

Ohio's Treasure House of Antiques

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only decoration is a strip of "tooth-work" across the front just under the roof.

The porches at each side are part of the lean-to additions built on in 1826. Under the locust trees grows some boxwood, rare in this part of the country.

Step in and you will find, to your amazement that some fifteen rooms originally formed this spacious home which seems to be but a cabin. The back part, put on with the sides, sits at a lower level than the front and you do not see that from beneath the locust trees.

The stairway goes straight up from the tiny entrance way, and on it is carpet used by the Harpers for generations.

Besides the many rooms filled with priceless antiques is a spacious cellar, perhaps better described as a basement. Here are great ovens and a huge open fireplace. Here are the hand-hewn benches where the butchering was done—a small table for a hog or sheep, a big one for a cow.

Here are the tools with which the Harpers worked, including the old pressing irons that were heated by being filled with hot coals. Over there is a wine cellar. Above, the bark still clings to the rafters.

Last of all, go into the banquet hall, a long vaulted room of colonial splendor—the climax of Shandy Hall, if you save it till last.

On the walls are French paper with Roman scenes, paper so well preserved it might have been hung yesterday. The story is that this paper was imported for an eastern hotel and Robert Harper bought it in Buffalo. Linoleum brought from the same city 100 years ago is still on the floor.

On a side table is a French sea

captain's grog set, beautiful bottles and glasses in a beautiful chest. Around the banquet table are twelve stenciled Hitchcock chairs.

Any attempts to describe the contents of this house would read like the catalog of some antique dealer. Let it suffice to point out only a few of these valuable heirlooms. If you want some idea of the number of things to see, we may tell you that the owners spent two summers sorting, cleaning and bringing order out of the chaos of attics and store rooms.

The blue and white Staffordshire china, clean and resplendent, is set up in an orderly fashion in a cupboard.

Two grand pianos are in the house, one of them having been brought from Harpersfield by ox cart, and was probably one of the first pianos in the Western Reserve.

A mahogany and horsehair set may be seen in one of the living rooms. A bootjack is handy if you wish to remove your boots.

The red damask curtains and the brass tie-backs at the windows are more than 100 years old.

The toys include trains, and of course the engine and cars are copies of the quaint models which puffed their way along in the days when railroading was in its infancy. Tiny dolls sleep peacefully in the cupboards. Some of the games the children used are still there, the same games children use today in streamlined designs.

The members of the Harper family were of a literary turn, and early editions of famed authors grace the bookcases.

The hoops women wore once upon a time will intrigue you. Try to figure how they got in—and stayed in. Beside the hoops are miniatures, those amazing bustles—that gave a hump to the figure, a hump that would be deplored in this day of reducing diets.

Those rather dangerous ornament-

ed hat pins have been saved, too. Flax hangs on a spinning wheel, a complete wardrobe hangs on the pegs. The fine four-posters may be seen in all their picturesque restfulness. Beside the beds have been placed the washstands.

It all seems as if the Harpers just stepped out into the fields. It is as if the house were still occupied by them.

One feeling you will have as you leave the house. How hard the pioneers worked! How little leisure they must have had to enjoy the comforts created by their own hands.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cox live there now as caretakers, and will show you through. They have brought in an oil stove, the convenience of which contrasts with the great fireplace in the cellar. The pioneers built a roaring fire, then filled the ovens with hot coals. They scraped out the coals and put in the dough which swelled into great loaves for the table in the banquet hall.

Stop outside and look again at the stately locusts. The family legend is that Miss Ellen stuck switches into the ground when she returned from horseback riding, and some of them grew into these grand old trees.