

silence, thus the place became known as "Dog town." "Old Toller," the choice of the pack, was the only one allowed to follow his master to the mill. And he received his name in the following way: When the settler alighted and threw his bag into the mill, Mr. Woods would go around, lift the gate and start the buhrs. Old Toller would gravely amble up in front of the meal box and seat himself on his bony haunches. With the first thin thread of meal trickling down, his face would lose its gloomy look, and when enough had fallen to warrant the effort, he would rise, run out his long red tongue and lap the box clean. As if it only served to whet his hunger to a point of agony, he would gravely resume his seat, raise his tear stained face toward the lazy buhr and let go the most pitiful "Boo-oo-oo," for more meal.

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THE YELLOW, Turkey, Volga, Maquoketa, Wabesipinicon, Cedar, Iowa, Des Moines, Boone, Skunk, Boyer, Maple and Little Sioux rivers traverse the State from the central and northern counties, flowing into the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at different points from the extreme north to the extreme south. Besides these rivers, a thousand streams meander the State, furnishing an unparalleled and never failing amount of water power. Innumerable springs also pour forth their limpid streams.—*Dubuque Herald, March 28, 1860.*

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THE MAN who first unfurled and flung to the breeze the Star Spangled Banner in Iowa, was an Irishman by the name of Nicholas Carrol, living in the vicinity of Dubuque. The flag was run up soon after twelve o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, 1834.—*Dubuque Herald, March 7, 1860.*

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