

Dr. Peter Allen was in the house. He called for vinegar and, by forcing it down the child's throat, weakened the lye and saved her life, but her throat contracted in healing, so it was some years before she could swallow like other children. The life thus saved developed into one of rare usefulness, not only in educational but religious matters.

She was the light of our home and the pride of our family. By nature she was kind and sympathetic, and no one ever came to her in the hour of their trouble without going away comforted and with a feeling that Hannah Parker was one of God's own children, and her whole life, though short, was worthy of imitation. She was but 14 years of age when I left for California, and the effort she made to secure an education caused her death before my return. I recollect but little of any importance about either of my sisters until after father's death in 1839. Mother was in such poor health that it seemed almost impossible for her to keep the children together. Le Mira went to live with Aunt Sarah Gates, mother's eldest sister, in Hartford, and returned to Kinsman only a short time before I started on my California trip. It was not until after my return that I learned that she was one of the best of sisters. She remained single and we all, especially mother, had reason to be thankful for it, for her kind and affectionate care made mother's last years among the happiest of her life. No daughter could do more for a mother, and no mother could better appreciate such kindness. I wish to say a little more about the manufacturing and milling interests that have been located in the valley of Stratton's creek. The busy hum of machinery set in motion by this stream could be heard 313 days in each year. It has been said of this creek "that it stands on end," and one could almost think so in time of high water. Within a distance of less than two miles there have been nine factories and mills, seven of which used the same water before it made its escape into Pymatuning creek.

All the necessities of life from the cradle to the grave were produced in this community and the outside world was not necessary to its comfort, but it was a necessity to the outside world. The two grist mills are all that remain of the former activity and they are fast going to decay. In all probability they will never be rebuilt, and from the time they go out of existence to all eternity Stratton's creek may run unmolested until its identity is lost in the ocean. The men who were at the head of these industries have long since gone to their long home, where they meet neither toil nor trouble, and I alone of all who grew up in the shadow of these industries am left to tell the story of their success and usefulness. In 1851 I was employed by John Henry of Wayne, O., to sell pumps in "the black swamp," Wood county, O., and while there I became acquainted with several gentlemen who had lately returned from California. Appearances indicated that they were very wealthy and their California stories impressed me with the idea that I, too, might go there and get rich. This new idea took entire possession of me and I began to plan for the trip. I returned to Kinsman in November. Previous to this, in 1850, David W. Gillis and Sheldon Moore had sailed around "the horn" to California, and before the new year came in six of us, viz., David T. Gillis, Joseph Knox, Henry Mathews, John S. Gillis, Uncle Benjamin's son, Hiram, and myself were pledged to make the long journey and stand by each other to the end. Mother was nearly heartbroken when I announced my intention. The story of her struggles to keep the family together until I was able to care for it had no effect in changing my plans; the gold fever would have to run its course, and my argu-