

Dwight Star and Herald

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1914.

We hope 1914 will be one continual round of prosperity for each and everyone of our readers.

If the farmers and protectionists of the country act together in 1914 they can win congressmen all along the line.

One newspaper says that "experience is the best teacher," and then says there are lots of bigamists. Can they get by with it?

The Paris Beacon says that "some squash nosed scientist" says the male mosquito does the singing but not the biting. Ish ca bibble, just now.

A large majority of farmers now appreciate the fact that there where roads are improved land is more valu-

able and the occupants more prosperous.

The government has appropriated \$100,000 for the Postmaster General to buy and operate a couple or more mail cars. This will be a test of the government ownership scheme, probably.

The Democratic tariff has been in operation about three months, but the promised reduction in the cost of living is still unaccountably delayed. Foreign goods are ready enough to come here but the makers want American prices for them and the duty which formerly went to the government now goes into the pockets of the importers. It is the American wage earner who is frozen out and impoverished by this policy and history is merely repeating itself with infallible accuracy.

Peoria Star: Chicago wants a constitutional convention by which Cook county will be taken out of the control of the legislature. By all means! Chicago ought to be a state by itself. So ought New York. Each one contains about as much population as the whole thirteen colonies possessed at the outbreak of the revolution. Their interests are directly opposed to the states in which they are situated. The constant clash between the municipal authorities and the state authorities leads to all sorts of graft, corruption, confusion and disturbance.

DeKalb county is practically free from debt and it is suggested that the county issue bonds in sufficient amount to build a central cement road the entire length of the county and then construct laterals through the various tiers of townships connecting the town with the backbone road through the county. DeKalb is one of the finest of the many fine counties in Illinois. It is ahead of any other county in the state in its high class roads and if it constructs the concrete road it has in view, will be the best road county in the United States.—Harvard Herald.

Jacksonville Courier: Sullivan has been and doubtless is a political boss, or he could not have accomplished what he has in the way of mastering the machinery and putting over" his candidates and controlling the party. But there are bosses here and there and everywhere. Of course our boss is a great and good man, while your boss is all but a pirate and outlaw. It depends upon the point of view. We are not legging for Sullivan, the boss who has done things. No more are we pulling for some other boss who may not have developed as has

the Chicago gas magnate and biscuit shooter. The whole thing is interesting and it would not be overly strange should Sullivan develop surprising strength in a popular primary.

VALUE OF AUTOMOBILES.

The registration of automobiles shows a grand total for the whole country of \$1,229,530. Estimating the average value of the machines at one thousand dollars each the total investment is \$1,229,530,000. If each machine were assessed ten dollars for purposes of road construction it would give the sum of \$12,295,300—a sum sufficient to build more than 1,200 miles of hard road at an expenditure of ten thousand dollars per mile.

The owners of cars by combining might of themselves contribute enough in a year or two to construct a highway across the continent from east to west and leave to the states and local authorities the work of constructing laterals leading to this thoroughfare. Such a scheme may look extravagant, but for that matter the growth of the automobile industry has been extravagant. It has baffled calculation and so may road construction as an adjunct of the machine witness amazing results in the future.

RECALLS SEVERE WINTER OF 1836.

The following is a clipping from the Morris Herald and tells of the storms of early days, especially the winter of 1836. The sketch is by A. R. Newport and purports to be a story of that winter printed several years ago:

"I have always noticed," said an octogenarian resident of this section, "that when early December is mild and fair we're sure to have old Boreas howling about our ears, sharp and sudden, toward the latter part of the month. But I never knew him to come down and show his teeth quite so terribly at the end of a mild December as he used to on the Illinois prairies in the pioneer days. I was an Illinois pioneer. My folks settled in a piece of timber in McLean county, known as Keg Grove. The grove got its name from the circumstance of its having been traded to a white man by its Indian owners for a keg of whiskey. The city of Bloomington occupies the site of Keg Grove now. We settled there in 1829. There were only 40,000 people in the whole state of Illinois then. Neighbors were few and far between about Keg Grove.

"The fall and early winter of 1830 were very dry and mild. Late in December, and with very little warning, snow began falling. It didn't fall either. It tumbled. It came down in regular ready-made snow-banks, and continued without a moment's let-up for two days and nights. You may

have some idea of how deep the snow fell when I tell you that when it went away in the spring the stumps of trees that had been cut for firewood, as the choppers stood on the snow during the winter, were seven feet high, that being as low down as the choppers could get at the trees. In going to a neighbor's I drove over the top of their orchard trees and did not know it. It was a fortunate thing that the corn crop had been good that year, for many families were so blockaded by the snow that they could not get out of their homes. They would have starved to death, but they lived on corn, which they pounded into coarse meal or hominy, and that was so generally the case that the winter was ever afterward known to the pioneers as the Hominy Winter.

"Deer, wolves and wild turkeys were more plentiful than domestic animals and fowls in McLean county then. Deer grew so bold from hunger during that deep snow that when they heard men chopping down trees they would come up and eat the branches as the trees fell. Hundreds of deer were caught in this way, and the wolves killed hundreds more. One settler named Cowan caught nineteen deer, penned them up and fattened them on corn. Wild turkeys hovered about the cabins, and I fed scores of them out of the window of our house. We had a drove of twenty-five hogs covered by the deep snow, and they remained beneath it six weeks, in a space not more than thirty feet across. When we found them there were only twelve of the drove left, and they were as fat as fat could be. They had feasted on the other thirteen. So many deer were crowded into a piece of timber known as Buckle's Grove that they killed every tree in the grove by girdling to get the bark to eat. Cattle died by the score during the six weeks that snow lay on the ground, because no one could get to them to dig them out and care for them.

"There was heavy frost every month in the year after that deep snow. Corn couldn't ripen, and there wasn't enough gathered for seed to plant the next season. There wasn't a bushel of seed corn to be had nearer than Ohio in 1832. It cost \$3 a bushel. John Duffy came in that year with a few bushels of small yellow corn from Pennsylvania. That was planted. It matured early, and some people out there raise Duffy corn yet.

"But in December, 1836, the prairie pioneers got some weather that made them quit dating things from the winter of the deep snow. The month had been warm and moist. Everything was slush and slop and mud. Young Ben Cox's father had been in Chicago with a drove of hogs, and he brought

Ben a pair of skates. There wasn't another pair in all that part of the state. But there was no ice, and young Ben got desperate because he couldn't use his new skates. One day he was so mad that he yelled out: "I wish to the Lord it'd get so cold that things'd freeze before they knew it!"

"I don't suppose that what followed was owing to Ben's wish, but when he made it the rain was falling and the thermometer stood at forty degrees above zero. Suddenly the wind began to blow a gale. It came out of the northwest, and no wind that ever swept over those prairies, before or since, came so near being a blast from the North Pole as that one was. Almost instantly the mercury dropped from forty degrees above to twenty below zero, and the falling rain was turned at once to pellets and barbs of ice. The damp air froze so quickly that it became one great cloud of flying frost.

"This polar blast swept down upon us at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. John Dawson was on his way from Williams' mill, six miles down Salt Creek. He had gone half a mile from the mill when he heard a roar like thunder. The noise was behind him. Looking around he saw the storm coming and the rain freezing before it. When it struck him he turned to go back to the mill. Before his horse was headed about Dawson was frozen fast in the saddle. The slush had been more than fetlock deep. By the time Dawson had urged his horse around a hundred yards the slush had frozen so it bore the horse's weight, and it was with great difficulty that Dawson got back to the mill, the water in the road having become such a glare of ice that his horse could scarcely make his way over it.

"Fowls that were out on the soft ground when this unheard of change of weather came were frozen fast where they stood. Cows froze in their tracks. Our folks had three hogs frozen to death while they were hurrying from their feeding places to their pen, less than 300 yards away. Squire Buck was riding home in the rain when the freezing windstorm met him. He had on a big overcoat, which was unbuttoned. It was wet from the rain. The wind glew it open and spread each side out from the squire's body like a big wing and froze it in that position as stiff as iron. The squire was frozen fast in his saddle, and when he reached home, nearer dead than alive, his overcoat had to be chopped off before he could get through the door of his house.

"John Lapham had forded the Mill-creek and his horse slipped off a ledge of ice at the edge of the stream and

got in the mud between the shore and the ice. At that moment the cold wave rushed upon them. Lapham jumped from his horse to assist it in getting free from the mud and ice but the horse was frozen fast there before it recovered sufficiently to move and Lapham had to abandon it to its fate, succeeding with great difficulty himself in reaching a house only half a mile away.

"George McHildreth and Samuel Pike were on their way home from the east, where they had been with a drove of cattle. They were on horseback. When they were near the Little Vermillion Creek they ran against the roaring storm. There was a flood in the stream, and it was full of running ice. On the opposite bank was a hose, but there was none nearer than twelve miles east of the creek. It was impossible to cross the stream, and McHildreth and his companion turned their horses toward a grove half a mile away. They reached the grove, but it gave them little protection from the terrible weather. Pike said that the only way they could keep from freezing was to kill their horses, cut them open and crawl inside their bodies. McHildreth agreed with him, and made an effort to cut his horse's throat, but the horses jerked away from him, and galloped back toward the creek. Pike succeeded in killing his horse, and McHildreth followed his with the hope of catching it. He came up with it at the creek, which had frozen solidly from shore to shore in the short time since they had left it. McHildreth crossed on the ice and his horse followed him. He found shelter at the house for himself and horse. After recovering from the effects of his bitter experience he and the man who lived in the house went back to rescue Pike. They found him inside the dead horse frozen to death.

"That cold snap lasted six weeks and was a spell of weather that made folks shudder whenever they thought of it, even in summer time, for many a year afterward."

Had the Last Word.

Two ladies, during a friendly meeting on the street, got to quarreling about their ages, and used very strong language toward each other. At last, as if to end the dispute, one of them turned away and said in a very conciliatory tone of voice: "Let us not quarrel over the matter any more. I, at least, have not the heart to do it. I never knew who my mother was; she deserted me when a baby, and who knows but that you may have been the heartless parent?"

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