

of an honorable and upright life he has firmly entrenched himself in the regard and esteem of his fellow citizens and stands today in a high place among representative farmers and substantial business men.

In conclusion we present to our readers a story written by himself, entitled: "A Day in the Life of a Winneshiek County Boy."

"I went to work plowing in the morning about two miles from father's house. At about half past nine o'clock my brother-in-law, D. Price, came to us (my father and eldest brother, were working in the same field) to get a yoke of oxen to take his family to Decorah for safety. He told us that the Indians were coming and we had better clear out. He was very much excited.

"We held a council of war right there and decided to send word to the neighbors to meet at Locust Lane that evening to make arrangements to meet the enemy.

"The lock on father's rifle being broken, he went to Freeport to the gunsmith's to get it mended and at the same time bought all the gunpowder they had at the store in Freeport. From there he went to Decorah to buy lead and more powder. He couldn't get any powder there for they wanted all they had for the defense of Decorah.

"I went home and started making bullets. First I ran all the lead we had into bullets for father's T. Smith rifle. Then I ran all the pewter I could find about the place into bullets for the shot gun. When I was through, mother brought all her pewter spoons and I melted and made them into bullets. I also cleaned and oiled an old double-barrelled shot gun. (This gun belonged to A. K. Drake, a resident of Decorah at the present time.)

"About four o'clock Jake Powers came to our place to tell my folks the Indians were coming. He wanted to know what I was going to do with the shot gun and I said that I was going to shoot Indians. He laughed at me and said I couldn't shoot bullets with a shot gun and that he could stand by a tree and let me shoot at him all day and I couldn't hit him. And if I did, the bullet would not go through his clothes. I told him I could kill him at that distance so he went and stood by the tree and dared me to shoot. I locked the gun and raised it to shoot when my mother stepped out the door and grabbed the gun and wanted to know what we were doing. I told her and she gave Mr. Powers a scolding because I was only a boy but he was old enough to know better. He was about twenty-five years old. Then Mr. Powers put a mark on the tree and I was to see if I could hit it. I shot and the bullet struck the tree about two inches above the mark. He took his knife to take the bullet out but had to use an ax and cut into the oak tree about two inches for it. He then went to mother and thanked her for saving his life.

"At sun down I did the chores and then started for Locust, three miles away. When I had gone half the distance I saw three men coming towards me, each carrying a gun. I took them to be Indians. I dropped behind a bunch of brush locked both barrels of my gun and waited for them to come close enough for a dead shot. I felt sure of the first Indian, a good chance of the second, and then dodge into the bush returning home, and be ready for them again. But before they got close enough for me to shoot, the imaginary Indians vanished and Henry Kniss, Mr. Bowns, and James Morehead took their places. They were old neighbors, out hunting Indians. When I stepped into the road