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Mower County, Minnesota. S. Conday

Horace Austin State Park, at Austin, Minn.

Occupying a beautiful tract of some fifty acres in the northern part of the City of Austin, judicial and commercial center of Mower County, Horace Austin State Park, , includes in its natural and scenic features the waters of the Red River and a number of wooded islands, making it one of the most beautiful sites acquired by the State of Minnesota for a public park.

Horace Austin State Park was named in honor of Horace Austin, sixth Governor of Minnesota. Here in 1835, an expedition of three companies of the First United States Dragoons, under Lieut. Colonel Stephen W. Kearney, whose route had been sketched by Lieut. Albert M. Lea, camped on the Red Cedar River. Lake Albert Lea in the adjoining county of Freeborn, was named in honor of Lieut. Lea. The City of Albert Lea took its name from the lake.

Later the site of this park was the camping ground of parties of hunters and trappers in 1836, 1841 and 1846. In connection with these such names as Major Taliaferro, Henry H. Sibley, Alexander Faribault, William H. Forbes, and others prominent in the early history of the State Fort Snelling and the fur trade within the area that afterwards became Minnesota , may be mentioned.

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S. Conday.

Gleanings of
Early Stories
of the
Recollections.
Minnesota Sioux.

A mile and a half off the main-travelled road leading to the picturesque village of Marine on the St. Croix, near Stillwater, the father of Mrs. Elizabeth Clifford, acquired some land, in 1851.

On it he built a comfortable home and a fine barn from the lumber manufactured by the Stillwater lumber mills.

His nearest neighbor, a Mr. Morgan, who kept the Half Way House, was two and a half miles distant.

"One day," relates Mrs. Clifford, "I glanced through the window, and saw a number of Indian warriors coming on the trail that led around the lake near our house.

"As they came up, I saw they were in full war paint and feathers. They entered the house, examined everything, but took nothing. They asked for and ate bread and mollasses, as they had seen the children doing when they came in.

"They all had guns, and big bowie knives sticking in their belts. One villainous-looking one took out his knife and felt the edge, looking wickedly at us.

"One of the Indians was very pleasant-looking, and I figured that he would protect us if the rest got ugly. They finally went away peaceably.

"In the afternoon, they were followed by a band of Chippewa braves, who asked if the Sioux warriors had been our way that day. When told they had, the Chippewa [redacted] rode hurriedly after them. They said the Sioux had taken some Chippewa scalps, and they were out to get the scalps of the Sioux."

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Coming to Minnesota as a bride in 1851, Mrs. Richard Chute, with her husband, took a steamer bound for the village of Traverse des Sioux, where an important treaty with the Sioux bands of Indians was to be signed.

"The Indians, a large number of them," tells Mrs. Chute, "were down at the river front to see the boat come in. There was a wild stampede when the boat let out a shrill whistle. It truly was a sight to be remembered.

"Some fell in the water, but fled as soon as they could get themselves out. It was the first steamboat they had ever seen.

"Some ten years before, at my house in Ohio, I had seen the Indians often, as they would stop at our house for food on the way to Fort Wayne.

"My mother always cooked corn dodgers for them, and gave them milk to drink. They loved her, and felt she was their friend. They tried to show their appreciation by giving me strings of vari-colored beads. I think I had one of every color.

"So, these Indians at Traverse des Sioux made me feel at home with them at once , and I gave them a friendly smaile. The glances they returned were shy, but friendly.

"Their painted faces and breasts, and gaudy clothes were different from the Indians I had seen before , in Ohio. The Sioux tepees stretched as far as the eye could see.

"It seemed that the squaws must have had instruction in the art of embroidery from some civilized teacher, because their patterns were so intricate, and their colors so well placed. The moccasins were most beautifully done with beads and colored porcupine quills - their best petticoats, too.

"As for the men - their best suits, if suits they might be called - were also beautifully embroidered.

" A young squaw, instead of expressing her love in song, did it with elaborate embroidery. Indians love to be gaily adorned.

to Fort Wayne.

"I tried to ride horseback, or rather ponyback, every day with my husband, and frequently with Mr. Sibley (Henry H. Sibley.) My pony was borrowed from an Indian. Mr. Chute and Mr. Sibley rode large horses.

"Every Indian brave who came to the big event, arrived on a pony. His tepee, household goods, and children, were drawn by one.

"There were so many, it seemed thousands of these ponies were grazing some distance back of the encampment.

"Three of us rode out to see them. As we neared, they evidently smelled our pony. That vast herd, with one accord, started towards us, and almost at once were surrounded by a surging sea of curious Indian ponies.

"The men called to us: "For God's sake don't get off your ponies! Hold on for your life!"

"I put both arms around my pony's neck, and believe me,— I did hold on! The men came after me, as fast as they could, and rode their big horses on either side of my pony.

"The Indians also rushed in on their ponies, and after some effort managed to turn them, thus letting us escape.

"On the Fourth of July there was to be a celebration to honor the day. The Indians were to have all their ceremonial dances.

"Early that morning, Mr. Hopkins, the missionary to the Indians, went out to bathe in the river. He did not return. A little Indian girl said she had seen him go under the water, and only two hands come above it.

"The body of Mr. Hopkins was not found for two days. A large crowd of squaws surrounded the house, showing by their sad looks, how much they felt the loss.

"At the burial, a large number of Indians sang the hymns in the Sioux language. This funeral, way off in the wilderness, with great numbers of Indian mourners in their colorful costumes, can never be forgotten."

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In 1851, there came to Minnesota, Charles Bohanon with his mother. ~~Hiers~~ He relates some of his early recollections of the Indians:

"While my father was in the woods, the Indians used to come and sleep in the dooryard. Sometimes it would be filled with pa painted Sioux. They never stole anything, or begged, but would gratefully take anything offered.

"These Indians were very friendly and kind and full of curiosity, as their looking in the windows at all times showed.

"In the campaign against the Indians, with Hatch's Independent Battalion, only thirty-seven of the eight hundred horses we took, came back with us . The rest starved to death.

" Unlike the Red River stock , which would paw through the deep snow to the long grass, fill themselves, and then lie down in the hole and sleep, our horses knew nothing of this way to get food, so they could not forage for themselves."

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One of the favorite sports of the Sioux children in the early days was the game of "Buffalo." This game could be played by any number. As many as chose could act as "hunters." Only two, the largest and strongest, could take the part of the buffalo in the game.

These two would procure a couple of tanned robes in their village, put them on, get down on their knees, and pretend to be feeding.

Then the hunters, each armed with a bow and a quiver of blunt-headed arrows, crept cautiously toward their game, taking pains, like real buffalo hunters, to keep on the side of the animals opposite to the direction of the wind, so that the scent of the coming hunters would not scare the buffalo.

Taking advantage of every bunch of vegetation to conceal their approach, the young hunters would finally get within shooting distance. Then, at a signal, a flight of arrows were discharged at the buffalos. Pretending to be maddened by pain, and bellowing loudly, they would in turn charge the hunters, knocking down with their heads any whom they happened to overtake.

Finally, the buffalos ~~swoxedlycx~~ pretending to be killed, would roll over and lie perfectly still. Then with loud rejoycing the hunters would skin their kill by ~~kxe~~ simply lifting off the robes. These were born in triumph to the Indian camp, where all who had played the game united in a wild dance to celebrate the successful hunt.

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The Sioux Game of La Crosse.

The game of La Crosse, favorite with the Sioux Indians, got its name from the site of what is now the City of La Crosse, in Wisconsin.

Prairie La Crosse, as the prairie site was called in the early days, provided an ideal location for playing the game on a large scale. The game originated with the Sioux Indians. It has become popular with the French-Canadians.

The game as described by Judge Charles E. Flandreau, Government Indian agent for the Sioux in 1857, a spectator at one of the big games played at Prairie La Crosse, gives a clear idea of the game and its side lights:

"A committee is appointed by each contesting party as stakeholders. They assemble at a designated spot on the field, and await results.

"Presently up will come an Indian, and put up a pony as a bet on the outcome of the game. He will soon be followed by a competitor, who will cover his pony with another, decided to be of the same value.. Then up will come another, and put up a rifle, or a feather head-dress, or a knife, all of which will be matched from the other side, until all the bets are made.

"If the players are numerous, the stakes will accumulate until almost everything known as property in Indian life will be ventured. It sometimes takes several days to arrange all the preliminaries.

"A pleasant afternoon is selected and the contestants appear. They are usually very naked, having on only moccasins, a breech clout and a head dress. The two latter articles are usually adorned

with eagle feathers, fox tails, or a string of sleigh bells about the players waist. The men are painted in the most grotesque manner.

"It is not unusual to see some of them painted blue or yellow all over their bodies. Before the paint has dried it is streaked with their fingers in zig-zag fashion from head to foot. Sometimes up and down, and sometime zebra fashion.

"A yellow face with the imprint of a black or blue open hand diagonally upon it is common. The greater the originality in savage design, ~~the more fixed~~ and glaring colors, the more satisfied the subject seems to be with himself, and the more admired by others.

"When the players are all lined up they present a striking appearance. About six on each side take the center from which the ball is to be started. The rest scatter themselves over the prairie for half a mile in each direction, to speed the ball should it come their way.

"All ready ! One, two, three, and up goes the ball into the air. As it falls, up goes each La Crosse stick in an endeavor to catch it. So skillful are the men that the ball is often caught in the little pocket on the raquet-like stick while while it is still in the air.

"This is a great advantage in the game, as the catcher has the ri right, if he can throw it in the direction of his friends. With a free chance, it is like throwing a ball out of a sling. I have seen one sent nearly a quarter of a mile.

"If the game opens in this way, there is of course a great rush by the others to capture the ball and keep it moving one way or the other. If, at the first toss-up it falls to the ground, there is a tussle of all the middle men to see which one will get it with his stick. That puts civilized foot ball in the shade.

"Shinns are whacked, men are tripped and piled unto each other in the utmost confusion, untill some lucky fellow captures the ball from the mass, and sends it flying toward a group on his side.

"The Sioux are splendid runners, and sometimes when twenty or thirty of them are in full chase of the ball, a leading man will tumble, and the whole line will pile over him.

"No matter how rough or boisterous the sport may be, I have never known a quarrel to grow out of it. I have ~~never~~ seen more feats of wonderful skill in running, jumping, and catching in these Indian La Crosse games than in any other game of a similar nature I have ever seen."

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Surface Features and Altitudes.

The surface ~~features~~ of Mower County is gently undulating prairie, wooded more or less along the rivers and streams. The general varieties of timber are oak, maple, ash, hickory, walnut, basswood, elm, cottonwood, poplar, etc.

The broad valleys of the streams in the eastern and western portions are basin-shaped. In the townships of Frankford and Racine, they sink from fifty to seventy-five feet below the land level.

The Divide, or boundary, between the streams running north, and those running south, crosses Mower County from southeast to northwest, nearly through the center. It includes some of the highest land in ~~the State~~ this portion of the State.

Dexter is 786 feet higher than the Mississippi River at La Crosse, and 1,412 feet above ocean level. The western part of the county is considerably lower, owing to the valley of the Cedar River depressing the general level of the western townships through which the Cedar River runs north and south. The average elevation of the county above tidewater, or sea level, is 1,300 feet.

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Austin, Minn. Aug. IO, I936.

TOPIC: History of Music in Austin, Minn.
SUBMITTED BY: Margaret Robinson.
NO. OF WORDS: I754

The musical history of Austin began at a very early date. In May, I857, Prof. Edward Foote and his cousins, the Sherwood brothers, Benjamin and Lyman, came through the country in a democrat wagon. They were bying land and stopped at Austin. Here together with a Mr. Hallack, a resident of the village, they gave a concert in the Headquarters building, just being completed. It is interesting to note that the first radio in Austin was set up in this same old building, which is still standing. It stood originally at the corner of Bridge and Main Sts., on the site of the present First Nat'l Bank. It was moved about two blocks down on East Bridge St. back of the Hotel Austin, where it has remained. It was one of the first buildings in Austin, and may be moved to the Horace Austin State Park, and preserved as a landmark.

From the time of the first concert in this building, Austin had many concerts, of varied nature. Sometimes artists came from away, but usually the concerts were given by the residents themselves. They were fortunate in having many fine musicians, who had been educated in eastern colleges and conservatories. They had singing schools, much enjoyed by all.

The first music taught in the schools was by Lyman Sherwood in I869. The expences for this instruction were met by a concert given by the students at the end of the year.

One teacher of art and music who has become famous is Louise Minert Mrs. Edward Kelly of Minneapolis, who is now a very fine artist and has painted and exhibited many pictures both here and abroad. She taught sometime between the years I898 and I904. Others who have taught in the schools are Miss Etta Robertson, Margaret Zender Beaulieu, and Mrs Fred Draegert, nee Mignon Dunn.

In I869 the Floral Club was organized, and gave many concerts and had music festivals to earn money for the carrying on of their project, which was a library, and which was opened up stairs in the building where the Peoples Bakery now stands. The Floral Club (oldest woman's club in Minn.) has always stood for the best in music, has sponsored many fine concerts and devotes some meetings each year entirely to music and always has some music numbers on the program. The Art and Travel and Philomathian Clubs do the same. In I895 the Ladies Musical Society was organized and carries on into the early nineteen hundred's, giving concerts and bringing artists here. When they disbandedtheir piano was given to the Y.W.C.A. In I895 a woman's chorus was organized which gave concerts.

Sometime around I900 a fine voice teacher and composer came to Austin and taught and also organized a chorus, which gave several oratorios. This man was Mr. Edwin Steffens. For several recent years, Austin has had a mens and women's chorus groups, under the splendid direction of Harold Cooke then of Rochester. These groups gave several concerts each season. In I907 Austin began having a Chautauqua which flourished for 2o years. A Library Course in the winter was sponcered by local people for many years, but after the comming of the " movies ", it was not successful. The High school offers a splendid course each winter at the present time.

Among the early musicians was Mrs. D.B.Johnson who played the organ in the Methodist church. Mrs. John Cook (mother of C.F.Cook) was the first music teacher. Lottie Johnson taught in the late 70's. A Mr. Andrews organized the first band andtaught band instruments for many years. Mr. John Schradle taught the violin and other stringed instruments. Other teachers were Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Henry Birkett, Miss Sue Basford, Miss Mynn Stoddard, Mrs, W.W.Tolles and Clarence McDonald. One of our finest musicians was Mr.

Warren W.Tolles who from I9IO till the time of his death in I928, was identified with the musical life of the community having under his direction the choirs of 5 of the churches as well as organizing and directing a mens chorus. Besides being actively engaged in voice teaching, he did much work in arranging, adapting, and composing.

Mignon Dunn Draegert, who was educated at the Iowa State Teachers College, receiving her B. Di. in I908, with special diplomas in Music and Penmanship, was undoubtedly the pioneer in brining artistic music, both in voice and instrumental, to the Austin music loving community. She was supervisor of Music and Penmanship at Hull, Ia., her first year out from college, I908-I9IO. coming to Austin in the fall of I9IO and teaching one year. In I9I2 she was married to Frederic E. Draegert and for 5 yrs. she did not teach, and most of that time they were away from Austin. Upon their return to this vicinity she taught in the University of Southern Minnesota, Austin, Minn., from I9I7- I9I8, which was then in the height of its prosperity.She was affiliated with the National Academy of Music, New York City, taking post graduate work in piano in I922. She taught private classes for many yrs. and her pupils received full credit in the State Teachers' Coeleges at Winona and St. Cloud, Minn. In I929 her composition " Veterans of Foreign Wars " was adopted by the Minnesota Dept. of Veterans of Foreign Wars as their official song, and it is likely to become the national song. She was National Musician of this organization in I929 and I930.Some of her unpublished compositions which will reach the public later are:

The Reason.
Behold I Stand at the Door and Knock.
The Lord By Wisdom Hath Founded the Earth.
Sunset on the Homeland.

Another of our musicians is Etta Rotertson, Who was born near Austin and graduated from Austin High School. She was also a graduate of the Albert Lea College, majoring in voice and piano. For several years she taught voice and piano in Pikeville College, Kentucky, and in the Tuscon Arizona Indian School. She was supervisor of music in the Austin schools for one year. Substancially encouraged by Florence MacBeth, who heard her sing, she went to New York City to study voice under Yeatman Griffith, teacher of Florence MacBeth. She remained in New York seven years and spent two winters and four summers on tour with Swarthmore Chautauqua on the East coast. She then took the position of Head of the Voice Department in the School of Music, at Florida State College for Women, Tallahassee, Florida. She has been most successful with student training, and is highly esteemed for her own artistic voice work and for raising the standard of this department to the high rank it now holds.

We are especially fortunate in having in the Floral Club, a member who has given of her time and talent, not only for our enjoyment, but for others in the state. She is a member of the Minnesota branch of the American Leage of Penwomen and of the Thursday Musical of Minneapolis. Margaret Zender Beaulieau was born in Austin, educated in our schools and at St. Theresa's College, Winona. She taught music in Waseca and in our public schools. At present she has several songs, both sacred, secular, and part-songs that are published. Her"Minnesota , All Hail", was adopted by the Minn. Penwomen and the Minn. Federated Clubwomen, as one of their songs. Some of her other well known songs are " Christ Child ", " Ave Maria ", " Red, Red Rose ", " Dance of the Wooden Dolls ", " Little Pearl Dream Boat ", "Springtime", and several others published and unpublished. She has also been very successful in chorus training.

ONE of our younger and mostpromising musicians is Luther Melancthon Noss, son of Rev. and Mrs. Henry Noss of Austin, Minn., who was born in Leland, Ill., July 2I, I907. In I92I the family moved to Austin, where Luther entered Central High School, where he graduated with honor in I924, after which he attended St.Olaf College, Northwestern "U", and Yale, where he graduated, receiving a two year scholarship in Vienna, for the first movement of a symphony. This was played at the Yale Commencement recital by full orchestra, with Luther conducting. It was also played the following year. While abroad he finished this symphony and composed another of 2I8 pages, as well as anthems,songs, and instrumental numbers. His anthems have been sung by the New Haven Ladies Chorus and the A-Capella Choir of Chicago, under the direction of Noble Cane. " Sing We Merrily Unto God ", and " How Beautiful Is Night ", are two of his popular anthems.

From childhood Luther showed unusual musical ability serving as organist (pipe organ) in his fathers church at the age of twelve. At I4 he spent a summer in Des Moines studying piano under an instructor at Drake University. As a student at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn., he studied music for 3 years under F. Melius Christianson and Comfort Hinderlie Dahle, receiving the $250.00 Theo. Presser scholarship.In I927 Mr. Noss traveled as concert pianist and organist with the ST. Olaf Quartet. Several of their numbers were recorded in Camdon, N.J. In the fall of I928 they all went to Chicago where they were given a chance to broadcast over W.L.S. Radio Station, thereby working their way through school.Luther entered Northwestern, receiving his B.M.degree in I930 , and another B.M. degree in I93I from Yale. Same year received the Chas. Ditson fellowship of $750 for another year of study at the music school. In the spring of I932 he rec'd the degree of Master of Music, the only one to be thus honored that year and the first student to receive such a degree at yale. A symphony that he wrote while at the University was the basis on which he was awarded the $ 2000 Ditson Fellowship for study abroad. While in Austria, in I932 he studied under the late Alban Berg, and wrote another symphony. The next summer he traveled thru many European countries on a moter cycle. In the meantime Yale had awarded him the Ditson Fellowship of $I200 which enabled him to remain abroad another year. Part of that year was spent in Paris studying organ under Marcel Dupre.In I934 Mr. Noss was elected assistant director of music at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. In I935 he became University Organist and Professor of Music at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, which position he now holds.

Lucy T. Rayman, after graduating from Carlton College in I907, taught piano and pipe organ for about 8 yrs. having many talented pupils, some of whom went abroad to study , or graduated from various colleges or conservatories.Most of them, however, chose a home in preference to a career.One outstanding pupil, Mary Tichy Cronon was born in Austin.She came from a musical family and had unusual talent. After studying 8 yrs. with Mrs. Rayman she went to St. Claras college, at Sinsinawa Mound, Wis. Here she came under the instruction of Silvio Scionti of Naples, Italy, head of the American Conservatory, Chicago. Prof. Scionti wished her to become a concert pianist, but Miss Tichy chose to marry, and now teaches piano and voice, directs the choir and plays the organ in St, Augustines' church, Austin. She has written about I2 numbers including songs, piano pieces, and church music, as yet unpublished.

Information from the musicians, and from clippings on file at the Austin Library.

Austin, Minn., July 20, 1936.

TOPIC: First Nat'l Bank, Austin, Minn.
Submitted by: Margaret Robinson.
NO. OF WORDS: 1025

A history of the First National Bank of Austin covers practically the entire period of Austin's life as a municipality. The village of Austin was set out from the township by the state legislature in March, 1868, and in Oct of the same year a charter incorporating a national bank was issued by the United States to Jeremiah H. Merrill, Oliver W. Shaw, N.P.Austin, E.O. Wheeler, and Harlan W. Page.

Carefully preserved early records of the First National Bank contain as their first entry the statement that a meeting of the incorporators took place in the " banking office of Harlan W. Page," which office had been opened in 1866, two years after A. L. Pritchard and A. M. Pott had,as individuals, had begun to look after the financial needs of the scattered settlers.

It is interesting to note that in 1865 the population of the village and township of Austin was but 760, while in 1870, the little village alone had a population of 2,040.The county grew during that period from 5,279 to 10,509, and in 1870 the county numbered 13,605.

It was this influx of settlers with a concurrent stimulation of land sales which convinced the first private bankers that they could not meet with their limited capital, the rapidly mounting demands for loan and deposit facilities. As a result, in 1868, the subject was discussed with Samuel Merrill,ex-Governor of Iowa, and his brother J.H. Merrill of McGregor, Ia. They,in turn, induced Oliver W. Shaw, a resident of New Hampshire and a former business associate of Samuel Merrill, to come West.

Shaw, after engaging successfully in the general store business at McGregor, sought a wider field and entered the drygoods and commission business in Chicago. Subsequently, the Merrills, learning of the banking opportunity in Austin, sent Mr. Shaw there to look over the field and he became convinced that theestablishment of a bank was a logical move. His favorable report brought into being the First National Bank of Austin, with its charter dated October 27, 1868; but it was not until February 15, 1869 that the organization was perfected, with O.W. Shaw, president, and H.W.Page, cashier, and they, together with J.H.Merrill, N.P.Austin, and E.O.Wheeler, constituted the first board of directors. The bank's charter was among the first ten granted in the entire State of Minnesota.

Having purchased the building formerly occupied by Harlan W. Page,the new bank moved into its home on Feb. 15, 1869, and in less than three weeks had been exposed to a fire from which, although the building was burned, practically all the bank's contents were saved. Taking a corner in the hardware store of Austin, Smout and Company, the bank opened for business at noon the following day. Meanwhile, a new brick building was being constructed at the corner of Main and Bridge on the site of the burned structure, and this became the banks new home.

After serving as president of the institution for an even half century, and bringing the bank to be recognized as one of the strongest financial institutions of the Northwest, O.W.Shaw retired as president in 1920 and became chairman of the board of directors. Upon his resignation Nathan F. Banfield, who had worked in the bank since March, 1879, entering at the age of eighteen, becoming assistant cashier in 1882, and director and cashier in 1884, succeeded to the presidency.

As is true of pioneers in every field, the First Nat'l Bank was called upon to face a great many crises during its many years of existence, each of which, because of adherence to policies that had proved

sound and safe, seemed to add greater strength and enhance its prestige.

As early as 1888, an acute problem was faced by the then youthful cashier of the bank. Mr. Shaw had gone east on a visit. On Saturday night of June IO, it was learned that the Mower county bank, with IOO,OOO deposits, would not open its doorsthe following Monday morning. Mr Banfield took the train to St. Paul, called upon the president of the First Nat'l Bank of that city, and after explaining the situation was assured that $IOO,OOO in currencywould be on hand by Monday morning. Arriving by express this money was piled high behind the bank's grillwork. There was no run on the bank. Instead, deposits continued to be made by reassured citizens.

At the time o f the money stringency in I907, public feeling was such that a freightened and unreasoning demand for bank deposits was considered to be imminent. A meeting was called of the directors of the three banks of Austin and Mr. Banfield suggested the issuance of scrip. It was th financial strength of the First National that stood behind that scrip and, as the records show, it was accepted by the merchants for goods and by workers as wages, for several months. Payable in New York City, it is believed that every piece of scrip was paid through the New York bank and cancelled.

A third crisis arose in I926 to test the strength of the First Nat'l Bank. It then became known that unless some institution took over this bank it would close its doors.With Twin Cities banks advised of the situation and ready to dispatch one half million dollars to Austin on a moments notic J.C.Hormel saved the situation by calling a meeting of local civic and financial leaders, who pledged $300,000 and made it available in cash to protect depositors.These instances prove conclusively with what strict adherence b bank officials and bank employees alike followed two precepts laid down by the institution's founders. The first of these was "Gather funds for safe keeping and lend them with safety to those who need them to build up the community." The second was, "Keep your eyes open to see, your ears open to hear, and your mouth shut in all matters relating to the bank and its customers."

In November, I929, this bank joined the First Bank Stock Corporatio and thus became affiliated with an organization headed by the two FirstNatl of Minneapolis and Saint Paul, and containing at the time 70 other member banks. In Feb. I93I, the Austin Nat'l Bank consolidated with the First Natl of Austin, and the merged organization moved into the newly completed First Nat'l Bank building.Through out its history, this bank has lived up to a comment made about it in May, I869. At that time the news columns stated; "We call the attention of our readers this week to the advertisment of the First Nat'l Bank of Austin. This is a responsible institution and is doing a safe business with safe men at the front,"The phrase, "doing a safe business" came to symbolize the bank's objective and to become a by-word among the people of this area as the years passed. "Theo ld reliable First"never has deviated from its objective, which has been to reach a balance between sound and conservative financial policies and a feeling of civic pride and helpfulness.

Information from N.F.Banfield,

President of First Nat'l Bank, Austin, Minn.

MOWER COUNTY.

Mower County, in southeastern Minnesota, in the southern tier of of counties bordering on the State of Iowa, is bounded on the east by Fillmore County, on the west by Freeborn County, and and on the north by by Dodge and Olmstead counties. According to the 1930 Census, the county has a population of 28,065.

The county is in the First Congressional District, and in thr Fifth Legislative District of ~~Minnesotax~~ the State of Minnesota. For purposes of legal administration Mower is placed in the First Minnesota division of the United States Courts, and in the Tenth Judicial District of Minnesota.

It was named in honor of John E. Mower, an early settler and lumberman of Stillwater, who was a member of the Minnesota Territorial Legislature 1854 - 1855, and a representative in the State Legislature,,1874 - 1875.

A Model
Mower County
Farm.

Modern farm methods, modern farm machinery, and general efficiency in the conduct of a modern Mower County farm, are the big reasons why in every community there is a "best" farm.

Tractors, trucks, and other modern farm implements, are no longer considered "new fangled ideas." The upto-date farmer uses them to make the farm pay.

Of course, Mr. Farmer keeps good horses. He finds them most necessary, for the good , reliable farm horse furnishes the live horse power when the machinery can't do the work.

Just as Mr. Farmer keeps abreast ~~of the times~~ with modern ways of farming, he does not overlook the little big things that make up the "best farm."

He removes troublesome boulders in the fields as soon as found. The soil fertility is renewed with modern fertilizers.

Mr. Farmer provides a steady income by keeping twenty cows the year round, and through the raising of pigs and sheep. In addition he has a flock of laying hens, and a flock of turkeys, find ready buyers.

The equipment ~~should~~ also includes a corn shredder and silo filler, and a threshing machine. These ~~can~~ be used also in helping his less fortunate neighbors.

The personality of ~~such a~~ this farmer is as interesting as his meth-

ods. Such a farmer is A. L. Sash. He has lived on his 240-acre farm in Waltham township, Mower County, about three and a half miles south of Waltham, for twelve years. Mr. Sash says that his wife is one of the best helpers. They have eight children, three boys and five girls. Two of the girls are married to prosperous farmers in that community.

Neither would trade farm life for that of city dwellers.. They feel that in the city, that independence which is found in farm life is lacking. Mr Sash is modest about his success. He claims that his is but one instance of other Mower County farmers who are as successful as he is.

***

Mower County. (Insert after page 1)

To the young people of Mower County, the local history of the county in which they live is of deep interest. The trials and adventures of the early settlers conjure up vivid pictures.

The happenings about the settlers cabin door in the not so far distant past; life in an Indian country; along wooded streams; on broad virgin prairies, not before trod by white men; hunting the wild game, then so plentiful; and countless experiences and adventures on the then frontier of American civilization.

The Indians that were before still roamed ~~the country in which dwear country~~ this section,-a part of their favorite hunting grounds. With their numerous ponies, other belongings, and their families, they set up their villages of tepees along the beautiful streams of the county.

Mower County. (Insert in page 2, as paragraph two.)

The earliest record of white men visiting the southeastern Minnesota region was in 1835, when three companies of the First United States Dragoons, under the command of Lieut-Colonel Stephen W. Kearney, visited Winona. The topographer of the expedition was Lieut. Albert Miller Lea.

They came from Fort Des Moines, in Iowa, entered what is now Minnesota, crossed Mower and Fillmore Counties, entered Winona, reaching Winona, reaching Chief Wabasha's village, located on the present site of Winona. The object of this journey was to study the geography of the country and secure a more intimate knowledge of the Indians.

After a week's stay, the Dragoons made their return journey, passing the lake in Freeborn County, which has since borne ~~xxxxx~~ Lieut. Albert Lea's name.

In common with the rest of Minnesota, the canoes paddled on the streams and rivers made possible the only contacts with the older and settled sections of the country.

In the early fifties a half-broken trail wound its way from the Iowa boundary to what are now the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. It became known as the Territorial Road. At one point it made an abrupt turn to take advantage of a ford in a beautiful stream that bubbled and gurgled over pepples and shifting sands.

Along the trail and down to the ford came army horses and mules to plunge fetlock deep and thrust their dust-filled nostrils in the cooling water. Here the troopers used to tarry on their way to the Northwest.

Here immigrants in canvass-covered wagons rested while their tired oxen browsed on the rich herbage. The Sioux from their tepees on the banks watched the ever increasing tide of caravans that were to crowd the red man to the setting sun. Trappers of the mink, the otter, and hunters of the deer and bear, which were plentyful in these parts, came and pitched their tents beneath the trees.

In the meantime there came to the banks of the Cedar River one Austin Nichols to seek the fur-bearing creatures of forest and stream, and decided to settle there and he took up a claim on what is now the site of the City of Austin. He was the first settler, and it was in his honor that the then village of Austin was named. Nichols built the first saw mill in Mower County, but later sold his claim

In common with the reat of Minnesota, the conoes paddled on

and mill to Chauncey Leverich. . For a time Austin was generally known as Leverich's Mill.

Austin Nichol's log cabin was the first house built within the present limits of the City of Austin, and the mill was the first saw mill built in the county.

The first house built in Mower County was Hunter Clark's log cabin, in the fall of 1853, near the bakk of the Cedar River. He broke a few acres that year - the first land broken in Mower County.

In 1854 Robert Dobbins took a claim and built a house. He was the second white settler to break land in Mower County. Dobbins Creek was named for him.

The first recorded entries for Government surveyed lands in Mower County were made at the the United States Land Office, then located at Brownsville, by R. B. Foster, April 28, 1855; Martin Wentworth, May 23, 1855; Halvor Gunderson, September 14, 1855; V. P. Lewis, September 14, 1855; and J. B. Yates, on the same date.

The first deed recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county, is from Alexander Nigus to B. J. Brown, conveying eighty acres for a consideranton of $125.00

The County Commissioners of Mower County, in 1856, established three school districts - the first in the county.

Mower County raised very little produce that would stand distant transportation by the existing slow means in the fifties and sixties. Some grain was sent down the Mississippi in barges

and some logs and lumber were sent down in rafts. Travel by stagecoach or by steamboat was slow and costly, and the need of railroad transportation was keenly felt.

It was not until 1869 that Mower County received its first railroad outlet. The first railroad was the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, which was built across the county, entering at the northwest corner, and running south and southeast to Austin, and thence south and southeast to Le Roy, leaving the county at the southeast corner into Iowa.

The first land claims taken in Mower County were also on the Cedar river, near Austin, in 1852, by some hunters and trappers who came from the neighboring State of Iowa, but they abandoned their claims during the winter.

Among the pioneer settlers who came in 1853 and 1854, were Hunter Clark, Austin Nichols, Chauncey Leverich, John Tiff, A. B. Vaughan, George Woodbury, Moses Niles, George Squires, R. B. Foster, Ebbin L. Wilder, Ebbin L. Wilder, Mary Wilder, Orlando, Wilder, Robert Dobbins, S. P. Bacon, John Robinson, Dexter Parritt, Homer A. Brown, Lewis Patchin, Abe Lott, C. H. Huntington, John Osborn, George H. Bemis, V. P. Lewis, and others.

The first settlements followed along the the banks of the larger streams - the Cedar, the Upper Iowa, and Root rivers. By 1855 considerable immigration dotted the prairies in every direction with the claim shanties of new settlers claiming land under the Government's liberal preemption law. Any grown person could settle on the unsurveyed land, stake out 160 acres, build a cabin on it, and

start farming. Then, by paying the Government $1.25 an acre, the settler became owner of the land. Later, in 1862, the Congress of the United States made a new and very liberal land law to encourage more rapid settlement of the new country. This was the Homested Law. By paying a small fee, and living on the land five years, settlers could get a Government deed to their 160-acre farm..

Some of the pioneers unused to frontier life actually were in want, or would have been, had not the neighbors of those times been willing to lend a helping hand. After an early plowing of the prairie these early settlers could get a fairly good crop of sod corn the same year. The second year the rich soil produced fine yields, and in a short time, these Minnesota pioneers, - housed, and their animals sheltered, were surrounded by every comfort, and they lost no time starting their schools, churches, and other associations for the education and betterment of their families

Minnesota remained a Territory of the United States until 1858. During that period the Territorial Legislature established counties; roads were, built; and the foundations laid for the development of a great State.

The first Territorial road built by the then Territory of Minnesota, was from Winona to Austin, entering the County at Frankford, and ending at Austin. It was finished in 1856.

While the first settlers were mainly Americans, Mower and other counties of southeastern Minnesota, notably Freeborn, eastern Fillmore, western Houston, southeastern Dodge and southwestern Olmstead counties, were among the first to be settled mostly by Norwegians. At a later period many others of different foreignnationalities arrived to form a part of this section.

From the first, the Territory of Minnesota did not neglect to provide educational advantages for the children of its new citizens. In 1851 it passed a law creating the University of Minnesota, now one of the great universities of the country. The first school in Mower County was taught by Miss Maria Vaughan, in the village of Austin, in 1858.

The first newspaper was published in Austin, in 1858 - the Mower County Mirror, edited by David Blakely.

A good story is told of editor Blakely who took part in Mower County's first celebration of the Fourth of July anniversary of American National Independence, held in Austin, in 1857. D. B. Johnson was orator of the day, and David Blakely, the reader. The patriotic spirit of 1776 so affected the excitable and absent-minded editor, that instead of reading the Declaration of Independence, he read to his expectant listeners the Constitution of the United States !

The first grist mill in the county was of the kind made and used by the Indians. It was made of a white oak stump, hollowed out in the shape of a mortar, in which the grain was pounded fine with a wooden pestle, or pounder. This primitive mill was located on the west side of the Cedar River, in Austin.

Among interesting happenings in Mower County in the early days, it is recalled that the first store in Austin was built in 1855 by A. B. Vaughan. He was the first merchant to go into business in that village. The second to make such a venture, was the firm of Yates & Lewis. A. B. Vaughan was also Austin's first postmaster, a member of the Constitutional

Convention, in 1857, and Probate Judge of Mower County.

The first church in the county was built in the village of Frankford, first claimant for county seat honors, and the first sermon was preached by Reverend Holbrook, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Iowa Conference, at the house of Samuel Clayton, one mile north of Austin, in the winter of 1854 - 55.

Save

An example of the hardships experienced by pioneer settlers ~~in the~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ struggling to gain a foothold in the new country, is the story related of Thomas Richardson, an Englishman, who came with his family to Mower County in 1854. He settled in Udolpho township. At that time there were only two other families in it that had become before - that of William Tulles, and another settler whose name was Caton. Only these families, ~~and~~ some Indians and lots of wild game in a beautiful ~~country~~ unoccupied country, and immediately surrounding them, within the confines of the County of Mower, an expanse of over twenty-three thousand acres of virgin land, and thousands and thousands of other acres in the adjoining areas awaiting the magic of civilization !!

To secure the benefits of a rich soil provided by nature, it was necessary to have a breaking plow to prepare the fertile soil for seed; and, he was out of provisions. So after erecting a rude shelter for his family, he was compelled to set off across the line into Iowa to secure the plow and provisions. Having very little money, he was obliged to work several days with his horses to make ends meet, but he returned to his family with the needed breaking plow, four bushels of potatoes, and a barrel of flour. While he was away the family was obliged to subsist mainly on leeks, of which they had a small Supply.

Richardson broke some of the virgin land, and planted a part of his potatoes. He was looking forward to a good crop. In the fall, when it was time to harvest his potato crop, he found that Indian squaws had got ahead of him, leaving only a few of his potatoes. The Indians were camped on the banks of the river a short distance away. He went to their camp and demanded satisfaction from the Indian chief. What he got was fourteen elk, all prepared ~~for cooking by the Indian~~ in the Indian manner ready for eating!

In the early 50's, when settlement was still very sparse and wild game plentyful, Lewis Patchin, who came here from New York State, gained quite a reputation locally for his skill as a hunter. Patchin with his trusty rifle, was a familiar figure in ~~these days~~ Mower County in those days. During the winter of 1854, he bagged ninety-six deer, and an unrecorded total of bears. The largest day's hunting, according to Patchin, resulted in the bagging of four bears and three deer.

"But is not on the early hardships that our minds want to dwell," Mrs John E. Skinner, who came to southern Minnesota in 1855, thus pleasantly comments, " - rather on the good times had when everyone in the countryside was friend to all the rest; when neighbors knew each other, all were equal, and there were no class distinctions. All in those days were equally wealthy. Noone had any money. But all had ambition and faith in what in years would be the destiny of the land they were working hard to build.

Mower County. (Insert after last paragraph in page 9)

The beginning of steam transportation from Eastern points to Minnesota was celebrated in the early summer of 1855 (?) when the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad was built through to the Mississippi.

This event widely advertised the fact that the Northwest was in steam communication with the rest of the world. That year saw the advance of large numbers of home seekers in the newly settled country.

The passenger automobile and the Motor freight truck was not yet known at this time.

"By day they all worked hard, men, women, and children too. At night they had their merrymakings in which both young and old had a share.

"Evening after evening, there would be gatherings at neighbors homes. Some settler skilled that way, would bring his fiddle. the square dance, the old-fashioned waltz, Scottish, or quadrille would pass the time.

"And thus they worked and played and loved and built, - this generation who helped so much to build a great State."

"The new settlements had their young men's associations, debating clubs, dramatic societies and lyceums, providing both recreation and education. During the winter months these societies would chose their speakers from a long list of gifted speakers in the Territory - such as the reverend Edward D. Neill, Henry H. Sibley, James W. Taylor, Alexander Ramsey, Joseph A. Wheelock, Samuel, Beaman, Reverend Charles G. Ames, the Reverend A. D. Williams, the Reverend David B. Knickerbacker, Judge Bradley B. Meeker, Isaac Atwater, xxx the Reverend Charles Secombe, and other eminent men of the time."

"Streams of immigrants poured into Minnesota Territory in the 50's. In July 1855, a report from La Crosse told that forty emigrant trains passed through that town every day. Another report, from Galena, estimated that a thousand people headed for Minnesota were xx passing through Galena each day."

The story of Mower County would not be complete without a recital of how Austin happened to become the county seat. It was over eighty years ago, early historians tell, the villages of Frankford and Austin were rivals for the votes of Mower County's settlers. The prize was the location of the new county's seat of government - the county seat.

To be the county seat spelled prosperity to the winner. To-day, the then village of Austin is now the metropolis of of a considerable area in southeastern Minnesota - one of the leading cities of its size in the entire State, and also the seat of government for the prosperous county of Mower.

The busy village of those early days - Frankford - has passed out. A cemetery and a church mark the site of the former rival of Austin.

The first Board of County Commissioners of Mower County, appointed by the then Governor of the Territory of Minnesota, Willis A. Gorman, met in Frankford in 1856. The important business of this meeting was the selection of the county seat town. The result of the commissioners' should have been written into the new county book of record, but it did not appear there. It was not until some time later that the missing record was found, written by mistake on the fly leaf of another county record book. According to this record, it having the proper signatures attached to it, the county seat location was given to Frankford.

However, in the meantime Austin began to get busy. It had discovered a loophole for attack. Things began to happen around a little tin box. It contained the State's official auth authority to the newly named commissioners to organize, select the seat of government for Mower County, and carry on business as a unit of the commonwealth of Minnesota.

It was the commissioners' first duty to select the county seat. Until this was done and duly recorded, as required by law, it was ~~c~~condented ~~h~~that ~~a~~at the county seat was located wherever the little tin box was set down.

Frankford, the home of one of the commissioners, in whose keeping the box reposed, awaited the next meeting of the ~~comm~~ Board. In the meantime the two members of the Board who represented the side of the county that wanted Austin named, schemed to secure the county seat for Austin.

As the first step in their scheme, they met in Austin in January, 1857, and adopted the following resolution:

"That Whereas the Territorial Legislature of Minnesota, A. D. 1856, made it the duty of the commissioners appointed under the provisions of said Act, to locate the county seat of the County of Mower, and Whereas it does not appear upon the records of the doings of said commissioners on the first Monday in January, A. D. 1857, that any such location was made, or any place provided for the transaction of the county business, according to law; Therefore, resolved, that we hereby locate the county seat of said Mower County, at the village of Austin, until otherwise provided by law.

"George H. Bemis, Chairman of the Board. Joseph Badger, Deputy Register."

The next step was to secure the removal of the box with the State authority from Frankford to Austin. At noon of a crisp January day, in 1857, Sheriff elect Yates and A. B. Vaughan, Judge of Probate,

(Insert in page 12, after line 22.)

Mower County.

The first headquarters for the Board of County Commissioners, in Austin, was in the office of A. S. Everest. This and other small office rooms served as a county seat building until the fall of 1868, when a court house was completed.

This was a two-story brick structure and was located at the corner of Main and Maple Streets, opposite the present public square. This building served the county until the completion of the present court house, completed and first occupied in March, 1884.

(Austin.) When the first county commissioners of Mower County

set out from Austin, got possession of the wanted box, and quickly started back. On the way they stopped for refreshment at the Tattersall House, in the village of High Forest. As a precaution in the event of pursuit, they gave the box to landlord Tattersoll for safekeeping with strict instructions not to deliver it to anyone but themselves.

Their fears were well founded. The news had spread over Frankford. Sheriff Sherman, who still held office under the old order because Yates had not yet fully qualified, hastily organized his deputies, and followed on the trail of Yates and Vaughan, catching up with them at the Tattersall House. Surrounding it, they arrested both, also George H. Bemis, another commissioner, a resident of Austin, and landlord Tattersall, charging grand larceny. But in order to comply with the law, Sheriff Sherman was compelled to set out and secure a search warrant.

In the meantime, for a money consideration, Yates arranged with one of the men in the Tavern, to take the box and hide it outside. So that this might be done without detection, and it being a cold and disagreeable night, the guards were invited inside to join in a sociable glass to warm them up. While so occupied the deed of removing the box was done. Later the tin box was taken to Austin and securely guarded.

At the following examination of the Austin men, the defense was, that at the first Board meeting in Frankford no provision had been made for the location of the county seat, because it had made no record of any such action, as required by law.

However, before the trial, which was to have taken place at the

next term of the Fillmore County court, the location at Austin, was definitely settled by a popular vote of the people, June 1, 1857.

Another story of pioneer times politics, is in connection with the first county election for representation of Mower County in the State Legislature, held in the village of High Forest, in 1856. The polls were under an oak tree. A board laid on barrel ends served as a judges desk.

The voters of the east side of the county nominated W. B. Covell as their choice, and the west side nominated A. B. Vaughan, a Republican. Vaughan received a majority of the votes, and secured his certificate of election from the judge, and in due course was to have applied at the State capital for his seat.

Save

But meanwhile, - Covell had hastened to Houston County. There he made returns of the Mower County election to the Register of Deeds, and received from him a certificate of election for himself, instead of for Vaughan, who was legally elected. Setting off for St. Paul, he arrived there before Vaughan.

Covell presented his certificate, was duly qualified and seated as the first member of the State Legislature from Mower County. Notwithstanding there was considerable indignation expressed at the time, Covell managed to hold the seat.

Among personal experiences of the early settlers, those told by Mrs. Lyman A. Sherwood, who as a girl, came to Austin from Winona in 1857, make up a most vivid pen picture.

She tells of coming by wagon with the J. L. Davidson family, consisting of father, mother, and five children, and describes her experiences as here quoted:

"There were no railroads. One thing we did have, and that was bad roads, and plenty of them. We did not go in a prairie schooner, or with oxen, as many did. We had fine horses.

"With household goods, well-packed in two wagons, and two cows tied behind, we made a good appearance ! Father was so enthused, he would not talk of anything but Austin. He pictured it another Chicago - right away !

"The weather was beautiful - birds were singing, flowers springing up all around, and the grass was like velvet.

"I can remember as we drove along the next day, how I enjoyed the winding, up and down, around and about trails that led us over the bluffs, and far away.

"We were to leave the bluffs the next day. I was enjoying every minute of the time. We had our lunch at noon in a beautiful spot between two bluffs.

"I had wanted several times to get down from the loaded wagon and gather flowers, but: 'No! There is no time for that. We are moving.'

"So I made a hasty meal at lunch time and spent the rest of the

time we stopped gathering the flowers and moss I had so much wanted.

"As we drove along on our winding way, we could often touch the bluffs on one side, while on the other side we could look way, way down, two or three hundred feet or more, and just see a little stream, trickling along, singing it own little song.

"When we were on the top of one bluff, we could look across and see where we would be on the next one — if we ever got there !

"I had been cautioned when we started, about sitting very still when I was on the load, for the seat was just laid on. So far I must have remembered to 'sit still,' because nothing had happened.

"We were now on the top of the last bluff. The road, or trail, down was very steep. Father called: 'The wheels must be chained. So we stopped. Brother got down from the wagon, and I was thinking, how would we ever get down that hill with the wheels chained, and I wanted to see how they chained the wheels.

"So I leaned over the side - and down I went ! - and the next I knew I was going down hill at quite a speed. I was frightened, of course, but I had learned to roll down hill when quite a little beautiful girl at Susan B. Anthony's home, where I used often to visit with my mother. I thought, as I was going down, 'If I can only steer away from those big rocks, perhaps I won't get hurt .'

"However, I must have been too much frightened to steer straight, for I was soon caught in a clump of bushes, and then was able to pick

myself up and climb to the top of the hill.

"Mother was so frightened when she saw me fall, that she jumped from the wagon, forgetting all about the bird cage she had be been carrying, and had dropped.

"After they found I was not hurt, and the birds in the cage safe, they had a good laugh, very much at my expense, I am afraid.

"The wheels were chained and mother and I went back to our places. Father then m said I had better keep my face to the front, and my eyes looking straight ahead. The idea of giving a child, and a girl at that, such an order !

"Regardless of chained wheels, we reached the bottom of that hill in safety. The horses pricked up their ears and started off on a brisk trot. It looked like fair sailing now. As we had left the song birds behind us, we began singing ourselves to while away the time.

"After a while we began having little patches of mud. Then there were more of them. They were larger,and deeper. The wagon would go up on one side and down on the other. Finally there were mud holes so bad we could not get through them with one team, so it took the four horses to pull the load through. Then they went back and got the other load.

"It was this way most of the time until we reached High Forest, Friday morning. All the while we had had beautiful weather, but S Saturday morning there was a change. About ten o'clock it was raining hard, and growing colder and colder, and then the rain changed

to snow and sleet. By noon we could hardly see the horses, and they finally stopped and refused to go any farther.

"There we were, an that bleak prairie, not a tree or shrub in sight, and not a house. The early settlers who did not cross that prairie in the old days, coming from Winona to High Forest, did not know what they missed !

"As the horses would'nt go another step, we concluded to stay too. So the wagons were put together in the shape of a 'V', the cows tied close behind, and the horses close to the wagon Box in front.

"Our bedding was put in a corner, and mother, sister Della and I, and the birds, were put in the bedding, covered with more bedding, and told to keep still.

"It seemed a long time; then the storm began to pass away, and soon a man with an empty wagon stopped beside us. He said he was going our way, and offered to take the women folks in his wagon. This was done, bedding under us, and bedding over us. The man, (Mr. Colby), said he had only to stop a minute or two at Pierson's, and then he could go right on.

"When we stopped at Pierson's, he came out to the wagon and said: 'What you got, Colby; a load of hogs?', and began lifting the quilts. Very suddenly the quilts dropped back, and we concluded Pierson did not like the looks of Colby's hogs !

" Mr. Colby lived two miles towards Austin. When we reached his house, we found it was five o'clock. Father and the boys came later with the teams.

"It was so late, Mr Colby thought we had better stay there until Monday, which we did, and were very grateful, as we thought we would never get warm again.

"The Colby home consisted of one room downstairs, and one above. There were three children in the family. Thinking of our stay there in after years, I wonderex am still wondering how they managed to stow us all awy at night; but they did, and Sunday afternoon there was a Methodist class meeting there.

"Leaving the hospitality of the Colby family, we reached our destination, Austin, May 29, 1857. We came into town on the old Territorial Road.

"Shall I ever forget the day that little company of soldiers, headed by Captain Mooers, marched into Austin ? It was known that they were coming, and that a war meeting was to be held in the afternoon. I had thought to have my little school dismissed, when the sound of fife and drum music broke upon our ears, and we came out to receive them.

"They came to a halt before the school house door, and it is needless to say, they were received with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs, from teacher and her little band of scholars.

"Before that company of soldiers left Austin that night, their numbers had been increased by several of our townsmen. Many will remember that that brave captain was one of the first to fall for his country, a very few months after going to the front.

"The ladies of Austin presented to the company a silk flag with the names of the donors printed on its silken folds. It went through many a battle, and was brought home to Austin by

the captain, George Baird, after the close of the Civil War.

"The people who lived in Austin in October, 1862, ~~xxxx~~ never forgot the night we expected hostile Indians, who then were on the war path; but they did not come our way. We made great preparations to protect ourselves, and posted sentinels on the outskirts of Austin. The blacksmiths' were running bullets all night.

"A company of volunteers had just been raised in Austin and the towns and country around to reinforce General Sibley's men who were fighting the Sioux Indians. For this reason our own available force of men was not as large as it would otherwise have been. However, we had brave ones left, and they worked with a will.

"The people from the countryside were coming in thick and fast, filling the hotels and private homes. Many would not leave their wagons, for fear that they would not reach them in time to get away.

"When some friendly Indians did come, such a frightened lot of women you never did see. Children were brought in half dressed, w women without shoes on, or perhaps one shoe. Of course, it was enough to frighten anyone, knowing what had just happened around New Ulm.

"Father and mother were away. Sister and I were all alone in our home. We had friends to come and stay with us, and some families who couldnt get into the hotel were taken in, and we were glad to have them.

"Mr. Ackley advised if I could get father's papers and our small silver in any shape that would'nt take up much room, I had better get

them ready, and that we would want some quilts. He would have his horses ready, and could take all who were at our house, if the Indians came.

"I put three dresses on my sister, and three on myself; put the silver and papers into two towels, and sewed them securely; then put one on my sister Della, and I wore one bustle shape. In that condition we waited, and waited.

"Three shots in quick succession was to be the signal to be ready. Sometime after midnight the first one came, and we were at the door in an instant, each with a bundle, but the other shots were never heard. About daylight, after much pleading and many tears, I allowed Della to take off some of her extra adornments. And so ended Mower County's Indian scare."

x x

The "upper" and "lower" Sioux comprised four of the seven Indian tribes of the nation. Before Minnesota became a State the Minnesota Sioux were themselves geographically divided into "upper" and "lower" Sioux.

The upper tribes were the Wahpetons and Sissetons. The Sissetons had their villages on Lakes Big Stone and Traverse. The Wahpetons on the upper reaces of the Minnesota River.

The lower Sioux were the Wa-pe-ku-tes and the Medawakantons. The villages of the Medawakantons were strung along the west bank of the Mississippi, from Winona to Fort Snelling, and on up the Minnesota River to Belle Plaine. The Wa-pa-ku-tes were on the headwaters of the Cannon River.

Each tribe recognized one of the older and most able chiefs as their head chief. The head chief of the Medawakantons was Wabashaw.

When that gallant soldier, Zachary Taylor, was inaugurated President of the United States in 1849 he at once tendered the governorship of of the newly created Territory of Minnesota to Alexander Ramsey. His commissione was dated April 2, 1849.

Governor Ramsey arrived in St. Paul, the capital of the new Territory, during the latter part of May, 1849. St. Paul then was but a small hamlet. Painted savages still walked the straggling streets. Scalps of ~~enemies~~ Chippewa enemies dangled from their belts.

x x

A tinge of romance attended Governor Ramsey's entry into the capital of the new Territory of Minnesota. Accompanied by his young wife of Quaker stock, whose "thees" and "thous" were most agreeable to hear, they came down the Mississippi in an Indian's birch bark canoe, from the mansion of Henry H. Sibley, at Mendota, where they had been guests.

Governor Ramsey issued his official proclamation, declaring the Territory duly organized, on the first day of June, 1849. This was Minnesota's kindergarten preparation for Statehood.

It was not long after Minnesota was admitted into the Union as a State, in 1858, in the midst of the terrible Civil War, there came the attack of a savage enemy in the rear, with deeds too dark for description, threatening the desolation of the southern part of the State..

Dwellings of settlers were blazing at midnight, and their paths ambushed by hostile Indians by day. It was an orgy of blood, Neither age or sex was spared.

Among the interesting stories about survivors of this Indian massacre, those of Mrs. Ellen Brown Allensen, reveal a romance of the past. Mrs. Allenson was Ellen Brown, daughter of Colonel Joseph R. Brown, a pioneer whose name as founder is written large in half a dozen Minnesota towns and commonwealths.

A group of Indian braves, Colonel Brown, General Sibley, other white officers, and Chief Gabriel Renville, were shooting at a target near the trading post that is now Brown's Valley.

Behind their mark, in line of fire, there suddenly ran an Indian maid, Susan Frenier, half sister of Chief Renville. Even as she ran, she screamed and fell.

Colonel Brown was first at her side. He lifted her in his arms, leaped to the saddle on his horse, and rode madly for the post. It was the only place for miles around where a surgeon's aid could be had.

The Indian girl recovered. In the days that followed they fell in love and were married.

Mrs. Ellen Brown Allensen was one of the five children of this romantic union.

Another storyce of these early times, insthis connection, is the romance of the courtship of John S. Allenson and the former Ellen Brown, daughter of Colonel Joseph R. Brown. George Allenson, her son, tells it.

His father

His father, the adventurous son-in law of Colonel Brown, came of wealthy parents, went to Harvard, but left college to go to sea. At the outset of the Civil War, he obtained his transfer ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ and became an officer in a Massachusetts Regiment of volunteers.

Allenson served through the four years of the Civil War and then enlisted in the regular army. He was stationed first at Jefferson, Texas, going from there to Fort Sisseton, in South Dakota.

There Captain Allenson met Ellen Brown, who became his wife. During his courtship she lived at Browns Valley, and Allenson, stationed at Fort Sisseton, frequently rode his horse the forty odd miles to pay his court to the girl he loved, and won.

George Allenson, the son of this union, relates the following story of the Sioux outbreak, as told by his mother, Mrs Ellen Brown Allenson:

"At the time of the Sioux outbreak of 1862, Colonel Brown's home was at the Sacred Heart Indian Agency. He was at that time in New York attempting to interest capital in a device for a steam-driven vehicle he had invented. Mrs Brown and the children were at the agency.

"It was a bright July day in 1862 - a day still vivid in my memory. It marked the outbreak of the Sioux Indians. The night before they had massacred an entire white settlement. So slowly did news travel in those days, that we knew nothing of the tragedy.

"Susan and her brother set out in a pony cart that morning to take the family washing to an Indian laundress, who lived some half dozen miles from the agency.

"Half way to their destination they were halted by Little Dog, an Indian they had seen about the agency.

"Turn back," he warned, in broken Dakota dialect, "the lower Sioux are rising. They would kill me if they knew I told you." He vanished as abruptly as he had appeared.

"The children did not heed his warning, believing he was attempting a practical joke. They reached the home of the Indian laundress in safety. She greatly excited, repeated in a whisper the warning of Little Dog.

"Then thoroughly frightened, the two children drove back as fast as they could, to tell their mother what Little Dog and the Indian woman had said. Ellen Brown, herself a daughter of a Sisseton ~~Chief~~ chief, took heed at once.

"The handful of settlers at the agency were called into council and preparations were at once made for flight the following morning.

"Toward midnight their departure was hastened by the arrival of a wounded trader, with tidings that the lower Sioux were already on the warpath, and marching towards the agency. So packing what belongings they could scramble together, the little group of whites set out behind an ox team.

"Two hours later they looked back across the prairie and saw the flames of the agency buildings, telling mutely of the Sioux attack.

"The Indians then pursued. At daybreak their ox-drawn cavalcade was surrounded by a howling, hideously painted Painted warriors under the command of Cut Nose and Chief Shakopee, two of the most relentless of the Sioux leaders.

"They thought the end had come, this handful of captured white settlers. Among the captors there was a brave who Mrs Brown had once saved from freezing, several winters before. Now he demanded that she and her children be left unharmed.

"Mrs. Brown also added her voice when the Indians paused to deliberate. She warned them that she was the kinswoman of Chief Renville and the Sissetons, and a blood relation of the ~~Ya~~ Yankton tribe as well.

" She argued that unless she and her party were spared, the upper tribes would exact a terrible vengeance for her death.

" Both Cut Nose and Shakppee were stubborn, but their followers conselled prudence. In the end it was agreed that the women and children would be spared, and taken to Chief Little Crow for his disposition. They also decided to free the men on condition that they separate from the rest of the party at once.

"An amusing incident in connection with this most serious situation arose when they reluctantly agreed and left. When a few rods away, one of the settlers, Leopold Waller, returned. He had forgotten his boots, he said.

"At ~~xxxx~~ first, so angered were the Sioux, it seemed that his result would result in his massacre. There was another parley. Again Mrs. Brown called down the vengeance of the Yanktons and the Sissetons. Again the brave whom she had saved, voiced his plea. The Indians allowed Waller to go.

"In his haste Waller got the wrong boots. Five minutes later, discovering his mistake, he returned again.

"This time Cut Nose drew his knife to slay the man. Once more Mrs Brown came to the rescue. Waller got the right boots and left.

" The Waller incident seemed to be closed when he came back again, for the third time. Composedly he bared his breast, as Cut Nose again threatened him with his knife.

"You can kill me if you want to," Waller explained, "I am not going to leave here until I kiss my wife goodby. I forgot that too ! "

"This was too much, for even the Hostile chief. It led to many laughs from him and his followers.

"Waller, who had recently married, was allowed to kiss his wife, and he departed for good !

"That night the women and children were taken to the camp of Chief Little Crow. He spared their lives, and even aided secretly in the escape of a youth who had joined the party. He arranged later to permit Mrs. Brown and her family to be taken in charge by Chief O-ke-pah, a kinsman of Chief Renville, a leader of the Sisseton Sioux who had remained neutral in the outbreak.

x x

In Mower County, as elsewhere in Minnesota, the children of the pioneers, their children, and those who have come in later years, know that by every home there is a good road.

Some are highways, maintained by the State. Then there are the county thoroughfares. Smooth, well-gravelled roads, over which countless automobiles and motor trucks are constantly passing by day, and by night. ~~The trucks loaded with the farmers produce, grain, cream, and livestock~~

The trucks are loaded with the ~~products of the~~ farmers produce, grain, cream, and livestock, bound for the trade center. Others represent a vast, modern transportation system, both freight and passenger.

Herds of sleek Holstein, Guernsey and other stock dot the well-tilled ~~farms~~ and neatly fenced farms passed by these modern avenues of communication. Every half score miles or so there is a town, some are settlements only, while the City of Austin radiates dignity and ~~its~~ importance as the center of this rich country.

In contrast with modern easy means of travel between all points on the map, a look into the not so far distant past, when especially winter travel was [redacted] hazardous, and roads extremely scarce, the following story, as told by a pioneer of Mower County, makes intersting reading. Perhaps it should be called "The Treasure Bag."

In Mower County, as elsewhere in Minnesota, the first settlers

"During the spring of 1853 or '54, in the month of March, a Mr. Lyons, father-in-law of Sylvester Smith, of Austin, Was trying to wend his way from Chatfield to Austin, where his son in law had ~~ficked~~ a claim and was in business.

"Until that time Ole Finhart was the farthest settler west until one reached the vicinity of Austin. For ~~many~~ years all grain and stock had to be taken to Winona to market.

"Lyons had found someone to bring him as far as Frankford village. He could not get anyone who dared undertake to pilot him to Austin. The farthest they would agree to take him was to Finhart's house. But go to Austin he was determined, somehow.

"Arriving at Finhart's, he persistently entreated ~~him~~ to be guided to Austin, offering to pay Finhart well. There had been heavy snow during the winter, and now it had begun to melt and it became slushy in places, but on that morning there was a good crust.

"No road or track had been broken over the covered prairie during the winter as no one in that settlement had occasion to travel to Austin. ~~settl~~ Finhart had never traveled the ~~the~~ distance himself.

"The old man, ~~not feeling~~ was not able to to carry his carpet bag so far in the snow. To travel with a team was impossible, and to walk was a dangerous undertaking. Should they be caught in a storm, they certainly would be lost. ~~zzNoztreeszz~~ There were no trees, no hills, no rocks to guide them. Only the sun, when it was shining, as a guide.

"

"Each put on a pair of snow shoes for the first time, and started on their journey over the barren xxxxxxx shining waste of snow. They got along quite well until about four o'clock, xx when the snow becoming soft, locomotion became difficult.

"Now they would sink knee-deep in a slough. Then they had to climb and toil over a huge snow drift. Again and again they would fall down with their burden and heavy clothing. They toiled past a lone tree, and then on and on; falling, rising, rolling laboring along .

"Nearing a copse of brushwood, the old man, worn and faint, said he could go no further, and sank down in the snow to rest. The sun was fast sinking in the horizon. Finhart well knew to tarry long, meant death.

"So he kept walking around. Once he started off and walked a distance to see if by chance he could find a track beaten in the snow which they could more readily travel. Still carying Lyon's carpet bag strapped to his back,

Finhart was about to start off again in another direction, but Lyon begged him to stay [redacted] and not leave him again.

"Resting, Finhart now discovered a part of a garment sticking out of the bag, and called the old man's attention to it. "Yes, I must fix that. I have a little money in that bag and it might drop out," he replied, but he was too weak to do anything .

"Finhart thinking that perhaps this was the reason he would

not let him leave him, untied the carpet bag from his back and set it down by Lyon, who then appeared more Satisfied.

"Late Lyon was able to upen up the carpet bag, saying, "I am afraid some of my money might be disarranged;" and then noticed a few pieces that had dropped out of a package..

"Finally, Lyon took out and repacked sixteen hundred dollars in gold !"

"The sun now being set, and the old man being more satisfied, Finhart again started westward to find a house or track. Finally, he found saw a light a long distance away ahead, and at once returned to his companion, who was overjoyed and said, "If that's the case, I'll try once more to go ahead."

~~"So strapping on the bag the settler's cabin with difficulty, and they soon~~

"So strapping on the Treasure Bag again, Finhart and the old man reached the settler's cabin with difficulty. They prevailed on the settler to hitch up his team and take them into Austin, which was but a short distance away.

Mower County.

Among the first to settle in southeastern Minnesota was Ole O. Finhart. Born in [redacted] Christiana, in Norway, he like many another son of Norway, packed his "kiester," and came to America.

Arriving finally in Dane County, Wisconsin, he lived there for several years. Then, hearing of the fertile prairies and wooded streams of southeastern Minnesota, he, with fifteen other ambitious Norwegians, their families and all their belongings, immigrated to what is now Mower County.

Finhart settled on section seven, in the present township of Frankford. Of those accompanying him were: Ammon Johnson Lindolien, Knud Nelson, Erland Olsen, Sever Olsen, Andrew Lybeck, Hans Anderson, Ole Julesen, Nels severson, Grove Johnson, Ole Severrud, or "Fiddler Ole," as he was familiarly called, and the Honda families. A little later came Gulick Ellingson, and others.

The only personthen living in this vicinixity was a man known as Leathers, who settled near what is now Grand Meadow. Frankford village was the center of a few settlers who came in the spring before, among them L. Patchin, and G. Fryer. Two years later the Ole Loe and Arthur McNally places were settled.

According to a history of Mower County, compiled in 1884, and vouched for by a committee of pioneers, appointed by the Mower County Old Settlers' Society, first settlement of the country now comprising Mower County, was by the McQuillan party, who came from Ohio, arriving in July, 1852.

The party consisted of Jacob McQuillan, Sr., his son Jacob

McQuillan, Jr., and Adam Zudyger, a son in law. They settled on land now included in th Racine township.

The McQuillans made the greater part of their journey overland, bringing their household goods with them. On arrival, July ~~4~~ 4, 1852, they camped by a beautiful spring, now known as the Hamilton Spring.

Before McQuillan unhitched his team, he nailed the family coffee pot to a tree. He had at that time, nine children. They lived in the wagon until a cabin of round poplar logs was built.

There was another spring ten rods distant. As the land had not been surveyed by the Government at that time, it was agreed that the elder was to have the ~~land~~ west spring and the land west of that as his claim, and the son the land east of the spring.

When the land was surveyed, the line between Mower and Fillmore counties was established a few rods east of the spring, and in 1854, a man named Booth, preempted the right of the younger McQuillan to purchase the land.

This created trouble, and a force of McQuillan's friends congregated, well armed, to oust the intruder. Booth's friends then gathered to help Booth, and forty of them spent the night in Hamilton. When McQuillan's friends found that [redacted] Booth was prepared to defend his claim, they dispersed.

The [redacted] legal contest for the land was in court for some time. Finally it [redacted] financially ruined both McQuillan and his son, and Booth was left in possession. The

land in question lay just over the line in Fillmore County, and included the [illegible]site of Hamilton. Jacob McQuillan lived on his Mower County claim one year, and then sold it to Thomas W. Corey, in 1853.

Corey built a large log cabin on his place, in which he often entertained travelers. The charge was usually forty cents for two meals and lodging.

The following comprised about all the settlers who came to Mower County in 1853 and 1854: Lansing township - Hunter Clark. Le Roy township - John Van Houten, George Squires, Moses Niler, J. S. Priest, Isaac Armstrong. Lyle township - Mr. Woodbury. Nevada township - William Allen, Thomes Olson, Andrew Anderson, Peter Martin, Ole Anderson, Knude Anderson Quoile, Asleck Oleson, Tron Richardson, Ole Sampson, Swan Gorganson, Hans Swenson. Le Roy township - Fayette Lincoln, George Britt, Samuel Bacon, W. Vergerson, Palmer H. Stevens, James W. Prentice. Lyle Township - Orland Wilder, James and Return Foster, John Tifft, Eben Merry. Lansing township - Samuel Clayton, John Pettibone, N. G. Perry, Samuel Dixon, A. B. Blackman. Austin township - D. J. Tubbs, Austin Nichols, D. L. Chandelor, C. G. Powers, C. Leverich.

Save

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Mower County

Among the early settlement recollections, these one by Michael Teeter, who came to Mower County in 1857, picture some interesting incidents of pioneer life:

"Tom and Bill were the first horses which came into Lyle township. They were fine powerful fellows, and created much comment throughout that section of country.

"Some of my neighbors envied me my prize, while others thought that a fool and his money had easily parted; for I had paid three hundred and forty dollars for them. The best yoke of oxen in the countryside could be bought for seventy. But I was well satisfied. I was able to do my work and get about more quickly. When haste was necessary, Tom and Bill were pressed into service.

"I recall very well one dark and rainy night, when I was taking a neighbor to nurse a settler who lived at some distance to the west. So thick was the darkness that we could never have kept to the trail had it not been for the flashes of of vivid lightening. The horses showed so much intelligence through it all that I finally gave them the lines, and they brought us safely to our destination.

"New Year's day 1858, we took the ladies of Otranto village for a sleigh ride - not on the snow, for the ground was bare,- but on the Red Cedar River, which was frozen clear and smooth as glass.

"We fairly flew over the ice and the home-made sleigh rocked from side to side as Bill and Tom took it upon themselves to show off their speed to friends, who were in the habit of riding behind stubborn oxen. Suddenly the sleigh tipped, and we found ourselves

in a heap. Although there was much excitement, no damage was done, and the incident tended to make the day more memorable.

"Another incident, that stands out in my mind after all these years, is not so amusing. Late in the fall of 1857, I found it necessary to make a trip to Decorah, Iowa, for supplies of various kinds. My absence from home was to be shorter than usual on such trips, for Bill and Tom had endurance as well as speed.

"All went well during the journey to Iowa. On the return trip I halted for supper at Little Cedar, and hoped to reach home that evening. When I was ready to start, the tavern keeper advised that I had better stay for the night, for a prairie fire was sweeping from the northwest.

"This was unwelcome news - but sure enough, the red lights in the distance were very bright, and growing more so all the time. I calculated the distance and decided to hasten on across the path of the fire before it reached the road, so I started.

"I had not calculated right for both time and distance, so before I was aware of it, I found myself on a small knoll, with the fire directly in front and coming on at a great speed through the tall dry weeds and grasses.

"The horses snorted and shook their heads, but I urged them on. They plunged forward, and in a very short time, although it seemed hours, we found ourselves out of range of the flames. We paused but a moment for rest, because the ground was very hot.

"The horses shook with fright, and their bodies were badly

singed. We reached home in safety, and I think Bill and Tom were no less thanful than was I, to be out of the danger and discomfort of riding through a prairie fire.

" In 1857, when I moved from Decorah, Iowa, to Otranto on the Minnesota-Iowa line, I found a number of families living in rude houses. They were a poor protection against the hard winters we had in those early years.

"There was plenty of good timber along the Red Cedar River, but the settlers were farmers who had little or no experience in cutting or dressing logs. For this reason they handled their few small tools to poor advantage.

"They were anxious, too, to be breaking the prairie soil, so that a crop could be harvested the first year.

"So, after all, these first houses were rather poor specimens of the carpenter's art. The unbroken stretch of prairie to the north and west of Otranto gave those old "northwesters" a splendid sweep before they struck the frail little homes.

" Fortunately there was plenty of fine wood, but the cracks were so large and numerous in the houses, that we must have warmed the outdoors in keeping ourselves warm. We chopped and sawed wood every spare moment in winter and summer in order to keep the booming fires going, necessary all winter long. We used to talk and think much of the settlers on the open prairie who were so un-

sheltered and far from standing timber.

"A yarn about one of them went the rounds and was enjoyed by all, for the victim was a merry fellow and always ready for a joke, no matter how great the privations and anxieties. The story runs thus:

"Jim set before a fine fire, washing his feet. Soothed by the warmth of the room and the warm water, he fell asleep. He awakened suddenly towards morning, to find his feet embedded almost to the knees in a solid cake of ice !

"We laughed at our hardships, for there was no way escaping them. We learned to turn them, as well as everything else we posessed, to some useful purpose.

"Robes, buffalo coats, all available garments, were used during those first winters for bedclothing. Floor covering at first was uncommon. Finally rag carpets added to the comfort of the home during a long winter.

"Had food been abundant, or even sufficient, we would have felt less anxious, but with winter hanging on far into the spring months, we had good reason to watch our stores carefully.

"Buckwheat ground in a coffee mill kept one family two months in the winter of 1857. Another neighbor's family subsisted on musty cornmeal, ground by revolving a cannon ball in the scooped out trunk of a tree.

sheltered and far from standing timber.

"So long drawn out was the winter, that the amount of meal for each member of the family was carefully measured out each day.

"One family living near the river could get plenty of fish through the ice, but having no fat in which to fry them, were obliged to use them boiled. When their salt was gone, they ate the fish without it.

" I possessed a good team of horses, and made trips to Decorah, Iowa, for supplies. I went when it was really necessary, for the journey was beset with many dangers and discomforts.

"Flour and salt pork were the foods purchased, which I sold to the other settlers in samll quantities.

"Prairie chickens were abundant, and some of the pioneers tried drying the breasts, and found that one way to provide meat for the winter.

"In the winter of 1856, there was a thick coating of ice over the snow. It was strong enough to hold a man's weight, but the deers' feet cut through the crust. It was easy to get plenty of venison without going far from home.

"Never did a settler dare to go far away to hunt during those first winters, for the dangers of being lost and frozen were very great.

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MOWER COUNTY

Allan Smith bounced about on the seat of the stage coach trying with all his might not to cry. And he had expected to be so happy. Such plans as they had all made for their new home in the west where they were going to be contented and prosperous.

Of course he had known there would be lots of chores but afterward he could roam over the prairie and along the banks of the Red Cedar playing soldier with Charles. They would take turns pretending to be grandfather, who had told them so often of his trip away back in 1835 through this wilderness with the U. S. Dragoons long before there were any white people here at all.

But now these joyful hopes were all ruined. The covered wagons in which they started out were a mass of ashes on an Iowa prairie and Father and Mother and Charles and Frances were dead.

Allan leaned his head back on the soft cushion and closed his eyes. But it was no use. Whirling behind his lids seemed to be clouds of gray smoke, smoke that came from smouldering gray ashes. The handle of a blackened frying-pan stuck out from the ashes, and off to one side was the metal claps of his mother's carpet-bag--the one where she kept all her own things, her sewing-kit, and her best handkerchief and her hairpins.

Tears filled his eyes again and he moved his feet a little. The pain was bad, but anyway it drew the smoke away. Then as he settled back once more, through his tired mind raced picture after picture. He was back in the shabby little home in Ohio to the day when his father and mother had

first talked sincerely of moving west to try their luck on the new lands everyone was talking about. Grandfather Smith had been urging them to go for a long time. Allan could still hear him saying, "George, that's the place for a young man. Take your family there, get yourself some land and grow up with the new country. Some of the best farmland in the nation is out there."

Grandfather always knew what he was talking about. Why, he had traveled thru this new region with men who had found out a lot about it. He was forever talking about Du Luth, Father Hennepin, Perrot, Le Sueur, Carver and many others who had gone there a long time ago. These French chaps had all thought it was a wonderful land and had told their kings about it.

"Why," Grandfather would say, "France, England and Spain just played ball with that land, taking it one from the other. But after England and Spain had given up what they claimed, President Jefferson knew how important it was for us to get the land France owned. That's why he sent James Monroe to France to help our minister, Robert Livingstone, make a deal with Napoleon, (that old rascal). They paid that scallawag $15,000,000, but it's going to be worth lots more than that to us Americans." Grandfather's eyes would shine.

He had said that there had been forts and trading posts there over a hundred years ago. He even had a copy of a map that had been drawn by one of those men, almost two hundred years before. Allan had stayed awake many times after he had gone to bed, listening to Grandfather tell father and the neighbors what Pike, Long, Cass, Schoolcraft, Keating, Beltrami, Catlin and Nicollet had to say about the new territory.

Grandpa always ended up by telling them what he had seen himself with the Dragoons when Lieutenant Colonel Stephen W. Kearney and Lieutenant

Albert Lea led an expedition from Fort Des Moines across Iowa and Minnesota to an Indian village on the Mississippi.

Allan was immensely proud of his Grandfather. He thought he was the wisest and the best American in the whole world. He could tell more exciting stories than anyone in the world. To be sure, Allan hadn't always understood about everything, politics for instance, but he had listened every chance he got and had scolded Charles and Frances if they squirmed too often.

Grandfather knew just where to take father to buy the big prairie schooners they would need to reach their new home. It was he, who had found Jim to help drive. Jim was no older than Father but he had crossed the prairie loads of times, and now he wanted to make his last trip and settle down out there for good, so he was keen to go with them, and help.

Allan's heart beat faster as he pictured again the morning of their departure. It was hardly daybreak but all the neighbors had gathered to say "God-speed," and the minister had said a prayer. Grandfather had slipped a small box of medals in Allan's hand, telling him to be a good lad and help his father, because he was almost a man now. "And be sure," he had added, "to have a place for your old grandpap when he comes west."

Then they had loaded the last of their possessions into the covered wagons, hitched on the horses and climbed upon the high seats. Jim was to drive the first schooner, because he knew the way. Allan and Charles were to ride with him, while Frances rode with Mother and Father in the rear wagon. "Now Sally," Allan had heard his father say, "take your last look at our old home."

"I have, George," mother had replied, "but we are going to have a lot better one out there." Allan had known that there were tears in her eyes even tho her voice sounded brave.

"Git up," said Jim.

"Git up," said father. And they were off.

Allan could not remember the number of days they had been on their journey. The days and nights had slipped hazily by. The jog, jog, of the wagon had come to be part of their existence as the lumbering schooners rolled on.

"Then come along, come along,
Don't be alarmed.
For Minnesota's broad enough,
For each to have a farm."

Jim would sing as on they went, and sometimes they would all join in . Sometimes Jim had let Allan drive and he had been the general of the caravan. Then a few times Jim had let him hold the musket across his knees. Of course both father and Jim had their guns always with them.

They had passed towns, villages and tiny hamlets until they had reached the great prairie. Allan would never forget his first sight of the huge expanse of treeless ground with the tall waving grass.

They had made camp each night by a stream; Jim seemed to know where to find them all. And while Jim built a fire, Allan and Charles unhitched the horses and turned them out to graze. Then, with Jim, they would fish in the near by stream for trout and father would bring down a wild turkey or prairie chicken. Mother roasted both fish and birds over the fire. My how good those meals had tasted out in the open!

Then one day they had spied a group of horsemen in the distance. Allan remembered that it was the day Jim had said, "Another day an' we will be to the end of our journey--a day an' a half at the most." As the riders came nearer, the Smiths and Jim saw that they were Indians! Allan hardly breathed as Charles grabbed his arm and hoarsely whispered, "Is it Injuns?" Allan couldn't answer, but kept his eyes glued to the oncoming figures.

They looked just like the pictures Allan had seen. Their naked bodies, smeared with bright colors, shone in the sunlight. Each had a few feathers stuck into his braided hair. They all rode barebacked and guided their horses with one hand by a strip of deer skin fastened thru the horses' mouths. In their other hand they carried guns. The knives stuck in their breech cloths gleamed in the sun.

As they approached the schooners, they put their ponies to a gallop and circled around them. Allan caught himself counting, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven." With a fiendish yell, they sped away in the direction from which they came.

There had seemed to be complete silence for a full minute, then Charles had begun to whimper.

"Hush, lad," Jim had soothed him. "Nothin' to fret you now. The Injuns are gone." But Allan had noticed that Jim's mouth was set and his eyes had lost their friendliness. His knuckles were white as he grasped his musket.

After they had gone a few rods, Jim had stopped the horses, had handed the reins to Allan and jumped down. As he started back to the other wagon, Charles cried, "Let me go with you, Jim." So Jim had lifted him down and they went to talk to father. Allan had not heard what they said, but when Jim had returned, he had set a faster pace. Charles did not come back with Jim. "Charles is goin' to stay with his mother for a spell. Poor little feller, he's scared. We'll make our next camp 'afore sundown," Jim had told Allan.

On they had gone. But all pleasure in their journey and the prospect of soon reaching their destination had seemed to be missing.

"I wonder about them Injuns," Jim had said more to himself than to Allan.

"Are they bad Indians?" asked Allan.

"Well now, I can't rightly tell," answered Jim. "You know, Allan, since the Injuns made all them treaties with us white people, there's been trouble and more trouble. The Sioux, 'member your grandpaw tellin' about 'em? Well, they had a mighty big village at Winona. Some folks still call the place Wabasha's Prairie. That's where I'm goin' when we get to where your pa wants to go."

Allan had noticed while Jim's talk went on, story-like, his eyes kept sweeping the prairie. He told Allan about the tribes of Sacs and Foxes who lived to the southward and were continually at war with the Sioux. He said the government had tried to bring about some form of peace between the warring tribes. They had made a treaty at Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin before Grandfather had come out here with the Dragoons.

The Winnebagos, so Jim said, were friendly to most of the other Indian tribes. So the government gave them the section of land through which the Smiths were traveling. It was known as the "neutral strip" and the government had hoped that by living on that land, the Winnebagos would separate the two traditional enemies.

"But their plans didn't work out very well," Jim went on. Then the Injun agents moved 'em up north, but no tellin' how that'll wind up either. Lots of Injuns didn't like that," Jim continued, "and so they troubled the white settlers plenty. Some of the mean ones banded together and made raids on other Indians and whites too. They're the bad kind of Injuns same as the bad, murderin' kind of white man."

As Jim was talking, they had approached a stream. Just as the sun reached the horizon they came to the water's edge.

"We'll ford it 'afore we make camp this night, lad," Jim had said,

motioning to father to cross after them.

Allan always loved the feeling of the horses and the wagon slipping into the water and settling on the bottom. Jim knew just how to handle the horses, so that they seldom faltered.

Just as the horses had reached the opposite shore, two shots rang out behind them, followed by a blood-curdling yell. Before Allan had realized what had happened, Jim had grabbed him and jumped clear of the wagon. He had felt himself pulled down until the water had touched his chin. He heard his in his ear, "Stay down now, lad, it's the Injuns."

Then had followed such a nightmare that Allan still shuddered at the very thought of it. The air was filled with the shrieks of the savages as they carried on their terrible deeds. Soon there was a brilliant light and Allan knew they had pulled him away from the wheels as the Indians unhitched the horses and their wagon settled into the sand and mud.

Allan had nearly died from fright as he waited for the red man to reach him. But the minutes passed and the cries of the savages grew fainter. He could feel the heat above him, so that he knew their schooner must be afire, too. After a time, the yells became indistinct and even the pounding of the horses' hoofs sounded afar off. But still Allan could not force himself to move or call to Jim.

"Lad," he heard Jim whisper, "don't stir 'til I call you. I'm goin' to look around. If I don't call, just stay low 'till its dark, then foller the stream to your left. If it gits too hot jest drop down stream a bit under the weeds. But don't show yourself."

Allan had wanted to protest, to shout out, but he was still too frightened to do more than nod, even though Jim couldn't see that. He was chilled to the bone, his teeth were chattering and the tears ran, unheeded, down his cheeks. If he only knew what had happened-where were the others?

"Allan come out. It's alright now, lad." Never had Allan been so glad to hear anyone's voice. As he clambered up the bank, he had seen that their wagon was still aflame, but the other one was smouldering. Jim was carrying a charred gun and spade, so Allan knew he had examined the ruins.

He came to Allan, laid his arm gently around his shoulder and softly said, "Be a brave boy, Allan, I have sad tidin's for you. The Injuns have killed your people. We must bury 'em and then try to reach the village. You stay here an' dry yourself. I'll soon be ready." But Allan grasped his arm, begging not to be left alone. Jim had understood, and together they had crossed the stream, but Jim had made him go to the far side of the smouldering schooner to dry himself.

Allan had wept bitterly, with great sobs, but Jim did not offer to console him, knowing he would feel better when his grief was spent. Jim had worked hard with the crippled spade, so that by the time Allan's sobs had ceased he had put the last of the earth on the new grave. He returned to Allan, felt his clothes and then buttoned his jacket tightly about his neck.

"Allan, your father an' mother would like it, I know, if you say a prayer by their grave and then we'll go on," said Jim as he led Allan to the spot.

"Our Father," Allan started, but his voice quavered. Jim had not hurried him and gradually he had succeeded in finishing the prayer.

With a final look at the desolate scene, they had turned their steps northward.

Allan's heart was heavy and his steps were slow, but Jim had urged him on until they had come to a little knoll. Then Jim had made a bed of bushes and leaves and had told him to roll up in his jacket. "Go to sleep,

lad," Jim had bade him, "cause we must soon be on our way." Then Jim, too, had stretched out beside him.

It had seemed but a minute to Allan before Jim was shaking him and they started on their lonely journey. The moon shone clear and bright as they had trudged on.

The only memory Allan had of the rest of the journey was one of great misery. His feet had blistered from his new boots. His grand new boots! His father had bought them for him, and Charles also, before they had left their town. Now they were hard and stiff because they had been soaked thru while he had been in the water. But Jim hadn't let him remove them to dry. He knew, being wise in those matters, that Allan's feet would swell so that he could not put on the boots again. And the way was so rough that it was torture to walk.

Allan seemed to be hungry all the time. Of course Jim had not wanted to lose time hunting for food so they had eaten only berries as they had gone along. They had not built a fire when they had stopped to rest, because Jim said that would be "A dead give away if there's any more murderin' redskins around."

Jim had been surprised that Allan could name so many of the trees and flowers they saw. Allan was pleased, but said modestly, "Aw--all boys know them." And he had pointed out the oak, the ash, the elm, the white birch and the silver leafed maple. Jim told him how the Indians had made birchbark pails to catch the maple sap that they boiled into sugar.

The wild fruits and berries, Allan knew from his berry-picking trips at home. He thought sorrowfully of the delicious preserves his mother had made from the wild grapes and crabapples, the cherries and plums, the sweet strawberries and raspberries and the puckery gooseberries.

The flowers made him more lonesome than ever, because he remembered

so clearly his mother's flower garden. The lilies, the brilliant asters, the fragrant wild roses, both pink and white, the delicate phlox and the fringed gentian, like a bit of blue sky, all reminded him of "home." But, being a brave boy, almost a man as grandfather had told him, he kept on with Jim. He saw the golden rod, blazing star, and harebells too.

And when they had rested the grasshoppers and lovely butterflies were thick around them. Allan had often dozed to the cheerful chirp of the crickets. They would see pigeons, ducks and partridges, prairie chickens and wild turkeys on the wing. On the ponds they had often spied geese, storks and swans and muskrat houses too. As they had stumbled along, they had frightened the small animals like the squirrels, the chipmunks and the woodchucks, which would scamper out of their way.

Jim told Allan about the other animals that had been so numerous in this region. The Indians, he said, had hunted and trapped the buffalo, the deer and elk, the fox and wolf, the polecat and racoons, the minks, martens and beavers for food and furs. "An' later on," Jim had concluded, "the fur traders had come in an' took a king's ransom in furs and hides out of this country."

Finally Allan and Jim had reached a trail. Back home they'd never call this a road but Jim was certainly glad to see it. "This is the stage road, Allan. I was afeared we'd missed it. Now our way is straight ahead. We maybe will meet the stagecoach an' then we can ride into Austin," Jim explained. They stopped a minute to rest.

"Are the stagecoaches here like the ones back in Ohio, Jim?" Allan had inquired as they again started on their way.

"Yep, pretty much the same, I guess. They tell me even some big Concord coaches are bein' used this way. Why I hear tell how some of 'em cost as much as three thousand dollars apiece. A powerful lot of money, I'd

say."

"Did you ever ride in one, Jim?"

"Oh, now and again I have, Allan, but not fer long. I mind once a sea captain fell asleep aridin' across the prairie and he woke up bellerin' out 'Hard alee, Mr. Mate, hard alee! He laughed with the rest of us and said he thought he was on his own quarter deck, cause the motion of the coach was the same as his ship."

"Is it like that?" Allan asked.

Then Jim went on to tell him how the coaches were built of stout oak and braced with iron bands with a long brake lever that came up at the right of the driver. For springs, it had two leather thoroughbraces, running lengthwise of the coach and fastened at each end to a standard on the axle. These, Jim had said, were made of strips of leather placed on top of each other to the thickness of three inches. The leather straps gave the coach a slight rocking-chair motion.

Allan thought he had been hearing a distant rumbling, but he was so tired he thought maybe he was only imagining it until he heard a long blast of a horn.

"It's acomin'," Jim exclaimed and in a few minutes they heard the clatter of hoofs and the crack of a whip. And then the big coach with four horses came into view. Jim motioned Allan to the side of the road, while he stood in the middle of it, frantically waving his arms.

With a loud screech of brakes, the gayly-colored coach came to a stop within a few feet of Jim and Allan ran to him. The driver levelled his gun at Jim and called out, "Wal, what do you want?" Then he gave a loud laugh.

"Why Jim, you ole prairie dog, what in tarnation you doin' here?" Looping the reins about the railing around the high seat, the driver jumped down, his whip in his hand. His whip was a long, flexible piece of hickory

with a braided buckskin lash. (He was a ruddy faced man about Jim's age, dressed in a flannel shirt, corduroy breeches stuffed into high boots, with a well-worn cap on the side of his head.)

"Howdy, Buck," Jim greeted the driver. "This here is my walkin' pardner, Allan Smith."

The passengers all were piling out of the coach to see what was going on. Many were the questions and exclamations as Jim told them what had happen.

It was finally agreed that Allan should ride inside with the five passengers and Jim would ride on top with his friend Buck, the driver. Buck said they were due to reach Austin before nightfall.

Allan sank down gratefully on the upholstered seat, letting his head rest on the cushion behind him. He heard the crack of the whip and felt the stage begin to roll.

He was trying with all his might not to cry any more. After all he was going on eleven and he didn't want the other passengers to think he was a tenderfoot. How the gang back home would envy him, riding in a coach way off in Minnesota and it would be exciting if such awful things hadn't happened. He was glad he was inside and not on top with Jim. Sometime though, when his feet didn't hurt so much and he wasn't so cold maybe they'd let him sit with the driver and show him how he could crack a whip too. He and Charles had practiced for weeks back in Ohio. And then his memory welled up again and in spite of swallowing hard the little choking sob came out.

"Now Sonny, you just rest and go to sleep, and we'll be in Austin for you can say Jack Robinson." The man opposite leaned over and patted his knee. Allan was grateful but he wriggled away.

"Bet you never saw a finer coach than this, young fellar," The man beside him said with cheerful, boastfulness. "Aint many places west of the

Mississippi where you'd find one as good."

"I never rode in a coach before sir," Allan answered huskily.

"Well, at least you're not trying to drive too, like our driver did," laughed the man.

"Why do you say that, Mr. Gordon?" asked one of the others.

"Didn't you ever hear that story about him, Mr. Cooper?"

"No," answered the man called Mr. Cooper.

Neither did I," "Nor I," said the others.

"Well, sirs, it seems when Buck was a young fellow he was driving a stagecoach at wild speed, dashing around curves striking rocks, but did manage to stop at the foot of the hill. He got out to look over the narness and some old lady, scared to death, leaned out of the window and said, 'Will you drive a little more carefully, please? This is the first time I have ever ridden in a stage-coach.' 'That's no better'n me, lady,' Buck had replied, 'This is the first time I ever rode in one myself, Mum'."

Allan smiled with the general laughter, but before he had realized it, the rocking motion of the coach had put him to sleep.

The next thing he remembered, Jim was half carrying him into an inn. It was not quite dusk, but the kerosene lamps in their tin brackets were lighted and there was an air of bustle about the big reception room. He saw a jolly faced man come to meet them. He heard greetings exchanged.

"Well, Mr. Cooper, glad to see you again." "Here we are again John." "Howdy, Mr. Gordon. You here, too, Jim? Where's your party?"

And then Allan watched and listened while Jim explained, with much help from the other passengers.

"Mr. Lacy, this is Allan Smith," Jim said drawing Allan into the group.

"I'm glad Jim brought you through alright. Now you go 'long to the

kitchen and Mis' Brown and Jim will fix you up," said Mr. Lacy. His tone was so friendly that Allan liked him immediately.

"Thank you, sir," he said and stumbled after Jim on his crippled feet. They went through the big room and the dining room with its long table set for the evening meal.

As Jim pushed open the door to the kitchen, a wave of heat and delicious cooking smells assailed Allan and made him feel dizzy. But Jim steadied him, while he said to the motherly looking woman, with a big white apron, by the huge cook stove.

"Mis' Brown, Mr. Lacy said I was to take care of Allan out here."

"My land's, you scared me, Jim. What is the matter with the poor boy? He looks pretty peaked."

"I'll tell you later on. Now can I have some water? hot'n cold both for his feet?"

"Deed you can. Just help yourself. Here, lad, sit in my rocker and Jim will tend to you. I have to hurry supper for those travelers, but I won't be long."

The guests all filed into the kitchen to wash at the basin on a bench by the door, on which stood a pail of clean cold water. As each one finished, he emptied the basin into the pail under the bench. There was also a dish of soft soap, a looking glass hanging on the wall and a comb fastened by a chain near the roller towel.

Allan was glad to get his weight off his hurting feet. While Jim busied himself with water and tub, Allan unlaced his boots and tried to remove them, but each tug sent a spasm of pain through his legs.

"Don't do that, Allan," ordered Jim. "I'll help you."

So he knelt and tried to take off the torturing boots. Allan had to grip the arms of the chair and bite his lips to keep from screaming.

Finally Jim took his hunting knife and cut down the opening. Only then would the boots come off. Allan long remembered the agony of the cold and hot water Jim applied to his bruised feet. But gradually the pain ceased and a numbness, not unbearable, took its place.

As he sat there, weakly resting after that ordeal, he took notice of the pleasant kitchen. The stove was covered with steaming pots of food and water; the long work table, with a big lamp on a shelf above, was loaded with platters and tureens and the cupboards were piled with dishes and pans. Through an open door, Allan glimpsed at the pantry shelves filled with food.

Around the room were hung festoons of pared apples and sliced pumpkin. And when Mrs. Brown opened the oven door, such fragrant odors reached Allan's nose that he relized he was famished. Two rosy-cheeked girls, older than Allan, came in and helped Mrs. Brown dish up. He watched them fill the tureens with thick bean soup, potatoes, chicken salad, and pile the platters high with roasted and boiled beef, pork and fish. There were plates of crackers, johnny cake and gingerbread. The thick cups were filled with tea and coffee. As the girls took the food to the dining room, Mrs. Brown brought pies, puddings and sauces from the pantry and dished them out.

Then she told Jim to "go and have your supper and I will give the lad his out here where it ain't so noisy."

"Not too much now, Mis' Brown," cautioned Jim, "Remember he ain't been eatin' regular the last day or so."

"Go along with you. I know a thing or two about that," Mrs. Brown answered him.

Then she filled a bowl with soup and handed it to Allan, reminding him to eat it slowly. After the first taste, he was tempted to gulp it down, but Mrs. Brown checked him. When he had his fill of that, she gave

him a plate with some potatoes, two small slices of meat and a biscuit on it. It was like a feast to him and he smiled his pleasure at her. He finished with a cup of milk, since she said,

"No pie tonight Allan. I guess that's enough for now. We don't want to make you sick."

Allan was drowsy, so he rested comfortably in the chair. He hardly noticed the bustle and chatter in the room as Mrs. Brown and the girls flew about their duties.

After a time, Jim returned and told Allan he would show him where he could sleep. So carrying his boots, he again followed Jim through the dining room and reception hall to the foot of the stairs. Through a half-opened door, Allan could see a lighted room, where there seemed to be a lot of people talking and laughing. From the long counter and the rows of bottles and glasses behind it Allan knew it was the bar or public room.

As Jim was lighting one of the lamps on the shelf by the stairs, several men came from the bar, among them Mr. Lacy and Allan's companions in the coach. Seeing Allan on his way to bed, they bade him "good night" "rest well" and "take care of those feet."

They reached the second floor, where they passed a number of doors before they came to one that Jim opened. Allan found himself in a large room, which he later learned was called the "school room." There were ten beds, some dressers and stands and a few chairs. He noticed three windows with blinds. Jim led him to a corner bed, placed the lamp on a nearby stand and turned down the cover on the bed. Allan hastily stood his boots under the bed, flung off his hickory shirt and climbed into bed, sinking down thankfully on the straw-filled mattress. He thought Jim was fussing about him more than necessary, but soon he said, "Good night" and Allan answered "Night, Jim--and thanks."

"That's alright, Allan. Good night."

He took the lamp and went out the door.

Allan in his sleep thought that Jim and Mr. Lacy had stood by his bed and Jim had said, "He'll be a man, no doubt of it." A short time later, he thought he heard a commotion beneath his window--shouts and loud talk and then a clatter as if the stage coach was starting. But he was too sleepy to investigate and guessed he was only dreaming anyway.

Sunshine flooded the room when Allan awoke. He looked around the room, startled, not knowing where he was. Then with a rush, all his tragic experiences came back to him and he fought against his grief.

Getting out of bed, he had to put on only his shirt. It was grimy with dirt and sweat, but he had no other. His feet still hurt, and he did not try to put on his boots. Then he went down stairs to find Jim.

Mr. Lacy was behind his desk in the reception room. When he saw Allan he greeted him kindly and told him to go in the dining room and have breakfast and then to come back and see him.

There were a few at the table when he went in. They all greeted him pleasantly and one called out,

"Another customer, Martha."

One of the girls he had seen the night before, brought him a bowl of mush and milk, saying, "There's sausages an' biscuits an' apple sauce on the table if you want them."

In a few minutes Mrs. Brown put her head in the door and said, "Feelin' better, young man?"

"Yes, I am, Mrs. Brown."

"Guess it won't hurt to eat as much as you've a mind to now."

So Allan picked up his two-tined fork with its imitation ivory handle and ate a man-sized breakfast. When he returned to the big room, Mr. Lacy called him. Together they went out on the front steps. Allan then saw that the inn was built at the edge of the little village. He could

see the houses and a few store buildings with a team or two of oxen tied to the hitching posts in front of the stores. But his attention was drawn back to Mr. Lacy who said, that Jim had gone on to Owatonna with Buck. He felt it would be easier for them both to leave without any farewells. Then Allan knew that he had not been dreaming last night.

"We talked it over last night and thought maybe you'd best stay here, Allan," Mr. Lacy explained so kindly. There's lots of work in a place like this and I could use a young man like you to help me. In the meantime you could try to get word to your grandfather back east. Jim is footloose, you know, and has no place for you, but he said to be sure and tell you he will fix things up for you if you don't like it here, some way anyhow. Now what do you think about it?"

With the knowledge that Jim had gone, a wave of such loneliness swept over Allan as he had never before known. He was silent for a moment, but at last he was able to smile feebly as he said,

"I would like to stay with you, sir, until my grandfather sends for me."

"Good. Jim tells me you have schooling, so we thought that you could help keep the accounts in shape for the hotel and do some chores around the place for your keep. Then you can feel you are earning your own way."

Then he asked Grandfather's name and where he could be reached. Allan could remember only Albany County, New York, but Mr. Lacy thought that would be enough.

Mr. Lacy continued briskly, "Now you go and look over our village and on your way back stop in the People's Store on Mill Street and ask Brown to give you those duds he and I talked about last night."

"Don't you want me to do some chores first?" asked Allan.

"Not this morning. You go get acquainted with your new town."

Off Allan went, not too joyfully, but the spirit of adventure was

strong within him and the ruggedness of the tiny, struggling village fascinated him. As he walked down the dirt road, he looked all about him and thought what a good place for a new town. He could see a stream in the distance and he liked the groves of trees surrounding the settlement. He guessed there must be "most a hundred" houses, some with one story and some with two. He passed a two-storied frame building with the word "Headquarters" painted over the door. There was a store on the ground floor and he later found out that the second floor, Mr. David Blakely got out the first newspaper in the new county, the Mower County Mirror.

Many times later he was to see new families living in the spare room of the "Headquarters" until their new homes were ready.

He passed a couple of blacksmiths shops and stopped a minute to watch the smiths at their work. He read their names on their signs-- Rice and Hunt on one sign and Robert Spear on the other. He saw a half dozen stores with the proprietors' names, V. P. Lewis on Main Street, Galloway's on Bridge St. opposite a tiny public square, J. B. Yates, Hayes' Empire Store on Mill Street, McGill and Kingsbury, Brown's People Store where he was to stop on his way back. There was even a store owned by a lady, Mrs. Davidson, on Main and Water.

He noticed a bank, a shoe shop run by Fenton, Holt's wagon shop and Burdick jeweler's shop on Mill Street. He saw a tailor shop owned by S. B. De Tray and Mr. Mitchell's cabinet shop, a couple of drug stores and the post office, which he entered. There was no one around, but Allan could see the postmaster through the wicket. So he read a notice near the window, before he went out. It said: MAILS: 3 weekly from St. Paul & points north.

3 " " McGregor, Decorah, Osage & points south.

1 " " Winona & points east.

1 " " points west.

Signed: L. Griffin, Postmaster.

He learned later that Mr. Griffin was the second postmaster in Austin and had built the post office building. He was told that Alanson Vaughan had been the first postmaster in the village.

He saw doctors' and lawyers' "shingles" with the names, Orlenzo Allan, H. L. Coon and J. N. Wheat, M. D. and Ormanzo Allen, Aaron S. Everest, G. M. Cameron, and D. B. Johnson. Dr. Allen was staying at the hotel and Mr. Lacy told him afterward that the Allens were brothers and had come to Wisconsin in 1842 from Alfred, N. Y. where they were born. They had been among the first to come to the new settlement. There was another tavern, larger than Mr. Lacy's, called the "Snow House" that Allan learned was built by Chauncey Leverich in 1855 and purchased by Solomon Snow and George E. Wilson in 1856.

Across the street was another cabinet shop with the name "Truesdale Bros." on its sign. Allan walked over and stood in the doorway. He noticed a boy about his own age working at a bench and was about to attract his attention when a man's voice from the rear of the shop called, "Joe!" The boy disappeared without seeing Allan, who then went on his way.

He retraced his steps to the "Peoples' Store" and asked for Mr. Brown. "Well, Bud, what can I do for you?" asked the man behind the counter.

"Mr. Lacy sent--," began Allan when Mr. Brown interrupted--

"Oh yes, you're the Smith boy who came on the stage last night." Allan nodded. "Just a minute and I'll have those things for you. Not so sure of the fit but they'll be new and clean anyhow."

Allan nosed around the store, while the loungers watched him with quizzical eyes. The store seemed much like the ones at home. He saw shelves of groceries, crockery, dry goods, candles, kerosene lamps, coils of rafting cable and cording for bed-steads, a row of boots and shoes, a few boxes of

hats and caps and a good sized rack of ready made suits. He read signs advertising "Yankee Notions" and "Leather and Findings for Shoemakers."

There were barrels of apples, crackers, coffee, flour, sugar, molasses, pork and vinegar and kegs of nails. A big placard read:

"Wheat, Corn, Barley, Rye, Oats, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hides and Furs taken in exchange and for which the highest market Price will be paid."

Allan saw outlines of stoves in the rear of the store so he sauntered back there and found cook stoves, box and parlor stoves, spades, shovels, rakes and coal scuttles.

"Here you are, young man," Mr. Brown said as he handed Allan a bundle. "If you need anything else, come back and I'll try to find it for you." Allan thanked him and went out.

The sun was high in the heavens as he started back to the tavern. A couple of teams with light farm wagons passed him on their way to the stores.

It was dinner time when Allan reached the Lacy House, so he took his package up to the room where he had slept. When he unwrapped the bundle he found two new hickory shirts and two pairs of jeans. He changed his soiled clothes for one of the new suits, which was large for him, but he rolled up the sleeves and the pants-legs and felt much cleaner. He put the other new clothes in the drawer of the table near his bed and wrapped the dirty clothes in the same paper until he could find out where to wash them. Then he went down to the kitchen to wash up before dinner.

There were not so many for dinner but they all greeted him pleasantly. He ate hungrily of the potatoes, meat, vegetables, bread and pie. There was a sandy haired man at the table whom everyone addressed as Mike. When Allan had finished and was leaving this man said, "Is your name Allan, me boy? Mr.

Lacy sez that you're to help me after dinner. Wait fer me in the yard."

Allan went out into the backyard and saw a fine barn and a well. Then the man, whose name Allan learned was Mike McMann came out and told him what chores he was to do. There were horses and cows to feed, water and bed, milk to be carried in, wood to cut and carry in for the cook and, of course, many errands to run.

The afternoon passed quickly for Allan with his new duties and after supper, Mr. Lacy showed him the big ledger that he was to keep in order. While he was making the day's entries, under Mr. Lacy's direction, a group of men entered, talking and joking and calling to Mr. Lacy, who greeted them.

"Good evenin', Judge Vaughan. Howdy, Sheriff Yates, Mr. Blakely."

The sheriff came over and spoke to Allan telling him he knew "Mr. Lacy would take right good care of him."

Out of the flow of talk in the room, Allan heard someone ask, "But Sheriff, how did you know about the box?"

"Well you see," Sheriff Yates answered, "It's quite a long story.

"After Mower County was cut from Rice County in 1855 Governor Gorman appointed county commissioners to get things going."

"I remember the day word came to us," said Mr. Lacy, the commissioners were Phil Howell, George White and William Russell."

"Did they hold a meeting?" one of the men asked.

"Yes they met at Frankfort, April 7, 1856," said Judge Vaughan.

"They appointed Tim Chapman, register of deeds and clerk of the board; C. J. Filch, judge of probate; Lew Patchin, county treasurer; M. K. Armstrong, county surveyor; and G. W. Sherman, sheriff and tax collector.

"How Sherman did rave! laughed Mr. Lacy. "He wanted to be sheriff all right, but he knew that a tax collector is not very popular in this new county, where nobody has much money."

"But the most important thing they did was to select Frankfort as the county seat," Mr. Blakely said.

"Where does the box come in? asked a new comer.

Judge Vaughan chuckled. "That's just it. The people in Austin and High Forest thought they had a better right to the county seat than Frankfort did."

"It was time for Austin folks to do something about it. We spied around a little and found that the records of that meeting were kept in a tin box ."

"The judge and I decided to get that box," the sheriff broke in. If the Frankfort people couldn't show the records of the meeting they couldn't prove that Frankfort had been chosen as county seat."

"Besides that, seeing there were no county buildings, if we had the box we could claim that the village where the records were kept was the real county seat.

"So early on that January day last year, we atarted out for Frankfort and George Bemis went with us. We got there after dinner and got hold of that box before anybody knew what we were there for. And then we speeded for home. But it was getting late and we were tired so we stopped at Tattersoll's House in High Forest. We went into the bar and I gave the box to Walt Sykes, head bartender and promised him $20 if he would hide it for us. Of course, Tattersoll was on our side too. I gave Walt $5 and he put it on a ledge under the bar and just in time, too. Remember A. B.?"

"Indeed I do," laughed the judge. "In came Sherman his deputies mad as hornets. And what did he do but arrest us and Tattersoll too, charging us with grand larceny. But Tattersoll was smart. He wouldn't let them search his place without a warrant, so old Sherman leaves his deputies to guard us and went back for the warrant. We invited the deputies inside for a little

lunch and they accepted, seeing no harm in that since all the men under arrest were with them. In the confusion, Walt slipped out and hid the box in the snow."

"Was he smart, too," Yates went on. "He made a diagram of the hiding place and handed it to me with a handful of change. The sheriff returned and searched the place from top to bottom but there was no box to be found."

"What did you do then?" someone asked.

"We didn't want to be too quick in getting the box and starting home so we went up to the dance hall on the third floor," Judge Vaughan said. "That was the time Tattersoll had the Indian orchestra. Some Winnebago braves beat on tom-tom and shook gourds filled with pebbles and blew horns, while the poor fiddlers tried to carry tunes."

"And some times they'd let out a few war whoops too," added the sheriff. "But later we got the box from its hiding place and went home and put that box in a good safe place."

"You men were all questioned later weren't you?" asked Mr. Lacy.

"Yes," said the judge, "But our defense was that there was no selection of a county seat made since no record could be found."

"Did your case come to trial?" asked Mr. Blakely.

"No," answered the judge, "Before the next term of the Fillmore County Court, Austin became the county seat by popular vote of the people on June 1, 1857."

"We were certainly asleep to let the precinct of High Forest be cut off and added to Olmsted County right under our eyes," said Mr. Lacy.

"I don't know about that," answered the judge, "Berry kept his plans to himself until he was ready to act and then there was nothing any of us could do. There were only a few settlers there and the majority of them wanted to join their neighbors to the north."

"Which Berry was that?" asked Dr. Allen, who had joined the group.

"He was John M., a member of the legislature," the judge continued. "You know our county was included in the Wabashaw County until it was divided into smaller counties in 1853. Then we were in Rice County until 1855. It was after that, through Berry's efforts that sections 1 to 6 in township 104, ranges 14 and 15 were added to Olmsted County on May 22, 1857."

Although Allan enjoyed listening to the talk he was tired and sleepy so he closed his ledger and went up to bed.

The next few days passed and Allan slipped easily into his new life. The strangeness of his surroundings dulled the loss of his family for him. He met new people and the village knew him as the Smith boy at the Lacy House.

Allan was busy at the desk when the next stage came in. Mr. Griffin was waiting for the mail pouch so Mr. Lacy sent Allan along with him to bring back the mail for the House. The postmaster let him go in the office with him while he unlocked the pouch, sorted the few handfuls of mail, removed the letters and papers for his district and relocked the pouch. There were only a few letters for the guests of the hotel but Allan quickly returned because he knew how anxious they were to receive their mail.

The evening meal was a joyful affair for Allan with the pleasant, jovial conversation around him. He helped load the stage coach when it was ready to continue the journey. There were carpetbags, horsehide trunks, a few bandboxes for hats and two curiously painted boxes from foreign countries. And many times during the coming winter, he warmed the great buffalo robes and filled the foot-stoves, made of metal and wood, with live coals from the big stove in the lobby, to keep the travelers comfortable for a little of their journey.

In his paper, Mr. Blakely stressed the fact that although the grade for the Minneapolis and Cedar Valley railroad had been made during the summer between Austin and Le Roy, as yet nothing more had been done. The travelers,

he printed, still came and went by stage coaches and as far as he could learn would continue to do so for some time.

On one of his errands to the cabinet shop of the Truesdales, Allan met Joe and they struck up a friendship, having much in common. His name, he told Allan, was Joseph Ondrik and he had come from Switzerland, where he was born, when he was seven years old.

"Were you scared on the ocean?" Allan asked him.

"Not much. But we were all sick so we were glad to get on land again," said Joe. "Then we went to Joliet in Illinois and it took us six weeks to get there."

"Didn't you like it there?" inquired Allan.

"Yes, but my stepmother didn't like me and we quarreled so many times and then my father would beat me so I ran away. I came with some people in their covered wagon and they stopped here. I could drive a horse, so Mr. Truesdale gave me a job driving the horse to turn the lathe for them."

"Can I drive him sometime, Joe?" begged Allan and Joe promised that he could. He lived up to his word and they became close chums.

During one of their playtimes they met some of the other boys in the village who were on their way to the old stable that was torn down. The stable had belonged to a man named Loveland who had left the village after a year or so. He had a few race horses and was quite a town character. The boys had a fine time rummaging through the partly torn-down building. They had a game of war, using the remains of the stable as a fort.

"Hey, fellers!" called one of the boys. "See what I found!"

He held up an iron mould and the boys saw, as they all crowded around, specks of metal, like gold and silver, clinging to it.

"What do you spose it is?" asked Joe.

"Mebbe this was a robbers' den," said one of the smaller boys.

"No," an older lad answered. "I 'member paw sayin' there was a counterfeiter around here and I betcha' this here is where he made the bad money."

The boys all scattered, hunting for other moulds and a few more were found. When Allan told Mr. Lacy of their discovery, he said that was so, there had been counterfeit money passed in the town. "Loveland had tried to pass the fake money, but each time he had been caught, he had laughing redeemed it and so had avoided trouble," added Mr. Lacy.

Allan and Joe with the other boys had many good times when their work was done. They fished and gathered nuts and later set traps for the small animals and sold the pelts.

The winds grew colder and the big stoves were started in the down-stairs rooms. It seemed to Allan that it was a never-ending task to keep the hungry things supplied with wood. His arms and back ached many times from splitting and carrying wood.

In late November, the Truesdales started a water mill for grinding corn and they tried to grind wheat also as the nearest mill was thirty miles away. The first wheat ground was for Mr. Rose of Rose Creek but made rather a poor grade of flour.

Mike, the hired man, said it would be a great aid to Austin if they did have a good flour mill. He told Allan that the first mill in the county was made and used by the Indians, on the west side of the Cedar River. It was made out of a white oak stump, hollowed out and the grain was pounded fine in the hollow with a pestle.

Allan had been to the sawmill in the village with Joe and told Mike about the fun they had there.

"Have ye heard tell of Austin Nichols?" asked Mike.

"I heard he was the first settler here. The town was named for him wasn't it?" inquired Allan.

"Yis it was. An' he built the first sawmill here in 1854, an' sawed the lumber for the first houses. He didn't stay here long though. He sold the claim he took in 1853 right in this village to Chauncey Leverich the very next year."

"Wasn't that man, Chauncey Leverich killed?" Allan asked.

"Yis, that was too bad, wasn't it? A good man too they tell me. He an' Judge Vaughan with Will Mason, I heard them say, had a race with Sheriff Yates an' V. P. Lewis to have the plat of the town recorded in the Register of Deeds office. They changed horses, forded a stream an' rushed like man, but the sheriff's party beat 'em by two hours. However both plats are on record an' both are dated April 17, 1856."

Mike told Allan many interesting stories about the new county as they did their work in the barn and yard. The very first family in Mower County came from Ohio, too, he said.

"It was Jacob McQuillan, Sr. with his son, Jacob Jr. and his son-in-law, Adam Zadyger and their families, nine in all," Mike told Allan one day. "They brought all their belongings overland an' a hard trip it was too. But they finally came to a place where there were two springs an' Jacob Sr. was so pleased with the country around that he nailed the family coffee mill to a tree before unhitching his team."

"Was that near here?" asked Allan, thinking of his own journey.

"No, it was in the eastern part of this county. And a funny thing it turned out to be," went on Mike. "The father took the west spring an' the land about it, since the land had not been surveyed yet and the son claimed the east spring and land. Then when the land was surveyed they found that the county line ran directly between the two claims."

"What did they do about that?" inquired Allan.

"Well, they had a terrible time. They had first made a camp on their claims July 4th 1852 and two years later a fellow by the name of Booth

"jumped" the quarter section that young McQuillan had. Do you know what that means, Allan?" Mike questioned.

"I think I do, Mike. You're supposed to have your claim filed at the land office or something like that and if you don't, anyone can claim it and have it filed in their name. Is that right?"

"Yep, that's about it. Well that's what Booth did. The McQuillans fought for the land but Booth beat them out and they lost some money as well as the son's claim. McQuillan Sr. lived a short time on his claim and then sold it to Thomas W. Corey who was the second settler in the county. He built a cabin, 18 x 22, and it was a stopping off place for the early land-seekers."

"You mean like an inn?" Allan asked.

"Yes, he charged forty cents for two meals and lodging, which most times meant rolling up in your blanket in any free space you could find. He later moved over the line to Fillmore County, east of us and built the first hotel in Hamilton."

Of course, Allan heard many stories or the very first men who had come to the county in the early fifties. Besides Austin and Leverich, the McQuillans and Corey, there were John Tiff and "Hunter Clarke," whose log cabin was the first near the village of Austin. In fact it had been built about three-quarters of a mile from the Lacy House.

Isaac Van Houghton had induced George Squires, S. Priest, Moses Niles and Isaac Armstrong to join him in starting a settlement in the southeastern part of the county, in the Le Roy Township section.

Mr. Woodbury put up a log cabin on his claim near the creek that the early settlers in Lyle County named for him. The first marriage in the new county was held in this cabin, Allan was told and he later met the happy couple. (Isaac Van Houghton and Miss Armstrong). Mr. Woodbury's three sons-in-law staked out claims near him. They were, Marlott, Pinkerton and Stilson.

John Robinson had built a cabin near High Forest. Judge Vaughan had staked a claim near Lansing and Andrew Brown with his brother Hosmer and John L. Johnson had laid out the village of Brownsdale. (Andrew Brown was a world traveler--have quite a story about his sea life if wanted.)

The first winters of settlement had been mild so that the settlers had not suffered from the cold and hunger as deer and elk were plentiful. But the next winter, Allan was told had been so severe that two men had been frozen to death. Mr. Taylor from Brownsdale was last seen alive only a quarter of a mile from his home, but another Brownsdale man, A. E. Taylor, found him nearly fifteen miles away, standing erect in a snowdrift with his cane in his hand. The other man had been a visitor from Indiana, Mr. Hunter by name. His body was found half way between Brownsdale and High Forest. Both men had been blinded by the blizzard and had lost their way.

Allan settled into the daily life of the village as the snow came, first in fine flurries and then in a steady fall. The countryside was beautiful in its white blanket and Allan longed for his family, especially Charles, when he saw the other boys and girls sliding and skating with their brothers and sisters. Of course he had fun with the new friends he had made but there was something missing for him. There was still no word from grandfather. Every time Allan went for the mail, he scanned each letter for the familiar handwriting. Mr. Lacy comforted him telling him that it took a long time for mail to go and come from the east.

School was started in "Headquarters" with Rev. E. F. Gurney, the Baptist minister, as teacher. Mr. Lacy insisted that Allan attend. Allan didn't think he would have time, but Mr. Lacy said,

"Just for this term anyhow, Allan. The winter months are quiet here and you will have plenty of time for your chores too."

So Allan went, but missed his chum, Joe, who had to work. The school

was held in the big room on the second floor where all the community meetings were held.

There were benches and seats with a desk for Rev. Gurney. A blackboard and a few maps with the school books made up the supplies. As Allan was in the Third Reader he helped the minister with the younger boys.

"Is this the first school they have had here in Austin, Mr. Gurney?" Allan asked one day as they were checking some work together.

"No, Allan, "Rev. Gurney answered. "This is the third place in which the classes have been held. The first school, I understand," he continued, "was taught in a log cabin on Water Street by Maria Vaughan, in 1855. The next winter classes were held in the frame house on the corner of Maple and Chatham. And last year, because of the additional number of pupils we moved up here."

Allan enjoyed the school and thought maybe he would like to teach school later on.

Mr. Sherewood conducted a singing school which was held one evening a week in "Headquarters." When Joe and Allan could get away together they joined the class and added their voices in joyful song. Allan's favorite tune was "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town" and Joe slyly said he guessed his was, "Do They Miss Me at Home, Do They Miss Me?" but they both sang happily with the others.

The big room resounded with the strains of "Lily Dale", "The Blue Danube", "Gentle Nettie Moore", "Darling Nellie Gray", "Ever of Thee I Fondly Am Dreaming", "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer", "Hannah's at the Window","Binding Shoes", "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "'Way Down Upon the Swanee River."

The church services were held in Headquarters also. Reverend Dyer led the Methodist meetings and Reverend Steven Cook, the Congregational services. Reverend Cook had preached the first sermon in the village in the

new home of Mr. Leverich.

Allan attended church services with the Laceys, but the hymns made him so lonesome. He always joined the others in singing "Oak," "Harmony Grove," "Retreat" and "Zion" but he would choke when he tried to sing his Mother's "Henley." He would be silent as the words filled the air:

"Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father
Come unto me and I will give you rest."

As the winter advanced, the social life of the village became livelier. There were evenings spent in games and singing at Dr. Wheat's, who had the first piano in the county and the only one in Austin. Dr. Wheat sang tenor and his wife had a lovely soprano voice. Their daughter, Amelia Jane was planning to go to Oberlin College to continue her musical studies. Allan often turned the pages of the song books for Amelia.

There were spelling bees, candy pulls, lectures and political meetings besides the outdoor fun. The Christmas season passed without much lonliness for Allan. Mr. Lacy and his friends were so jolly that he could not be sad.

On December 30th, a party of Brownsdale people had a dancing party at the Lacy House. Reed's band furnished the music and everyone had a gay time. Allan was an interested spectator. The bright dresses of the ladies, both young and old, made such a pretty scene against the dark color of the men's store clothes. They danced to the tunes of "Devil's Dream," "Irish Washerwoman," "Virginia Reel," "Money Musk," "Old Dan Tucker," "Presidents March," "Two Dollars a Week," "Cheat the Lady," "Irish Trot," and "Pop Goes the Weasel." Allan resolved then and there that he would learn to dance as soon as possible.

More and more travelers were passing through Austin on their way to other settlements. And with them, came rumors of abolishing slavery and the talk of secession. Allan heard Sheriff Yates tell Mr. Lacey that Tattersoll

had a negro orchestra in the dance hall.

"Where do they come from?" Allan asked him.

"Oh on the 'underground railroad'," laughingly replied the sheriff.

Then Mr. Lacy explained to Allan that as the slaves escaped from their masters down south, they were aided by sympathizers who helped them hide on their way north. They all wanted to reach Canada across the border where they would be free.

But it was not alone of the south the guests talked. They brought news of the wonderful wheat that Minnesota farmers were proving they could produce.

"I guess Minnesota will show them back east how we can farm out here," Allan heard a man from Chatfield tell Mr. Lacy. "They can't beat us now," he continued.

"I've heard rumors of that too," said Mr. Lacy.

"Last year we had a surplus of agricultural products," the man went on. "The market at Chatfield is the first around here to pay cash for grain, I understand. And if the wheat crop is as good as the farmers expect we will ship grain and wheat flour east next year."

"Maybe we will have a flour mill here yet," Mr Lacy hoped.

There were many arguments about the method of farming.

Mr. Blakely's editorial on May 19th, 1859 was headed--"Diversify your crops." He said they (the farmers) would kill the 'goose that lays the golden eggs' if they did not rotate their crops. Others felt that the farmers should get all the returns for their labors while they could. Mr. Lacy and some of the others agreed with Mr. Blakely and their reasons seemed right to Allan's mind.

School was out on April 13th and Reverend Gurney had an exhibition of the school work the next evening, Saturday. It was a gala occasion. Allan

received many compliments on the work he had done with the small boys.

"Yes," Mr. Gurney said, "I think we will make a good teacher out of him soon."

But Allan felt he had passed another milestone in his life when he bade them all "good night." He was disappointed not to have heard from grandfather before this. He didn't know just what he should do.

Later on in the month Mr. Blakely took him on one of his business trips to Frankfort. Here was the gentle rolling land that his grandfather had told them about. They passed many farms scattered along the road. The farmers were busy with their seeding.

"Do they raise much besides wheat now?" asked Allan.

"Oh yes indeed," answered Mr. Blakely. "They raise what they think they will need or can sell. It is generally oats, barley, rye, corn hay and of course the garden vegetables that they use and put away for the winter."

When they reached Frankfort, Allan saw that it was just a tiny village and he felt rather sad when he thought of the hopes the first settlers had had for their new town. He strolled through the village while Mr. Blakely attended to his business.

There was a small hotel and a frame school house near the center of the village. Allan counted only thirty dwellings, but there was a post office, two blacksmith shops and a flour mill.

Allan enjoyed the trip very much and he found Mr. Blakely a grand man to talk to. He told Allan that he didn't think he would stay very long in Austin, because he had a good offer to take his press to Rochester in Olmsted County. Allan said that he would be sorry to see him go.

"Maybe you will be gone then too, Allan. You probably will hear from your grandfather soon," comforted Mr. Blakely.

Allan was kept busy with his many duties about the Lacy House. As summer advanced, the number of guests increased. Among them was a soldier

like his grandfather Smith. Who wouldn't want to be? He was from Fort Snelling, near St. Paul and Minneapolis. He knew all about Dragoons. In fact he told Allan that he had been over the same country a few years after the Dragoons.

"That 'neutral strip' was a famous hunting and fishing ground," the soldier said. "And many times we made up a hunting party and went down there and came home with a bountiful kill. Such sport! Officers and soldiers from our fort, Indian agents and fur traders all went along. I remember," continued the soldier, "in the fall of 1840 Henry H. Sibley made up a party to go on a hunting and exploring expedition down in that district. Some friendly Indians were with us. We made camp near here and Mr. Sibley suggested that we build a stockade to protect ourselves against any wandering hostile Indian bands. I understand that was the first structure of any kind built by white men in this county." He told Allan many other stories of his army life.

The days grew warmer until summer was in full sway. Mr. Lacy was head of a committee for the Independence Day program. Mr. Blakely printed the hand bills and they read:

Programme of Exercises at
Austin July 4th, 1859.

1st National Salute at Daybreak
2nd Procession will form on public square at
10 o'clock under the direction of the Marshall
and march to the Grove.

Exercises at the Grove

1st Vocal Music -- by the Choir
2nd Prayer by Chaplain -- Rev. S. Cook
3rd Vocal Music -- by the Choir
4th Reading of the Declaration of Independence -- by R. K. Crum
5th Oration -- by D. Blakely
6th Music
7th Benediction -- by Chaplain Cook

After which the procession will again form and march to the table at the Lacy House, where dinner will be served by John S. Lacy, Esq. Speeches, toasts, singing etc. will be the order here.

Salute of 32 guns at Sunset.

Fireworks in the evening.

But sad to say, all the grand plans came to naught--it rained! Allan was so disappointed, as was everyone else. However the day passed and some of the braver ones came to the dinner. Mr. Lacy had a band to play for dancing in the evening. And Allan tried to dance. Amelia and her mother with some of the other young ladies, took him in hand and they all said he did remarkably well for a beginner. Allan wasn't quite sure if they were being truthful or only kind. But he did enjoy the party.

The months slipped by with no word from the east. Allan couldn't imagine what had happened. Mr. Lacy said that he would write someone he knew in that vicinity and try to locate his grandfather.

With the promising news of a bumper crop, came the dark shadows of war clouds. Talk of abolition, secession, and state rights were mingled with the talk of wheat and flour markets.

The men in the village that Allan heard discussing the condition of the nation, held different opinions about it. Most of them of course, agreed with the abolitionists that the slaves should be freed. But, as Mr. Blakely said, their views were based partly on the fact that the northerners could not hope to compete with the cotton market in the South as long as the South had slaves for labor.

Secession was another story. Some thought that the southern states were within their rights to secede. Others were very bitterly opposed to secession, claiming that the individual states had no power to do that. But words and arguments did not clear the situation. Matters grew steadily worse,

until the news flashed through the nation that the Confederates had fired upon Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861!

Then came the call for volunteers. There was much excitement and speculation as the men were recruited. All the boys wanted to join immediately and go to war, Allan among them, of course.

Sad were the days that followed. Every mail brought word of defeats and death. Many were the names of the men of the county among the list of dead and wounded. During those unsettled months, every resident of the village and surrounding countryside would flock to the post office at mail time to hear the news of the war in the south.

One day Mr. Lacy said to Allan. "Did you know Dave Blakely is leaving Austin, Allan?"

"Yes," said Allan, "But I didn't know when. He told me that he had an offer in Rochester."

"Well, I was just over to his office and he told me that he is leaving next week. Too bad, I hate to see him go."

When Allan bade Mr. Blakely good bye, he told Allan to "be sure and look me up if you ever get to Rochester, Allan."

Mr. Crum took over the paper and paid his predecessor a glowing tribute as a worthwhile citizen.

Mr. Lacy made a trip to St. Paul, leaving Allan in charge of the tavern. On his return he was so enthused with the news of the marvelous strides Minnesota was making in the production of wheat.

"They say in St. Paul that the east and Europe are clamoring for the fine grade of wheat we can grow out here. Look here," he said, showing them a Winona Republican dated October 9th, 1861, "It says, 'The autumn inaugurated the present Civil War also produced the most bounteous crop ever known in the history of the country and the world'. Think of that! And it

goes on, 'The scepter of power passes from King Cotton of the South to King Wheat of the West'. I guess Minnesota is on her way to the head of the class."

Many others shared his enthusiasm as word came of the great crop and prices paid.

Soon it was time for the school to open again. Reverend Gurney asked Allan to be his assistant but Allan felt he was needed all the time at the Lacy House. Then, too, Allan was undecided about his future plans. He wanted to go to war, but he wanted to hear from his grandfather first.

But by January, he had made up his mind to enlist. He spoke to Mr. Lacy about his decision.

"Well Allan," commented Mr. Lacy. "I suppose there's no use to try to talk you out of going. To tell you the truth, if I were a younger man I'd go with you."

"If you get word from the east--" Allan hesitated.

"I know. I will keep you informed as well as possible, Allan," promised Mr. Lacy.

So Allan enlisted and was ordered to report at Fort Snelling in a week.

When the news reached his friends there were many comments.

"You're too young to go." "What good can you do, you can't even shoot straight," one of the younger boys said.

"We need some of you young fellers here."

Amelia, though, said to him, "I guess I'd want to go too if I were a boy."

They gave him a farewell party and sent him off with much advice and many good wishes.

It was four years before Allan saw Austin again. He had been so alone and had felt so young those first few months of service.

The few letters that he had received from his friends in Austin were his only touch with "back home." Mr. Lacy had written him about the terrible uprising of the Sioux Indians. His letter said in part:

"We heard rumors that the Sioux were on the war path, and many settlers along the Minnesota River had been killed, but we didn't imagine it was so bad. Then a messenger brought us word that the Sioux under Little Crow had even attacked New Ulm and that the people had entirely deserted that village.

"Of course everybody here was terrified and rushed in to Austin from the outlying farms. Lacy House was crowded to overflowing. The women and children stayed indoors most of the time, scared to death and I can't say I blame them. The men armed themselves with spades, rakes, hoes, shovels, axes and of course all the old guns they could find. We kept a look-out, but fortunately I am delighted to tell you, the Indians did not reach us.

"Your friends all send greetings.

"No word from the east.

"I hope the war is over soon and you can return to us.

Affect. your friend,

John S. Lacy."

Allan had been wounded in the battle of Nashville and then had become ill with rheumatic fever. He had lain in the hospital for months. Near the end of his illness, he had received word, through Mr. Lacy, that his grandfather had died in the east. With word of his death came the notice that Allan's presence was needed there to settle the estate, as he was the sole heir.

So Allan decided that after he was mustered out at Fort Snelling he would go down to Austin for a few days and then he would go to New York.

He had tried to imagine how the little village would look now. Mr. Lacy had written that he had sold the Lacy House to Asa Brown and was managing the Davidson House.

Allan spent a day in St. Paul and then took the stage coach to Austin. Many were the memories that rushed over him as they traveled along. Mother, father, Charles -- he would have been too young to go to war--Frances--she would be a big girl by now--Jim--where was he--would they ever meet again--Mike and Joe--Reverend Gurney, Mr. Blakely and all the others.

Soon they were in Austin at the Lacy House. How good it seemed to set foot there. But strange faces greeted him until a boy questioned him,

"Are you Allan Smith who used to teach here before you went to war?"

"Yes, I am," Allan replied, so happy to hear his name. "You are Ben Swift, I remember now."

"I work here now," said Ben. "But I suppose you want to go to Mr. Lacy's."

"Indeed I do," Allan said. "Which way do I go?"

"We will get your baggage and I will walk over with you."

Allan thanked him and off they started.

"New sidewalks you have here, Ben," commented Allan.

"Not so new, but the gravel helps a lot," Ben answered.

"And we have two new bridges over the Cedar since you left," he added.

"I remember, they were asking for subscriptions to pay for them just before I left."

Allan was really surprised at the change in the village. There was a whole block of brick store buildings on Main Street, a bank building and a new post office.

"Mr. Lacy was postmaster for awhile," Ben informed him.

"Is that so? He didn't write me about that."

They passed a brick school house on Bridge Street. "What a nice school," Allan said. "Who teaches now?"

"Mr. Mandeville just started to teach there last spring."

Allan counted the spires of three churches. He noticed that the business section had grown to cover three more blocks.

When they reached the Davidson House, Allan asked Ben not to say anything. He walked up to the desk and could hardly keep his voice steady as he said to his benefactor.

"Have you a room for me, sir?"

Mr. Lacy looked up. "Yes I ---" he started to say. "Why Allan, Allan," he exclaimed as he came around the desk to grab Allan by the arms. "My boy, I am glad to see you. How tall you have grown, but where is all your color?"

"I've been sick," Allan said as they stood there shaking each others hand. Then some of the others in the lobby saw that it was Allan and they came to greet him.

After supper, Allan had a grand time sitting around with the men and exchanging stories. Sheriff Yates came in with Judge Vaughan, Mr. Jones, the editor and Mr. Everest, the postmaster with them and a few others. They were all anxious to hear his tales of the battles and life down south.

Then they gave him the news of the town. The subject of the railroad was the most important.

"Well finally," said Mr. Lacy, "the railroad men are showing some signs of doing some work around here. Some of the officials have been in town and I understand work is to be started soon on the McGregor West Railway."

"Has the right of way been secured yet?" someone asked.

"You mean from Austin to Le Roy? Not yet, but we expect it will be soon," answered the postmaster.

They told him news of most of his friends. He was very sorry to hear of Amelia Wheat's death. "But she went to that music college for awhile

and we heard she was doing splendidly," Judge Vaughan told Allan.

Then the talk turned to farming and Allan was told how a few of the farmers had started to raise stock. There were hopes of making the county a great stock as well as a farming county.

"We started an agricultural society a couple of years ago," said Mr. Jones. "We called it the Mower County Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanics Society, and we plan great things for the county. We will have a fair this year, too."

Many other things, Allan was told until it was time to say good night.

Mr. Lacy went up with Allan to his room. "I want to tell you that your bounty money is here for you, Allan."

"That's fine. I can always use $50.00,"Allan said.

"It was raised to $100.00," Mr. Lacy told him.

"I am planning on leaving here for a time too," he went on. "I am giving up the management here and will go to Ohio for a time. I am trying to buy Silas Dutcher's farm and if I can, we will come back to live."

"When will you go, Mr. Lacy?" asked Allan.

"In a few weeks, I think."

"Then I'll wait and go that far with you."

The weeks passed pleasantly for Allan. He renewed many friendships and met new people. He hoped that he could return here to live. He liked the country and felt that it had a good future for a young man. He talked with Mr. Lacy about buying a place and they finally decided that when Allan found out about his inheritance, Mr. Lacy would look for a suitable place for him.

They planned to go to McGregor where they would cross the Mississippi by ferry to Prairie du Chien. From there they would take the train for the east.

When the day came for them, to leave, Allan felt that he was not bidding the new village goodbye, but rather "Au revoir."

IS