OLD CLITHERALL'S
STORY BOOK

A HISTORY OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN OTTER TAIL COUNTY, MINN., 1865—1919.

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CHAPTER I—THE FIRST HOME MAKERS.

Previous to the awakening of springtime in the year of our Lord, 1865, the beautiful bit of landscape now included in our home district, lay all untrammeled by living creatures save a few stray, fleeting deer, an occasional bear or prowling wolf, sly foxes and timid cotton tails.

Few human feet had trodden its grassy prairies and lingered midst its splendid forests or along the shores of its clear as crystal lakes—few but the dark-skinned Indians, who wandered o'er it as a hunting ground, killing for food its wild creatures, catching fish from its lakes and streams; gathering from its abundance of wild berries, cherries, plums, nuts, bark and roots.

Oft their camp-fires were kindled while they tarried for a time, but no permanent homes were made.

Thus, the land lay—all new and full of promise—to welcome the first white settlers, who, in the month of May, "the morning of the year," drove slowly, quietly, reverently over prairie hills and wooded vales to the bank of a shining, rippling lake where they halted— filled with admiration and gratitude. They were home at last, and, looking out over the perfect landscape, they thanked God that their long journey was over and that their lot had been cast 'mid such pleasant surroundings.

C. Whiting wrote: "Alone, and far from friends and relatives—the country a wilderness and their neighbors the Indians—this little band of pioneers pitched their tents, and, ere the sun had reached the western horizon, laid the foundation for the first permanent settlement in Otter Tail County."

Let us particularly notice who constituted this interesting little group of travelers who alighted from the great covered wagons and scattered out on this very play ground, District One's first patrons and school children. There were "Uncle Lute" and "Aunt Nett" Whiting, then in their prime, with their five children, Emma, about twelve years old; Lu, Ella, Arthur and baby May. There were Calvin Fletcher and his wife and five children, the oldest being ten years old; Edmund and Augusta Whiting with three children; Jesse and Nancy Burdick with one baby boy, Kary; John and Mary Fletcher; Isaac Whiting with his bride of a year, and his sister, Carmelia, whose parents came later; Uncle Vet Whiting, whose wife and children had been detained by sickness at Crow Wing; Marcus Shaw, whose wife also visited there until later; Lewis Denna, an Indian chief of the Oniedas; Erastus Cutler; James Badham, and DeWitt Sperry; the four last named coming without their wives, who were still in Iowa.

"The location of the pioneers being made on the north shore of Clitherall Lake, the next thing was to obtain a livlihood. Being unable to bring sufficient supplies, they must raise something the first season or suffer with hunger, and as destitution stared them in the face, they were compelled to live on half or quarter rations while laboring to make a start in this wild country. Their horses subsisted entirely upon the short, dry grass while performing their part of the labor. Sixty acres of prairie were broken up and at once sown and planted to different kinds of grain and vegetables. "The providing of shelter for the families was the next matter at hand. The men worked together like a band of brothers and almost daily the body of a log cabin was erected. They were covered with long shingles or shakes. The floors, doors and even the window casings all had to be hewn out with the broad-ax;this required time and much labor, nevertheless fourteen of these simple structures were built, giving the place the appearance of a frontier village."

Isaac Whiting built his first home in this way: he drove stakes in the ground, laid poles across the tops of them and spread quilts on top of the poles for a roof, later replacing the quilts by large strips of bark. When it was too windy for comfort, quilts were also hung up at the sides. A little cook stove was set up under this shelter, which occasionally set the house on fire, but for obvious reasons never did much harm. They continued sleeping in their wagons until the crops were planted and better homes were built.

This, then, was the beginning of our local history—occurring fifty-three years ago. The pages following will tell more of the character and object of these pioneers who left comfortable homes to come here and risk their lives amidst various dangers.

To understand the dangers they were in, we recall the Indian massacre in Minnesota just three years before this settlement was made.

Some years before an attempt had been made to people this country with white inhabitants, and hundreds of homes had been made in western Minnesota. The white people mingled with the Indians in apparent friendship and security until "in 1862 a terrible outbreak of the Sioux Indians took place, in which a small portion of the Chippewa tribe took some active part. During this war one thousand people, or upwards (as reported) were most cruelly murdered. Many buildings were burned, and the families who escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife were compelled to flee for their lives."

And now these settlers at Clitherall had come to build homes among the red men. As one of them wrote: "Miles now intervened between the new settlers and civilization, and one unfriendly act or indiscreet move on the part of the little company would have enraged the natives and caused a massacre of the entire community."

However, these pages will show that only kindness and good-will were shown our fore-fathers by their dark-skinned neighbors.

(All quotations were from C. Whiting's reminiscences, 1885).

CHAPTER II—MEMORIES.

(A story of the poineers' journey from Iowa to Clitherall Lake by a member of the first immigrant party).

Going out this afternoon to rest in my hammock, as I laid my head upon my pillow and closed my eyes, instead of sleep, came a vision of a tiny cottage in far away Iowa; a pair of gray horses standing before its door and behind them a great covered wagon loaded with household goods.

It was afternoon, as it had taken us all the morning to pack our belongings into the wagon and arrange them to our satisfaction. In the front of the wagon-box we must have a little No. 7 cook stove, as it was mid-winter and we were starting on a journey to the cold north and would need a fire to keep our feet warm and to do our cooking. Close by it was a well-filled dinner box, and, back of these, boxes packed with clothing, bedding, dishes, and a few books and pictures. In the very farthest end of the wagon was a plow, and on top of that were two feather-beds, some quilts and pillows.

We had bidden the folks good-by. Carmelia (my husband's sister) and I were seated back of the stove, while Isaac sat in front to drive the horses.

Father Whiting stood by the side of the wagon to bid us God-speed. The boys were too bashful to say good-by or make any fuss over our going, so lingered in the back-ground, and their mother was too overcome by grief to trust herself to come out of the house, while Matt Cutler stood in the door, her face like an April sky, all smiles and tears.

I had not thought much of the parting, being so busy all morning, and, having a strain of "wanderlust" in my composition, inherited from my father, the thought of seeing new places was pleasant to me; but as I took a last look at the little home that had been built for me only a year before, a feeling of sadness and regret came over me, and I wondered if my new home would be as cozy and pleasant.

Regrets were vain now and on we started. Carmelia began to cry bitterly and I soon joined her. For a while nothing was heard but our sobs; then, happening to look around, we both noticed a round hat box we had hung up overhead. It was bobbing around so lively, seeming to strain at the rope which held it, and looked so comical, that, glancing at each other, it caused us to burst into laughter which became fairly hysterical, and did us a world of good.

It was snowing when we left Manti. I remember just how the snow flakes looked and how they blotted out the view of the landscape. It was not cold at all, and I for one enjoyed watching the feathery flakes fall.

We traveled only a few miles that day, then stopped in a sheltered place, ate our supper, arranged our beds in the wagon and lay down to sleep. A quilt had been hung up at the front end of the wagon, and as the air seemed oppressive I asked to have it drawn back. It was my first experience sleeping out-of-doors and the weather turning cold in the night, I took a severe cold which stayed by me the whole three weeks before we reached Red Wing.

My recollections of our journey from Manti to Red Wing are of cold stormy days and of evenings often spent sitting around a roaring camp fire visiting with our fellow-travelers until bed time, when all joined in singing a hymn and afterward united in prayer before retiring to our several wagons to sleep.

Oh! it was hard to get up early on those cold mornings and cook our breakfast, shivering with cold, while the men fed the horses and greased the wagons.

We all suffered, but the rest of our sufferings were light compared to that of Mrs. Calvin Fletcher's. She had no stove along and was obliged to cook by the camp-fire, having five children to cook for, the oldest about ten years of age and the youngest a baby eight months old. How she ever kept them from freezing is a mystery. She had feather-beds along and used to cover them with quilts and they managed to live some way, but must have suffered on those bitter cold days.

Augusta Whiting had three children, the youngest one twelve weeks old. She was so weak the morning we started that she nearly fainted when the women helped to dress her. Of course she had to ride lying in bed with her children.

It was a long, wearisome journey but we reached Red Wing at last where we were welcomed by several families who had preceded us there, coming from Manti in September.

While living at Manti, Father Cutler had told us many times of a place he had seen in a vision; had spoken of the lake and grass, and we, as a church, had long expected to move there, and had hoped he would go with us, but he was called to his heavenly home in the summer before we started.

We were not at all surprised when a few months after his death, the council decided to send Uncle Lewis and Sylvester Whiting to hunt for a location for the church. They started in September, 1864, accompanied by their families and several other families,, stopping for a time at Red Wing, where they rented rooms to live in.

As one object the church had in changing their location was to carry the gospel to the Lamanites or Indians, a party consisting of Lewis and Sylvester Whiting and Lewis Denna went to Crow Wing to visit an Indian chief, Rev. John Johnson, an educated Indian of the Episcopal church. They presented him with a copy of the Book of Mormon, and he acted as interpreter and explained things the visitors taught him to the Indians who did not understand English. All seemed pleased and a treaty was drawn up and signed by seventeen Indian chiefs.

Those who scoffed at our work among the Indians probably owed their lives to the signing of this very paper, as the treaty was never broken even though it was so short a time after the great massacre of 1862, and the red men were still filled with the war spirit.

It was Uncle Lewis, Aunt Nett and others who welcomed us when we reached Red Wing. How sweet dear Aunt Nett's face looked to us. I remember throwing my arms around her neck and then we both cried together. We lived at Red Wing until April the 6th, 1865, and then resumed our journey. After camping the first night we awoke to find it snowing. We moved a little way into a better camping place just before a regular blizzard came swooping down upon us, which kept us there three days. We heard later that several Indians who had been caught out in the storm were frozen to death.

After the blizzard was over we hurried on, stopping at Crow Wing where Uncle Vet joined us, he and his family having lived there since his interview with Chief Johnson.

We crossed the river on a ferry-boat which was a pretty dangerous undertaking as the river was full of logs which were swirling about in the swift current, threatening to strike our boat and demolish it. God was good to us however, and we arrived on the other shore in safety. There were eight teams to be ferried across, which took some time.

When we reached the shore and clambered up the bank I noticed a tall Indian wrapped in a green blanket who was standing under a tree and had been watching our transit across the river. He smiled good-naturedly as we approached and said, "How." I had heard many stories of the "noble red man," but had never seen one until during this journey, and the sight of the first one we encountered swept away all my illusions. I gazed at him in horror and disgust, and wondered if I could endure life among such dirty, repulsive looking people.

As we traveled on through the woods we noticed smoke rising ahead

of us and when we reached a little bridge across a stream we found it burning. The men put the fire out and we crossed safely. It was smoky for several miles, but by night-fall we were out of the woods.

When spring came it was much pleasanter traveling, and the out-door life agreed with us fine. Augusta Whiting got so strong she could walk several miles each day and I became quite a pedestrian myself.

When we finally reached Otter Tail Lake, and I stood on the shore watching the rolling waves, it seemed as though we had reached the end of the world. At the north end of the lake I could see a dim mysterious looking forest, back of me was a row of log houses and north of those was an Indian burying ground. The houses were only empty shells and so filthy we could not even step inside. I suppose they had been built by white settlers before the raid and perhaps they had all been murdered by the savages. As I thought of their possible fate, I turned away shuddering.

We had been directed only this far on our journey and where to go next was the question. A meeting was called that evening and we called on the Lord to guide us. The direction was made known and the next night we were camped on the north shore of Battle Lake. Most of the company liked the place and we hoped we had reached the end of our journey. Some began laying out places for gardens, some cut down a large tree and made a rude log canoe.

Uncle Sylvester however, was not satisfied in his mind that this was the place appointed by the Lord for us to settle. In the morning he and Marcus Shaw and James Badham took the new boat, crossed Battle Lake and discovered Lake Clitherall. When they returned and described the place they had found, Sylvester Whiting, Lewis Whiting, Calvin Fletcher and James Badham drove around the lake and crossing the outlet at the east end, came to Clitherall Lake. They had been told through the gifts to unite in prayer and accordingly, Uncle Sylvester and James Badham and Uncle Lewis knelt down in front of where the church now stands and offered fervent prayer to God; and there Uncle Lewis received a revelation that this was the spot appointed by the Lord for the church to settle on. Next morning, the 6th of May, 1865, we all arrived at beautiful Lake Clitherall.

—Mrs. Isaac Whiting.

CHAPTER III—THE SECOND IMMIGRATION.

Three months these families lived here together, when they began looking forward to the coming of other friends and relatives. Each day some of them went to the highest land possible (the grave-yard hill) and scanned the horizon hoping to see the long train of covered wagons which they knew were on the way to this new home. Houses were built for some of them, and their coming eagerly awaited.

At last, on July 31, the glad news was heralded down the street, "They're coming! They're coming across the prairie around the east end of the lake!"

I suppose it would be difficult to tell which group were the happier, the tired travellers or those who welcomed them so joyously. The newcomers were delighted with the location and happy to find that the little band who had preceded them were all here and that all were well.

In the second party were the following: Chauncey Whiting, Edmund Fletcher, Lyman and Hyrum Murdock, Uriah Eggleston, Henry Way, Alma Sherman, William Mason, Reuben Oaks, Mr. Stillman, DeWitt Sperry—all with their families—also Mrs. Sylvester Whiting and children, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Denny, Mother Cutler, Mrs. Martha Cutler, Emily Pratt, Laura Lang, Tom Mason, Mr. Olmstead and Almon Whiting.

All of these, however, did not make homes here. Some of them returned to Iowa that fall, including James Badham, Erastus and Martha Cutler, Edmund and Augusta Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Eggleston and Mr. Olmstead.

FROM THE OLD HOME TO THE NEW.

On the last day of May, 1865, a large company of neighbors and friends left Manti, Iowa, to join those from that locality who had gone to Minnesota the previous year.

I was then nine years old, and I remember the excitement the day we started. Two large covered wagons each with three yokes of oxen hitched to them, stood heavily loaded at the door, and friends had come to say goodby. Those of my brothers, Warren, Alonzo, Lurett, Alfred and Chan, who were not needed to drive teams for someone, were on horseback ready to drive the cattle and sheep that were to be taken with us. My parents, with Lucy one year old, sister Louisa (Lide) and I rode in one wagon.

We girls had brought our dolls with us for company, and the only real heartache I remember was when we drove off and left our little dog Ring behind. He had been our playmate so long that to see him sitting there wagging his tail and watching and listening for an invitation to go with us made the big lumps come up in our throats until we nearly choked. Father thought two dogs were too many to take along, and as we had another one which the boys called theirs they won out and we had to leave Ring with our friends.

We soon reached our first camping place, only four miles from home, where we stayed three days waiting for all the company to get together for the trip. When all had arrived and all arrangements were made we started out together. There were about thirty-five wagons, loaded with emigrants and with things necessary to take to our new home, though all of these did not reach our destination. The captain of our company always went ahead on horseback to get the train started out right and find camping grounds.

Every noon and night all of the wagons lined up like a small fo[illegible] campfires were built and meals cooked over the fire. Folding tables were untied from the sides of the wagon and set up, around which the families gathered. It makes me hungry now to think how good everything tasted after our long rides or walks in the open air. Wild game was often cooked and provisions bought in the towns through which we drove.

In the evenings after the dishes were washed and mother made things ready for the night, all of the girls would get together for a ramble over our camp grounds and as far away as we dared to venture to see the beautiful new country.

We slept in the wagons, of course, and would have been very comfortable had it not been for the stamping of horses, lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep and frequent hard rainstorms.

On rainy days we girls had to stay in the wagons, but would play with our dolls, read, eat our lunch and so pass the time very pleasantly.

When Saturday came we always knew we had two days of rest and recreation. Saturdays mother did our washing and baked bread. Our b[illegible] was made in two large loaves and baked in an iron kettle with a heavy cover. The kettle was placed on a bed of coals in the campfire; the coals were kept raked up around it and were

also put on top of the iron cover, so the bread baked through as nicely as could be. Mother always set the bake kettle under the wagon at night, and one morning when she was going to use it she found a big snake curled up in it.

We milked our cows and poured the milk into a big can, tied a strong wire around it and hung it under the wagon. When night came the jar of the wagon had churned the milk until there were large lumps of butter in it. So we had butter provided for us without our having the work of churning it.

On one of the camp grounds the men went out hunting a badger and cut a tree down to get it. The boys' little black dog was taking part in the hunt and the tree fell onto him and hurt him so badly he died. After that we longed for our little Ring more than ever, but it was too late now. He was too far behind.

One more accident occurred which gave us some excitement. The train of wagons was going down a steep hill when the team Charley Taylor was driving got the best of his management and the wagon tipped over. We were all frightened. Charley got out safe but a good many useful things were broken or spilled. The big lard can tipped over and the melted lard ran down the hill except what soaked into the wagon cover, which oiled it so well that it never leaked after that.

I must tell how the sheep were taken across the streams and rivers. The men would wade into the water, one after another, taking hold of hands, until the line of men reached across the stream. Then some one drove the sheep into the water, one at a time, and each man in the line pushed the sheep along to the next man until all were safely over.

Days, weeks and months went by and we knew we were nearing our new home, which created great excitement. We would soon see our relatives and friends who had reached there in May, some of whom we had not seen since September. When at last, July 31st, we drove out of Leaf Mountains, where we had gone up hill and down until we were dizzy, we came out on a broad prairie and we now knew that we were within a few miles of Clitherall.

Soon we saw in the distance a man on horseback riding toward us at great speed, which proved to be our dear brother Isaac coming to meet us. We were oh, so happy! I remember mother cried for joy when she recognized him. In a few hours we reached Clitherall and met our sister Carmelia, sister-in-law Jennie, uncles, aunts and cousins.

Cousins Em, Lu and Ella gave us an invitation at once to visit the Indian camps which were a new thing to us, as we had never been near a wigwam. We were anxious to go and were led down by the lake shore where a lot of Indians were camped, but when we came in sight of them we were so frightened that Lide got behind me and hung to my waist so tight I could scarcely walk and my own teeth were chattering. But the girls declared they would not hurt us so we ventured close enough to the wigwams to get a peep at a papoose and this banished our fears, and it was not long until the Indian children were our playmates, though they were so rough we never enjoyed them much.

We moved into our log cabins, some of which had already been built for us, and spent in them many happy, never-to-be-forgotten years.

Ann Whiting Barnhard.

CHAPTER IV—OLD TOWN IN ITS YOUTH.

Among the inconveniences experienced by these settlers was that their nearest trading point was Sauk Center, sixty-five miles away. Their post office was St. Cloud, one hundred miles away. For several years they hauled their wheat to St. Cloud to be ground into flour and their wool to Minneapolis to be carded into rolls.

Later their mail was brought from Alexandria one winter on a dog-sled. Wm. McArthur brought a stock of goods to Otter Tail City to trade to the Indians for furs, and the Indians sometimes brought these goods to Clitherall to trade for provisions. Finally, Giles Peak filled up one of the old deserted buildings at Otter Tail with dry-goods and groceries which afforded the Clitherall people a nearer trading point. The mail route was also extended to Otter Tail, making that their post office.

There were cook stoves in most or all of the homes, but there were no heating stoves the first winter. All had fire places and "stick chimneys." The houses became so cold nights that the bread would freeze so hard that in the morning they had to cut it up with an axe and steam it.

The second winter they had heating stoves and were more comfortable in many ways. They had made deeper cellars and filled them with vegetables and there was no scarcity of wild meat.

From their own sheep wool was secured which the women carded and spun and made into cloth for men's, women's and children's clothes. They knit socks for sale, made from their own yarn, and earned considerable in that way.

There were no lamps. They made their own tallow candles by holding a string (the wick) over a large pan or boiler and pouring melted tallow over it, letting it run along down the string and repeating as fast as the last coating cooled until it was a suitable size. Some of the families owned candle molds, in which they put the wicks and poured the tallow.

In 1867 (?) Uncle Vet put in a store in one room of his house. He kept groceries, dry goods, shoes, etc. Later the goods were moved to a new store building near Uncle Lewis's who then kept the store.

Marcus Shaw kept a boarding house and had a good many transient customers, including pioneers hauling goods to their new homes.

Chauncey Whiting, who was a blacksmith and wagon maker, had brought a kit of tools with him and built the first blacksmith shop in the county.

Isaac Whiting made the first chairs.

S. J. Whiting was first postmaster.

Lurette and Isaac Whiting made the first wagons.

William Mason was a shoe-maker.

Zeruah Sherman and her mother wove cloth on a loom made by the settlers.

Warren Whiting was the local photographer.

Marcus Shaw owned the first broadcast seeder and F. L. Whiting the first horse-power threshing machine.

W. W. Gould drove the stage (1880-1884) from Clitherall (part of the time from Battle Lake) to Perham. He was paid $190 a year for carrying the mail sack but earned more than that amount taking freight and passengers. He made the trip, which required two days, once a week. Part of the time he went only as far as Otter Tail City, making the trip in one day, for the same money.

The railroad was built in 1881 and the present village of Clitherall founded. Since then the first town has been known as Old Clitherall or Old Town.

Besides the church store already mentioned, a frame store-building was built by Jed Anderson and Almon Whiting (Uncle Vet's son, not his brother) on the place where Orris Albertson's saw-mill now is. It was operated a year or so, 1874-5, when they became interested in a mill in Leaf Mountains, lost money and closed the store.

In 1877 Jed Anderson and Orris Albertson put a small stock of general merchandise into the building, but as there was not business enough for two Anderson sold out his interest and Albertson became owner of the property. In 1881 the railroad was built past Battle Lake and he moved his stock of goods to that village.

The railroad company built a supply store on the hill overlooking the lake just southeast of the other store, and the crew, about thirty-five in number, were boarded for nearly three months at the "Albertson Hotel," their home being where the garden is now, west of the mill.

Doctor Ames had the house built where George W. Underhill lives for a drug-store while he practiced here. He later moved to Fergus Falls.

Doctor James Wendell, George Gould's half-brother, also practiced here a year or more and then returned to Wisconsin.

CHAPTER V—HOW THE LAKE WAS NAMED.

How we wish these early homemakers had been the ones to give this lake its name!

We wish they had given it a name they particularly loved and reverenced because of some memory in past associations or in anticipation of their future peaceful home, or, perhaps out of respect for some place or person in their sacred books.

This would have given it an added fascination for those of us who love the place partly for our forefathers' sake. It seems a harsh intrusion that another who apparently had no interest in the place or its future, should have left forever his name on this picturesque water.

However, long association with the name has given to it a ring of beauty and genuineness that makes us admire and like it after all.

Major George B. Clitherall was register of the United States land office at Otter Tail City from 1858 to 1861. Whether by his own choice or some one else's his name was given to the lake is not known, but it evidently was named before the settlement was made on its shore. The village and township took their name from the lake.

Little is known of Major Clitherall. From Otter Tail City, he returned to his home in Alabama and assisted the Confederacy during the Civil War. (Facts taken from Mason's History of Otter Tail County.)

CHAPTER VI—THE CHURCH.

The chief characteristic of the pioneers of Clitherall was their religious belief. Notwithstanding the fact that this belief was founded on the Bible and was dignified by Christian living, it has been considered by everyone, out side of the membership, as "peculiar."

Church history shows that a church —The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—was founded in the year of 1830, by the direction of God through Joseph Smith of New York. It was the restoration to earth of the Old Jerusalem Gospel. Joseph Smith, president of the church, was martyred in 1844, the body of the church thus being left without a leader.

Brigham Young wrongfully assumed the leadership, taking hundreds of deceived followers with him to Utah where they were rebaptized and converted to polygamy and to various other evil doctrines. Some members of the original church waited for Joseph Smith's son, Joseph, to become old enough to succeed his father as president of the church. These formed the present Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Others organized under different leaders.

These factions as they developed have come to differ widely in their belief, but all of them have been called "Mormons" because of their claim to a belief in the Book of Mormon—a history of ancient America.

Following are extracts from a manuscript written by Mrs. Isaac Whiting in 1916 on the organization which included the first immigrants to Clitherall, she having copied some of the facts from an article written by Chauncey Whiting. We quote from where he had written of Brigham Young's leading a part of the church from Illinois to Utah:

" 'Not knowing what better we could do, we followed on enmasse as far as the Missouri River and crossed over to the Nebraska side. In the meantime opportunities were presented for a more thorough investigation of some of the doctrinal points held by that portion of the church who accepted Brigham Young as a leader. Finding that they did not harmonize with the law and order of God we could not endorse them as principles of salvation, right or righteousness. Thereupon we changed our course returning back to the southwestern part of the state of Iowa, and eventually selected a location in Fremont County, where a church was organized under the supervision of Alpheus Cutler, and under more wholesome principles. Things went on smoothly until August, 1864, when our leader, Alpheus Cutler, was taken away by death. Some divisions arose relative to the rights of authority; the church became measurably broken up and it was thought advisable to sell our farms and remove to Minnesota. Arrangements were made accordingly, and on the first day of June, 1865, we started on our journey, arriving at Clitherall Lake, Otter Tail County, on the last day of July, 1865, where we met with a few of our brethren and their families who had been sent the previous fall to hunt a location for our little colony.'

"In process of time all disagreements in regard to authority were amicably settled and Chauncy Whiting Sr., was chosen and sustained by a unanimous vote and ordained first president of the Church of Jesus Christ under the hands of Brothers Charles Sperry and Almon W. Sherman. He then chose his two counsellors, viz., Isaac M. Whiting and Lyman Murdock. The church was first incorporated on Feb. 25th, 1873, at which time Chauncey Whiting, Isaac Whiting, and Lyman Murdock were elected trustees.

"In the process of time Chauncey Whiting died, and about six years ago Isaac M. Whiting took his place as first president of the Church of Jesus Christ. The church was again set in order, and as they had not been working in the Temporal Union for several years the church was again incorporated on August 17th, 1912, at a meeting of the congregation of the church at Old Clitherall.

"The church elected the following officers: Isaac M. Whiting, president; Chas. L. Whiting, secretary; Erle Whiting, James Fletcher and Emery Fletcher, trustees. At this same meeting it was decided that the name of the church should henceforth be known as the Church of Jesus Christ.

"At the present time the officers of the church are Isaac M. Whiting, first president; Emery G. Fletcher, Isaac Whiting's first counsellor; Erle Whiting, Isaac Whiting's second counsellor; Charles L. Whiting, president; James Fletcher his first counsellor, and Julian E. Whiting his second counsellor.

"Our Belief.

"We believe in God the Eternal Father, in his son Jesus Christ and in the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that all men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression.

"We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be

saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.

"We believe that these ordinances are: First, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that men must be called of God by prophecy, and by laying on of hands of those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

"We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the ten tribes; that Zion will be built upon this continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive the paradise glory.

"We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where and what they may.

"We believe in being subject to presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men.

"We believe it right to love the Lord with all our might, strength and mind, and our neighbor as ourselves, and that we should administer relief and comfort to the sick and afflicted, and aid the poor and needy.

"Yea, more; we believe it right to become one, or equal, in temporal as well as in spiritual things—all enjoying alike the comforts of life; and that the priest is no better than the member or hearer—all being one in Christ Jesus and privileged alike to partake of the heavenly gift.

"We believe in being neat, clean and comely, but pride and vanity in all its forms and excesses in following the different fashions of the world is displeasing in the sight of God and must be supplanted by humility and simplicity.

"We believe in being strictly honest between man and man and also with our Maker, in observing all the laws and commandments which He has given.

"We believe it right to investigate or converse upon any subject or principle in a friendly manner, which purports to be for salvation. But we view it to be beneath the dignity of a saint to debate for strife or revile against revilers, though ever so much they may hate or abuse.—"Mrs. Isaac Whiting."

Religious services were held from the day the first settlers came, but as there was no church building the meetings were held out doors or in dwelling houses and in the school house.

In 1879 a log church was built which in 1912 was replaced by the present frame building, both being in the same place.

CHAPTER VII—ORGANIZATION OF THE COUNTY, THE FIRST TOWNSHIP AND SCHOOL DISTRICT ONE.

Otter Tail County had been organized or defined by a Legislative Act of March 18, 1858, but not until 1868 was the county formally organized with a complete set of officers.

Otter Tail City had been designated as the county seat, but when the commissioners first met they did not meet there but here in Clitherall in a house which stood near where our school house stands, the home of Marcus Shaw.

Marcus Shaw and Chauncey Whiting were county commissioners, and S. J. Whiting had been appointed by the state as county auditor.

They continued to meet in Clitherall until March, 1870, holding eleven meetings, so, in the sense that the county seat is where the county business is done, Old Clitherall was the first county seat.

Clitherall was the first township organized in Otter Tail County.

A petition was presented to the county commissioners Oct. 34, 1868, asking for its organization and that it be known by the name of Clitherall.

No record is found of the petition being granted, but it evidently was, as the Township of Clitherall is mentioned in connection with the work of the commissioners in 1869.

The spring following the establishing of Clitherall Township the county commissioners received the following petition:

To the County Commissioners of the County of Otter Tail, State of Minnesota.

The undersigned, a majority of the legal voters of the territory to be affected thereby, do hereby petition your honorable body to organize a new school district, to be comprized of the following territory, to wit:

Being township 132 North, in Range 40 West.

Dated at Clitherall this 19th day of March, 1869.

Names.

Marcus Shaw.
Chauncey Whiting.
S. J. Whiting.
C. G. Fletcher.
Reuben Oakes.
F. L. Whiting.
Hyrum Murdock.
Jesse Burdick.
T. Mason.
Charles Sperry.

This being the first petition of the kind to be considered in the county, the district thus organized (including all of Clitherall Township) became District One.

The District has since been divided, as the increased population required, until the original territory now includes all or part of Districts 6, 14, 23, 34, 72, 155 and 257, besides District 1.

The first two county superintendents of schools were chosen from District One—William Corliss and E. E. Corliss.

(Facts taken from Mason's History of Otter Tail County.)

CHAPTER VIII—THE SCHOOL.

(This chapter was written by one who, as a school girl, came to Clitherall with the first colony. The first school was held in a building built for a dwelling house by Reuben Oakes about twenty rods southeast of where our present schoolhouse stands.)

The first school I ever heard of in Otter Tail County was held in the winter of 1866-1867. The teacher was a Miss Zernah Sherman, who, for a time, had attended college at Tabor, Iowa.

The district was not yet organized and the teacher was paid by the patrons—sixteen dollars a month.

The schoolhouse was built with an old-fashioned fire-place at one end which was admirably contrived so as to let most of the heat go up the chimney. The roof was of shakes and the floor of puncheons. There were three small windows in the house as I remember it.

There were at least thirty pupils enrolled, I think, among whom was Geo. Johnson, the son of the Chief of the Chippewa Nation. His father, wishing to give him an education and hearing of the school at Clitherall, made all arrangements and sent his son to board with Alma Sherman's family while the term lasted.

We used the school-books that we had brought from Iowa—Wilson Readers, McGuffy's Spellers, Arithmetics, Grammars, Geographies, slates, pencils and writing-books, but no tablets.

The sessions were held on all week days except Monday. That was washday, and girls were supposed to help their mothers wash. In fact, no girl's education was considered complete

until she had been taught all the intricacies of housekeeping and home economics, from darning stockings to making a chicken pie, while knitting and spinning were common vocations in those days.

Our teacher was kind and considerate, but when some of the big boys became too boisterous and unruly and forgot their manners, I tell you she rang the bell vehemently, and in spite of her natural timidity and disinclination to scold she gave them such a fierce lesson on good manners and the proprieties to young ladies that it really took effect, and worked so well that one of the young gentlemen afterward married the teacher.

Along in January the snow became so deep that we could not wade to school. I think it was between two and three feet deep. But the men fixed a sort of three cornered box, deep and low on runners, and the driver would stand in the box while the horses pulled it through the deep snow from one house to another and then to the school house. This plowed a deep path for us to walk in. I believe they had to do this several times that winter.

I remember a little excitement we had one day when Sylvester McIntyre undertook to exercise authority over some of his cousins. The little boys' father, from his near-by wood pile, observed Sylvester's sly cuffs and pinches, which things raised his righteous indignation, so one recess he sallied over to the school grounds and a pitched battle ensued, the only one I had ever witnessed. The combatants, uncle and nephew, were soon wallowing on the ground. First one seemed uppermost, then the other, while the whole school surrounded them in a circle.

I was terribly frightened and thought, like people do now, that some one ought to know enough to stop the war. Looking around I saw cousin Rett standing near and I began to beg him to try to separate them, but he was evidently enjoying it too much to care to interfere, for he only laughed and said, "They won't hurt each other much."

Well, he was right about it, for they soon got enough of it. Sylvester wriggled loose and went sedately to the schoolhouse to wash his face and bleeding nose, while his uncle went home, a sadder and wiser man.

I was afraid such behavior would make trouble in the church, but the next Sunday the warring factions both appeared at the service, each with a black eye and bruised bump (of caution). The uncle was chorister and chose for the opening hymn one with very applicable words:

"Fightings without and fears within
Since we assembled last."

The assembly seemed to think this was a sufficient confession, so no harm came of it. I wish all fusses could be as easily settled.

Near the close of school the idea of an entertainment was discussed. As magazines and literature, from which to obtain material were scarce, Delia Sherman and I decided we could furnish the poetry, so we took the geography and gave them the names of all the states, capitals and rivers in rhyme, but I cannot recall a line of that literary achievement today.

I know we learned some things in that school. I loved arithmetic and hated grammar.

That was fifty-two years ago. Most of the people I knew then, our teacher among the number, are gone, and the rest of us are only waiting.

Emma L. (Whiting) Anderson

Emma L. Whiting later taught in that schoolhouse. Other teachers there were William Corliss, Roseltha Corliss, Orris Albertson, George Hammer, Eleanor Gould Whiting, Sadie Pelton, and Lucia Whiting Murdock.

Abner Tucker tells this story of an occurrence in that school during Geo. Hammer's administration:

While Eddy Fletcher was reciting with his class one day, Anson Sherman, who sat in the seat behind Eddy Fletcher's, placed a bent pin in a dangerous position on the seat in front of him. Eddy, returning from class, slate in hand, dropped down heavily onto the seat—the pin included.

Without a doubt as to who placed the familiar thing there he arose, turned to the boy behind him and raising the slate in both hands slammed it down onto Anson's head. The slate smashed, and the frame went on down over his head with more force than he cared to have used to jerk it off and the frame had to be broken before it could be removed.

In 1880 a new school site was selected and a frame schoolhouse built which is still in use. Among the teachers are Dr. Ames, Miss Thayer, Porter Caesar, Miss Webster, Miss Lockhart, Hettie Bonner, Anna Gibbons, Archie Chapin, George Vogel, Miss Hill, Addie Lindsey, Jessie Smith, Hulda Evander, Ida Evander, Howard Miller, Mae Everts, Emma Smith McAteer, Leon Gould, Hattie Oaks, Vina Tuffs, Alice Elithorpe, Martha Schaet, Emily Whiting, Olive Murdock Eddingfield, Nina Gould Tucker, Nettie Tucker and Hallie Gould.

CHAPTER IX—THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN OLD CLITHERALL.

(The Fourth of July of 1870 was probably the first one ever celebrated in the county. People came from St. Olaf, Silver Lake and Oak Lake and met with the pioneers in Old Town. One of the visitors wrote the following account of it:)

It was forty-eight years ago this Fourth of July. We lived in St. Olaf at that time. Word had come to us from William Corliss that Clitherall was going to celebrate on the coming Natal day and that the people of St. Olaf were cordially invited to come over and be their guests for the day.

We had known William Corliss several years before as our school teacher in Fillmore County.

Several loads of St. Olafites eagerly accepted the invitation and made ready for the trip. We were exceedingly anxious for the day to come, as many strange stories concerning the "Mormons" had come to us. Some said the men had horns on their heads like yearling calves. Others said the women had noses like fish-hooks.

It was a jolly crowd that left Lake Jolly Ann in St. Olaf on that beautiful summer morning for our first visit to Clitherall and the "Mormons."

Our ride was uneventful as we drove through woodland and across the wild, unbroken, roadless prairie.

Our first excitement was while we were crossing what is now the Corliss farm just west of the outlet of Lake Clitherall. "Mother Mack," as she was called, stood beside the road. Some one said, "There's a Mormon woman!" I looked at her nose. My! but my very hair stood on end. I now fully believed all the stories I had heard about the men.

Then, at the top of the hill ahead of us, we saw a flag waving in the breeze. My! what a flag!

We had a flag with us, made years before in Fillmore County. We were proud of that flag. We brought it along to show the "Mormons" that we had a flag. It was sadly faded and weather-beaten but it was a flag.

Well, when theirs came in sight we would have hidden ours if we could.

Theirs was borne aloft in a bandwagon. The band, with a gay crowd of young people, had driven out to meet us.

A fun-loving girl in their crowd pointed with her little finger and shouted, "Look at the flag!" and then

laughed gleefully. They called her "Lu."

Roseltha Corliss rose up and with tears in her eyes said, "You needn't laugh at that flag. I helped make it ten years ago."

In the band-wagon was Roseltha's father, George Gould, making his fife fairly burst with melody while his foot kept time to the martial music. Clayton Gould, looking as sober as a judge, made his drum-sticks fly over his snare drum, while "Cy" Albertson kept time on the large bass drum.

We removed our hats and cheered loudly when the welcoming music ceased.

Then our old friend and teacher smilingly, with appropriate words, gave voice to the joyous welcome that had been shining in his face.

I was so infatuated with the girl who had laughed at our flag that I forgot all about the horns and fish-hooks.

The band-wagon turned back and we all drove along the hillside to near where Camp Corliss is now located, where that incomparable jewel among lakes opened to our enraptured gaze. We drove around the shore, not taking our eyes from the lake until the driver exclaimed, "Geo! look on the other side!"

There came Eddy Fletcher running on one foot, and his sister Sarah with half a dozen kinds of grins chasing each other over her happy face. They were followed by Calvin Fletcher and a host of little Fletchers.

Up the hill and down the hill along the lake for a little way, then in a cabin door on our left stood what I first thought was a young gorilla grinning at us, while in his hands he held a monstrous tooth as large as a quart measure. I thought, "Maybe it's so after all," and I wondered what the next one would look like.

We drove on past "Mother Mack's" home and up a little hill when on our left stood a man. I wish I could fitly describe him. He reminded me of Jacob who wrestled with the angel and dislocated his hip. He was standing on one foot, his left hand holding his hat, his right hand holding his cane, while he voiced a happy welcome, with his waving black locks and beard, his happy face and whole attitude making such a pleasing picture that my heart then and there went out to "Uncle Vet."

The program was held in the grove just back of where the Old Town meeting-house now stands. The Declaration of Independence was read by Grandfather Jacob Sherman, Mrs. George Gould's father from Silver Lake, the oldest person present. That good old patriarch, Father Sperry prayed God's blessing on the gathering, and "Uncle Chauncey" gave the address, telling of God's providence in guiding them to this beautiful shore.

Then the dinner hour came. A long table in the grove had been prepared. It was covered with snow-white table cloths and fairly groaned under its load of good things—green peas, new potatoes, chicken pie, goose-berry pie, maple syrup, maple sugar, sweet cake, great loaves of pure white flour bread and pounds and pounds of yellow butter.

Oh! those goose-berry pies! I remember that I called for "more pie." A rosy-cheeked waitress, Ellen Murdock, came to me with a glorious combination of flour, shortening, gooseberries and sugar and said, "Here, try this. I made it." I "tried" a hemisphere of it, capacity alone preventing me from eating it all.

"Mother Mack" was at the dinner. Before meal time she marched over the ground with a buffalo-chip on her head, tied there with a strip of red calico. She tossed her head scornfully and said she looked as well as those St. Olaf girls.

As she passed the table she picked up a bread knife and scooped out the center of a goose-berry pie as deftly as any Sioux warrior ever scalped a white man. I was frightened and went up a tree like a squirrel.

Uncle Lewis Whiting came to my rescue and said kindly, "Come down, boy. The old woman is crazy but she is harmless. She won't hurt you at all, so don't be afraid."

With my chum of Fillmore County school-days, W. W. Gould, (I have always called him Winnie) we visited all the interesting places of Clitherall. Among these I recall Uncle Vet's store, Uncle Chan's tin-shop, Uncle Ed's blacksmith shop, Uncle Al's chair shop and his mules, Rett and Lon's wagon shop, Warren's clothespin factory, the saw-mill run by horse-power, and the queer little schoolhouse on the lake shore.

Several years later I was "schoolma'am" in that building.

I vividly recall some of the faces in that Fourth of July crowd. Good old honest Hyrum Murdock was there. He at one time refused to take more than $1.50 for seed potatoes when we offered him the market price of $2.00 a bushel. He told us that he could not sleep nights if he charged a neighbor that much for potatoes.

Uncle Al was there. A girl who could talk in seven languages at the same time, with half a dozen youngsters whom I supposed were her sisters and brothers were all calling him "pa," when I learned to my amazement that she was his wife and the mother of all those youngsters. May "Aunt Lyd" live forever and die happy.

Tom Mason was there warning us that "this is what was spoken of by Joel the prophet."

A young man and a delightful girl were there who seemed very much devoted to each other. I asked "Aunt Lyd" who they were. "Oh, that's Lon and Em," she said. "They just jumped the broom-stick yesterday. Been going together ever since they were two years old."

That was nearly fifty years ago and that good couple are still going together.

One of the attactions of the day was rendered by a sheep from the Clitherallites' large flock—an old ram that was possessed of a very puglistic disposition. The boys had tormented him until he would backoff, lower his head and charge at the slightest provocation. One of the boys, Lett Murdock, I think, got behind a big stump and, looking over the top and holding his hat out at the side in sight of the old buck, he attracted the animal's attention. The old fellow gave his head a few shakes and lowering it he came at the hat like a snow-plow and locomotive charging a cut full of snow. When within about ten feet he arose in the air and with bent neck and stiffened body he struck the hat a center blow, went over onto his knees for a moment and then rose stupidly and walked off, evidently thinking with the poet Longfellow that "things are not what they seem."

We returned to our homes that night impressed with the thought that abides with us still, that the pioneers of Old Clitherall were among the salt of the earth. They were honest, law-abiding, industrious, God-fearing, and neighborly in the fullest measure.

Long live their memory.

Geo. Hammer.

CHAPTER X—THE SHEPHERDESS OF DISTRICT ONE.

(Laura Lang came to Clitherall with the second colony, July 31, 1865. Her house was built upon these school grounds, where she also had a garden. One of those who befriended her wrote this story of their acquaintance.)

Dear old Aunt Laurie, I can see her yet in my mind's eye—tall, angular, slightly bent in form, as if better to watch over her sheep. All alone in

the world, she seemed, though friends were near. Faithful to the truth as she believed it, a strong believer in the Restoration of the Gospel in these latter days, though perhaps a little mixed up in mind as to where the authority was after the "dark and cloudy day."

I have watched her many a time as she started off in the morn with the flock of sheep, and as she returned at night, tired and worn, but thankful that her precious sheep were safe.

I saw her first when I was a child at Manti, Iowa, and remember the little house on the hillside which was pointed out to me as Aunt Laurie Lang's.

I believe she was an aunt or distant relative of Franklin Pratt's. Perhaps that is why every one in the community called her Aunt Laurie.

While in Iowa she became noted for her love and watch-care of sheep, and when the exodus of the Latter Day Saints from Iowa to Minnesota occurred in 1865 Aunt Laurie came along.

I do not know who furnished the team and wagon with which to haul her belongings, consisting of bedding for one bed, a few clothes and dishes, a small stove and cooking utensils, a clock, looking-glass, spinning-wheel, broom, mop, tub and board. But I am told that she walked most of the way, like the Israelites of old, following her woolly, bleating flock. They started on the last day of May, I believe, and reached their destination the last day of July, and from the round-about way they went I think they must have journeyed between 800 and 1000 miles.

Although Mr. Olmstead and others helped care for the sheep, and owned most of them, Aunt Laurie seemed to think the sheep and lambs were her especial care.

The travellers were so thankful to reach the end of their journey that they set apart a day for thanksgiving and feasting, and a sheep or two were sacrificed as meat for the occasion. Every one was invited. Aunt Laurie was present at meal time and meeting, but was soon seen hurrying away to see that none of the sheep went astray.

As soon as possible the men made a "bee" and hauled logs and put up a house for the widow.

She had been married after pretty well along in years, but the union was not a happy one and they separated. I never saw Mr. Lang.

The house had just one room with shake roof, puncheon floor, a chimney of sticks, stones, mud and mortar, one door and a window of six panes of glass.

Aunt Laurie was a happy woman when it was completed and she could move in, and out of the abundance of her thankfulness she offered the use of her house for church services for that summer. It was gladly accepted, and I remember some very earnest and devout services held in that house.

Some one plowed up a garden for her, and when the wheat-fields were sown a generous plot of ground was set apart as the widow's field, and some one was always found willing to sow, harvest, thresh, and haul her wheat to a bin. So with her garden, chickens, a cow, a pig, a few sheep and her wheat she made a living.

At first a long, low shed was built as a fold a little way back of her house, and, no matter how many others tried to help take care of the sheep, she never felt that they were entirely safe unless she had looked after them. As long as the weather was favorable or the grass not covered with snow she was out herding sheep, and when night fell she returned to her lonely house where her cat was her only company.

When feed was scarce in one locality she led the flock to another, and woe to the dog or other creature that came within reach of her staff if it tried to frighten or injure the sheep.

Dogs and boys were the bane of her life, but the sheep seemed to know and follow her, while the little weak lambs were often carried in her ample apron, which was of some strong dark stuff and never seemed to be any too clean. And no wonder, when you consider how she was out in all kinds of weather where briers and bushes would fray her skirts, and dust cling and mud spatter.

Oh, she was no slave to fashion, and, I will admit, was no beauty either, with her wisps of gray hair hanging over her face which was devoid of color except a well tanned one, and her piercing gray eyes looking out from under over-arching brows as if to read your very soul and see if you had any evil designs against her or her precious sheep.

Of course her housework was sadly neglected, and her window became so fly-specked one could hardly see through it.

I was about thirteen years old when I told my mother that I believed Aunt Laurie was lonely and I was going to call on her, so, taking my quilt blocks along to piece, I waded through the snow to her home.

I felt a little afraid that first time, as I had heard some very unkind hints that she might be a witch, and it was supposed that if a witch took a grudge against you she could cause you some bad luck, and a witch was always pictured as tall, angular, with gray hair and one to be avoided. I knew people seldom went to her house and she rarely went among other people except to church, but after that first visit I was never afraid to go again.

I knocked at the door and heard her say, "Come in." She looked surprised when she saw me and stood waiting as if for me state my errand, but when I said, "I came over to see if you were well," she, to my surprise, laid aside her austere manner, gave me a chair, asked me to take off my wraps, and talked and laughed with me in something of a girlish manner.

After about my third or fourth call she invited me to stay to tea. She was a great lover of the cup that cheers but does not inebriate. I had to have my cup weakened down to cambric nearness, as it was medicine to me the way she liked it. Then she seemed to grow confidential and told me how, when she was a girl, her parents were well off, she had fine things, and did not look as she did now. But when she united with the Latter Day Saints her folks had cast her off and she knew not whether they were dead or alive. In her younger days it cost twenty-five cents to send a letter, and money was scarce. The telegraph and telephone were unknown, so no wonder people lost track of each other.

She opened her old trunk and brought out her treasures to show me. There were the remains of a drab silk dress and parts of a dark blue silk waist heavily brocaded which I thought were something wonderful. She gave me a good many quilt scraps which I pieced on "shares."

Her health was sadly impaired through being outside in all kinds of bad weather and she died in 1885 (?). It seemed to me she gave her life for her sheep.

She lies buried on the hillside where so many of our loved ones lie awaiting the resurrection. I hope I shall see her then, and if I do she will know I never thought she was a witch.

Emma L. (Whiting) Anderson.

CHAPTER XI—THE FIRST DEATH.

William Mason, who came here in 1865, was a shoemaker, and, as there was not much sale for shoes here, he procured work at his trade in Alexandria.

I think it was in February, 1867 (?) that he decided to quit work there and come home. There was no train or stage-coach to come on so he was obliged to walk.

The weather was warm for that time of the year when he left Alexandria, and the first day he went as far as Millerville, staying all night with one of the settlers there.

The next morning the people he stayed with could see signs of a storm brewing and advised him to wait a day or two there, saying it would cost him nothing. But it was warm and he was so anxious to get home that, not heeding their repeated warnings, he left Millerville. A light snow was falling but he thought that would not amount to much. But about noon the wind changed into the northwest; it grew colder and soon a blizzard was raging. He struggled on bravely almost blinded by the snow until he was within a few miles of home. What he suffered mentally and physically no one can tell. His strength failed him at last and he fell head-long into the cold snow.

Let us hope that the sleep that comes mercifully upon one when freezing made him unconscious of his condition as he lay there, face downward, while the snow drifted over him.

He had not sent word to his family that he was coming, there being no mail-route between here and Alexandria at that time, and it was two or three weeks before we knew that he had left Alexandria.

I believe it was Hyrum Murdock who saw a man from Millerville who asked if Mr. Mason got to Clitherall all right through the storm. As it was the first intimation Hyrum Murdock had that he had left Alexandria he was greatly surprised and began making inquiries at once. From the man with whom Mr. Mason had lodged he received an account of his leaving Millerville after being warned of an approaching storm and being urged to stay there until it was over. As nothing had been seen or heard of him here we knew he must have perished in the storm.

Next day a searching party was organized and as the snow was about three feet deep on the level the men went on snow-shoes. Late at night they returned tired and discouraged. They went again and again—all to no avail—and one can imagine the grief and despair of his poor wife kept in suspense all this time.

Our usual February thaw soon set in, and as flour was needed in our little settlement several of the men loaded their covered sleighs with wheat and started to mill.

We watched them as they crossed the lake and disappeared over the hill, and, as it usually took a week to make the trip to Sauk Centre and back, imagine our surprise when in about two hours we saw them coming back across the lake.

Some one ran out to meet them and hurried back with the news. Marcus Shaw had seen something that looked like a stove-pipe sticking out of a snow-drift and jumping from his load had gone to see what it was. To his horror he found it was a boot. He called to the other drivers who came and together they dug away the snow and found it was their old friend and neighbor William Mason, lying on his face as he had evidently fallen.

Of course they all turned back bringing the body with them. I remember they stopped in front of Uncle Lewis's house on the corner, and Mrs. Mason having heard the news came running across the road, and, bowing her head upon the poor frozen body, wept long and bitterly. It was a heart-rending scene but kind friends finally persuaded her to come into the house, while the men drove on down to the little log building we used for a church into which they carried the body.

Isaac and some of the others made a coffin. A funeral was held and, upon the high hill overlooking the lake and surrounding country, the lonely grave was made.

It was the first death that had occurred among us, and it was such a shock that the sadness and gloom hovered over our little community a long time.

The next winter two more graves were added to the lone one on the "Hill" when Clark Stillman and his sister Elizabeth Sperry were taken from our little band by death.

Since then many, many more of our dear ones have been laid to rest in our "City of the Dead."

Mrs. Isaac Whiting.

CHAPTER XII—OUR INDIAN NEIGHBORS.

The Indians were common callers in Old Clitherall. They were always well-treated, partly because of the natural kindness of the settlers and partly because of their fear of the Red Men. The Indians knew the women and children were more or less afraid of them and never hesitated to open the door of a settler's house and walk in without even knocking whenever they wished to warm themselves or beg or buy something to eat.

After a few stores had been established in the county the Indians would buy goods (mostly cloth) at the stores and trade it to the settlers for bread, butter, flour, melons, potatoes or any vegetables. They were especially eager to get butter. They never stayed in one place long enough themselves so they could make garden or keep any stock.

A good many used to camp winters near Hyrum Murdock's, in what is now Abner Tucker's pasture. Sometimes ten or twelve wigwams were set up there. These were covered with mats made by the squaws of reeds. Mats also covered the sod floors except in the center where the fire for cooking was kindled, the smoke escaping through a hole at the top of the wigwam.

Over this fire hung a kettle in which the whole meal was cooked at one time. No matter how many kinds of food were to be had they were all thrown in together—beans, squirrels, dumplings, fish, etc.

The Indians made maple sugar to trade to the white people. They boiled the sap and stirred it while cooling so instead if its hardening into cakes it was more like ordinary brown sugar.

When the squaws wished to clean up they borrowed tubs and washboard, etc., of the white people and washed and ironed their clothes, combed their hair neatly, and even took a bath. They wore bright colored cotton dresses in summer, but in winter they bought the heaviest flannel to be procured for their dresses, leggings, hoods, and shawls.

Papooses while young enough to be carried in swinging hammocks on their mother's backs wore no clothing, but were wrapped in the down from marsh cat-tails.

If the papoose died while so young the mother made a rag doll and carried it in the baby's hammock.

Some of the Whitings made coffins for the Indian children who died and were buried here, but ordinarily they did not have coffins for their dead. Their burying-ground was on the hill just east of where Geo. W. Underhill lives now, but when they heard a supply store was to be built near it they took up their dead and buried them again near Otter Tail.

Indian dances were held around their camp-fires and also in the settlers' yards or even in their houses. A group of Indians, squaws, and children would appear suddenly, carrying tomahawks, clubs and tin kettle-drums. Some of the squaws would seat themselves together on the ground and the rest of the party would form a circle around them. Then with the brandishing of hatchets, the clanging

of unmusical drums, and shrieks of everybody the wild dance would begin. "Hi-ah, hi-ah, hi-i-i-ah, Hi-ah, hi-ah, hi-i-i-ah," repeated over and over again in varying tones still remembered by the pioneers and sung yet to their children's children who never tire of hearing "Indian stories." The party danced madly around and around the ring wearing a circular path in the yard. When the "concert" was over one of the Indians would come to the door and ask the inmates for "pa-quazh-i-gun" (bread or flour), "do-do-sa-bo" (butter), "skoot-a-sim-i" (beans), "o-pin-ik" (potatoes), "sin-zi-bo-quet" (sugar), etc., and they usually got what they wanted promptly from the frightened housewife who was anxious to speed them on their way from her own door.

Indian hunters sometimes brought their musk-rat hides into houses to sort and count, spending long evenings that way. The odor was horrible but no one dared to order them out. When they were through they would lie down on the floor and sleep till morning.

W. W. Gould tells of when about a dozen Indians came into his father's house and seated themselves on the floor around the stove. Some strings of red-peppers were hanging on the wall, and the Indians never having seen any before looked at them often with covetous eyes. Finally an old squaw reached up slyly, jerked a pepper from the string and took a generous bite. It was not long until her face was a sight to behold while the tears rolled down her cheeks. The other Indians watched her wonderingly and soberly but no one attempted to steal another one.

An Indian came into Hyrum Murdock's home once while the children were alone and asked for food. The oldest girl, though thoroughly frightened, set food upon the table for him. He explained in broken English that he had been working for a white man, and added, "No cow meat. No hog meat. Damn poor eat." After his meal he laid forty cents on the table and went away.

One day a squaw stopped at Lewis Whiting's "on the corner" in Old Town and seeing a large ruta-baga at the door asked for it. Aunt Nett inquired what she had to trade for it. She shook her head; was carrying only her papoose. Aunt Nett suggested that she leave her papoose in exchange for the baga. She grunted indignant refusals for a time but finally handed over her baby, picked up the baga and trudged off. The children were delighted with the new addition to the family and looked on with enjoyment while their mother washed the little red-skinned baby and dressed her in some of baby May's clothes. She was fed and put to sleep in the big rocking chair.

About dark back came the Indian mother, the baga already doubtless having added flavor to her evening meal. She sat down on the floor and said nothing, but while her hostess was gone for a pail of water the children saw the squaw go softly to the big rocker, stealthily gather up her baby and disappear into the woods.

Another time in this same home Lucia, Ella and their Grandmother Burdick were alone when in stumbled old Ta-todge, a usually friendly Indian. This time he was drunk and nothing could be more dangerous than a drunken Indian. The horrible expression of his face, his insane eyes and uplifted tomahawk frightened Ella into rigid terror, especially when he approached their helpless grandmother, afflicted with palsy and unable to leave her chair. Lu, however, rose to the occasion, and grabbing a chair lifted it above her head screaming "March on" (an expression used by the Indians). She made a rush across the room just as the hatchet was lifted above her grandmother's head. Old Ta-todge dodged and was chased from the house.

Blackbird was a Medicine Man, although he was pronounced "cow-in nish-i-shin" (no good) by most of the Indians. Pok-o-nog-ie sent for him to come to Clitherall to treat his wounds when his hand was accidentally hurt by a gun-shot.

He also prescribed treatment for a sick "brave" who lived near where Orris Albertson's farmhouse stands. His diagnosis showed the Indian to be troubled by an evil spirit, and a wild clamor of kettle-drums was kept up for three days and nights to drive it away. This proving ineffectual Blackbird tried internal treatment. He carried a charmed piece of a crane's foot which his patient was induced to swallow, it having been swallowed previously by scores of other afflicted "red men." It always returned promptly to the doctor accompanied by whatever it had found in the sick person's stomach. In this case the demon still seemed to hold possession, so a piece of a rifle-barrel was next administered and he was finally relieved.

At one time an alarm was given by travellers from settlements west of Clitherall who drove through here on their way to Alexandria or perhaps farther, saying that the Sioux from Dakota were coming into Minnesota to stir up the Chippewas to another extermination of the whites. These first travellers were followed a little later by long trains of emigrant wagons loaded with household goods and frightened passengers.

One day the war-whoop was heard and, at the top of the hill, in the Old Town street, the Sioux warriors appeared on their spotted ponies. Children cried and women grew heartsick at the sight and sound of the screeching band galloping furiously down the hill.

What was their surprise and relief to see the Indians, who proved to be only six or eight in number, wheel in at Uncle Vet's store, dismount and in a jolly, friendly way show they were only a bunch of young Sioux out frightening the white people for the fun of it.

Mrs. Prouty, in Alexandria, a friend of the Clitherall people, told them later what an enormous lot of baking she did in those days for them, as she expected every day that the Clitherall settlement would also be broken up and its people join in the emigration, and she wanted to be prepared to help them.

Mr. Quimby did go. His family and Calvin Fletcher's were camping on the south shore of Battle Lake, and one day during the "Indian scare," while at his work, he heard heart-rending cries from toward the camp. He ran to his neighbors' and told them the Indians were massacring his family, as he had heard their shrieks for help. His friends accompanied him home, but found every one safe. The noise had been Eddy Fletcher's singing.

However, Mr. Quimby could not feel safe there any longer. He immediately loaded his possessions into his wagon and with his family left for Alexandria. Nor did he stop there. The last heard of him he was near the Pacific coast.

Orris Albertson tells of one good farmer's wife who asked her husband to go down cellar, put a pan of cream in the dash churn and churn it, so they would have butter to eat on the road in case they should be driven out. The much-frightened husband complied with alacrity and for thirty minutes pounded faithfully away without any encouragement whatever, when the wife came down and exclaimed, "Why, you've made a mistake! You've put a pan of whitewash into the churn. The cream is over there." Whereupon the good man dropped the dash and strode out of

the house, declaring he would rather fight than work like that, so he shouldered his rifle and went out to the top of the high lake bank and waited for the Indians to come.

Uncle Odd didn't mention the man's name, but he told the story so vividly that we wonder if———

Well, anyway, he says the Sioux never came, and it was not long until most of the settlers throughout the country who had left returned to their homes and prepared to harvest what crops the grasshoppers had not destroyed.

CHAPTER XIII—STORIES REMEMBERED THROUGH THE YEARS.

A TRAGEDY AVERTED.

The greatest scare of my life was an experience with the Indians in 1870.

I had poisoned a dozen wolves, and after removing the pelts I had hung the carcasses in a tree. A band of twenty-five Chippewas on a hunting trip stopped in the grove near our cabin to cook their noon-day meal. They had been there an hour when I went out to visit them. As I stepped out of the cabin I noticed that all the poisoned carcasses of the wolves were gone from the tree.

My hair immediately stood on end, as I pictured twenty-five dead Indians in our yard—poisoned by eating the wolves that I evidently had given them.

Knowing full well that revenge is sweet to an Indian, I pictured a great uprising—an Indian massacre—an extermination of the white settlers in St. Olaf—an Indian war—and all because of my poisoned wolves.

I rushed up to them, making frantic gestures, and tried to take the meat from them which they were eating with such relish. I threw the meat out of their kettle. I pretended to eat some and then threw myself onto the ground as in a spasm and feigned death, trying to show them what would be their fate if they ate the poisoned meat.

Those Indians, meanwhile, were enjoying the utmost hilarity. They laughed to kill as I tried so ineffectually to make them understand their danger, and the more I tried to save them the more they ate and the harder they laughed.

After enjoying my agony until they had eaten their fill, one of them stopped laughing long enough to say in quite good English, "Poisoned wolf no kill Indian."

I was indignant. "You red skin! Why didn't you tell me that?"

He replied, "It was heap fun to see white man have big scare."

If ever I wanted to see Indians writhing with acute stomach pains it was about that time.

Geo. Hammer.

THE FATE OF THE STOLEN CHICKEN.

Two of the Old Clitherall schoolboys (names not mentionable) planned a picnic of roast chicken in the back-woods far enough from home to be enjoyed in seclusion.

They secured the chicken without price and ran with it into the woods toward the northwest corner of the settlement. As they neared the old swing they caught sight of Father Sperry coming to offer his secret prayers. In sudden fear of detection with the stolen fowl they dropped it and dodged behind a brush-pile where they crouched in silence.

Father Sperry came very near them and knelt in prayer. He never did hurry through his prayers and this one seemed doubly long to the hungry boys who, failing to be brought to repentance by his good words, only waited in suspense for their chicken dinner.

The prayer over, the old gentleman rose to his feet, spied the chicken, picked it up, found it still warm, and feeling hungry himself he trudged off home and had it prepared for his own dinner.

(Told by Ella Whiting Gould.)

THE CHARIVARI.

There had been a double wedding among the young pioneers—Freeman Anderson and May Whiting, and Arthur Whiting and Lois Murdock being the participants. After their return from the Fergus Falls court-house where they were married they spent the night at Hyrum Murdock's where they were roused at midnight by the ever popular charivari—a perfect fury of banging tin-ware, clanging cowbells, piercing whistles, gun reports and shrieks of boisterous youth. The visitors' enthusiasm cooled somewhat when a board sailed out from an upstairs window and landed in their midst.

But the greatest consternation was not in the yard, neither in the bridal chambers. It was in the Indian camp not far south of the house. Never had these Chippewas heard anything equal to that except in war-time, and they sprang from their wigwams in terror, running wildly through the woods, hoping to escape an encounter with the fierce Sioux who had evidently all but reached them.

Chan Whiting, Jr., then living east of where the church stands, had, strange to say, not joined in the charivari or even heard of it. He, too, believed an Indian out-break was at hand and rushed out, gun in hand, encountering an Indian crawling over the lake bank. He took aim at him, but the Chippewa called, "Don't shoot," and proved he was not an enemy. One Indian ran on past them into Uncle Chan's home and gasped out, "What for so damn much shoot?"

The next morning the Indians began coming warily from their hiding-places to see how many had been killed by the charivari. Some of the squaws did not appear for several days.

A GOOD APPETITE WASTED.

It was forty-five years ago and deer-hunting-time in Leaf Mountains.

I had followed an old buck all day and when night came I was twenty miles from home, hungry and tired—tired all over.

Reaching an Indian camp I said good-by to the deer and gave up the chase. I entered the wigwam and made the inmates understand that I was hungry and wanted to stay all night. They seemed more than willing; so I removed my moccasins and lay down with my feet to the fire.

The young squaw began preparing the evening meal. I watched her closely. She took about two quarts of flour in a pan, poured water on it, stirred it up and placed it on the coals to bake. I thought, "Unleavened bread, but good so far."

Her next move was to take a pail of cranberries, fill it with water and hang it over the fire to boil. "Good again. Unleavened bread and unsweetened cranberries." I began to get ready to eat for I was exceedingly hungry.

The young cook moved again. This time she got a string of half a dozen pickerel. Again I murmured "Good," but immediately repented, for, without scaling the fish or removing the heads and insides, she dropped them into the pail of cranberries and began stirring them with a stick.

My appetite took a fearful tumble, and it seemed as though my toe-nails were drawn up clear through me.

I knew where a Norwegian lived on the edge of Nidaros prairie about five miles distant, so I took my gun and started, arriving there about ten o'clock, P. M. I told my story and was given a warm welcome and comfortable bed, but I declined eating any supper at all.

Geo. Hammer.

A JOKE ON THE JOKER.

It was in the 70's. I did much

trapping in those days, and as the fur-bearing animals were very plentiful I had great success.

A Norwegian boy, Ole ——, living near us, came to me one day, eyeing wistfully my collection of furs. Looking up at me eagerly he asked, "George Hammer, how you catch a mink?"

I told him this: "Take a muskrat's leg; place it on top of a rat-house and then place your trap bottom side up on top of the rat's leg. The mink will come up in the rat-house, will smell the rat's leg and dig up through the house and stick his foot into your trap."

Ole went away elated at having learned Hammer's mink secret.

The next morning back he came, running, and crying at the top of his voice, "I got him! I got him!" And sure enough Ole caught the mink in that ridiculous way. However, it is safe to say he never caught another one that way, though he afterward became quite a successful trapper.

Geo. Hammer.

THE MORAL TONE

When Clayton Gould's first log house was built at Silver Lake (west of W. W. Gould's) a crowd of Clitherallites went up there to help.

Clayton's uncles, Charlie and Jim Wendell, having just arrived from Wisconsin, were there also and were overheard commenting on the difference between the crowd there and a log-raising crowd back home. They were asked what the difference was and replied, "Oh, there they always have a lot of whiskey and several kegs of beer, so most of them get drunk, and there's always lots of swearing and rough talk—and two or three fights before night," and then they chuckled at the remembrance. "But here," they said, "we haven't seen a drop of liquor, and you all seem to be so good-natured and friendly—no quarreling, and we haven't heard a bit of swearing except a little from that chap over there when his horses got tangled up.

That chap proved to be "Little Chan."

THE BLIZZARD OF 1873.

On January 7, 1873, I started from my home at Silver Lake to Clitherall. I was accompanied by my sister Roseltha who was to visit at our sister's, Mrs. Rett Whiting's, while I preferred stopping over at F. L. Whiting's.

It was not very cold and there was no wind, but by the time we had arrived within a mile of Clitherall large flakes of snow began falling which came more and more rapidly until they were so thick we could see only a short distance. Soon a roaring sound warned us that the wind was rising, and we had scarcely reached our destination and got the team in the barn when the great storm that swept over nearly the whole state burst upon us in all its fury. It seemed but a few minutes after the wind began to blow before the snow was a whirling, blinding mass and the howling of the wind was terrible to listen to. I have spent nearly fifty winters here but have never seen a storm to compare with that one. It began on Wednesday and continued raging furiously for three days and nights. Saturday morning we awoke to find the sky clear, the wind stilled, and the world white with snowdrifts.

I returned home that day and learned that it was feared my Uncle Cassius Sherman had been lost in the storm, as he had been expected home from Town of Maine before the storm. Some search and inquiry confirmed our fears, and I returned to Clitherall to get help in our search for his body. Friends from Clitherall and Maine came, but our search was in vain. The next April the body was discovered on Everts prairie by Eric and Anton Glende.

He lies buried on "The Hill" in Old Town, his grave-stone having been furnished by the government because of his service in the Civil War.

W. W. Gould.

GRASSHOPPERS.

In 1877, two years after we were married, came the grasshopper scourge. The grain had headed out and had the appearance of a wonderful crop, when one day about noon we were suddenly startled to behold a cloud of grasshoppers settling down over everything. I went out to see where they were coming from, and as I looked up there seemed to be a heavy snowstorm—the air just full of big flakes. As soon as the grasshoppers touched the ground they began eating everything in sight. They alighted in the lake as well as on land, so many of them perished, but there were enough left to devour nearly everything in the shape of vegetation.

Father Gould was out on Clitherall Lake fishing, but had to give it up, as the hoppers came down in the lake so thick that the fish paid no attention to his bait but jumped up through the surface of the water and caught grasshoppers.

When he returned home, to Silver Lake, his garden and grain were almost entirely destroyed. Winfield harvested eighteen bushels of grain all together that year.

When the pests could find no more to eat they laid their eggs and on they flew, to settle down somewhere else for their next meal.

We knew there could be no crop of grain the next year on account of the crop of grasshoppers already planted, so not much seed was sown of any kind. Father Gould did raise some corn, and some of the Clitherall people, Hyrum and Lyman Murdock, raised some potatoes on Bald Island, miles from their homes.

Such complete crop failures two years in succession left many people very destitute. One thing spared to us were pig-weeds or red-root, so we usually had red-root greens for dinner through the summer months. To be sure that no flour was wasted in our home I baked my biscuits three at a time, two for Winfield and one for myself. We ate home-made maple-sugar in the place of granulated sugar we could not afford to buy. Another way we economized was by using a kind of lamp-burner which required no chimney. The lamp did not smoke and saved kerosene, though the light was not good.

When people tell of the good old pioneer times, I wonder if they have forgotten the years the grasshoppers had all the good times at our expense.

Ella Whiting Gould.

Lurett Whiting adds this to the above story:

Sheep-sorrel was another thing not taken by the hoppers and my wife used it for fruit in her pies. Eb Corliss said he came home after the grasshoppers had eaten everything in his onion-patch and they were all sitting up on the fence in a row and he could smell their breath as he approached and knew what had happened.

A CHRISTMAS TREAT REMEMBERED THROUGH THE YEARS.

A stolen extract from a letter written in acknowledgment of a 1918 Christmas gift:

"The candy was delicious—the best I ever tasted. It reminded me of a Christmas treat of many years ago, though not because it tasted the same. I think it happened the first Christmas you two paired off together, and Emma with Little Chan. There was a sleigh-ride for the young folks in the daytime, and a gathering at the corner in the evening.

"I remember there were two sleigh-loads—sort of upper-crust and young fry. I was with the latter and somehow got paired off with Will Oakes.

When he came to treat me all he had was lump-sugar and stick cinnamon. What do you know about that! All the excuse he had was that the big boys had bought up all the candy. I don't imagine there was fifty cents' worth in the whole of District One.

"It makes me laugh now to think of it, but I was so mad at the time I threw his treat under the stove.

"Rhoda."

FRIENDS IN NEED ARE FRIENDS INDEED.

In the fall of 1868, if I mistake not, my brother Alonzo and I went out prepared to camp four or five days and hunt deer. We camped near where Sever Hempsing's farm now is. It was late in the fall, very cold and a little snow had fallen. After getting settled for the night we went out for a few hours to see what the prospects were, and finding very few signs of deer we went to bed feeling rather blue. Early the next morning we started off east to look for deer.

It was turning colder and snow clouds were appearing in the west. After going about a mile together we separated. I had not gone far alone before I saw a nice doe feeding down in a hollow about 800 yards off. Between me and the deer there were just a few scattering jack-oak brush. I stood behind a bunch of brush waiting to see what the deer would do. I thought she might come near enough so I could shoot her from where I stood, but all at once she lay down. I was getting so cold that I decided trying to crawl carefully through the snow from one clump of brush to another and so get close enough to kill her. In this way I got within about seventy-five yards of her and prepared to shoot, but I was so chilled through I seemingly could not get the gun to stay in one place long enough to shoot, as all I could see was just the deer's head, but after trying the fourth time I fired. The ball went through her head, killing her instantly.

I ran up, cut her throat, threw her on my shoulder and started to camp.

By this time the snow began to fall, the wind was rising, and I had some difficulty in getting in. Lon was there trying to get a fire started, but the storm was increasing and I said the best thing we could do would be to get home as soon as possible. So we hitched up the oxen and started. When we got to Pete Linder's place the storm was so bad and we were so thoroughly chilled we thought it would not be safe to cross the prairie, as it was almost dark.

I went up to Mr. Linder's house which was a very small affair—a dug-out in the side of a bank with a little window and door on the log side. A stove-pipe stuck out through the dirt roof with smoke and sparks pouring out of it. I rapped on the little door and heard a voice say, "Come in." I went in and asked if it were possible for them to let my brother and me stay there all night.

"Well," he said, "I can't keep you, as we have only the one bed and there's no place for you to sleep. You had better go over to Severen Jacobson's. He might be able to keep you."

"No," I replied, "we are almost frozen. We have some comforters out in our wagon which we can bring in, and we can sleep here beside the little cook-stove all right."

He said his stable was not finished and he did not see how he could possibly keep us, but I declared, "You must, for we can't go any farther tonight."

He looked at me thoughtfully for a moment and then said, "Well, come in, and we will do the best we can for you." So we put our oxen in the stable and fed them, corked up the biggest cracks in the walls with hay, and carried our comforters into the house.

Mrs. Linder put the coffee-boiler on the stove and soon had hot coffee ready. We brought in our lunch and enjoyed a hearty supper there by the warm stove and I shall never forget how good that hot coffee tasted. This was the first time I had ever met these good people. Their kindness was surely appreciated, and from that time to this Peter Linder and his wife have always held a warm spot in our hearts.

Lurett Whiting.

MY FIRST BEAR HUNT.

Early one fall, just at the time when the acorns on the oaks are ripe, my brother Isaac and I hitched up a yoke of oxen to one of our wagons, took our rifles and drove to Leaf Mountains, stopping to camp near where Pete Linder's house now stands.

We started out at once to look for bear; had gone about half a mile east to about where Thomas Turnquist's farm now is, and reaching the edge of a small oak grove we found all kinds of fresh bear signs. Some trees had about all the small limbs broken off, and the bark was scratched off the bodies of the trees where the bears had climbed up for acorns and down again.

We decided that Isaac should go around to the opposite side of the grove and I would wait until he had arrived there and then go through the grove toward him. After going about two hundred yards I discovered two bears up in a big oak tree helping themselves to acorns. I slipped along toward them, carefully keeping behind trees as much as possible so as not to be seen. When close enough to be sure I could hit one, I drew my gun to my shoulder and fired. At the crack of the rifle the one I shot at swung out from the big limb he was on, hung by one of his forepaws a moment and then fell to the ground. The other one hustled down the tree backwards as quick as the rifle cracked and started to run.

My gun was a double-barreled one—rifle and shot. I ran up to the one I had shot which was trying hard to get up and was growling, snarling and snapping his teeth. Reloading my rifle barrel I gave him another shot but he still showed signs of life. Then Isaac came up and sent another ball through his head which finished him.

We had just got this one to the wagon when to our surprise we saw three more coming as fast as they could run toward us. We had already put our rifles into the wagon and before we could get them out to shoot the three bears had got past and were entering a thick patch of poplars. Isaac ran around to the opposite side and I followed the bears. Had not gone more than two or three rods before I saw one. He raised up on his hind feet and took a square look at me. I fired and at the same time he suddenly turned, lowering his head enough so that the ball took off a good bunch of hair and a small piece of hide with it.

All three bears whirled and ran out where Ike was, who sent a ball through one of them and it tumbled over. The other two escaped.

We soon had this one to camp and as we had come prepared for only one day's hunt we put the two bears into the wagon and went home, feeling well paid for the trip. Got home in time to have a nice fry of bear meat for supper.

Lurett Whiting.

CHAPTER XIV—GLIMPSES OF ROMANCE.

THE OLD TOWN SWING.

In the year of sixty-seven
Was an inspiration given
To the jolly boys of Clitherall in the spring,
To seek out a shady dell,
Down beyond the public well,
And erect of wood the Old Town swing.

Oh, the Old Town swing,
Oh, the Old Town swing;
There's a host of pleasant mem'ries
Of the Old Town swing.

Often when the sun shone warm
On the woodland, lake and farm,
And the birds were by the millions on the wing,
We would hear the joyful sound:
"Every lad and lass around
Are invited to the Old Town swing."

With no thought of rest or slumber
We would surely join the number
Who had gathered there to chat and play and sing
Songs of love or war or joy,
"Blind man's buff" or "Catch the boy"
Who dropped his kerchief near the Old Town swing.

"Gypsy's warning" was one song,
"Grant, our leader, brave and strong,"
Was another, which oft made the green woods ring;
And, if memory serves me right,
One warm sunny day and bright
We'd a picnic by the Old Town swing.

Oft our teacher from her spinning
We would coax by methods winning,
But she'd wait till forty knots were on the string;
Then we'd set the welkin ringing,
With our laughing, shouting, singing,
As we hastened to the Old Town swing.

There were lessons in politeness,
Also hints about the rightness
Of our manners, that our teacher kind did bring;
Like the "scouts" of girls and boys,
Innocent our games and joys,
Are my mem'ries of the Old Town swing.

Though some feared a dreadful danger
From the presence of a stranger
Who dared enter this, our trysting place, one spring,
He proved neither rogue nor pillman,
And he married Hattie Stillman,
And they left us—and the Old Town swing.

I can't tell how many lovers
Met their sweethearts 'mid the clovers
Which beneath us like a carpet there did cling,
But my lover sat beside me
There, and asked would I his bride be,
While so gently swayed the Old Town swing.
Now my hair is silvered white,
And I sit alone tonight,
And to mem'ries of the past I fondly cling;
We are scattered far and wide,
Some beyond death's rolling tide,
But we'll ne'er forget the Old Town swing.

Dec. 6, 1918. Emma L. Anderson.

THE OLD POLE SWING.

How our hearts thrill with memories as we look backward nearly half a century to that happy trysting place! 'Twas there we learned our first lessons in love; 'twas there we plighted our troth.

Thus the old pole swing holds a warm corner in our hearts—a corner from which all other thoughts are locked out, and yet—to some of us there is a sting in the memory, for 'twas there we saw the other fellow walk off with our best girl, all because we lacked courage to tell her what our thoughts were until she mistook our silence for indifference.

Many the changes that have come since that long ago. How few of that jolly group are living today near the old swing grounds! Some are at rest on "the Hill," and the living are scattered from ocean to ocean. Many have left no trace of their present location. We would that a reunion could be held on the old glory place of all who ever sat in the old pole swing.

Let me recall the faces of those who gathered there on the green one happy July evening forty-nine years ago:

Rhoda was there, so perplexed that she wouldn't swing. She couldn't tell whether it was Hugh, Rich or George that she wanted. When she was with one she was always sure it was one of the others, but she didn't know which.

Clayton was there—great big good-natured Clayton—who could manipulate his drum-sticks with such rapidity that no one dared attempt to compete with him in bewitching Dee.

Sarah Fletcher, as usual, was making more clatter than a young guinea-hen. Suddenly the mournful night cry of a hoot-owl attracted her attention, and when the bird called out, "Whoo whoo, hoo hoo," Sarah said most pathetically, "Oh, my! Just anybody."

There was George Whiting, telling the boys that "a Crane is the most graceful, the handsomest and finest singing bird in Minnesota." Her first name was Ellen.

And Ed Anderson, so big and fat that we discouraged him from trying our swing, sat on the ground with his back against the garden-fence and told me that he was going to marry the best educated, most intellectual girl in the county. I thought he was simply love-sick, but after half an hour's conversation with "Em" I was convinced that he was right.

"Al's Charlie" and "Ike's Charlie" were so much interested in each other that they never thought of girls. They climbed trees for amusement.

Rett was there trying to think of some way of letting Eleanor know that he was in love with her without telling her so.

Lon and Em were already married, but Lon was still so engrossed with his wife's witty remarks that he forgot to swing her.

Then there were Art and Lois, Art so bashful he couldn't even whistle without blushing, but they were both as happy as young ducks. They would start off for home at eight-thirty and make the half mile in two hours—sometimes.

Al was there scowling at every one but Dama. He always smiled at her and talked about his mules, and Dama would respond, "Yes, Al."

Jed proposed to Ellen while I was there, and she said "Yes" before he was half through, and Jed said, "My! but that was easy."

Charlie Murdock was trying to find his cute little mustache. He asked—who was it?—thirteen times if she could see it and every time she replied "Almost."

Orison and Corda went by, but they were so oblivious to all others that they never looked toward the swing. I learned later that they stopped and had a swing after the others had gone home.

Albert was sitting on the fence humming, "One little Indian girl," and while he was singing Hugh Campbell stole away with Sophie, but she was later ambushed by one of her own tribe.

Win was quietly and comfortably taking a nap, resting sweetly in the assurance that no one on earth could come between him and his gentle little Ella.

And Lu—happy, laughing Lu—was there, enjoying beyond measure the knowledge that Alva and George were

each wishing the other a thousand miles away.

Anson, with his usual conceit, stalked around there wondering which girl he would escort home.

Curly-headed Emma had evidently decided to let that "good-looking Will Oakes" escort her hereafter.

Pink-cheeked May was smiling merrily on the other fellow until Freem was on the verge of nervous prostration, when she would turn and in three words raise him to the seventh heaven of happiness again, and then My! how he loved to swing.

Alf Stillman was there from Detroit. When I asked him why he was so glum, he sadly replied, "Oh, I just wish my girl was here."

Dave Walker appeared and was trying to persuade some one that he was worth catching.

"Little George" wandered around alone singing of "The charming young widow I met on the train."

Joe McIntyre was there keeping the mosquitoes away from his girl from Ellwanger Hills.

The old pole swing has gone. Its tall timbers have long since mingled with the dust. I breathe a sigh and drop a tear to its memory.

Geo. Hammer.

CHAPTER XV—THE AGE OF INVENTION.

With my father's family and others I left Fremont County, Iowa, early in the summer of 1865 and reached Clitherall July 31st, and as there are some things connected with the settlement which have not been written I will narrate a few facts, but must do so from memory as I have kept no notes.

It was impossible to bring farm implements with us as other things required all the room in our wagons. We brought only a few plow-shares and one breaking-plow-share, a small set of blacksmith tools and a few carpenter tools, so when we arrived at our destination we had to make plow-beams and handles out of Nature's forest before we could do any farm work, although some breaking had already been done by those who had preceded us in May.

It might be of interest to tell how our breaking-plow was constructed. It had a large beam about six feet long made of wood, with a piece framed into the back end of the beam to fasten the plow-share to. There were four-and-a-half-inch rods bolted above the share to take the place of a mold-board, and a wooden axletree about four feet long. To this was fastened the plow with two wagon-wheels attached to the axletree and a gauge made out of wood, so arranged that one could set it at any depth desired. Two yoke of oxen were hitched to this plow. It would run without being held up by hand and worked fine, all our land being broken in this way.

Our drags were made out of wood, teeth and all, as we had no iron teeth. We had what we called the A drag, hinged in the middle so we could clean it by raising only half of it at a time.

I remember a drag which John Fletcher made from a forked tree. The two forks spread out about three feet wide at the back and in the two prongs holes were bored with a two-inch auger eight inches apart. Teeth were made about twenty inches long and driven into these holes. Well, this was surely a comical looking affair, and on account of its being so narrow and high it would often upset on the side-hills. This drag was drawn by oxen, and they had to work very steadily all day to smooth up an acre a day. I remember of hiring out to him to drag and got all out of patience with the blamed thing. It clogged badly and whenever I raised it up on one side it upset. I finally became so discouraged that when it upset I let it run lying on its back with its teeth sticking up, for it did just about as good work that way as any.

Our next invention was a corn cultivator which consisted of a straight beam four feet long and a short piece framed at the end to fasten the share onto which was made out of an old worn-out mold-board. It had two handles to hold it up by and a clevis at the front to hitch one horse to. Well, it never gave satisfaction. It went twice in a row and was never known to scour. After using it a while we decided to call it a "corn aggravator" for it lived up to that name to perfection.

Our grain was all sown by hand, either from a wooden pail carried in one hand or from a sack strapped over one shoulder and hanging under the opposite arm. We put in about half a bushel to begin with and threw it broadcast, a handful at a time. To make it more handy sacks of grain were set at suitable distances apart so a half bushel would just about sow out from one sack to another. In this way all our grain was sown which required a generous supply of elbow grease.

Our grain was all cut with a cradle—not the one the women rocked the baby in, but one consisting of a large scythe-blade and a snath or handle something like our grass-scythe snaths, and to this snath were fastened, about five inches apart, five or six cradle-fingers made round out of tough ash or hickory having the same curve as the blade and held out over the blade in a little frame to catch the falling grain which was laid out in straight swaths, raked with a hand-rake and bound into bundles with straw from the bundles. A man who was good at it could cut five or six acres a day with a cradle.

Corn was planted by hand and covered with a garden hoe. The corn rows were marked off with a one-horse shovel plow, and the rows were so crooked it used to puzzle the striped gophers to follow the rows and dig up our corn, and bothered the farmer still worse to cultivate it, as he often came out on a different row than he started in on.

As winter came on we had to make sleds. They had two runners about six feet long made from trees crooked, naturally, to which three beams were fastened with wooden pins driven into the runners and wooden raves put on top to help hold the thing together. In front was a large roller with a forked tree fastened into it for a tongue. But there was one difficulty. When the snow got deep, as it did in those days, it was difficult to turn the sled around without breaking the tongue or tipping the whole thing over, and such things often occurred.

I think Uncle Lewis made the first pair of bob-sleighs a good many years afterward. He named those sleighs the McKinley Sled, and all one had to do to know his politics was to think of the name of his sled which meant Republican, of course.

Our first furniture was rude enough. The bed was made with four round posts for legs, cut a suitable length from small trees, the bark being left on. Two two-inch auger holes were bored in each leg to receive the bed-rails which were made from the same material and driven into these posts. A strong bed-cord was woven across each way with meshes about eight inches square. A tick filled with straw or hay was placed on these to sleep on, and as new ropes are great things to stretch one would find himself much nearer the floor in the morning than when he went to bed. Our chairs were "finished off" also with much of the bark left on to correspond with the bed-steads.

When spring came and our sugar supply was low we replenished our stock from the hard maple trees on the north shore of Battle Lake. We

first took basswood trees eight or ten inches through, cut them into blocks about two feet long, split the blocks into halves and hollowed them out for sap-troughs. We would prepare about one thousand of these before the sugar season opened and the same number of spiles. One way we made the spiles was by cutting basswood blocks about twelve inches long and splitting them into slender pieces which were slightly hollowed on the top side with an iron gouge and one end made in the shape and size of the end of the gouge, so when ready for use we drove the iron gouge into the tree with a mallet to make an opening and then drove the spile into this opening far enough to catch the sap as it flowed down the tree through the new grain which grows just below the bark. Another kind of spiles was sometimes made. These were inserted in auger-holes bored in the trees and did not damage the trees so much as the other kind.

Early in spring we built a small log house in the sugar-bush large enough to hold a bed and table and two or three campers, then made our sap-boilers. They were kept out-of-doors, of course. Were made with sheet-iron bottoms and wooden sides and set on arches, leaving plenty of room underneath the boilers for fire.

Sap does not run every day—only when the weather is suitable. In order to save all our sap when it ran faster than we could boil it, we made four or five large twelve-foot store troughs out of big basswood trees by chopping them out thin and deep.

We opened our camp about the first of April and tapped about a thousand trees, placing the small sap-troughs on the ground where they would catch the sap running out through the spiles.

We fixed a short sled for gathering sap by putting a kerosene barrel on it, on its side, with a large faucet at one end and a big funnel at the top into which we poured the sap.

In a good season we could make one hundred pounds of fine-grained sugar, seventy-five pounds of good tub-sugar, two barrels of maple sirup and a barrel of vinegar, as the last sap from the trees will not make sugar or sirup but makes good vinegar.

I will relate a little occurrence in our camp. Mother had sent us some nice fried-cakes and we left them on the table when we went out to gather sap, forgetting to shut the door. By and by I discovered a large red squirrel out in the woods sitting on his hind feet on a stump with one of my fried-cakes in his forepaws, nibbling away contentedly. I first thought I would slip past him and get my rifle and put a stop to any more stealing, but he looked so innocent and so much pleased with his meal that I let him go on enjoying it.

Another remembrance is of some Indians who came to camp a little ways from our sugar-camp. When they had got their fire started to get supper one of the squaws came and asked to borrow our iron kettle and we let her take it. Shortly afterwards I went after a pail of water and had to pass close to their campfire. To my surprise our kettle was hanging over the fire stuffed with muskrats, their heads jammed in the bottom of the kettle and tails hanging over the top to pull them out by to eat when they were done. Well, when our kettle was returned it was so thoroughly scented with those plaugey muskrats that we could never clean it so but what it scented everything we cooked in it, and we had to buy another and use that one for a swill-pail.

To continue with my subject of inventions, I will tell first in as brief a way as possible how our woolen yarn was made. We had brought with us a pair of wool-cards made something like horse-cards only larger. After the sheep had been washed in the lake and their wool clipped and washed again, it was carded into slender rolls about twenty-four inches long and then spun into yarn on a spinning-wheel. The spinning-wheel was a bench about six feet long with four legs cut the desired length and a post set up on top of each end of the bench, on one of these posts a wheel being fastened about the size of a wagon-wheel and at the other post a steel spindle with a pulley on one end to receive the belt from the big wheel. The person spinning would roll the big wheel with one hand and with the other place a roll of wool at the point of the spindle which would twist the roll into yarn.

My mother was a very fine hand at this business and made yarn or thread for weaving cloth and by doubling it made coarser yarn with which she knit all our socks and mittens.

I remember the first pair of buckskin pants she made me, and if I am not mistaken they were the last. The deerskin was tanned by the Indians and they had done a very poor job, as I found out later. Well, they looked splendid when I first put them on, for mother could make clothes as good as a tailor, but after I had worn them a while and had got them wet in the snow and dried them as I sat before the fire, they began to lose their shape, and it was not long until about all the legs had gone into the knees and when I would get up the blamed things were still sitting down. No remedy could be devised to get them back into shape, so I decided to work them up into mittens, and thus ended the buckskin pants.

Uncle Lewis made him a pair of boots that were fine. Having killed one of his oxen he took the skin off the two hind legs, sewed up the bottom end, put straps on the top, and leaving the hair on the outside pulled them on. They were warm and durable but surely looked funny, and the tracks those boots made were amusing—nothing like it that I ever saw.

My father used to make bass-viols in Iowa, and they were good ones too. He sold them at eight or ten dollars each. He brought one partly finished up here and one winter completed it, and as he commenced playing on it the music created a longing desire in four of his boys, Alonzo, Warren, Chauncey and myself to learn to play the violin. My brother Isaac had tried to learn to play in Iowa but had got discouraged and sold his violin, so we boys had none to practice on.

Then Uncle Sylvester who had brought one with him took that for a pattern and made another one which I bought from him and began to learn to play. I succeeded so well that I was soon able to play "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man," and though it was a doleful beginning it made the other boys still more anxious to play, so we went to work ourselves and made three more violins, getting a supply of strings from Alexandria and hairs for the bows from the tail of Isaac's old gray mare.

When all were finished we gathered around the big fireplace and started up. Well, such a fearful racket you never listened to—not one of the new "fiddles" being in tune. The "music" grated on mother's nerves until she said it would be impossible to ever stand the noise, and she wished there had never been such an instrument brought into the house, but father took our part and said he wanted us all to learn to play, as a good musician always had the front seat.

Well, we kept everlastingly at it, and it was not very long until things were running smoothly and we could play well together. Then dear mother began to smile again, and I shall never forget the pleasant evenings of my boyhood spent in the old log house with the family gathered before

the roaring fireplace and mother asking us to play together her old favorite pieces.

I well remember that the first threshing done in Otter Tail County was with a second-hand horse-power machine which Uncle Lewis Whiting bought near Sauk Center, then called Osakis. As we had only a few horses we hitched in two yokes of oxen and started up, but the merry-go-round, so to speak, was too much for the oxen and they would get dizzy after two or three rounds and lie down, so we took them off and managed to thresh out what little we had with the horses by feeding the machine light. After a year or two farmers began to settle all around us, and we were then able to get all the horses we needed.

In the fall of 1868 we took the machine up to Silver Lake to do some threshing. This was when I first got acquainted with the people there. We threshed for George Gould, or Father Gould as most every one called him. I call him that yet. There I got my first glimpse of one of his daughters. I also got a new idea from Father Gould of how to make shingles by hand, which was a great improvement over the shakes we had covered our log cabins with when we first came. These shingles were cut with a frow from oak blocks sixteen inches long, and were thinned down at one end with a shaving knife. His roof was covered with small poplar poles flattened on one side and nailed to the rafters close together, and the shingles were nailed on the flat side of the poles, which made a very good roof.

That winter I made a house of my own, shingling it in that way, and also attended school. That girl from Silver Lake boarded at Clitherall and attended school too; and I began thinking of what every young man does sooner or later—usually sooner. I attempted to talk to her about it at different times, but she seemed bashful and didn't understand. I finally asked her what she thought about getting married and she said she had never given matrimony a thought, that she was not fifteen years old yet and did not know how to cook. Said that her parents had sent her down there to go to school and her ambition in life was to get an education, and she thought we were not well enough acquainted.

I argued with her by telling her I had been courting her all winter and she didn't know it. Said if I had a dish of bread and milk and a chunk of venison it was all I cared for, and that it would be impossible for her or me either to get an education in this new country. I told her to study on it a while and I would let her set the time. Later she asked me if I thought five years from that time would be too soon. I told her I had my plans all laid to wait no longer than fall.

Well, to make a long story short we finally agreed and before snow flew the next winter I had built my house and partly finished it and married the girl. That's going some.

Improvements were made gradually but constantly in our buildings, inside our homes and in our manner of work.

Jesse Burdick made and operated the first shingle-machine in the county. When he came from Iowa with the rest of us he brought his large shingle-knife with him. This knife he fastened in a frame and made another frame for this to slide up and down through. Fastened to this knife was a piece of timber so arranged and connected to a horse-power that when in operation it would raise the knife just high enough so that a shingle-block would lie under the knife. There was a stout bench on which to lay the blocks as they came out of the steam-box. This steam-box was made of sheet-iron with wooden sides something like our sap-boilers only much larger. It was water-tight and was set on arches, and after twenty or more large shingle-blocks were put into the box containing water, a fire was built under it and the blocks steamed until they became quite soft so they cut easily.

All the one operating the block had to do was to shift the block one way and another as the knife went up and down cutting off a shingle at every downward stroke, one shingle thick at one end and the next one thick at the opposite end so as to waste none of the block.

After this we used these shingles for our roofs in place of the shakes on them previously.

The first turning-lathe ever run in the county was what we call a foot-lathe, made by my father, my brother Isaac and Henry Way, so that the first timber turned for chair-rungs and spindles was turned by a lathe run by one's foot.

Uncle Almon Whiting had the first turning-lathe that was run by horse-power in the county. He used to make lots of chairs and mighty good ones, too, and sell them at Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Otter Tail, Chippewa, Rush Lake and Perham. He made us a set of wooden-seat dining-room chairs when we were first married and we have them yet and would not like to part with them at any price. Our first high-chair was one he made; all of our children sat in it at the table and all of our grandchildren have used it more or less and it is still as solid as ever.

Uncle Al was a chair-maker all his life and his good honest pieces of work are found throughout the county and in adjoining counties as well. He was never more happy than when busy at his trade, and when he laid down his tools for the last time and passed on to his reward a host of relatives and acquaintances lost a true old friend.

Lurett Whiting.

Another person tells how Hyrum Murdock made brooms from iron-wood. Cutting slender green iron-wood into the proper length for a broom he sawed a girdle around it, sixteen or twenty inches from one end and shaved the long end down to make it the right size around for the broom-handle. Then beginning at the top of the heavy piece left below the handle, he shaved it down in very thin, narrow shavings nearly to the bottom, not cutting them off but letting them fall over and hang down from the broom-stick; then another layer would be shaved all around to fall over those, and so on, until the round mass of shavings formed a good broom. It was then dried, and for use on their puncheon floors would outwear a good many boughten brooms.

CHAPTER XVI—OTHER PIONEERS EARLY SETTLERS IN SURROUNDING TOWNSHIPS.

In 1868, '69 and '70 there was a large migration of homeseekers from Fillmore County, in southeastern Minnesota, to Otter Tail County, many of whose lives were so closely interwoven with affairs at Clitherall that it will help to make our story more clear and complete if we insert a chapter mentioning them and telling facts in which some of them were particularly interested.

Four families, those of Uel Hammer, John Ferris, Sewell Wolcott and William Martin settled in St. Olaf.

George Gould was the first person to take a homestead in Everts Township, bringing his family there to the north shore of West Silver Lake in the spring of 1868. His wife's parents, Jacob and Rhoda Sherman, and their son Cassius came that fall to live near them, also Sherman's son Benjamin with his wife and child. Their son Frank settled in Town of Maine and Theodore south of Clither-

all Lake, opposite "the Point." Wm., John and E. E. Corliss made homes at Clitherall and later Thomas and Jane Gould Crane and family. All of these mentioned had been neighbors in Fillmore County.

Josiah Albertson came from New York in 1869 and lived near the Goulds at Silver Lake. Orris Albertson came at the same time but returned to New York to go to school, returning in 1872. Then from various places came the Glendes, Andrew W. Peterson, Mr. Wold (Jens Wold's father), and Ole Dahl with their families, all of whom used to come to Clitherall to trade at the stores of Anderson and Albertson and the Whitings and all contributing an interesting share to early history.

The Andersons who took homesteads in Girard township had been neighbors of the Whitings at Manti, Iowa. There were three brothers, Buckley, William and Henry Anderson, the first having five sons, Edwin, Jed, Richard, Freeman and Myron. James and George were William Anderson's sons.

Most of the young Andersons and Goulds worked, lived and married among the Old Clitherall people; hence, sketches from their life stories are used occasionally as additions to Clitherall history, the two following being selected from the memoirs of one of George Gould's daughters.

SCHOOL DAYS.

There were no schools nor churches nearer to our Silver Lake home than at Clitherall, and my parents arranged for me to work for my board at Marcus Shaw's and go to school in the log building used as the first schoolhouse there. It was here that I became acquainted with the twin sons of Chauncey Whiting, Sr., Alonzo and Lurett, or Lon and Rett as they were called, one peculiarity of the Clitherall people being that they had a nickname for everybody. Those boys looked so much alike that I could not tell them apart except when they had their coats off showing the backs of their vests which their mother had made for them, one having a red back and the other blue. Rett was the blue jacket.

Our teacher was my sister's husband, William Corliss, and he was also the county superintendent. When I was fourteen years old I obtained a third grade certificate and engaged a school in Tordenskjold, boarding at E. G. Lacy's and often spending Saturdays and Sundays at the homes of our former neighbors in Fillmore County, the Wolcotts, Hammers and Martins, their boys and girls having been my schoolmates there.

During the term I seemed to be losing my health. There were no doctors in the country and I became despondent and began to think longingly of home and mother. Mrs. Lacy told me she knew of a root that grew in the sloughs which she believed would cure me. I was willing to try anything rather than give up my school. All I cared to eat or drink was buttermilk which she would bring to the schoolroom whenever she churned. This with the root soon cured me.

My school was kept in Mr. Lacy's granary. Most of my pupils were beginners—part of them Scandinavians who could scarcely speak English, but they learned very fast. I never felt more proud of anything than I did of that bright class of boys and girls. There were some older children in the school—some older than myself, and I found it necessary each morning to study their lessons and prepare to teach them before I went to the schoolroom. This helped me to keep up my studies.

The term lasted two months and they paid twenty dollars a month, the teacher paying her board out of that. It was the first money I had earned. I took it home and gave it to my father.

That fall I was married to Lurett Whiting, and the following summer the schoolboard offered me the Clitherall school. As I could board at home we decided that I should take it. It was a three months' term and they were to pay twenty dollars a month, but later raised my wages to twenty-four. When school closed I drew my pay and we went to Otter Tail City where I bought my first set of dishes of E. G. Holmes. This closed my days in the schoolroom.

INVESTIGATION OF A STRANGE BELIEF.

My parents were Baptists and were prejudiced at first against the church at Clitherall, believing it to be a part of the church in Utah.

At one time while Uncle Cassius Sherman was working for some one at Clitherall he found part of a worn-out Book of Mormon in a hay-loft. Thinking he had surely secured the source of Mormon iniquity he secretly carried the book home, and, warning his relatives to keep still about it, he began reading it aloud to us.

What was our surprise to find that it contained religious instruction agreeing with that in the Bible, and wherever polygamy was mentioned in the book it was bitterly denounced. We realized that wherever the Utah people secured their evil teaching it was not from the Book of Mormon, which was a history of people who had come anciently from Jerusalem to America and become a nation here—or, rather, several nations—the Indians being their descendants.

Modern discoveries by archaeologists, of buried cities and highways and the work of the Mound Builders in North and South America have proved the truthfulness of the record to tens of thousands who have been willing to investigate it.

After we became acquainted at Clitherall we found how honest and sincere the people were in their religion and often attended their services. We learned, of course, that rather than forbidding other people to read their books they invited them to do so.

I remember when my father and I used to walk down there from home Sunday mornings in summer to attend meeting. There were no settlers on the way—not a building where Battle Lake now stands. When we reached the "mud crossing" west of Battle Lake we used to take off our shoes and stockings and wade across.

We were always made welcome among the church members, and their teaching and study of their books at home awoke within me my first desire to obey the gospel. After a year or more of investigation my parents, my sisters, my brother Clayton and I united with their church.

Some time later when I was married to one of the church members, Father Sperry officiated and I noticed he used the words of the marriage ceremony in the third of their standard books, the Doctrine and Covenants, and I could see that it positively left no room for a second wife.

In 1875 and later, missionaries came from the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, claiming to be the legal successors of the original church and teaching that all Latter Day Saints should become identified with the church they were representing. Within a few years about thirty-five individuals, including all of my father's family except myself, joined the Reorganization, a branch of which has been maintained here ever since. In 1901 my husband and I also united with this church—called briefly the Latter Day Saints.

Eleanor Gould Whiting

We make no effort here to explain our differences of church belief, as it would not serve the purpose of this particular history, but as the two churches here (the Church of Christ and the Latter Day Saints) are so frequently confused, we hope the above information will show that the organizations are entirely separate. And as their belief and practice are very different, both churches would prefer to have the distinction understood. The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, having about 90,000 members and hundreds of missionaries, has its headquarters in Independence, Missouri. While both churches believe the Book of Mormon, as well as the Bible, they object to being called "Mormons," simply because it is not their name and is an inference that they are affiliated with the church in Utah, which they emphatically are not.

Hallie M. Gould.

CHAPTER XVII—THE HUNT.

During the first years that we lived here this country was noted for its variety of wild game. There were deer, elk, moose, bear, wolves, otters, red foxes and some silver grays, mink, muskrats and white rabbits. Out west of Fergus Falls were a few buffaloes.

Our greatest delight was to hunt, trap and fish, having inherited the disposition from our forefathers, and as boys in Iowa we had acquired considerable knowledge of hunting and trapping.

A man by the name of Jack (nicknamed Lying Jack for good reasons) used to come up through this country from Crow Wing with a horse and sled to buy furs from the Indians and French halfbreeds at Otter Tail City. After he learned that we were traping he would come down to Clitherall from Otter Tail to buy our furs. He was a jolly fellow, very fond of telling big stories, and paid the high-set prices for furs—five dollars for foxes, three to four dollars for mink and ten to twelve cents for rats. Wolves brought two and a half to three dollars.

We had brought four or five mink-traps from Iowa and several wolf-traps, and besides these we made some box-traps for mink and rabbits. With game so plentiful we had great success and earned a considerable amount of money.

Our hunting grounds were west on the south side of Turtle Lake, east around where Vining now is and south in Leaf Mountains.

Our rifles were all the old-style muzzle loaders—none of the rapid repeating rifles in use these days. We bought our lead in small bars, melted it in an iron ladle and while hot run our bullets in a bullet-mould the size to fit our rifles. We carried powder in a powder-horn and gun-caps in little tin boxes. To load we poured powder into the barrel, put in a ball, and with a ram-rod drove the bullet tight against the powder, then put a percussion-cap in place, and were ready to shoot. Thus, after shooting once, it took quite a while to reload and be ready for another shot. My rifle carried an ounce ball and I could shoot mighty close.

I remember the first deer that I killed. Isaac, Lon and I went out one Saturday afternoon to try our luck. I had shot at deer several times before but was always too excited to hit one. We drove down near to where William Bondy's house now stands, tied our team there and walked together to about where Nels Anderson's house is now. There we separated, all going different directions. I had not gone far until a big buck jumped up and ran past me. I drew my rifle up and put a bullet square through his lights. He made a few more jumps and fell. I ran up and cut his throat, and by that time Lon and Ike, having heard me shoot, were on the spot. We dressed him, loaded him into the wagon and drove home. I don't believe there was ever a happier boy than I was.

The next day was Sunday and I went to church and tried to listen to the sermon, but all I could think of was the buck. If any one had asked me after meeting what the sermon was about I could not have told one word. But I am a little different now—I love to listen to a good sermon.

One time Lon, Ike and I decided to spend about a week hunting. The fall's work being over, we rigged up a covered wagon, supplied ourselves with plenty of ammunition, provisions, bedding and feed for our oxen and drove over to where Harvey Gallin's house now stands.

This was in the last part of October, 1867. The weather was warm with no snow on the ground. We camped for the night, ate our supper and went to bed. During the night the wind shifted to the east; it clouded up and began to rain, increasing so that by four o'clock a. m. it was simply pouring. After it slacked up we considered our camping-place was too much exposed in case of a snow-storm, so hitched up and drove east near Crane Lake and camped in a hollow a little way from where John Bondy's new barn now stands. We built up a big fire and dried our quilts which had been wet by the heavy rain.

We went to bed that night leaving our boots near the fire where they would dry, but in a little while the wind shifted to the northwest and snow began falling. By morning the storm was fierce and it was terribly cold. When we got up our fire was all out and our boots were frozen hard and full of snow. It was difficult to get them on, but after pounding them over the wagon tongue a while we succeeded in getting our feet into them though they were far from comfortable.

We decided to break camp again and if possible find a sheltered place. This time we drove over near where John Henderson's farm is and found a thick patch of poplars and willows. Having an extra wagon cover along we converted it into a tent, leaving one side open facing the campfire. We made a good shelter for the oxen out of willows, and all managed to keep quite comfortable. It continued to snow and blow for three days.

When the storm finally cleared away we all started out in search of deer, each taking a different course. It was hard walking in about twenty inches of snow, but we were full of ginger and grit and did not mind it.

I had gone about three quarters of a mile when I ran across a fresh buck track. I followed the tracks into a thick poplar patch near where Nels Morrau's house now stands. Had gone into the poplars about three rods when the buck jumped up, made a couple of jumps and stopped broadside to me. I sent a rifle ball through his lights. He started to run and made about four jumps. This brought him out on a little patch of prairie where he ran in a circle for some time and fell. I ran and cut his throat and went to camp for the oxen and drew him into camp.

After dinner we looked around east, but found the storm had driven the deer west into the heavy timber, so the next morning Lon went south toward Eagle Lake and Ike and I went west, and we found plenty of deer signs. Lon killed one about noon and the next day Ike killed one.

Our bread was running low, so we decided to hunt one more day and go home. We killed two more deer the next day, and, now having five, we gathered them up and started home.

When we drove into the yard mother came rushing out to see if we were

all alive, having worried for fear some of us had got lost in the storm. We had brought plenty of venison for the winter, and all were happy over our good luck.

Another year we went for a hunting-trip early in November, driving over to near where Fred Ellwanger lives and fixing up our camp in a grove of oak-timber. There were three or four inches of snow on the ground, the weather had turned warm and it was thawing considerably.

That evening we looked around and found plenty of signs of deer, and the next morning we were up early, going off west toward Turtle Lake. Ike and Lon went south of the lake, and Lon ran across a fresh bear track. He followed it and had not gone very far before he discovered on the side-hill a pile of black dirt thrown up and a big hole which proved to be the bear's den, and looking in could see the bear's head. Feeling a little afraid to tackle him alone he thought at first he would leave him there while he hunted up one of us to help, but fearing the bear might come out and get away he plucked up all the courage he could and decided to try to kill him alone. Drawing up his rifle he took a square shot, his ball passing through the bear's head. After slipping back to reload his gun he approached and gave him another shot. This time the ball went through his nose just below his eyes, but old Bruin was trying hard to crawl out of his den, so Lon loaded his rifle again and shot him the third time, then commenced calling for help. Ike had heard him shooting and was already hurrying toward him, so before Lon had finished loading the fourth time Ike appeared and gave the bear another shot which finished him.

I was tracking a deer east of them, but hearing the last two shots I went back toward where the firing had been going on and I could soon hear Ike and Lon talking and laughing. By the time I reached them they had the bear out of his den. He was surely a big one—fat as a seal. We got the team, dragged him to camp, and fried a spiderful of bear meat for supper, which tasted the best of any meat I ever ate. Well, after supper we spent a few hours telling our experiences all over and went to bed.

The next morning we were out early. The snow was still thawing. We soon ran across fresh deer tracks going in every direction and each hunter took the direction that suited him best.. I went north of Turtle Lake, tracking a deer to where the main road now is to Fergus Falls where I ran onto a fresh bear track. So I left off following the deer and followed the bear. He had gone over one of those big hills toward Battle Lake, then turned and come back to very near where I first found his tracks, crossed the road and turned south, but as I reached this place I discovered some Indians' tracks and saw that they had come in ahead of me there and seeing the bear's track they had followed it. Going on about forty rods I found where they had run onto his den and killed the bear, and must have left just a few minutes before I got there. Well, I was mad to have had that long tramp only to be disappointed when I had so nearly reached the game, but I knew the Indians had as good a right to the wild game as the white people had. Went back to camp and found the boys frying venison for supper, they having killed a fine deer.

The next day I was out again and noticed something about a hundred yards from me which looked like a deer lying down, but our strict rule was never to shoot at anything until we were sure what it was, so I watched and waited until all at once it raised its head, wriggled its ears and I could see the shape of its neck and its breast, so I fired. At the crack of the rifle the deer jumped up and started to run, the blood streaming from the ball hole. He made a couple of short jumps and fell. When I reached him I found I had hit him center in the sticking place.

Hearing rifle shots south of the lake I went off in that direction. Found Lon who had killed one deer and wounded another which Ike finished

We now had four deer and a bear, and as the weather remained warm we decided to break camp and go home, reaching there about four o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as it was known we had a black bear every one in town came running to take a look at old Bruin and to congratulate us on our supply of game.

I wish now to relate a story of a hunting trip taken by a party consisting of Uncle Sylvester Whiting, Henry Way, my brother Alonzo and myself. This was in the last part of October. Henry said he would take his wagon, as it had a top box and projections so there would be plenty of room for four of us to sleep, and would take his spry little yoke of oxen. So we got everything in readiness. The women baked up several two-bushel sacks of bread for us, made pies and fried-cakes, and taking along a good supply of butter, salt and sugar we were off for Leaf Mountains. Camped first in the edge of the hills just beyond the little creek. The weather was warm and but little snow on the ground.

Early in the morning Henry and I went out east together and had not gone far before a nice doe jumped up and started to run. I thought I was pretty quick to shoot but before I could get my rifle off my shoulder, Henry's double-barreled shot-gun roared in my ears and a charge of buckshot had gone through the deer's body and she had turned a complete somerset and fell over dead.

Not seeing any prospects of getting another deer we took this one to camp and had venison frying for dinner when Lon and Uncle Vet came.

After dinner we moved camp to about where Paul Clemche's house now stands. That night it snowed about three inches—just enough to make good hunting. We could hear, during the night, several bucks snorting near our wagon.

The next morning we were out as early as we could see, starting east of the mountains near our camp. Found lots of tracks made in the snow that had just fallen. Lon and I hunted together part of the time that morning. All at once I saw a big doe coming towards me and stepped behind a patch of brush to wait for her to come nearer. She went into a little bunch of willows and as she came out I was already for her and fired, the ball passing through her heart.

Just then a spike buck started through the willows and ran out past Lon who shot and killed it, so we had two nice deer killed at almost the same time.

In a few minutes Uncle Vet came up and said, "Rett, what did you shoot my deer for?" then laughed and told me he had seen the deer and was trying to get close enough to shoot. Had just brought his gun to his shoulder to shoot at it when my rifle cracked and killed it. Neither of us knew the other was anywhere around. These circumstances happen occasionally where several are hunting together.

The next day Henry jumped a big buck on a hillside where several trees had been blown over. As the buck started to run down the hill Henry fired and slightly wounded him. This excited the deer and he started to jump through the treetops that lay on the ground, catching one of his hind legs in the fork of a limb

and breaking it. This disabled him so that Henry was able to get near enough to put another charge of shot into him, and he ran out where Uncle Vet was who shot and killed him.

The next day Lon and I saw five deer feeding in a hollow too far away to shoot at. We tried to slip up on them, but gun shots some distance away kept frightening them and we followed them off toward Millerville awhile and then gave them up. When we got back to camp Uncle Vet and Henry asked how many deer we had killed. We told them their shooting at nothing so much scared our deer so we hadn't killed any. Then we learned that they had killed six deer that forenoon. Well, that made us all happy and after dinner we went out and brought in that fine bunch of deer.

The next morning we started home. Henry's feet had become so sore that he said he would drive the team and we could hunt along each side of the road until we got through the mountains. We had gone about three miles when Lon scared up a big buck which happened to run toward the wagon. Henry had pulled his boots off to rest his feet but he grabbed his gun, jumped out of the wagon and fired a charge of buckshot through the deer. It turned and started to run the other way, Henry after it in his sock feet and he finally got close enough to finish it.

This made eleven deer in all. We now took the cover off the wagon and arranged the deer so that the bucks' heads were all sticking out over the edge of the box and the does were in the center, and a nicer load of deer I never saw. When we reached home the neighbors again surrounded our wagon to view and admire the result of our hunt.

Well, these are only a few of the many hunts we have enjoyed in dear old Otter Tail County. Now we are getting old (some having already passed on to their reward), our hunting-grounds are under cultivation and the game almost extinct, but in our minds we still live over those happy old hunting days and see the country as it looked to us then.

Lurett Whiting.

CHAPTER XVIII—CAMP CORLISS

E. E. Corliss and family arrived at Clitherall July 4, 1870. Brother William Corliss and wife had come there about two years previously, and we were very glad to find shelter with them for our family after our long, tedious journey by wagon from Chatfield, Fillmore County, Minnesota, and considered ourselves fortunate to have for our neighbors the dear friends called Cutlerites.

I shall never forget my impression the first time I saw the little settlement with its row of log houses, each simple home made beautiful with the flowers in the front yards.

We went to the dear old log church, and everything seemed so restful and quiet. We were made to feel at home among these people, and they proved to be the truest of friends, as was testified by help rendered us in times of sickness.

After resting and becoming a little used to the primitive conditions of the country we decided to take land and open up a farm.

Mr. Corliss had been admitted to the bar to practice law, and had expected to locate at Otter Tail City, but conditions there at that time were such that we did not care to live there, so built a house on our homestead west of the lake, it being the first frame house in that part of the country.

The opening up of a farm in those days meant hardships of all kinds, but we were looking forward to something better and felt sure it would be ours in time; and as I recall the many incidents connected with our lives during those years I truly think they were our happiest.

Mr. Corliss was elected county attorney in the fall of 1870, and as new settlers came to settle among us differences of opinion arose which required settling by law, and many cases were tried in private homes.

After Otter Tail County was fully organized and the county-seat established at Fergus Falls, we moved from the farm to that city in the spring of 1873.

After a few years Fergus Falls became quite metropolitan, and as we naturally wanted to get out into the country in the summer time we often went back to the farm, taking a crowd of friends with us. This grew to be burdensome to the farm help, and as a fraction of land on the west point of Clitherall Lake had come into market Mr. Corliss purchased it for our summer home.

It had always been a beauty spot to us before we owned it. The Indians had made it one of their haunts, coming in fall and spring to hunt and fish. The places where they held their "pow-wows" and "dog dances" were marked by paths, and piles of ashes showed where they had gathered in a sort of council, either of war or depredation.

When we began to clear the underbrush to make a place for our cottage and driveway into camp, it was sort of a rule that all visitors who came were let to help clear or haul brush for the privilege of gathering around a big bonfire at night.

Many good times we had around those bonfires with a crowd of good friends telling stories—sometimes very amusing, at other times nerve-racking, especially as the blaze died away and left it dark for us to find our way to our sleeping-quarters.

We never lacked company and as Camp Corliss seemed to be the only resort at that time, friends often begged the privilege of camping with us, the location being ideal, the fishing fine and plenty of fun at all times. As our crowds grew in number we added more shanties to make sleeping-room. The architectural designs were original and served the purpose at that time.

Camp Corliss was never intended as a public resort, but the novelty of being near the lake and the privilege of swimming and fishing were drawing-cards, and many dignified guests came out there, glad to loose themselves and get down to the simple outdoor sports of Camp Corliss.

Our children, growing to manhood and womanhood, always felt better for a summer at camp, and many other dear children learned their first lessons in fishing and swimming there.

In later years it used to be our privilege to stay quite late in the fall, the coloring of the foliage, the late bass-fishing and the gathering of wild grapes and plums being alluring.

If my memory serves me right we owned and managed Camp Corliss for twenty-seven years. Then as Mr. Corliss's health began to fail it was too great an effort for us to keep it open and we sold it in June, 1909.

It has been one of the bright and sunshiny epochs of our lives to have lived at Camp Corliss and the many dear friends we made there is the greatest satisfaction of all.

Elizabeth Corliss.

THE HALO.

I sometimes think the yesterdays are
fairer, sweeter far
Than any days that are to be or any
days that are;
As distance lends enchantment to the
far horizon line,
So time its glamor weaves about the
days of auld lang syne.
The friends of youth seem dearer than
the friends we know today,

The world was brighter, lighter, in the years of faraway;
The blossoms on the orchard trees a subtle fragrance blew,
And all the roses seemed to wear a rarer, fairer hue.
And oh, the joys of yesterday are deeper grown with time,
Our ancient woes are sweetened, olden sorrows made sublime;
And all the dreams that seemed to die, the things that could not be,
The prayers of life unanswered, still live on in memory.
Today may bring us happiness, tomorrow lure us on,
But something ever turns our hearts to other days long gone,
And blessed is the life that sees through recollection's haze
The tenderness and sweetness of its hallowed yesterdays.

—Selected.

CHAPTER XIX—FIFTY YEARS AGO. WHEN FRUIT WAS RIPE

In the early days when stockfeed was scarce, it was necessary each summer for the men to spend a few days looking around the country in search of the best places to put up wild hay to feed their horses, cattle and sheep through the winter. This was no small item, with the winters so long and cold and with so little other feed.

One day in their searches a party of them found the hollows and hillsides around where Battle Lake village is now just covered with wild strawberries—all ripe and ready to be gathered.

That good news did not mean that a few selfish families would hie away next day and come back laden with pails of berries to display to covetous neighbors. Everybody had his chance. Word was sent to every family at Clitherall and arrangements made for all hands to go the next day and gather them—men, women and children, and a picnic dinner with strawberries for dessert. Those are the days we could get strawberries at Battle Lake at our own price.

Nearly everybody went. My mother wished everybody had, for she had put a big fat hen to cook before we left home, and having it partly boiled left it stewing in the kettle to become nice and tender before the fire went out so it would be already for our supper when we reached home. Imagine our surprise and disgust when we uncovered the kettle to take up the chicken, to find only the picked bones in the broth. Though living in the Indian country we did not lay this to them, and we were right. Aunt Lyd's Charlie years afterward confessed, for one. Others are still under suspicion.

Another party out hay hunting discovered a cranberry marsh near the south shore of the lake across from Albertson's farm. The berries were not ripe at the time, but when they were a day was set and again nearly every one planned to go. Our family were all ready to start when it was found there was not room in the wagons for all to ride and Father decided that one of us should stay at home and leave room for some one else from some other family to go. Emma was older than I but was more timid about staying alone, so it was voted unanimously that Lu should stay.

I got out of the wagon but I fooled them a trip, for when they reached the cranberry marsh I was there with my little pail full of berries. Some of Hyrum Murdock's folks had come along in a boat and stopped for one more passenger, so I called out, "I'm your huckleberry," and was taken into the boat and had a much shorter and pleasanter ride than my folks had in the wagon.

The cranberries were most abundant, and needless to say every family carried home more than they could afford sugar to sweeten.

About this time groves of plum trees loaded with ripe red and yellow fruit were located, and another jolly trip was looked forward to by the young people. The day came and the crowd gathered and clambered into the big wagons. One load had already started when I ran off to Marcus Shaw's for Eleanor Gould who was working there, as no group was complete in my estimation without her. We ran back together toward the corner where the team we were to go with was waiting for us.

There was another team waiting there also—my father's—hitched to a wagon with a hay-rack on it. My light heart began to settle. I was my father's boy at that time, brother Arthur being too young to help him much. As soon as we were within speaking distance he said, "Lu, I guess you'll have to plum up in the field and help me finish stacking the grain. I can't do it alone and can get none of the boys to help me. They're all going plumming."

Well, I dropped my pail, climbed onto the rack and pulled my sunbonnet over my face to hide my tears while the crowd drove off and left me. I didn't suppose then that I could ever smile about it—not even fifty years hence—but I have just found myself doing so.

Lucia Whiting Murdock.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

I came to Minnesota in 1865, with the second immigration to Otter Tail County, with my grandmother Lois Cutler, uncles, aunts and many old friends. There were twenty-seven wagons in the caravan and many cattle and sheep besides. We always camped over Sunday and they held meetings on that day. The roads were pretty good part of the way and pretty bad sometimes. There would be three or four teams stuck in the mud at a time, and some of the others would have to go back with their oxen and haul them out to terra firma. Oh, but that trip was immense!

We had many interesting incidents on our road to "Denna's ox-bow." Once was when Joseph McIntyre tried to make "squibs" (if you know what that is) with powder from a horn hung by his side. Some way he got the powder touched off. The horn exploded and blew his face and hands so full of powder that he looked more like a "niggar" than a white man, and whether it blew his vest off I am not prepared to say; anyway he was out of it so quick I guess no one knew how it happened, but say! he never tried making "squibs" any more.

That trip was a long-remembered one by some of us at any rate, and we were a jolly bunch when we got to the end of our two months' journey.

The young folks used to have big times around the old swing in summer, and in winter we had sleighrides with oxen, which all enjoyed except the oxen.. For seats we had the old-fashioned splint-bottomed chairs which answered the purpose very well only they would always tip over while going up hill. Then there were parties in the evening with refreshments served at the different homes where we held forth. It was a happy time for all in that long ago.

My grandmother went to Oak Lake with her son-in-law and daughter, Almon Sherman and wife, while I stayed at Isaac Whiting's to go to school, but school had little charm for me that winter and that was the last school I ever attended except the school of experience.

But few are left of that old class of fifty years ago, and what are left are old and gray and crippled up with rheumatism or other ailments, while I myself have been a paralytic for nearly seventeen months, unable to walk without help or to use my right hand

but very little. Have learned to write with my left hand, so while away many hours by writing letters, but even that gets monotonous.

I was married to Alonzo Whiting on the 4th of July, 1869. We started out in life with a yoke of steers, a wagon, a cow, some household goods and thirty dollars in money. Who can beat that let him stand up and speak.

Emily Pratt Whiting.

CHAPTER XX—ADVENTURES ON CLITHERALL LAKE.

OUT IN A SAILBOAT

John and Hugh Campbell had built a sailboat, and having launched it without ceremony invited a party to accompany them on its maiden voyage. Among the passengers were Clayton Gould, Delia Gould, Lu Whiting, Roseltha Corliss, Aunt Nan Burdick and her daugther Evie, the "crew" having solemnly promised them to stay near shore.

After making a failure of anything like a pleasure trip, the inventors protested that if they could go far enough out in the lake to get the benefit of the north wind their boat would sail easily. So leaving the shore, they reached deep water to find that the north wind from which they had been partially sheltered before by the high lake bank and woods, was rapidly becoming stronger. The waves were rising higher and splashing onto them. The passengers insisted on going back, but to their dismay soon discovered that the sailors were helpless against the rising storm. It grew worse and worse; the sails were taken down; every one was thoroughly soaked by the waves which were unbelievably high, and the boat was being driven furiously across the lake, threatening to capsize every minute. The inmates really gave up hope of ever reaching the shore alive, but the boat continued upright and drifted on clear to the south shore, and there the "pleasure-seekers" landed, wet to the skin, shivering in the cold and five miles from home.

There was nothing to do but walk home around the shore. Clayton carried Evie all the way. Those who knew Evie Burdick Lewis as an elderly woman will appreciate the humor of this, considering her size. As they reached home Dee fell in a dead faint, and the rest of the disgusted party were completely worn out.

(Told by Roseltha Albertson.)

WHEN THE BARK WENT DOWN

Winfield Gould had come down to Clitherall, and wishing to visit at his Uncle Theodore Sherman's south of the lake borrowed Uncle Vet's boat and rowed across. The next morning when he was to return, a northwest wind was blowing so hard that it seemed impossible to row back, and Anson Sherman advised him to leave the boat there and when the wind went down or changed he would be glad to row back in it to Uncle Vet's, so Winfield agreed and walked back around the lake.

Some time later, in November, he started to Sauk Centre via Clitherall and Otter Tail to buy a load of flour for England and Johnson, Otter Tail merchants. Learning that the boat had never been brought home, as Anson had gone off somewhere and forgotten it, he walked around to Sherman's after it.. Finding it high and dry on the sand he pushed it into the water and started across. He soon noticed that the boat was leaking badly and he had nothing along with which to dip it out. He was not dressed for swimming, as he had on his heaviest clothes for the long drive to Sauk Centre, and the prospect of having to swim in that Thanksgiving weather was not a tempting one. He decided to reach the opposite shore with the boat if it were possible and rowed with might and main, but, as the wind was blowing, more or less water dashed into the boat to add to that coming in quite rapidly through cracks in the sides. The work became harder and his strength less, and it was necessary to keep the boat moving swiftly to keep it above water.

Finally the boat had sunk so low and the waves were so high that they began to wash straight over the side and he saw he could keep it up no longer, so he stood up in the boat and felt it settle slowly, slowly down, carrying him into the icy bath which rose higher and higher on his body—to his knees—his hips—his arm-pits—and there it stopped, the boat having reached bottom, leaving the main part of his six feet three inches above water.

He was still some distance from shore but managed to wade safely to the bank, having nothing to show for the long, hard trip but his wet clothes which all had to be dried during the night for the to-morrow's journey.

On his way to William Corliss's to spend the night he stopped and told Uncle Vet where his boat was and trusted to the wind to bring it on home which it did in due time.

PICTURES ON MEMORY'S WALL

There is an old saying that "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and I believe it's true, for, when I think of that far-away day of my childhood, it seems to me now that the sun never shone so bright, the sky never looked so blue, the lake never formed such a perfect mirror nor the Island such a picture of beauty as on this particular morning.

We had had two or three light frosts, the trees were just putting on their autumn dress, and the foliage of the stately oaks and maples mingled with the sumac, prickly ash, grape-vines, bitter-sweet and hazel bushes—all blending together to form a picture in my mind today that I wish I might have to hang on the walls of my front room.

Our home was on the south shore of Clitherall Lake, and Mrs. Jensen, our nearest neighbor on the east, with her little maid, came down to our house that morning and asked me to take their boat and row them over to the Island to pick cranberries. I was quite an expert with a boat for a youngster, and on such a pleasant morning I was more than willing to go.

Mr. Jensen had pre-empted the piece of land that Mr. Tallman now owns. He had made himself an old-fashioned, flat-bottomed boat, and when he built his claim shanty he had cut trees on the Island, rafted the logs, a few at a time, and towed them across to his own place with this boat. I remember the oar-locks were made of willow withes.

Mrs. Jensen had left her baby at home with her husband the morning we went berrying, as we expected to be back early. We fixed up a lunch, and with my little brother Freddie started out in high spirits. We went along very well until we were very near the Island when one of the oar-locks gave way, and we had to paddle to shore the best we could.

We reached the cranberry marsh and had no sooner begun picking than a party of squaws and papooses appeared chattering and laughing. They greeted us with "Bu-zhoo, Nitchee," and fell to picking berries to beat the band. One fat squaw lady had a good-natured baby strapped to her back in some kind of a cradle. It didn't seem to hinder her from picking berries at all, and they soon had the marsh cleaned out. I remember I was quite out of patience with them for coming there, though they had as good a right as we, and we thanked our lucky stars later that they were on the spot. Quite a large party of them were camped on the west side of

the Island.

We wandered around awhile, picking grapes, hazel-nuts and bitter-sweet berries until noon and then ate our lunch. By that time a south wind was blowing quite a gale, and we were afraid to start out with our broken oar-lock. It was so far around the lake either way home that we didn't know what to do. (The Island, so-called, is really a peninsula.)

Mrs. Jensen was worrying about her baby, so after waiting a while until we thought the wind had subsided a little, we tied up the oar-lock the best we could and started out in the direction the waves were rolling, thinking to make a landing near Will Corliss's old place. When we got out in the lake far enough to see both sides of the Island we noticed some birch-bark canoes on the west shore and some papooses playing in the water. It was calm on that side, but the waves were quite high out where we were and every little while the water would slosh over into the boat.

Then, all at once, the oar-lock gave way again and I lost the oar, and then—we lost our heads. Poor Mrs. Jensen stood right up in the boat, wringing her hands and calling, "Come, Ninny; come Ninny," the nearest she could come to saying "Indian." I can see her now with her wet skirts flapping in the wind and the tears running down her cheeks. I presume I cried and called too, but I remember I tried to bail out the water from the boat. My little brother never said a word nor even whimpered.

Well, the Indian children saw us and heard us call. They scudded up the bank into the woods and pretty soon two squaws came running down to the shore, overturned one of their canoes in a hurry, and came gliding like a wild duck over the waves to our rescue.

I suppose if we had kept our wits and sat still and bailed the water out, we would have drifted ashore in the course of time, for Mr. Jensen found the boat next day, right side up and full of water, opposite Cal Fletcher's old place.

However, the good squaws thought we were in danger and voiced their sympathy the best they could, though we couldn't understand a word they said. They knew just what to do and took us aboard in short order, but we had to be very careful in seating ourselves—the six of us—in that frail craft of birch bark. Just as we were drawing away from our boat Mrs. Jensen reached back into the boat and grabbed her old battered kettle half full of cranberries, causing us to ship a few quarts of water. One squaw gave a reproving, "Uh, uh, uh."

They took us safely to shore, a wet and shivering but thankful set. By that time it was sundown and the wind was going down. We went up to where their tents were pitched and made signs and motions for them to take us home, but they made us understand we would have to wait—that their canoe was too small. So we stood around, first on one foot and then the other, warming and drying ourselves by their campfire. Night settled down around us, but we never dreamed of being afraid of these Indians.

Finally, two stalwart Indians came stalking out of the gloom, bearing a large bark canoe on their shoulders. By that time the moon had risen and the lake was calm. Their people seemed to tell them what had happened so they launched their big canoe, we got into it, and, never saying one word, they brought us safely home about ten o'clock.

Our folks, who had been nearly frantic with fear, blessed those Indians with a portion of all they had to give. We loaded them down with melons, potatoes and whatever we could spare. Mrs. Jensen flew for home, but the next morning she brought down a generous offering too, and the Indians came over en masse and took all we had a mind to offer. One old fellow put his hand on my head and said, "Na-get nish-i-shin pa-poose." I don't know what he meant, but I took it then as a compliment.

Rhoda Sherman Hunter.

(The compliment was "Very good child." E. G.)

A DEER HUNT ON THE ICE

In the early days Isaac Whiting and Sylvester McIntyre (the latter only a boy) started across the lake for a sleigh-load of wood from the Island and saw a doe with three fawns out on the ice. The ice was too smooth and glassy in places to risk giving chase with the team, so Isaac left the boy in charge of the horses and ran after the deer with his axe for a weapon.

The doe ran well even on the smooth ice as she knew how to take careful, steady steps, but the fawns tried to go in leaping bounds and often slipped and fell on the ice. Two were caught and killed, but by that time "Vet Mac" had become too much excited to remain where he was and had driven the horses onto the slippery ice where both had fallen down. While they were being driven and pulled back onto a large patch of snow, the remaining fawn succeeded also in reaching some snow-covered ice and then easily overtook the mother deer who had abandoned her young ones without a struggle, in order to save her own life.

It was no pleasant task to kill these gentle, helpless creatures, but their delicious meat was a welcome addition to more than one settler's table.

One spring while Cousins Isaac and Jennie Whiting were planting corn, a deer came out of the woods near them and sped down across the garden toward the lake. They watched it bound down the bank, on into the water and swim clear across the lake.

LOST ON THE ICE.

One night a party of young people were out skating. Orison Tucker was rather too young to join the crowd, but as he could skate well he accompanied them. They remained on the lake for several hours, scattering out to skate where they pleased and then joining in groups again.

As it grew late Orison began looking around for his companions. He skated around for some time but found no one. It was so dark that even when he approached the shore he could not tell where he was, and he became bewildered and frightened. It was like being lost on the desert.

He was suffering bitterly with the cold when at last Frank Murdock, taking one last, long spin before going home, skated down near Camp Corliss and there discovered him—a long way from home, cold and exhausted—but with Frank's help he reached home all right.

A LIFE LOST—ANOTHER RISKED.

"Our schoolmate dear" was the inscription in artistic lettering above the casket of little twelve-year-old Leland Whiting, a school-boy of District One, at his funeral December 3, 1910.

Leland lived with his parents, Chas. L. and Clara Whiting, in Old Clitherall and attended school in the village. After school one night he, with three schoolmates, Robert and Verne Whiting and Lynn Fletcher, skated down the lake from town and on past his own home. Out in the lake south of John Murdock's Leland skated into an air-hole, eight feet wide.

We do not desire to make vivid the awfulness of it all, but there in the icy water Leland gave up this

life, so dear to all of earth's children, for the better life beyond.

His cousin Robert attempted to save him, while Lynn and Verne hurried away to summon help.

John Murdock, being the first to hear the alarm, ran out with a rope, removed his cap, shoes and coat, and, telling the boys to throw him the rope when he came up, plunged head first into the water—a depth of fourteen feet. He swam the lower six or seven feet with difficulty owing to the heavy pressure of water beneath him. He discovered the body and without touching his feet to the bottom swam on with it, necessarily going a little ahead in rising so that he saw he was coming up under the sheet of ice, but being able to detect the open surface he turned and reached it safely.

After getting out onto solid ice and while attempting to force the water from Leland's lungs, Leland's father and others reached the place and took the boy immediately to the house where restoratives were used with loving diligence by parents and doctor, but all in vain, the exposure having been too long and severe.

Leland was a great-grandson of the pioneer Chauncey Whiting, and his death was the first case of drowning in Clitherall Lake.

Some time after this, through gratitude and courtesy, Chas L. Whiting and Rev. S. H. Sharpless reported what John Murdock had done to the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, who, after sending their agent, John Benitz, here to investigate the case, awarded him a medal—one of the many for which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has made provision to be rewarded for deeds of heroism similar to this one.

The medal is of bronze, about four inches in diameter, bearing Mr. Carnegie's profile on one side and on the other the statement of to whom and why the medal was awarded.

The community out of respect presented Mr. Murdock with a gold watch appropriately engraved.

CHAPTER XXI—STORIES BY THE YOUNGER GENERATIONS.

FISH—THEN OTHER THINGS

Although I never had much luck fishing I always enjoyed the sport as much as other boys, and there is one particular fishing-trip that I shall never forget. It was in the early spring, something like thirty years ago, just at the time when the ice was going out of the lake. Some of us youngsters, one Saturday afternoon, were coming home from Battle Lake and noticed that the old outlet was open and well supplied with fish.

It didn't take us long to spread the good news to the tribe when we reached home, and of course a fishing-trip was planned for the following day, although we realized it was Sunday and just how we were going to get out of attending church was an important question. However, with nine or ten great sets of brains the size of ours, we felt that no problem was too great for us to solve, and we went to bed that night with visions of buffalo and pickerel pulling us through the water.

These visions were all gone over in our dreams that night, and Sunday morning we hung around the house looking as though we had been stealing sheep. Uncle Lewis, Uncle Vet, Hyrum Murdock and all the others came to attend meeting. We thought they never would get through standing about in the yard discussing crop prospects, etc., but finally all filed into church—all except us youngsters.

We had watched our chance and now got the house between us and the church. Then down over the lake bank we went as fast as we could run, through the Old Hole, as we called it, then on down the shore until we were past Uncle Vet's old barn. Here we went into the woods and were safely on our way to the outlet.

Not one of us had thought to bring a spear or even a hay-fork. When we reached Odd Albertson's pasture we thought we would borrow a fork from his haystack, but this couldn't be done simply because that big yellow dog of his was determined to stick right tight to the haystack. Whistling and coaxing had no effect on him and we finally gave it up as a bad job. As a last resort we took some small oak rails off Odd's fence and armed with the toughest rails we could find we made our way to the outlet.

The sight that met our eyes was enough to stir the blood of older and wiser fishermen than we. The outlet was just jammed full of the largest pickerel we had ever seen. They were actually crowding one another out upon the banks. We spent two hours pounding fish on the head with those fence rails before we noticed what an enormous pile we had. A look at the pile scared us. What could we ever do with them! The law at that time permitted catching only so many and we had exceeded the limit by a fearful number. We decided we had better put them back into the water. Taking them out had been the greatest sport of our lives, but putting them back was a far different task, and soon made us wonder why the sun was shining so everlastingly hot. Sweat was pouring down our faces long before the job was finished.

We saved out four big fellows and took them up into the woods in Odd's pasture where we built a fire, and the feast we had would have put any old cannibal to shame. You know how a bunch of young fellows who were pretty tired would naturally have fair appetites, and I am sure that if any of the boys who were with me that day will think back a little they will remember how one of the party was even more than the average cannibal and was hardly able to get home. In fact, he had to be assisted at first.

They will remember, too, that on our way home we passed through Odd's field where a lot of ruta-bagas and onions were piled up and covered with straw to keep them from freezing. Now a meal of bagas and onions on a stomach already overloaded is a pretty strong diet, but Bert said if we ate some our breath would be enough to prevent our Dads from giving us much of a licking on our return. We all realized what we were up against, and anything that would ease it up a little was welcomed, so we ate onions with a relish. The preventive was far from satisfactory with me, and I wished a thousand times before I reached home that Odd Albertson had eaten those onions himself.

To make matters worse I don't believe Father noticed we had ever eaten an onion. Anyway I could feel, or imagined I could, the imprint of one of the greatest, the strongest, and I am sure the hardest human hands of the whole neighborhood for several days afterward. I remember the imagination was exceptionally strong next morning when I attempted to sit down at the breakfast table. I noticed also that brother Erle was standing up. Father asked why I was standing up at the table, and I told him I felt kind of sick to my stomach when I sat down. Do you wonder why I can remember this little trip?

N. F. Whiting.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

I shall always believe that I was born with a gun bug about my system, for I so soon developed a desire to shoot and kill.

My first weapon of offense and defense was acquired, after much coaxing on my part, when I besieged my Great Uncle Lewis Whiting to make me a bow and arrow, he at last consenting providing I could secure the

proper material. I went forth at once in quest of something that would answer the purpose and brought in first one stick and then another, each in turn being rejected by the master mechanic on account of being cross-grained, too brittle, too full of knots, etc., until I was well-nigh discouraged.

At last, however, at Charlie Whiting's suggestion, I confiscated one of Uncle Al's wagon bows. It was just long enough for each of us a good bow, which Uncle Lute made for us after we had reported that this particular piece of timber was "an extra wagon bow that some one had made and left lying around careless like, so must have had no use for it."

I imagined at the time that Uncle Lute gave us an unusually penetrating look, but as he asked no embarrassing questions our late depredation was forgotten for the time, and I hustled around to find an old broom handle to make an arrow from. In a couple of hours we were both fitted out ready for the war path with the exception of a bowstring. I hurried home and told mother my needs which she readily supplied in the form of four yards of carpet warp which, when "thribbled" and twisted, made an excellent bowstring.

I wanted to commence practicing at once so started after chipmunks, taking Bert along to carry the game. After an hour or so we had acquired a very healthy appetite but no game. We returned home, and as we were coming into the front yard Bert said, "Frank, I'll bet you can't shoot over the house." We were some little distance away but I thought I could "put 'er over" all right, so raised my prize bow and let fly. The arrow described a beautiful half circle, but did the same thing that I did when I tried to jump across the creek—"lit" too soon. Father was in the house at the time patching shoes, and the arrow, after passing through the window accompanied by much tinkling of glass, landed with a dull thud fairly upon his cranium, and he, not being in the best of humor thereafter, soon made two arrows of that one, then bounced to the door and called for the bow also. But by this time I was doing a two-forty trot or better, so could not hear him.

I returned in the beautiful twilight and handed my much-loved bow to Mother and begged her to save it for me, which she did by placing it back of the flour chest. When Father asked me for the bow I answered, "Mother has it." He looked at Mother and must have perceived it might interrupt the domestic tranquility if he insisted upon her surrendering the bow, so the matter dropped.

Well, the bow and arrow sufficed for a few years, but day by day my longing grew to possess a real gun. I once picked up potatoes a whole day for Uncle Alf that I might fire off his rifle just once, he in the meantime instructing me how to draw a bead, etc. After the day's work was finished we went back into the timber where Uncle Alf hewed off a piece of bark from an oak tree, leaving a white spot for a mark, paced off fifty yards, arranged a short log for a rest, and I lay down back of the log. Uncle cocked the piece and I shifted into the proper position; then he gave me the final instructions about putting the point of the front sight upon the white spot, at the same time peeking through the bottom of the notch in the rear sight, then press the set trigger. I was a little nervous, although I knew about what I was supposed to do; finally got the sights lined up and pressed the trigger.

Never did the report of a rifle sound so sweet to me as that sharp, ringing report did as it broke the hushed quiet of that beautiful autumn evening, and the echo that rolled back and forth across that little valley and back into the timber was the grandest music I ever listened to.

On examination we found that the bullet had landed almost directly over the white spot but about six inches high. I went home that eve a very happy boy. One might think that I paid dear for my pleasure, but it was well worth the price of admission.

The next day I told my playmates of my exploit, and John and Will Whiting learning of my enthusiasm at once sighted some "sport," so framed up a deal for my benefit. Bill came to me and congratulated me on my work with a rifle and said I would undoubtedly become a famous rifle shot some day, but thought I ought to become familiar with a shot-gun also and offered to let me fire off a shot-gun they had if I would pick spuds for them only one half a day. I fell for the proposition and went to work at once.

As soon as the half day was up John brought out the old double-barrel muzzle loader, Bill carried a shingle to stick up for a target, they chose the positions and Bill stuck the shingle into the sand about half way up the sloping lake bank. Then John led me down to the water's edge, turned my back to the lake, commanded me to squat down, aim straight up at the shingle and let her go.. Well, I did as I was told a-n-d——

You have all heard of "the gun that was loaded for bear." I am not saying this gun was loaded especially for Bruin, but I shall always believe it was loaded for a barefooted boy all right, all right. Anyhow it came back like a switching box-car and the next I remember I was strangling from swallowing too much lake water through my nose. When I regained an upright position my straw hat was floating out to sea, and John and Bill were both rolling in the sand, laughing hysterically.

I left both gun and hat in the lake and pulled my freight for the sheltered side of a board fence where the sun performed the double office of raising my drooping spirits and drying my dripping pants. It is needless to say that I reached home a sadder and considerably wiser boy. This experience was also well worth the price of admission.

In the year of 1882 I accumulated nearly enough nickels and dimes to purchase a little single-barrel shotgun from an Indian. His price was $2.50 and I had only $2.40, but after some argument we closed the deal, and lo! I had a real gun of my own. The most outstanding feature of this little gun was that one needed to snap the thing about three times before the cap would explode. I soon swapped it to Ike's Charlie for the same rifle that Uncle Alf let me fire off the previous year.

I became quite proficient with this rifle. On one occasion I fired thirteen shots at mallards, flying, and scored eight hits. I later swapped this rifle away for a shot and rifle combined, and while I still owned this gun I participated in my first deer hunt—but that is another story.

Frank A. Whiting.

WOLVES

O how time flies!

A good many years ago I participated in a wolf hunt that will probably stand out in memory as long as I live. It was back in dear old Otter Tail County, the place of my birth.

I was just at the age when a kid gets nerve enough to play hookey from school and when he begins to think about the girls, and hence begins to consider himself a man.

On the day of this hunt I was what is sometimes termed comfortably sick, that is, sick enough to abstain from all forms of labor but well enough to devour all the little delicacies that dear old Mother prepared for me, such as milk-toast, chicken broth, poached

eggs, etc., while the little medicine I did take was disguised in preserves or something of the sort.

So I was getting along fairly well when about noon in came Ike's Charlie who in a very excited manner told of a large wolf he had been racing all the morning with old Flora and which he had overtaken several times, but the mare would not stand quietly enough for him to get aim from her back and, when he jumped off and attemped to shoot, the mare kept tossing her head and pulling back so violently that he failed entirely to make a hit although he had fired many times, and says he, "If you will hitch your team to my cutter, we will get Ora to go along and I am sure we can get that doggoned wolf."

In a very few minutes we had my little bays harnessed and were rushing off, with Mother standing in the doorway remonstrating against my exposing myself so. But on we went, in spite of Mother's protests, bent only upon killing that great hairy wolf. We drove down Clitherall Lake to near the west end and took up the trail which led northwest through the Corliss pasture and out onto the prairie. Just as we were crossing the hills west of the Ole Henry farm, we met the wolf coming back. He had evidently gone up near Battle Lake and having seen something that changed his mind had turned back.

He was just coming down into a large valley from the north as we topped the ridge at the south and—talk about a surprise party! The whole outfit was surprised. We boys soon rolled out of the cutter and the fight was on. One of the first bullets crippled the wolf so he could not get on very fast, and by the time we had fired six shots each—a total of eighteen—the wolf was badly cut to pieces. Then down the hill we went through a snowdrift four feet deep and up to our prize, and right there we held our first war dance and pow-wow. After it was over we loaded the wolf into the cutter and were off for home, living over and over again the glorious sensation of the last few moments. Talk of being puffed up with pride. We were the limit.

Upon arriving at Old Clitherall we took our wolf to the wagon shop, as the old shop was sort of a public skinning place, and the news soon spread over the village that we had brought in our wolf. Quite a crowd of the curious gathered there to view the remains and to get the facts of the killing, we having now got so we could almost tell the story twice alike.

While we were removing the skin and proudly showing the onlookers the ten bullet holes, our pride received quite a shock. Alva and Orison Murdock happened along, and, upon seeing an unusually large crowd about the shop, dropped in to see what it was all about. After listening to our oft-repeated tale and observing our exalted opinion of ourselves as wolf slayers, Alva said, "Well, boys, you did very well today, but let me tell you it will be a long, cold day before you kill another wolf."

These few words, spoken half in jest, half in earnest, brought us back to earth again. Could it be possible that this was only an accident! I, for one at least, went to bed that night with sort of a worried or, rather, a sinking sensation.

Nevertheless, the next morning found us all ready and willing to try it over again and, kid-like, we drove right back down Clitherall Lake, through the Corliss pasture, then northwest across the prairie hills, up and down through the same valley in which we had killed our first wolf, then turned northeast by north until we struck West Battle Lake and on across the Ed Everts farm. There we struck a fresh wolf trail and got a few shots at him running through a corn-field but failed to puncture him. We followed hot on the trail until up near Silver Lake while Ora and I were walking ahead on the trail, Charlie bringing up the rear with the team, suddenly the trail entered a small patch of hazel brush that grew upon the north side of an otherwise prairie hill.

Ora says, "One of us should be around on the other side of this brush patch."

I instantly discerned the object and said to him, "You just wait here until you see me on the hill above the brush."

I hustled around and came up to the very edge of the little thicket on top of the hill. Then Oro started ahead on the trail, and upon arriving at the lower edge of the thicket he saw the wolf lying down about half way between us and said, " I believe I see him." I answered, "Give it to him."

He raised his rifle and fired but the wolf never moved, so he fired again; same result. Then Ora carefully worked his way into the thicket even up to the wolf. He found that he had killed him the first shot; the second bullet had only punched two more holes in the skin.

When we arrived at the old shop that evening with our second wolf, our neighbors began to believe we really could kill wolves. However that may be, there were many long, cold days before we got another.

But after a time Uncle Ike became interested, and it was not long until wolf hunting became our regular occupation during the winter months (preceded, of course, by a good deer hunt in November).

Many is the time we boys have started out in the morning after wolves with fifty rounds of ammunition, and come home in the evening with our pockets full of empty shells which we would reload and so be ready to hit the trail again in the morning.

I well remember one beautiful morning when Ike, Charlie and Ora came up to our place to ask if Bert and I were on for a hunt that day, which of course we were; but Father kind of wondered if it wasn't about time we boys take a day off and saw wood, etc., and of course put up the argument that there was no money in these fool hunting trips.

"Why," he says, "I believe you boys tear overalls and burn up ammunition to the value of $20.00 for every wolf you get," and for a moment we were all hushed up by the force of his argument. Uncle Ike parried the blow however by saying, "Yes, Lon, but you must remember that we get $19.00 worth of fun out of every hunt, besides the price of the hide, so we are making something anyhow."

Our success wolf hunting, as a whole, was fairly good, aside from the $19.00 worth of sport. Sometimes we did remarkably well and again not so well, and at other times we lost out altogether, but I believe a man with sporting blood in his veins enjoys being outwitted fully as much as outwitting an animal. The largest number of wolves we ever bagged in one day was four. Details follow:

Very early one morning Erle came up to our place somewhat out of breath and reported seeing a wolf just fooling around out on the lake. Soon all was bustle and excitement as we hurriedly buckled the harness onto my team and were off. We picked up Ora, Charlie and Ike and a moment later the steel horseshoe calks were sending a blinding cloud of granulated ice and snow all over and behind us, and after a sharp gallop of about a mile we passed in front of the wolf just before he reached the timber. The rest of the boys rolled out and the bombardment lasted until I slowed the team down and turned around.

When the smoke lifted Mr. Wolf had forgotten his troubles in this life. We picked him up, tumbled him into the sleigh and were back in Old Town in about thirty minutes from the time Erle had first reported his proximity.

We had done so well so early in the day that we decided to try it over again. By this time John Murdock arrived and asked to accompany us. I believe this was John's first offense at wolf hunting. We drove over to West Battle Lake, then east along the shore and up near Mason Lake, across the Beaver section, and pulled in at Uncle Lute's for dinner.

(And I wish to state right here that had it not been for the hospitality of the non-hunters of Girard, Clitherall, Nidaros, Leaf Mountains, Everts and Otter Tail our enjoyment of wolf hunting would have been cut in half. My heart is filled with gratitude for the kindness we so often received from the noble hearted settlers who treated us so kindly while on our hunting trips. Scores of times we have driven into a farmyard, tired, hungry and cold, and asked for a chance to put up the team and feed them, also to get something warm to drink with our lunch while we rested awhile. And I must say we were never refused, and to the best of my knowledge and belief no one ever made any charge whatever for the accommodation, and very often they would not allow us to eat our own cold lunch but would prepare a great big warm meal instead).

After dinner Dean joined the party and we proceeded on our way. We drove down onto and across East Battle Lake, then onto Steuart Lake with the team while part of the boys scattered through the jack oak hills to the east.

They had gone in only a short distance when Ike espied a wolf upon a side hill and killed him the first shot.

Soon after Ike brought his wolf to the sleigh we struck the trail of two wolves going east. We put John Murdock on the trail while some of us headed around each side. John, however, soon came out on a tom-cat's trail, so we put another trailer on. This time I had just come to the top of a large hill when I saw the two wolves crossing a small slough, going east. I commenced firing at them but the bullets all seemed to land behind them, so I held farther ahead and one bullet plowed the snow just in front of the wolves and they turned and ran west. Bert, hearing the shooting, was running east, and just as he stooped down to dive under the limbs of a jack oak tree he met the wolves coming in from the other side. His rifle leaped to his shoulder, a stream of fire and smoke enveloped the wolves and one of them had received his death wound.

We followed the remaining wolf southwest for about one and a half miles and finally trailed him into a small hazel thicket. Dean stood guard at the southwest corner and I held down the northeast corner and we appointed John as trailer again. He did better this time, no cats having been down in that vicinity. The wolf broke cover on the north side and I fired but missed, and by the time I was ready to shoot again the wolf was far enough up the hill so that Dean could see him. We both fired at the same instant, and the wolf rolled over.

The wolf had been broad side to me and endwise to Dean. It seemed to have been hit on the left side, rather high, and of course I claimed the shot. But right here is where I want to get something off my chest that has annoyed me for years. When we removed the skin I observed that the bullet had entered between the shoulder blade and the body and had traversed lengthwise of the neck. So Dean killed this wolf instead of myself. I have been tempted many times to "'fess up," but the selfishness within me has overruled.

I have hunted for many years with many different men, and I believe that old Uncle Ike is the most unselfish, the most jolly companion I was ever out with.

The total number of wolves killed by myself in Minnesota was exactly fifty. Number of deer killed by myself in same state, thirty-three. Number of moose, one, and smaller game too numerous to mention.

Respectfully submitted by

Frank A. Whiting.

A REVERIE

In all of our lives are fond mem'ries
Endearing us each to the past,
Some mem'ries so sweet and so clinging
It seems that they always must last.

Tonight as I sit here in silence,
While shadows of nightfall grow deep,
To the home of my childhood go straying
My thoughts where our loved ones now sleep.

In fancy I see my old playmates,
The friends of my girlhood so dear,
Whose jesting and heartiest laughter
This twilight to me seem so near.

There never were happier children
Than those who resided around
The high, sunny banks of Lake Clitherall,
Where Nature's best gifts did abound.

There none of us ever sought vainly
The finny tribe tempting and fine;
And no one was e'er disappointed
If armed with a fish-hook and line.

Again there are other old mem'ries
Of trials my people went through,
They being the very first settlers,
When Otter Tail County was new;

With no one to greet them but Redskins,
Who often were friendly and good,
But after imbibing too freely
Of liquor, they grew wild and rude.

One time I distinctly remember
When father out threshing had gone,
Leaving mother at home with us children
To care for and shield us from harm.

The rain in fierce torrents was falling
And beating with force 'gainst the pane;
The wind, which seemed bent on destruction,
Was adding its wrath to the rain.

When suddenly out midst the tempest
Came cries that we all knew too well,
A cry that chilled all in our dwelling,
A loud, drunken Indian yell.

Poor mother was speechless with terror,
Scarce knowing the best to be done,
But being alone, unprotected,
She dared not remain in her home.

So gathering her children together
To the back door she hastily sped,
And out we all went through the darkness
While thunder kept pealing o'erhead.

And swiftly we all hastened onward,
With fear lending wings to our feet,
And soon were at Uncle Ret's dwelling,
A safe and à welcome retreat.

This fright was just one of the many
That threatened us oft on each hand,
But I'm glad that their courage ne'er wavered,
For they surely had found some fine land.

And the place, now perhaps not so rugged,
Is still a most beautiful one,
And I think you can count yourself lucky
If Clitherall was ever your home.

Mabel Whiting Morris.

A VISION OF THE OLD HOME.

You ask for what to me is priceless —my memories of the old home—and I have hesitated, wondering if they could possibly interest others—those memories which I hold so dear, which are with me every day, resting me when I am weary, adding to the brightness or softening the harshness of all the little everyday affairs of life. Memories of that loved place have always been the one sure haven of all my thoughts.

I see it now as I saw it in childhood days—that old white house which once sheltered all I held dear, the dusty road which climbed the hill (surely that hill was much higher in those days), and no hill ever offered such breathless possibilities—one never knew who or what might appear over its brow. If no one or nothing at all came into view, then what marvellous processions of "make believes" marched over it, viewed from the north window by the gooseberry bush.

There stands the old log church in that land of memory—so near that same north window, and yet so far removed from all things common, its rough and rotting doorstep never to be approached in careless play, but always softly, in awe and reverence. A rose bush grew beside it—just an ordinary wild rose which had been granted that privilege by its Creator—and laid its soft cheek in blushing loveliness against the worn gray logs. Sometimes, on Sunday mornings, when Great-grandfather Whiting went early to the church to see that all was in readiness for the day's worship, I would tiptoe in, unnoticed, longing to walk down to the very front of those two wide rows of empty seats, only to retreat in sudden, abashed silence, conscious that I was trespassing. To me that old log church is much more real in my memory picture than the new one which stands in its place.

And now I come to the schoolhouse that I know is unaltered—the same long, quiet room, with its seats facing just in the wrong direction for all the eager, shining eyes which had to resist the allure of the westering sun in summer—the occasional passerby along the snowy road in winter. They were wise—these pioneer fathers—who built that house of knowledge—facing it from all such distractions. O dear old schoolroom—scene of so many childish trials and triumphs and heartaches—history is carved upon your scarred desks, and long recitation bench, the chimney cupboard. Faces of long ago look dimly out from the doorway upon me—faces I shall never see again.

And always, in memory, I feel the gentle, guiding hand of one who has slept long years beneath the wild flowers in the graveyard on the hill—once more her tender, protective care is over me. We are reading again in some green nook in the pasture woods—the old brown book of "Longfellow's Poems" it may be which holds us spellbound, so that we fail to see the terrible cow approaching until we chance to look up directly into those placidly inquisitive eyes. Then follows a wild scramble to the nearest fence of refuge, leaving Longfellow and the cow on terms of unusual intimacy.

Or it may be that the lake has called us, and we have ventured boldly out upon its starred waves by moonlight, or, some sunny afternoon have tried our luck at "fishin'," and wearying of that just drift and drink deep of all the encircling loveliness—green woods and ripening grain and the mysterious beauty of the Island, far away to the westward the wooded height behind Camp Corliss, to the east the blue half circle of Leaf Mountains—the rim of the world to me in those days.

Once more the evening lamp is lighted, and its glow falls upon that dear home circle; my little grandmother reads to us again, softly and clearly, and not one of us there would willingly forego the pleasure of listening to her. Grandfather's knee is my resting place then, and dreams drift to me with the sound of that loved voice in my ear.

"Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voices of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book."

Bonnie Grinelle Kirschner.

THE OLD HOME TOWN.

(A selected poem sent by Mrs. Addie Whiting Slattery to her mother in "Old Town.".)

The old home town forever! was ever
place more sweet
For comfort of the spirit and the luring of the feet?
The old home town forever! in that
golden yesterday.
Ah! still it calls its children in the
same old gentle way.

We know it all looks different from
what it was of old,
The hills would now seem little that
we used to think were bold,
Its valleys would be narrow to our
eyes that used to think
They stretched o'er all creation to the
very heaven's brink.

We know that things have altered,
that the little friends we knew
Have grown and flown and scattered,
as they always said they'd do;
And if we were to meet them on the
streets we used to roam,
We'd hardly know the shadows of the
old sweet town of home.

The lake lies rippling, doubtless, just
as it did of yore;
The little jars of candy deck the windows of the store;
The fish still go on biting, and the
swimming-hole is there,
With its willow wands about it and
the youngsters swimming bare.

The sweet old paths of beauty where
we loved to romp and play,
The woods that rang with laughter in
the picnic-time of May,
We know their beauty's altered to the
eyes that know the gleam
Of cities bright with splendor—but
they haunt us still in dream.

The old home town forever! don't you
see the old place still,
The street between the maples, and
the long road up the hill?
The tender, kindly people, and the
shadow slopes of gold
Where little shades of playmates dance
around us as of old?

The old home town! No, never, was
there ever place so sweet
For comfort of the spirit and the luring of the feet;
Where'er we are it calls us, and we all
go back and rest,
As we did when little children, on the
dear old mother breast.

A GHOST STORY.

A certain young pedagog, who taught in District One in the 70's, could be very dignified during the school hours, but out of school he seemed to challenge most any youngster to beat him at jolly pranks.

One evening, feeling especially in need of amusement and always preferring to get it at some one else's expense, he hit upon the sport of playing ghost. While the shadows were deepening to the most fearful density he prepared his costume from white sheets, and at length set forth in search of some one—anyone—big or little—who for any reason might be unfortunate enough to be outside and become his victim.

Finally he ventured around Ike Whiting's back yard and was soon rewarded by seeing one of the boys sally forth toward the wood-pile, having forgotten to fill the box earlier. The ghost, chuckling inwardly, slunk stealthily near him and, when the time seemed most opportune, prepared the "big scare" and got into position to attract the boy's attention.

Whether he expected him to shriek or faint we don't know, but we do know that he didn't expect what happened. With a stick of wood already

grasped in his right hand, the boy caught one glimpse of the apparition and instinctively sent the stick flying straight for its crown, which proved to be more than thin air.

The yard was instantly deserted by both parties, but the next morning they met in the old log schoolhouse—Charlie Whiting and George Hammer—the latter bearing unmistakable evidence upon his marred countenance of having been out for a "good time" the evening before.

(Told by one who was there—but it wasn't the ghost.)

CHAPTER XXII—SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

SARAH VAN TASSEL SHERMAN

The subject of this story is one whose life lines have not often fallen in pleasant places, but who, after four score and eight years of facing life's problems, is still with us, active in body and mind and, better yet, with a faith unshaken in the One who has led her safely through the dark days when she was made to drink deep of grief's bitter cup.

With a memory unusually keen for one of her age, she is able to tell her story in a clear, connected way, and her friends who read it will more than ever before appreciate the strength of character she developed during the years of her youth when she went out alone—a homeless orphan—into the wide, wide world.

Sarah Van Tassel was born in Utica, New York, May 20, 1831. The Van Tassels were a prominent family in Germany and Aunt Sarah's father became a first-class machinist. In New York he was foreman of a crew of men who built the Erie Canal from Rome to Utica.

Mrs. Sherman remembers her childhood vividly, but the memories are sad ones because of the ruin wrought in her home by the demon rum. Her father, a trained and skillful workman, was robbed of success, home and family by this vice, and it is no wonder that his daughter still hates it so fiercely.

Their home was part of a brick house which was owned by a Mr. Fowler and which stood in the owner's back yard. There were three children, Joseph, Sarah and Margaret, besides a baby whose death is one of Aunt Sarah's earliest recollections, when the mother called the tavern keeper into her home and pointing to her dying child said, "This is your work," referring to its death due to their privations as a result of money wasted at the tavern bar.

The mother did not live long after this. Aunt Sarah remembers her sickness—remembers her black eyes, black hair and white, sad face—also the last lesson her mother taught her.

The little girl had spent a penny for a stick of braided molasses candy to give as a treat to her brother Joseph who lived with his employer and whom she happened to see on the streets, taking the penny from some change she was carrying home to her mother. Joseph astonished her by telling her that she had done a very wicked thing to spend money that did not belong to her and warned her earnestly against the sin of being a thief, though he did accept the treat and offered to divide with his sister. When she reached home she confessed to her mother what she had done and her mother, too, treated it very seriously.

She sat down with her little six-year old daughter and told her that she would not be with her very long and that she must always remember what she was telling her so she would grow up to be a good woman—that whatever happened in the years to come she must never take even one cent that did not belong to her. She said to make sure she would always remember she must punish her. The little girl was sent out for a stick, but a switch was not easily found in that bare city yard and she returned with a slender splinter about a foot long, with which she received a painless but never-to-be-forgotten whipping. We wonder if that mother dreamed that more than eighty years later her daughter would repeat her story and be able to say truthfully, as she does, that through all the days of privation that came to her even while she was still a child she was always true to the promise made at that time.

Before her death their mother gave her two little girls to those she believed would be kind to them, and after attending her funeral in their own little home they were taken away, and Aunt Sarah saw her father only once after that.

She had been given to Mr. Van Tassel's cousin, Mrs. Lyons, and was bound out to a Miss Williamson in York Mills, who afterward married a storekeeper named Griffiths.

One day a quarrel between Sarah and another child resulted in Sarah receiving a strange, hard punishment. Mr. Griffiths being called to settle the trouble, took her to the barn and put her in a hogshead where she remained for twenty-four hours without food or water. No one came near her until the following day when Mr. Griffith's clerk accidentally discovered her and took her out. She felt afraid or ashamed to tell any one of her harsh treatment, but the clerk must have told it for it was soon known throughout the neighborhood and she was taken into a better home, that of Mrs. Griffith's aunt, Mrs. Clark.

Mrs. Clark is still remembered as having been a kind mother to the homeless little girl. She was sent to school with a speller and Bible as textbooks and she also went to Sunday school. The latter she particularly enjoyed and never willingly missed a session. One Sunday morning her one clean gingham dress needed repairs and she was told she could not go to Sunday school that day, but she made such a fuss and begged so hard that the dress was soon mended and Mrs. Clark sent her off with, "Now go on, you pious little thing."

Mrs. Clark furnished her with new clothes including pretty light dresses, ribbons and fine shoes, but believing she should learn to do some regular work she was sent out into the country to live with a farmer's family named English.

Here she was obliged to do hard, heavy work including milking nine cows night and morning. Her hair was cut off, her pretty dresses cut up for window curtains, her white skirts made into a valance for a bed and her name changed to Sally, as there was already a girl named Sarah in the English family. Finally they decided there was one girl too many in the family and Sarah was sent back to York Mills on the stage.

Here she was made welcome again at Mrs. Clark's who was very indignant at the ill-treatment she had received, as were also Mrs. Clark's three maiden sisters, Aunt Polly, Aunt Jerusha, and Aunt Alvira Rich, these three living together in a comfortable home and earning their living by weaving cloth in the mills. They and Mrs. Clark now took care of their little friend and she went to school again a short time until Aunt Polly taught her to weave, when she too entered the mills and became independent, continuing to live with the Rich sisters where she paid her board.

In the cotton mills a good worker with good warp could weave twenty-five or thirty yards a day and received six mills a yard, that is, three cents for five yards. In the woolen

mills where Aunt Sarah worked later she could weave five or six yards a day and received five or six cents a yard. She finally went to work in the Utica woolen mills and wove the best kinds of cloth—broadcloth, satinette and doeskin.

She now decided to look up her sister Margaret and take care of her. She found that she had been bound out where she was obliged to do the hardest kind of outdoor work, but succeeded in having her sent to her in the city. After a short time, however, Margaret went out to make her own way in the world and they never met again. Their brother went to California and was not heard from afterward.

It was while working in the Utica mills that Aunt Sarah met Theodore Sherman. He also worked in the mills and boarded at the same place she did, and after two years' acquaintance a marriage was celebrated in the boarding-place, where the orphan girl, now nineteen years of age, became Mrs. Theodore Sherman and went out with her young husband to found a real home for herself at last.

They went onto a homestead near Theresa, New York, where they lived and worked for each other and the three children who came to them there until their home was temporarily broken up by Mr. Sherman's being called to the defense of the Union during the entire term of the Civil War.

After the war he returned home suffering from an injury caused by being dragged by a frightened, wounded horse, and was never really well again.

Some of his relatives had moved to Wisconsin and Minnesota and his brother Fredrick returned to Theresa and urged them to go also. Aunt Sarah reluctantly consented and they sold their home and moved to Pilot Mounds, Minnesota, and two years later, in 1870, to Clitherall.

They lived first in Old Clitherall, in a house owned by Seth Fletcher, and later on a homestead south of Clitherall Lake. Here sickness and death added sorrow and burdens unknown before, Uncle Theodore dying in 1876 and their son Freddie in 1878.

Now followed long, lonely years of hard work and self-denial, as Aunt Sarah strove to support the younger of her six children still dependent upon her. The farm was not in shape to yield much, and several days each week she would walk around the lake shore to Old Clitherall, where her help was welcomed by various housewives and from whom she received enough to enable her always to provide for herself and children.

She was too far from school for her youngest daughter Emma to attend, but Emma learned to read nevertheless. She began with the Life of Lincoln, spelling out one word after another for her mother to pronounce, reviewing and drilling with a persistence that made her a good reader before she ever went to school.

Aunt Sarah helped Uncle Lute and Aunt Nett Whiting cook for the railroad crew and moved back to Old Clitherall in order to obtain work more conveniently. She cooked in the Lake View House in Battle Lake for Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Gould, and from her savings bought a little house and later a lot; then sold them and bought a better home. Her daughter Emma was now teaching school and took an interest in helping to enlarge and improve the house, while Aunt Sarah continued to earn something each week by washing for her neighbors.

Aunt Sarah has never been afraid of good, honest, helpful work, and thrift and industry have marked her pathway all along and won for her her warmest friends.

Better days dawned in the new home. She kept roomers in the summer time, secured a pension for Uncle Theodore's service as a soldier, and her son Charlie became her faithful helper and companion. He worked to improve and keep up her farm and cared for her when she needed help. He gave little attention to things outside of home that attract many boys, his interest being all in his work and home. He and his mother often lived on the farm together during the summer months.

One instance Aunt Sarah tells of his thoughtfulness for her is one evening on the farm when her back felt very tired and lame and she said if she were in town she would get a plaster for it. Charlie had worked hard in the harvest-field all day but soon remarked that he was going to Battle Lake. He rowed across the lake, walked to the village several miles away and returned as soon as possible with a plaster for his mother.

The greatest tragedy of her eventful life was on the last day of May, 1901, when their barn in Battle Lake was accidentally set on fire, and Charlie while trying in vain to rescue his three horses was burned fatally. Even while his clothes were in flames he was so thoughtful of his mother that, not wishing to frighten her, he ran into a neighbor's yard for help where the fire was extinguished by Miss Colehour. After the doctor had done what he could to relieve the pain, he was taken home to receive the best care in the world from the one who loved him most, but having been burned internally he lived only until June fourth.

No one else has ever been able to take Charlie's place in Aunt Sarah's home and heart, and every day of these long years she thinks of him and wants him back. Without him she prefers to live alone, enjoying the letters and little gifts that come frequently from her children, grandchildren and friends. She enjoys church privileges and her good old text-book of childhood and old age—the Bible. Her greatest satisfaction is in giving the Lord credit for every good thing that has come to her in life, and she quotes from the good Book, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

JENNIE TALCOTT WHITING

Mrs. Isaac Whiting, nee Jennie Talcott, was born in Ohio August 3, 1843, the sixth child in a family that ultimately numbered nine children. Their parents were Nelson and Catherine Louisa Talcott, the mother being a sister of the well-known founders of Old Town, Chauncey, Almon, Sylvester and Lewis Whiting.

The children of Nelson and Louisa Talcott were all very individual, there being among them just enough friction to ward off monotony. This biography of Jennie Whiting calls, however, for no further comment upon other members of the family except to say, in passing, that they were all more robust than Jennie who, as children of delicate physique often are, was spiritual minded, imaginative, and extremely sensitive and this made her instinctively draw back within herself whenever she discerned, or thought she discerned, lack of approval.

A dreamer of rare and beautiful dreams she, nevertheless, was keenly alive to the value of education, and a very warrantable pride in her good scholarship spurred her on to attainment of her ambition which was to acquire knowledge and then disburse it to others.

She was from a very early age a most efficient teacher, possessing the power to inspire in others a desire to learn. Nothing helps a very small child over the first rocks that bestrew

the path of learning more than a catchy jingle of words. Even so, I, her smallest pupil during her youngest period of teaching, found my memory aided by

"Big K's back is a broken stick,
When it runs it goes Klickety klick."

Thus through the alphabet.

Strong as was her ambition to teach it paled in the glow of her passion to mother every little dependent creature that crossed her path. To protect, encourage and love was the dominant wish of this gentle girl.

It was inevitable that romance should enter the bower of a heart whose door stood so invitingly open. She married very young, and, with only her armor of love, inexperienced in hardship of any kind, unhesitatingly accompanied her husband to the wild northwest, there to meet unknown conditions of pioneer life, thus evidencing one of her greatest characteristics—faith—which has often in the course of her eventful life risen to almost sublime heights.

From a sweet bud of early promise has bloomed the glowing rose of fulfillment, and today three generations pay her homage. The usefulness of her children in the community of Old Town is proof that love is the greatest chemist and gentleness the strongest weapon in moulding character.

"But one upon earth is more beautiful than the wife,
That is the mother."

Contributed by a loving sister,
Fanny Bessire.

IN GRATITUDE.

(Written for Mrs. Isaac M. Whiting on Mothers' Day, 1916.)

"You gave the best years of your life
With joy for me,
And robbed yourself with loving heart
Unstintingly.
For me with loving hands you toiled
From day to day,
For me you prayed when headstrong youth
Would have its way.
Your gentle arms, my cradle once,
Are weary now,
And time has set the seal of care
Upon your brow,
And though no other eyes than mine
Their meaning trace,
I read my history in the lines
Of your dear face.
And 'mid His gems, who showers gifts
As shining sands,
I count your days as pearls that fall
From His kind hands."

Bonnie.

REBECCA TAYLOR MURDOCK

Rebecca Taylor was born in Sullivan County, New York, in 1839. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Taylor, were Latter Day Saints in the days before the death of Joseph Smith, with whom they were well acquainted in New York, her father having helped to protect him at different times from his enemies.

When Aunt Rebecca was only three or four years old she moved with her parents and brother to Iowa. Her mother died soon after this, and she was cared for by her Grandmother Taylor until her father's marriage to his second wife Olive.

Her father was a brick mason, and wherever he found work his wife and children accompanied him and lived until the work was finished. They lived in Kansas City at one time and for several years near Fort Scott on the Osage River in Kansas.

This was in the days of slavery, and Aunt Becca remembers of living near the home of a wealthy slave-owner for whom her father built a large brick house. There were at least a hundred grown-up slaves besides a lot of children. The negro families lived in little huts in a long row at some distance from the master's house; they seemed to have plenty of good food and were happy as a rule, although the slender little mistress frequently took a large whip and whipped her great stout women servants when their work was not done satisfactorily. They did not seem to mind that much, and laughed about it afterward. It was not so laughable when the mistress ordered her strongest wench to wield the whip.

Aunt Becca enjoyed the pickaninnies who in the early morning would perch like crows in a long row on top of the fence and entertain her with their droll jokes and songs.

The men and women both worked in the great corn-fields. Often as they each took a row and started to hoe down across the field they would start singing all together and keep it up all along the rows which were a mile or two long. The singing was decidedly musical and was enjoyed by those who listened to it from a distance as well as by the minstrels themselves.

Nicholas Taylor at one time kept a hotel where negro-traders sometimes stopped as they went through driving slaves they had bought and were taking farther west to sell. One trader had two monstrous great black men who had just been brought from Africa. They hardly looked like human beings, their noses were so enormously broad and flat, their lips so thick, their chins protruding forward and their foreheads slanting back from directly over their eyes.

Another trader who passed their place had about thirty men, women and children, with drivers riding on horseback carrying long whips, and the slaves walking in front of them. The children wore only one garment, a coarse cotton shirt or dress reaching below their knees. It was never washed—just worn as long as it lasted. When the children became too tired to hurry on ahead of the horses the drivers lashed their whips around their naked limbs to urge them on or finally ordered the older slaves to carry them.

Finally the Taylors moved back to Manti, Iowa. It was here they became acquainted with the Whitings and Murdocks and where Rebecca Taylor was married to Lyman Murdock in 1860.

They were among those who came to Clitherall July 31, 1865, and shared the experiences of the pioneers, but Aunt Becca is one who seems to have remembered most clearly the bright side of life and tells no story of hardships. She puts it this way: "We had lots to eat. Besides venison we had ducks and geese so fat they would fry themselves, and we had cranberries and maple-sugar and raised lots of potatoes. Of course our first house was a small shack, not built very warm, but there was plenty of wood around to keep fires going, even if the snow did come so deep that the men had to walk on top of the snow-banks and cut dead limbs off from the trees for fuel. And then, we were young in those days, you know."

The first fall they were here she was frightened one day by seeing a strange white man, dressed in fringed buckskin, walk out of the woods and come straight to her door. He, however, looked so pleased to see them, and said it did seem good to get into a white man's home again. Said he was a hunter who had been out among the Indians a long time, but they learned afterwards that he was one of a band of spies sent out to keep an eye on the Indians and see if there was danger of their making trouble again. The white women's cooking tasted so good to him that he remained in the settlement until his comrades on Otter Tail Lake broke camp; then he left with them.

The Chippewas were friendly visitors, and in the winter held dances in their cabin. A heavy post stood in the center of the room to support the ridge-pole and as the Indians danced in a row around it their weight shook the floor so that the great post jumped up and down upon it.

Old Ta-todge with his squaw camped near Murdock's and told them he wanted to learn to be a "smokaman" (white man), so Mr. Murdock gave him a garden-patch to encourage him, and he made enough progress so that he let his squaw plant and hoe potatoes like white folks. She raised a good many and buried them up in large holes in the ground, putting some in Murdock's cellar for use through the winter. One day Ta-todge came for some potatoes and told them not to let his squaw get any more. They asked why, and he said they were not going to live together any more; that they had married for only seven years and now the time was up and he was going to let her go. Then Aunt Becca gave him a lecture. She told him if he wanted to be a white man he would have to keep his wife as long as she lived and be good to her and let her have all the potatoes she wanted after working so hard to raise them, and not cheat her out of her summer's work that way. He considered it awhile, and the next time potatoes were needed the squaw came for them and said Ta-todge was going to keep her another seven years.

One time they saw a tall tamarack pole raised in front of Ta-todge's camp with his little white dog hanging dead at the top. They called at the wigwam and inquired what it meant. Ta-todge said his little daughter was sick and that when the sun was highest in the heavens the dog's spirit would go up to the sun and cause his little girl to get well. She did recover.

One evening an Indian rushed into their house talking excitedly of the Sioux coming and begged for powder and lead. Mr. Murdock gave him some and he hurried off. They learned afterward that he went from house to house with the same fearful story and secured a good supply of ammunition. The next time he called Aunt Becca asked, "Well, did you get enough powder and lead to hunt musk-rats with?" He looked at her guiltily, grunted and muttered, "Oh, damn, how you know?"

Some Indians were once camped near Murdock's potato-field, and its owners noticed moccasin tracks pointing suspiciously toward the patch. Investigation proved that a good many potato-vines had been pulled up, stripped of potatoes and the vines replanted. When they accused the Indians of stealing their half-grown potatoes they grumbled and accused each other of doing it, but broke camp right away and left.

Aunt Becca and Aunt Rachel (Mrs. Hyrum Murdock) once called at an Indian sugar-bush to watch the process and learn how they made their maple-sugar so fine-grained and white. The first move, however, was all they cared to see, for as they brought in the sap to boil it looked dirty, and to insure cleanliness they picked up an old blanket they had slept in and strained the sap through it.

Cranberries were abundant, and the natives told them that unless the berries were picked early—about the first of September—the plants would all go to vines, which, for that reason or some other, has now happened, as some marshes are still full of great fruitless vines.

In August, 1880, Uncle Lyman died of typhoid pneumonia, but the little widow was not left uncared for, as some of their sons and daughters were now grown up. The following winter a baby girl, Cora, was born.

Three or four more years passed. Their home had been gradually improved and was conveniently furnished, a new carpet and beds with good springs having just been bought, when one cold February day, the mother having asked "Jim" to build up a good fire, he brought in some spokes of an old wagon-wheel which he knew would burn readily and put them into the stove. Before long they heard the sound of plaster falling up-stairs, and discovered that the attic was all on fire. Their flour was stored up-stairs, and the boys succeeded in throwing the sacks of flour out of the window onto the snowbanks, also some bedding, but the house and most of the contents were entirely burned up.

Orris Albertson asked them into his farmhouse, which was then vacant, and as soon as they could they fixed their own granary warmer and moved into that. The crops were very good that year and the building was remodeled, and in later years still further improved, and is the home in which she still lives, so this has been her home-place for fifty-three years, with the exception of nearly seven years spent in Oregon for Cora's health, but she did not receive permanent help and at the age of seventeen she had to give up the struggle and was laid to rest beside her father.

Aunt Becca's story would not be complete without mentioning her flowers, which are a source of continual pleasure to her, her great bay-window being bright with blossoms the year round and any summer morning she can be found contentedly working away in her big yard—a veritable rainbow of color and fragrance, the variety of her flowers surpassing anything in the country round.

ELEANOR GOULD WHITING.

From England, late in the eighteenth or early in the nineteenth century, came the forefathers of Eleanor Gould.

It seems a pity that family histories are not more generally written and preserved from one generation to another, for who of us would not be glad to trace our lineage back far beyond the limited knowledge handed down to us in verbal stories, not much being known beyond our own parents' day.

In this family are stray gleanings concerning the Grandfather John Gould and wife who came to New York State from England. In Herkimer County, New York, one son, George, was born to them January 18, 1819, and one daughter, Jane.

Upon receiving notice of the division of an estate in which he was interested, Mr. Gould started upon a return voyage to his homeland to receive his share, but the ship never reached port and was reported burned at sea.

Later his widow married Jacob Wendell. Ten children were born to them, including the Wendells who visited Clitherall in the 70's.

George Gould did not remain in the family long, but was apprenticed to a shoemaker by whom he was so severely imposed upon that his young friends —other apprentice boys—encouraged and helped him to run away. He made a journey of fifty miles, alone, barefooted and hungry, and reached the home of his aunt who befriended him until he was able to care for himself, he continuing at the shoemakers' trade.

He was married to Amanda Williams, and two children, George and Jane, were born to them, the mother dying while the children were mere babies. On December 25, 1844, he was married to Eleanor Colwell Sherman.

These were the parents of Eleanor Gould Whiting, and we note that Eleanor Sherman was also of English parentage. Her grandfather, Edward Sherman, came to America from Liver-

pool, England, and settled first in Newport, Herkimer County, New York. He had been engaged in mercantile affairs in England and invested in a store in Newport, but not receiving a clear title lost his property. He afterward lived in Evans Mills, Jefferson County, New York, and worked as a hatter. He was twice married and brought his second wife to America with him. Their children were Eleanor Sherman's father, Jacob, his brother Job, and sisters Mary, Eliza, Martha, Jane, Sarah and Lucy. Job was born on shipboard, enroute to America, but it is not known whether Jacob Sherman was born in New York or in England, although in 1812 he was in this country fighting for the United States in her second war for independence. He was mentioned in an earlier chapter as the one who read the Declaration of Independence at the first Fourth of July celebration in Otter Tail County.

George and Eleanor Sherman Gould with their first child, Roseltha, moved from Herkimer County, New York, to Washington County, Wisconsin, and took a homestead. Here three of their children were born, Clayton, Winfield and Eleanor.

About 1857 the homestead was sold, the price all being paid in gold coins which the older children remember of seeing in a shining heap upon the table. They moved to Fillmore County, Minnesota, and invested in a shoe shop, the father still working at his trade. Here the youngest child, Emma, was born, and all of the children attended school, this being their home for ten years. And here the two oldest daughters were married—Jane to Thomas Crane and Roseltha to William Corliss.

The following is written by the third daughter:

THE HOMES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

My parents were devoted Christians —members of the Baptist church—and from our early childhood they taught us to have faith in God—that if we could have faith as Christ and his apostles had we could receive the same blessings. While living in Fillmore County we attended Sunday school, and a Baptist minister often stopped at our house who, I remember, gave me a little Testament with an American flag on the front page which was one of my choicest treasures.

One of my earliest recollections is of a Fourth of July celebration during the Civil War, when Father went into town early to play his fife in the band. Emma and I went later with Mother. I was always a great lover of music and was hurrying along to get there when Mother called us to go with her out into the shade of the trees by the road where she knelt for her morning prayer, it doubtless having been neglected earlier on account of the extra hurry and work that morning. I would much rather have gone on, but as I listened I heard her praying for her children, and though now I have forgotten all about the music of the fife and drum I never forgot that mother's prayer.

In the spring of 1867 Father and some of my uncles, the Shermans, went up north into Otter Tail County and took homesteads, Father's being on the north shore of Silver Lake. In the fall after his return we moved by team as far as Holmes City, Douglas County, this "city" being only a frontier village.

Father, Clayton and Winfield built us a log cabin there in which we remained that winter. Through the building poplar poles were set up for heavy beams to rest upon and the roof was covered with sod and hay. There were no partitions in the house for there were no boards to be had. One side was used for our kitchen and on the other side were our beds with curtains between them.

That winter my father and brothers busied themselves making shingles with a frow and shaving-knife and sold them to a local merchant, E. G. Holmes. In this way we obtained provisions.

I remember one Sunday morning when the mail was brought in just after breakfast. Mother was reading a letter aloud when suddenly, with a crash, the center of the roof gave way and we were buried with sod and hay. When I got my head out all I could see of the family was one of Mother's arms clinging to one of the posts. The large beam that fell barely missed striking her on the head. I could see the smoke coming out from where the cook stove stood, and Father, after seeing we were all alive, told me to run as fast as I could to Uncle Frederick Sherman's, our nearest neighbor, half a mile away, and tell him the house was on fire. I did so, the fire was soon extinguished and before night the house was in repairs so we could live in it again. We were thankful our lives had been spared, though some things were destroyed by fire including my own treasure box which contained my little Testament and other things.

The next spring Father and Winfield went to Silver Lake and built a house and a little later came back and moved the family there. Our house there was of logs with long shakes for a roof and had no floor at first. My brothers would mow the green grass which was spread down for a floor, and each morning we would carry it out and put in a fresh supply. Time could not be spared to finish the house until later in the summer, as the main thing was to get some land broken up and crops planted. I remember that Mother planted potato rinds as late as July and we raised good potatoes from them.

We children never thought of being lonesome in our Silver Lake home. The lakes, woods and prairies furnished us plenty of opportunity for sport. We had no boat at first but Father made a raft and we would get onto this and float on the lake, pushing it along the shore with long poles. Sometimes we drove to Lost Lake or Otter Tail Lake where Father would back the wagon out into the water and let us children sit in it and fish.

Every spring we made maple sugar from the maples around Turtle Lake.

In the fall my parents hired the Indians and squaws to help us pull the turnips and bagas, which they were glad to do, taking their pay in vegetables. Mother would make large kettles of vegetable soup for their dinners of which they were very fond. I used to enjoy seeing the squaws put their large packs on their backs with a papoose strapped on top of the pack. We always found the Indians friendly and peaceable but heard various stories about them which made me fear them.

I had the privilege of hearing Reverend John Johnson, a chief of the Chippewa Nation of White Earth Reservation, then living at Crow Wing, make a speech at the home of Chauncey Whiting, Sr. He was a well-educated Indian, and so strongly did he remonstrate against the proceedings of a portion of the Chippewa Nation that they became offended, accused him of being a cowardly friend of the pale faces and burned his house.

Mrs. Alonzo Whiting and I once dressed up a young squaw like a white woman. We pinned up her hair in a roll and put on a dress with a large hoop skirt such as were worn in those days and sent her back to her wigwam to our amusement as well as her own.

When the farm work permitted, Father and my brothers hunted and trapped. I once shot a muskrat from the top of one of the rat houses and

waded out in the slough near the barn waist deep to get him.

This slough dried up later and Father raised vegetables there which he sold in Battle Lake after the village was built. His melons especially were enjoyed every year for miles around. Sugar being scarce, when the melons were ripe Mother would press the juice out and boil it down into thin syrup, chop up beets, and with a little venison or rabbit meat fix up a good mince pie.

Among my happiest memories are the evenings in summer and early autumn when we built smudges in the yard around the door to keep out the mosquitoes, as screens were unknown, then went to the big garden where Winfield and Clayton picked ripe water melons and musk melons and Emma and I helped carry them into the house in baskets. Mother sliced great panfuls of them and we ate to our hearts' content, then sat silent and listened to Father playing on his old flute the soft hymn tunes which was the music he loved best.

Eleanor Gould Whiting.

In her early teens the above writer cast her lot with the people of Clitherall which has since been her home, the later part of her story having been already included in the sixteenth chapter.

The following is from another member of the family, beginning while they lived at Holmes City.

THE SPRING OF '68.

I remember the day when, much to our surprise, about half the sod roof of our house fell crashing to the ground. Father was sitting so that the roof fell directly onto him. He managed to crawl out from under it, and as he did so his chair was crushed to the ground. Little George, as he was called, sat with his feet under the old shang-hi stove, but he didn't lose any time getting outside. It was always his job to go after water so he went to the creek, for by this time the house was on fire. When George reached the creek he found that he had no bucket with him, but we finally got the fire out and saved the house.

About the last of March Father, Uncle Cash Sherman and I continued our journey to our new home. The first night we camped on the edge of Leaf Mountains. We had found that our loads were too heavy, so the next morning we decided to leave one sleigh behind and hitch both yoke of oxen onto the other load. We were all that day getting through the mountains and were glad when night overtook us so we could rest. We made our beds as comfortable as possible and retired.

When we awoke next morning we found our beds almost entirely covered with snow. We were in the grip of a regular Minnesota blizzard. It was impossible to proceed on our journey with any kind of a load, and, not knowing how long the storm would last or how bad it would get, we decided to leave the rest of our goods behind and try to reach our destination safely, taking only the oxen with us. The snow was so deep that we could not yoke the oxen up, but had to lead them and travel single file. We each took our turn, going ahead with one ox to break a path. We would never have been able to find our way, but some of those who had gone over the road before had set bushes along clear across the prairie and we followed these.

After a good many hardships we reached Clitherall in safety and found a welcome at the home of Henry Way. After the weather became more settled we went back after the goods we had left by the way. Found everything in good shape, just as we had left it.

Soon after this Father and Uncle Cash went back to Holmes City after the rest of the family, leaving me to work for Henry Way in his sugar bush. Henry told me if I should run out of bread at any time to go over to Almon Sherman's camp and they would bake me some. In a little while the bread gave out and I went to the Sherman camp for more. The biscuits I got there were surely fine, as was the black-eyed girl who baked them.

How I did wish that she could bake biscuits for me always! But I was young and shy and did not know just how to manage it. But finally, at the old swing one day, where so many other courtships started, I got up my courage and started to make love to her. That was almost fifty years ago, but she is still making biscuits for me, and they taste just as good as they did back in the old sugar bush.

Clayton G. Gould.

ALMON WHITING.

Almon Whiting was born December 21, 1821, at Garretsville, Ohio, the eighth child of Elisha and Sally Hewlitt Whiting. His brothers and sisters were William, Edwin, Charles, Louisa, Harriet, Emeline, Chauncey, Jane, Sylvester and Lewis.

Emma L. Anderson writes of him as follows:

"His father was a wheel-wright and chair-maker, as well as farmer, and taught his sons his trades, sending them to school when he could, where they mastered the 'Three R's,' readin,' 'ritin' and 'rithmetic.

"Following as they did the fortunes of the Latter Day Saints, they partook of the persecutions heaped upon them, and while living in Far West, Missouri, their house and shop were burned by an angry mob, and they were obliged to flee with their horses and wagons to Nauvoo, Illinois, leaving their sheep and other stock and corn to be divided among their enemies. What else could have been expected? These Latter Day Saints were from the eastern states; they did not believe in slavery, and they did believe that God had not gone out of business and that if he really wished to he could reveal something to human beings in that day as well as in Bible times. All this was so foreign to the ideas held by the masses in Missouri that it could not be tolerated, so the Latter Day Saints were driven out and endured much suffering rather than deny their faith.

"The next winter Uncle Almon's brothers and probably he himself went back to Far West to get some of their own corn for stock-feed and for their own bread. As they neared Far West and were passing the home of a man who owed their father for furniture he had bought on time they saw a flock of sheep in the yard that looked strangely familiar, and they began saying to each other, 'I believe those are our sheep.' Finally one of them called out the name of a pet sheep they had raised by hand and which always came when called. Sure enough one of the sheep left the flock and came bounding over the fences right up to them, so they knew the sheep were theirs, but being in the enemies' country they did not try to take any of their property except the corn, and probably had to get that at night."

During the war with Mexico Uncle Almon was a soldier, and though he was in no battles he was often on duty as night sentinel and suffered much from insufficient clothing and food. The swinging-cots, hot lunches of coffee and apple-pie, comfort-kits, picture-shows and reading-rooms of modern warfare were never dreamed of—one blanket over the hard earth, a flask of water and a chunk of hard-tack being Uncle Al's portion. When the war was over the soldiers were not sent home by train in special

coaches, but made their way back as best they could.

His daughter Bessie Richards told us that Uncle Almon and six comrades started home from Santa Fe on ponies, and on the way fell among hostile Indians. They found they were being pursued and tried to escape but were overtaken and surrounded, not by a few but by scores of angry Red Men, probably enraged by some ill-treatment received during the war. The soldiers having little hope of being spared begged an interview with the chief, told who they were and where they were going, and that they had never harmed the Indians and never meant to. Having nothing else with which to bribe him, they offered him a bundle of new shirts they had with them if he would try to save them. The old chief believed their story, accepted their clothes, and promised to do what he could to help them escape. He told them when they got away to run their ponies as hard as they could for fifty miles and he would try to keep his warriors from overtaking them. The white men set off as fast as they could go and the Indians with a war-whoop were after them. The last Uncle Almon saw of them as he looked back over his shoulder they were racing madly toward them, the old chief keeping ahead and with arm upraised motioning them back or trying to control them.

While in New Mexico he was one of the soldiers appointed to secure wild meat for food for the soldiers, and he could entertain his friends for hours with hunting stories.

During the time his parents lived in Illinois he went back to Ohio at different times and worked in a chair-shop with his brother-in-law, Nelson Talcott, Mrs. Isaac Whiting's father.

Quoting again from Emma L. Anderson's story:

"While living in Iowa Uncle Almon married Lucia Leavitt, and I considered it a great treat to go and visit them, for their home was a nice little frame house with sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen and store-room, while my father's house was only one large log room with a low chamber and a lean-to for a kitchen. Also Aunt Lucia had a melodeon and could play tunes on it and she could make tissue paper flowers, two wonderful accomplishments in my eyes. But only a few short, happy years were allowed them together, for her health was poor and I remember the sad day we went to her funeral. I felt so sorry for Uncle Almon, whose grief showed in his face and eyes but not in loud lamentations.

"Sometime after this he brought Aunt Lucia's little white, curly dog, which she had named Leon, up to our house, and asked sister Lucia and me to take good care of it while he went off to Ohio, as he was too lonely there in his little home alone. He promised us each a new dress to pay for caring for Leon. Well, he was gone a long time and when he came back and the days went by and he never mentioned the dresses, Lu and I were afraid he had forgotten all about them. Mother said, 'Now, girls, don't you say anything to him about the dresses. I guess he'll find use for all his money without that.' This put a damper on our plans, but mindful of mother's caution we told him the next time he came that he needn't bother about getting us those new dresses he promised us, for he needed all his money himself. He smiled and said we would see about that, and we did, for as soon as he got the lot of chairs finished up he was working on he loaded them onto his wagon and took them to Frankfort, and when he came back he brought us the prettiest pink calico dress-goods I have ever seen.

"After this, I don't recall how long, he invited us, children and all, to his wedding. My! but I was happy, as I sat there crowded into as little space as possible on the end of a box, and witnessed the ceremony of a real wedding when Aunt Lydia Furbush married into our family—the Whiting family. Dear old Aunt Lydia, what a wealth of mirth and good cheer she has brought into the lives of those around her.

"One day we came home from school with the delightful news that there was to be a magic-lantern show in the schoolhouse, twenty-five cents admission for children and fifty for adults. As we neared Uncle Almon's house we saw mother and her two youngest children coming down the flower-bordered path and we shouted the wonderful news. 'Well,' she said, 'we can't go. Your father is gone and I have no money, so you mustn't say another word about it.' Well, we all began to scream. I am sure Lu and Ella yelled louder than I did, and I know Art did, though all he understood was that there was some place to go and we couldn't go. The baby was scared at the noise and joined the cry. Uncle Almon from his shop heard the yelling and came on the run, all out of breath, with a club in his hand to kill the rattlesnake which he supposed had bitten us, but when the cause was explained he said, 'Oh, is that all? Well, now, Nett, you just bring the children and go with us to that show. I'll buy the tickets for all hands.' I tell you, we knew that was proof positive that he was a friend to children and we loved him harder than ever after that happy evening at the show.

"One more proof that he wasn't stingy: Years after this we went to borrow flour of him. He brought out part of a sack and my husband said, 'You want to weigh this, don't you?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'just put your finger on the sack and remember where you put your finger.'"

Uncle Almon and family came to Clitherall in 1867, two years after three of his brothers had made homes here. He lived for over ten years in Old Clitherall, where he had a chair-shop, and then took a homestead in Girard Township. He continued making chairs throughout the last years of his life, searching the woods for the very best material he could find. His chairs were never carelessly made just to sell, but were made for years and years of honest service, as a half century's use of some of the wood-bottomed chairs has proved, while they still seem fit for another fifty years.

How many, many, homes throughout the country have been made more comfortable, cozy and cheerful by those splint-bottomed chairs of his—dining-room chairs; great, roomy old arm chairs; convenient, armless rockers of a smaller size; delightful little rocking-chairs for the children he loved, and high-chairs for all the babies around.

Every one remembers Uncle Al as a man who loved his work and who refused to let even severe bodily pain keep him from his self-appointed toil, but after eighty-six long years of faithfulness to duty he grew too sick and tired at last to go on, and fell asleep to wake again where "they shall rest from their labors" and "where their works do follow them" to claim their just reward.

CHAPTER XXIII—THE CLITHERALL CEMETERY—MOUNT PLEASANT.

About fifty years ago the first grave was made on the high hill overlooking Clitherall Lake and Old Town from the north. Since then, one by one, our loved ones have been borne up the grassy hillside to their last resting-place, until now one hundred and fifty graves have been made, those at the north side lying in the cool shade of the oaks and at the south side amidst the thick green grass and wild flowers.

Some lying there had lived past their three score years and ten, and are "they who bore the burden and heat of the day" in paving the way for the settlement of the surrounding country. Some of them have their children beside them, some their grandchildren and some their great-grandchildren.

Not all buried here were of the same religious belief nor all of the same nationality, but all are of one blood and, we trust, are "among the honorable ones of the earth," and all are equally deserving of justice, which will be meted out by the one great Judge according to their works.—Revelation 22:12. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."—I Corinthians 15:41, 42.

WE SHALL MEET.

When this mortal life is ended,
And its fitful course is run,
When the evening shadows gather,
And our work on earth is done,
Then we'll rest from all our labors,
In a land that's free from care,
And we'll meet with all our loved ones,
And we'll know each other there.

CHORUS:

We shall meet; we shall meet;
We shall meet with our Redeemer
And with angels bright and fair.
In the resurrection morning
Shouts of joy shall fill the air,
And we'll meet with all our lived ones,
And we'll know each other there.

When we cross death's chilly waters,
When we reach the other side,
We shall find a land of sunshine
Just beyond the rolling tide.
There will then be no more parting,
In that happy land so fair,
Where we'll meet with all our loved ones,
And we'll know each other there.

When we stand beside the river
With its waters sparkling bright,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And our eyes behold that sight,
Then we'll breathe the pleasant fragrance
Of its blossoms rich and rare,
And we'll meet with all our loved ones,
And we'll know each other there.

This hymn was composed by Elder T. C. Kelley and was sung at Uncle Lewis Whiting's funeral, also at Uncle Chauncey Whiting's funeral, and previously at a family reunion at Uncle Chauncey's home.

Eleanor Gould Whiting.

The cemetery hill was at one time part of the farm of Hyrum Murdock, who offered it as a public burying-ground. Miss Nettie Tucker some years ago solicited funds throughout the community, and secured enough to have a neat woven-wire fence built around it. It is now the property of the Church of Jesus Christ, having been deeded to that body by the heirs of the former owner. At the time the deed was recorded a name for the plat was desired, and Abner Tucker suggesting the name Mount Pleasant it was thus recorded.

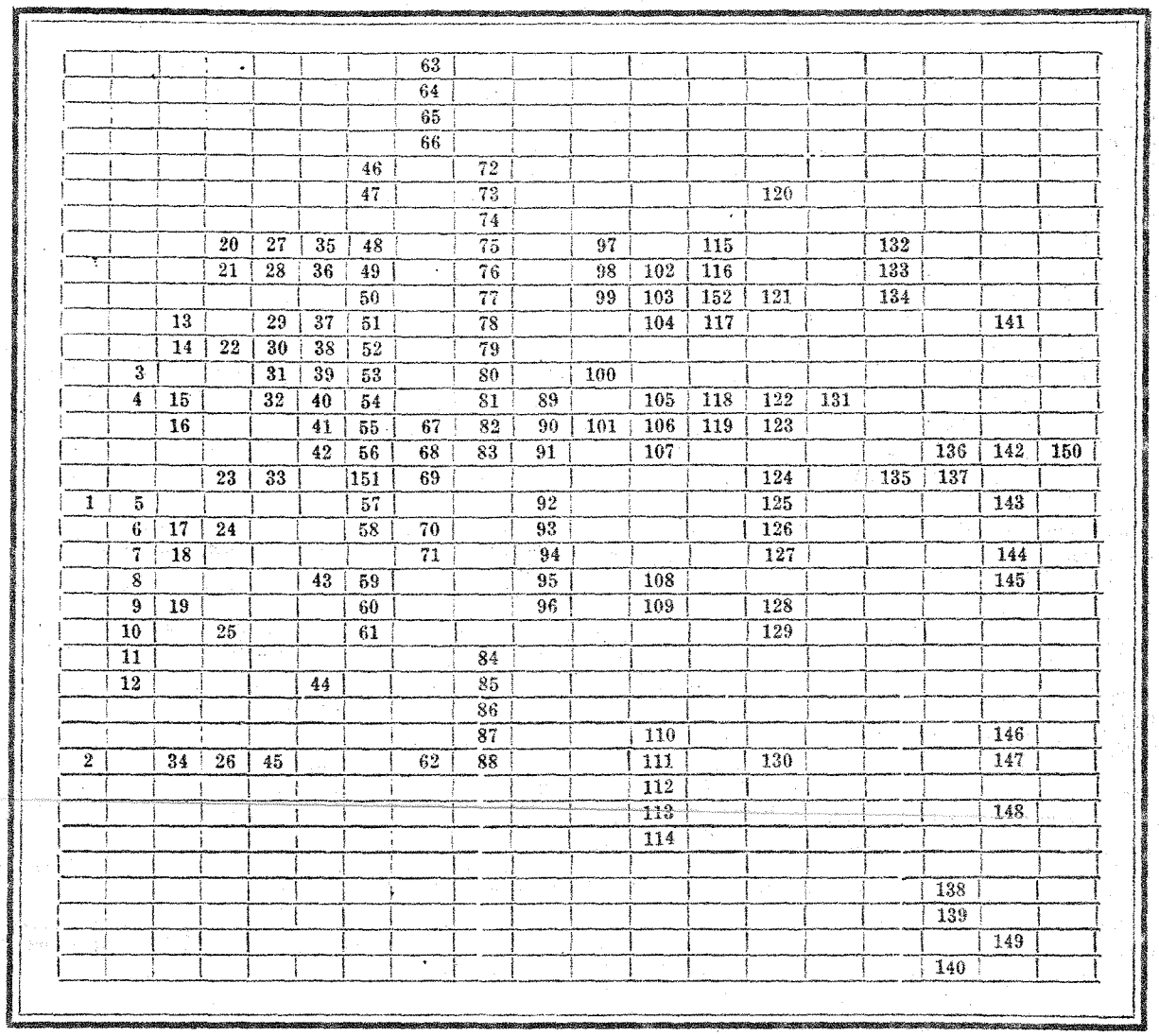
When many of the first graves were made care was not taken to arrange them in perfect rows, the trees growing naturally among the graves often preventing their being placed more orderly, and many graves have been left without headstones. Only one, or perhaps two, old residents are able to tell who are buried in all of the unmarked graves.

In July, 1915, Mrs. Orison E. Tucker performed the tedious task of making an accurate diagram of the cemetery, recording each name in its proper place on the diagram. Abner Tucker assisted her by naming the unmarked mounds. We are inserting a copy of it here, but have necessarily arranged the rows for the printer more perfectly than they really lie—especially east and west. However, in following the rows from north to south one can easily locate any grave by referring to this chart and index.

INDEX TO CEMETERY PLAT.

1. Child of Mr. and Mrs. Square Kidder.
2. Esther Whiting.
3. Zeruah Whiting.
4. Warren Whiting.
5. Gladys Fletcher.
6. Inez Fletcher.
7. Charles Fletcher.
8. Hulda Fletcher.
9. Lovell Kidder.
10. Jerutia Kidder.
11. Jason Kidder.
12. Amy Kidder.
13. Rachel Harriman.
14. Matthew Harriman.
15. and 16. Children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richards.
17. John J. Tucker.
18. Abigail Tucker.
19. Child of Mr. and Mrs. Jason Kidder.
20. Max Whiting.
21. Ethel Fletcher.
22. Edmund Fletcher.
23. Grandma Quimby.
24. Winfield M. Gould.
25. Almon Whiting.
26. Jennie Whiting.
27. Mary Denna.
28. Lewis Denna.
29. Janett Whiting.
30. Lewis Whiting.
31. Clara Burdick.
32. Ethel Cook.
33. Celia Anderson.
34. Child of Mr. and Mrs. Chas Davis.
35. Timothy Corliss.
36. Emma Corliss.
37. Alfred Whiting.
38. Cutler Alma Sherman.
39. Alfred Erwin.
40. Effie Sherman.
41. Editha Whiting.
42. Chauncey Whiting.
43. Charles Sherman.
44. Gertrude Shives.
45. Alfred Whiting.
46. Lionel Kelting.
47. Ruth Whiting.
48. Emos Pratt
49. Nelson Wendell.
50. Eleanor Gould.
51. George Gould.
52. George A. Gould.
53. Rhoda Sherman.
54. Jacob Sherman.
55. Willie Albertson.
56. Mary Burdick.
57. Cassius Sherman.
58. Theodore Sherman.
59. Frederick Sherman.
60. Frederick Brown.
61. John Corbett.
62. Jennie Jasperson.
63-64-65-66. Children of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Oakes.
67. Bell Whiting.
68. Eva Corliss.
69. William Corliss.
70. Etta Gould.
71. Orlow Gould.
72. Porter Murdock.
73. Burde Murdock.
74. Cora Murdock.
75. Lyman Murdock.
76. Lillie Campbell.
78. Child of Mr. and Mrs. John Baldwin.
79. Eliza Campbell.
80. Eliza Oakes.
81. Rosina Whiting.
82. Ruben Oakes.
83. Child of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Whiting
84. Charles Taylor.
85. Nicholas (Nickie) Taylor.
86. Nicholas Taylor.
87. Olive Taylor.
88. Alma Taylor.
89. Mary Fletcher.
90. John Fletcher.
91. Loretta Fletcher.
92. Joseph Fletcher.
93. Seth Fletcher.

Clitherall Cemetery.



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	6	17	24			58	70		93				126						
	7	18					71		94				127				144		
	8				43	59			95		108						145		
	9	19				60			96		109		128						
	10		25			61							129						
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											114								
																138			
																139			
																	149		
																140			

94. Josepph McIntyre.
95. Child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mc Intyre.
96. Sylvester McIntyre.
97. Daisy Whiting.
98. Rozelle Whiting.
99. Leland Whiting.
100. Laura Lang.
101. William Mason (first grave).
102. Bernice Sarver.
103. Alice Trowbridge.
104. Emma Trowbridge.
105. Clark Stillman.
106. Elizabeth Sperry.
107. Charles Sperry.
108. Sylvester Whiting.
109. Rebecca Whiting.
110. Elizabeth Wallace.
111-112-113-114. Children of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Saunders.
115. Orris A. Albertson.
116. Oscar Hanson.
117. Anna Lundquist.
118. Bessie Murdock.
119. H. Alva Murdock.
120. Anna Murdock.
121. Ellis Tucker.
122. Sadie Whiting.
123. Della Whiting.
124. Lyman Murdock.
125. Hiram Murdock.
126. Rachel Murdock.
127. Anna Murdock.
128. Sophia Lewis.
129. Ellen Murdock.
130. Orison E. Tucker.
131. James Oakes.
132. Basie Hammer.
133. Adelle Hammer.
134. (Name unknown, relative of Hokanson's).
135. Axel Swenson.
136. Pearl Whiting.
137. Walter Whiting.
138. Lucius Almon Whiting.
139. Diadama Whiting.
140. Orison Murdock.
141. Child of Mr. and Mrs. Will Whiting.
142. Thomas Crane.
143. Child of Mr. and Mrs. Soles.
144. Frank Forte.
145. Phoebe Forte.
146. Henry Dahn, Sr.
147. Henry Dahn, Jr.
148. Charles Saffel.
149. Matie Murdock.
150. Nellie Truax.
151. Benny Sherman.
152. Unknown.

CONCLUSION.

Old Clitherall is decidedly a different place today from the pictures portrayed in the preceding pages.

The crowded rows of log dwellings down the hillside and along the lake shore, the old stores and postoffice, the smithy, the mills, the factories and workshops—all are gone. The fallen timbers of the old log church were the last to be borne away. The loom and spinning-wheel are unknown. Never a spring spent in the old sugar bush now, never a deer hunt in the regions round, never a harvest from the wild cranberry marsh, and the copper-faced natives never return to their favorite haunts.

Of the scores who came in the first year of colonization only nine remain in the vicinity—Alonzo and Emily Whiting, Lurett Whiting, Rebecca Murdock, Ella Whiting Gould, Carmelia Whiting Oakes, Emily Murdock Tucker

and Isaac and Jennie Whiting, the last three having lived the entire fifty-four years within the present boundaries of District One.

Out from the early homes mentioned have gone men, women and children to take up their lifework in various vocations, and their descendants have chosen still other lines of work, until among the posterity of these pioneers we note ministers, merchants, carpenters, painters, farmers, music-teachers, school teachers and superintendents, stenographers, book-keepers, real estate men, telegraph operators, engineers, brakemen, mechanics, masons, dressmakers, milliners, nurses, one doctor, one editor, one postmistress, one state superintendent of schools, mail-carriers, postoffice clerks, livery men, traveling salesmen, hotel keepers, cashiers or assistants in banks, barbers, butchers and bakers and United States soldiers.

On the immediate streets of Old Town today are less than a half dozen dwellings—all frame buildings now, and all sheltering pioneers or their descendants; also the white frame church where services are held every Sunday; the new brick store, owned by the local church, securing patronage from far and near; and the little white schoolhouse, in a better state of repair and with better equipment than formerly.

But the various schools of forty boys and girls who used to throng the playground and crowd the little schoolroom are now replaced by just an even dozen, among whom are the old familiar names. Rachel, Paul and Max Murdock are grandchildren of Lyman and Rebecca Murdock; and Vincent, Richard and Julian Whiting and their cousin Herbert Whiting are great-grandchildren of Chauncey and Editha Whiting. Then there is Wayne Gould Tucker, who has a most unique record in some respects, his father and mother, two grandmothers and one grandfather having attended school in District One where he now attends; and, furthermore, in the old burying-ground near his home lie his eight great-grandparents, Hyrum and Rachel Murdock, John and Abigail Tucker, Lewis and Janett Whiting and George and Eleanor Gould, also three great-great-grandparents, Jacob and Rhoda Sherman and Mary Burdick, while his four grandparents are still his nearest neighbors. He, therefore, may be considered a full-blooded native of District One.

With this we are closing our little volume—not because the story has all been told, as the work has necessarily been done too hastily to admit of hearing from all who might have helped; but out of the collection of stories we have been able to secure during the year just past we have chosen those which seemed to cover the ground most satisfactorily, and we trust they will be received in the spirit in which they are sent out—that of kind remembrance and appreciation of the old homefolks.

THE END

LATER CONTRIBUTIONS.

When Caesar Taught Our School.

We all went to school to Caesar,
And a mighty good teacher he seemed;
He boarded with War Whiting's family,
And his school was the theme of his dreams.

His pupils—we numbered near fifty—
Oft reveled in good times galore
And seldom a day when there wasn't
A number who stood on the floor.

He tried to be good to us always,
But we wouldn't allow it, you see;
We just got to acting up "smarty,"
And we tried to run things as we pleased.

Frank Forte threw a shoe at Jim Murdock,
And then came some butter and bread,
Which flew past the ears of Frank Whiting,
And took Let right square in the head

And soon there came wads of rolled paper
Thrown straight by Frank Shelafoe's hand,
As burly and sturdy a Frenchman
As ever was known in our land

There were Rosa and Jim in their courtship,
As constant as lovers could be,
And Orison and modest Miss Cora
Cast sheep's eyes when no one could see.

There were Alma and Ellen and Hattie,
All three of them sat in one seat,
And studied—oh, my! how they studied
Till no one their conduct could beat.

Ote Forte, the young giant of New Town,
Who was always so full of his pranks,
Played foot-ball with young Linboy's grub-box,
Causing laughter and fun in our ranks.

Miss Corda came down there to visit
Our school every once in a while;
I recall she was always so jolly
And bartered a broad smile for smile.

From Girard came John, Lizzie and Albert,
And Daisy so cute and petite;
They frequently visited Old Town,
Especially on spelling-school night.

And then Lucy Whiting and Emer—
The jolliest pair in the land—
Came over quite often at evening
To join in our spelling-school band.

There were Addie and Minnie and Mabel,
Who many good stories did write,
Put never succeeded in getting
Their products put into lead type.

There were George, Tom, Walter and Herbert,
The four sons of Uncle Tom Crane;
They moved from the land of the south
And returned to their south home again.

And Elsie, our dear old friend Elsie,
Neighbor, schoolmate and pupil combined;
How glad we would all be to see her;
She lives 'cross the Canada line.

Miss Emily, who always would study,
In book lore could not be surpassed;
While Grace and Clara and Bertha
For neatness were never outclassed.

There were Johnny and young Frankie Murdock,
Who are now but plain John and Frank;
Each follows the trade of the farmer
And are skillfully trained in its ranks.

There were Aunt Lydia's Emma and Jennie;
No happier girls could be found;
Their young lives seemed one round of pleasure,
While their hearts with kind deeds did abound.

There were Charlie and Bub, also Edwin,
Who many fine pictures did scrawl,
And Harry—a perfect cartoonist—
Made laughable hours for us all.

There were Ike's Charlie, Erle and Nell Whiting,
And also young Julian and Roy,
Every one of them natural mechanics
Who practiced such work when but boys.

There was Cara, our good-natured Cara,
Brimful of her innocent glee,
The crowning joy of her mother's heart
The pride of our household was she.

And Lucy—my own sister Lucy,
In those days her years numbered few;
Just a dear little bundle of girlhood
And wonderful stores in view.

There were also young Otie Whiting
And Ora and Delbert and Birch;
The first two are farming for money,
While the last two just work for their church.

There were Bert, Ben, Ordie and Leo,
The first-named a stalwart young swain;
The second belonged to the league nine,
And the others are buyers of grain.

A kind-hearted youngster was Lester,
The youngest at Uncle Lute's board,
He now preaches sermons on Sunday
And trusts in the word of the Lord.

There were Guy, George, Lennard and Willie,
Who were fine entertainers, they say;
They sang such as: "Hot times in Old Town,"
And "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-a."

Frank Tucker, the oldest at Abner's,
Was in those days a very young lad;
He is now depot agent at Deer Creek
And still thinks he knows more than his dad.

Of all the good-natured laddies
Was Orison, a home-loving boy,
A comforting balm to his parents,
And to later home loved ones a joy.

And Nettie, our dear little Nettie,
A fun-loving child, as a rule,
Has become now a polished young lady,
And is busied with teaching of schools.

Master Jamie, the youngest at Oaks's.
Broad shouldered and stalwart is he,
Now lives in the city of Fargo,
The eastern gateway to N. D.

There also were Ralph and Mae Murdock,
The children of Alva and Lu,
Who jogged through their childhood together,
Sociable, friendly and true.

Then Laura and Daisy and Cora
And Essie and Bonnie and Fan
Were dainty and lovable misses
Who belonged to this juvenile clan.

To bring our long tale to a finish,
We bid you a hearty good-night,
And trust in the goodness of Jesus
To guide us in all that is right.

Olive Murdock Eddingfield.

St. Paul Park, Minn.

Miss Hallie M. Gould:—

I just want to express my appreciation of the series of old-time stories that through your efforts have come to us each week during the past months in the Battle Lake Review. I am sure that I voice the sentiment of every old timer when I say that we have enjoyed beyond measure the stories and incidents of the past; and our hearts have thrilled within us as we have so vividly looked back again into the almost forgotten faces of nearly half a century ago.

Scarcely an incident has been mentioned that has not brought others to our minds—things that have been dormant in memory's chamber for two score years.

Eleanor Whiting spoke of the "mud crossing" west of Battle Lake village. In the early days your father (Win, as we called him), his father, Mr. Gould, Anson Sherman and I stood at the mud crossing talking. I had been up to Silver Lake visiting Win, and Anson and I were now on our way home, while Mr. Gould and Win had come down to the crossing to cut hay. Anson picked up the scythe to show that he was an expert mower, and at the very first stroke he broke the scythe square off close to the snath. I expected to see Mr. Gould go up in the air, but the good man simply and very quietly said, "My! that's too bad." It meant a ten-mile walk for repairs to Clitherall and back.

The story of the boys' fishing trip in the outlet between Lake Clitherall and Battle Lake opened memory's door, and I lived over again one of the fishing events of my life in the same outlet. Your Grandfather Whiting (Uncle Lute, as we called him) and Odd Albertson and I, with boat and spear and torch, went to the outlet to spear "some big ones." We were in the little outlet a few rods from Battle Lake. Uncle Lute was watching close to the boat when I called his attention to a monstrous pickerel about twelve feet away. He made a good strike at it and struck the fellow close to its head. The fish made a rush directly toward the boat. Uncle Lute stepped backward and in doing so pushed me over the edge into the water—my feet still in the boat but my body all under water except my head and hands which gripped the boat, and Uncle Lute was sitting on my knees, hanging to the fish for dear life.

Odd, at the other side was trying to keep the boat from overturning, and seeing my predicament cried out, "Mr. Whiting, you are drowning Hammer!"

Mr. Whiting replied, "Can't help it! This is the biggest fish I ever speared, and I've got to get it."

He got the fish and then they helped me into the boat. The pickerel weighed twenty-seven pounds.

The adventures on Clitherall Lake, told by Rhoda Hunter and others, recalled an experience of mine when I was teaching at Clitherall. The lake was frozen over, smooth and safe, but not a particle of snow on the ice. It was a very mild November night and so light that I could see the trees on the Ellwanger hills six miles to the southwest. Starting for my home in St. Olaf, I meant to cross on the ice to the west end of the lake. I trudged along, looking up occasionally to keep my course, until I was just south of the Corliss home, when I looked up again for my landmark, and to my surprise there was nothing in sight. I turned clear around but could see nothing in any direction. A heavy fog had gathered around me so thick that I could see only a few rods. I lost my bearings completely, as it looked alike in all directions. I walked and walked and walked, as there was nothing else to do, but could find no trace of any shore.

I kept on and on until at last I heard the tinkle of a cow-bell, faint and seemingly far away. Some cow had evidently gotten up for her morning meal and was eating in the manger. I ran toward the sound for a few minutes, then stopped to listen. The bell tinkled now away off to my right. I turned and ran toward it and again stopped to listen. Again I heard the bell, but as before, it was away to the right, and again I turned and ran toward the sound. This occurred several more times, the bell sounding each time at almost a right angle from the direction in which I was running. But at last I reached the shore and then easily followed the sound to the stable. I knocked at the house door and to my surprise found I was at the home of Sarah Sherman, across the lake from Clitherall, and the time was three o'clock in the morning. I had traveled in circles on that foggy lake all night.

When I was reading "Lu's" story of the strawberry picnic on the Battle Lake hills, I thought of a laughable experience that her father, Uncle Lute, had in the same place. The Whitings owned a threshing-rig—an old down-power outfit, but up-to-date in those early times. The power was staked to the ground when threshing. Long sweeps were fastened to it and eight or ten horses hitched to the sweeps. The horses were driven in a circle by a man standing on a platform in the center. When moving, the heavy power was swung up under long timbers underneath a wagon.

The boys were threshing in the Battle Lake country. They finished threshing one evening and started for home a little after dark. Uncle Lute with his well-known mules hauled the horse-power wagon. All the rest, with the separator and "trap wagon," had been gone half an hour before Uncle Lute got started. Going down the hill near where Everts' feed business was located one of the breast-straps broke, one of the mules fell down, and the front wheels of the wagon ran over him. The mule was wedged tightly between the wheels and the power, and as the power weighed over a ton, Uncle Lute was helpless to release the mule. He unhitched the other mule, tied it to the wagon to keep the captive company, and went on foot to Clitherall for help. He reached home soon after the others did, secured ample help, and hurried back to the rescue. When the imprisoned mule was finally liberated he got up and, quite unconcerned, went to eating grass as though nothing had happened. It was in the early morning hours when they reached home.

We heartily wish these stories could continue. Will be sorry when there are no more to tell, and we wish the contributors could know how much we enjoy them. Geo. Hammer.