

There were plenty of rattlesnakes in and around this valley and one could get \$5 an ounce for their oil and you may be sure we killed or tried to kill every one we saw. One can kill a rattler by a very light tap just back of the head where it joins the neck, with a stick no larger than the little finger. Many are the ones I have killed that way myself. Father used to have an old pair of boots that he kept to go in the woods when he was hunting roots and herbs or rattlers. And over the instep he had cut a slit because they were too tight. One day he went out and was in a small gully where there were some rocks and was bending over using his pick when he felt a tapping on his foot. It was a rattlesnake. He killed it. In a few minutes along came its mate. Well, he killed that and in a short time another came, and still another and another, until he and the faithful old dog had killed 31. So he got some oil that day. In August they shed their skins and go blind. One day my mother was cooking over the outdoor fire when a rattler ran through the fire, scattering the coals in all directions. They killed it. Father said, "Look out, his mate will be along in a minute!" Along came the mate right through the fire. They were blind and, of course, couldn't see where they were going.

The summer we camped out father put the wagon box with its cover still on, up on some stones about three feet from the ground for us to sleep in and in the daytime they put sister Adelia who was a little tot, in there to keep her out of danger while mother was working. One day she called us to come see the pretty 'sing.' Father ran quickly to her and was just in time to save her from a big rattler that was coiled up in one corner of the box ready for a spring. Father killed the snake which was a very large one. After we went to living in our shanty, sister and I pulled down our blankets to go to bed and found a big one fast asleep in it. One day sister and I were after the cows and getting tired, we sat down to make daisy chains. Along came Mr. Rattler across our laps. We jumped up and soon killed him. We went barefoot in those days, only in winter or a holiday did we wear shoes. Father said we could have the oil from all we killed to get us a pair of shoes which were polished cowhide with copper toes. Father went to Winona and bought us each a pair and a new calico dress besides.

Winona was at that time the only shipping point where there was a railroad, and people brought their grain like oats and wheat with teams from all over the state and from Iowa too, to Winona to sell or ship out.

About the year 1863, we moved from the valley to the prairie, father selling his place, bought seven acres a quarter of a mile from Enterprise and built a large house and again went to practicing medicine. People found out he was a doctor and there being no other doctor in the county, urged him to go to practicing. He had dropped out on account of his health, and that was why we came to Minnesota. From that time on, he led a very busy life and a hard one, driving over the prairies with a pony and buggy in summertime and driving a sleigh in winter.