



Front page

Brunette- Quite Chubbie in form,so much so that my
future Pet name for her was "CHUBBIE"- She was

... was ever more alive than it

rection and toward the same destination, The Girl's Dorm. I don't know what the Campus Girls talked about during those Hectic days, but with the Boys just one Paramount Question "Whom are you taking", I caused some Merriment when some one asked "Who are you taking Dibble, J.B.--" Why, Me, Oh, I'm taking the Girl Across the Aisle. I heard that expression several times later.

It was fully decided in my mind, But, I had never spoken to The Girl Across the Aisle. Perhaps I am too sanguine, Taking too much for Granted, It Can't be, for she is mine, but that little modest, reserved girl might not consent to go with me, I had better find out, so I joined the Caravan to the Girl's Dorm.

I met her in the Hall. "MISS DOUGHTY"?-- "Yes, and this J.B. Dibble,?" "Miss Doughty may I have your Company to the Get-to-gether?-- A little hesitation, then with her characteristic Smiles she said "Yes, Thank You, You May"-- Later in balancing the books of that period she told me she had practiced the same means to find the names of those Two new boys, that I had to find her name, The Class Roll-Call. Oh, Dibble, I wonder if Sons of Rev. Dibble. Father had preached in White several times and she had heard him, and he had been entertained in the home of her Uncle Dan. I found that White was her home, she found that I was a son of Rev. Dibble, that W.L. and I were Brothers.

We went to the big Function together, and like several Couples continued to go together. With us began an intimate Association that continued for Forty years unbroken. Hettie and became Lifelong "STEADIES", I never thought of going with any other Girl. Hettie would not make other Dates. Fellows tried to make dates with her, but she declined their invitations. Austin Crane, a member of our Class while I was there, and her class after I left, Sought her company persistently, he would show that Dibble Fellow that he cannot come into the College, and lock up one of our Class girls, he made himself a nuisance until Hettie told him positively "I am making no College dates". And neither did she. The great "Get-to-Gether" went off in fine shape,.

Faculty Folks were all in it. Gov. Mellette, whose Two sons, Charley, and Wylie were popular students, Delivered the main address, and it was good. Very fine Music, a great tables loaded with the best. The Promoting Com. had reason for satisfaction. Everybody met everybody, Several Life Matches were started.

After it was all over Hettie and I continued to go

together to all College Functions, every Sunday Eve. to church. After I left the college I was preaching and could not be with her Week-ends, but there were Mid-Weeks Breaks, that made it possible for her to go away, I would go to her then, take her to the Function that she might have an escort. Or if time to one of our homes, Her's 10 Miles N.E. Mine Twelve Miles South. She greatly enjoyed those home Visits. She always loved to go to my home, and my People were happy to have her come. Of course propriety and Miss Nellie Folsom or "Peachie" we called her, said we must not go away for a night alone, except to our homes. Some time later my Sister came to the College, she and Hettie were acquainted and they became intimate friends. Hettie became our Chaperone. "Peachie" never hesitated if Hettie was to go.-- I called them my Twins-- Hettie--Hatt

WILL and I ARE CONVERTED IN THE REVIVAL-- PLAN
OUR MINISTRY.

When Will and I went to D.A.C. Neither of us Profess to be Christian, and neither was a Member of the Church. We had permitted ourselves to be held back by the same cause. I had always desired to be a Christian. Upon every special occasion would start in the Christian life, but would soon lapse back. From Childhood it was impressed upon me that I should preach, and I would not, and like all people who say "No" to God's Calls, I could not maintain the Christian life. Even Grandp Dibble said I would preach.

One hot Sunday Morning Uncle Fred, just Three Months older than I, went into Grandpa's pasture and amused ourselves by chasing Grandpa's great big, Woolly sheep. Some of them over come by the heat fell on the ground and lay panting. We were seen by the Fathers who came in Post-haste to the scene of our criminal Activities. Each of those good Fathers was armed with a paddle, They took us into the Shelter-shed, a Father-Son in each end, and the old men started a Paddle Concert, and for some time between Fred's Bellowing, and the resounding ~~ing~~ whacks of the paddles there was music in the Air, after the demonstrations were over, and Fred and I felt we had been sitting on a hive of mad bees, Grandpa appointed himself the speaker of the Hour, and in his Oration said some things I never forget, for instance he addressed himself to Father and said "THAT YOUNG OUT*LAWE OF YOURS WILL BE A PREACHER SOME DAY"-- Later when I could sit on both sides

wait?" You know if I am to be a Minister's Wife I must be prepared for it"-Then I told her "We will wait together. I am not ready, I want another Two years of College, I don't know that I can preach, I must have the Year or Two here, must have time to get established in the work. We will continue to belong to each other, help each other as much as can. The secret is ours, Our Love, Friendship and Companionship during our getting ready period may be happy. We spent an hour, a beautiful hour. We sealed our Vows, Then parted with an earnest Prayer asking the Divine Blessing to attend our efforts and plans. We left in a serious mood, but Happy.-

----- I LEAVE THE COLLEGE, TO PREPARE FOR MY MINISTRY -----

It was the Spring of 1888-I was making plans to join the Con. and begin my Ministerial work that Fall.

To join the Con. I must pass an examination upon the Common Branches, and Two or Three volumes of Theology and Doctrine. I must review these. And it occurred to me the best way to do that would be to go to a Spring Term of Country school to teach, when I could do my work and earn something at the same time. I thought of the Home school where I could live at home. I ~~was~~ at once got in touch with the County Supt. of schools in Flannndreau, and also the SMembers of ~~four~~ school -Board-I heard from them directly, The Supt. said I should attend the Institute that would be held in the Moody County Court in Flannndreau, on certain early Spring Dates. And show my mastery of the Common Branches.

The School-Board said I could have the Two and One half Spring term of school, by showing qualifications and making definite Application to the Board. The ~~ages~~ ~~would~~ be so much. And they would be very happy to give me a Contract &c. The term would begin on a certain date.- This was 1886-I remained in the College, as above until the Spring of 1888-

----- A COUPLE OF INCIDENTS MIGHT BE INTERESTING -----

A NIGHT OF BEDS) LAM, AT THE DORM.

During the Summer of 1887 the large, now old building, Then the Third, located North of old "CENTRALL", was erected.-The very lower Floor was designed for the "DOMESTIC ECONOMY" Dprtmnt, Next to it the great Auditorium, with its capacious Plat-Form, and the

Upper STORIES finished as The Ladies Dorm. This fine building was just ready for the new year.

For the Summer Storage the old equipment of the previous DORM had been piled in the basement of old Centrall. My Partner, Grant Houston and I took the Contract of cleaning the new DORM, and placing the equipment. We went to the basement and inspected the old stuff. Found a lot of old, the cheapest possible, beds. Many of these were broken. A disreputable, Out fit not safe nor decent. We went to the Authorities, and reported, and this provoked them, and very Gruffly we were told that the type of furniture was not our Business, We were hired to set those beds up, Scores of Girls had slept on them, they judged these could. "ALL RIGHT"

Grant and I went at our job with the determination that those beds should be set up, and Every one of them. It took us days to carry them over, and out of the motley Mess assemble beds for Young Ladies to sleep upon.

I will say here that Grant and I were greatly Misjudged in that matter, we sincerely made the best possible out of each individual One.

Some of them with Metal latches missing we did our best and tied with cords. Miss. Mason, "Old Mason" she was designated, Always unpopular, Easy to account for she was a veritable OLD-MAID" With all the Attachments adherent to that Type of our Citizenship.

The First night of the Term, and the First of the occupancy of the Nice New Dorm. The Retiring bell rang and the Girls in their pretty Nighties, went to bed but many did not remain there long. Soon a great Slam, and a frightened, shocked in the middle of the floor Shreaking and Weeping, -She was hardly pacified when Slam Number Two resounded, Another poor girl, screaming.

The next ~~Morning~~ Hour experienced many other Collapsed beds and Screeching Girlies. Until it was conservatively estimated that One-Third of all the beds in the Dorm collapsed.- The next Morning, very early, before day, My faithful "PARD" Dear, good, Grant and I were honored by special invitation to call at the DORM, and

before Old-Maid Mason. We both wished it was Vacation time, but mutually agreed we had better accept the invitation. I never was a hunter of wild beasts, never did face the snarling, threantening visages of Wild Beasts, but Grant and I faced something much fiercer that Morning, the angry faces of too Mad Teen-age Girls. Miss. Mason and every Inmate of the Dorm, believed, or pretended to that we had fixed up that situation. Some of the Girls testified that as they approached their

s, before they touched them they went down smash. hers showed bits of cord they said they had taken in the corners of their wrecked Couches. Before such UTIFUL, CONVINCING EVIDENCE, Grant and I stood with own cast faces. But the unkindest Cut, of all was the ech "Old Mason" addressed to Grant and I, couched in strongest of Old Maid Language. "Those Poor Girls, me of them will probably never recover from the rrific Shock" And from appearances it was evident t the Girls agreed with their Matron.

we made our way to our rooms in the basement of Centrall, Grant said "I Judge, Jimmie, we had better spare for DECAPITATION"-It never came, but not much ter we saw a Truck load of new beds unloaded at the rm, but we were not asked to Assemble them. The same icle left loaded with Debris, some good kindlings.

----- THE GREAT FIRE AT THE COLLEGE-----

e of the oldest Land marks on the Campus, was an old me building just East of Old Centrall. Builded in imeval times and dedicated for the Convenience of ple of the Masculine Gender. A disreputable old tructure, with great cracks, that permitted the Sunht of Summer, and the Cold blasts of Winter.

other building was ever so Filthy and Vile. The rly Ioo Male Students, and several Men of the aculty had prayed for something decent but in Vain. ally as the Christmas Vacation was drawing near, in 37, a conspiracy hatched to come off the before the roaching Holiday. That dirty old Disgrace must go. rant and I cared for the Recitation Rooms, and each ool day collected up a Bushell basket full of disded Class papers. We put the rubbish in a big box the basement, until Saturday, when we burned it. We re admonished Three Weeks before Vacation not to roy any more rubbish, but let it accumulate, We red, and collected a big box full. You old Students uld remember the East entrance to the basement of d Centrall", With quite a room there. At this time me Will, who rang the Bell for the assembling and missmal of Classes, Grant Houston, and Doc. Bronson, n boy at the Barn, roomed in the basement of Central ere were always so some young, Bach Profs rooming re. KEFFER-CHAMBERLAIN-PAGIE- e names of the acting Conspirators were not genally revealed. Grant and I didnot know who carried

and doomed structure. Grant and I agreed in our last visit, Two years ago, that we never did know who applied the ~~XXXXX~~ Incendiary Match, to the rubbish, soaked with Kerosine Oil, of which there were several barrells in that Besement room. But quickly the Rubbish, and soon the building was araging Conflagration.

Dr. Kerr, was the Mentor of the Boys. Had a room furnished in old Centrall. He must put forth an effort to quench the flames his Naughty Boys had instigated. Secured a shovell, and began throwing snow on the flames, he partly quenched them on this side, and passed around to the other, but while busy there a fresh quart of Kerosine was dashed on the side he left, So the good Prof. and the Oil Can Dogtrotted about that condemned building until the last stick of it was destroyed. While the fire was raging, Charley Mellette, son of the then Gov. of the State, went to the Telegraph office and sent this Message to the State-House in Pierre, "GREAT FIRE-COLLEGE BUILDINGS BURNING"

The next Morning on First train from the Capitol came Gov. Mellette, a Group of the Regents, some others interested in the Well-fare of the D.A.C.-They wished to view the Devastated Area, The First reaction was resentment ~~XX~~ But in a Moment their good Brains functioned they saw it, and put up a good Laughing-Fest.

We guilty Fellows scudded to our homes for a Two-Weeks Vacation, when returning expecting to be hailed to judgment, there was never one word spoken to us about, except what Prof. Kerr said to a group of us, "You know boys I had to put up a Feint of protecting the College property"-But a fine new building awaited us.

----- I WENT TO MY SCHOOL.-----

The Spring of 1888, I left the College for the last time as a Student. I met the Conditions and qualified for the Home School. My Folks said I should live at home, do chores for Board. Some of my Bros. and Sistend attended, Lizzie, Orville, Julia.-

I had passed Exams in Common branches for the School, so would not have a very hard time for Conference.

Those Three Books of Theology-Doctrine, gave me more Head-Ache.-It all went off very fine, a beautiful Summer When School closed I had practically all my Wages. I worked for Father thro harvest at the good, prevaing Wages.-After the Shocking was over I had work for the short while on a Threshing crew.-Had not been idle one day all Summer. One day, while threshing at Mr.

Umoads ,a nice looking man in a rig drove up,It was Friend,James D.Allison,Going to Con.with me for same reason,We had been converted together,Received into the church together,Made Preachers together,going to Con. together,Uniting with Con.Together,for years in our Ministry Side by Side.I went home with him,hurriedly got ready,We drove to Sarah's,Six Miles South,left Bro.Jim's rig for the Farmers to care for while we at Con.Took our Suit-Cases,and walked to Colman,Five Miles,Boarded train for Yankton,Seat of Con. Arrived late Eve.Went to the Portland Hotel,engaged room for the Duration of Con.- Passed without much effort our Con.Studies.This was destined to be a strenuous Session,a battle Royal between the Con.Giants.- During the year something bad had happened,The First and Sole building of D.W.U.had burned to the ground. Some cripples were made by that fire of Students rooming in the building.Paramount Question what shall be one with it.A few said"Abandon the Project,we donot need a College".The Majority said"No,we must restore our school",but where?The Mitchell People said"Upon the original Site"-Other Cities aspired for the Institution,each one having Champions among our Preachers.They Argued and fought over that all night,until break of new day,when the Con.voted unanimously,that D.W.U.should be rebuilt upon the old Place.Which of course took place.

When the good Bishop read the Appointments he said MIDWAY-J.B.DIBBLE:- But,Midway,Midway,I know of just ne Midway.I inquired,no one knew.I went to Dr.Traveller our Dis.Presiding-Elder"Dr.Traveller ,where is my ppointment?-"Why Midway is between Brookings and Flandreau ,in the midst of the Divide between the R.Rs. ou go there and make good,or off comes your head at the next Session of Con!My worst fears were realized, Midway,our Country P.O.in the farm-home of the Taylors,Two Miles S.E.of our home.I was broken hearted.reatly grieved.I had dreamed for some years,about the church I would have,Building,Choire,S.S.-YOUNG-People, L.A.S.A real church,There was no church at Midway, A great mass of unchurched People.I became Rebellious Won't go.If they didnot want me why did they not ay so?I will describe the Conditions.FROM Tracy Minn. he C.-N.W. R.R.enters ,at that time,the Ter.of Dakota, xtends West thro Brookings,Huron to Pierre,at that ime the Western Terminal.

Twenty Five Miles South,at Pipestone-Minn.the Chicago-Milwaukee R.R.enters S.Dak.extends West

thro Flandreau,MADISON-MITCHELL to CHANDLER on the Mo.river. My folks lived at Midway,Midway between Brookings on the North,and Flandreau on the South.Thast strip,Twenty-Fives in width,was positively one of the very richest spots in the state.

Thickly settled ~~and~~ intelligent,thrifty class of People,but they had been badly neglected,especially by the church.At the time of which I am writing that Country had been settled Ten Years.My People were considered Old Settlers,they came to that region in 1879-This was 1888-and there had been not one effort put forth to provide them with the gospel.Every town practically had a Methodist church,the fact that the Methodist church was one of the First Institutions in every new town,became Proverbial, They tell the story of a Presbyterian Minister who started out to beat the Methodists into a certain new town.In going in on the train he saw no one who looked like a Methodist Preacher.He got off at the station,and congratulated himself no Methodist Preacher here,and that was the First train on the new R.R.As he was looking about,a familiar looking stranger came up from the Front of the train,the man had on a Duster, carried a Suit-case,The Presbyterian Man greeted him and asked his name,"My name is Rev.Brown,I'm the new Methodist Pastor,I rode in on the Cow-Catcher". Well there was a Methodist church in every Pioneer town.Dr.A.D.Traveller,our old Pioneer Presiding-Elder Coresonding to our Dis.Supt.of today Dedicated Twenty Seven new Methodist churches in Two Years in Northern South-Dakota.

But there were no roads,just wheel tracks thro the Prairie grass.The stream,were unbridged.Brookings wa our R.R.Town,to get there we had to Ford the Sioux river.I have sufley Forded that stream, Scores of times.There were no Cars,if there had been it would have been about impossible to drive them far in the country.To do his best a man could,Pastor People for more than Five Miles from the towns.For the same reasons People living Twelve or more Miles,with ,some of them driving oxen,other Farm horses on Farm wagons.

Father was preaching Two or Three times each Sunda but he had his saddle Pony which he rode,which was really the best way to get about,but Father's work was in the towns,First Pastor of Brookings,Arlington, Castlewood,Egan,and other places.So I am saying all the pople in that large dividing belt were Churchless I never ~~any~~ any where else before or since met with such

the First attempt on the part of our Church to Bring the Bread of Life to those starving.-And I was protesting, threatening not to stay. I know now my entire ministry was in danger. The First night home, My Parents and I literally sat up all night, I protesting, my fine Pioneer Parents coaxing and pleading with me.

It provoked me that they were happy, and Praising the Lord because I had been sent there. But I refused to consent until I had seen Hettie. "She may just turn down, not caring to tie tie down to such a proposition.

I was misjudging my girl. She came from rugged, Heroic conditions, she always objected to turning down a condition because it was hard, or unattractive. As a fact, when I told her where I had been appointed she was ecstatically happy. She said "you will be so near, but best of all that vast multitude of

people down there who have been neglected all these years may have the church. Why, she said, It is just like Missionary work, right here at home, I wish I was ready to go with you, I would enjoy it"

Several times during our Period of waiting she told me she wished she was ready to go with me. I think the wait was as hard for her as for me.

When she got thro with me that day I was happy in the prospect, I had been entrusted with a big undertaking and what was a Methodist Preacher for if not to carry the gospel to the Neglected and Soul hungry Multitudes. I told Hettie many times that she saved my Ministry, when I was ready to quit.

I shouted in Spirit all the way from good old room 13 in the Dorm, to my Home Parlour.

We had sat up practically all night last night, must ot tonight, but we did mostly.-After Supper work and Chores were done, I told my folks I've got to outline a Charge, and I want you to help me. I was know, as Birney all over that vast section. A Tentative scheme unfolded itself to me as I rode Old Dick from Brookings. But we Three sat about the Dining table.

The folks were happy that I had yielded. When I said Hettie was happy for me, Father said there was no question with us as to what Hettie's attitude would, She is a Doughty. Well our Tenative Charge.

Home in the Center, I want Three Appointments for each Sunday. I think I would like Hughsons for one, The

Hughson S.H. Six Miles across the river N.E. Then Winnegers, Our home Community, The Winneger S.H.

near this S.H.-Then I would like Wellmans, Six Miles S.W.-Now, I didnot know that we could use the School-buildings, Can you spare me a horse for Three or Four days, "Yes said my fine old Father. and You will live at home, Board with us, Ma will do your washing and look after your clothes, You will use my books. And use one of our horses until you get one of your own. You better get hold of a Pony, there will be a chance soon

Your Missionary money will keep you going! I had no stipulated salary from the People but they were giving to me all the time after we got started I have forgotten how much Missionary money I received about \$ 150.-or 200. for the year.

The next day I canvassed the Hughson School-Board and Community. "Oh, Yes, Birney You may use the S.H. Oh, be sure and come" I heard that all over that hungry Community-I had announce, all day Service for 10.30 Sunday A.M.

The next day I canvassed the Winneger Community with same result. People Starving for the Bread of life.

The Third day I canvassed the Wellman Community, Soul hunger all over that section. There were Two or Three Methodist Families living there, The fine Wellman family, "Of course you may use the S.H. and, Birney please come"-I left an Appointment for 7 O'Clock Eve Sunday, I had already left one for Winnegers, for 2,30 Sunday P.M.-

Now I had Three Preaching dates for next Sunday and not a sermon to my name. I had tried to preach once, in the Brookings church. I was not at all scared.

I went at my work just as I would if I had an organized and equiped church. We must have Song-books, It was the days of P.F. Bliss-Ira D. Sankey-Fannie J. Crosby, and others belonging to that fine Galaxy of Consecrated People who were setting the Country singing Gosl Songa. Every body was singing Gospel-Hymns, Saint and Sinner.-I or dered at once 100 Copies of Gospel-Hymns, not the large Four-book, combination that we have today, but "GOSPEL-HYMNS-NUMBER ONE"-The First book of the kind published, as I remember it contained about 100 of the popular Hymns. Every-body wanted a book. At First each family, but

later each Individual, there came to be Farm Families in which there Four or Five Gospel-Hymn Books. I put out some Hundreds during the Year, Seemed to be a const demand for them, I took some new books with me each Sunday, just as I took my Bible.

In no other year in all my life have I ever experienced so many Providential in my interest as during that period. It seemed as if God was putting himself out to help me along. All my desires and Needs, and plans for the my work in those Communities were more ~~that~~ realized in practically every case. I came to look upon the special manifestations of Providence as evidences of the importance of the work, and the Father's approval of it, and I had something to shout over about every day. - Well, I needed some means of conveyance, I could not be using Father's old Clumsy Farm horses, then Father needed his horses, I must provide something myself. All I wanted was a saddle pony, All early Methodist Preachers went a Saddle back, Even the Wesleys and the Whitefields. The most popular means of travel known at that time. I did not ask the Lord to help me to a "Ford", had never heard of such an animal, Henry Ford was not out of the Grammar-School yet, "But Dear Lord, Please help me to a Broncho". - And it happened that just then a Party of Pony drovers had been in the Community and a Snow White Bronk had broken away from them and dared them to catch him, they were in a hurry, did not care to take time for him, and told Charley and Burt ~~Winkler~~ Winneger, and the Two Francis Boys, that if they would catch the stray they might have him, catching an Out-law Bronk was great sport for the boys, and strange to say they succeeded and had the little white Devil strppend to the manger, he was squealing, kicking with all Four feet, flashing-Fire and Brimstone, from those wild eyes, and had the boys so scared they dare not go near or touch him. Their Mothers were both civilized and did not want "THAT HORRID BEAST ABOUT" So Bronk was on the Sales Block, "How Much Boys," "25." - At the time the horse had not been born that I was afraid of. Of course I knew that one of the great questions among Plainsmen whether the Bronks were real horses or not. - I got the wild animal to my home, Cannot describe my First experiences with him. I can truthfully say, I never struch him, or jerked him, or in any harsh was sought to subject him. I doubt if the Bronk was ever born who could be conquered, with, kicking, jerking or with the whip. Will just say I treated that Bronk with kindly courticy, and we became friends I made my sermons on his Loping back, - "Tony's" Back was my Thought chamber, and Study. As much as a Full-blooded Bronk and a mere man, can respect one another

an real intimacy sprang up between "Tony"-Myself.

OUR EVANGELISTIC PROGRAMME-

I was in that Place to do real Kingdom Business. In those it was thought the only toward real success and growth of the Kingdom, lay in Evangelism. The church largely believed that. Probably, out side, of the Lutheran, Ritualistic People, there not 25 Evangelical Professing Christians, on all my great Three Appointment Charge. And some of that group, had lost th real experience and were living on a very low Religious plane, and hesitated in being Classified as Christians. I found intelligent, professing Christians who had not been in a Religious service, nor heard a Gospel Sermon in Ten Years. I was just a "Kid" beginner but God gave me sense enough to see, that the only way out of that condition was along the pathway of an earnest, Sweet, direct Gospel Evangelism. With my Folks and the very few others with whome I consulted, I sa I want it to be a bright, Joyious, Sunshinie Campaign. I was resolved not to try to win those starved, and hungry People, who had not sat at their Father's table for almost a life time, With the Scorpion whip, and soul puckering diet, In the First Place I loved them deep. They were all of the Good friends I had knowledge of. I was aft er Heaven's sunshine. I would rather a soul should shout in ecstasy, than Snarl in criticism. So we ran all our Meetings along "The Sunsgine Rout And in each of those Instances it worked gloriously.

Carrie Roscoe, was the daughter of one of the finest Farm Families in the HUGHSON Community. Everybody Believed in, and loved Sister Carrie. As I remember, she was about the only Professed Christian among the Young People. Her People were not Christians, but were very High Grade in Character, and respected Carrie's Christian Efforts. - During the Four Years of Carrie's College Course, in and Eastern School she had Majored in Vocal Leadership, aspiring to becoming a Vocal teacher. She had come home from College just the year before and was prayerfully waiting for a chance to excercise her Trained and Evangelistic Talents.

Following the Sunday, about my First, after each appointment had voted enthusiastically and urgently for a Revival Effort in each Place, Tony and I loped to the Roscoe home, near the North bank of the Big Sioux

live to the Roscoe home, with which I had a passing acquaintance. After I had urged Sister Carrie, to lead our Singing for the Hughson Meeting, and she said "I will try my best, Birney"-I am sure she was one of the happiest persons I had ever seen.-Later in the meetings I clearly saw God's hand in it all, Directing that Humble farm girl to leave her home, for the College, fitted to take a Major part in turning her entire Family, and Community to Christ. We agreed to plans. We would use "THE GOSPEL-HYMNS, I." There would be no effort toward Frills, Solos &c. We want the People to sing, I have already described that. I remember in parting that day, "WE WANT MUSIC AS WE HAVE IT IN GOSPEL-HYMNS TO MAJOR" She said "IT WILL, BIRNEY" and it did.-

My great Armfull of Gospel-Hymns were there for the first service.-Our Revival began in the First Service and continued thro. In Twelve nights, Fifty Two persons had been to our improvised Altar for Personal Salvation. Those dear starved Souls ate greedily of the Bread of Life. The Sunday following the Meetings I organized A Class of more than Fifty Persons, Their Six-Months period of Probation would mature in June.

CONVERSION OF FATHER KELLAR-

Living Two Miles East of the Hughson S.H. was Old Man Kellar, the meanest, wickedest, most Belligerent old man I have ever know. Two entire Communities were mortally afraid of him. He was Bull-dozing his way thro life, demanding that his Will in all Community affairs should dominate.-Just then, to aggravate the matter, almost in the Kellar Dooryard, was the KELLAR S.H. for which the old Man was very Jealous, especially of the Hughson S.H.-Early in the Meetings, one night, Father Kellar was present, Our people were greatly restrained, could not think that old fighter was there for any good. But he continued to come until one night he bowed at our Altar and shoutingly professed conversion, I was happy, but the People did not Believe in the Old Man's conversion. After the service John Hughson said to me, "Birney I hope the Old Man is Sincere, but Old Man Kellar was so far into the Devil's kingdom, that it is hardly possible that he can Swap Kingdoms so easily".
"Well, Bro: John, we must and help him. It would be very bad to turn him back"-I had my own Fears-Doubts, but we must be carefull and not turn him back.

change our services to our S.H." He gave what he insisted would be the advantages. He became Quite insistent. I was anxious not to offend the old Gentleman. We decided to take a vote of the congregation, that resulted in a practically unanimous vote in favor of Hughsons. There was the characteristic flash with Mr. Kellar, I thought the Crisis had come, when the old relaxed, tears filled his eyes, he said "I Judge the Majority should prevail!"-John Hughson said to me later "That proves the matter to me. Father Kellar is Saved",- A year from then when I was living in Willow Lakes, a letter came from Hughsons saying, "FATHER KELLAR DIED FROM PNEUMONIA, LAST night, His last Words were "TELL BIRNEY I DIED SHOUTING, HE WILL MEET ME IN HEAVEN"-Then I knew that Old Mr. Kellar, whom I had known for Years as a dangerous, Wicked, Old Sinner had been happily saved.-During that Year we had several other cases about as striking. The Salvation of that old man, paid amply for all our effort.

The next night after closing at Hughsons, we began at Winnegers, with the house packed at every service. Carrie Roscoe, led the Congregational singing here also. She lived at our home. Mother asked me one day "Have you told Carrie about Hettie, and your relations to her?" "No I have not"- "Then I'm going to, that good Girl shall not go on hoping and expecting", She told her. Carrie sung just Sweetly, but I observed some change in her attitude.-These Meetings continued Ten nights with about the same number of Conversions as at Hughson. About Ten People already Members, and 52 Probationers unite with the New Class organized there. We were anxious to get our Meeting in Wellman Thro before Christmas, as it would not work so well, in dead Winter, so cold and exposed. We closed the Winneger meetings on Sunday, and,

THE MEETINGS AT WELLMANS-

Began at Wellmans Monday Eve. From the very First the Interest here was very intense. They knew about Hughson s and Winnegers to Inspire and Spur them. Carrie and I agreed that she had better not go with me to Wellmans. I planned to stay there nights, and my folks would not be there.-We must Guard against the voice of Gossip. Miss. Wellman an accomplished Musician, was home and gave our services the advantage of her Musical Talents and training. I could sing more

course used the "GOSPELHYMNS-No.1" I have always given those blessed Sacred Hymns, and our efficient Leadership of them, as largely responsible for the fine Revivals we had.

You will tire of our repetitions, but facts are facts, there is about the same results in each meeting, Over Sixty in Wellman, including over Fifty Probationers. In all over 150, with a few who came in later.

Of course more than that number are won to Christ in some of the great Evangelistic Campaigns more recent but in these later meetings High Powered, and expensive Professional Evangelists, often, other professional Workers, a Core of Musicians, Some of these meetings cost up into the Thousands of dollars. While we were Pastor in Clark much Later, we built a Tabernacle, secured Evangelist Johnson, with his large Corpse of Workers, Three churches, Lutheran, Congo, and ours, participated, we felt happy over 100 conversions, and the effort cost our church more, than the total Budget, Including Pastoral Salaries for the entire year.

In our Meetings not one sermon was preached, except by ~~the~~ Myself, The Kid Pastor. No special Collection was taken. We had voluntarily told the School Board People that we would take an offering in each service which we held in the S.H. and turn the ~~the~~ amount over to the Treas. of the School Board to defray cost of Fuel, lights &c. In cured. Everybody was satisfied. Laterly in the year I received quite a sum for myself, but that was all voluntary Gifts upon part of Individuals.- The Wellman Appointment is the only one out of the Three still alive and functioning.

They kept alive thro-out the years, and now have a good, full, Officiary, Live S.S.-Ladies-Aid-Board of Trustees, and Stewards, and a very Commodious Community church, with its good regular congregation each Sunday. The Wellman church is identified with the Church comprising the alive charge, with Resident Pastor, "COLMAN-WELLMAN" with the latter as probably the stronger end of the Circuit.

No Pastor was sent to the Charge as I worked it that year. Some families at Hughsons later found their way into the Brookings church. Winneagers maintained a Weekly S.S. for years, with my Blessed Mother as the faithful Supt.-They caught many who strayed in, In the Point of conversions it was the greatest year of my 46 in the active Ministry. One point has been the large proportionate number who remained in the

People I knew about for several Years, and practical all continued Steadfast. I expect meet many of them in Heaven. Tony and I made it fine all Winter, I think he should be classed among our converts. I came to that the little Buggar was trying to do just the best he knew and could.- Just as Winter was receding, and Spring was slipping in, One Sunday after the Service came to me and said we were in Brookings Yesterday and saw Sam Lockwood, he wishes to see you, You had better see him soon. As I loped home on Tony not knowing that it was probably the little Tykes last work in the Ministry, I wondered what Sam Lockwood wanted of me. I had known Mr. Lockwood for years. They were among the most prominent People in the Church in Brookings. Had helped me into the Kingdom, and late into the Ministry. Mrs. Lockwood was the Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brooks, of whom I have spoken, Sam Lockwood had a large establishment, sold Farm Implements and Vehicles, Wagons, Buggies &c.

The next Morning Tony and I loped to Brookings, I put Tony in Fred Brink's Livery Barn, We were well acquainted, Father when in Brookings always kept his Teams in the Brink barn. I had driven Brink rigs several times. As he led Tony to his Stall I observed that he manifested an interest in the little Bronk.

I FIXED UP A RIG.

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I went directly to Mr. Lockwood's Emporium. He acted as if he was expecting me. He said "Well Birney You a prompt Arn't you?" "Yes Sir promptness is my Middle Name"-He said "Come with me" and he took me to the Vehicle Department. There were Buggies of almost all descriptions upon the Floor. He said "Some of your Hughson Men were in Sat. and authorised me to let you have any rig you Prefer, and they pay for it."

I said "I must not appear Piggish or greedy, You know my work show me the best Modest priced rig you have appropriate for my work.- But not a High-Priced one. We made our Rounds Now he said "Birney I think this is the best rig for you right here, moderate in price well finished, and substantial, "To me it was a beautiful rig. What is the Price of it, Bro Sam?" I told the Men Sat. They might have it for You for just \$100.-

Later I found that the real price for that Buggy with its shiny Red Wheels, was \$150.- He discounted the \$50. because for me.- Then I said That is fine but

Have you seen Fred Brink ? "My Pony is in Fred's barn
 "You see Brink"-I went to the barn and Mr.Brink seemed
 to be expecting me.I told him about the Buggy,but I
 Cannot take it I have nothing to draw it.Then he said
 "Birney those Hughson Boys were in here to,and we are
 not going to let them off without paying for that
 rig.Excuse me a Minute" He hustled back into the Stall
 and came out with a pretty,brown mare,he said look
 her over.I did and I knew something about horses in
 those days,I said she looks very fine to me,then my
 Friend said "Birney,She is just as good as she looks.
 She has not one bad habit,if you want her I will take
 your Pony and so much for the Mare" I knew that in
 that price,Fred Brink,The Horse Jockey,who never went
 to church,was giving me from \$25,to \$50.- I said
 "It is a Trade.Tie her I must go to the Harness shop"
 I did and within a few Minutes had bought a new har-
 ness ,as I was passing that man,whom I knew well,said
 "You know Birney that the the thing that completes
 and Sets a rig off most,is the Whip.Pick out one,
 I did,He said"you are Welcome"With my new harness I
 went back to Brinks,left my things,went to the
 Farmer's Home Hotel,got my dinner,When Mr.Brink help-
 ed me fit my new harness to my new horse,and made my
 way to the Lockwood establishment.Bro.Sam helped me
 to attach my Horse to the Buggy,placed my whip in the
 Socket,and took my place in the rig,I thanked Mr.Lock-
 wood for all his Courticles,As I was leaving he said
 you have the finest rig in Brookings,Birney.Thank
 You,I hope it will not stimulate and unholy Pride."
 I drove directly to the College,tied "Fannie",Went
 to "Peachie",might Miss.Doughty be excused during
 the Afternoon? "Miss.Doughty be absent until 6 P.M."
 I went to "I3",Get your wraps,We're going for a litt-
 le,ride.She was always happy to go.I took her down
 to the Hitching-Post and said I Wish to Introduce
 you to OUR new Rig,Fannie this is Hettie.
 As Hettie looked it over,and over again,She said
 doubtedly,"Our rig,Is this our rig,"I said "Yours and
 mine and we are going to try it out" Finally she said
 "Where is Tony,I hope they Don't abuse the little
 Fellow,he Loved you".-We drove to Aurora ,First Sta-
 tion East of Brookings,regaled ourselves with some
 refreshments,and back to the College in time to keep
 our promise to "Peachie"-We had a Moment for visi-
 tation "ChubbieClung ,seemed reluctant to go,and
 she said"My I would love to go withyou"

Spring was upon us,and Spring in good old SouthDa-
 kota is a beautiful season.A season of the Reviv-
 of the old Hopes.All Nature is bursting into re-
 newed Life and Glory. Birds that have been regalin-
 the People of the Southlands with their Sweet Mel-
 odies,were now greeting old neighbors,and pract-
 cing the sweet songs they had learned down South.
 I am not a Poet and its beyond me.- Just let me say
 Every thing was beautiful,and music filled the Air
 We were approaching one of the most Beautiful ser-
 vices of my entire Ministry.

RECEPTION OF OUR PROBATIONERS INTO FULL MEMBERSHIP.

It is June Six Months since we received these mor-
 than 160 People into the church upon Probation,we
 must now provide some service in which they may be
 Baptized,and brought into the full Fellowship in the
 church of their choice.

This service which should Climax the Years Victor-
 should be the Supremest in all the Efforts of the
 year in Blessing to the People whom I love more dear-
 than my own life,as I know I would gladly given my
 life for them had that been needed,Then I felt this
 has been a Year of unusual manifestations of Divin-
 Grace and Power,A Dozen things have transpired
 during the Year that should convince the most unbe-
 lieving Skeptic in the World of the Fact of God,a
 his Power to save.

Ah,I have it,A Camp Meeting,The most of these Peop-
 probably never attended a Camp-Meeting.How that Id
 took root and grew in my heart.How marvellous the
 plan sprang up and spread out,faster than I could
 assimilate them.Yes,Sir,A Camp Meeting in June.
 I went to Brookings and consulted with Dr.Hall,the
 the Pastor of the church there.He was greatly taken
 with the Project."Of Course,Birney you will have
 Dr.Traveller ,the Presiding-Elder to direct it?

"Yes,Indeed,although I had not thought of it.But,
 Where? What about that grove at old Medary bound on
 Two sided by the Sioux River. I will see Mr.Stearns
 the owner on the way home.I pass right by his door
 At the grove I tied Fannie and went in to see if
 there any Insuperable reasons why the grove would r-
 be usable for a Camp-Meeting. I found none.Went the
 few rods to Mr.Stearn's house.Told him frank-

what I wanted. Henry Stearns was not a Churchman, I doubt if that man and his wife had heard a Gospel sermon in all their Married life, if ever, They tried to think that they were Atheists, but they knew nothing about Atheism. They knew just as much about things of the Soul, as does the horse in the stall, or the cow in the pasture. But I was an old neighbor, and the Stearns and the Dibbles had been good friends from almost Year One in that Community, "Yes, Sir, You may use my Grove, I judge it will not hurt those trees, you know I know each one by name," I assured him we would protect those fine stalwart trees. - May I go and clean up the down and broken stuff? Yes Sir, and Tom, his hired man, and I will help, I have been threatening for Two or Three Years to clean it out". Well, Well, I contacted Dr. Traveller, that old War-house was enthusiastic about it. Later he and I formulated a Schedule for the Effort. Henry Stearns, His Hired man, Father some of the time, some other help, cleaned that grove until it shone like a City Park. It was one of the Most beautiful natural spots I have seen. Dr. Traveller came to see me and view the Grove, he was enthusiastic over it. He said you had better secure the District Tents, Told where they were said he would have them shipped to Brookings at once. All came true. a load of loaned planks from the Brookings Lumbermen, would provide seats &c. - Oh, How we hustled those days, many things to arrange. Yes, Will use the Gospel Hymns, Carrie Roscoe, Her Memory is sweet, would lead just as she had in the S.H. Revivals. On Sunday I requested every person, and every person had at least One. to bring their book to the services. I cannot tell it all. Our Camp Ground was Five Miles directly South of Brookings, Three Miles directly West of the Hughson S.H. Five Miles North of my Home, Four Miles North of the Winneger S.H. Ten Miles North Wellman S.H. - I Won't tell it all, all preliminary plans worked, Farmers brot Tents from Brookings, Many Men put in several days assisting. My Folks had Three tents. We had an administrative tent where Dr. Traveller roomed, and got his meals with my folks. Dr. Traveller provided the A.M. services, I invited Bro. W.C. Sage, Pastor of the Arlington Church to be with us. he was some. It was 12 Miles to Arlington, Then Dr. Hall, of Brookings was with us a part at least of each day, and preached much. Well, We went thro to Sunday. A beautiful Sabbath, Litterly Hundreds of People.

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flocked into that sacred and beautiful Spot that da Dr. Traveller was a great man. A very few Years later he was selected as Supt. Of Methodist Missions in the city of Chicago, where he made an outstanding success. Sunday Afternoon Dr. Traveller stood in the Sioux River, The Lord had warmed those pure waters, and made them comfortable, The Dr. stood in the river nearly Three Hours and administered the rite of Baptism according to our Ritual to More than 160 People, People selected their mode of Baptism, several Sprinkled, but a much larger number Immersed. Dr. Hall and I led the Candidates in and out of the Baptismal spot. After this service ended we stopped long enough to sing One Verse of "Jesus Lover of my Soul" and they sang and shouted. People changed, their work. Dr. Traveller said I should Receive the more than 50 Persons into full Membership. After this service our Angelic Sister, Carrie Roscoe, led us in "We Think of the Home over there" I am sure it transpired the Supreme demonstration of my life. Friday I had gone to the College and secured my twins, Hettie-Hattie and now I must return them, and with them. Dr. Traveller went home with Dr. Hall. He staid at the Parsonage that night. I returned from Brookings the Tents were all packed and ready to load for shipment the next day, the people had most, dispersed quietly to their homes. It was a day that in some ways the greatest event in my life.

CONFERENCE and WILLOW-LAKES.

At the Camp-Meeting Dr. Traveller and I talked next Year thro. He was a kindly old Fellow, but Gruff. He would not insist that I remain at Midway, Altho he didnot know what to do with the Work I had created I should leave, but his common-sense showed him I should not be compelled to spend my life there. After the Reception of the Members I felt my work done. I would like a town. The Presiding-Elder agreed. "How would you like to build a church in a live town" That would be fine. - "Alright, I think I have just a the Place for a Pusher like you" He didnot tell me what the Place might be. I told him I would conform to his Judgment. - Conference came and I was appointed to Willow-Lakes, which made me very happy, even though we had no church there, the way was open to build one. The church owned a nice, little Three room Cottage

which they called the Parsonage, It was very nicely furnished, Stove-Bed with bedding-Sofa, Writing Table-Chairs, Book-Cupboard, -and in the Miniature Kitchen and pantry, a few very nice dishes, with ample Cutlery. I was less than a Block from the Smith Hotel, and other eating Places. My First Individual home, I felt like a Plutocrat. May I say I never spent a more happy, comfortable year in my life. Three Mature Young Women, Two of them, Addie McMullen-Gertrude Thompson, old D.A.C. friends of Hettie's and mine, who knew about my relations with Hettie, and respected it, Both of these Girls had graduated from D.A.C. the Preceding year, and the Third, a local Friend of Addies and Gertrudes, whose Bro. was the Conductor of the TRI-WEEKLY train that Plied down one day, back the next between Water town and Huron. Some one asked the Conductor for the significance of "TRI-WEEKLY", he said "We go down one week, and try to get back the next".

The names of the Conductor and his Sister I have forgotten, but she was a Friend of the Two, and the Three were almost constantly together. They loved my little domicile, and became a combined blessing to me, They were very proper Girls, during the year, not once did any one of them come to my home alone. Usually all Three. and more times than I would venture to guess they came evenings, always bearing the elements of Dainty lunch. They took position, helped themselves to dishes, &c. Those Precious Girls made my lonely condition tolerable. That was High-Grade Social life. I doubt if there was one week in that winter that, that Sweet Trinity did not give me at least one Eve.

In Willow-Lakes at that time, not a Movie, I think not a Telephone, Not a lecture, nor Concert, Once in awhile a Rough-Tumble, frontier Dance or "Hoe-Down".-- Each one must entertain himself. Those Girls found their Association in their hallowed Fellowship with one another, and generously shared with me.

The Town School at that time was a one room affair taught by Burt The S.H. was a frame, oblong building, divided thro the middle, into Two Aprtmnts. The School was in the North Aprtmnt, The South was used by the Methodist as church, and our old, broken equipment was in there. Thro the week, the Teacher permitted the Pupils to play in there, without restrictions, and every week our old Junk was demoralized, every Sat. P.M. and spent there, straightening and ailing up the old Junk, trying to find seats for my

creation

Congregation to sit

this condition became so bad I went to the teacher about it. Might he not restrain his destructive pupils? I was met with this Spirit, This is a S.H. not a church, he Professed to be an Atheist, By the way he later became a prominent Prog. in D.A.C. where he and his Sisters all graduated, but that day he said "I Guess Mr. Dibble if you donot like our treatment you had better find some other Place". I at once went to the Banker Chairman of the School-Board, who was very kind in the matter, I laid the matter before him, "He smiled and said, That's bad, but Mr. Dibble, we were about to inform you that we must have the Room at Christmas time, we are putting in another Teacher, which all was true, and the new Teacher was MISS. MAUDE CORNWALL, of Minnesota, who came and taught, until my Bro. Will who came to the Congregational Willow-Lakes as its Pastor just after I left our church, Married Maud and took her to Chicago to live. There was quite a nice Public Hall upstairs in town, we quickly made arrangements for the use of the Hall Sunday A.M. It had ample Furnishings, was to be properly cleaned, and arranged for our services, heated, each Sunday A.M. That arrangement worked O.K. until our new church was ready for occupancy late the next Summer.

The Hawes Family lived on their farm a Mile East of town. They were a Bossie, disagreeable outfit, they assumed the management of the church and its affairs,

There were Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, the old Folks, and thier Daughter, hardest of all to get along with, who thought herself the only Premier Musician in the community, and Monpolized our Music in the church, and held that over us as a Club. Several times I heard this, "I WISH IT THIS WAY, AND UNLESS IT IS I WOULD BE COMPELLED TO QUIT MY WORK IN THE CHURCH" She held that bat over the church. One day Father Hawes came to my door with his Farm Hay Rack-Wagon, "I have come for the church Furniture, we have a Place at home where it will be securely kept until we wish it again" "Oh, That's fine, I have wondered what would be done with it" I went with the old Man, we cleaned the room out, the load filled the Rack and piled up, with the old Man perched on top of the Junk, ready for home, He said to me, "Are you going to try to build a Church, Bro. Dibble" I was Young and impulsive, and didnot care much for those Peple, and I answered quickly, "God helping, Father Hawes, The Methodists will dedicate a new church before Conferenc Oh, but he was Angry, He said in a loud tone, "If you start a Church

My Wife -I, My daughter and her husband,

"I will leave the church" I said "that would be very bad but you know, Father Hawes, God's Work cannot be held up by One Person, or a Group of Persons." He was Angry. Later after I started our Church Project Father and Mother came on Sunday after service, and bade me Good-Bye, "We shall not be back again", and they were not all Summer, but the old Folks did not demand Dismissal, So I left them alone, But that Week I received a low scathing letter from the Daughter, She knew how to exalt herself and importance. "We are going to the Congregational Church, Would like my letter for next Sunday" That, one of the meanest Women I have ever known, knew well how to insult and used all her powers along that line on me. I answered her at once, told her how sorry I was, and hoped she would be happy in her new Church home. - I had not written a Letter of Transfer, for that did not Dismiss her, and I wished to rid the church of her, so wrote a letter of Dismissal from the Membership of the church. "This Certifies that Sister So-So is duly Dismissed from the Membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church" J.B.Dibble:--

She took that letter to my Colleague, Rev. Hitchcock, Pastor of the Congo church. She would like to be received the next Sunday Morning. But Rev. Hitchcock said to her, "I Think we cannot receive you into our Church, Mrs. -- Ever since I have been here you have been a source of trouble in your own church, My People would not Welcome you. If you cannot get along with Bro. Dibble, I fear you would not with me."

So the Poor Soul found herself without a Church home in the Community. - Just this about Mr. Hawes her Father. They did not return to our services after the Sunday of which I spoke. He had manifested no interest in our church, but to knock it, and hinder, tried to retain the confidence of People by playing the Martyr Role, they had been driven from the church in which they had put years of toil, and Hundreds of Dollars. But they could not deceive the Community, People knew. But later when the church was about done Father Hawes with some Friends came home on the train from Huron where they had been for a Lodge Meeting, and he brought that group over to the church, I was painting on the wall and heard the old Hypocrite strutting about shewing off the building he had fought with all his power, and had done his best to defeat. I heard him say this, "We thought we had better build well"

Now, I will say that on the day of Dedication Father Hawes was present with Bells, and with much display

handed the Solicitors a Personal Check for \$ 25.- Which was very fine. When I left that church Mr. and Mrs. Hawes were attending and crawling back. When completed Dr. Traveller dedicated it for Divine Service. It was a beautiful Place of Worship. On the day of Dedication Two beautiful Families, Members of our Watertown Church had me read their Letters of Transfer to the new Church, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom MacBeth. -

This is intended as a Memorial to "MY GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE, from now on I will confine myself, mostly to work and incidents she was personally identified with. - During the Summer now closing in Willow-Lakes our District Camp-Meeting was held at Gary, about twenty miles North of Brookings. I had made arrangements for the Twins, Hettie-Hattie to attend these services with me. I secured a nice rig of Manly Waldron, of Willow Lakes, Drove to Brookings Friday A.M. The Girls had secured Leave of Absence from Friday Noon ~~to~~ until Sunday Eve. - Friday P.M. we drove to Gary. Secured rooms in the Hotel, Sunday P.M. back to Brookings, in time for the Evening Service at the church, Monday A.M. Back to W.L. and job for J.B. -

A YEAR OF GREAT EVENTS:-

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At Conference that year the Bishop read,

KAMPESKA-J.B.DIBBLE:-

Kampeska was situated on the C.N-W R.R. Six Miles West of Watertown, One Mile from the beautiful lake of the same name. I think before recounting the Events of the year, I will describe a very Unusual condition that effected vitally our Church there.

Kampeska was practically all owned by Mr. Robinson, a Chicago Millionaire, living near Union Park in the City. The Robinsons, quite old People, owned not only the Village, but several large Tracts of land, close to the Lake. They had a beautiful Farm right on the Beach of the Lake, One Mile from Town. The Tenant and Manager of the Home farm was Mr. Jacobs. Prominent members of our church. On the farm Mr. & Jacob, who was an expert horseman, and trainer, and Mr. Robinson, were raising fancy driving horses. Each year several Hambletonian colts were born in their stables. At a very early age these were put in harness, and upon the Half-Mile Driving Track, they maintained the colts were broken and trained as Drivers.

When sufficiently trained they were taken to Chicago where Mr. Robinson maintained Stables. They were strikingly harnessed, and hitched to fine rigs. It was the Horse age. Sometime before Henry Ford Chrystler, Chicago was said to be Horse minded in those, Rich Men had their eyes open for Fancy Drivers. Mr. Jacobs knew where best and how to Manipulate their Colts.

Just drive them slowly about the Streets, They would be sure to catch some eye, Mr. Jacobs told me at that time that their Teams usually went on the First exhibition, and that it never required a Third. Some rich man saw, them and wanted them, and found their way to the Robinson Stables. - Mr. and Mrs. Robinson spent the heated season of each Summer, at their Kampeska home living with their Tenants, the Jacobs.

In Chicago the Robinsons were Episcopalians, in Kampeska they were Methodist Episcopal, and right loyal they were. Years before they had erected the beautiful church in which I preached, and presented it to the congregation that worshiped in it. Each year he paid for the fuel used by the church, and each Quarter he sent a Personal check for Twenty Five Dollars, Toward Pastor's salary and Budget expenses.

Mrs. Robinson dressed like the local Women, was a Member of the local L.A.S. attended and worked in it.

They were very Democratic, never Missed the Sunday A.M. Service when there. I have said all that as it fits into our narrative in a vital way.

We had no Parsonage in Kampeska when I went there but the L.A.S. had rented for the Pastor a very fine, commodious residence. - I was unmarried, reserved Two good rooms for myself, and rented the rest of the

House to a nice family, the man working in one of the grain Elevators. They were delightful People. We made a n agreeable arrangement by which I Boarded with them, she did my Laundry, and the rent was applied.

Hazle Eight Miles S.W. a bright small town, was associated upon the Charge, as was CROOKS, a Village Midway, where I preached each Sunday P.M. -

One Sunday A.M. I preached in Kampeska, Crooks P.M. and Hazle Eve. - Next Sunday Hazle A.M. - Crooks P.M. and Kampeska Eve. That schedule was maintained thro the Two years of my Pastorate there, At Easter time of that First Year I had an exoerience with Mr. Robinson I will relate to you here.

During the Winter Mrs. Jacobs had Cautioned me. She said you know how it important it is to us to keep the Robinsons inline with the church. Not much trouble

They like us, but Mr. Robinson is not in Sympathy with Foreign Mission work, and if you can just as well plan our Missionary Campaigne when they are not here it would be better" "Oh Sure, That will be easy, they come about the same time each Year, do they not.?

The campaign comes in the early Spring, mostly, and will be over before they come."

That year Easter was selected as the date for the general Missionary Campaigne and Offering.

I prepared the best I could, Easter Sunday I sat in my Pulpit as the Congregation assembled. When the Jacobs rig drove up, but who is that with them? Nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, making a Surprize Call. Mrs. Jacob

Flashed me a signifizant Smile. The Robinsons as al-
~~ways~~ ways came clear Front, What shall I do? - I will

just defer this, preach something else, but I could think of nothing else. The only text I could think of was the one I had been considering for Weeks. I se-

lected a long, Four verse Hymn and asked the Choir to sing the entire number, But I could think of no substitute for my sermon. - As we approached the end of the

Fourth Stanza, and I could do no other, I became very courageous, I Won't do it, You old Coward trying to

dodge positive duty for old Money-Bags, I Won't do it I'll preach the sermon that the Spirit has given me,

that I have prayed over, and worked days upon, and the Lord Bless the Robinsons and Mrs. Jacobs. I announced my Text, and preached my sermon as I had prepared it.

I didnot go out of my way to say any thing that might offend. I explained that all Methodists were at that Easter day. A few more remarks, Announced what our Ap-

portionment was for the year, Sent the Ushers out with the Plates. I watched the reaction of Mr Robinson, he

thrust his hand into his pocket, brought out a Capacity leather purse, It was one of the Double barreled type

I looked for him to reach in for coin, but he didnot, He opened both barrells of that Purse and when the

plate came poured the entire contents on the Plate. Perhaps he knew how much change there was in that

purse, but we didnot, but our Members said it was by the largest Missionary Offering their church had ever

given. After the Benediction before I could get out of the Pulpit Mr. Robinson, met me, grasped my hand, and

congratulated me upon the Sermon, That Old man was no cheap Flatterer, but he said "That is The best Missionary sermon I ever heard".

I shall refer to Mr. Robinson again in a Moment.

During that Summer our District Camp-Meeting was held in a grove, Midway between Brookings-Volga, on the Sioux River, Three Miles West of Brookings. My Folks were there in tents, as in the other cases, Friday P.M. I went in and got My Twins, Hettie-Hattie, who stayed until Sunday P.M. when I took them back to their room, "13". This was in June. Hettie would graduate in August, I assured her I should attend the Commencement. At that time we definitely fixed our Wedding date, October 7: 1891- And made other plans. I asked the Privilege of buying the material for her Graduating and Wedding Gown, as she planned to wear the same gown, upon both occasions. She said she did not have time after to get Two made.- I bought the material in Watertown, went to a Dry Goods Emporium, selected my Sales Lady, and told her the situation, I told her you select this as you would if it was to be for yourself, Hettie and all the Friends thought it fine. That gown just as "MY SWEET GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE" wore it upon those Two Elect Occasions, is now just as when she wore it, being kept at Pauls. Occasionally Elsie puts it on. It was a beautiful gown. Hettie looked Queenly in it.

Commencement came, I attended and saw my Sweet girl graduate and receive her Well-earned "B.S."- After the graduating ceremonies I secured one of Fred-Brink's Livery-rigs, the Spanking Bays I loved to drive and we slipped away and drove down to Fathers for the night. The next Morning when we returned the Depot Platform was crowded with Student^{ns} going home for Vacation.

The rumor circulated that Hettie and I had gone home for Father to Marry us. We accepted their beautiful Congratulations and did not try to Undeceive them. Minnie Stoner, one of the best Friends Chubbie and I ever had, took me aside, and said Birney, I am going home and would like to know if you Two are married" I told her the true situation. Minnie was a member of Hettie's Class, my Class until I stepped out. Hettie's Folks came for her that day, she had been there Four full years, many things had accumulated, they really had quite a load. That was not our last D.A.C.

Commencements we attended some after we were Married. When I recall those days I'm lonely, I do miss my dear one. She went home that day, So did I, to my lonely room. The Sweet Occasion waiting but driving on A-Pace.- One day about then I met Mr. Robinson on the street and as was always our custom, we stopped for a Moments greeting, when the good old Man

said, We hear you intend to be married soon" "I'm hearing rumors of that sort myself"- "Where are you going to live?" "Oh, I Don't know, I Guess the Lord will provide". "No sir, that is not right, It is your Business to provide, You have no right to marry a Girl and bring her here and not know where she is to live" "Do You see that empty house over there" Pointing one of the best in town, which he owned, and happened to be vacant just then, Yes I see it"- "If Your Men in the church will get a move on them Dig a cellar over by the church and fix it up I will give it to them as a Parsonage" "Oh, Mr. Robinson, I'm sure they will"- Well, I want to see them at it, And the way that will cost something, I will give them \$200. which all came true. For Forty Years Preacher's Families have lived in that House. One of the Fines Hettie and I ever had.

THE MOST JOYIOUS EVENT OF ALL

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Coming Events approach slowly, but the Wheels of Time never ceasing their Revolutions, and long cherished hopes come to their Fruition.

That good day back there when "My Girl Across the Aisle" said, with Tears in her eyes, "YES, IF YOU WILL WAIT THREE YEARS, UNTIL I GRADUATE. IF I'M TO BE A

MINISTER'S WIFE I MUST BE PREPARED" It looked a long way out there, Three years make a long while, if you wait. But even Three happy years have come and gone. The next Sunday after Mr. Robinson proffered the church his house for a Parsonage, I asked the Official Men to tarry, They gladly accepted the gift, Appointed a Com. with Bro. Aleck Davidson Chairman, Work began at once. A large crew of hired and Volunteer Workmen were busy every day, but now a Doubt as to whether it will be ready directly after Con

October 6* 1891- I went to Brookings secured one of Brink's rigs for Two days, Drove to Fathers, where there were a few small things I wanted. Trained by the Folks in their own rig, we started early for Hettie's. I must meet Dr. Dresser, at the Station in White, at Eleven, the ceremony was dated for High-noon. Hettie's Bro. Ed. and I met the train, which brought Dr. Dresser, The Agent, handed me a Telegram, "Missed train, Cannot be there Get Springer"- That was a bit tragical, Wedding due in One Hour, no Minister, I knew Hettie did not want the Pastor, Rev. Springer, Brink's Bays, never travelled Three Miles more quickly than at that time. Remember no

Phone, To get Speinger would cause an Hour or Two delay, to me that was a tragical situation, and I expected it would effect Hettie the same way, When I told her she was greatly Pleased, Now, she said, The Doughtys can have their way in the matter, Have your Father "From the inception of our plans, Hettie's People had wanted Father, Hettie preferred him, but I thought we should honor the Dis. Supt. She said "Tell your Father"-Is there a Church Discipline in the house? A Discipline in the home of A.B. Doughty, you may be assured.- Father prepared himself in Five Minutes, and the Ceremony took place just as the Family Clock struck the Hour of 12, Noon. Hettie was always pleased that Father Married us. She had favored that from the beginning of our plans.-There were many Guests at our Wedding, and all Doughtys.

We remained in Hettie's home over night. Our Con. was dated for a Week hence, in Sioux-Falls. Of course nothing sure concerning next Year, yet we expected to remain in Kampeska. My home in Kampeska was mine until after Con. My good renters were moving out. I had cleaned things up as much as was possible, We would return to Kampeska from the Wedding, stay in my rooms, until Sat. when Hettie, would return to her home, and meet me at the train as I passed thro on Tuesday, and we go on together, After Con. we would return to Hettie's home get her Trunk and things, take them to wherever we might go, which happened to be back to Kampeska. All this worked out as planned.-This we had discovered By going to Brookings, we would be on a direct line thro Kampeska, with no change, but from White Via Rail, compelled a change in Watertown, So Father Doughty took us to Brookings. I was surprized that my heart could bear as much joy as came to me those Blessed days.-Our First night home, there was put on in the church a delightfull Reception. The contract on my home, expired at Con. time, and the new house, that those hustling Men had worked so hard to have ready, was not quite ready. Bro. and Sister Jacobs said "Good, Now we can have you for a while, You will stay with us until Parsonage ready" Which we did for a Month.

I spoke of putting my rig into the Willow-Year, upon coming to Kampeska, I must have a rig, Driving in those days was my Middle name, and I had bought an entire A Span of driving Ponies, with harness and Top Buggy, a really fine outfit. Each day Hettie and I would drive up town, and do whatever we could about our

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place. One day the good Men said, the House is done, after tonight you may move in when you Please. The next day We in our own rig and Bro. Jacobs trailing into Watertown with his Farm Wagon and big rack, went to the Furniture store to Furnish our new I remember Hettie said, "As we plan to go to Chicago next Fall, we had better furnish as lightly as possible. We limited our furnishing as closely as thought best. That Eve the Hay-rack had unloaded at our door in what we thought was the finest house any-where. Bro. Jacobs, always a fine Old-Scout helped us until the last things were within.-We Set-up a new bed, Hettie brought out Two new quilts she had peiced and made, And By-the way those Two quilts are in my old Bedding chest in my room in Zora's and my house in Hurley.

Fixed our New table, a new spread upon it, We had already secured Two stoves from the Hardware in Kampeska, A Cook stove and a Parlour heater, these were in Place I hustled to the store, just a few feet away, and we ate our First meal together in our own home. We soon settled, Hettie was really quite adept at that.

The Town School with just one teacher, was being taught by a bright, Young Teacher, who always looked sad and Homesick. She had a poor Boarding Place, lived at quite a distance away. She almost at once came to the Parsonage to interview Hettie. She said if she could not better her condition she would be compelled to quit at Christmas time, She could not tolerate it longer.

Hettie and I did not want a Boarder, preferred to be alone, but Hettie had taught, and her heart was touched for this Home-sick Girl.-And took her in, and we never regretted it, She was really a nice, Sweet, proper Girl.

She stayed with us the rest of that School year, and the First few Weeks of the next, when we moved to Chicago, That Dear girl clung to Hettie and wept like a child, at the time of separation.

1891 had been one of the most eventfull years of my experience. We had erected a fine new church, in Hazle financed and dedicated it. Transformed the Kampeska Parsonage into one of the fines Preacher's homes. Seen "MY GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE" Graduate, secure her B.

Had got Married and am settled in our own home, Fixed where we want to be, for another year, and still dating our letters 1891-Some glorious Year, Says I.

1892, would be rather more quiet. The building is done This is the Fourth and last Year of my Con. Course.

I have passed in good shape each Annual Exam. I must close up the last year with credit, and receive my

Final Examination, be received into Full Membership & into the Conference. Nothing of great Moment happened this year. A good year in the church. My Bro. Will, who came as Pastor of the Congo church in Willow-Lakes, just when I left our new church there, was leaving that Place for the "CHICAGO-SEMINARY-Theological School. Miss, Maud Cornwall, whom I said had just come as the Second Teacher in the Town schools, and Will had formed an attachment and were about to be married, and go to Chicago at once, Secure an Aprtmnt and Hettie and I would follow directly after our Con. whe we Two Couples planned to live together, while I Commuted back and Forth to Garrett-Evanston.-All of that worked out according to schedule. We had a fine Winter. My rich Uncle Alphonso lived with his beautiful Wife, Sarah, and their Son and Daughter in a rich home in the City, Gave us much attention. We Two Couples were invited Guests in Uncle "Fonnies"'s home several times. Our Uncle was actively associated with the great People's Church, and took us one Sunday to hear his great Preacher Pastor, DR. SWING, one of the most Popular in the World at that time.

That 1893 was the year of the First great World's Fair in Chicago, a Hundred or more Acres of ground, throbbing with Hustle and Life as the Fair buildings and equipment were placed. That interested us greatly.

Every thing was Fine-Dandy but my School arrangements, of course the school was @.K. but I was sustaining the wrong relationship to it. From the First of my Ministry I had planned to complete my Con. Course then go to Garrett, I needed some one to advise me, That plan was all wrong, That was like Eating a full meal at your own table, and going to the Cafee for dinner. I had worked on my Con. Course, had passed every Subject, and Examination with credit, Now after Four Years of hard work I went to Garrett to take exactly the same Course over again. I had Mastered that course, Yet at Garrett I was rebuying books I had completed, sold or given away, and I must spend another Four years droning ov~~xer~~ that same stuff. I was unhappy Will said "JIMMIE DON'T DO IT, YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO. YOU HAVE MET YOUR CONFERENCE REQUIREMENTS, GO BACK HOME AND TO YOUR WORK".- But I potted along until Spring was approaching, when one day I received an urgent letter From good old Dr. J. S. AKERS, Supt. of the Aberdeen Dis. of our Con. Dr. Akers had come from the Old Doughty Community in Wis. At one time Pastor of the Durand

Wis. church, the church home of Hettie's People. Dr. Akers remembered Hettie as a little girl, and always called her "MY LITTLE GIRL". His message, "Bowdle and Bangor are without a Pastor, Bowdle is ready to build a new church, as quickly as a Pastor can be found. Will you come to them for your Vacation"? Hettie and I always considered that one of the most important messages we ever received. Before Dr. Akers ate Supper that Eve he received my Telegram informing him, that we were leaving for Dakota at once and would be in Bowdle upon such a date, about a Week hence.

OUR SUMMER'S WORK AT BOWDLE-BANGOR.

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Bowdle was then the Terminal of what is now the Coast Line of the C.M.-St.P.-R.R. Bowdle was Sixty Miles straight West of Aberdeen, in one of the most Fertile Sections in the State.-Bangor was Twenty Miles West of Bowdle, A Wideawake little Inland Village. Later when the R.R. extended West it missed Bangor by Two or Three Miles, and started Selby, which became the real thriving town, and Bangor moved to it.

We found Bowdle at that time one of the Livest Places we ever lived. The surrounding Country was rapily settling with Russian Immigrants, many directly from Russia. People came 75-100 Miles to Bowdle to ~~trade~~ trade. Business activity was intense. The town was new. There was not a Pennie's worth of church property in town, but some fine Methodit Families, calling for a church, and ready to build and finance one, when some one is there to lead them. And We were there for that definite purpose. And applied ourselves at once to the task. But, First of all we must have some place to live. Any where that is decent, we told the People.

I think about the most interested, efficient and active we ever had in any church, were Mr. and Mrs. Aurand, of Bowdle. They were Well-to-do, had a beautiful home. Mr. Aurand was the owner and operator of a large General Department Store in town, was having at that time a tremendous Trade 15 or more Busy Clerks.

And every ounce of their happy selves was METHODIT. They had come out there not long before from one of the larger Wis. Towns, where he had been in the Mercantile Business Thirty Years. They took us into their home where we stayed until we found rooms. The next day after we arrived, she and Hettie started a House or room getting Round. To make short, after Two or

Three days of search, and the town Canvassed, not

one room available in the entire town, but the Five beautiful rooms over the Depot. The Station was only two years old, and these rooms had never been occupied. Hettie and I considered it. There would be no Outdoors, - Water must be carried up, Slops down. The one train a day came during the A.M. unloaded, Switched about the Yards, until Mid P.M. and back to Aberdeen.

We would need to watch our windows when the train was here to keep the Black coal smoke out. After we came to live there we found those things did not trouble us much, the really greatest nuisance was getting Out and in. The stairs to our Apartment came up from the freight room below. Whole train loads of Machinery, and Household Goods, and other things were thrown in there each day. If out side we could not be quite sure of getting in, or if desiring to get out, not quite sure. Things were piled on to and in front of our stairs.

A Current joke with Hettie and Me thro the Summer as, Well, Hello, How did you get in, Climb over a Self Binder, or just a Gang-Plow? - We really got much Fun out of it during the Summer, any way our Five rooms were as clean and comfortable, as any place we ever lived. We were young and did not so much mind, ordinary inconveniences, and this was all in our Job.

Good Mrs. Aurand helped Hettie select our Household furnishings. It was embarrassing to Hettie, Mrs. Aurand would say "You should have this, and this" Hettie was just a girl, but she knew our conditions, and had the courage of her convictions, But, We were happy when the rooms were soon furnished. - We got at the new Church project at once.

The people were ready and eager. We have put over several Church Projects but have always said the Bowdler building went over the easiest of any other. WE built a Shack on Main St. and the Women made and dispensed Ice-Cream there Three Evenings each Week. Must freeze their own cream, and every body in town patronized them. Hettie broke herself down at that, The Society divided into Groups, but she thought she should be there every time, and she puddled about in that Ice Water all Summer.

Mrs. Aurand was a great Money getter. She visited some friends in Aberdeen a couple of days and came home \$200. for the church. I was in the Aurand store one day, when he took me aside and asked, "Dibble, can you keep a Secret?" "Oh, Yes, from everybody but my Wife" "Oh Well, I Won't tell you then, if you tell Your

Wife you may as well tell my Wife, and I donot want her to know." That little Wife of mine thinks she is Cute, that she is a great Financier, and I'm going to show her that she Isn't in it at all. For over Thirty years I have been buying Thousands upon Thousands of Dollars worth of Merchandise from the great Wholesale houses, We have never asked a thing of them, but I have written to each one of these Houses, telling them what we are doing and asking them for Contributions, I shall begin hearing from them within a few days." And he did, and he secured more than \$500. in cash from those sources. Mrs. Aurand had a vision also, she told him one day, When Prominent Travelling Men come to the store, bring them home for dinner, let me know they are coming, and I will prepare a good dinner for them. They made that work, and quite a sum was realized from that Stunt.

I will close this Narrative by saying we built and completed the church, and dedicated it without debt except the ~~\$250~~ \$250. loan from the Church Extension Society, a long with the \$250. Gift by the Board. We had a pretty, commodious church, and I am sure it is still. We built it in 1893. -

A TRUE STORY-HETTIE LIKE MARY.

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Upon the Week Ends when we were in Bangor for the A.M. Hettie and I would drive out Saturday P.M. and stay with some of our people over night. This helped us to become acquainted. And they would invite us Two Weeks ahead. "You are to stay with us next time" and we made it a point to accept the First Invitation received. - One Sunday a Lady came, a Farmers Wife, and said you are to stay with us next time" "Thank you The next time we made our way to that home. It was an excessively hot day in Mid-Summer. The House was a Well kept Shackie Place. As I remember Three rooms, Our Evening meal was cooked upon and eaten by a big stove with raging fire in it. The Husband and Wife ~~XXX~~ lived alone, While conversing I looked about casually "I wonder we will sleep, I could see but one bed. A long in the Evening, when conversation began to lag the man arose, lighted the farm lantern picked up our Grippe and said I will show you to your bed" And started toward the barn. Let me say, Hettie was mortally afraid of horned cattle. Was not afraid of horses, would pet them, but any things with horns were Beasts of Prey, Was always afraid of our cows. She never milked.

e were ushered into a clean Room, A bed, chair, Wash-stand, Water Pitcher and Bowl, Slop Pail, he left the lantern and hoped we would sleep well. but directly in front of us on the other side of a big manger were Four big Oxen, Their horns cracking together. Hettie said "They surely donot expect us to sleep with those beasts. I Can't do it". I sat down on the edge of the bed, took her on my lap, to help her. In the First Place I assured her of the perfect Gentleness, and safety of the oxen, if you went down there and laid with them they would not harm you. Well, she said I'll lie down, she removed her dress but no more. I laid down by her side, I was not afraid of the Oxen, was raised with Oxen. But one could not sleep, those fellows kept something going all night. Munching hay, Lying down and getting up each time with a penetrating Sigh or Grunt. Then worst of all to my dear Companion was the clicking, and rattling of those big horns together. The night passed, and of course we survived, when we heard an early stir at the house, we were glad. While we were dressing and taking our ablutions Chubbie said, I am like Mary the Mother of Christ" I said in what particular, She Answered "Mary Slept in an Oxes' Manger" She could never think of that experience without a shudder. The Church is built, My work is done, Hettie became Homesick. Dr. Akers came out to see his "little Girl", and assured us of an Appointment nearer home. We packed our Furniture and arrangement for its shipment as soon as I should wire our Town.

GO TO ASHTON-TO A GREAT EVENT:-

hat Fall the good Bishop said "ASHTON-J.B.DIBBLE-Ashton, a really nice little Town, on the West Bank of the Dakota, or James, or as commonly called the "JIM-IVER"-Ashton was Ten Miles N. of Redfield, the County seat.-The Charge was as follows, Each Sunday Morning, ASHTON-Alternate P.Ms. Clifton, 11 Miles N.E., with THOLL, Three Miles ~~W~~ West, -EVE.-ASHTON.-Quite a comfortable Charge to serve. Ashton was one of the most cultured smaller towns in the State, probably more college, and educated People there in proportion, than any other Small town. Circumstances had conspired to make it quite a Musical Center. One dreadful thing happened that year, an Annual drought, the dried, and burned up all vegetation. There were no crops. The Farmer's Harvesting Machines were

not taken from their sheds that Summer, Nothing to harvest. An excessively hot Summer. That was the Year when the state in its emergency built a Shed not many Miles from Ashton for Rain-Producing Demonstrations, in the belief that Rain may be produced thro Explosion and excessive Atmospheric disturbance, like Battles &c. All Summer they bange away, Bombarding the Skies, A certain tax had been Levied to pay expenses, Explosives &c. But not one drop of Moisture was produced..

There was no Parsonage in Ashton, but a very nice Cottage was furnished us.-It was one of the most Conservative and Inactive churches we ever served. About the only event happening to us took Place SEPT. 4-1894, when one day a big fine Baby Boy came to our home. We were waiting for him, and greeted him the best we knew.-To help Welcome him, and help in the special work his coming produced, was his Mother's Sister from White.-The Scales upon which we weighed him the First time, said Twelve Lbs.-Some boy. Well, he has made some Man.- A few Weeks after Robert, by the way, We had agreed upon ROBERT DOUGHTY DIBBLE, as the new Boy's name Under that name he has thrived. Just before Con. after Hettie was able to travel, They Three, Hettie, Edith, and Robert went to Hettie's home. At Con. time I went, I think to Watertown, for that event. When the Bishop read the Appointment Assignments he said ,

WEBSTER-J.B.DIBBLE:-

After the Appointments, I left our rig in Watertown, took the train for Ashton, Packed our things, Shipped the to Webster, returned to Watertown, and drove to White, and to my Loved ones. Visited a very short while, left Hettie and Robbie, at Father Doughties, while Good, Flora, and I, made our lonely way to Webster. When there no parsonage, found, nice small Cottage, Five Dollars Per. Month, lived in during Winter. Our Goods came promptly, Had them arranged when Hettie and Robbie came. Webster, quite large, rather barren, Church building quite good. Hard times. During that Winter received Three good barrels of Missionary things, for personal use and, distribution. Robbie had a severe siege of Scarlet Fever, during Winter we nearly lost him. Webster was a hard Place for the Methodist Pastor, There was an older Rich Woman Boss.-She would send her man to usher me to her home. where for an Hour

our things in However, Divided the house, we taking
part, the MacLeans denning in others. Monday Robert and
I by train went to Volin got our team, John was about
over his lameness. Election over, Macleans to Elk-Point.
We had Two most delightful Years in Yankton. Some of
the People actually wept when we later moved

To Parker. Parker so good, our Relations so agreeable
we went to the Limit, and staid Five years.

After Five years ready to move. We had a definite
choice between Two good Appointments, Groton, on Aber-
deen Dis, ~~XXXXXX~~ as Clark had comparatively
new property we chose that, and moved there.

Three good years in Clark.

Then Subsequent Appointments-

HOWARD-PLAINVIEW-TYNDALL- JORDAN-BERESFORD-ALPENA-
EGAN-WINTER-PARK-GARRETSON-WHITE-HARRISBURG-HURLEY-

THE BOY'S BIRTH PLACES - DATES -

ROBERT-ASHTON-SEPT. 4-1894

Paul-Arlington-May 13-1898-

Clifford -Parker-August 7:1904-

ROLLAND- CLARK-DECEMBER 8:1907

HETTIE'S APPOINTMENTS-

KAMPESKA-BOWDLE-ASHTON-WEBSTER-ARLINGTON-WHITE,
~~XXXX~~ - YANKTON-PARKER-CLARK-HOWARD-PLAINVIEW-
TYNDALL- JORDAN-BERESFORD-ALPENA-EGAN-WINTER-PARK-
~~XXXXXX~~ GARRETSON-WHITE-~~XXXX~~ HARRISBURG-HURLEY-

CONTRIBUTED

"DEATH HAS KISSED AWAY HER SORROW,
SMOOTHED THE CARE LINES FROM HER FACE,
MADE HER SURE OF EACH TOMORROW,
IN GOD'S HAPPY RESTING PLACE.

BLOTTED OUT EACH THOUGHT OF SADNESS,
CALMED EACH FEAR, SUBDUED ALL PAIN,
OPENED WIDE THE GATES OF GLADNESS,
BROUGHT BACK YOUTH AND HEALTH AGAIN".

THAT IS MOTHER.

CONTRIBUTED BY PAUL.

"TO MY MOTHER

"There is a Vale where Mother Walks

Amid the Scenes of Paradise;
Where Angels gather as She Talks
Of God's kind Care and Enterprise.

Each Blade of Grass O'er which she moves,
Caressing soft her gentle feet,

Responds with Tales of him who loves
Each Living Thing with Love Complete.

The Zephyrs of the open Field,
The Murmurs of the shadowed Brook.

The Whisper of the Leaves that Shield
The Robin's Nest and Squirrel's Nook
All join one rippling, Swelling Song
That sounds like Wind in distant Trees,
Or Echo of some ~~atemp~~ Gong

Afloat on India's Spicy breeze,
Some day we, too, shall walk that Vale,
Shall sing, with Mother, Praise to God;
And hear Reverberate the Tale
The Palm Trees tell with Rustling Nod".

Thirty Six Blessed Years,
How Short the While,
But my Heart Sweetly Cheers,
As I Commune with "MY DEAR GIRL ACROSS
THE AISLE,-