

our route lay through heavily wooded country and, of course, a good chance for an ambush. This camp of Indians were very likely the Chippewas who were always friendly to the white people. If it had been the Sioux, we very likely would have had trouble as they were on the warpath. But mother got badly frightened as we passed their camp and our oxen became very unruly and tried to run away on account of one little rascal who jumped up and down in fiendish delight and yelling and flapping his blanket on purpose to frighten them more. And a squaw crossing the road with an ax in her hand and a papoose on her back stopped mother and wanted to trade 'papoose.' Mother had Mary, then a baby in her arms and it frightened mother so badly she was white as paper. Mother said, "No! No!" and walked as fast as she could. How the old squaw did laugh! When told to father he said, "Do you suppose she would have traded her baby for yours? No, no more than you would. She did it to scare you." Well, that was all we saw of Indians.

We came by way of Sparta, and took the ferryboat across the Mississippi to La Crescent. Sure enough, it was raining in Minnesota. From La Crescent to Winona and from there to Enterprise it rained and the roads were simply awful, mud to the hubs. It took us three days to come from La Crescent to Winona. We rested there one night and then came on to Enterprise, a drive of 18 miles which took us a day. We started early in the morning, got to Enterprise about sundown, camped there for the night. In the morning we drove on about one mile and came to a small village called Neoka where we met a Mr. Cowley and family whose wife took pity on poor tired-out mother and invited us in to rest. She asked us to have dinner which as I remember was a good old fashioned "boiled dinner" which we all enjoyed very much after living mostly on bread and milk, and once in a while a pigeon or a pheasant. I recollect about Ettie, Mrs. Cowley's little girl of my own age and I had to eat our dinner on Mr. Cowley's tool chest on account of there not being room at the table, and we thought it great fun. Also, we made mud pies together and always thereafter were fast friends, which has lasted for more than 60 years.

Well, we stayed all night at Mr. Cowley's and the next day Mr. C. and father went to Rush Creek Valley to look at some land which was government land and father filed on under the law as it was then by driving a stake and squatting, which we proceeded to do the very next day, that day being the 4th of July. As we drove along, small bits of snow began to fall and by the time we got to our "home," it was snowing and blowing a perfect gale and was as cold as winter.

Before night it was snow and sleet, everything under a blanket of snow and we with no other protection but the covered wagon. Well, you may well know, mother cried, but weary as she was, helped to make things comfortable for the night, in which we all helped by bringing wood to keep a big fire going through the night. And we would get out of the wagon and run to the fire and get warm, then back and cover up and so the night passed.