

Both were covered and the sleigh fitted up with heated bricks and jugs of hot water and buffalo robes and blankets to keep him warm. You must know that there were not so many comforts then as now, the roads especially, which were most of them only a wheel track and when drifted full of snow, rather hard to find and many miles wherethere would be no track of any kind, and one would have to plough his way through snow drifts three or four feet high, sometimes more than that. Father always carried a shovel with him to work his way. He did his own driving, but sometimes he would hire a man to go with him when the weather was bad and he had a long drive. We lived in the town of Fremont and his route took him to Forest Grove and Grand Meadow, St. Charles, Rushford and all through Winona, Fillmore, Olmsted Counties. After a few years, other physicians came with the settling up of the country and roads were improved so it was not so hard. We lived near Enterprise several years.

In 1863 there was a great scare about the Indians. A man on a pony came riding from Red Wing and as he rode by each house or village he shouted to them, "The Indians are coming, are on the warpath, killing and scalping all they can lay hands on." Well, everyone in the neighborhood gathered at Enterprise, the men armed with rifles and shotguns. Those who hadn't firearms armed themselves with pitchforks, stove poker, or anything they could lay hands on. We all went into the hotel (which is now a hay barn), barred the doors and windows and waited all that night and part of the next day for an attack that never came for the Indians were the Chippewas who were always friendly to the whites. They were marching from Red Wing to Winona to cross over to Wisconsin where they were going on a hunting trip and the man had got the idea of another raid farther west by the Sioux. After a few months, things got settled and peace was restored, although the country was very unsettled for some time.

Yet, after all, some good times were had. Once in a few months a circuit preacher would come into the neighborhood and preach in the school houses or at some farmer's home and 'boarded around' like the school teachers did, first one family, then another, and it was a great honor to entertain the minister. All sorts of goodies were baked, boiled and stewed to last all the time he was with one, so all the family could go to the 'preaching' which was held all day and evening. Then there were parties, balls, quilting bees, rag rug bees, candy pulls, spelling schools, singing schools, and sometimes picnics when we did have fun.

We gathered all kinds of flowers. And I will speak once more of the valley where we lived, then a few anecdotes of father's, told us of his boyhood days, and bring this rambling to an end or weary the reader. In this valley were so many beautiful flowers, wood lilies, spider lilies, pond lilies, daisies, violets, mayflowers, Indian pinks, lobelia, adder tongue, fringed gentian, lady slipper, may apple, and many others, too numerous to mention. Then the beautiful trout stream that ran through the valley which was well stocked with fish, mostly mountain trout, some of them weighing three and four pounds. In