

In Memoriam.

Orlinda Amelia Bliss was born April 23, 1828 and died on April 26, 1895 at her home in East Penfield. Her father was Arnold Bliss and her mother was Free-love Lucore. The father of Arnold Bliss lived at Greenfield, Saratoga Co., N. Y. and had sixteen children. He traded his property there for a large tract of land in what is now Huston township, dividing the tract among his children. Arnold Bliss came to Penn'a with his father when sixteen years of age. While a young man he secured a forest tract at what is now the Wandle farm on Mount Pleasant, and settling there, began to clear up the land, first building a log house, in which his daughter Orlinda was born.

Orlinda lived with her parents until a young lady, when she married her cousin Albert Bliss, son of Thomas Bliss. He died three years afterwards, and his grave is on the Wandle farm. There were no children. The widow remained single for three years, and then on Sept. 10th. 1854 was married to Oscar Allen at her home by Elder Boyer of the Messiah's church. Oscar was a young man of 26, born just at the state line at Bunker Hill, in what is now McKean Co. Pa. The young couple began house keeping on what is now the L. B. Lucore farm on Mount Pleasant. Mr. Allen in 1856 bought 100 acres located where is now the farm of A. M. Spotts on Mount Pleasant. The couple lived here until 1865, when the property was sold to Hiram Woodward and Mr. Allen and family moved to Linn Co. Iowa, where Mr. Allen intended to get a farm but constantly ill from fever and ague while there, he gave up settling in Iowa, and moved back to the pine forest of Penn'a in October, 1865. He lumbered for about six years, and then settled in South Kersey, Elk Co. where he dwelt until in 1890 when he moved to Penfield into the house where Mrs. Allen died.

Mrs. Allen was converted when 13

The Quiet Rambler.

Only a few hundred thousand feet of lumber in rafts went out of Clearfield Creek this spring, where millions of feet had gone out in past years. Lumbering is about a thing of the past there as well as here, and the laborers are turning their attention to coal and fire clay mining.

Talking with a miner of experience the other day he was speaking how difficult it was to get a renter out of a house. He cited the case at Glen Fisher, where the law enabled the miners, who only had a ten days' lease to stay six months in the houses after the expiration of the lease.

Some of our people who are in the oil country write back that times are pretty good there, teams getting from \$7 to \$10 per day. But that there has been a little too much of a flocking there.

The log drive on Laurel Run this year has had a hard time getting out. It has just reached the mouth of the stream. At times 150 men have been at work. It must now hang up, if more water does not come to its help. Frank Mitchell is the foreman for F. A. Blackwell on this drive.

There was a lively time at the Free Methodist meeting on Sunday evening. One young sister was affected as people used to be in the Methodist days of old when Peter Cartwright and such preached with power. Others were much influenced and gave loud vent to their joy. Rev. Jacob Barnhart, the District Elder preached followed by Miss Kate Baldwin, twelve persons were baptised in the afternoon at Mill Run.

It is well to teach the rising generation a wholesome respect for law. If a youngster commits a depredation it is worse than useless to inflict physical punishment on him. This will only make him worse. But if he is taught to expect that something awful and powerful called the law will get after him, it will have a salutary effect on his whole after life. And when everyone is strictly law abiding there will be little annoyance in taking care

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years of age at a revival in the Webb school house, not now in existence. Rev. Goodel was the minister on the circuit. She united with the Methodist Church, and remained a faithful member until 1856, when she joined the Messiah's Church. She remained until the time of her departure from earth, a true humble and consistent believer in the faith of a real Gospel.

The health of Mrs. Allen was at times poor, but she had inherited the strong constitution of the early people in this country, and lived on until attacked by paralysis in February last. The attack seized her right side. Dr. Reuben Smith was called and under treatment her health seemed to be restored. On April 24, another attack came, paralyzing her right side, and entirely prostrated her. She became unconscious and remained so until her death.

The funeral was held on Sunday, April 28. The procession started from the home in East Penfield, and drove to the Mt. Zion church in Elk Co., where the sermon was preached by Rev. S. Ebersole of the Messiah's church, and the interment was in the Cemetery there.

Mrs. Allen is survived by her husband who is 17 days her senior, and by six children. There were ten children born to the union. Orman A. born in 1855, a daughter who died at birth, Elizabeth F. wife of W. J. Merideth, born in 1858, Loren L. born in 1859, Oscar J. H. born in 1861, deceased at five years of age, Geo. C. born in 1866, Warren A. born in 1870, Nancy L. wife of Adam Wheeler, born in 1872, two sons afterwards, who died at birth.

Mrs. Allen was an ideal wife and mother, and the truest affection always existed unmarred in the family. The husband and surviving children deeply mourn their loss, but are sustained by the certain knowledge that it is her eternal gain.

A humble, trustful, tender soul,
She came along Life's pilgrim way,
Till at the call of Heaven's roll,
She answered in the realms of day.

Farewell to mother, wife and friend,
Till dawns the morn of endless light
Then hail, in meeting ne'er to end
And day that fades not into night.

A. H. R.

of criminals.

I saw a picture of an immense cow. Farmers and laborers were feeding hay into her mouth. Fat bankers in New York were milking at the udder. Two healthy Englishmen were running away with the milk. But it dont show how the laborers and farmers got enough of the milk to keep soul and body from parting company.

It only takes a very ignorant person to be a critic. A very small amount of knowledge and brains will make one, but to be a successful performer on life's stage means something much more difficult.

What ails the people of Christian Ridge. Nearly every one up there belongs to the churches, but they dont get together as they should. Well, the Lord made a difference in peoples minds, and grace dont do over our mental faculties.

While one's mother is alive he may be sure there is one woman who is true to him and will remain so. But when she passes away, he can never be sure any more that he will not be left in the world without a single real friend in the flesh.

The public business of our township seems to be on a good basis at present. Now if we would only pass the sponge over all the old matter it would be about the thing to do.

THE QUIET RAMBLER.



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