

## STILLWATER AND VICINITY

### The Rambler Rambles and as He Rambles He Sees

#### New Faces and Learns New Things

**Introductory Comment:** *The Rambler, a pseudonym for the writer, was someone who wrote a number of newspaper articles a century ago about his observations as he traveled about the county. Here he comments about his visit to Stillwater, a small village between Orangeville and Benton, and the people he met. This account appeared in the Democratic Sentinel, September 21, 1900.*

We found Smith & Hill, the Stillwater blacksmiths and wheelwrights, very busy. They were booking orders for a number of new platform spring wagons, and were receiving loads of wagon builder's supplies. This firm enjoys the reputation of doing reliable work.

Passing down North Straight Street, we met a grave, dignified, gray-haired man puffing vigorously at a long stemmed pipe, and deeply buried in thought. Upon accosting him, we learned that he was the chief of the Stillwater Borough police force. He says people did not always recognize him as such when he was not in full-dress uniform, but that nevertheless, he was the said official. We ventured to suggest that his position must be a responsible one. The chief gave a few puffs at this pipe; meditated for a few seconds, and continued: "Aye, by the wax is it." "Why," said he, "I dare scarcely take a day's pleasure outing – nay, not even sit down to my meals for fear the boys will get on the rampage and run amuck." "Then, too, people from the rural districts will come in here and drive their teams upon the crossings and pavements, and I must look after them." We felt as we walked away that the authorities should give the chief a few reliable assistants to aid him in preserving law and order in the corporation.

Passing up the street, we encountered the rural lounge. We asked his opinion of Stillwater, and he replied: "Stillwater is a very pretty town, and it is a big town too, but is not all built yet."

Crossing the creek, we come to the finely tilled farm of O. D. Hagenbuch. He had recently suffered reverses and losses by fire caused by lightning. His friends claim for him that he is the best farmer along the creek, and Oscar is willing that they shall think so.

His next neighbor is Frank M. Hess. He, too, is a practical farmer. He also known from Hazleton to Towanda as the Stillwater butcher. He carries on a large trade in the meat business.

Passing on up the road, we came to a place where a number of workmen were erecting a new building. Upon making inquiries, we were told that it was John Hufford's school house. We said knew John, but thought he was past the age for attending school; we were assured, however, that such was not the case in this instance, and that John was having the house built simply because he wanted it. We learned that John greatly longs to be in the new borough. He spends his days and part of his nights there, and from what we could learn, he will, we believe, embrace the first favorable opportunity to get into the borough.

We next came to T. A. Hartman's new saw-mill where he is cutting out the timber from several tracts which he recently purchased.

A little further on, we came to the farm of Amos Dreischer. Mr. Dreischer's farm seems to be in the fruit belt. He has an abundance of all kinds of fruit. Mr. Dreischer could also give some more extensive farmers lessons in the art of tilling the soil. He utilizes every foot of soil in some useful way.

Rambler