

## OLE BULL'S COLONY.

Tragic Romance of a Community in the Wilds of Pennsylvania.

When Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, during the fall of 1853, dodged his way into the hearts of great audiences in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other large American cities, there were few of his enraptured hearers who knew that much of the money he thus earned went to keep a colony of his countrymen in the wilds of Pennsylvania, from starving. Today, as a link between those troublous times and the present, there remains on a wooded hilltop in Potter county, Pennsylvania, the tumbled wall of what was once "Ole Bull's castle," while in the country, round about, within a radius of six miles, are a number of low, flat roofed log houses that remain as mute yet eloquent reminders of a philanthropic undertaking, which, though facetiously termed Ole Bull's folly, embrace features and details that make a most pathetic and interesting narrative. Though the ruins of Ole's "castle" are now a resting place for chipmunks, and gray squirrels chatter saucily in the trees that the famous violinist planted, there is associated with the place an air of romance and mystery that is most delightful. Built on the crest of a hill in the Kettle Creek valley, near the center of the 12,000 acres that Ole and his countrymen thought they owned (they having paid for them) the "castle" was to have been the lordly home of Mr. Bull, whose dream it was to establish for his countrymen a settlement all their own—a colony where thrift would beget prosperity, and prosperity peace.

But, as truthfully said by Robert

Burns, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a'gley," so fate, with a ruthless hand, cast the hopes of Ole Bull and his colonists into the pit of despair, and soon after the first twelve-month had flown a startling fact suddenly upset their fondest plans and turned their happiness and content into sadness and upset. It became known to the colonists that the title to their land was worthless; that all the money they had paid out was as if it had been thrown into the fire, and they were left at the very verge of starvation without even a rift of hope in the cloud of despondency. Many of the colonists had put into the property every dollar that they had. Others used money that had been borrowed from friends. When the colonists got over their first great disappointment and grief there were those among them ready to kindle the fire of resentment against Ole Bull. At his door was placed the blame for the disastrous termination of the colonists' roseate dream. They forgot that in the shrewd game of the land owners, in which the title to their 12,000 acres had been swept away, Ole Bull was by far the heaviest loser. He, like they, was left almost penniless, but he thought only of their own losses and the hardships that the future held in store for them. But Ole Bull, though almost heart-broken over the cruel fate that had overtaken his own fortune and the colony plan which bid so fair to be a blessing to his countrymen, did not despair. It was time when something had to be done, and that quickly. The stores of the colonists were about exhausted, discontent was manifest upon every countenance, and winter was coming on, and hunger must be had somehow, somewhere. It was then that Ole took up his violin again, and for the next few months

nearly all the money he made with his fiddle went toward buying provisions and clothing for the Ole Bull colonists. It is said that when he left the colony on this occasion he walked through the forest to Lock Haven, thirty miles distant, carrying the case containing his precious fiddle under his arm. At Lock Haven he gave his first concert; the second was given at Williamsport, and from each of these places wagons loaded with supplies were sent back to the disheartened colonists in the Kettle Creek valley.

Of those who took part in the settlement of Ole Bull and New Bergen there is but one of the number living in the locality today. This person is Mrs. Mary Anderson, widow of Henry Anderson, who was Ole Bull's secretary and manager. Mrs. Anderson I found in a little house for back in the hills, where she now lives with her adopted son. She is past 84 years of age, and the history of her career is quite exciting enough to make most interesting reading.

She was indeed a remarkable woman, for besides being a successful trapper, a wielder of the ax and a tiller of the soil, she distinguished herself as a log driver on Kettle Creek during the early years of lumbering on that stream. Having the strength of two ordinary men this woman, with pike pole and canthook, waded knee-deep in the turbulent stream wrestling the stranded logs into the water and breaking jams with an intrepidity seldom displayed by the men. It is no wonder that, after a life of this sort, one finds her today a sufferer with rheumatism and scarcely able to leave the cumbersome armchair that was made especially for her use. But her memory is yet quite good, and she told me many interesting things concerning Ole Bull and his colonists. Those of the latter who were unable to leave the country after the downfall of the settlement now lie buried in a little graveyard just below the old Ole Bull inn.

Mrs. Anderson told me of the coming of Ole Bull and his countrymen; how boisterously happy they were; how they danced the nights away, to the enchanting notes of Ole's fiddle, and how they built castles in the air during their quiet moments. One night at a merry-making held at the Ole Bull inn the Norwegians danced so lustily that the floor

gave way and the dancers were thrown into a promiscuous heap on the floor below. All escaped injury, however, and after drinking to the health of Ole Bull and the success of the colony they adjourned to another department and continued their revelry.

Ole Bull's "castle," though but a two-story frame structure, was looked upon as a quite extravagant feat in architecture. Except for the wayside tavern, Ole's abode was the most pretentious structure in the country roundabout, for the colonists lived in log houses, sometimes as many as five families under one roof. After the building of Mr. Bull's "castle," and the erection of the tavern, the colonists constructed a concert hall, wherein were held at regular intervals, rousing, roistering merry-makings. Mrs. Anderson told me an interesting incident in connection with Ole Bull and this concert hall. It occurred soon after Ole Bull had left the colony to earn money for his people's maintenance. When he had played concerts in New York, Boston Philadelphia and other places, it was one day announced by a colonist who had just returned from an interview with Mr. Bull—bringing substantial evidence of the latter's solicitude for his countrymen—that Ole Bull would, on a given date, return to Oleona, and he wished to meet all the colonists at the concert hall. It was to be a renewal of friendship, and as the power of Ole's fiddle to soothe was recognized nowhere more readily than among his countrymen, a concert by the famous violinist was to be a part of the great day's program. The news of Ole Bull's contemplated return was scattered far and wide, and not only did the Norwegians prepare to give him welcome, but also the populace for twenty miles around. Mrs. Anderson says that on the morning of the day upon which Ole was to appear among them fully 500 people had gathered at Oleona. Men, women and children came for miles and miles through the forest to hear the great fiddler and to listen to the words of cheer that he was expected to speak to his disheartened countrymen. But the day wore away and Ole Bull did not come.

The assembled populace, at sundown, wended their way homeward. Two days later there came a letter into the post at Oleona, from Ole Bull. It was marked Wellsville, N. Y., and in it Ole explained the failure to keep his engagement. The day before the one upon which he was to depart for Oleona his fiddle had been attached at Wellsville for an unpaid hotel bill. He had had no money to redeem it, and without his violin he knew his presence at Oleona would be of little good, consequently he could not come. Ole Bull never visited the settlement after that. He continued westward on his concert tour, subsequently marrying a beautiful woman in Wisconsin. Years afterward, through the mystic charms of his violin, fortune again smiled upon him, and it is said that when he died, in Norway, in 1890, he was again quite wealthy.

Within a stone's throw of the old ditch are two of the quaint, flat-roofed log houses that were built by the colonists. The larger one of the two was an important factor in New Ber-

gen's history. In it was kept the post-office, and beneath its roof many a gathering of colonists was held. Here, too, Ole Bull and his fiddle have enlivened the populace, and the merry dance has been enjoyed. The other building was occupied by five families of Norwegian settlers, and judging from its abbreviated proportions one is led to believe that its occupants must have been packed like sardines in a box.

And thus was Ole Bull deposed from the exalted position of ideal, which he held two years before, to be embarrassed and humiliated by the very men for whom he had sacrificed much. In another decade the old Norwegian log houses will have rotted down, the remaining walls of the "castle" on the hill will have been razed by the elements, and the story of Ole Bull's starving colony will be known only in history.—Philadelphia Times.

## THEY CUT OFF THEIR HEADS.

The steel trust wants vengeance, and it is going to fight. The McKeesport mills, employing 8,500 men, are to be absolutely destroyed. The city is to be ruined, the workmen guilty of organizing are to be permanently out of work.

Other mills in which the men have struck are to be wiped out by the trust. Other manufacturing towns are to be ruined absolutely. But the steel trust owners must remember that somebody else may suffer in the long run.

In England, when the inhabitants of a village showed themselves disrespectful to the lord who owned them, the village was pulled down. Very often the lord combined two kinds of pleasure by driving out the obnoxious inhabitants and transforming the whole territory into a deer forest. This happened in France as well as in England.

In France, as in England, they got hold of the principal gentleman who

represented this kind of aristocracy, and they cut off his head.

The head that was cut off in France, belonged to a poor, good-natured fool named Louis XVI.—neither his good nature nor his stupidity could save him.

The head cut off in England belonged to Charles, an arrogant ass, conceited beyond belief, almost fitted through egotism to manage a United States trust.

He had divine right back of him, and plenty of preachers to preach that divine right, but that did not save him.

The common body of the people produced a man named Cromwell. When that man was born there was a certain royal head very shaky on its shoulders. The common body of the people will produce its Cromwells in time.

He will make national property of these trusts, as Cromwell, as Banton, made national property of the property which the kings thought was theirs.



## AFTER SHAVING, POND'S EXTRACT

Cool, Comforts and Heals the Skin, Enabling the Most Tender Face to Enjoy a Close Shave Without Unpleasant Results. Avoid dangerous, irritating, witch-hazel preparations, represented to be the same as POND'S EXTRACT, which easily and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

Time and human indignation are wonderful workers. They are more powerful and more persistent even than the trust owner who thinks there is nothing to arbitrate. Their turn will come, and the descendants of the present trust owners will find themselves ultimately possessed of nothing but a poor reputation, with perhaps hereditary eczema and megalomania added on.—New York Journal.

## Astounding Discovery.

From Cooperville, Mich., comes word of a wonderful discovery of a pleasant tasting liquid that when used before retiring by any one troubled with a bad cough always ensures a good night's rest. "It will soon cure the cough too," writes Mrs. S. Himeburg, "for three generations of our family have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and never found its equal for Coughs and Colds." It's an unrivaled life-saver when used for desperate lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00 at Z. C. M. Drug Dept. Trial bottles free.

## THE CHEAPEST STORE IN THE WEST.

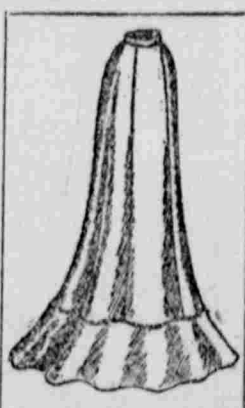
## F. M. TEETS' BARGAIN STORE.

## Special Bargain Sale Monday On Everything.

## Dry Goods Bargains.

Nice OUTING FLANNEL 4½c per yard.  
Still better grades 10c  
CALICOS 3½c and up  
Best INDIGO BLUE 5c  
Yard wide SHEETING 4c  
All wool yard wide DRESS GOODS 28c

## Ladies' Skirts.



BROCADE BRILLIANT-LINE SKIRTS 98c  
All wool TRICOT SKIRTS \$2.75 & up  
Elegant BROAD-CLOTH SKIRTS \$3.75 & up  
Silk and SATIN SKIRTS \$4.50 & up  
SATIN UNDER-SKIRTS 65c  
MERCERIZED SATIN UNDERSKIRTS, 75, 95 and \$1.25

## Men's Mackintoshes.

Great Bargain in Men's Mackintoshes and Overcoats from Bankrupt Factory.  
Men's \$2.50 Mackintoshes \$1.25  
Men's fine serge Mackintoshes, regular \$5.00 goods for \$2.50  
All wool Tricot Mackintoshes \$3.00  
Ladies' silk lined Mackintoshes, worth \$5.00, for \$3.85  
Men's black cloth Overcoats \$6.50  
THESE COATS ARE GREAT BARGAINS.

## RIBBONS and LACES.

We are the cheapest house in the city on RIBBON.  
ALL SILK BABY RIBBON, per bolt of 50 yards, for 38c  
All others in proportion.

## Ladies' Wrappers.



Nice FLEECE LINED WRAPPERS 75c  
Fleece lined Wrapper with ruffle and nicely trimmed 95c and \$1.25

IF YOU WANT CORSETS, THIS IS THE PLACE.

## Carpets and Rugs.

Yard wide HEMP CARPETS 14c  
Yard wide INGRAIN CARPETS, 19, 25, 35, and 45c  
BRUSSELS CARPETS 50c  
VELVET CARPETS 95c  
Rugs at all prices.

## Hats and Caps.

Men's and boys Caps 10c  
Men's Fedora Hats 75c up  
Men's nice Stuff Hats \$1.00 up

## Ladies' Waists.



Good FLEECE LINED WAISTS 48c  
Beautiful FLANNEL WAISTS, 75c, 95c and up. Newest styles.  
Elegant all wool Waists of latest styles direct from factory, \$1.75, \$2.50 to \$5.00

## Cloaks, Jackets and Capes.

This is Where You Get a Great Bargain.  
CLOTH CAPES from 25c up  
LADIES' PLUSH CAPES from 75c up  
Nice Plush Capes, fur and braid trimmed, for \$1.25  
PLUSH CAPES for and head trimmed, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00  
Elegant plush Capes, beautifully trimmed, \$4.50, \$5.75, \$5.00 and \$6.00 up  
Ladies' Jackets, \$2.75, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00 up  
Children's Jackets 75c up  
LET US SHOW THEM TO YOU WHETHER YOU WANT TO BUY OR NOT.

If you want VALISES TRUNKS or TELESCOPES,

Come and See Us.

## Clothing Bargains.



WE CAN SAVE YOU BIG MONEY ON MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Mens' good nice suits \$5.00 and \$6.00  
Mens' regular \$8.00 and \$10 \$7.00  
Mens' Elegant BLACK SUITS, fine Satin lining, worth \$18.00 this sale only \$12.00  
Boys' Knee Pants 98c & up  
Boys' 3-piece Suits, age 4 to 8 at \$1.50 & up

## Hosiery and Underwear.

We Carry an Immense Line of these Goods at Unheard of Prices.  
INFANTS' WOOL HOSE 5c up  
Mens' and children's good SEAMLESS RIBBED HOSE, fast color, 8½c  
Mens' and boys' fine ribbed hose, double knee, big value, 12½c and 15c  
Ladies' Seamless HOSE 8½c  
Ladies' FINE GAUGE HOSE, double heel and toes, 12½c  
Children's WOOL HOSE 12½c up  
Ladies' WOOL HOSE 15c & up  
Ladies' long sleeve Undershirts 15c  
AN IMMENSE LINE OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR AT A BARGAIN.  
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO SEE THEM.

## Gent's Furnishings.

Mens' Good Seamless Fast Black Socks only 8½c  
Mens' Fancy Socks worth 20c, for 10c  
Mens' Wool Socks, 15c, 20c and 25c  
Mens' Laundered Percalé Shirts with cuffs and 2 collars 48c  
Gent's Scarfs of all new styles at Bargains.

## Blankets and Quilts.

COTTON BLANKETS 48c & up  
WOOL BLANKETS \$2.75 & up  
COMFORTS for 75c, 95c, \$1.25 and \$2.00

## Shoes and Rubbers.

MEN'S SHOES 98c up  
LADIES' SHOES 75c  
CHILDREN'S SHOES at all prices.  
LADIES' STORM RUBBERS 33c

## Bargains For the Kitchen.

NUTMEG 1c  
TEA STRAINERS 1c  
BEST WIRE EGG WHIPS 1c  
WARDROBE HOOKS 1c  
CAN OPENERS 2c  
DOVER EGG BEATERS 8c  
STOVE POKERS 3c  
STEEL FIRE SHOVELS 4c  
TACK PULLERS 3c  
PAIRING KNIVES 3c  
BREAD KNIVES 5c  
GRANITE BASTING SPOONS 5c  
REX MOUSE TRAPS 3c  
TACK HAMMERS 3c and 5c  
CARPET TACKS PER BOX 1c  
WIRE CLOTHES LINES 10c  
POTATO MASH HANDLES 2c  
STOVE LID LIFTERS 2c  
CAKE TURNERS 3c

## Hardware.

18-inch HAND SAWS 25c  
26-inch HAND SAWS 45c & up  
KEYHOLE SAWS 15c  
Full sized NAIL HAMMERS 10c



Solid Steel NAIL HAMMERS 40c  
Solid STEEL HATCHETS 30c & up  
COBBLERS' SETS, 70c, 85c and 1.45  
16-inch HORSE RASPS 48c  
PAD LOCKS 5c  
BRACES and BITS, 15c, 40c, 60c and 90c  
BITCHER KNIVES 10c, 15c and up  
Table KNIVES and FORKS 45c  
Better quality 65c, 85c and \$1.00 and up  
Rogers' Best SILVER PLATED KNIVES and FORKS, \$2.95  
HAIR CLIPPERS 75c  
DOOR KNOB LOCKS 35c

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TIN AND GRANITWARE.

We carry a big line of these goods—  
THREE TIN CUPS 5c  
for 10c  
GRANITE CUPS 5c  
STEEL FRY PANS 5c  
for 10c  
TIN COFFEE POTS 8c  
GALVANIZED WATER PAILS 15c  
for 20c  
TIN WASH PANS 3c and up  
GRANITE WASH PANS 10c and up  
STEEL FIRE SHOVELS 4c  
BEST SADDLE IRON 8c  
TAKE A LOOK THROUGH OUR TINWARE DEPARTMENT.

## Stationery Bargains.

FABER EXPRESS LEAD-PENCILS 1c  
Three Pen Holders 1c  
BRASS PEN POINTS, per dozen 3c  
Twenty-four Sheets Writing Paper for 2c  
Fifty Envelopes for 5c  
Pencil Tablets, each 1c  
GOOD BLACK INK 4c

## CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

GOOD ALARM CLOCKS 65c  
for 75c  
THE VERY BEST ALARM CLOCKS, fully warranted 85c  
EIGHT DAY CLOCKS, as good as any made, only \$2.65

## Notion Bargains.

PINS, per paper 1c  
Sharp's ENGLISH NEEDLES 1c  
2 doz. Good HOOKS AND EYES for 1c  
WHITE TAPE, per roll 1c  
Fifteen HAIR PINS for 1c  
GOOD THIMBLES, each 1c  
KING'S MACHINING THREAD 1c  
HAT ELASTIC 1c  
ENAMELED STOCKING BARNERS 2c  
COAT'S BAKING COTTON per spool 2c  
Good COLOGNE, per bottle 5c  
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SHOE BLACKING, per box 2c  
RUBBER FINE COMBS 3c  
LARGE RUBBER FINE 5 & 8 COMBS 2c  
POCKET COMBS, in cases 2c  
ALUMINUM POCKET COMBS 5c  
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CHILDREN'S ROUND COMBS 3c  
KID HAIR CURL COMBS 3c  
CURLING IRONS 2c  
TRACING WHEELS 2c

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