COMPANY'S PLANT.

small openings, drawing nearer and nearer together. The sunlight was let in on the once dark, dismal surface of the ground, which very soon made it possible for a new order of vegitation to be produced, slow at first but increasing steadily as the area of cleared land expanded, soon placing the settler in an independent position. At first for years there were only two settlers that owned a horse, and many did not even have an ox team and were obliged to change work with some neighbor in order to get some team work done. Today we find about thirty-three thousand acres of land under cultivation. I don't wish to be understood that this is all under the plow, but that much has been cleared of its trees, and what is not under the plow is used as pasture for stock, and meadow land for hay. As the settlers became able, they secured horses with which to work their lands and do some work for the lumberman during the long winter season, often cutting some of their own timber and selling the logs to the lumberman, who was always ready to take the logs at a profitable figure for themselves. As time passed more settlers came and others followed, until today we find a steadily increasing population of the class that makes good citizens.

Modern farm machinery soon began to be installed as the farmers prospered. The mower, horse rake, harvesters, sulky plows, horse forks, spring tooth harrows and seeders are now in general use throughout the whole territory, and the farmers have as fine a lot of heavy farm horses as any farming community need boast of, as well as fine carriages and wagons. Some even have plated harnesses, and they can dress in apparel fit to meet the president of the United States. For many years the settlers were glad to get any kind of cattle they could get hold of. Any kind of a scrub of a cow or steer meant very much to them. They had some stock growing up, but as farms grew in size, and prosperity attended them, they were not slow to discover that it was for their best interests to secure a better grade of cattle, so that today we find on every farm of any pretentions a fine herd of improved stock cattle. And one farmer, Mr. Robert Freeman, has a select herd of shorthorns, some of which he imported from England. One cow he informed me cost him five hundred dollars. He sold quite a number last fall for a fancy price. The farmers are turning off of their farms hundreds of cattle every year, and reaping a fine profit from

them. In addition to the profit acruing from the butchers stock sold from the farms, you may connect the product of the dairy. Immense quantities of butter and cheese are produced annually, that bring a fancy price in the market. Splendid crops of oats, potatoes, peas, rye, barley, millet, cabbages, onions; in fact all kinds of vegetables are grown in abundance. There is some of the finest wheat grown, and excellent corn, and considerable fruit is harvested every year. As soon as the farmers were on the fair road to success, they turned their attention towards constructing better farm buildings, and today we can see as fine farm buildings as can be found in any section of the country; in fact better than in many of the much older settled parts of the state. Splendid houses to live in, constructed along modern lines of convenience, artistic in their appearance to the traveler passing by. Many very large stock barns are seen as you journey through the territory that forty years ago was a part of the early township of Mosinee. Scarcely a log cabin remains to remind the settlers of the early days. The natural hay marshes still remain. The greater part of them have been improved by working in redtop grass seed, until the quality of grass now produced is far superior to the natural wild grass.

Many of the low wet marshes have been ditched and so drained that they are greatly improved, and as the country has became more open the plague of mosquitoes has become very nearly wiped out, yet enough still remain for seed. Many of the bright, pure streams of living water, which are in evidence throughout this territory, have been stocked with the speckled brook trout, of which fact the sportsmen take advantage during the open season to visit them, returning with a well filled basket, making it a great pleasure for those who are piscatorially inclined. Many specimens of the beauties have been caught weighing from one to two pounds. Forty years ago there were only three school houses in the whole 252 square miles of territory. Today we can count twenty-four, and one high school; so it can be observed that the people are very much interested in the proper education of their children. In the early days there was not a church edifice in existence, whereas we now find seven fine commodious, up-to-date buildings, where the people may assemble for public worship. Three Roman Catholic, two Lutheran, one Methodist Episcopal, and one Episcopalian. So the reader can understand that the spiritual and moral needs of the com-

munity has been taken into consideration and provided for. The Roman Catholic persuasion are the most numerous, the Lutheran taking second place. The Methodist and Episcopal being about even. There has been found to be some most excellent quarries of red granite for building purposes, easily quarried, it being in regular layers of from four to twelve inches in thickness, and there is any amount of it in different localities, and for concrete building there is the best of sand in abundance for all purposes. There are twenty saloons doing business on modern up-to-date saloon principles within its borders, so that the emigrant desiring to locate here need not fear but that he can find plenty of places where he can have his thirst quenched, and his purse lightened, in as elegant and gentlemanly manner as in any other country. In this territory there are thousands of acres of splendid farming lands to be had waiting for the home seekers to come and secure them and cause them to blossom as the rose. The soil is just as fertile and easily brought into a state of cultivation as any that has been taken. The speculative lumberman has so persistently invaded this territory that its millions upon millions of magnificent pine have

disappeared. Scarcely a specimen of the grand old white pine remains to be seen, and the hemlock is fast being taken from sight as well as the better class of hardwood, leaving the land to be cleared very easily by the settler. There are but two sawmills doing business now, where there has been in years gone by from six to nine doing business the year around, some of them cutting as high as thirty millions per year. The lumbering business in this territory is practically over, and farming and dairying and stock raising must, and is fast taking its proper place. Where the blazed trail was the only guide from one settler to another in the pioneer days as we have seen, often leading through low wet marshy places, today you can drive with your fine carriage over splendid turnpike roads at any season of the year. The streams are bridged with substantial iron bridges, resting on solid stone abutments. Every road district has its own road making machinery of modern construction.

Of the old pioneers that first forced their entrance into this upper Wisconsin country and settled in the wilderness of early Mosinee township, under the most adverse conditions, and became the vanguard of

the civilization that has followed them, but very few that were heads of families are alive today to see the grandeur of the country that they had been instrumental in redeeming from its wild state of nature, but visit the cemetery and you can find where they rest, marked by monuments of marble and granite, erected to the memory of those who have passed over the river of death to the great future, just in advance of the very few now living.

As the population increased and spread over the township, it became necessary to divide the large territory into several separate townships, consequently in 1884 the people of the extreme western portion of early Mosinee township petitioned to be set off, and their petition was granted, and the town bearing the name of Cleveland was organized. Again in 1886 the town of Kronenwetter on the east extreme was set off and organized, and again in 1889 the town of Emmet was set off and organized, and at the same time the village of Mosinee was set off and organized, leaving the present township of Mosinee with only thirty-eight square miles of territory, where it had at one time embraced two hundred and fifty-two square miles, but for the

purpose of our description of late Mosinee we have taken in the whole territory as it existed before being divided into the several townships. There are today three villages within the old territory, one in the town of Cleveland, called (Stratford); one in the town of Emmet called (Halder), and the village of Mosinee, surrounded on three sides by the town of Mosinee and on the fourth side by the town of Kronenwetter and the Wisconsin river.

Wm. N. Daniels, M. D.

William N. Daniels.

He was born in the village of Mellenville, Columbia county, New York, Dec. 3rd. 1845, his father being of Scotch and Welsh extraction and his mother being of English and Holland descent. He came with his parents to northern Wisconsin in 1855. He enlisted in the 3rd Wisconsin Cav. soon after reaching his 17th year. He served his country nearly three years and received his discharge October 12th, 1865, not yet quite 20 years of age. His early education was received in the old log schoolhouse of those days. He studied medicine in Rush Medical College, and was graduated therefrom in 1878, and was also a student under the late Dr. Emory Stamsbury of Appleton. On June 26th, 1866, he was united in marriage to Miss Jane S. Leach. Two children were born to them, William C., who died at the age of four, and Edna J. who died at nearly twenty years of age. He came to Mosinee late in March 1884. Mrs. Daniels died February 26th, 1903, and followed her beloved children to the land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign. Mrs. Daniels was an exemplary woman, and

very much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was a christian woman of great influence in the village, and is greatly missed at the social gatherings of the church workers of the little congregation of which she was an earnest and consistent member.

On May 19th, 1904, Mr. Daniels was married to Miss Hattie M. Kettring at Minneapolis, Minn.

From the time that Dr. Daniels first came to Mosinee in 1884, he has continued in the practice of his profession in this locality, and by his close attention to his duties has built up a large practice, having been the railroad physician at this point for a number of years, As a physician he ranks among the best in our vicinity, and has an extensive ride all over this part of the country, and is often called in council in difficult cases needing the combined opinion of the profession. Dr. Daniels is a jovial, wholesouled man, always pleasant and agreeable. He is a fluent speaker, has fine command of language and excellent descriptive powers, and is considered quite an orator. He is always courteous, and his cheerfulness in the sick room has great influence with the patient in battling with disease. His political affiliation is with

the republican party, not as a stalwart, but he may be considered an independent republican. He is ever anxious for the best interests of his country and is a convincing debator on political questions. His voice may always be heard arguing for the right, as he views the question under consideration. He can give you a reason for his opinion, and is willing to concede to others the same privilege he claims for himself. He is a man not easily discouraged. If difficulties arise, he grasps the problem by the horns and brings success where defeat seemed certain. He is quite popular, and would be greatly deplored were he to remove from Mosinee.

Bert Worthing.

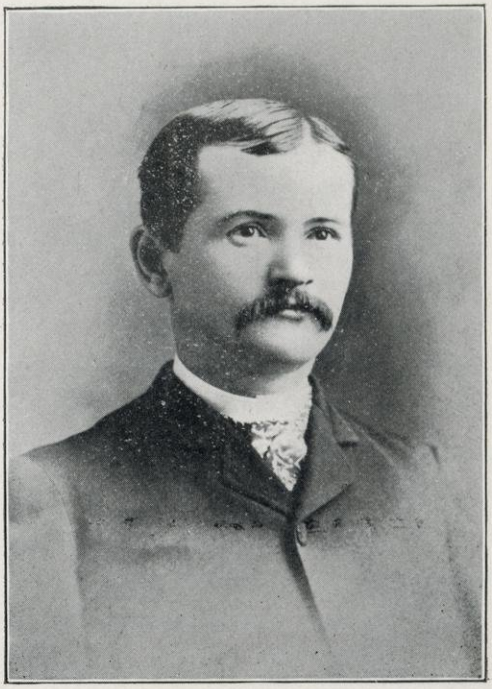
He was born in October 1876, at Janesville, Rock Co., Wis., and after finishing his education, which he did at various institutions in Wisconsin and Michigan, decided on business as a profession, and proceeded to educate himself in that line. Finding an opportunity open to him, he engaged as purser on passenger and freight steamers on the great lakes, plying between Green Bay Wis. and Buffalo N. Y., and also in various kinds of business. And for about five years prior to locating in Mosinee acted as manager for E. E. Bolls & Co. at Coleman, Wis. In February 1905 he came to Mosinee in search of a location in which to establish himself in business. Finding the outlook favorable, he soon secured a suitable building, splendidly located for his purpose, and he soon had a stock of goods beautifully displayed, and commenced his career as a prominent merchant in the pleasant healthy village of Mosinee. Mr. Worthing is a young man of thirty-one years of age, of fine business abilities, which he makes manifest in his dealings and in the management of the intricate problems connected

ADELBERT WORTHING.

with a general mercantile trade, as it is found to be in most sections of the country. Mr. Worthing is none of your grouty, unapproachable men, but you can get right up to him and find him ever ready to give you audience when business will permit him to do so. He is courteous and a thorough gentleman in all his intercourse with whoever he may meet. His general deportment is of a character that exerts an influence worthy of emulation. Although not a long resident of Mosinee, yet his influence is felt on the general trend of the neighborhood is for a better condition of the surroundings. He dearly loves a game of baseball and likes to get into the box and show how the trick is done by one who knows how and when and where the crooks and curves should be brought in. The family attend the Congregationalist church.

Charles A. Bernier.

He was born in Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wisconsin, May 10th, 1861, and is a son of Louis A. and Clementine (Blenchette) Bernier. Both parents were born in Canada. Charles A. Bernier was educated in the Grand Rapids public and high schools. On completing his education, he engaged in several occupations until the year 1882, when he came to Mosinee and entered as clerk and general salesman in the mercantile establishment of Joseph Homier for two years. After leaving the employ of Mr. Homier, he was employed by Mr. David Roberts in his store as manager, clerk and bookkeeper. He held that position for eight years. On May 13th, 1885 he was united in marriage with Miss Margaret Keefe, and to them have been born four children, three of whom are living. Eva Marie, born October 22nd, 1889. Charles Alexander, born February 22nd, 1892, and Willis Owen Francis, born December 2nd, 1894. In 1892 Mr. Bernier entered into partnership with Mr. W. F. LaDu in the general mercantile business, in which connection he still remains. Mr.



Chas. A. Bernier.

Bernier, when he came to the village of Mosinee, found his ideal of a locality in which to test his ability in battling with the various forces with which all business men meet in their pursuit of financial success. He soon found an opening and started in on the track of fortune which is ever ready to elude the grasp of the pursuer. The merchants were not long in discovering the business abilities of the young man, and his services were in demand. Being steady, industrious, careful and energetic in his duties, he was soon in a position where he could look forward with some degree of encouragement. He was a young man of fine appearance, somewhat on the good looking order, and the ladies soon vied with each other in their endeavor to attract his attention. He being rather modest, eluded their glances for a short time only. He was then caught by the alluring smiles of one of the young ladies of Mosinee. He has always been the very pink of propriety in his daily intercourse with his fellow man. He is strictly a gentleman in every respect. He has been successful in securing a fair amount of worldly goods, is interested in considerable real estate here in Wisconsin, and also owns a valuable timber tract in California. His

social standing is among the best. He is connected with several fraternal orders, the Catholic Knights, Knights of Columbus, and the Catholic order of Foresters. He strictly attends to his own business interests and lets other business men handle their affairs to suit themselves. He is a genuine democrat in his political belief and would like to see his party win every time. Mr. Bernier has served a number of terms as supervisor of the village, and has been for a number of years, and is now one of the members of the school board of Mosinee. The whole family attend the Catholic church.

Late Mosinee Village.

The question has often been asked how and by whom was this place, that in its earliest days was known only as Little Bull, changed in name to Mosinee? We have asked the same question many times without being satisfied. There not being anyone that pretended to have the facts at their disposal, but we have been successful at last by keeping at the enquiry until we found the man who knew when and why the change of name was made. It was brought about in this way. In the early days there was not a bridge to cross the river on, and no postoffice on this side. The people were obliged to go to Keelerville for their mail, one and a half miles from here on the road to Wausau where the postoffice was located. In the winter of 1855 and 1856 the first bridge was built over the jaws of the gorge of Little Bull Falls, and it was proposed to change the location of the office to the west side of the river, and the man selected for postmaster objected to having the name of Little Bull applied to the office, as he said it was to vulgar for refined ladies to write such an address on their

letters in corresponding with friends and others, so a number of citizens met to decide on some appropriate name for the office, Mr. Joseph Dessert being one of the number. Several names were mentioned. None of them being satisfactory, finally Mr. Dessert said he would like some Indian name, and said he would see Mr. Connor the trapper about a name. He saw Mr. Connor and he suggested that it be named after the old Indian chief Mosinee. The name met with approval and was adopted. When the postoffice was moved to the west side of the river, it was also applied to the township, and when in 1889 the village was incorporated it retained the name of Mosinee.

In writing up the village as it now is at this late date, we shall endeavor to be as accurate in our description as we were in the description of the village as it existed forty years ago. It is far different in many respects to what it was then, although occupying the same position on the map. So many of its original natural features have been changed by improvements, that the old time resident coming into the later village would be puzzled to find his bearings and location without inquiry, it being so altogether different.

Before we start on our survey of the village, please accompany me to the high bank at the west end of the guardlock on the mill slough, the largest watercourse excepting the main gorge channel of Little Bull Falls, and we will take observations of the surroundings as we seat ourselves on the outcrop of rock at that place. You may think it not a very soft cushion to be seated upon, but we can let our feet hang over the edge and rest on a shelf of rock just the right distance below, and that will help some if we get too nervous. It is a beautiful sight that we behold, isn't it? Have you ever seen anything to compare with the grandeur which you now look upon? I think I hear you say what a wonderful panorama of nature's grand scenic beauties is here spread out with a lavish hand for mankind to appreciate and enjoy with delight, if he will only stop and meditate. Here before us is the dividing point of the water of the Wisconsin river as it comes with its mighty volume rushing on to the Gulf of Mexico. Four distinct channels through the obstructing granite rocks have been opened by nature for its passage, creating at the same time one of the best and safest water powers on the whole length of the river, there being a fall of

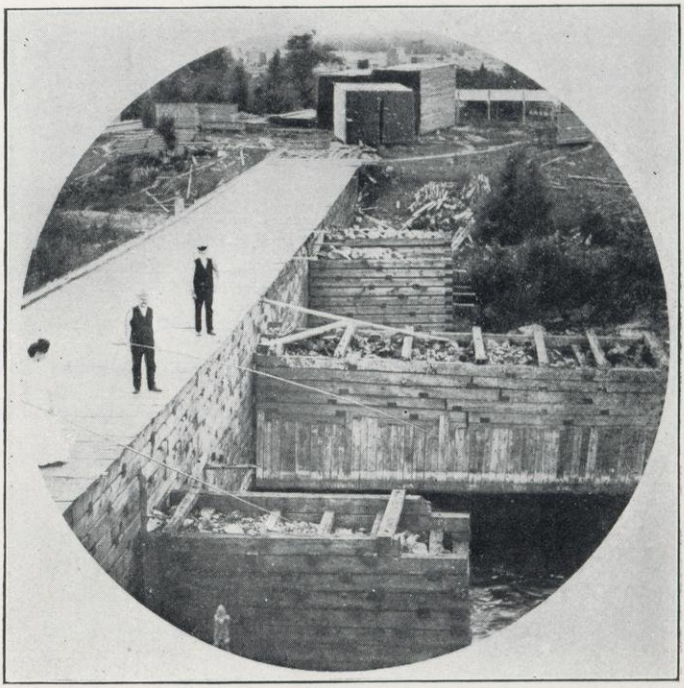
twenty-one feet. Here from our observation point we can see the four islands of Little Bull. The nearest one to us is Little Bull Island of about sixty acres, quite a half mile in length, and about forty rods in width at its broadest part, showing many very interesting elevations of scraggy rocks on the upriver end.

The next island is Bean Island of perhaps two acres, but long and narrow. It also has its beautiful rocky features that call for a close inspection by the lover of the beauties of nature.

Next on the list is Rock Island, small in extent yet prominent with its border of gray headed rocks. We now come to the Falls Island, composed mostly of high jagged rocks. In the crevices, where earth and sand has been deposited, grow small pine, birch and hemlock trees presenting a delightful resting shady nook in which to ensconce yourself while viewing the falls and maelstrom which is worth a trip across the continent to view. There is a beautiful sight to be seen in the Bull Calf channel. It is the outcrop of a white quartz rock. The ledge is about two hundred feet in length, some parts twelve feet in width, variable from that to three feet. This vein stands on edge. It has been prospect-

ed and assayed and found to contain both silver and gold, but not in sufficient quantities to make it profitable to mine. Looking to our left an entrancing sight meets our vision. We behold a broad expanse of the Wisconsin river, above and below the milldam, dotted with nine large boom piers. We also view the rolling of the flood of water as it tumbles over the crest of the dam, the sunlight shining upon the billows, causing them to sparkle like diamonds. Extending our view to the eastern shore, we can see the Falls City Hotel, also the C. M. & St. Paul depot, the kindling wood mill, and the large warehouse of August Klug. Closer on our left we see on the shore of the river the fine boathouse where is sheltered the fast gasolene motor launch of one of the prosperous business men of the village. We can also see the commencement of the fine second growth pine grove which encircles three sides of the village. The now useless booms of the J. Dessert Lumber Co., we see secured just above the guardlock as we gaze in front of us. Over to the east we look upon the elevation of Liberty Hill with its snug homes in full sight. At our feet we behold the massive work of man which was constructed to harness the immense power

of the water for the use of man. This guardlock is of gigantic proportions. It is three hundred and twenty-one feet in length, twenty feet in heighth, eighteen feet in width, built of square timbers, tied together and filled with rock. It is buttressed with three long piers on the lower side filled with rocks. It is equipped with gates for controlling the flow of water into the millpond. We will elevate our range of vision somewhat to admire the long stretch of bridge crossing from the west shore of Bean slough over the three channels. The superstructure is of steel, the flooring of wood planking, nearly level the whole length of nine hundred and eighteen feet. We can also, as we sit here, take a view of the country for two miles on the southline road. A grand country scene presents itself to our eyes. Farmhouses, cleared fields, and the evidences of industry is manifested, which is a cause for joyousness to the beholder. We may by turning slightly to the right catch the glint of sunshine on the river, as it winds in and out among the large islands below the falls on its onward march to the gulf. The mammoth sawmill structure of the J. Dessert Lumber Co. is in full view. Its once splendid equipment of machinery has been removed



GUARDLOCK.

to do duty in another locality, having finished its business at this point. This sawmill had the capacity of from thirty to thirty-five millions of manufactured lumber per year, besides its millions of lath and shingles. It is now fast going to decay. Also we see the steel bridge crossing the millpond resting as it does on its piers and abutments of solid stone, three hundred and sixty-three feet long. The capacious millpond furnishes the finest skating rink in winter that can be imagined, and is greatly appreciated and utilized by the young people, as well as the school children of the village. Their merry voices may be heard until long into the night during the season. The old time skating ground having disappeard long years ago, but the citizens of Mosinee miss the joyous notes and soul thrilling music of the band of musicians that occupied it forty years ago during the summer months.

The streets of Late Mosinee are nicely graded and kept in fine order, where in the old time they were left to take care of themselves. There were no street crossings in those days. Today there are excellent crossings on every street. There are over three miles of good wide plank and cement sidewalks, also kept in fine order

by the very efficient village marshal who is ever on the lookout to see that everything about the streets and sidewalks are in proper condition. There are four streets that are half a mile in length; Water street, Third street, Fourth and Fifth street; Second street and Sixth street being only one quarter of a mile in length. These streets run northeast and southwest very nearly. The cross streets from northeast end of village, running northwest and southeast nearly are: First, Buchanan second, Washington, third, Main street, fourth, Pine street, fifth, High street, sixth, Jackson street, seventh, Fremont street. The high school building is situated in the center of a block, between Fifth and Sixth streets, and Pine and High streets, a beautiful site for such a structure, having a background of the magnificent pine grove with a sprinkling of shading pines surrounding the edifice which is an up-to-date school building, brick veneered, and equipped with all modern appliances and furniture required in giving instruction to the pupil who is fortunate enough to take the advantage of the instructions here given by an able faculty of five teachers.

The Episcopal church occupies a corner on Third

and Main streets, not a very large edifice, but of sufficient capacity for all purposes of the congregation at this time. It has in connection a guild hall, where the guild meets for its deliberations, and in which to display such articles as it may have for sale at stated intervals, and also in which to serve suppers occasionly. It has a furnished kitchen adjoining the hall.

The Lutheran church stands on the corner of Sixth and Main streets, a medium sized structure with a basement for a parochial school. The basement story is of red granite. The superstructure will be brick veneered when completed. The interior has been finished suitable for accommodating the holding of public services of that persuasion.

The Roman Catholic church is located on the corner of Fourth and High streets, and is by far the largest church building in the village. It is a fine structure. Its interior is splendidly finished with panneled ceiling. Its altar and necessary furnishings are of the very finest designs and workmanship. The communicants of this church outnumber all the other churches combined. The services are well attended. The spiritual welfare of its members is well cared for by the Rev. Father

Vadder, a most earnest and forcible speaker, gentlemanly and courteous to all in his every day life. He has the good will of protestants as sincerely as that of his own congregation.

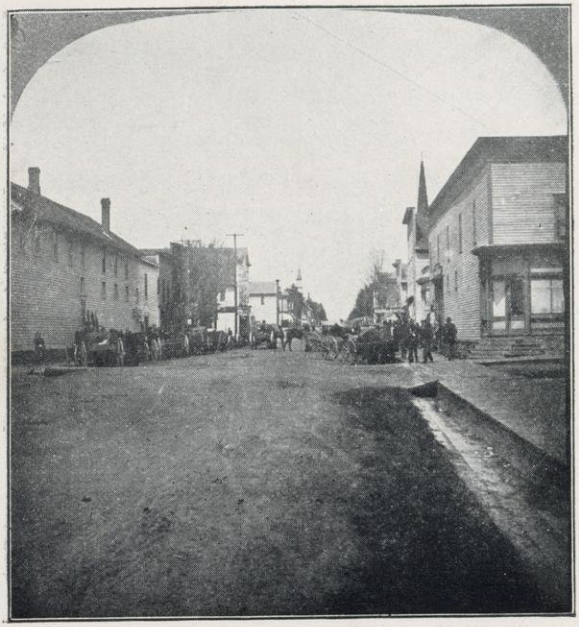
The Methodist Episcopal church building is situated on the corner of Fifth and High streets. It is a snug, well finished structure, not overgrown in size. Capacity of seating, about one hundred and fifty people, and has the distinction ot being out of debt, a condition of which very many Methodist churches are desirous of reaching. The congregations of the Lutheran, Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal churches are served by ministers from different points from time to time, there not being enough membership of either to support a resident minister just at present.

The village has a fine cemetery one half mile north west from its center, surrounded on all sides by a splendid pine grove, a most beautiful situation in which to deposit the bodies of our loved ones to sleep the night of death away, until the morn of the resurrection, when all shall come forth according to the will of the creator, to whom be glory forever. There are one hundred and twenty-two dwelling houses in the village situated on

the different streets as follows: Water street has seven. One is a very fine residence owned and occupied by Mr. David Roberts. He has been a continuous resident of Mosinee for fifty seven years, and is today one of the two men now living in the village that were heads of families forty years ago. Second street has twelve residences, one of them being the most expensive residence of which the village can boast. It is the splendid mansion owned by Mrs. Henry M. Thompson. It is now vacant, Mr. H M. Thompson having moved with his family to Milwaukee On this street are situated the comfortable and attractive residences of Mr. W. F. LaDu and C. A. Bernier. Nice shady lawns are in connection with these dwellings. On this street also can be seen the beautiful grounds and flower garden adjoining the commodious residence of Joseph Homier, a retired merchant and private banker, at one time the only banker in the village, who now with his very estimable wife are spending the evening of their days in peace and luxury within the borders of this beautifully situated and attractive village.

The Library building occupies a corner lot on this street fronting on Main street. Third street is one of

the long streets, reaching as it does from Buchanan to Fremont street and the picnic grounds. We find on this street twenty-eight private residences. The most conspicuous is the large modern residence of Mr. Louis Dessert, one of the stockholders and manager of the Joseph Dessert Lumber Company, and also a member of the Mosinee Log, Land, & Timber Company. This company operates a sawmill seven miles north of the village. Mr. Dessert is also president of the village of Mosinee, a position that is of great responsibility and influence. Mr. F. McReynolds, another member of the company, has his beautiful up-to-date dwelling on this street. Mr. A. von Berg, president of the state bank of Mosinee, another influential citizen of the village, resides at the corner of Third and Pine streets. Mr. Walter A. von Berg, cashier of the bank, resides with his father. He is a young man of very promising abilities and usefulness. Fourth street has forty private residences. It is the most populous street of the village. There is no very noticeable structure with the exception ot the late deceased C. A. Gardner, which is certainly a beautiful home. All the dwellings on this street are neat and tidy. Fifth street



Main Street looking Northwest.

has thirty-two good substantial resident buildings. The residence of the village druggist and postmaster, Mr. C. S. Blair, being the most conspicuous. It is large and attractive in appearance. A fine lawn with shade trees and shrubbery makes it a delightful home. It is situated on the corner of Fifth and Jackson streets. Sixth street has but three dwelling houses of moderate dimensions occupied by their owners.

There are many finely kept lawns that are not particularly noted as we went along, but you can see them and admire the good taste of those who own and look after their beauty.

We will now take a good look at the business places of the village. On Main and Fourth streets are situated the stores and other evidences of the life and hustle of the business men of the town. Starting from the eastern end of Main street, we find the general merchantile establishment of David Roberts. The general manager of the business is his daughter, a most charming young lady of fine business abilities. They do a business of about twenty thousand dollars per year.

The next enterprise is the Mosinee Times printing office. The Times was established in March 1896 by

S. L Smith, who was of a discerning mind, and took the advantage of the opening to occupy the ground and furnish to the citizens a long felt want. He run the Times for a term of years, then sold his interest, and several others have edited the Times, until the present editor, D. W. Baker became the editor and publisher, under who's skillful and able management it has become a healthy and vigorous journal. Its potitical complection is republican, and has a circulation of six hundred. It also has a fine line of advertisements.

One half block farther we come to the large store building of W. F. LaDu. This building has the distinction of having been in constant use as a merchantile establishment for over fifty years, the longest time of any business house in the village. It is now under the management of LaDu and Bernier. They do a business of approximately thirty-five thousand dollars a year. This store is situated on the corner of Main and Second streets.

On the opposite side of Main street stands the large store building of Joseph Homier. Only a part of this fine building is occupied by Mr. Joseph Hanus, who handles ladies' and gentlemen's fine suiting material and

other fancy necessities. Mr. Hanus is by trade a ladies' tailor, having learned his trade in the old country early in life, and engaged in the business in the city of Prague, Bohemia, his native country, for fifteen years. On coming to America he settled in Chicago, where he concluded a business in the ladies' tailoring line for nineteen years, having for his customers some of the wealthiest ladies of Chicago. His health failing, he closed out his business there and came north and settled near Mosinee. He is a man of sterling worth, gentlemanly and courteous to all.

We now reach the state bank of Mosinee, situated on the north side of Main street. The structure is of concrete blocks, well constructed and presents a fine appearance. Mr. A. von Berg is the president and Walter A. von Berg is cashier. This bank is doing a fine business, and is appreciated by the people of the surrounding country. A little farther on we see the striped pole of L. Lamere who has his barber shop handily located in Temple Hall building. He has been in business here for many years. In connection with his business as barber he is engaged in the jeweler's trade, and carries an assortment of clocks and watches, doing a lucra-

tive business. We also find in the same building a saloon managed by Mr. Slip O'Connor. This business is also well patronized, and flourishing.

On the south side of the street is located the saloon of Mr. F. Beste. The building is of moderate size, has a well lighted front. The business at this place is to all appearance satisfactory to the proprietor. Another ringed striped pole is displaced at the entrance of the stairs leading to the second floor where Mr. E Rosine has his tonsorial apartment, and is doing a paying business. He also has a bathing room which is a great convenience. Just a few steps farther brings us to the fruit and confection store of F. L. Demers. His place of business is rather contracted in size, but is kept well stocked with fruits and delicacies of the season. He has a large apiary which is a source of income, as it produces many hundreds of pounds of the best of honey every year. He does a business of three thousand dollars per year. On the same side of the street at the corner of Main and Third streets stands the new Hawkeye Hotel, a two story building. It is a very comfortable house, although not very large, and is well kept. It is an inviting, homelike place in which to rest while in the

village. On the opposite side of Main street and corner of Third is located the Douville Hotel, a more spacious house than its rival across the street. You can here find accommodation for man and beast. A sample room is to be found here. Both of these hotels are doing a paying business The drug store and postoffice occupy a corner on Main and Third streets. The drug store does its normal share of business. Mr. C. S. Blair is the druggist. The postoffice is kept in the same room as the drug store, Mr. Blair being the postmaster. Business of the office amounts to about fifteen thousand dollars a year. A little farther up the street is the saloon building of Charles Blake, a nice building where many men, young and old congregate to pass the joke and while away the dull hours of the evening, listening to the songs and music of the phonograph. Business at this resort has been reported as being very lively and profitable.

We now reach the large department store of J. Honowitz & Son, located on the corner of Main and Fourth streets. It is the largest and most up-to-date store structure in the village, and does the most business. The building is brick veneered. Its front has large plate

glass lighting, and an excellent place in which to display goods. Just across Main street on the corner of Main and Fourth streets we behold the fine hardware store of Arden Paronto, a brick veneered two story building. At this store you can find anything you need in that line from a carpet tack to a grain reaper. His business yearly is twenty thousand dollars. The livery and sale stables of John Keefe are just across Fourth street on the corner on Main and Fourth. He keeps thirteen horses for livery purposes. He also has a fine hearse for funerals. He does a large and profitable business. On Main street a little distance we see the repair shop of Milo Crawford, where bicycles, sewing machines, and almost anything can be repaired. The meat market is located on the corner of Main and Fourth streets. The proprietors are Jones & Web with a yearly business of ten thousand dollars.

The next in order is the establishment of J. P. Kanter, where he does a large business in the blacksmithing and horse shoeing line, ironing wagons and sleighs. He keeps one good man constantly, and two during the busy season, besides himself. His shop is well equipped with modern appliances for the turning

off work quickly. His yearly business approximates six thousand dollars. Adjoining this shop is the wagon shop of John Wagner, where he is doing business the year around. His shop is equipped for turning out work in up-to-date style, has a gasoline engine to furnish power to run his machinery, and is doing a living business of several thousand dollars each year, with business increasing steadily. This ends the business places on Main street.

On Fourth street, as we go westward from Main street, we come to the cigar factory of the ZastrowBros., where two hands are employed in the manufacture of cigars. The business yearly amounts to over four thousand dollars. The next on this street is the shoe shop of Mr. Spangenberg, who will make or mend your shoes. There is another shoeshop on Sixth street. Passing along on Fourth street half a block, we reach the home bakery and fruit and candy store of Mrs. Katherine Blake, who is a very pleasant, agreeable woman and ever ready to serve you with ice cream, candy, cake or fruit in such quantities as you may desire. I have never heard her complain of business being dull. Although her profits were small she at

least was making a living. Moving along to the corner of Fourth and Pine streets we find located here the general dry goods and grocery store of Mr. Bert Worthing. He is situated where most of the farmers coming to town from the west must pass. It is a desirable location for such a business and his yearly trade is near the ten thousand dollar mark. We will now go back to Main street and take a look at the C. O. D store of David Doherty, successor to the late deceased C. A. Gardner. We find Mr. Doherty busy looking after his customers interests as well as his own. He came to Mosinee when a boy of twelve years of age, an orphan, and worked his way up to his present position by close attention to the business interests of those with whom he has been employed. He now has a business that comes near the twenty thousand dollar line yearly. We once more stroll on Fourth street to look at the harness shop of Adolph Knoedler and we see the fine signals of his trade nicely displayed on the outside to attract the attention of those seeking such goods as he manufactures. He has some fine machines for doing the most fancy work in his line of business, among them being one operated by gasoline that is a novelty to the novice.

His business is in good flourishing condition. There is a cold storage building on Second street large enough for all purposes needed here.

The village has two resident physicians, Dr. W. N. Daniels and Dr. E. C. Fish, both of whom are well up in their profession. There are also two notaries that attend to legal documents when needed. There are two undertaking firms and two embalming professionals located here. The village has ample fire protection. It has as finely equipped steam fire engine as can be found and has a splendid band of firemen, well officered, and ready at the sound of the bell to rush to a fire. It has several large cisterns for water supply, as well as the Wisconsin river to draw from in case of fire. Mosinee is a good market for everything the farmer has to sell, from a dozen of eggs up to his best span of horses. We have paper hangers here who delight in ornamenting the dwellings of the citizens. You can find here in Mosinee carpenters, millwrights, painters, masons, well diggers, saw fitters, and in fact experienced men in almost every trade. Clubs! Yes, Mosinee has its clubs and can boast of its loyalty to them, especially when the club is vigorously swung over the heads of the

faltering. The club brings us all to time and to our knees. There is the Two-hour Club, composed entirely of ladies, old and young, and all of them very interesting. They belong to a state organization. Then there is the Gun Club, composed of men only, young and old. When the members of this club go into the field for work you may be sure that something is about to be done, if nothing more than to make a noise. It is a success. In the summer time we have the Base Ball Club, which wields its clubs to good advantage to bring the opposing club to terms, and often there are sore heads in a ball club. The fraternal societies are well represented. We have the Odd Fellows, the E. F. U., the Modern Woodmen, the Catholic Knights and the Rebeccas. Then the churches have their societies. The St. Monica of the Catholic church, the Guild of the Episcopal church, the Aid of the Methodist church, the Aid of the Lutheran church, etc. There are three halls for dancing and for shows, the Library, Temple and Paronto's. This summer there will be four gasoline motor boats, owned by Mosinee residents, in use on the river; so you see we are in for pleasure as well as business. Mosinee is entirely a white man's village, scarce-

ly an Indian being seen on our streets today, where forty years ago they were in evidence at all hours of the day and night. The elevation of Mosinee above sea level is 1159 feet, according to U. S. geological survey.

F. McReynolds.

Francis McReynolds, son of James and Marianne McReynolds, was born in Batavia, New York, September 24, 1859. His parents moved to Milwaukee, Wis., March 4, 1861. He was educated in the Milwaukee public schools and the Spencerian Business College. He came to Mosinee July 31, 1878, and entered the employ of the Joseph Dessert Lumber Co. as bookkeeper, in which situation he remained until the company went out of business in 1905. On April 13, 1887, he was married to Miss Marie Florence Martin of Mosinee and to them, on October 17, 1888, one daughter, Helen, was born. In September, 1904, the Mosinee Land & Timber Company was incorporated with F. McReynolds as secretary.

Mr. McReynolds came to Mosinee when a young man of nineteen years of age, just after completing his education, and from that time to the present day he has been a continual resident here. He was a bright, pleasant young man, as the whole village can testify, and considering the great number of years he was in the

FRANK MCREYNOLDS.

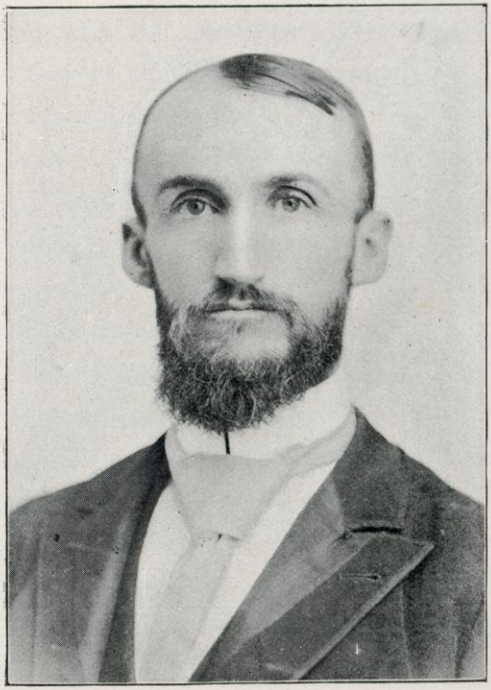
employ of the Joseph Dessert Lumber Company as bookkeeper, he has been a most indefatigable worker, scarcely ever taking a vacation. It is wonderful that he has retained his health and vigorous possibilities as are apparent at this date. If it could be determined just where the secret lies that has enabled him to bear up under the great strain of his difficult responsibilities, it would be of vast importance to those who are filling like positions. He has always been cheerful and has never been known to let himself become ruffled in temper, always appearing in a good natured frame of mind. Perhaps this may have been one of the factors in maintaining his good health.

Mr. McReynolds is very prominent in the Episcopal church, having on several occasions read the service to the congregation. He is one of the trustees of the village and is a man whose opinion is of importance. He is also a member of the school board. In politics he is an earnest republican.

Dr. E. C. Fish.

Edward C. Fish, son of Isaac F. and Eliza (Livermore) Fish, was born in Orangeville, Barry county, Michigan, August 16, 1858, lived with his parents on a farm and attended the village school until eighteen years of age. Then he taught school for three years. After attending the Normal school at Valparaiso, Indiana one year, he resolved to take up the study of medicine. He shortly entered the medical department of the university of Michigan, and graduated therefrom in 1883. In May 1884 he came to Mosinee, and with the exception of one year and a half spent in the flourishing mining city of Hurley, Wisconsin, has been a continuous resident of the beautiful village of Mosinee. On October 20th, 1886, he was united in marriage to Miss Jennie Clark of Mosinee, Wisconsin, and to them has been born one son, John; born November 5th, 1891.

Dr. Edward C. Fish, whose likeness is given in connection with this biographical sketch, came to Mosinee a young man of twenty-six years of age, just at the time of life when most young men are planning for

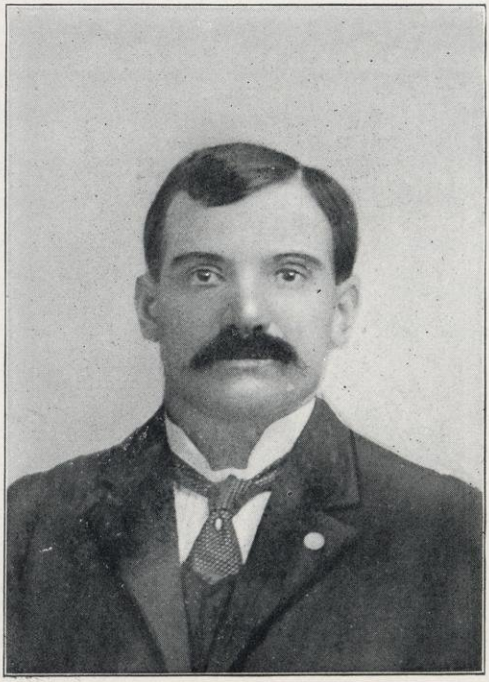


Edward C. Fish, M. D.

their future life, business and location. Dr. Fish was already prepared with a life business, and on coming here he found the location that suited him, and here he has remained and built up a lucrative practice in his profession. He has valuable properties near the village, besides a fine brick home and office he had built on Main street, between Third and Fourth, which is an ornament to the place. It is nicely finished inside and handy in all its appointments.

Dr. Fish is a man of influence in the village, has held many offices of responsibility, has been coroner and justice of the peace several terms, and is considered a man of sound and unbiased judgment. His opinion on any subject is highly valued, and he is often called in consultation with other doctors in difficult cases. He has a large practice and can be depended upon night or day to come to the relief of the sick and suffering, and for their quick recovery his utmost skill will at all times be manifested. He is thoroughly temperate in all his habits, a trait of character which speaks volumes in his favor. Personally Mr. Fish is a gentleman whom you would always be pleased to meet. He is of a fine figure, not very tall, having a nicely proportioned frame,

and weighs about one hundred and forty pounds. He is as sprightly as a boy of ten, always in good humor, and very pleasant in conversation, his affability being predominant in his every day life among mankind. He is also a great lover of horses and dearly loves to handle the reins behind a pair of spirited roadsters, and in this position we find him enjoying life at its best. Should the team prove a little fractious, he is right at home with them and knows just what to do. He doesn't lose his head. He is their master. His political faith is pure Jeffersonian democracy. The family attend the Episcopal church.



JOSEPH P. KANTER.

J. P. Kanter.

Joseph P. Kanter, son of Peter and Mary Ann (Baer) Kanter, was born February 29th 1868, at Hilbert Junction, Calumet county, Wisconsin, and lived with his parents, who moved from Hilbert in 1879 to Colby, Marathon county, until he was sixteen years of age, when he was apprenticed for two years to learn the blacksmith trade, after which he went to Michigan and worked at his trade for one year. He then returned to Marathon Co., and worked at his trade at different places, finally locating at Mosinee in 1888. On April 26th, 1892, he was married to Miss Emma L. Rondeau of Rudolph, Wisconsin, and to them have been born five children; Mable, born March 3rd, 1893, Pearl E., born August 9th, 1894, Laura M., born August 9th, 1895, Lina, born April 29th, 1897, and Gertrude, born June 19th, 1898. In 1890 Mr. Kanter commenced doing business for himself in a good roomy shop he had erected and into which he had placed two forges. He soon had a prosperous trade and began to feel his way up towards an increasing income, which enabled him to secure landed property near the village, and by his industrious and painstaking habits in his line of

work, he soon won his way to influence. Being a temperate man has caused the people of the village to elect him for several terms as one of the trustees of the village. He has also held the office of treasurer for eight consecutive years and is now the treasurer of the school board. Mr. Kanter is of a quiet, peaceable disposition on general principles, yet not disposed to allow others to trample on his rights, which is very proper for any man who cares for his standing among his fellows. He is interested in his business and always intends to show by the quality of his work that he is advancing to the top round of the ladder in his particular trade. He has fine ideas about improvement along the lines of forms and underlying principles of the horseshoeing branch of the business, and is not sparing in his efforts to bring about better methods and more beneficial results in the handling of horses feet in regard to their shoes. Mr. Kanter is an honored member of several of the Catholic fraternal societies, such as the C. R. & B. A. society, the order of Foresters and the Knights of Columbus. His political connection is with the republicans. Mr. Kanter and family are members of the Roman Catholic church. He has been treasurer of the congregation for ten years.

The Jubilee.

In 1894 Mr. Dessert decided to give the people of the town and village of Mosinee a grand jubilee banquet on the 20th of October, it being the fiftieth anniversary of the day he first came to Mosinee, where he had been a continuous resident and had been prosperous to the extent of building up a lumbering business sufficient to enable him to possess a comfortable fortune. Mr. Dessert becoming indisposed a few days before the time appointed for the celebration, the event was postponed for a week, notice of which was circulated throughout the community. The citizens of the village of Mosinee wishing to show the respect in which they held Mr. Dessert by something tangible, the committee in charge secured by contribution sufficient funds to purchase a gold mounted cane, which they had inscribed as coming from his friends in Mosinee. The evening before the jubilee the committee went to the home of Mr. Dessert and presented the cane to him, the presentation speech being made by Dr. Daniels. Mr. Dessert was so overcome by this token of esteem from

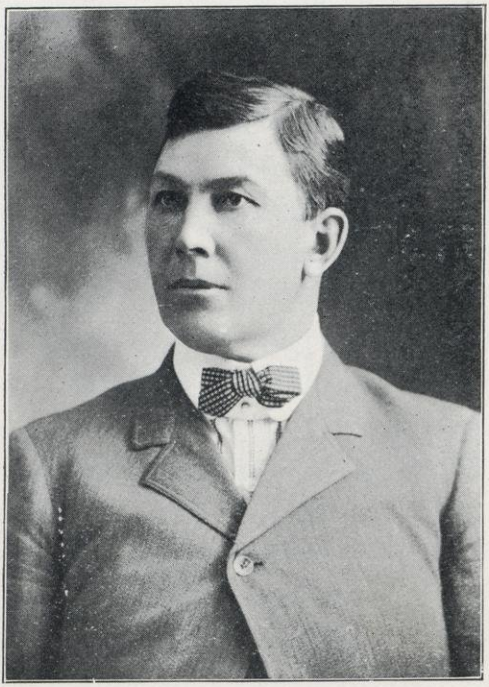
his fellow townsmen that he was unable to reply in words, but he showed by the flow of tears how dearly he prized this expression of their good will.

The morning of the jubilee opened bright and sunshiny, and all nature seemed to be in harmony with the coming event. Everybody donned their gala attire in anticipation of a truly red letter day. All the dwellings and places of business were decorated with flags and bunting and banners were stretched across the streets bidding welcome to all. Every suggestion that had a tendency to make the village appear more cheerful was taken advantage of by the people. The Warner Mosinee band was engaged to discourse music throughout the day and to furnish the strains for dancing at Temple Hall at night, for it was intended to be made a day that would mark an event long to be remembered by those in attendance. In accordance with the program, as the dinner hour approached the president of the village and council, accompanied by the band, school children and citizens, marched to the home of Mr. Dessert, where the president, locking arms with Mr. Dessert, escorted him to the mill boarding house, where an elaborate repast had been prepared by the caterers

engaged for the occasion. Hampers filled with delicacies of the season came from Milwaukee and Wausau. Mrs. Geo. Bellis of Wausau was present to assist Mrs. Dohl in the arrangement and decoration of the tables in the spacious dining hall, and it is not too much to say that everything about the tables was complete in every detail. The brightest of silverware and flowers in abundance were everywhere in evidence to attract the attention of the guests while partaking of the bounteous feast which was sumptuously served by an able squad of waiters. The tables were fairly groaning with the load of luxuries so lavishly spread upon them.

Upon the arrival of Mr. Dessert and company at the dining hall, the guests were seated at the various tables. Mr. Dessert and a few of his old time friends who had been invited by him to be present, were given seats at the head of the tables. When all were seated, Hon. G. W. Cate of Stevens Point arose, and in a few well chosen sentences expressed the sentiment of the guests present, which was rapturously applauded, after which the school children sang a song written for the occasion by a resident of Mosinee in honor of Mr. Dessert. While the guests were enjoying themselves at the tables

Warner's band was discoursing music upon the sidewalks on the opposite side of the street. Mr. Dessert had made ample arrangements for the children on this gala day. The band room was prepared for their reception, and Mrs. Franklin was in charge to see that the children were well served and cared for. He himself headed the line of march to the bandroom, so anxious was he that the children should enjoy themselves as well as their fathers and mothers. Soon after the repast was ended at the dining hall, the young people and some older ones who cared to make their way there, went toTempleHall, where dancing was indulged in to the music of Warner's band until the wee small hours of the next morning. Taken altogether, it was declared to have been the most brilliant and enjoyable festal day ever experienced by the citizens of the village of Mosinee, and everybody expressed themselves as realizing the spirit in which Mr. Dessert gave them the opportunity to celebrate the day at his expense, as nothing had been left undone that would enhance their pleasure.



Willis F. LaDu.

W. F. LaDu.

Willis Fremont LaDu, son of Edgar E. and Sarah J. (Ayres) LaDu, was born in the town of Richmond, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1856. In the fall of 1865 his parents moved to Wisconsin and settled in Waushara county, where they remained one year. They moved to Marathon county September 26, 1866, locating at Mosinee. He remained with his parents and attended the public schools in the neighborhood until he reached his majority. Then he left his father's home and started out for himself. He secured a position with the Joseph Dessert Lumber Company and remained in their employ for some time, but finally concluded that working by the month or day did not suit his taste, and decided to take up some other line of business. In 1880 he entered into partnership with F. L. Demers in the grocery and notion business and continued in that for about two or three years. Then he built what is known as Temple Hall and went into business for himself. On May 28, 1884, he was united in marriage to Miss Helen Keefe of Mosinee. One child, Sarah Jane, was born

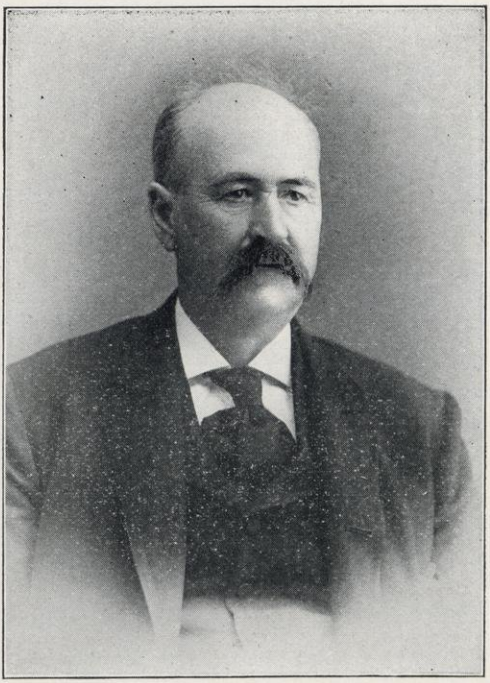
to them March 30, 1885. In 1888 he moved to Dancy, where he was engaged in the grocery business for nearly five years. He was chairman of the town board of supervisors of the town of Bergen for three years, was chairman of the committee on printing and a member of the executive board of public works of the county board at the time the court house and insane asylum were built, and his name is enrolled on a paper placed in the corner stone of the court house of Marathon county. In 1893 he returned to Mosinee, bought the store property of James O. Paup and formed a partnership with C. A. Bernier to operate a mercantile business. He soon after took an interest in the saw mill at Halder, in the town of Emmet, and remained in the lumber manufacturing business there five years. When he retired from the business at Halder he entered into a contract with the Joseph Dessert Lumber Company to build a mill and manufacture lumber for them. He built the mill and operated it two winters, and then sold out to the company. He was supervisor of the village for one year and was elected president of the village four terms. In 1894 he was appointed postmaster for a term of four years. In 1902 he was elected to the

Assembly from the First Assembly district of Marathon county. He has been a member of the county democratic committee since 1880 and was chairman of of the democratic committee of the First Assembly district, and was also a delegate to the Democratic state convention in 1896.

Mr. LaDu has been a man of considerable influence in the village and surrounding country. He is strictly moral and possessed of manly principles. He can at all times be relied upon to stand by his word and for the best interests of society. He is considerably interested in real estate exchanges and has fine village property in addition to valuable timber tracts in California. He has a jovial disposition and is an interesting talker, somewhat of a political turn, whose judgment is sound. He is six feet three inches in height, well built, and doesn't like to have his corns trodden on. Above all other pastimes he takes the liveliest interest in getting out his gasoline motor boat Skidoo and loading it with small boys and giving them an outing on the Wisconsin river.

Golden Wedding.

A golden wedding is of such rare occurrence that when one does occur it should receive special notice by the people of the community blessed with such an event, more especially so when there are many unusual circumstances and conditions surrounding it. Very few people aside from the principals of such an occasion realize how limited is the number among married couples who are permitted to enjoy each others society for such a length of time, even when to all appearances they start on their mutual journey under the most favorable conditions, with perfect health and of robust build, with the cares of the world resting lightly on their shoulders. Seemingly all things bespeak for them a long, prosperous and happy future, but a few short years are passed and the once joyous couple are filled with dismay as they behold the clouds of adverse conditions begin to make their appearance on the horizon and the once robust and healthy, sprightly, light-hearted and joyous wife or husband is stricken with disease. The clouds grow heavier and darker. All is done for



O. A. Priest.

Mrs. Julia A. Priest.

the relief of the suffering one that love and grief can suggest, yet darker and more ominous are the indications as the silent, dark-winged messenger enters amid the sorrowing, weeping, loving ones at the bedside and all is over. Another condition may be encountered. Years come and go, children are given them, and their whole souls are centered in the welfare of their offspring. They do their best to bring them up carefully, giving them every attention and advantage that love can possibly devise that their future may be joyous and useful. But this is not to be. Their hearts are wrung with intense sorrow as they are called upon to part with an idol of the home, but eternity has claimed it beyond recall. We have written the foregoing just to show some of the real conditions that exist in life's journey which come to the great majority of married people before they reach the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day.

The principals of the golden wedding which we are about to describe had been uncommonly blessed and free from the conditions referred to, as you will observe as we relate the unusual circumstances brought out at the time of holding this anniversary. Invitations were

sent to many old time friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Priest of the town of Kronenwetter requesting them to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, to be held at their home on the 29th day of April, 1907. Accordingly, on the day appointed, the guests began to arrive early, determined to have the full benefit of the occasion. They were bound that no feature of this rare event should escape their observation. They were out for a good time. The day opened rather bleak and cold, making it too unpleasant to loiter out of doors. At about twelve o'clock noon the guests were all assembled, and the house, not being very roomy, was filled to overflowing with merry, good spirited people, upstairs and down, the younger portion taking possession of the upper floor. Greetings and good wishes were bestowed upon the aged couple, who appeared at their best, and, as always, pleased to see and renew the acquaintance of their friends and neighbors. After the preliminary greetings and handshaking were over, the guests distributed themselves conveniently and soon were busy handling the gossip of the times and raking up old time events and refreshing their memories in regard to those

good old days when they were young and care free. The marriage of fifty years ago was well discussed by those who were present on that occasion. Thus the guests enjoyed themselves until it was announced that the wedding dinner was ready for the guests to partake. They were soon seated at the table, which was spread with a most bountiful repast, and to which the guests, after grace, applied themselves diligently, doing ample justice to the substantials and delicacies that were prepared for their special benefit. The feast being concluded, the host and hostess were seated and had their picture taken with their five children, the artist being Mr. Louis Bernier of Mosinee. We will now speak of some of the unusual circumstances which have been the lot of but few people married fifty years. This couple celebrated their golden wedding within less than three-quarters of a mile of the place where they were married and there were two guests present who attended that ceremony. Another strange fact is that, with the exception of two seasons, they have lived in the same town, and again the most beautiful tribute that can be paid to them is the fact that this couple were never known to have had any family jars. Among the guests

assembled there was not one that could say they ever knew of the least discord between them, a most enviable record for married people to emulate. Another peculiar fact, and a very comforting one to Mr. and Mrs. Priest, is that all their children, three girls and two boys, are still living. They are all married excepting the oldest son, and were all present with their husbands and wives and their seven children. Mr. and Mrs. Priest have never been called to mourn the death of a grandchild. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, this golden wedding is a wonderful exception to the general rule of such events. There were forty-eight relatives and guests present. Quite a number attended from Wausau, among them being Mrs. Andrews, a sister of Mrs. Priest, Mrs. S. Durkee, Mr. and Mrs. D. Finney, Mrs. Orr and daughter and Mrs. Bolin. Those from Waupaca were Mrs. Stafford and Mrs. Clough. There were many very fine presents in evidence, testifying to the great esteem in which this aged couple were held by their friends. It would be useless to enumerate and describe the presents; suffice it to say they were very appropriate and helped to cheer the hearts of this dear old couple. Preparations had

been made by the younger members of the family for the young people who could not attend the celebration in the day time. A large hall at Flanner was engaged and music secured for dancing. A large party assembled in the evening and a right royal good time was enjoyed by the young folks. Like unto all things, the end came, and all wended their way homeward, happier for having enjoyed the opportunity of being present at a golden wedding. Bidding good night, we leave this worthy couple in the complete enjoyment of each other's company in the seclusion of their home.

Arden Paronto.

Arden Paronto, son of Alfred and Mary (Treu) Paronto, was born at Stevens Point, Portage county, Wisconsin, August 6, 1875. When he was eight years of age his parents moved to Kelly, in Marathon county, where he attended the common school and received his education. At seventeen years of age he commenced teaching school, and taught in the schools of Marathon county for six years. In 1900 he came to Mosinee and accepted a position as salesman for Mr. C. A. Gardner in his mercantile establishment. He remained with Mr. Gardner two years, and then concluded to start in business for himself. He rented a store building of John Prain in March 1902 and started out as a business man. On September 4, 1902, he was united in marriage to Miss Kittie Bell Coye of Mosinee.

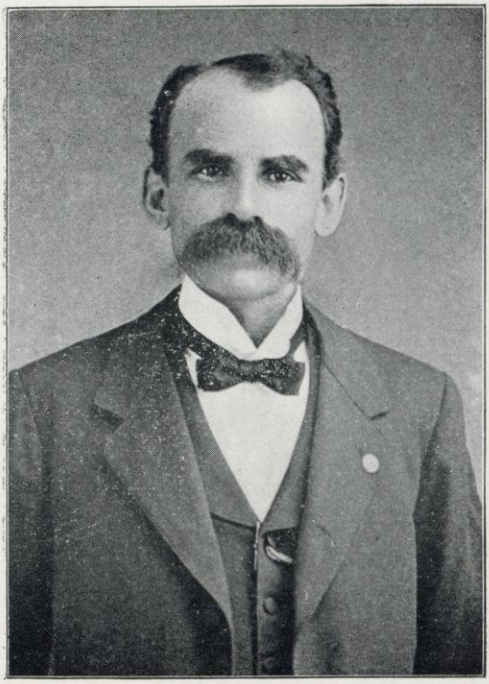
In Mr. Arden Paronto we behold the man, not just the physical flesh and blood, size and form, but the real manly man in every sense of the word. His physical build and general outline is attractive, being a man of beauty and symmetrical proportions. He is a man

ARDEN PARONTO.

whose every day life promises well for a future life of usefulness in any community where he may reside. When he came to Mosinee and looked over the situation his naturally active mind saw that it was the place for him to make a start and gain the confidence of the business world. It has been wholly through his own effort and untiring diligence in attending to his own business that has enabled him to reach the position he has attained in the business life of this section of the country. He was not very long in Mosinee before he found that the place held many beautiful and attractive young ladies, but being rather inclined to weigh matters carefully where the opposite sex was concerned, he bided his time. Before making much of a demonstration in regard to his choice of the fair damsels, in this, as in all his business ventures, he showed his wisdom and fine judgment. At last one of the choicest prizes in the lottery was fixed upon and secured. Mr. Paronto is a very pleasant person to chat with and enjoys a joke at all times. His political affiliations is with the republican party. As a family they attend the Episcopal church.

Adolph Knoedler.

Adolph Knoedler, son of Jacob and Rosa (Egnder) Knoedler, was born in Gmund, Wirttenberg, Germany, June 15th, 1861. He learned the harness and saddle maker's trade in his native country. Being ambitious to make use of his skill and knowledge in securing at least a moderate degree of wealth, he decided to leave Germany and come to the United States, and he accordingly in 1880 left the home of his parents and embarked for the western continent. On his arrival in America, his first location was at Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he secured a position as a journeyman at his trade, in which situation he remained for two years. In 1882 he left Fort Dodge, and journied to Madison, Wisconsin, where he found employment at his trade, and remained there about one year. He then returned to Iowa, and at Fonda engaged in his business for nearly three years, and while at that place he became acquainted with Miss Mary Alice Keefe of Halder, Wisconsin. The acquaintance soon ripened into the sentimental stage, which developed into the more tender feeling of love,



ADOLPH KNOEDLER.

and on May 10th, 1886, they were married at Fonda, Iowa, where they remained until September 1887, when he moved with his family to Dubuque. He remained there until 1888, then came with his family to Mosinee, Wisconsin, stopped for about six months, and then moved to Wausau, where he engaged in business for four years, returning to Mosinee the first of October 1892, where he located himself, opened a shop of his own, and commenced the general business of his particular trade. Three children have been born to them; Daisy Mary, was born June 10th, 1887, Jacob, born August 9th, 1888, and William H., born September 17th, 1890. Mr. Knoedler's mother is still alive, and is eighty-five years of age, and continues to live in her native country, Germany.

Mr. Knoedler is a fine specimen of physical manhood as you would wish to behold. He is rather above the average in height, well built, not overburdened with flesh, dark complexioned, very dark hair and eyes, with just the merest suggestion of a twinkle, and the heaviest mustache of any man in the village. If it were on an unmarried man, the unmarried ladies would pronounce it just the loveliest and most killing mustache

in the country, but as he is a married man, they refrain from bestowing upon him any of the delight they would express under other circumstances. He is very industrious and always busily employed at his business, can always be found right where he is expected to be, and is always cheerful and pleasent to converse with. He is a substantial citizen, an honest, straightforward man. He strictly attends to his own business, of which he always has plenty to look after. Mr. Knoedler has by his untiring industry, built for himself a lucrative business. Many times he has conquered adverse circumstances, in which he has found himself surrounded, and came out victorious. He faces adverse conditions with the courage of a lion. In politics he is a republican. The family attend the Catholic church.

Harris B. Hanowitz.

H. Hanowitz.

Harris Hanowitz was born in New Jersey in 1884, where he finished his education at the Spencerian college After leaving college he took a situation with the Wisconsin Telephone Company, in whose employ he remained for some time. Leaving that position he became the junior partner in the firm of J. Hanowitz & Son. He came to Mosinee with the firm in 1903, when it transferred its business to this place. Mr. Hanowitz is a young man, very energetic and fully alive to the interests of the firm of which he is a member. He is affable and a pleasant man to do business with, and is always at his desk or looking after the interests of their customers. He likes a little recreation, as most young men do, only he is always dignified in whatever company he may be in. He is thoroughly temperate and his character is without a blemish, and is a favorite among the ladies. He is an influential member of the fraternal order of Free Masons. His political sympathies are with the Republican party, yet he allows that there are some good men on the other ticket.

W. A. Von Berg.

Walter A. Von Berg, son of A. Von Berg, was born March 24th, 1880, near Fox Lake, Dodge county, Wisconsin, and lived with his father on a farm, where he worked and attended the common school of the neighborhood until of sufficient age, when he finished his education in the high school at Fox Lake. He then obtained the situation as assistant cashier of the bank in Fox Lake, which position he retained until coming to Mosinee, December 1904, to take the position of cashier of the state bank of Mosinee, and become one of the citizens of this beautiful village. He is a young man free from any entanglements, as well as the joys and blessings of those who have the responsibilities of married life. Mr. Von Berg is of good height and of commanding presence, dignified in all his movements. His blue eyes have just that peculiar shade and twinkle which the unmarried ladies go nearly distracted over, but as yet they have not been able with all their charms and sweetness to capture. Mr. Von Berg is very much in earnest with his work, of which he has his full share to ac-

WALTER A. VON BERG.

complish. He is very companionable, and is of that jovial disposition that it is a pleasure to be in his society. Mr. Von Berg is an honored member of the Mosinee gun club, which fact indicates the high esteem in which he is held by the elite of which this special club is composed. As a workman he stands on the upper round of the ladder. He sometimes goes out with dog and gun and returns heavily laden, ofttimes with grief. Just now he is associated with the grand chorus of Mosinee. He is a republican, and attends the Methodist church.

Harvey Friday.

A very thrilling incident occurred on the 5th day of October, 1901, which is now fresh in the minds of all the people of Mosinee. The water in the Wisconsin river rose to a fearful flood in consequence of the heavy rains that prevailed for many days. It was feared that great damage would result from its frightful ravages. The bridge across the river was condemned as unsafe for travel, and the booms of the Dessert Lumber Company were in great danger of being swept away, and an army of men was sent to take them into a place of safety. Having dropped all the pieces of booms where they could be stored out of harm's way, excepting one piece at the lower end of the string, which occupied a position parallel to the current of the water. The men that were on this last string must be brought from it in a boat. I think there were six men. There was a cable stretched from this piece of boom across to the boom fastened to the shore. The space from boom to boom was fifty or sixty feet of very swiftly rushing water, probably twelve feet deep. The boat was sent across to take the men off. The men all were taken into the boat, which loaded it very nearly to the water's surface. It started for the shore, but proved to be so heavily laden as to make it impossible to control in the swift current. Consequently it drifted down stream, until it

came in contact broadside against the cable, when like a flash it was overturned, and all the men were in the grip of the flood. As the boat came up two men were clinging to it, but soon one of them lost his hold and went down. His name was Joseph Monica. His body was recovered eleven days afterwards, floating one mile below the falls. The other man that clung to the boat held his grip until it floated near the last pier above the dam. It was close enough for the man to catch onto the pier and draw himself up onto it. The rest of the men were saved by the men on the shore boom with their pike poles, yet some of them came very near being lost. And how is it with the man on the pier? The water now is raising very fast, and is within two feet of the top, and raising six inches an hour, and fully three hundred feet from the end of the boom and across the current. At that the all important question was, how are they to reach him and bring him to safety. The boat was gone and not another one to be found. A telephone message was sent to Mr. A. Gunther at Knowlton, stating the situation and requesting him to send up his boat with as much dispatch as possible. Meanwhile every effort was put forth to save the man on the pier. Upward climbs the water inch by inch, until only about ten inches of the pier shows above water. The whole of the inhabitants of Mosinee are out,

and standing awe struck at the awful situation of Harvey Friday. Will the pier give way or do you think he can be released before it is covered with the raising flood, are remarks heard almost in a whisper, so tense were the feelings of the multitude assembled. What are they doing now? Just look they are letting a string of booms slowly drop down with three strong men with pike poles on the lower end. As soon as it is dropped as low down as they dare, the men with the poles try to swing the boom, so as to get as near as possible, but the current is too strong for them. Effort after effort is made, but nothing is accomplished. Still up creeps the water until only a few inches of the pier is in sight. At this point Friday says throw me a pike hole. This is done, he catches it as it floats close to the pier. Throw me a line says he, and a line is thrown several times before he is successful in reaching it. He gets the end and puts it around the top timber, draws it as snug as he can, then plunges into the dreadful flood, grasps the line, and hand over hand crawls to the boom amid the thunderous applause of all Mosinee assembled. Just at this time Mr. Gunther makes his appearance on the scene with his boat, having made the drive from Knowlton to Mosinee in half an hour, a distance of six miles.

I think this is about all the incidents worthy of record in connection with Little Bull Falls.