

Mrs. George Dallas. This farm was once part of the Gov. John Wentworth estate. Cyrus's father, Johnson Jenness, had six children; Charles, who married Lizzie Weeks and lived in Wakefield, dying at the age of 93 in May, 1936; the late Mrs. Lucy Churchill; the late Mrs. Levi Dame, whose husband is still living in Somerville, Mass; John, who died young; Mrs. Etta Nickerson of Hyannis, Mass. and Cyrus.

Joseph Jenness, uncle of Cyrus, was the father of Dr. Sarah Jenness, who had the honor of being the first daughter of this county to graduate as a physician. She was born September 28, 1843, in the house in which her mother had been born, more than 121 years ago, and its blazing ruins became her funeral pyre, on December 26, 1916. She loved the old house, with its wealth of memories, and never would consent to leave it, though her neice pleaded with her, to share her home. Her reply always was, "This is home, and it's good to be at home."

Dr. Jenness received her education at the old Wolfeboro Academy and at Andover Seminary. She taught for a number of years in the late 'sixties, in a colored school in the south, and later at Rockford College, Rockford, Ill., in Batavia, N.Y., and in Baltimore. Afterward she took up the study of medicine in Boston, teaching in the college at the same time she pursued her medical course. She practiced medicine in Boston for a number of years, often donating her services to the poorer class. She was always ready to answer a charity call, but never boasted of these services.

Ill health compelled her to give up her practice and she came back to the old house, where she lived alone until her death. Her mind was a storehouse of poetry, and it was a treat to hear her

quote and discuss poems.

There were two cider mills in the Cotton neighborhood, one across the road from Daniel Cotton's barn, and the other in a shed at Brackett Cotton's of the same type. The hard, clean ground, as smooth as a floor, will never be forgotten by the writer. How cool it was to the bare feet of the youngsters! The cider was a nice, thick, dark amber color, different from that of today. What fun it was to take a straw and suck cider through the bunghole of a filled barrel!

First the apples were turned into a hopper, where they ran down through two wooden nuts that crushed the apples. These were turned by a horse hitched to a sweep, or long curved pole. The crushed apples fell into a wooden trough large enough to hold 50 to 75 bushels, and if there was time, it was left here over night, to make it a darker color. It could not always be done, for sometimes there was more than one cheese made in one day.

The next process was to put a layer of straw in a frame about four feet square, then a layer of apples and another layer of straw, until the frame was full, and then it was turned down by hand, with two wooden screws, on a board or plank. It sometimes took more than one man to do this.

The apple juice ran into an open barrel, from which the cider barrels were filled. The wooden dipper, or piggin, as it was called, was made out of staves, with one stave left longer, and a handle. The wooden tunnel was also made of staves, and was pointed. This was filled with straw, to strain the cider as it went into the barrel.

The straw and apples were, and still are, called locally, 'pummy', a corruption of the formal dictionary word 'pomace.' It took about 15 bushels of apples to make a barrel of cider, and some farmers made 12 barrels a year; some, not more than three. Some was made into vinegar, and some kept in the form of cider, for drinking.

A later method of preparing a very special beverage for special guests, was to put a very little sugar and one raisin in a quart bottle of cider. It was strained through a cloth, and through sand, making it very clear.

One of the most delicious delicacies was apple sauce, to which boiled cider had been added. This was prepared in large quantities in an open kettle over an outdoor fire, and canned for winter use.

Cider pitchers were reamed out of basswood, and wooden handles were added.

F? — Tunnels were also made out of bass wood, for household use. The inside was reamed out, and the rest was whittled by hand, to a point, and the shape of the tunnels of today. The size was gauged by the size of the wood, and each housewife had several sizes, some being as large as a foot in diameter at the top.

Every housewife had several sizes of keelers, or small tubs.

Cider apples were shipped in carloads, from the Cotton Valley station, to Lawrence, Lynn, and Portsmouth to make cider, the price being 15 cents a bushel. Some better apples were shipped for jelly these bringing a higher price, but going

in carloads just the same.

Blueberries were also shipped in barrels, to canneries, before as much was known as we know now, about high quality and sanitary handling. The passage of the pure food laws necessitated a drastic change in shipping methods.

In the spring of 1912, Walter Magoun's house was built from the former Clark Cotton ship, just above the road leading to 'Cotton Top,' Mrs. Florence Anderson's summer home. It was at first intended to move the building, but this did not prove practicable, so it was taken and rebuilt by the late Clarence Cotton, son of Brackett Cotton. The piazza and shed were added later.

Mr. Magoun came to Brookfield at the age of 17, soon found his way to Cotton Mountain, and has come nearly every year since then, as have his children and his grandson. About ten years ago, on a trip to the Maine woods Mr. Magoun shot a very handsome moose, of which the head has proved a great attraction at 'Moose Head Lodge.'

An adjoining lot was sold a few years previously to A.T. Ramsdell, of Dover, who came to the mountain for about 25 years, until on account of Mrs. Ramsdell's poor health, 'Sundown Cottage' was sold to Leslie Cotton of Malden, Mass., son of Daniel J. Cotton. Mr. Ramsdell was the architect for the Sanbornville Town Hall, built in 1895.

Some may be interested to know what was done with all the wood taken from the fields which are now under cultivation. Charcoal was made out of many cords of hard wood. It was cut into four foot lengths and piled similar to the way corn stalks are piled today, or stood on end and leaned toward the middle so

it would balance well. This was continued until 12 cords had been piled into one kiln, then it was covered with thick turves, keeping the wind from the fire that was started in the middle of the piled wood. The hole then was closed, so that it would smoulder, for two nights and three days; for fear that a draft would get in and burn the entire pile, it was watched night and day.

When this was cool, the turves would be taken off and there would be about 250 bushels of charcoal in this amount of wood. The Cottonboro folk carried it to Rochester in hay carts that would hold 100 bushels, and it was sold to blacksmiths. A great deal of it was used in the railroad blacksmith shop, at Sanbornville.

A four ox team was used, and it took 36 hours to make the trip and unload. Luncheon was taken, in a wooden firkin, and hay was carried for the oxen; also, corn on the cob in bags. It was not necessary to drive the oxen, on the way home, for they always knew the way.

Nearly every farmer had a carpenter shop on his place, for in the winter men used to split or rive out clapboards and shingles from the best and clearest pine trees. A frow was a wide, axe-like knife, for the purpose of splitting the shingles. It was necessary to shave or plane each shingle or clapboard by hand.

The nearest wheelwright was at North Wakefield, and was Joseph Hanson, father of the late Marcellus, Greenleaf, and Susan Hanson. Wooden wheels were first used, and later, iron tires were added.

The community owned a threshing machine, together. This was run by two horses, and was called a 'sweep power machine.' Each fall they went from farm to farm, threshing the wheat, barley and oats, which were then ready to be carried to the mill to be ground. Wheat made three products -- white flour, graham flour and shorts. It took six bushels of wheat to make one barrel of flour. A 'tread power machine' was sometimes used.

A corn grinder was on nearly every farm, and was turned by hand. The corn was put in thru the top, one cob at a time, and the corn came out from under the box of the grinder. The writer has helped put through many a bushel of corn, to be carried to the mill to be ground into meal.

It may be interesting to know that a single ox yoke was used, many years ago, if a farmer could not afford more than one ox. The writer has one in her possession.

Many cords of oak bark were cut on the farms and sold, and shipped away to the ground for use in the larger tanneries. The late Samuel Plummer and Jackson Lang of Stoneham, used to make sleighs and pungs for the Cottonborians. These were put on with wooden pegs, so the running gear could be used for either the sleigh, or the pung with two seats. Some of them were crude affairs.

James Canney and his brother Louis, made snowshoes. John Canney, who lived at the present Burwell Summer home made hand and 'loafer' rakes, also wooden plows with iron points.

The late Albert Cotton and his father made pumps. The first one was made out of ^a pine log, cut from the farmer's own land. The Cottons bored through the center with a long auger,

to which extensions would be added to make the length of pump desired. The spout was made in the same manner, of a smaller log.

Cow bows were made by all farmers. After these were all made in one straight piece, they were put into a long small box with a small hole, and put over a teakettle of hot water to steam. This made the bow very pliable so it could be bent.

Syrup was made in large quantities, and ^(maple) brown sugar was what the housewife used for her cooking. Three hundred gallons was an average amount for a farmer to make each season. Jesse Cotton has filled a ten gallon cask and sold it for 50 cents a gallon.

The late Mark Remick has sold in one afternoon, in Cottonboro, \$10. worth of ox goads and axe handles. The late^t brought 25 cents each, and the former, with brads in them 25¢; without 20¢.

We must not forget the mention of the industries of the women. They made their own soft soap, and also very fine cheese for the home, and some to sell. This was a laborious and very particular job, for they were turned twice each day, for many weeks. Many families made one for each month in the year. It took one wooden tub^t, full of fresh, warm milk, to make one cheese, a foot in diameter.

Dozens of candles were also made by the housewife.

'Gibralters', as they were called, were hard, rock candy strips of about three inches, always expected by the children when the parents went to the store. 'Town meeting gingerbread' and oysters were expected when the men came home from Town Meeting every year. Some of our mothers have made this

hard gingerbread many times.

The women of Cottonboro made the trousers, and also the coats, that the men wore. The mother of the late Daniel J. Cotton was considered one of the finest Tailoresses of the neighborhood. The overcoats were more difficult, and a tailor came from Dover to do this kind of work throughout the community. He was paid 50¢ a day and his board, and sat on the floor to do all his sewing.

Some of the early cook stoves were the Plymouth Rock and the White Mountain. The Franklin was a sitting room stove. Jeremiah Cotton's father was one of the first to have a stove in Cottonboro. Some of the early cook stoves had what was called a 'rimmer' on one cover, for the purpose of frying pancakes. This had a one inch rim all around the cover, so that the batter would not run off. A few years ago one of the stoves was still being used by an old lady in Effingham.

The first organ that Cottonboro boasted, was brought by the late Mrs. Daniel Cotton from her home in Parsonsfield, Me., when she was married 63 years ago. This organ was carried in the back of a wagon to any public affair held at the church or school house, and was used at the Fourth of July celebration on Cotton Mountain in 1902.

Wood ashes were sold each spring for 10 cents a bushel and every farmer sold a great many bushels. Old rubber of all kinds was gathered by the boys and sold at a good profit, as well as lead and copper. In the spring, some of the ambitious children gathered mayflowers and sent them to Boston florists,

getting sometimes as high as 10 cents for a large bunch, and this was considered a good price.

In the winter, the roads were broken by 12 pairs of oxen and some of the homes were opened to all the men. Cider, doughnuts, and apples were passed around. The Daniel Cotton and Jeremiah Cotton homes were always ready to entertain the men breaking the road. A large log, chained under the front sled, made good smooth road, and drifts were smoothed over the top, not plowed to the bottom, as today. The sooner the space between the fences was filled, the sooner the ^bbig blows would not drift the road, but would blow over the top. In the spring however, it was rough going, with one side of the wagon high in the air, and the other in the snow. Horses would be up to their knees in drifts, but shovelers and the warm sun would soon make the roads passable.

Samuel Huggins was of the third generation of his family in this country, and his ancestors lived in Greenland, N.M. on what was called the Parade, and may now be called Huggins Lane. Samuel's father, John Huggins moved to Wakefield, and located near Huggins Brook in 1790. The house is now owned by Earl Ellenberger. Huggins Brook runs into Fred Tibbetts' ice pond.

In 1817, Samuel Huggins married Sally L. Wyatt and moved to Wolfeboro, buying what was known as the Deacon Wormwood place, in Cottonboro. He paid down \$1,000 in silver which he had saved for the purpose. On this homestead there were born ten children to Mr. and Mrs. Huggins, both of whom spent their entire lives in this place, and died there. Mr. Huggins

~~Mr. Huggins~~ lived to be 92 years old, and was one of the finest of citizens. He voted the Whig ticket when but 19 votes were cast in Wolfeboro, and afterward became a Republican. In religion, he was a Methodist and went to the East Wolfeboro church, giving a great deal toward its support.

The circuit riders, who always went horseback, and corresponded to the district superintendent of today were always welcome at his home.

Three of his sons-- Nathaniel, John, and Samuel J. went to New York and became very successful hotel keepers acquiring great wealth. Mrs. James Martin was the daughter that stayed at home, with her husband, and cared for her parents. It is told that at a donation party given for the minister of the East Wolfeboro church, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, about 55 years ago, Mr. Martin told of a recent visit he had made with his wife to her brother's in New York when a ten quart pail of silver money was taken in at their hotel in one day. When the brothers visited here they always attended church and gave generously. A large legacy was left the East Wolfeboro Church by them.

The Huggins place, later the Martin place, is now owned by Mr. Huebner.

Daniel Martin, father of James Martin lived on the Stephen Clow homestead on Clow Hill. He had three daughters: Mrs. Orrin Eaton, mother of Almon Eaton of Wolfeboro; Mrs. John Eaton of Brookfield, mother of Martin Eaton of Union and Mrs.

Edwin Newell of Massachusetts. Daniel Martin was a thrifty farmer, keeping from 40 to 50 head of cattle on his farm all the time. He also did a large business in transporting freight to Portsmouth with several four ox teams. He was a finely educated man, and did a great amount of business writing for many people.

James Martin lived with his father until he was married to Mary Huggins, and went to live on the Samuel Huggins farm. After the death of Mrs. Martin's parents, they went to Wolfeboro. James Martin was a very highly respected man in every respect. He was president of the Wolfeboro National Bank for many years.

The first 'Huggins Hospital' on the top of King Hill, was founded largely on Huggins philanthropy, and at the death of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, large legacies were left to the hospital. Their photographs and a placque explaining something of their help to the institution, hangs in the lobby of the present hospital.

A little beyond the Huggins-Martin farm, and opposite, is the Wilbur Gilman farm which descended to Mr. Gilman by way of his mother, a daughter of Walter Avery, who was a merchant in Wolfeboro in 1821. The house was once known as the 'Haunted House of Cottonboro' and stood vacant for a number of years. About 55 years ago it was determined to find out if the house was really haunted, and two colored men, who worked for Mr. and Mrs. James Martin, said they would not be afraid to spend the night inside. Other men including Henry and Daniel Cotton, patrolled the outside of the house. They found the 'ghosts'

consisted of reflections of their lanterns in the bare windows; shadows on the walls made by the moon; a loose board in the gable end which sounded like someone sawing wood in the attic; and a hackmatack tree rubbing against the side of the house with a weird groaning sound.

The 'ha'nts' having been laid, Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Gilman moved from Center Ossipee to this Avery farm, with their family of three daughters and ^{two} ~~three~~ sons. Mr. Gilman was a corporal in the Civil War, much to the disgust of some relatives of Mrs. Gilman, who had copperhead leanings. One cousin is remembered to have announced with great glee, dancing wildly as she chanted, 'Old Linkum's dead! Old Linkum's dead!' On the ridge in the field, east of the house, are buried Mr. ^G Gilman's parents and grand parents and among the stones is one sacred to the memory of a brother or two whose bodies are somewhere in the south, in a common trench.

The late Wilbur Gilman was one of the town's most popular selectmen for 16 years, and was county treasurer at the time of his death. He was greatly in demand as a tenor soloist and was an old time fiddler and director of square dances. His sister Miss Ella Gilman will be remembered throughout Carroll County for her faithful service in Sunday School work. The only surviving member of that generation of the Gilman family is Mrs. George Beacham of Wolfeboro.

Gideon Gilman hauled the timbers for the Cottonbore Church with oxen, from Tamworth and was the first bridegroom to take the nuptial vows within its walls. As long as Wilbur or Ella Gilman was able to attend service the Gilman family pew never stood empty.

Before the branch railroad was built, several routes were considered, including one through Water Village; but none of them were satisfactory to Wolfeboro. Finally, through the effort of the Hon. John W. Sanborn, the way was chosen, through Cotton Valley and directly over the meadows, to Wolfeboro Falls.

By an enactment of July 1, 1868, the Wolfeboro Railroad was incorporated, to extend from Wolfeboro Junction (Sanbonnville) to Wolfeboro, a distance of 12 miles. At a Town Meeting, September 20, 1869 it was voted, 300 in favor and 122 against, to appropriate \$35,000 to aid in constructing the railroad. A committee was appointed, and procedure started. It was voted to pay one-half the appropriation when the road was brought to grade, and the balance on its completion.

Considerable time elapsed before active operations were begun, and on December 2, 1870 the former votes were ratified by a vote of 250 in favor and 70 against.

Work was commenced on the road, in November 1871, ground being broken near Mast Landing, Wolfeboro Falls, by Lyford Shorey, then 87 years of age. With stirring band music and other symbols of rejoicing, the long anticipated project was launched.

On August 19, 1872, the first locomotive, hauling five passenger coaches, triumphantly whistled its way through Cotton Valley and into the central village of Wolfeboro. All who wished, were given free rides during the day. The late Charles Thurston, then but a young chap, nephew of the late

Everett Avery, was one of the Cotton Valley people to make the first trip to Wolfeboro Junction. Albert Stackpole, of Wolfeboro Falls, now a retired brakeman, but then a lad of 12 years, was also one of the first to ride.

Some people who wish now that they could claim to have been among the first passengers, have to admit that they were afraid to try the new device. The writer's father and mother, brother and sisters, on Cotton Mountain, went out and watched from their door-yard as the train puffed through Cotton Valley.

The line is now under lease to the Eastern Railroad, the lease expiring in 1940.

Cotton Valley was never a billing station. All freight, all these years had been billed out of Wolfeboro Falls, but freight was always unloaded at Cotton Valley until recently. We understand now, no freight is left there except in carload lots. Austin Fogg, the present postmaster, handles no tickets nor express, although former postmasters also served as ticket agent and station agent.

Until the building of the railroad, the highway through Cotton Valley was called the Pequaket Road, running from the Brookfield line to Frost Corner. Because Dudley Cotton, Deacon Thomas Cotton, and Pike Cotton gave the right of way across their land for the railroad, the station was named Cotton Valley. When the post office was established, it was given the name of East Wolfeboro, but many thousands of letters have been addressed to Cotton Valley, and safely delivered.

Prior to railroad time, most of Cottonboro had been

served by the North Wolfeboro post office, now discontinued. The Eliot Cottons and Jeremiah Cottons had their mail come to Wakefield Corner. Jesse Cotton's ancestors went to North Wakefield after their mail.

One of the most interesting items of Cotton Valley history concerns the old mill, built in 1878, by John Clow, Stephen Clow, and Henry Clow. It has been run as a stave mill, a shook mill, and as a grist mill for the grinding of corn. It was changed to a board mill and operated as such every spring until 1920, when it was burned. The present building was built that same year. The mill has not been in use for the past few years, but the original engine is still in good running condition.

This engine is of J. C. Hoadley manufacture, No. 140, dated 1860. An agent of Henry Ford was looking at it at one time, with a view to purchase for the Ford museum, but an older engine was found a few miles away.

John Clow employed about six men each spring, to do custom sawing for the neighborhood. About 35 years ago, a day's wage for such work was from \$1.50 to \$2.00.

About 1867, before the railroads were put through to North Conway or Wolfeboro, there was a day and night of continual down pour which did considerable damage. The Cottonboro Hill, or Jim Cotton Hill, was washed out completely, 14 to 30 feet deep in places.

The road at this time led down behind the late Henry Cotton barn and came out at Cotton Valley, where now sits a small camp, between the home of Clarence Evans and the bend in the road.

Five to six feet of earth was washed into the meadow behind Henry Cotton's house.

At this time the 'gully', as it has always been called, was washed out with the road that was several feet above where it is now, and next to the late Daniel Cotton field and Paul Bissell field, crossing the road nearly opposite the Bissell place. It was so badly washed that the only way to repair it was to set the road several feet down, as it is at the present time, and at that time the present road from the Bissell place to Cotton Valley was made.

It took six months of constant work with oxen to get the road in condition to be used, and traffic went by way of the Cyrus Jenness road, now Mr. Dallas's road.

The Brackett Cotton road was also badly washed, and no doubt it was at this time that road was changed to its present location, for before, it ran far above, about in the direction of Mrs. Florence Anderson's summer home, 'Cotton Top'.

The late Daniel Cotton's sister, Lizzie Cotton, was teaching school in Stoneham, and boarded with the late Smith Wentworth, who lived where Mr. and Mrs. Eli Nute now live, so it was but a very short walk for her. Mr. Wentworth had to carry rubber boots for the teacher to wear home, and the water was nearly at the tops of the boots.

The Wiggin Hill, on what is now the State Road, was washed so badly that the stage was obliged to go up Tibbetts Hill and through Jesse Cotton's road, to get to Ossipee. Mr. Sinclair, the driver, found upon reaching Wakefield that the road was

impassable, so left his stagecoach and passengers, and hiring a horse and buggy, took his mail up the Tibbetts Hill to Ossipee. Although very little mail was sent in those days, it was just as important that it reach its destination as it is today. It took Mr. Sinclair a day and a half to get back to Wakefield, to his stagecoach.

This road was used for about ten days for the stage and all its freight. Four horses had all they could do, to get the heavy stagecoach up over the rough hill of Stoneham and down to North Wakefield. Oxen were hired to help.

An old watering trough about six feet long, hewn out of a log, always stood at the foot of the hill, for the horses to drink before starting up the long pull. There were many such tubs, and they were picturesque things, with green moss all over their sides and on the hewn wooden spout through which the water ran into the trough. They have long been a thing of the past but we like to think how nice and cool the water was, when we got out of the wagon and drank from the spout. Some of the tubs were more than a hundred years old when the demand for wider roads and the decreasing use of horses and oxen, brought about their elimination.

Two huge loads of tanned hides from Brighton, Mass., en route to Canada, were among the freight to be detoured during the freshet, also untanned hides from Brighton, on their way to Water Village to be tanned. These loads were so heavy that it was necessary to hire all the oxen of Stoneham, with their owners, to help them over the Tibbetts Hill. It was about two

weeks before the Wiggin Hill was passable.

Mayhew Clark's father, Isaac Townsend Clark, was tax collector, and was at North Wakefield, and it rained so hard he could not get home until night. Joseph Jenness, the late Dr. Sarah Jenness' father, was also at North Wakefield that day and was obliged to unhitch his horse and send him alone, leaving the wagon, while Mr. Jenness walked on top of the stone walls. Enormous rocks were washed out of place near the Clark barn and in other places.

While collecting material for the recently published series of articles on the history of Cottonboro, frequent references were found to the fact that Cottonboro people brought hides to Stoneham to be tanned by Spencer Wentworth, and came here to have their shoes made. There were no handy stores in which a pair of shoes could be chosen from a large assortment of styles and prices, and no mail order catalogues to trap the unwary dollar into exchanging itself for shoddy, gaudy merchandise. The customer went to the artisan, had his feet carefully measured, and his shoes were made to fit, from appropriate leather locally produced and prepared.

The tanning was done by placing the hides flat in a hole, 12 ft. by 15 ft., in layers, alternating with thick layers of hemlock bark, ground in a bark grinder, until the hole was filled. The hole was built by the small brook, so the extra water in the spring of the year could be utilized, and Mr. Wentworth did this work in the spring, for this reason. The hides were left in this condition for many weeks. The water from the brook kept it fresh so that the hides would not

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Burying Ground on Stoneham Road in Wakefield
of
John and Betsey (Cotton) Clark and Their Family
Betsey (Cotton) Clark Was the Daughter of Dea. Thomas Cotton

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Burying Ground on Stoneham Road in Wakefield
of
Phineas and Martha (Cotton) Weeks and Their Family
Martha Cotton Was the Daughter of Dea. Thomas Cotton

spoil in stale water.

There were other methods of tanning, 70 years ago, but this was the most common. After the hides had been in the bark solution for the proper length of time, they were taken out and the hair scraped off, and the hides were hammered on a wooden block with a wooden mallet until the hide was soft enough to be used. The back of the hide was used for the soles of shoes, for this was considered the hardest and toughest part of the animal's hide, and this was not hammered so much.

It was necessary to oil the hides with neat's foot oil, to which had been added lamp black, to overcome the reddish brown that the tanning made. This oil was obtained by boiling the animal's leg, from the knee down. Four legs would make a pint of oil.

The hair was saved, and sold to masons, to be used in plaster.

Spencer Wentworth made the leather into long legged boots, and shoes, for the owners of the hides, and many others. Smith Wentworth was also a shoemaker, and his shop opposite the W. R. Wentworth place, still contains many of the old work benches, lasts and pegs.

Wesley Weeks, whose place is now owned by Leon Wheeler of North Abington, Mass., also did shoemaking for people at Cottonbofo and this shop also remains. The Spencer Wentworth tanning pit and shoe shop have long been a thing of the past.

It was a long, tedious job, before the shoes were ready for use. Nearly a year passed before it was completed; but we will say here, that it took many years to wear out a pair of these home made shoes.

Woodchuck skins were tanned for shoestrings.

The long legged shoes were used for everyday wear, and the common shoes for Sunday and best. People did not wear their best shoes all the way to church, but carried them in their hands until nearing the meeting house.

Calves' skins were tanned for women's and men's dress shoes. It was necessary to measure the foot before making the shoes. Small children's shoes were made in the same manner.

Sheep skins were tanned, and the housewives made mittens for the family. These were lined with homespun cloth, and were extremely warm.

Horse hides were tanned with salt and alum and were sent away to have overcoats made from them for the men. Vests were also made from the horsehides. Spencer Wentworth did all kinds of tanning.

Women tanned sheep skins for use in sleighs, and small pieces would be colored red, yellow or green to be used in the front of wagons, for decoration. Calves' skins were also used for robes in the Winter.

Spencer Wentworth tanned bulls' hides, and they were sold for throughbraces of wagons. This was considered the strongest kind of leather. The thoroughbraces were the same as springs of the wagons today. They were used on stagecoaches

and all kinds of wagons. Literature of the stagecoach era makes frequent mention of the creaking of leather as the coaches swayed behind the galloping horses. The thorough-braces were attached to the running works with heavy iron holders that clamped over the axles. In spite of the many thicknesses of leather, they would snap under the heavy loads, and a long pole would be slid under the wagon body to hold it up while repairs were made.

Figs' bristles were saved, and given to Mr. Wentworth, to use in the sewing of shoes. They were waxed, and put on each end of the shoe thread, thus making a needle on each end.

A harness maker used to come from Rochester to Spencer Wentworth and select the sides he wanted for saddles and harnesses. The saddles were made from the very best hides.

Hemlock bark, used for tanning brought \$9 a cord at Rochester, and other places where it was sold.