

# THE NEWS-HERALD.

Auditor High

ESTABLISHED 1837.

HILLSBORO, HIGHLAND CO., O., THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1887.

VOL. 51—NO. 11

## TWO-THIRDS ASLEEP,

### And Two Generations Too Previous.

### A Few Wild Plunges Into the Dazzling Dimness of the Future.

### Some Very Remarkable Visions Instantaneously Photographed in the Land of Dreams by the News-Herald's Special Artist.

It was the queerest place I ever saw. I seemed to have dropped down out of nowhere into somewhere, and I pinched myself right hard to make sure the whole scene wasn't a delusion and a snare. I didn't seem to have any business there. I was evidently on a suburban avenue, beautifully paved, and built up on the side opposite me with splendid marble houses. In front of most of these lay shady, spacious lawns from which the sharp click of croquet balls and the merry laughter of players reached my ears. Behind the pretty stone wall by which I stood the open ground stretched away in gentle undulations, dotted here and there by a grove of evergreens, a group of statuary, a magnificent fountain or an artificial lake. Fine carriages drawn by spirited



MY FIRST LANDING.

horses, driven by handsome coachmen rolled along the gravel drives that curved gracefully among the spreading trees. It was a gala day in the park. People were gathered together in rustic bowers chatting gaily, and festive parties congregated about lawn-tennis nets to watch the contestants at that enticing play. A sound of torpedoes and fire crackers from far and near seemed to be a part of the general revelry in which everybody was engaged. I would have bounded over that stone-wall to find out what was the matter if a sign in 7-line Pica two rods away had not given a solemn warning to "keep off the grass." I sat down on the wall and looked at myself. I was not dressed as these people were, and as I viewed my old-style apparel and contemplated my forlorn and desolate condition in the midst of this hilarious throng, I felt as if I wanted to crawl in the mouth of a pill-bottle and be at rest. As I sat there pensively musing a large barouche drove up and stopped in front of a palatial mansion across the street, and the driver descended from his box and eyed me curiously.

I felt myself shrivelling up under his gaze, so I straightened myself out, got off my seat on the wall and went over to him. Said I: "What place is this?" His stare grew more intense. "This is Hillsborough."

I opened my mouth so wide that I sprained my jaw-bone, but I straightway closed it up again and tried to look unconcerned. "Not Hillsborough, Ohio?" "Certainly, certainly."

The driver evidently mistook me for an escaped lunatic. I wanted to ask him what year it was and what day of the year, but his quizzical stare forbade me. I shambled off, bewildered, doubting my own identity and still more the identity of this bustling city with my native town. I proceeded a considerable distance keeping along side the park and passing processions of gay promenaders, who invariably ceased talking several yards away and devoted their entire attention to me. It was bad enough for Nip Van Winkle to lose his hunting outfit—had enough for him to be homeless and friendless in this cold world, but I shall always sympathize with him more for being scrutinized by that ill-mannered mob that gathered round to ask him fool questions.

ing a stranger in that fashion?" I repeated going nearer to him. All symptoms of amusement died out of his face. He put on a woe-begone expression and whined piteously. "Now, Mister, don't get excited. This is the Fourth of July, and a fellow has got to have his fun."

The Fourth of July! It wasn't hard to account for the scenes of gaiety in the park now. Absorbed in musings about the predicament I found myself in, I left the boy and went on. Meeting an elderly gentleman with a silk hat and gold-headed cane, I accosted him. "What park is that, please?" "That is Fairground Park, sir."

Noticing my puzzled look the gentleman added, "The old histories of the city tell us that nearly a century ago the Hillsboro Fair Grounds occupied what is now the eastern end of the park. From that fact it derived its name."

"How much farther west does the city extend?" "About four miles."

Upon my inquiring further about the location of the ancient Fair Grounds, he promised to point out to me as nearly as he was able the limits of that tract. I retraced my steps with him and succeeded in identifying the spot where the Floral Hall had once stood. But I didn't dare ask him the year, lest he should turn me over to one of the blue-coated policemen and recommend close confinement. Finding that he was at leisure, we walked on together past rows of fine houses built of polished granite that sparkled in the light of a rather sultry sun, and then giant business-blocks with immense glass panes in their show-windows. All was constructed on a scale of substantial grandeur.

The signs over some doors bore familiar names and induced me to question my companion about them. For instance, a five-story building occupying an entire block was prominently labelled with the soul-stirring motto: "Dean Brothers, Foultry and Eggs."

"That," said my informant, "is the largest poultry-packing, incubating and shipping establishment in the United States. The present owners display the same enterprise and sagacity that are said to have characterized the original founder of the business, John Y. Dean."

I caught my breath as I beheld the name of "J. M. Hughey & Co." decorating the entire front of a mammoth red brick building, but I found that the head of the firm was a scion of the progeny, and not the "J. M." who used to tie up nails so artistically at the H. H. C. counters. "They manufacture corn and wheat shockers," my amiable companion explained.

"Corn-shockers," said I, aghast. "Yes, wheat is cut, bound and shocked by the same machine. Corn is cut by machinery, and set up firmly in the shock by the same machine."

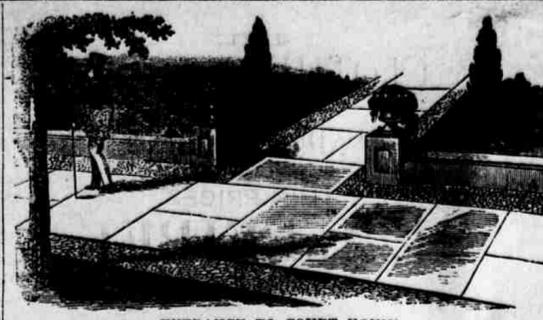
"How many horses are required to pull such a concern?" "Horses are scarcely used except to be driven in carriages, and people who prefer speed to appearances do not use them there. The water and electric motors have everywhere superseded them for farm work."

I was on the point of calling him a liar, for the first time. I was tempted to do the same thing several times afterwards, but restrained out of respect to his age and the probable weight of his cane. There was a tender compassion in his voice and a twinkle of amusement in his eye. But he answered my queries patiently, for I had previously informed him of my bewildered condition as a visitor unacquainted with the customs of the day.



THE ENTRANCE TO GREEN DALE.

We were now strolling along a street where cars were running in close succession, filled with people evidently bent on holiday amusement. One of these purported to run to "Jefferson street, Samantha."



ENTRANCE TO COURT HOUSE.

magnet on top of the car, attracting a cable suspended three inches above it, kept the car in an upright position.

"Who invented the apparatus by which the car is impelled?" I asked. "A man named Keely procured the first patent in the winter of 1883, I believe, my companion replied. "It has since been enormously improved."

But thirty seconds had elapsed and we were now at the entrance of Green Dale cemetery.

This is the only spot I saw that I might have recognized. The evergreens were changed, the street was further away, the fence was gone, but the moss-covered grave-stones stood undisturbed by ruthless hands all through those many years of changing and rearranging.

I felt lonely. Here I was in the city where I had spent most of my life, and the only place I recognized—the only place where I seemed to belong was in its cemetery, where the men and women of my generation had slumbered on under many a summer's sun and winter's storm. Imagine if you can returning to the scenes of your boyhood after many years to find it totally remodeled, and not a familiar face to be seen nor a friendly hand to greet you—your own old home, perhaps, tenanted by strangers, and the spots you loved disfigured by modern "improvements." But the strangest incident of all occurred in strolling through that old cemetery. Ascending a slight eminence we came upon my own grave! There was the plain stone giving the date of my birth and death, and the green mound under whose surface I was at that moment supposed to be lying. I felt like digging down and seeing if I was really duplicated.

My companion saw me reading the epitaph and remarked: "Never noticed the name before. It is one of the old, old graves."

I began to feel strangely and the moisture came into my eyes, but the absurdity of a man crying at his own tomb dawned upon me, and I turned away and followed where he had advanced a few steps.

"This tract through which we are passing," he said, "was probably used about the same time with the old Fair Grounds I showed you, as the dates on the monuments will prove. We shall now go over into the newer portions."

When we were fairly into those newer portions I received another surprise. There were no more massive monuments and wedge-shaped mounds. But there were beautifully carved urns and artistic pieces of statuary, holding small coffers.

"What are these?" said I. "These are receptacles for the ashes procured in the crematory." "Do all burn their dead now?" "The custom is universal. The law forbids placing dead bodies under the ground to decompose in the soil and impregnate the drinking water of the entire neighborhood. The old way was simply barbarous."

I spent some time examining the tasteful memorials in this department. My friend called attention to a fine representation of the "Three Graces," standing each on a corner of a triangular stone, facing outward and holding between them with arms extended above their heads an exquisite Etruscan vase.

"It was placed here only a few days since," said he. The vase bore this inscription: "Here lies the dust of ANTONIUS BAZANUS HUNZOR, Born, December 8, 1823. Died June 20th, 1878."

It was the first time I had seen the year, and I could hardly believe my eyes. Then the people were to-day celebrating the second Centennial Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, I

said to myself. The Fourth of July, 1978! Hurrah for hoary! First the cannon, ring the bells! Let the American eagle flap his wings, And the star-spangled banner eternally wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

My mind ran back to the preceding Centennial Fourth of July, when Hillsboro's harmless militia had paraded the streets with flint-locks on their shoulders and yellow stripes on the outside seams of their pantaloons. What glorious recollections!

My train of reverie was broken off by a remark from my friend who was still scrutinizing the graving on the vase. "This man was one of our most prominent citizens."

"The name sounds familiar." "Yes, he was a grandson of one of the earlier Governors of the State."

"Whom, if you please?" "Governor Benjamin Nelson—born and raised in Hillsboro, and elected in the fall of 1805."

Some moments had elapsed and I had strolled away to look at a bronze pyramid holding up an imitation of an olive-oil lamp, when he called to me: "Are you ready to go?"

I turned and saw him waving his handkerchief in an odd way as if he were carrying on a flirtation with the angels. But behold! looking in the direction in which he signalled, a large dark object with outlines moving was rapidly descending toward him. Was I really in the company of a second Elijah? Slower, and still more slowly the concern descended till it brushed the sod, and there stood with its immense fans beating the air. There were perhaps a dozen people cozily seated in the aerial carriage when my friend and I stepped into it. As soon as we were inside the machine rose lightly and buoyantly into the air and proceeded on its way. This was really the flying machine inventors used to dream about. It was propelled by an electric motor, and no noise was heard

We turned southward and at my companion's suggestion took a car for Lincoln Park. As we went rolling out of the business part of the city into the less lively streets with door-yards and dwelling-houses, I called his attention to an immense building with a name upon it that was decidedly familiar to me.

"Yes, that is the Jersey Creamery Company's building. The firm is a hundred years old, I reckon. Does an enormous business."

"I was acquainted with the original incorporators of that concern," I said. Then I could have kicked myself. I had been beguiled into an irrefragable declaration. My companion stared at me but said nothing. There was no way to make amends, so we both rode on in silence.

The beauty of these suburban streets was remarkable. I expended quite a fund of admiration upon them. The pavements were of immense blocks of dressed stone, and the streets were lined with handsome shade trees at short intervals. The general air of cleanly neatness reminded me of the town in its infancy with its admirable street brigade, under the discipline of Patrick McCabe. The view here taken is from the south side of Pleasant street, between Fourteenth and William streets.

"Lincoln Park," said my companion, breaking the silence as we alighted from the car and proceeded through the broad entrance into that enchanting ground, "is the place where gas was first struck in 1887."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Yes. The spot where the first well was bored is appropriately marked. It exhausted itself about twenty years ago and an artesian well now flows from the orifice. A handsome fountain seventy-five feet in height now stands where the first derrick was erected."

"Then you have no gas-wells here now?" I inquired. "Oh yes," he hastened to say, "there are sixty-seven in all at various places in

After taking a look at the building and grounds we started for a stroll down the street. Bands of music played in temporary stands, tastefully decorated with bunting and flags, and long strips of red, white and blue hung in graceful folds from tall buildings or were suspended in ample folds from roof to roof. I never saw such gay profusion of blended colors, such an endless display of rich drapery. I believe I would have known it was the Fourth of July if I had been placed in that part of the city, without being told of the fact.

crackers and torpedoes was allowed only in the parks and the city was quiet. Indeed the peacefulness of the place was a source of wonder to me. The absence of noise was a conspicuous as the racket usually is in a large city. I have before mentioned that the street-cars were noiseless. The broad tires of omnibus wheels were covered with some rubber-like substance, and the street itself was made of some yielding material that deadened every sound. The voices of two people in ordinary conversation could be heard across the busiest street. This silence was evidently the production of studious inventors with that object especially in view.

"Are there no telephone or telegraph wires on this street?" I asked. "There are probably five hundred of them under that curbstone. It has a hollow interior, and the cavity is capable of holding as high as one thousand wires."

"Are they used much?" "Nearly every business-house has both a telephone and telegraph instrument, both operating upon the same wire. By the phonetic system a skilled telegrapher can send thirty thousand words per minute."

I had been asking questions pretty freely and my friend, observing that I took great interest in the antiquities of the city, began to ask leading questions with the evident purpose of getting an explanation from me. I



LINCOLN PARK, SOUTH SIDE.

dodged his queries as artfully as possible. He had begun to show me the city merely as a courteous deference to a stranger, but now perceiving that he had found a strange character he began slyly to quiz me. Still I evaded every question that might lead to personalities.

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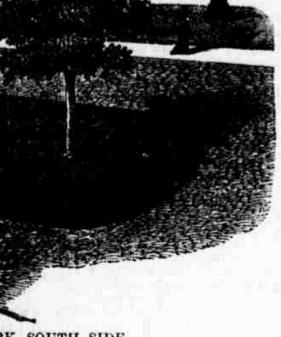
in a hurry, but all were enjoying themselves to the fullest. "How many people are there here?" I asked. "About twenty thousand, I presume."

"How orderly they all seem to be. I have not seen a single case of drunkenness anywhere."

He turned upon me with a face in which surprise and indignation were mingled. It was the first time I had seen him excited, and I felt criminal to have been the cause of it.

"Drunkenness," he replied at length, "is a thing of the past." The traffic in intoxicants caused this nation too much crime, bloodshed, pauperism and misery before the national government planted upon it the iron heel of law. Alcohol as a beverage did more to rend asunder this nation, up to the time of the culminating crisis twenty years ago, than all the combined curses that ever rested upon this green football. But, thank Heaven, the blighting influence that ruined men, wrecked homes, made farces of elections and menaced every interest of society, every bond of Christian civilization, every instrument of law and equity, is forever annihilated. Why, sir, I hardly suppose there has been a single case of intoxication in this city in the last decade!"

There was the emphasis of fervor in his tone. Nothing learned in the adventures of the day gratified me more than this candid statement of the atti-



tude of public opinion on the liquor question. I now recalled that we had passed no green-shuttered doors with gaudily painted signs and pictures of foaming mugs of "lager beer" to tempt the inebriate's burning palate as he passed, and in the suburbs there were no big breweries with steaming vats and vast store-houses to manufacture liquid damnation for the bodies and souls of men. What a revolution in the customs and habits of the people had taken place! How much of the doctrine of "peace on earth and good will to men" had been introduced as this blasting and corrupting curse had been driven out! Men of moral rectitude and sound principle were being made in this new and pure atmosphere untainted by the poisons of that degrading vice.

"What is that tall building over yonder with such a high steeple?" I asked after a moment's pause.

"That is the Signal Service Observatory. The system is very efficient. The doings of wind and weather can, by a good meteorologist, be accurately predicted as far as a month in the future. A farmer can consult the daily charts and plan his work accordingly. A tourist can select a fair week for his trip without danger of being delayed, annoyed, or disappointed by the weather."

The observatory was a building of the most imposing grandeur imaginable. Like everything else it was profusely covered with flags and gay-colored drapery, and a solid sheet of red, white and blue swung from the weather-vane on the cupola to the ground. The decorative work on that one building must have cost several hundred dollars, judging by the prices in vogue in my experience.

A large balloon covered with the flags of all the nations, and with long streamers flaunting in the breeze, rose from the park some distance from us, and sailed away. The diameter of the canvas must have been at least one hundred feet. There were perhaps sixty persons in the attached basket, and a band of music played "Is that Mr. Riley?" as the monster ascended.

"What does that mean?" I asked. "That is the daily express to St. Louis. One leaves every day for some point. The destination of any one can be obtained by consulting the schedule published weeks in advance."

"But how are such bulky, unwieldy monsters guided to a desired point in the face of an aerial current?"

"They do not travel in the face of a current. As I before remarked, the Weather Bureau furnishes an accurate forecast of the winds, and this is the aerial mariner's guide-book. He depends upon that implicitly, and is seldom deceived. Knowing the course of the winds for weeks in advance, the director may announce an express for St. Louis to-day, and with a changed current for New

## A GUSHER!

Is what we hope will reward the efforts of the citizens of Hillsboro in boring for gas.

However we wish to inform the citizens of Hillsboro and surrounding country that it is their privilege to strike a gusher in the way of low down cash prices at the CHEAP CASH CORNER of Asa Haynes & Co. We are offering some superb attractions in Gents', Ladies' and Children's Footwear. Our stock of Men's Fine, Medium and Cheap Shoes is complete in every respect. The line of Ladies' Button Shoes that we are selling at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.25 will be a surprise to you, as they combine neatness and durability and would be good value at 15 per cent. more money.

We feel certain that our efforts to secure and sell the best \$2.75 and \$3.00 Shoe in the market has been highly appreciated. Call and see them. For children we show a varied assortment of medium weight shoes in prices that will satisfy the most exacting. We feel confident in saying that if good honest shoes, well made and sold at a small cash profit is what you are looking for, we have them!

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## Asa Haynes & Co.

York, Quebec, New Orleans, or Milwaukee to-morrow. It will still be the Fourth of July when that balloon reaches St. Louis.

By this time we were in the heart of the throng of merry-makers, and approaching a densely-crowded company over whose heads the clear tones of an orator's voice reached our ears. By dint of pushing our way through the mass we at last arrived within a few yards of the speaker, where we could distinctly hear every utterance that came from his silvered tongue.

"He looks as much like Colonel T. A. Walker as any mortal could, not to be the Colonel himself," I mentally remarked. Then I said softly to my companion:

"Who is he?" "Senator John T. Walker."

"Is he related to Colonel Walker, an officer in the War of the Rebellion, do you know?" "I don't know. But his grandfather, Knight Walker, held the office of U. S. Senator from this State, the same which he now holds. Perhaps the man you mention was his great grandfather."

Seeing no possibility of obtaining a seat and finding it uncomfortably warm in such a crowd, we made our way out with as little commotion as possible, and walked at random through the pretty park.

"This statue," said my friend, stopping before a group, "is a copy of the 'marble faun' immortalized by Hawthorne as



TILE JUNCTION.

the likeness of his character, Donatello." In the Author's Garden we found a bronze statue representing Hawthorne himself, with a roll of manuscript in his hand. These gardens filled with statuary, each occupying an acre, perhaps, were unique in design, and highly interesting. In the Garden of the Presidents I recognized the portly form of G. Cleveland, with a pen over his ear, in perfect readiness to veto the immutable laws of cause and effect, if he thought it necessary.

About the center of the park on a magnificent pedestal, was a statue representing the tall, commanding form of Abraham Lincoln. The surrounding grounds were full of fountains that gave the atmosphere a delicious coolness, and scattered about were rustic seats and latticed summer-houses, with swinging chairs—everything for the comfort of one who might become weary strolling over the grassy area.

The cypress maples, giant oaks and spreading sycamore trees, all over the park added to the beauty of the grounds and formed, at convenient spaces, refreshing shades where swings were suspended from sinewy limbs, far up among the dense mass of greenness, and quiet nurses were "pushing" delighted children, who shouted and laughed as, like big pendulums, they swung to and fro, back and forth, again and again. "Great care has been taken in the training of your trees," I observed.

[Continued on tenth page.]