

had several popular pairs among them was the team, Nell and Flora.

There were Tom Anderson's gallant greys, Big Brown Colonel, company owned and driven by Henry Peck; old John and his mate driven by Jake Stout, Patsy and Joe, dark browns piloted by Harry Chapman; two brown bay mares owned by Chas. Morean; Mag and Pete, farm team belonging to Chas. Haas; Old Dell and her daughter Flora owned by Johnny Jackson and Dick and Kate, old worn out cart horses.

Then there was a vast equine army which constituted the only motive power for loads. These loads often exceeded four tons, loaded on iron tired wagons of one ton weight and drawn through mud hub deep or dust twelve to eighteen inches deep. It required a good honest twelve hours work to travel twenty miles. The draft horses usually were victims of raw swollen shoulders and stocked legs caused by mud fever, conditions which today would make an S. P. C. A. member weep.

No one could forget the three, four mule teams that hauled leather and hides for twenty miles, to and from the railroad, making four trips each week. All of us living in Hills-grove at that time will recall the many hardy men who so skilfully guided those great wagons over miles of corduroy roads—made of round timbers eight feet long and laid side by side causing a succession of bumps and jerks for mules and drivers.

We will picture these drivers on the steep mountain road with the four wheel brakes set and the mules setting back in the breeching, as only these mules could, easing the load of three tons of springy, slippery leather down a mountain road at a twenty per cent grade, around the "Devil's Bend" with safety for driver and load. This was a perilous occupation, but of many veterans with years of this pleasant pastime to their credit there is recorded but one fatality, that of Jack Murphy, who was killed in a fall in 1883. Some of the best known of these daring men were: Luke Brass, formerly a canal man,

Geo. Jenkins, Toby Cawley, Socker Sam McBride, Steven Harrison, Bill Frace, Milt McClintock, Ed. Hoffman with Elmer Kresge and Miles Jenkins who were victims in the same week of the dread malady, anthrax, constant peril to teamsters and tanners who handled the dry South American hides.

Hauling bark and skidding logs also had thrills for the drivers of the teams. It was an arduous task to bring a load of bark, snubbed with a four hundred foot rope down a mountain side, which was almost perpendicular in places when the rope played around a hemlock stump and checked the mad career of load and team with a sudden jerk that would about snap a driver's head off or at least loosen his back teeth.

Insurance Companies had little desire to write policies on men doing this kind of work. The woods were full of fool-killers, rotten or broken limbs of trees liable to fall with crushing force without warning, on men and horses. The streams held dangers from floating logs to trip a team and bring to the rider a ducking or worse.

A brighter side of the horse picture was the faithful livery horse, whose wise self-driving with lines wrapped around the whip socket, was the first cause of launching many a sweet girl and bashful beaux on the troubled sea of matrimony. In the horse and buggy days, men were men and women were glad of it and no one found it necessary to park in order to spark, they just left matters up to the horse entirely. By the same token the Harrison livery maintained a lot of wise and considerate horses.

There was the family horse and the horse and two wheeled gig owned by the older boys in the family or by the farmers who were usually dubbed by his small town cousins, "buck-wheaters".

A fine parade of these pleasure horses are kicking and pawing to come out and roll, and otherwise make their presence "smelt" on this page. We see among them the following: "Old Kit Darby" and her mate, dandy chestnut sorrels, that