

TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

The following is the list of subscribers of the Rensselaer Telephone System as corrected up to January 1, 1893. The switch boards are now all full but a new one will soon be added, and it is expected that by the fifth of July next, (the end of the first year's business,) there will be 200 instruments in use. The telephone system of Rensselaer and connecting points is spoken of under another heading.

THE PINKAMINK DRAINAGE.

One of the most important features of the industries of Jasper county is the work which has been in progress for the last three and a half years, in the north eastern portion of the county, known as the "Pinkamink marsh" or the basin of the Pinkamink river. This tract of land embraces about 60,000 acres and was probably one half subject to overflow, while much of the remainder was inaccessible by reason of the adjacent marshes. In the summer of 1891 Benjamin J. Gifford of Kankakee, a man of some wealth, and energy and administrative ability, visited the city of Rensselaer, making inquiries touching the swamp lands of Jasper county. He was unknown in this city. He had been informed that there was a large body of land in the north eastern portion of the county "that had no value except to trade to some one who had never seen it" owned or controlled mainly by Thompson Brothers. He called on Simon P. Thompson but found that gentleman engaged in giving directions to an Engineer "who was about to make a survey of the Wakarusha" and therefore "could not see him." Mr. Gifford said he was in no hurry and would wait.

The next day Thompson Bros. offered to show him the Pinkamink marsh, but he said "no," he only wanted their "price and a plot of the lands", he did not "wish to put them to so much trouble."

He drove around the marsh and through it (where he could) and observing burr oak and shell bark hickory growing on the east, west and south and "nigger heads" or boulders scattered around promiscuously. He at once began to consider the question of drainage. He observed that the natural outlet was through the Pinkamink river over a very circuitous route and a ledge of rock for several miles; that the distance could be reduced one half and the rock avoided by making a new outlet, through the Helvis ditch with very little work. Keeping his own counsel he began the purchase of the Haddock marsh and the Helvis marsh, in a way that led many people to believe that he was but an agent in disguise for the Standard Oil Company, which had for some time previously been prospecting in these regions for oil. This he denied but such denials only confirmed the suspicions of some people.

In May 1892 he started his first steam (dumb) dredge at Boston's bridge. This was followed by another like dredge in October same year, in the "Buckhorn branch;" the former dredge sprung a leak and sunk in March 1894 and was permanently laid off; the latter is still at work. These dredges were operated night and day and each employed about twenty men. They have now constructed about sixty (60) miles of dredge ditch and supplemental to this work has been constructed many miles of small laterals, both open and tiled. On the land was found considerable timber, and saw mills were started in the fall of 1892 and from one to four have been running since and have made over two million feet of lumber, which has been utilized in houses, barns, corn cribs, bridges, etc. The tops of trees have been utilized for fuel to run the dredge boats, which have consumed over 10,000 cords. The "nigger heads" have been utilized for foundations to buildings. The building of houses was commenced in 1893, and as high as twelve gangs of carpenters have been employed at one time. 110 houses have now been built or are under construction and a like number of barns. We give a view of a standard house and barn elsewhere.

These houses are main part, 16x30; wing 16x16, both parts 16 feet high. Divided (below) into living room 16x15, kitchen 16x16, bed room 15x9, pantry 15x4½; stairway with closet underneath, off bed room. Second story two bed rooms 16x16 each, and one 9x12. Closets and hall, stairway and all lower rooms wainscotted three and a half feet high, balance lath and plaster. These houses are covered with sheathing and lapping and painted (two coats) white. The barns are 28x40, fourteen feet posts; capacity, 16 horses and feed bin for four hundred bushels and mow for 25 tons of hay.

At each of these building sites will be found a rock well from which can be obtained a drink of white sulphur water, cold, clear and pure. And which is believed to be very healthy. As there has been practically no sickness among this entire population now numbering over 600 and are passing through the fourth year. These wells average about one hundred feet deep and from one to four gangs are kept constantly at work in their construction.

This land bids fair to become one of the finest agricultural regions in the state. Results so far have been as follows: 1893, crop oats 500 bushels, corn 3000 bushels; 1894, crop oats 2,000 bushels, corn 20,000 bushels; 1895 crop oats 10,000 bushels, corn 100,000 bushels.

A few farms were started in 1893, which numbered 20 in 1894 and 60 in

1895, while 110 are ready for 1896. Nearly all of which are rented, on terms mainly for 1½ of grain but, where land is near railroad the rent is 2-5 of grain.

The tenants on this tract of land are mainly from Boone county, Ind., and are a class of people of which Jasper county may well feel proud. As a rule these people are poor, but seem to be sober, honest and very industrious. One may visit this region of country any day and find little or no loafing, but all at work doing something. Wagons may be heard on the road as early as half past five o'clock in the morning, and as late as nine o'clock at night, while the drage boat whistle marks the time the remainder of the night. All seem to know their work, there is no confusion, no wrangling or contentions, and crime is uncommon, and law so little used that one justice of the peace (Esquire Abbott) serves the three large townships of Gilman, Walker and Barkley, and he has so little to do as to be hardly familiar with the ordinary forms of legal proceedings, but devotes more of his time to the study of and expounding of biblical questions than to the acts of the legislature. Recently a gentleman traveled twenty miles before he could find any one who could direct him to a justice of the peace. He wanted to acknowledge a deed.

These Boone county people all seem to be friends to Mr. Gifford and he seems to be to them (using their language) "the best friend on earth." He says give him small army like these and a few dredge boats to serve as "heavy artillery," and he can build up an empire greater than "Caesar's". And it would seem possible. His holding now in real estate is over 30,000 acres, and negotiations are pending touching large additions. His dredge boats are now in position where it can break into the Kankakee marsh containing its million acres of swamp land almost any day without

as her mamma and sister set the breakfast on the table. Freddie had been restored to good humor, and everybody seemed happy as they gathered around the first morning meal of the new year. Bright faces, merry voices and good wishes made it a charming family group.

Dora and Agnes cleared the table when the meal was finished, for there was no servant in the house, and the two sisters helped much with the work, that mamma might get more time to sew.

"Shall I wash or wipe the dishes?" asked Dora.

"Oh, I'll wash them, and you can wipe them," said Agnes, "for you'd rather, and I don't care."

"Well, then I'm going up-stairs to write out my New Year's resolutions; I'll be down by the time you have the dishes ready to rinse," and Dora ran up to her room.

Dora spoiled several sheets of paper before she had her resolutions written to suit her. Finally, she read them over with a certain degree of pride:

New Year's Resolutions
of
Dora Buckingham Prescott.



"I will get up early in the morning and help mamma with the breakfast.
I will go to bed at night without



Hon. Robert Parker, Banker, Remington, Ind. See sketch.

going out of the water. And his recent purchases in that direction may have some significance.

He believes that you can help the poor man more by giving him a home and employment at fair wages, and a little direction (where necessary) than you can by founding any number of charitable institutions, churches or colleges which require the abandonment of manhood before aid is given. And his only regret is that he did not commence this good work sooner or had more years left in which to work for the prosperity of his much loved tenants, friends and their children, who show themselves to be worthy of consideration. And hopes that every industrious poor man now on his farm, will some day have a farm of his own, the rich fruit of his own industrious efforts, and would be glad to be permitted to see such day.

DORA'S RESOLUTIONS.



WISH YOU A HAPPY

NEW YEAR!" called

Dora, from her pillow,

to her sister Agnes, who stood

before the dressing-table, brushing

her curls. "What

makes you get up

so early? It isn't

breakfast time yet.

It is so warm and

cozy here in bed, I'm going to lie here and think up lots of good resolutions for the new year. Then I can write them out after breakfast. Why don't you make some resolutions, Agnes?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought about it," replied the little girl. "I have been hurrying to get dressed, for I was afraid mamma would want me; Freddie has been crying all the morning."

"Fred is such a cry-baby!" returned Dora. "Well, perhaps I'd better get up, seeing you are all ready to go down. Tell mamma I am coming right away," and she crawled out of bed as Agnes closed the door.

Dora reached the dining-room just

making a russ about it."

"I will dress Freddie every morning.

"I will take my turn at washing the dishes, even though I like better to wipe them."

"I will dust the parlor every day, and not leave it for Agnes."

"I will not forget to make the beds when it comes my week."

"I will take care of my bird every morning."

"I will amuse Freddie, and not be cross to him once this year."

"I will sew on my buttons without being told."

"I will not let Agnes do my share of the work, just because she is obliging."

"I will always be pleasant to everybody!"

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"Dora, mamma wants you."

"Oh, don't come bothering me now, Aggie!"

"Mamma wants you to see to Freddie."

"Oh, dear! Why can't you?"

"I've got to go down to the post-office."

"Oh! Why, have you finished the dishes?"

"All done," said Agnes, with a little smile that had not a mite of superiority in it.

"But I meant to come and wipe them," said Dora, with a flush.

"Never mind," said Agnes, "I knew you were busy."

Dora followed her sister down-stairs, thinking she would put the rooms in order and feed the canary before Agnes returned. But to her surprise, the parlor and sitting-room were dusted. Dick was eating fresh seed with great relish, and it was 10 o'clock. How long a time she had spent over those resolutions!

After making Baby Fred happy with a big block house, Dora slipped upstairs and brought down her paper of "New Year's Resolutions" and quietly laid it on the parlor fire.

"I'll keep my eyes and ears open, as

Aggie does, and do everything I see

that needs to be done, and try to be as pleasant as she is. That will be better than writing out a thousand resolutions!"

IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AMID ICE AND SNOW.

How the Members of the Peary Expedition Passed the Day—Teaching the Eskimo American Manners—Lofting to Quilt the Dinner Table.

RS. PEARY, who spent so many tedious months with his husband in the Arctic regions, was determined that the holidays should not pass her by unnoticed; and so, though she was living in the most primitive fashion, with a frozen world all about her, she made hearty though simple preparation for festivity.

They spent, she says, a day in decorating the interior of their Arctic home for the Christmas and New Year festivities. In the larger of the two rooms the ceiling was draped with red mosquito netting. Wire candelabra and candleholders were placed in all the corners and along the walls. Two large United States flags were crossed at one end of the room, and a silk sledge flag was put up on the opposite corner.

I gave the boys new cretonne for curtains for their bunks, and we decorated the photographs of our dear ones at home with red, white and blue ribbons. We spent the evening in playing games and chatting, and at midnight Mr. Peary and I retired to our room to open some letters, boxes and parcels given us by kind friends, and marked: "To be opened Christmas eve at midnight."

On Christmas day we had what we considered the jolliest Christmas dinner ever eaten in the Arctic regions, and then we invited our faithful natives to a dinner cooked by us and served at our table, with our dishes. I thought it would be as much fun for us to see them eat with knife, fork and spoon as it would be for them to do it.

After our meal had been cleared away, the table was set again, and the Eskimos were called in. We had nicknames for all of them, and it was the "Villain" who was put at the head of the table, and told he must serve the company just as he had seen Mr. Peary serve us.

The "Daisy" took my place at the foot of the table, and her duty was to pour the tea. The "Young Husband" and "Misfortune" sat on one side, while "Tiresome" and the "White Man" sat opposite.

It was amusing to see these queer-looking creatures, dressed entirely in the skins of animals, seated at the table, and trying to act like civilized people. Both the Villain and the Daisy did their parts well.

One incident was especially funny. The White Man, seeing a nice-looking piece of meat in the stew, reached across the table and endeavored to pick



"It was amusing to see these queer-looking creatures."

it out of the dish with his fork. He was immediately reproved by the Villain, who made him pass his mess pan to him, and then helped him to what he thought he ought to have, reserving, however, the choice piece for himself.

They chattered and laughed and seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Both women had their babies in the hoods on their backs, but this did not hinder them in the least. Although at times the noise was great the little ones slept through it all. The Daisy watched the cups very carefully, and as soon as she spied an empty one, she would say:

"Etudo cafee? Nahme? Cafee peeku?"

"More coffee? No? The coffee is good."

Finally at ten o'clock the big lamp was put out, and we told them it was time to go to sleep, and that they must go home, which they reluctantly did.

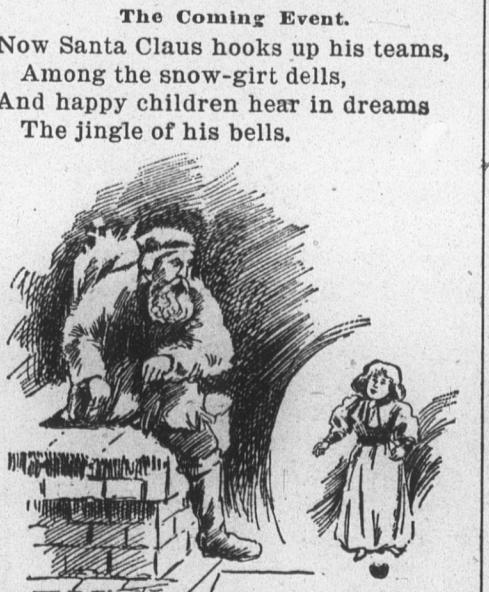
The Coming Event.

Now Santa Claus hooks up his teams,

Among the snow-girls, de-

And happy children hear in dreams

The jingle of his bells.



They watch the lofty chimney tops
With eyes of eager youth,
And seldom 'tis a young one drops
To what is really truth.

The only wholesome bread for us is
that we take from God's hand as his
gift.

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

How an Old Tar Came Near Being Cooked For Dinner.

"I never think of Christmas turkeys without remembering the time I come near to being the turkey myself," said an aged sailor to the group of seamen who surrounded him as he sat upon the end of an old spar on South street, New York.

The ancient mariner's name was Jack Brown, and as he had followed the sea as man and boy for over 50 years and had cruised in every part of the world the group listened in respectful silence, well knowing that when old Jack Brown started to spin a yarn it was sure to be well worth hearing.

"It was away back in 1840, and I was little more than a youngster then—only about 18. I had bunked aboard the Jolly Rover, but, mates, she didn't prove to be what her name indicated. We left this port for Melbourne, weathered Cape Horn as safe from Davy Jones' locker as a mountain a mile inland, and all was smooth going until we were a week's sail into the south Pacific. Then a storm struck us that sent us scudding along under bare poles like a Mother Carey's chicken afloat in a cyclone.

"I've run afire many a gale, mates, but that hurricane could give points to any of 'em. One minute the Jolly Rover would plunge out of sight into a big wave, and the next she would seem to be perched like the ark on a Mount Ararat of water. The gale blew nearly all night without a moment's pause. All we could do was to let her run. Suddenly she struck with a shock that made every timber creak. I was below, but I rushed on deck, expecting the ship would go down. An instant later a big wave came over the rail, washed me overboard and swamped me on and on. I kept my head above water part of the time, every moment expecting to be dashed again the rocks. To my joy, I was washed up on a sandy beach. Luckily I had strength enough left to get up and run inland a few feet before the next wave caught me."

"Day was just breakin', and as I looked around I saw Captian Stout, Second Mate Bill Fry and Jim English crawl out of a big wave and helped 'em up on the beach.

"Look!" yells Fry, shakin' the water from his eyes. "There she goes!"

"As we glanced in the direction of the Jolly Rover she staggered like some gigan-