

1916

1816-1916 Cedarville Centennial Souvenir

Cedarville Centennial Committee

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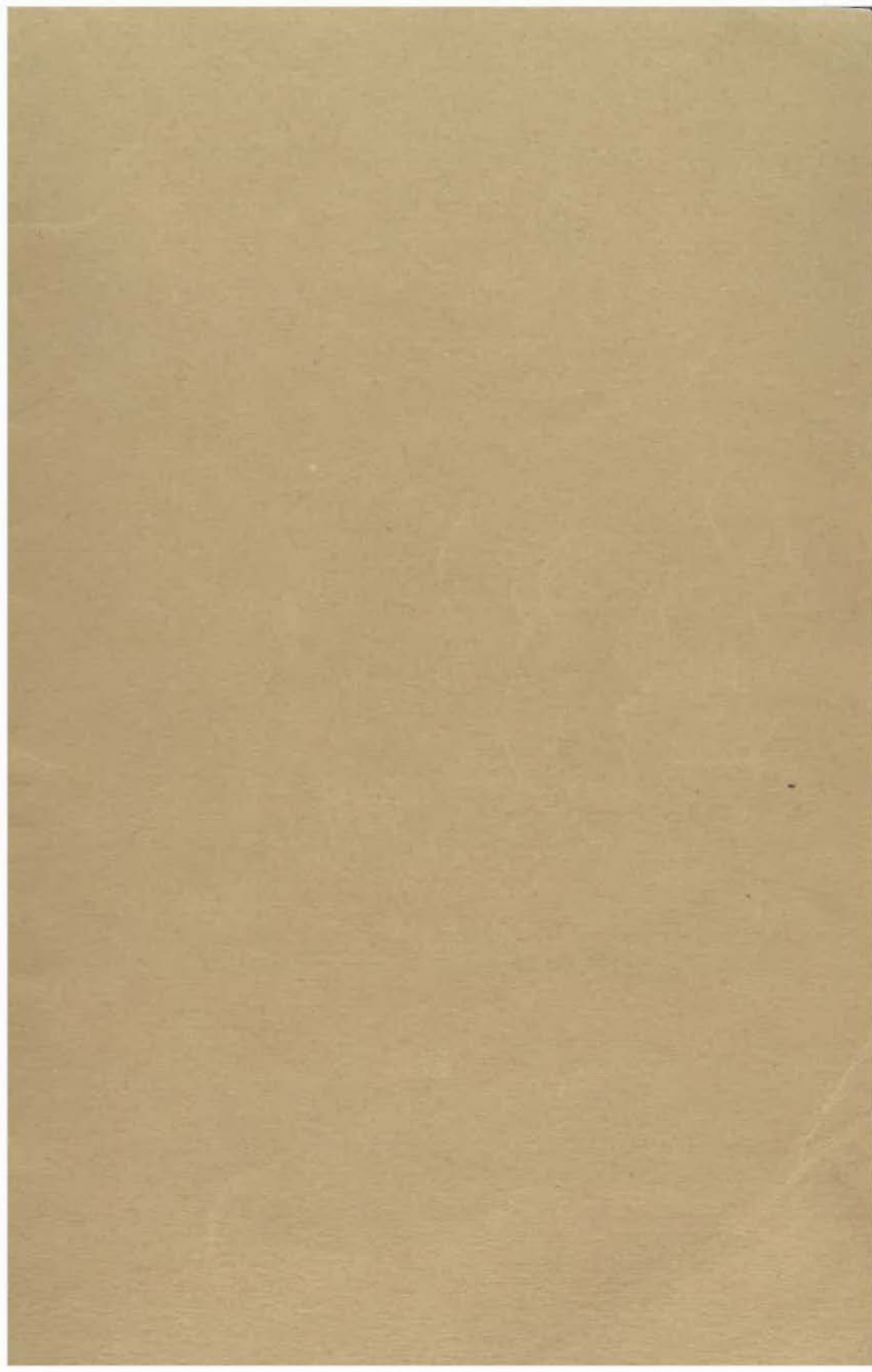
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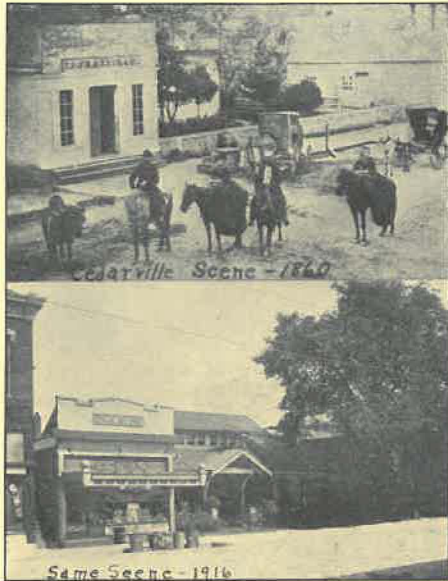
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1816

**Cedarville
Centennial
Souvenir**

1916

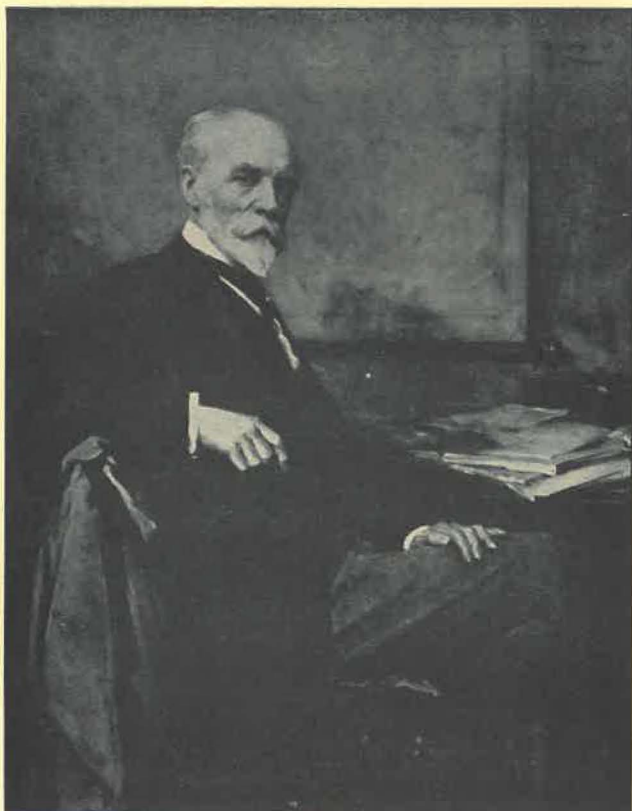




WHATEVER imperfections may be found in this book are due more to the hurry in which it had to be gotten up than to the pains-taking of the committee and their helpers.

We bespeak for the book a large sale, and console ourselves with the thought that we are setting a mark for the next centennial committee to start from.

REV. H. PARKS JACKSON
MRS. LUCY BARBER
R. CECIL BURNS
CLARKE NAGLEY
F. A. JURKAT, Committee



HON. WHITELOW REID
AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN

1863 - 1912

HISTORY OF CEDARVILLE, OHIO

1816 - 1916

When a man dies, it is natural to think of the circumstances surrounding his last years and those of his youth. His gradual rise to greatness may prevent us from seeing how high he has ascended on the ladder of fame. Solomon says: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Prov. 22:29.

The distance between Whitelaw Reid's plain humble home on the farm, and the palaces of kings across the sea, was very great; and yet perchance no royal court had a charm for him like his boyhood home. He was a delicate child, but by a fond mother's earnest devotion and care for him he grew to maturity. He was exceedingly bright in his early school life, had a wonderful memory, and was a voracious reader. His father was a skilful mechanic, and among other things,



he made a neat bookcase with glass doors, and filled the shelves with books of choice reading, such as Plutarch's Lives, etc. Whitelaw had all the books read thru before he was ten years old, and if one should point out a book and ask him what were its contents, he could, without taking it off the shelf, give a synopsis of it. This memory of his was a great aid to him in the two things in which he in later life excelled, viz., as a publicist and as a diplomat. He had naturally great will-

power and concentration on what he wisht to do. Naturally, too, of a noble spirit, he never gave his parents a moment's trouble. The fifth commandment of the Decalog was deeply imprest upon his mind. In his father's last sickness, in 1865, he left the New York Tribune office and hastened to his father's bedside, and nursed him to the end; and then made ample provision for his mother's comfort to the end of her days. She lived to be 92 years of age. William McKinley was Governor of Ohio, and, out of respect to Whitelaw, attended her funeral.

Mother - Marion Whitelaw Ronalds (Reid) - Born 1803



Ryegate, Vermont

WHITELAW REID'S PARENTS

As a mark of affection he kept the old homestead in a condition that makes it an attractive place to all who visit it. The farm contains 200 acres. He shipt in foreign trees from distant parts of our country and planted them among those of native growth. The view from the front door of the \$20,000 dwelling is scarcely excelled anywhere. For sentiment he continued to own the old home where the happy days of his youth were spent; and doubtless his wife and two children will, for his sake, never suffer his old home to pass into other hands.

Whitelaw Reid went up to world-wide fame on his own merits. His wife (we hear) in young womanhood said: "The young man that I marry must be possess of two things—good character and brains; and I do not care if he has not a dollar," and she surely got her ideal husband.

He was thoro in everything that he did. When he entered college, sophomore class, in Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, he was a better Latin and Greek scholar than the higher classmen. When he delivered his commencement oration, and turned to take his seat, all the dignitaries on the platform shook his hand, and, tho all did well, he was the only one whose hand they did shake. After his graduation, he was a teacher, editor, reporter, librarian at Washington, D. C.; he represented the Government at the coronation of King Edward, was nominated on the Republican National ticket in 1892 for Vice-President

of the United States; author of two large volumes, "Ohio in the War," and numerous addresses; was a member of the commission of five chosen by the Government to settle terms with Spain in regard to the Philippine Islands; was ambassador to France, and last, ambassador to England. He had now reached the top-round of the diplomatic ladder—the acme or zenith of his fame. He died in his glory on Sabbath, Dec. 15th, 1912, in London, England, aged 75 years. By order of the English Government, his body was taken to Westminster Abbey, an honor that England never paid to an American before. The King and Queen, the nobility and representatives of all the nations of the world, and of all the clubs to which he belonged as a member, literary and travelers' clubs, etc., were present. Then England sent his body back to New York in one of her great battle-ships, the "Natal," and his funeral at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine certainly surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in New York City. All flags were at half-mast. President Taft and his Cabinet, ex-President Roosevelt, and a host of men who stand at the forefront of the Government, United States Judges, Senators, Army and Navy soldiers and officers, the first citizens of our nation; in addition to all these were representatives of nearly all foreign governments, and clubs in this country and literary institutions (he was Chancellor of New York University), etc., etc. The great Cathedral on Morning-side Heights was not large enough, tho' great its accommodations are, to receive the immense numbers of men and women, his friends and acquaintances, who sought admission. Thousands collected in the spacious enclosure at Amsterdam Avenue and 112th Street, and lingered to catch a glimpse of the procession, the files of sailors and marines and infantry, and the men of great fame who came and went. The floral offerings cannot be described for their number and beauty. Then the great crowds along the streets bared their heads as the body on the gun carriage, with soldiers keeping step, went by, an escort to the place of burial, where Washington Irving's grave is found. He named it Sleepy Hollow in Tarrytown. Here Whitelaw Reid's body sleeps, about one hundred feet from those of the man of letters—Washington Irving.

This is Cedarville Township's most distinguished citizen by far. If the world at large could estimate his worth and honor him as it did at his funeral, shall we not also join them in celebrating his name?

CEDARVILLE TOWNSHIP AND VILLAGE

This is not a history, but rather a reminiscent sketch of men and events in this town and township for the last one hundred years. A history means a book, but this is to be a booklet. Those who desire a history of Cedarville Township are referred to R. S. Dill's History of Greene County, a book of 1018 pages, which enters into interesting particulars. It was published in 1881. It was a conglomeration of people who settled in Cedarville Township, coming as they did from nearly all the states east and south of Ohio. They married and inter-married, and so in the one hundred years have made the substantial,

intelligent, and religious community which is now found in this township.

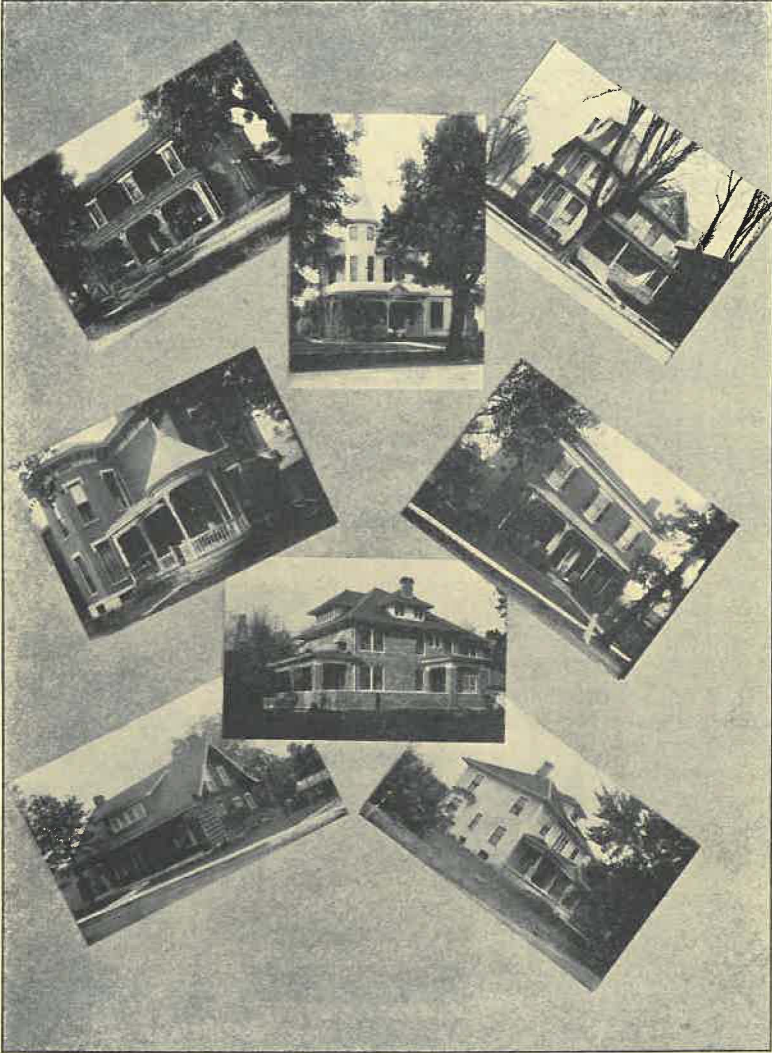
It may be said first of all that in the settlement of the United States two great obstacles had to be removed, viz., the Indians and the forests. The first settlers in Cedarville Township were the Mound-builders. * * * * * They evidently lived along Massie's Creek, and left as evidence that this was once their home, the ancient Fort, enclosing twelve acres, a half mile below Cedarville, and also the large mound, forty feet high, cone-shaped, a quarter of a mile north of the fort. In 1848 an exploration was made of this mound by a well, sunk from top to bottom. A human skeleton was found, probably some great chief of his day. Could he have spoken,



INDIAN MOUND

when his bones were brought to the surface, what an interesting history he could have given of his people. But that history is enveloped in impenetrable darkness. Around that old mound many battles were fought, for the early settlers found arrow-heads in great numbers; and human blood was poured out and many a human being was tortured, who was unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner. Many learned historians believe that the Mound-builders were driven out long ago by the Indians, for, when Columbus discovered America in 1492, the Indians were living in every part of this continent. They were organized into tribes and were governed by chiefs. When the Anglo-Saxons came over the sea from Europe to find homes for themselves in 1607 and 1620, they came in contact with the Indian race, who were uncivilized and savages. They bought large tracts of land from the Indians and settled colonies along the Atlantic seaboard. But soon trouble arose between the two races and tragic and bloody wars followed. But the Indians were no match for the Caucasian race, and, as emigrants came in great numbers from Europe, the Indians were gradually driven back over the Allegheny mountains,

and on west over the Mississippi River, and on over the Rocky Mountains, and still on to the Pacific Ocean; and now the white race has complete control. The poor Indian fought hard for his home and hunting grounds, but the Anglo-Saxons were too strong and powerful a race for them.



RESIDENCES

Many tribes of Indians roamed at large thru the primitive forests of this continent, but the tribe that claimed Greene County was the Shawnees, one of the most intelligent of all the tribes. Their capital

or headquarters was old Chillicothe, or Oldtown, three miles north of Xenia and seven miles west of Cedarville. When they chose this place as their rendezvous is not known. They were here when the first white man came. They were comfortably fixt, lived in comfortable cabins, well-built, had apple orchards and fruit, gardens and corn-fields. Their council house, where business was transacted, was commodious. Some of their celebrated chiefs were Silver Heels, Cornstalk, Blackfish, Blackhoof, and Tecumseh. They all hunted and fisht within the confines of Cedarville Township. Their trail, along which they traveled so often from old Chillicothe to Chillicothe on the Scioto River, past just north of the Whitelaw Reid farm and crost the Clifton pike near the residence of Ervin Kyle. When a boy, I walkt in it in the woods many a time. At that time it was a foot and a half deep.

Tecumseh was a man of intellect, a great orator, and delivered many addresses to the Indians scattered from Ohio to Florida. He exerted a wide influence among the tribes wherever he went. He was born in or near Old Chillicothe, and was one of a triplet. He was often in Xenia, was of a social nature, a welcome visitor at the Gallo-way home, and became infatuated with Rebecca, the beautiful daughter, and even proposed marriage to her; but she could not think of living like an Indian woman, and he could not consent to live like a white man: so the wedding never took place.

The Shawnee Indians' greatest victories were gained under the leadership of Tecumseh. He commanded the Indian forces when Harmar's defeat and loss of 400 men took place. He was absent in the South when General Wayne gained a great victory over the Indians in 1794. Their last battle with the whites was the battle of the Thames, Oct. 5, 1813. Tecumseh and his men were shielded by the tops of fallen trees, and when Col. Dick Johnson, of Kentucky, at the head of his company, charged upon the Indians, Johnson, riding his fiery steed, came around the tree-top in front of Tecumseh, who was in the act of flinging his tomahawk. Johnson leveled his horse-pistol and shot him dead. The Indians, seeing their leader fall, fled and never fought another battle.

Soon after this the Indians removed west, and the early settlers in Kentucky and Ohio were never again troubled by them. Freebooters had already settled on the north side of the Ohio River. Soon after Wayne's victory in 1794, a survey of western Ohio was made by the United States Government under General Massie, and the land was opened up for sale. Pioneers at once came from Kentucky and bought land, beginning at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, and advanct north and east until they reacht Greene County. Daniel Wilson built the first house in Greene County in 1796.

The first settler in Cedarville Township was Thomas Townsley, who came from Kentucky with his family in 1800, and bought 1000 acres one mile northeast of Cedarville, on both sides of Massie's Creek. He immediately erected a round-log cabin, without floor, and moved into it. He then set about to clear a small field for corn, potatoes, garden, apple orchard, etc. They wintered here, and early in the

spring of 1801 he went back to Kentucky and assisted his brother John to move his family to this township. They arrived in due time, and Thomas shared with John the land, corn crop, garden, potato patch, and cabin. These two brothers were born and married in Sherman's Valley, Cumberland County, Pa., where their father, William Townsley, was an early settler.

About the fall of 1776, Thomas, John, and George moved to Kentucky and settled near Cynthiana. They lived here twenty-five years amid all the dangers of the war with the Indians, and became the very first pioneers in Cedarville Township. Their neighbors and friends in Kentucky, being dissatisfied with slavery, resolved to move to Ohio's free soil, and they came in great numbers to all parts of southeastern Ohio, and so many to Cedarville Township, that if we would mention all the names, the greater part of this booklet would be filled. Hence we can mention the names of only a few of them, for special reasons. We can truly say of all of them that they were a healthy, hardy people, capable of enduring much hard labor and exposure to the elements while clearing the forests which covered the whole face of the land, that they might cultivate the soil.

Those from Kentucky were soon joined by families from the east and south, and all went to work to remove the "deep tangled wildwood," in which were found forest trees many of them four and five feet in diameter, viz., oak, walnut, poplar, hickory, elm, ash, beech, sugar tree, wild cherry, ironwood, dogwood, sassafras, and hazel brush, with grape-vines intertwining,—a mass so dense that a footman with difficulty could penetrate and pass thru. It was a dangerous and difficult work to remove the Indians, and now before they could cultivate the soil and sow and plant and reap, this hard and stupendous work of removing the forests stared them in the face. But the pioneers were brave, and great hustlers. They had endured hardships and faced dangers in clearing the land of the Indians, and so were prepared for clearing the land of the forests. Had they not lived in the iron age, they never would have accomplished the work. Nothing but iron axes in their hands could ever have felled those big trees.

So the first tree that Thomas Townsley cut down sounded the first note of a chorus in which the pioneers beat time with their axes, and the giant oak and walnut trees came crashing thru the tops of those of a smaller growth and struck the ground with a dull thud. It was the roar of cannon or heavy artillery in battle. It was the battle with the forest. As each tree fell, it told the final doom of the rendezvous and sylvan home of the deer and buffalo which had roamed these forests for ages. It was the tocsin to bear and panther, the knell that sounded their doom, and they, like the poor Indian, forever bade farewell to Cedarville Township and Massies Creek's rocks and rills. Openings were made in the woods, cabins were built, and the blue smoke curled up thru the treetops as the good wife was preparing the evening meal. It was frontier life, but they were happy, for there were no savage Indians roaming the forest to fill them with terror of losing their scalps, as many of their friends in Kentucky and elsewhere had done.

Wilbur D. Nesbit, the poet, though born in Xenia, was reared in Cedarville, and has a genuine muse. He has diligently cultivated his poetic talents and is fast gaining a reputation with his muse, of which the people of Cedarville are justly proud. He has sung himself into their hearts, and, without college culture or scholastic training, his idylls have given him a place with Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, and Will Carleton, and causes rhymsters and literary dabblers and critics to stand aside and take off their hats in recognition of his worth. He plays with the emotions of the human soul as genuinely as David did with the strings of the harp. He has published several volumes of poems which would grace the shelves of any library. Here is his latest, written especially for this booklet:



WILBUR D. NESBIT

WHEN WE COME BACK HOME

When we come back home—when we come back home!
O, the weary roads we travel and the alien lands we roam,
Till one day there comes a murmur of a half-forgotten song,
And we think about the orchards and the streets where we belong,
And the friends we left behind us, and the golden days of yore—
Then the world grows all the better, for we're going home once more.

When we come back home—when we come back home!
O, the call has reached each one of us from Panama to Nome,
And we've sighed and sort of chuckled of the days that used to be
When the world was not much bigger than the fields that we could
see—

And we've learned there is no welcome half so fine in other lands
As the one that's waiting for us in the homefolks' hearts and hands.

When we come back home—when we come back home!
Now the years are shaken from us just as light as wind-flung foam;
And again we have and hold them—all the half-forgotten joys
That we did not know were precious when we were but girls and
boys—

Then we close our eyes and see it—see the creek, the streets, the mill,
And the heart beats to a home-song as we dream of Cedarville.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

Massie's Creek, named for General Massie, who surveyed all this region, and was popular in his day, is the chief stream in the township. Thru the ages past it had worn in the solid rock a channel one-mile long, in places forty feet deep; and on either bank was a grove of cedar trees. It was one of the most picturesque scenes in America. Here at one time roamed the Indian, bear, panther, wolf, wildcat, deer,



SCENES OF MASSIE'S CREEK

and all genera of smaller animals and reptiles. Today we find none of them.

So, too, with the forest trees. The Indian, bear, panther, wolf, wild cat, deer, rattlesnake, and forest trees lived together. Now one and all are gone. The Anglo-Saxon race did not covet such companions. They came across the sea and drove them all out. They killed the Indian and they killed the forest. They cultivated the soil and caused it to produce bountiful harvests. They reared domestic animals, the horse, cow, sheep, hogs, and poultry of all kinds. They built palatial residences, cities where millions of people live together; towns and villages also. They build magnificent ships for traveling on the rivers, lakes, and oceans; and battleships for war. They build railway roads and cars. They use steam, electricity, and gas for power in machinery

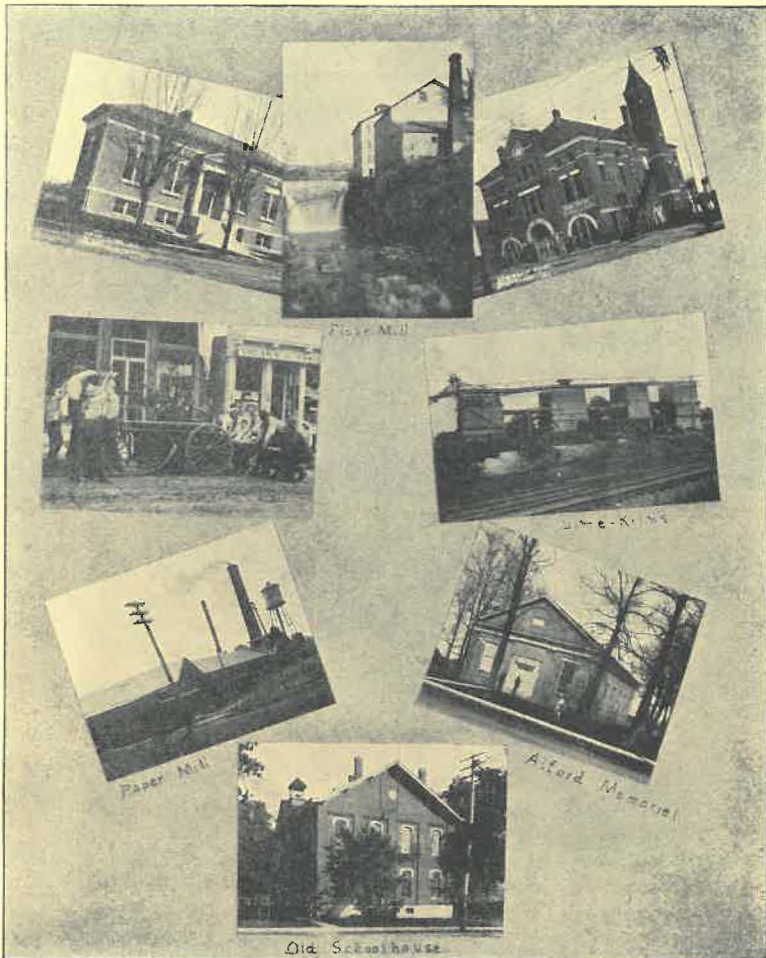
on land and sea. They send messages by telegraph and telephone. They build large edifices for schools, colleges, universities, and churches in which to worship God. They are not a small tribe, but a mighty nation of a hundred million people, who live with a government concentrated in one great city. They ride in fine vehicles over macadamized roads that cost thousands of dollars in the building; buggies, carriages, bicycles, motorcycles, and automobiles; and in railway cars that travel sixty miles an hour; and even now they are beginning to ride in ships thru the air 3000 feet above the earth. Which, in your opinion, is the greater race of the two—the Indian or the Anglo-Saxon? The Indian would not cultivate the soil, and the Lord sent the progressive Anglo-Saxon to drive him out, as He sent Israel to drive out the Canaanite. We think the Lord did right in driving out the Canaanite and the Indian. Don't you?

A CENTENNIAL POEM

BY REV. H. PARKS JACKSON.

The task is a pleasant duty, the history to trace,
Of the early home and childhood—one's dear old native place,
For it thrills our hearts with pleasure and they beat in sweet accord,
While we talk of men and customs, our early years afford.
We need go back but a century to find a solitude
In Cedarville and township land, where dwell a multitude.
The forest then unbroken, the Red man walked at will,
The antlered deer and buffalo grazed free on vale and hill;
The eagle plumed its pinions and soared to azure skies,
Birds great and small in chorus sang their loud sweet melodies;
All the land was thickly covered, was dense with mammoth trees,
And vines twined wildly o'er their tops and hummed with busy bees;
The lilies grew rank in the valleys and flowers the hillsides o'er,
The wild bird's note was mingled with that of the panther's roar,
And yet "the deep-tangled wild-wood" had never heard the sound
Of the white man's axe resounding in clearing off the ground;
But all was wild, a wilderness, force ruled on every hand,
Till the Anglo-Saxon blazed a path to civilize the land.
When old Time's wheel marked eighteen hundred, the sturdy pioneer
Came from Kentucky's slave-land with courage minus fear,
And built a home on this free soil, ne'er cursed by slaver's power.
Brave, noble-hearted men were they, and equal to the hour,
They carried a gun like a hunter, an axe completed the load,
They ferried the streams and the river, and blazed through the forest
a road,
Till they reached this part of Ohio on Massies Creek's land and lea,
And marked the spot for their homestead by cutting and felling a tree.
Was it a walnut, oak, or a poplar, a hickory, ash, or a bass?
It might have been one of those giants, or a crooked old sassafras;
Be that as it may, we are certain, that tree which fell with a boom,
Was the tocsin to beast and to savage, the knell that sounded their
doom;
For they lost their home in the forest and bid it a final farewell,

And that tree first cut by the woodman told the story to them as it fell!
 The bear disappears with a growl, the wild panther with a scream,
 The deer lifts its head with a sniff, and wonders what all may mean,
 'Tis the dawn of civilization, a change that tells of much toil,
 The coming now of the white man to cultivate the soil:
 It's the story of a hundred years, the work of great brawn and brain,



And tells of labor and sacrifice to produce the golden grain.
 Thus one by one these giant oaks fell crashing with a boom,
 And axe-men multiplied each year, which told the final doom
 Of the rendezvous and sylvan-home of the deer and buffalo,
 Which had roamed these hills and valleys from the years of long ago.
 To bring this light and these changes, to clear up the vale and the hill,

Took a courage truly heroic in men of an iron will,
For there was a wilderness of forests, there were trees both great and small,

And the task to fell these giants that were large and very tall,
Required a skillful axe-man with endurance almost divine,
But it was in fact accomplished by your father's sire and mine.
Their implements of culture were homely, strong, and crude,
The axe, the saw, the sickle, and the log-chains multitude,
The rake, the hoe, the log-sled, the scythe, the adz, and plane,
The auger, square, and cross-cut, to sever the logs in twain,
The flail to thresh the cereal, the home-made wooden plows,
The bells upon the horses, and also on the cows,
The wagon, strong and heavy with its schooner, boat-like, bed,
The home-made flaxen garments, the milliner's gear for head,
The swifts, and loom, and hackles, the flax-break and the reel,
The scutching-knife, and knitting-needle, and the wooden spinning-wheel.

They had bees for fun and frolic, they had huskings, quiltings, too,



*Rev. Robert Armstrong - 1st pastor
preached here
1st in 1863.
organized church
in 1864. It
lived 80 yrs.*

SECEDER CHURCH

*See article under
Churches.*

Large gatherings for the log-roll in this country all so new;
Their home was a humble cabin made of logs and clap-boards broad,
Inlaid with puncheon flooring, or the bare and level sod;
In this cabin a loft and window, a latch-string in the door,
A cradle, trundle-bed, old bureau, but no carpet on the floor;
A fireplace wide and spacious with a crane to swing the kettle,
For the frying and boiling, too, were in vessels made of metal.
Theirs a life of toil and labor, but it brought to them a pleasure,
As they worked 'mid stumps and tree-tops for their food and earthly treasure.

They builded here their cabins, their churches, and their school,
Erected family altars, and observed the Golden Rule;
They laid for us foundations and opened for us a way.
They fashioned well the order we love and prize today.

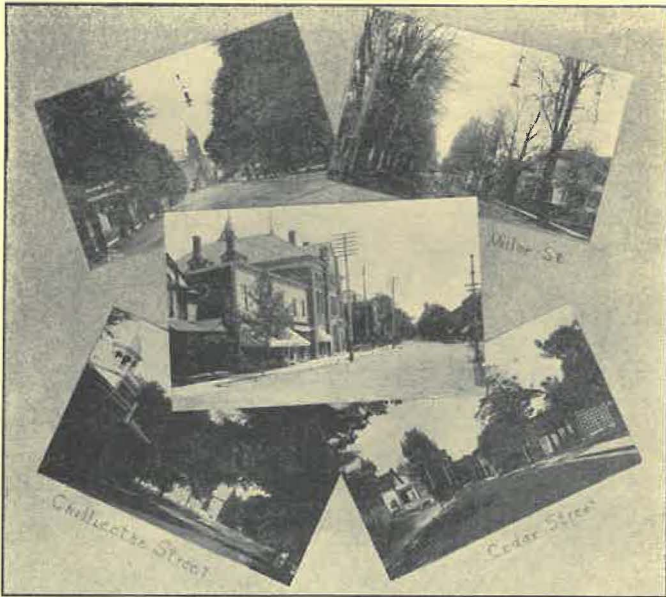
They strictly kept the Sabbath, they ceased from toil to rest,
 They gathered at the "meeting-house" to worship and were blest.
 The orthodox hour for worship was eleven by the clock,
 None dared to be much tardy in the gathering of the "flock."
 The parson with a solemn mien explained in course the psalm,
 And preached to them long sermons till the evening clear and calm,
 Or, dispensed the sacred emblems on the sacramental day,
 Each member must have a "token," or forever stay away.
 The psalms were sung to music in quaint and solemn tone,
 Led by an old precentor, standing in front alone
 To "line-out" all the verses and to lead the sacred song,
 For to omit this ancient custom was deemed a fearful wrong.
 Thus years passed swiftly onward, the pioneers to the grave,
 But a generation was raised up that is worthy, strong, and brave;
 And the influence of the church and school has truly made its mark,
 For men and women now till the soil, or in merchandise embark,
 Whose fathers and mothers were pioneers, and trained their children
 well,
 To be honest, steadfast in their ways, their "birth-right" never to sell.
 A hundred years have passed away, the wild beasts are no more,
 The Red Men too with tomahawk roam not as they did of yore;
 We find their graves, their forts, and darts, but their war-whoop in the
 fray,
 And antlers wild they hunted here, have long since passed away;
 The cabins of frontiersmen, the homes of the pioneer,
 Have passed to the womb of Mother Earth—gone this many a year,
 And instead of cabins in the woods, and rude implements of toil,
 We see palatial homes on farms, tools modern for the soil.
 Modes different too in church and state so marvelous and strange,
 Progression looms on every side, intelligence marks the change!
 Instead of the plain log meeting-house are temples with a bell,
 Large houses for the schools are found on hills and in the dell;
 Sprunged carriages and autos fine, long trains on rails of steel,
 While neighbors talk upon the phone and ride the cycle wheel.
 The implements to farm the soil and gather in the grain
 Have all been changed, and now we find inventions by the brain
 Have made it easier to farm, or work in any way,
 Machines indeed which pioneers ne'er dreamed of in their day.
 Long years have passed, those days are gone, but still their wealth is
 ours,
 The golden grain on many a field, the orchards and the bowers,
 The lowing herds, the bright plumed birds, the homes with love made
 dear,
 That crown the land won by the toil of the brave old pioneer.

CEDARVILLE TOWNSHIP AND VILLAGE

Cedarville Township was organized in 1850. It lies entirely within
the Virginia Military District. Its area is 23,000 acres.

The village of Cedarville was laid out in streets and lots in 1816

by Jesse Newport, who came from Virginia in 1810. All was then a wild wilderness here, and the thing that Jesse Newport did which we celebrate this 30th and 31st days of August, 1916, was the laying out of the town of Cedarville. When it was incorporated we do not know, as the docket and valuable papers were burnt with the Opera House in 1886. Perhaps it was about the time when a post-office was established. Jesse Newport surveyed a street on the north side of the creek, and running parallel thereto, sixty feet wide, and called it Chillicothe street. He laid off on the south side of the street, fifteen lots 82½ x 150 feet, and also nine lots, same size, on the north side.



This is the street on which stand the U. P. and M. E. Churches. The village-to-be he called Milford, because he owned and operated a saw-mill here. It bore this name till 1834, when a post-office was established here by the Government, and the name had to be changed to avoid confusion of post-offices. It was changed to Cedarville to perpetuate the memory of the cedars on either bank of Massie's Creek. By this time cabins were being built along this street. Additions were made to the town from time to time, and new streets on the north side were laid out parallel to Chillicothe street.

On the south side Cedar street was laid out. All were then in the woods. James Jeffrey, now 96 years old, and yet well preserved in mind and body, remembers when all the block on which the Covenanter Church is located was a thicket of large brush. That was 80 years ago.

Saw-mills were needed, and in 1811 Jesse Newport built one and also a dam on Massie's Creek, just below Main street. A bridge also was needed, and he built a wooden bridge on Main street for farmers to haul logs to his mill. This was the first mill and bridge on Massie's Creek. There were too many logs to saw for this mill alone, and four other mills were built along the creek at intervals for two miles below. Also later a portable saw-mill was built in the village, that sawed logs for many years. All these mills were abandoned, because the supply of logs was exhausted. One alone, employed by the Tarbox Lumber Co., is needed.

Some years ago there was a flax-mill, but it ceased its labors because the farmers quit raising flax. Two flouring water mills are the only ones left on Massie's Creek. The greatest of all the mills is the steam paper mill, built in 1892 by the Hagar Straw Board and Paper Co., George Little, President; A. Z. Smith, Manager. The plant cost \$200,000. The material used per day is 30 tons of straw. The output is 23 tons of paper. It employs 65 men at good wages, and puts in circulation thousands of dollars. It is the biggest thing in Cedarville.

The Andrew Brothers carry on an extensive business. They own 1400 acres of rich soil and deal in fine stock of Red Polled cattle, and in coal, etc. Oscar Bradfute and Frank Turnbull, dealers in fine cattle. Robert Watt and Foust, dealers in fine hogs. Williamson Bros., dealers in fine sheep. No other spot on the globe can find better. Kerr and Hastings Brothers have an elevator and do an extensive business in coal and a general store.

Along in the 40's, the burning of lime was quite a business. Seven or eight families were supported by it. They obtained tree-tops and fallen timber from the farmers, and the only cost was the hauling. There was abundance of limestone, and thousands of bushels were burnt every year and hauled in wagons to Xenia, South Charleston, and Washington, C. H. As much as \$40,000 were put into circulation in Cedarville. The only one now engaged in this business here is D. S. Ervin, who burns 5000 bushels each year. He ships on the cars and does not have to haul it in wagons as those in the 40's were obliged to do. The stone here makes the best lime on the market.

ROADS

The first road opened to Xenia and Cincinnati by the Townsleys and others passed west into the ravine that enters the paper mill reservoir and down through it 50 rods, then forded Massie's Creek and kept on the lowland passed the Rankin Bull residence on east side and to the north side of the hill west and on to Xenia. The second road was opened from the west end of Chillicothe street to a new bridge that was built across the narrow place of Massie's Creek, and on from it, angling to and around where now the paper mill is located, and followed the high ground till it connected with the first road near the Rankin Bull residence. By this road they escaped the swollen creek ford. Other roads in all directions were opened through the woods.

Many roots were in all the roads of that day. The wagons had to be made very strong, the rear wheels greater in diameter than the front ones. The wagon-bed was much the shape of a schooner. Four and six big horses driven by single line. The driver rode the horse on the near side of the wagon tongue. They often would have on the hames of each horse, save the saddle-horse, a steel bow filled with beautifully-toned small bells. These teams hauled produce to Cincinnati and brought store-goods in return. It was a sight to see five or six of those teams passing up street driven by a single line, the horses all adorned with fine harness and equipped with a bow of beautifully-toned bells.

But the railroad came, and the overland stage-coach and big wagons are gone. It took a big wagon three days to drive to Cincinnati, but one freight car will haul as much as twenty big wagons, and a train of 50 freight cars will haul as much to Cincinnati as 1000 big wagons, and make the trip in three hours.

In 1844, the Columbus Pike was made. It was at first a toll road and was considered and really was, a great improvement over the clay roads. In 1845 a line of overland stage-coaches was put on by the Government to carry passengers and mail. These big coaches were drawn by four horses with a relay at towns eight to twelve miles apart. A tavern was built between Robert Bird's store and the Post-office. The barn for this tavern was located where Shroades' hardware store now is. The pike came up Xenia avenue to this tavern and thence over the wooden Newport bridge and up the slope to the U. P. Church corner and thence to the right along Chillicothe street east. What I am to tell was thrilling. When the mail-coach drove up from Xenia to the tavern, the jaded horses were released and walked of their own accord to their stalls in the barn, while a fresh team was brought out, all groomed perfectly, till their hair was like silk. They were high spirited and light weight. It took two men to assist the driver to hitch them to the coach. When all was ready, the driver would climb to his seat at the top of the coach, get his double-check-lines and whip (a long hickory handle and long lash with silk cracker at the end) in hand; then he would shout, "Let them go," and away they would gallop at break-neck speed, across the wooden bridge and up the slope, the driver cracking his whip over the running steeds, sounding like pistol shots. When the U. P. Church corner was reached, the driver would rein up the team, throw off the mail sack, which was carried into the post-office, the mail changed, the mail sack brought back, and thrown to the driver. Then the team would trot off gently and gracefully to South Charleston. This scene occurred frequently and was a very interesting sight, especially to boys. They all resolved to be stage-drivers when they became men.

Rev. H. Parks Jackson's old home, one mile west of Cedarville, near the Indian Mound. The buildings are now all removed, and cereals are harvested where they stood. He speaks of the old home in verse:

The dear old home, a sacred spot
Of childhood ne'er can be forgot,
Though months and years may pass away
And we in distant lands may stray,
Its scenes from mind we ne'er can blot.

How sacred seems thy baton door,
Thy windows small and oaken floor!
Thy broad stone hearth and fireplace wide,
Whose cheerful fires we sat beside,
And knelt our Savior to adore!

I see thy yard with verdure green,
Thy hillside slopes with rocks between,
Thy spring, thy barn, thy orchard trees,
Thy blooming flowers, and humming bees.
How bright to memory is the scene!

My home, O home, my childhood's home!
I'll think of thee where'er I roam.
In fancy now on thee I gaze,
My home, sweet home of other days!



BIG SPRING

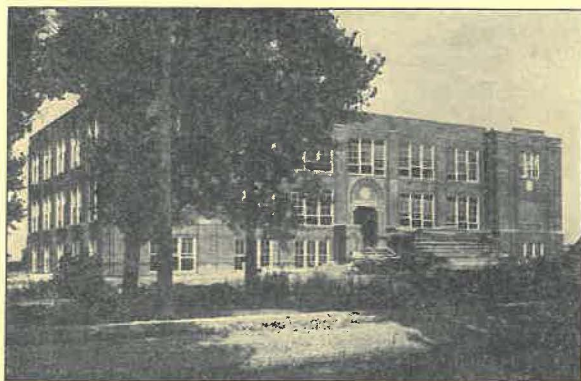


REV. H. P. JACKSON'S OLD HOME

SCHOOLS

The first schoolhouse built in the township was on the Townsley farm. The second one was on the cliff on the Wm. Barber farm west of town, overlooking Massie's Creek and the paper mill reservoir—a romantic location for a schoolhouse. Other schoolhouses were built from time to time in places convenient for the children to attend. In 1850, James Turnbull, born and reared two miles east of Cedarville, a very popular schoolteacher, bought a lot in the village from Judge Samuel Kyle. It was covered with a grove of sugar trees. He built a frame schoolhouse and opened a subscription school September, 1850, and named it Grove School. The school prospered and became very popular, till in three years there were 200 scholars in attendance. Alas! Mr. Turnbull died. His funeral was the largest of any one that occurred in Cedarville before or since. Other teachers were employed, but in a few years the District bought it and it became a public school, tuition free to this day.

In 1868 the present brick building was erected at a cost of \$30,000. A high school was started in the Grove School and has continued unto the present day. It has had sixteen superintendents, five of whom were men born and raised in Cedarville Township, viz: James Turnbull, Parks Jackson, James Foster, John H. McMillan, and K. E. Randall. A new \$75,000 schoolhouse, nearing completion, is located in the north part of town on Main street, an elegant building with all modern conveniences in it. We have always had good schools and good teachers in Cedarville and the township, and now we have a good school building. Besides, we have a college in our village, that has done and is doing a good work.



NEW SCHOOL HOUSE, NEARING COMPLETION



CEDARVILLE COLLEGE, W. R. MCCHESENEY, PRESIDENT

CEDARVILLE COLLEGE

Cedarville College is an institution of higher learning under the auspices of the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

It was chartered by the State of Ohio in 1887, but did not open for instruction until September 19, 1894. In 1895 the present commodious building was erected and trees planted, and now we have one of the most beautiful sites in this section of the State.

Rev. David McKinney, D. D., LL. D., of Cincinnati, was the first president and served for twenty-one years. In June, 1915, Rev. Wilbert Renwick McChesney, Ph. D., D. D., was elected president and was inaugurated November 12th following, with imposing ceremonies. Dr. McChesney has been connected with the college from its inception.

Two successful Summer Schools have been conducted; one in 1915 with 142 in attendance, and one in 1916 with 130 students present. Elaborate plans are being made for the 1917 session of the Summer School. The Fall Semester will open September 12, 1916. The Faculty consists of the President and six professors.



M. E. CHURCH, J. W. PATTON, PASTOR

CHURCHES

The first congregation organized in the township was Massie's Creek, three miles west of Cedarville. Rev. Robert Armstrong was its first pastor. He preached there first in 1803 and organized the congregation in 1804. At one time its membership was 400. It lived 80 years and was disorganized in 1882. It was called Associate Presbyterian or Seceder and in 1858 it changed its name to United Presbyterian. It was being dismantled when this picture was taken.

The second congregation was the Baptist, three quarters of a mile east of Cedarville, then in the village, in the frame building on the bank of the creek above Main street, now occupied as the colored Baptist Church.

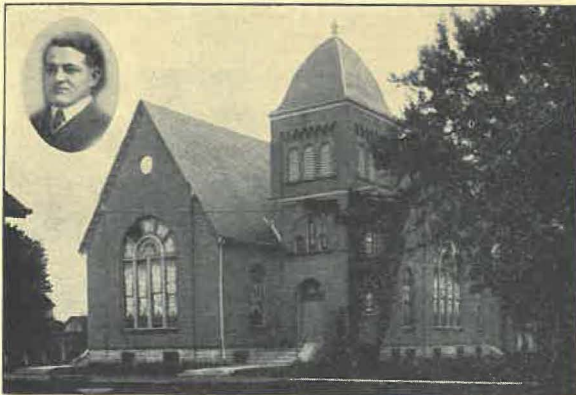
The third congregation was the M. E., 1804. They worshipped first in God's temple, the woods, and in barns and log dwellings one mile east of Cedarville. Then they bought property and built a frame

church in the village. Later they sold the frame and erected the present brick on the same lot. It was dedicated in 1854. This is the only church in the village as yet that enjoys the sweet tones of a pipe organ.



R. P. CHURCH (O. S.)

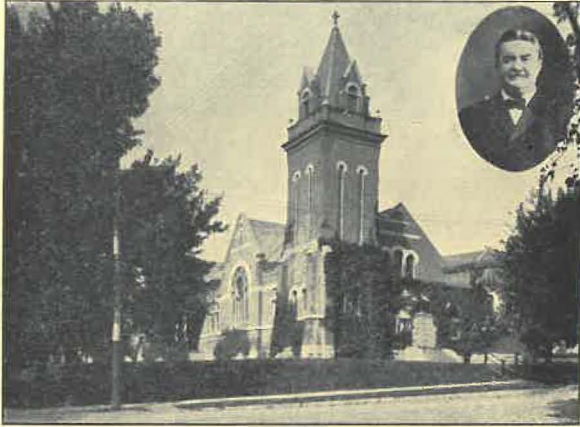
The fourth is the Covenanter-1809. They divided in 1833 and now have two denominations instead of one. Both have churches in the village. The New School built in 1902 the church in which they now worship, at a cost of \$22,000. Rev. Hugh McMillan, D. D., was pastor of this church for thirty years and Rev. J. F. Morton, D. D., for forty years. Whitelaw Reid was received to membership here when nineteen years of age. There are now 250 members.



U. P. CHURCH, J. S. E. McMICHAEL, PASTOR

The fifth church is the United Presbyterian, 1844. The first church, built in 1847, was a frame, 40x65 feet. It was sold, and their present

brick church was built in 1888 on the same lot at a cost of \$15,000. They have a membership of 250. The churches of the village exert a good influence upon the entire community. They have sent forth



R. P. CHURCH, J. L. CHESTNUT, PASTOR

fifty-five preachers, many of them prominent pastors of congregations of 700 and 800 members, and salaries reaching \$4000. Forty-five girls of Cedarville Township have married preachers. The names of the above can be furnished.

SECRET ORDERS, ETC.

A large number of these may be found in the village, and also not secret, women's clubs, mostly in connection with the churches to carry on their work. The largest organization in the village is the Commercial Club, of men only. It has 115 members, who look after the commercial and moral welfare of the community.

FIRE COMPANY AND ENGINES

The town has a Fire Company which was organized in 1853. They bought a small second hand engine and hose reel. Their first contest at a tournament was at Springfield, Ohio, July 4th, 1854. They left home at 4 o'clock a. m. It was so cold that they wore overcoats.



R. P. MCLEAN, MAYOR

The engine was small and did not present a very attractive appearance. It was dubbed by the other companies "coffee-pot" and "tub." But when the time for throwing water came, it was at the front. In the distance thrown, it would reach out its stream 15 or 20 feet

beyond the large hand engines. The farthest throw it ever made was at Zanesville, Ohio. It won the silver trumpet on a 240-foot spurt. James Bogle was captain and A. S. Frazer was nozzleman. They attended tournaments at Springfield, Tiffin, Zanesville, and Dayton. They won at least five silver trumpets at these firemen's tournaments. The closest contest that they ever had was at Sandusky, Ohio, but the nozzleman said the other day, "We had the Kyles, Turnbulls, Jacksons, and Ed Vanhorn and others, all six-footers and Samsons, and when they manned the brakes, we had the power to make the little machine do something, even its best." The company or town bought a new and larger engine, and the old one is resting, kept as a relic of the past, but alas! the solid silver trumpets were all melted when the Opera House burnt.

MUSIC

Cedarville was always noted for good music, both vocal and instrumental. The first was by fife and drums. Military companies drilled up the streets and marched to martial music. Then bands were organized, one led at an early day by John Gibney, Sr.; another led by Frank Huffine; and one at the present led by Wallace Irvine, of which the citizens are not ashamed. In vocal music, at an early day, were singing teachers that rode the circuit and taught at night singing schools in the schoolhouses, James Madden and a Mr. Sneathen, who taught school during the day and singing schools at night. In the 50's and 60's, David S. Johnston and Robert M. Jackson both rode the circuit and did good work. Both led with the violin. Robert M. Jackson was the best performer with the violin in the neighborhood. The best bass singer that Cedarville ever produced was Marion Lawrance. He could sing low B flat and make the windows rattle. He removed to Wichita, Kansas, and was elected to the Legislature, but died before he could take his seat. The first choir in Cedarville was in the U. P. Church, led by George Jackson. The other churches were led by a precentor. All the churches now have good choirs. During the Civil War a Glee Club was organized with William Crawford as leader. There were sixteen members. They gave many concerts in all the churches of the village, and at South Charleston, Selma, and Massie's Creek church, for the benefit of the Christian Commission, a big organization for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the soldiers in field, camp, and hospital. This glee club also had an orchestra. Morton Creswell now owns the big double bass that was used in that glee club over fifty years ago. The club had quite a local reputation, and is remembered quite well today by the old people. We have today a conservatory of music in the college, and many voices in the town that greet audiences here with excellent music.

BELLS

The first big bell in Cedarville was placed in the belfry of the United Presbyterian Church, when they erected their first frame church in 1847. There seemed to be a general desire that a large bell should be in the village, and the citizens of the town and town-

grad. of
College

ship added a good subscription to the congregation's to purchase one. The bell was purchased in Cincinnati and was put in place. When it was rung the first time it created a sensation. Everybody stopped work and rushed out doors to listen. Farmers at the plow stopped while they heard the rich tones of the new bell in the town. In 1853 the Covenanters (N. S.) moved their brick church from Massie's Creek Cemetery to the village and placed their bell, now in use, on the church. In 1854 the Methodists dedicated their present brick church, on which they had placed the bell now in use. In 1850 James Turnbull erected a schoolhouse and placed on it the bell which has been in use ever since. It has been calling the children to school for 66 years. Faithful old bell! Its tones are just as clear and strong today as in years ago. We love to hear them now. The Board of Education should give the dear old bell a home on the new school building.

SOLDIERS

To the Civil War, Cedarville Township sent more soldiers, according to population, than any other township in the county or State, in all 310. David Currie was the first one killed in battle, in West Virginia. It would be interesting to write in full about each company and regiment, but our space is too limited.

In 1862 Gen. Kirby Smith was marching through Kentucky to destroy Cincinnati. Gov. Todd issued a call to all the militia to grab a gun and rush to Cincinnati on the first train. All the bells in Cedarville were rung. The excitement was intense, and men from the country came rushing in on every road, and by night a company of 118 men were on the train and the first company from Greene County into Cincinnati. Gen. Kirby Smith heard that a big army of 25,000 soldiers had arrived in the city and he retreated. The report was true, only we were "Squirrel Hunters." We stayed a week and were discharged. Forty-six years afterwards we got a check for \$13 from the State of Ohio.

ET CETERA

At an early date stores were needed. Mr. Hanna was the first storekeeper. John Nesbit kept a store many years; John Orr also, at the corner of Main and Chillicothe streets; Espy Mitchell and John Torrence at corner of Main and Xenia Ave.; George Dunlap and Nathan Plowman, where Kerr and Hastings are in business. J. F. Frazier kept store in Ridgway's drug room for 35 years. J. Cal. Barber has kept store in the room that he now occupies 34 years. Robert Bird has built up a large trade, employs six clerks, in a general store of dry goods, carpets, and groceries. Eight firms supply groceries to the people. Three doctors pill the people; one pulls their teeth; and one stills the moans of suffering animals. There are two undertakers, four hardware stores, two meat merchants, three blacksmith shops, two drug stores, one photographer, and two hotels. The population of Cedarville is 1059.

John Paris was first post-master.

At that time, much horseback riding was done by both men and women. The latter had side saddles. It was no unusual thing to see 50 or 60 men and women in procession, going to a wedding.

OLD FAMILIES

The families were generally large. The largest family that ever lived in Cedarville Township was that of Samuel Kyle—twenty-one. One son has been pastor of a congregation in Amsterdam, N. Y. for 35 years, and twelve grandsons are preachers; one, Rev. Joseph Kyle, D. D., LL. D., is professor of theology in Xenia, Ohio, Seminary; another was U. S. Senator, two terms, from South Dakota.

MINISTERS AND EDUCATORS



H. A. JOHNSTON, J. A. ORR, JOSEPH KYLE

W. W. ILIFFE, H. P. JACKSON, HOMER MCMILLAN, JOHN H. MCMILLAN

Hon. James H. Kyle, son of Thomas and Margaret, and grandson of Judge Samuel Kyle, was born near Cedarville, February 24, 1854. He removed with his father's family to Champaign, Ill., when in his teens. He was educated in Illinois University, but graduated from Oberlin College, Ohio in 1878; studied law, but in a year began the study of the theology in Western Presbyterian Seminary, Pittsburg, Pa., and was licensed to preach the gospel in 1882. He was pastor in Utah, Colorado, and South Dakota. He was elected Senator from South Dakota February 16, 1891, re-elected, 1897. He died July 1, 1901, and was buried at Aberdeen, S. Dakota. His death was caused by heart disease.

Another grandson of Judge Samuel Kyle was a missionary to Brazil; another is Judge of the Court of Greene County, Ohio. A grand-daughter, Miss Ella O. Kyle, was a missionary to Egypt for

25 years, and principal of a large school for young ladies. The Board erected a splendid building for this school in Cairo. The day that it was to be dedicated, Theodore Roosevelt came down the Nile from Africa, and Miss Kyle invited him to make the dedicatory speech, which he did to the delight of the great audience present.

Samuel Kyle was Associate Judge of the County Court for 35 years, County Surveyor for 20 years, and Ruling Elder in the U. P. Church for 40 years, and was said to be the best posted in Church History of any layman in the county.

Judge Samuel Kyle built on his farm a large frame barn in 1808, which is still in use.



OLD STONE HOUSE, 1820



FLAX

Another family, that of Little David Jackson, may be mentioned. He was educated for a preacher, but throat trouble prevented. He built a stone house 50 rods east of Massie's Creek Cemetery in 1820, and reared a family of eight daughters, three of whom married preachers, two went to Africa as missionaries, and the rest became school teachers. His house sheltered many a runaway slave on the underground railroad. A spring gushes out of the bank, and he built his house over this fountain, and pumped the cold limpid water up into the kitchen. This home, once prominent, is now forsaken and in decay.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

“Gloom is upon thy silent hearth,
O silent house, once filled with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.
The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thy early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.”

Robert Jackson moved his family from eastern Ohio to Clark's Run and bought in 1814 the farm now owned by William Stevenson. His son, Robert, Jr., was sent to the legislature as representative in 1833. About that time he also received a commission and was General of Militia of Greene County, which he held till 1837. He was

a fine drill-master, and, when clothed in his uniform, with sword and spurs, and seated on his stylish gray horse, he was an attractive figure. His son, Andrew, who now resides in Cedarville, served two terms in the legislature, and was for several years Sergeant-at-arms of the House. Abram Reid, cousin of Whitelaw, also served a term in the legislature.

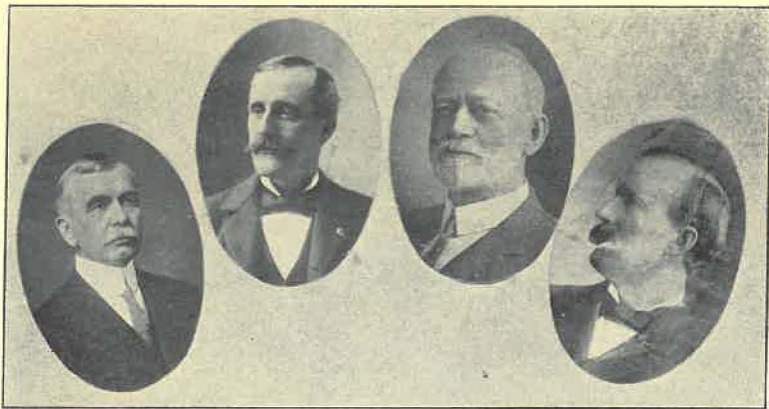
A. S. Frazer, a Cedarville boy, was for 18 years Auditor of the county, and was for 25 years cashier of the Xenia National Bank.



PHYSICIANS

John A. Nesbit, also a Cedarville boy, now fills that position, and also has been Country Treasurer. Frank Tarbox was, and Frank Jackson is, sheriff. Dales Kyle is assistant cashier of the Citizens National Bank. So that Cedarville Township has been well represented in the county offices.

We might speak of many other families, but space will not permit.



JUDGE C. H. KYLE, HON. ANDREW JACKSON, A. S. FRAZER,
U. S. SENATOR J. H. KYLE

What township can measure up to Cedarville? She has furnished a publicist and diplomat; a candidate for Vice-President of the United States; editor, reporter, man of letters, ambassador to France and England, thus rising to the top round on the ladder of fame, associated with kings and nobles of the earth—our own Whitelaw Reid, who was born and grew up in our midst, whose old home remains a monument of affection and loyalty to his native place; and when he died in London, the King and Queen and nobility bore his body to Westminster Abbey, and great men of every nation attended his funeral, and all uncovered their heads in token of respect to the noble character who had finished his life-work. The same may be said of his funeral in New York. President, ex-President, cabinet officers, United States Senators,—in short, the great men of our nation were there. Both funerals were really world-wide. He rests from his labors in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Tarrytown, N. Y. He shed no blood to be great.

Then, our township has furnished a United States Senator; three men to the legislatures; fifty-five ministers of the gospel; forty-five preachers' wives, and school teachers by the hundred.

GENERAL COMMITTEE

J. S. E. McMichael	- - - - -	Chairman
Andrew Jackson	- - - - -	Secretary
Dr. J. W. Dixon	- - - - -	Treasurer
Andrew Winter		A. E. Richards
Committee on Finance	-	Dr. J. W. Dixon, Chairman
Committee on Parade	- -	Andrew Winter, Chairman
Committee on Decorating	- - -	John Ross, Chairman
Committee on Landmarks	- - -	W. J. Tarbox, Chairman
Committee on Publicity	- - -	S. C. Wright, Chairman
Committee on Invitation	- - -	J. S. E. McMichael, Chairman
Committee on Program	- - -	Andrew Jackson, Chairman
Committee on History	- - -	H. P. Jackson, Chairman
Committee on Relic Room		Mrs. Dora J. Kerr, Chairman
Committee on Domestic Display		Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Chairman
Reception Committee	-	Miss Mary B. Ervin, Chairman

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Richards Drug Store

By the Bridge

FULL MEASURE

You will always get ONE HUNDRED CENTS worth of Merchandise for every \$ U spend with us

HOME CLOTHING CO.

Clothing, Hats, Furnishing Goods and Shoes

TRADE AT HOME

≡ THE PICTURE ≡

A picture means something, is personal
and gives the touch of friendship . . .

WHEELER'S STUDIO

GREEN ST.

XENIA

Old Times, Old Friends and Old Flour
are the Best

Golden Rule Flour like its name can
be relied upon

Cedarville Flour Mills

Established 1900

Phone 21

Kerr & Hastings Bros.

Grain, Coal, Wool, Harness
Implements, Hardware, Seeds, Feeds, Etc.
Cedarville, Ohio

Our time is spent in lumber selling ;
The best of lumber, too.
And part is spent in simply telling,
This important fact to you.

The Tarbox Lumber Co.

SEE

J. M. Willoughby

FOR

Fancy Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables

All Orders Delivered Promptly

Phone 85

Cedarville, Ohio

The Nagley Studio

Artistic Photography

Picture Framing

Kodaks

Expert Kodak Finishing

Cedarville, Ohio

Bell Phone 681

Citizens Phone 174

Floyd Anderson

SELECT FLOWERS
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

101 West Main St.

XENIA, OHIO



Robt. Bird & Sons Co.

*Dry Goods, Shoes, Carpets, Men's Wear
Notions and Groceries*

In business 36 years -- in the same room 26 years

We aim to please

Our stock is up-to-date

CEDARVILLE'S FOREMOST STORE



CRAYON AND WATER COLOR POR-
TRAITS IN ALL SIZES

Satisfaction Guaranteed at Popular Prices

J. VICTOR TARR, Artist

Eighteen years' experience

CEDARVILLE, OHIO

"I DO MY OWN WORK"



Green Street

Xenia, Ohio

Both Phones

L. S. Barnes & Company

DECORATORS

WALL PAPER AND PAINTS

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*Our effort has been to please you for the last
ten years*

**Groceries Undertaking
and Auto Livery**

We welcome your future patronage

M. C. Magley

Phones 40 and 159

Cedarville, Ohio

JOHNSON - THE JEWELER

**HIGH GRADE JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS AND
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CEDARVILLE, OHIO

20-24 N. Detroit Street **ADAIR'S** XENIA, OHIO

FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES, VICTROLAS

MCCOY THE BARBER

OVER HARTMAN'S STORE

ALWAYS READY FOR YOUR HAIR AND WHISKERS

RAY M. McKEE

Hardware

Wishing Cedarville and community the best of
prosperity



PURITY, OUR AIM

We make the best bread we can and a little better than we
promise

We invite your inspection and welcome your criticism

PIES, CAKES AND PASTRIES A SPECIALTY

E. POST

CEDARVILLE, OHIO



Hutchison & Gibney

NEW DEPARTMENTS

Kitchen Cabinets Stoves Queensware Kitchen Utensils
Carpets Rugs Linoleums



READY-TO-WEAR

FINEST ASSORTMENT - LATEST STYLES

Cloaks Skirts Suits Dresses Waists Underwear
Corsets Gloves



ANDREWS BROS.



Welcome all Home - Comers

Established 1872

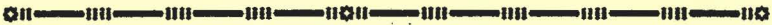
Cedarville, Ohio



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ROOFING AND SPOUTING
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EVALETH, THE TINNER
CEDARVILLE, OHIO



WE ENDEAVOR TO PLEASE AT ALL
TIMES

McFarland Grocery Co.

Cedarville

Ohio



C. N. STUCKEY & SON

*Has the GOODS you ought to buy
at the PRICE you ought to pay*

Hardware, Farm Implements, Engines, Drain Tile,
Wire Fence, Buggies, Harness and Stoves

CEDARVILLE, OHIO

