

perance house, the town was dry for twelve years.

John Scouton of Dushore bought the Sadler House, Old Hill Home enlarged into a boarding house by Mrs. Anna Sadler, in 1891 and Jas. H. Keefe opened the first licensed hotel which proved to be a mint for this big hearted friend of everybody, Jim Keefe, came to Hillsgrove broke, loaned every one who ever asked him for money, paid his debts created in a losing venture and in eight years sold out to Joe Helsman of Bernice. He made his fortune in four years, selling out to Ham Biddle, who in turn sold out to Jim Tompkins, he sold Casemans and they sold to Welshons who was hit by the general depression and was left with practically a worthless property on his hands.

The Hillsgrove hotel was first run by its builder as a temperance house. It was taken over by his son Geo. Biddle in 1881, then Geo. Snyder of Forksville had it for one year and Elmer Mecum tried it for two years.

Richard and S. A. McBride occupied the house for eight years conducting one of the best stopping places in that section of the state, it became so popular that commercial travelers would drive many miles to spend the night there. Geo. Walker secured a license for this house in 1897, later selling out to Sam Smithgall and Lloyd Sick who found the experience a losing venture.

The hotel has been conducted the last few years by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Walker and has sustained the reputation of its existence in the past as a model home for travelers.

Telling the story of the inns, some one suggests we tell the story of the "Pigs-Ears" and "Bootleggers" of the Gay Nineties. We admit we had 'em.

#### LOST SCENARIOS (By Harry H. Greene)

These scenarios, lost to the later development of moving picture enterprises, live in the minds and lives of men and women making the mechanically prepared thrills by trick actors with camera planned

leaps for life and other death defying stunts appear mediocre for here are actual experiences by real people in their honest efforts to earn a living from the forest, defying the elements, however appalling the strength and fierceness of the sieges.

One could hardly expect the modern movie fan to be touched by these word pictures but there are men who will live again the bright days of youth and read between the lines experiences not recorded and seldom mentioned in which they were the heroes.

The day is keen and cold, the frost crystals and the snow covered fields and mountain sides sparkle with countless gems in the sunlight. The stinging missiles of ice are driven by strong northwest winds into frost bitten faces of teamsters as they race behind their faithful teams and when the trail of logs has stopped from failure to gain the expected momentum necessary to cross the level to land the logs in the Sock, the teamster pounds the grab hooks attached to fifty foot tow ropes into the logs. Perhaps, by chance a change of wind or fatigue from long hours of work on the slide has dimmed the perceptive powers of the teamster and he does not hear or heed the long drawn out clarion call A-L-L R-I-G-H-T-I! sounded by the trailer a half mile farther up the trail as he pushes his train of logs butted end to end over the higher level and starts their mad career down the grade thus telescoping the trail of logs the worker and his intelligent animals are trying to move out of the way.

The instinct of self preservation or a more acute sense of hearing warns the horses of danger and instead of squaring themselves for the steady pull necessary to start the train, they turn in the trail and dash past the startled driver who throws the lines into the air and hurls himself behind a stump; the team jerking the grab hooks loose from the butt log and galloping up the trail to a place of safety to await the arrival of the driver.

The trails collide with a splintering explosion and hurl the logs into the air causing a wreck that will