

Tales of Marvelous Missouri

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Chapter 5: Secret of the Mannon Cabin

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Molly *loved* log cabins.

Standing, with Elsie, on the porch of this cabin in a quiet corner of Silver Dollar City, seemed to transport her back in time. To Molly, the idea of setting out on one's own to make a living off the land seemed terribly romantic. Building a whole house out of a bunch of logs, well, *that* was the height of adventure!

"How old is the cabin?" she asked Elsie.

"Well," Elsie told her. "It was originally built in 1916 by the Mannon family, pioneers who came here, to live in the Ozarks."

"They came *here*?" Molly asked. "To Silver Dollar City?"

"Well, not *here* exactly, the cabin was originally built in Brownbranch, Missouri and was eventually donated to Silver Dollar City."

"Can we go in?"

Elsie's friendly eyes crinkled as she nodded. Molly peered through the door of the cabin. It was dark inside, especially with the hot Missouri sun shining above her. She stepped across the threshold and blinked, rapidly. It felt cooler inside the cabin, and there was a hush. The log walls combined with the trees outside muffled any remaining sounds from the Silver Dollar City crowds. Her eyes took a minute to adjust to the darkness before revealing a one-room cabin set up just as it would have been in the late 19th or early 20th century.

"Wow," Molly whispered, tiptoeing around. The room was full of antique furniture, including a bed, table, and wood-burning stove.

"No TV, huh," Molly said.

Elsie, her shadow silhouetted in the doorway, laughed.

"Of course, no TV, Molly! There's no electricity!"

Molly nodded, looking around, and for the first time, noticed that there were no regular lamps in the room like she had at home.

"Well, with no TV, what did the Mannons *do*?" Molly asked.

"They spent a lot of the day working," Elsie answered. "And in their leisure time, I expect they wrote or read the Bible."

Molly followed Elsie's gaze to a dusty, old Bible sitting on the table near a chair. Wanting to go check it out, Molly walked toward the Bible. *OOF!* The next thing she knew, Molly found herself sprawled face-first on the wooden planks of the cabin's floor. There must have been a knot in the dusty, wood surface, she thought, and she'd stubbed her toe on it, tripping.

"Ugh," Molly groaned. As she got ready to pick herself up and dust off, something caught her eye. Beneath the bed, in a dark, dusty corner, she saw the shape of something, some object.

Curiosity getting the best of her, Molly inched forward on her belly and reached under the bed, closing her eyes and twisting just right until her fingertips brushed against the object. It felt like a book.

Using her fingernails, Molly dug into the cover and clawed it toward her until she could slide it out completely. Sitting up, in a small cloud of dust, Molly set the book on her lap and brushed off the cover. She could make out a word, etched in the cover's soft leather.

DIARY.

Newspaper Connections:

Look in your local newspaper for ads of items that seem essential for life in the 21st century as well as items that would have been needed in the early 1900's.

