

## THE PIONEERSMAN

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### THE TREASURE OF OVAL MOUNTAIN

In Four Chapters. Chap 1

Oval Mountain is a high lofty mountain in the town of Francaw this town is very famous in the county in which it is situated it being the land of the great Indian battles at one of the battles a fort was taken by the Indians all but a small room in one side and this had been set on fire when out of the woods strode a figure six feet in height clad in a white robe reaching the ground and in the fire light for it was growing dusk the figure looked ghostly and weird indeed when the Indians saw this strange being they turned and with a frightened yell fled in to the woods the strange figure followed them to the edge of the woods then turned and glided across the clearing into the woods again the people all got away but did not save the fort but I did not start to tell the history of this noted town I only set out to tell about the mountain and a couple of boys and the adventures at gold seeking as they called it. This great mountain stands almost entirely alone separated from a range of mountains to the westward by a brook of considerable size that rushes along down the ravine caused by Oval Mountain coming up on one side and the on the west side of the brook the side of the ravine rises up about two hundred feet most of the way and then forms a broad plateau two miles in length by one in breadth from the west side of this again rises the mountain its peaks towering away against the horizon, the plateau has but a few trees scattered over it but it is lined with trees scattered over it but it is lined with trees on the sides clear down to the valley beneath there are some deer and a good many panthers and bears inhabiting the mountain caves and dens. Oval mountain is noted for such things and is regarded by some of the people in the neighborhood with superstition because of some misterious things that have happened on its sides. It is called that once a band of robbers lived in some cave in the mountain and came out every few weeks and robbed some town in the neighborhood and carrying the booty of[f] in to the mountain once when they had come down in to a town a party of soldiers met them and after a short fight the robbers turned and fled for the mountain the soldiers followed firing every chance they could get till many were left on the ground. The robbers kept on up the mountain with the soldiers close behind them at last the robbers disappeared over the top of the mountain and when the soldiers reached there two minutes later not a sign was to be seen at the escaping robbers, but those who were after them searched awhile for them but found no traces of them and so went back but the robbers were not seen many times after that. At the foot of Oval Mountain on the south side is a small lake about eight miles long and from one and a half to two wide surrounded on all side by woods kept on the west side [MS. torn] couple of men had made [Ms. torn] [page break] and put up a couple of log cabins one of these men by the name of Grade had a wife and three children the youngest was eight years old his name was James though everyone who knew him called him Jimmie The next one was twelve years old good size and stout he was called Jack Then next came Tom a boy of fourteen rather taller for his age than Jack and as stout as a young

giant or at least so the boys at the school at which he went said, so it almost be so for boys always know the strength of those with whom they play or if they dont they are not the boys to have. It was getting dusk at the time at which my story begins, in the Grade cabin and Mrs Grade was getting supper the kettle was hanging over the fire place filled with hot [nasty?] pudding that was almost done, Tom was oiling up his rifle ready for a hunt the next day Jack was reading a paper that their father had got at the village the day before while Jimmie was fixing up a sailboat that he was going to sail on the lake the next day soon their mother had supper ready and Jimmie went out back of the cabin and called their father who was cutting wood by lantern light a little while after that they had got their supper eaten there came a knock at the door and when Tom opened it Mr. Beam [*MS. torn*] at the door. "How do you [*MS. torn*] -ant I would come over and spend the evening with you["] he said. "Come right in" said Mr Grade Mr Beam was a rather short man at middle age and an experienced trapper who lived in the cabin which stood with Mr Grades in this small clearing. Jack whispered to Tom that he hoped that Mr Beam would tell one of his Indian stories while he was there. Mr Grade first spoke about the weather and then about the fewness of the potatoes in a hill and at last they got to talking about Oval Mountain and how few beans and panthers had been seen lately on it. "There are not quite as many beans and panthers round here as there used to be" remarked Mr. Grade. "No they were a good deal more plenty when you and I first moved on to these st[r]ips of land here by top lake and it makes me think of an adventure I had with a panther here on the mountains" Mr Beams replied. It was the year just before that you moved here or the second year after that I come I had five old sheep and three lambs that we let run round our house during the day and we put them in the bath at night. One day as I was out at the door washing dishes when some great animal bounded into the clearing grabbed one of my lambs and was gone I stepped inside grabbed my gun and went to where I saw the animal go in to the woods, I could follow the tracks up the mountain side quite easily and I noticed every little ways spots of blood that showed that the lamb was probably dead not I kept on up the mountain and after a while neared the summet all at once as I was thinking that I had better turn round and go back I heard a growl come from a bunch of bushes and when I look that way I saw a large crouching animal that I knew was a panther.

Continued. Mort Breed.

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#### THE BROOK

Come on if you want  
And we'll a fishing go  
Way up the brook  
Where the pine trees grow

The brook is filled  
with many a trout  
That'll bite a hook  
I have no doubt

Many a pretty fish  
In our basket are hid  
And the brook of many  
A bright fish is rid.

And we slowly come  
To the sparkling fountain  
That stars way here  
In the heart of the mountain

It bubbles up  
From under a stone  
And very soon  
To a rivers grown

It has neighbors  
straight and tall  
That stands beside  
Of the water fall

It swiftly goes  
Through dales and glens  
Over rich moores  
And sloping green fens

It runs and creeps,  
And singing goes  
And by its grassy banks  
It gently flows

And to the flowers  
Water it quickly sends  
Then it creeps and crawls  
And turns and bends

And a welcome  
To all it gives  
Especially to those  
Who on its back lives

A squirrel may come  
And eagerly drink  
The water that flows  
By its grassy brink

And its [frogges?] all  
Have a merry tone  
That in it, waters  
Have from children grown  
But we have wasted  
[Ms. torn] lot of time  
Thinking of the brook  
And this long rhyme

So we say good by  
with many thanks  
pleased with your compliments  
Through all these pranks  
Ida Green

## BIOGRAPHIES

### FRED WARRINGTON

Fred Warrington was born on Black Archipelago in 1860 when he got to be about sixteen years of age he in with five other boys stole a ship and went to sea they started out to go to the north pole when they got as far as the north end of Big Continent they thought they would not go any farther but go home for they were nearly out of provisions and water but as they were getting ready to go back a great storm struck them and they were driven seven days to the eastwind then the wind shifted and blew from the north

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### TERMS

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about six days when it cleared up and disclosed a ship wrecked about as near as it could be and not be and the crew on board was nearly starved so they put up to land which they did not know what was, and fixed up a little, shot game and got a fresh supply of water then they put to[MS. torn] again and kept on southward hoping to meet a ship and find out where they were after several weeks of sailing to the south they came to an island bearing tropical fruit here they stopped built them selves some cabins and stayed a while then they again embarked and went to the main land and told what a fine place they had found and how productive it was so that about two months later three ships went away and soon quite a number of clusters of houses were to be seen on the island and soon Fred Warrington formed a purpose

to unite this colony with another party on a distant island and call them the Kingdom of Rock Island he did so and after a while became the King of the whole place a while later he had a little trouble with Ethan Allen and at last he and his small colonies were obliged to leave in their ships they went southward and at last settled on a high rocky mountainous island some ways from the coast of Round Continent and a while later when the new land was discovered across the sea, Fred Warrington asked for a grant of land here on this new land and was granted it then he and more than half of his new people again moved and settled here they were well pleased with this land and are now happy in a growing nation with plenty of land to grow on.

Milon Daney.

### CROW SHOOTING

Crows are very sly and full grown ones are not easily shot so the best time to shot them is in the spring when they are very young and do not know much. When you hear them cawing far off in the woods walk off through the woods with out making more noise than you can help and keep watch not to let any old crow see you and when you get within any decent range and fire if you don't make out to get to them the first time try again and if you persevere you will shot one. The crow is jet black all over and looks about as large as small hens but not as heavy by considerable as a hen. It is quite hard work to catch them but it can be done the best way is to get some eggs from some bird nest fly up a nest in a clump of bushes and set a trap by the side of it, on this side fix a sort of path to the out side of the clump and walk in to get them but the he is caught in trying to do it.

James Fries