

Thomas J. Gordon set the yeast in that wee bit sponge. The future city was placed on a sandy ridge two miles north-east from Brighton. The founders admired President Martin Van Buren, and would honor him by perpetuating through all future time the name of his residence, "Kinderhook," but as they could not think of the name, remembering only that there was a "hook" to it, they rallied on the sand heap and let 'er go as Sandy Hook. Give these hero-worshippers a leather medal.

Sheffield was projected in a dream by Nathaniel McClure, August 16, '45. Busted! He probably awoke before the dream was fairly under way. However, he, with John F. Van Dyke, got in his work at Yatton in July, '56. That was a lively milling place till '79, when the railway sapped it to build up Riverside.

Harrisburg was, perhaps, the most iridescent dream of them all. Nathan W. Burris laid it out June 29, '55. It was to cover 160 acres with beauty and glory. He built a stone seminary up to the second story, projected one hundred houses and a steam grist mill, when misfortune overtook him, and the dream exhaled. The stone was used by others, as the Roman Coliseum was plundered by mediæval nobles for their palaces.

Jacob Z. Bowman gave himself a severe wrench in laying out Eureka, April 20, '57, the panic year, though at one time, and for a considerable time, it had quite a smart spurt of trade.

Then there was Pottsville, a villa of pots. It was on David Goble, Sr.'s land in Oregon township. It seems that John B. Potts located it; it was a post-office, with a swift weekly mail. For the first six months a hat, or was it a pot? held all the mail.

As to the other extinct towns, not even tradition remains; such as Glendora, Genoa, Mount Jackson, Middleburg, Rochester, Western City, Walhaven, Xenia, West Liberty. All these were platted around a public square, an English fashion centuries old.

Nor were roads needed to reach several sequestered places, whose names were strokes of rustic humor, such as certain ridges, hollows, runs, acres and the like. English river had Snake hollow. Mr. O. E. Brown remembers a law-suit here, in which most of the witnesses were from the hollow. McJunkin would ask one after another, "Where do you reside?" "Snake Holler." That was many years ago, and the primitive type has no doubt expired by limitation. But can't you conjure up these queer figures—unshaven, hair shorn around the edge of a crock set on the head, a coon-skin cap, traces of egg in the clin-whiskers. The type was once very distinct.

Lime Creek had a cuticle ridge, and Marion boasted sockem ridge. Marion really had more than her share of odd places, and most of her early citizens