

get reinforcement. He hurried back to the servant, saying, "I will get the chips if you go along and scare away the geese."

Gustaf had had the wing built to the north of the house before they moved back and he moved the stock of goods there and opened up for business at once. The business proved a success and before long he built a store building on the other side of the road that passed by the house. It was on the elevation by the lake and an icehouse was made in the high bank, which was stocked with ice from the lake during each winter. More people moved to the community and the business increased to such proportions that several clerks were employed.

It was a typical country store and the customers who came there to trade were of every type of Swede, Norwegian, and Dane, which those countries had to offer. As a whole they were good-hearted, honest, and hard working Scandinavians who truly meant to do the right thing even if some of them did like to have the jug handy in case they might need a little tonic at times.

In the store was everything that the farmer and his wife needed. To one side were calicos and gingham for the women, suits and overalls for the men, shoes and boots made for service and not for style, and shoestrings of leather. Up near the front were ribbons in bright colors for hairbows and large china buttons in white, green, and brown for women's dresses, and men's checkered wool shirts.

There was red striped stick candy, gum drops, candy hearts, with love messages in red printed on them. There were "prize boxes" of candy with some treasure hidden within, which the shy young fellow bought for his best girl. To the other side were boxes of coiled chewing tobacco which looked like rope, while on the counter nearby was a box of smoking tobacco, for gratis use to the customers, as they lingered to visit, adding their share of news to the settlement gossip.

There were three barrels of sugar: one of white, one light brown, and one dark brown. There were barrels of dried peas and beans and green coffee. There were barrels of little dried prunes and salt herring and mackerel which savored of Norway and Sweden.

There were garden tools, pitchforks, cuttlery, brooms, saws, nails, barrels of kerosene, and a table piled with rolls of butter which the women brought tied up in squares of cloth, so tied by the corners that it formed a basket-shaped bundle. There were hides, fur pelts, and cases of eggs.

There was a drug department which chiefly consisted of Pain Killer and Hoffman's Drops, the latter a cure-all, well spiked, which some customers took in generous doses with a lump of sugar. This dose was always followed with hearty

smacks of satisfaction and with an expression, which plainly indicated that a second dose would be most acceptable.

Gustaf had now been appointed postmaster of that community, which necessitated a post office department and the mail stage stopped four times a week on its route between Alexandria and Morris. The stage accommodated passengers also and these mostly were drummers, from whom Gustaf bought goods. The stage arrived at noon and on the stage days Ingrid must be prepared to serve dinner to the group. The stage driver and the drummers were generous in praise of her fine pike and Parker-house rolls fresh from the oven.

Some years after the family moved back to the homestead, Gustaf sent to Sweden for a friend and went to Chicago to meet him, incidently buying goods on the trip. The man was a bachelor and he took a claim near the lake not far from Gustaf's place. He was a friendly fellow and to give himself companionship, he took a boy to live with him. This boy and Henry became friends, though he was Henry's senior by a few years.

At one time he asked Henry to go with him to hunt ducks on the lake. Henry knew that this was contrary to his father's wish and he objected but the boy begged him to go and Henry's willingness to please others subdued his determination not to go, and he went with the boy.

When Gustaf came to the house and learned that Henry had gone with the boy, he suspected the reason for their going, as it was the time of year when the ducks lingered on the lake during their migration. Gustaf threatened to whip Henry if that was what he was up to and Charlotte overheard this and became very anxious, as she knew that when her father whipped he was severe and she loved her brother and did not want him to be punished; but what could she do? She knew the folly of asking for leniency from the father.

She quietly went out and by the side of a tree that sheltered her from view, she prayed that God would save Henry from a whipping. This relieved her anxiety and she returned to the house and had just entered by one door when Henry came in at another door. With guilt and fear showing in his face, he quietly closed the door behind himself. As Charlotte had no chance to warn him, she kept within earshot of whatever would happen and then the father called, "Where have you been, Henry?"

The little conscious-stricken boy stopped at the side of a chair and lifting his foot to a rung, he moved it to and fro, saying, "Over to Gust's place."

"What did you do there?"

That question was not so easily answered and he hesitated.



then he spied the whip on the floor and his father picked it up, saying, "Did you boys go hunting?"

Henry nodded his answer sadly and when his father came toward him, tears came to his eyes.

"I shall whip you for disobeying. You know that you should not go hunting and I must punish you so that you will remember."

Charlotte slipped into the room just as the father reached for Henry who was crying bitterly. She ran to the sofa at their side and kneeling down by it she prayed aloud, "God, please make Henry a good boy so that he won't get whipped," and she sobbed as if her heart would break. Gustaf's arm fell to his side and he hesitated and then went from the room. Charlotte ran over to Henry and putting her arm around him, she said as she smiled through tears, "God did hear my prayer. Now you won't go hunting again, will you?"

Henry indicated his answer by a silent movement of the head, while he dried his tears and his damp nose on the sleeve of his coat and when he lifted his head there was a smile of appreciation for his sister's loyal help.

Douglas County had its grasshopper years as did all parts of the country. One year they came when the wheat stood in its prime. They came in dense clouds, obliterating the sun. They took crops, gardens and everything in their path, as in one case when they ate a whole red woolen shirt, leaving only the part under the clasp of the clothes pins.

Gustaf planned what to do to save his wheat and carried out his plan hurriedly. He made a screen 4 x 16 feet, covered with sackcloth; this he fastened to a shaft and raised it to a level just above the wheat. A horse was hitched to the shaft in a manner to push the screen before the horse. The screen was smeared with tar and then it was pushed up and down the field. The hoppers rose before it and were caught in the tar. At the end of each row the hoppers were scraped off and new tar applied. When the grasshoppers moved on to other territory, there lay heaps of dead hoppers at the edge of the field and much of the wheat was rescued.

A church had been organized, Gustaf and Ingrid being charter members and Gustaf was its first secretary. (This secretary book is still in the possession of the present secretary of Oscars Lake congregation and the writing is an indication of Gustaf's early education.)

The church was located near the Fahlin place, making it but two miles from Gustaf's place. The church was built of logs, as were the homes of the community. The furniture, consisting of pulpit, altar and pews, was made by members of the con-

gregation and the work put into it evidenced the skilled training of carpenters from the Scandinavian countries.

One beautiful Sunday morning, Gustaf's family as usual was ready for church. In order to accommodate them all, the lumber wagon was equipped with two seats with springs and two boards, without springs, which were laid across the wagon to serve as seats. The doors were all locked and at 9:30 they were off over winding roads, skirted by lakes and ponds. As they reached the upper prairie, they had command of a view in all directions, a beautiful pattern of lakes and woods and prairie; a view which never could be forgotten.

The services lasted until noon and then they spent some time visiting friends as they met about the church. When finally they were on their homeward way, all were hungry and anxious to get back, as they knew that Sunday dinner had extra good things for them.

When they reached home they discovered that there was company, much to their surprise. The surprise was still greater when they entered the house and found it to be four jolly fat men and four painted women in stage attire. They offered the explanation that they were traveling between their regular stops and they were very hungry and would be most pleased to be served dinner. As it was nothing new to Ingrid to serve extras, she soon had the dinner before them and they were served to their entire satisfaction, paid their bill and were happy on their way again. Now the big hungry family had their dinner. Their hunger had been subdued some while taking in the show but now they made up for the delay.

The little twins had reached the age of six and, as one could well expect, they carried each other's sorrows and shared each other's joys. Their similarity often caused them to be taken for the other. One day a serious lesson presented itself to them.

A platform had been built out from the ice house, on which the men washed the kegs which had been used for storing butter to be sent to market. One of the twins, it matters not which one as she was as much like the other as herself, walked out on the plank, slick from the smear of the kegs. All went well until she reached the place over the water, when a sliding began, which ended in the water below.

The other went out to see what happened and in the very same place did a similar slide with a similar ending. Together they rescued each other, together they went to the house, together they took the spanking, together they went to bed, together their clothes hung on the line to dry, together they promised never to walk that plank again, together they kept the promise.



Still they did go to the ice house one day and found the man packing butter. They begged for some butter and he, being a kind, innocent fellow, put into each tiny outstretched hand a big hunk of butter, with instruction to go to mother for bread. They climbed up the bank, firmly holding on to the butter. The sun was hot, their hands were hot. When they reached the house the butter had undergone a physical change as well as a change of environment. There they stood, a sad looking pair, with no butter left for the bread.

At one time a rumor spread over the settlement, that the Indians were on the warpath and were headed that way. It had been several years since they had an Indian scare and most of the settlers were unprepared for defense. Groups met in different homes to make bullets as every man had his gun. One group met at Gustaf's house and spent most of the night moulding bullets. Lead was melted and poured into moulds to cool and in this way a lot of ammunition was made but no Indians came.

The time of butchering was a great event in the homesteads. There were both beef and porkers killed at Gustaf's place and the days that followed were busy days in the home. The meat was prepared in various ways. Some was salted down, some was smoked, and some was made into corned beef; there were several kinds of sausages, there was head cheese, bacon, lard, and tallow. There was much feasting when all was new but the greatest feast of all was the evening meal when the pigs' feet were served as that was a rare occasion. After the edible part was consumed the children tried their luck at reconstructing the foot by placing the bones in their proper places, which unwittingly became their first lesson in anatomy.

After the butchering was out of the way, there came the candle-making time. Candles were made from the tallow and candle wicking. The tallow was melted in some large container which allowed ample room for dipping a row of candles at one time. The wicks were cut twice the length of the candle plus the part that went over the stick on which they were suspended. When the wicks had been fitted to the sticks in the right spacing, the stick was lifted by the ends and the wicking dipped into the hot tallow and hung back on the support, which had been provided with space sufficient for a large number of sticks. When all had been dipped the process was repeated time and again until the candles became the proper size. After they were thoroughly set they were removed from the stick and packed away in boxes ready for use when needed.

Before cold weather came in the fall, inside windows were put in, to assure warmth for winter and as the walls were thick

it left considerable space between the two window frames. As Ingrid had an eye for beauty and pleasure for the children, she placed a thick layer of cotton on the intervening sill and over this she arranged colored mint candies in some interesting design. This gave to the window the appearance of a birthday party table and the children spent many happy hours before the windows, where they selected their favored pieces, which would be theirs when the windows were removed in the spring. This was their fairy land, which in time would come true.

Ingrid well knew that their wants for sweets were taken care of and therefore this display would not prove a mental torture to them but it would be a cheery picture for their busy imaginations, when snow drifts and bleak skies offered no variety from without. Besides the candy supplied them by their father, they often were allowed to make taffy candy from molasses. At one time their taffy had an unexpected ending. The batch was ready for cooling, preparatory to the pulling, and to hasten the cooling, the dish was put outside in the snow and the children were given orders to watch that the cats or the dog did not go near it. They did their duty but all unexpectedly a cow came around the corner of the house and went directly to the pan and just to satisfy her curiosity, she stuck her nose into the sticky, hot mass. Suddenly she threw up her head and then threw up her heels and tail while making high leaps toward the barn, all the while bellowing and licking her nose.

On winter evenings the young folks gathered in the kitchen to play games, while the older folks and the children were in the other room. This did not always satisfy the youngsters, who wanted to hang around and see what was going on. One evening Elida protested leaving the room when she was told to do so and Charlotte took her by the arm to lead her away but she protested still more by sitting down on the floor and taking hold of the leg of a chair on which one of the men sat; she just would not budge. Charlotte was just as determined to win out and she pulled harder. Then all at once there was a snapping sound and Elida set up a howl, which brought Ingrid to the room.

"What is it? Did she get hurt?" asked the mother, while Charlotte tried to explain what had happened. Gustaf also came and when he examined the arm he said:

"I think the arm is out of joint and it will take a doctor to set it. One of you boys will have to go for Dr. Snarr in the morning."

Carl and Gustaf the younger looked at each other with an inquiring look, and Carl said, "Can't the two of us go? That's an awful ways to go alone and we will have to stay there over night and come back the next day."



This was agreed to and poor little Elida had to spend two days in pain just because she was stubborn. The doctor was a quaint Swedish character, who used a lot of cheerful psychology along with his medicine and when he came and had examined the injury, he took the forearm in one hand and held the upper part of the arm in the other and with a circular movement he applied his skill, all the while chanting, "We won't hurt the tiny girl, we won't hurt the tiny girl." (*Vi ska inte go illa med små stinta, vi ska inte go illa med små stinta.*)

There was a snap and the disjointed bones slipped into place and with some happy remark his job was done and Elida's arm was bandaged and in time regained its former usefulness.

Dr. Snarr was called to the home one other time when the young Gustaf had developed a fistula on the under side of the left jaw. It caused a swelling to that side of the face, which did make him look funny and naturally this drew smiles from anyone who saw him; but to himself it was anything but a joke. He was bedridden with the troublesome thing and finally when anyone laughed about it, it vexed him and he ordered them out of the room.

Ingrid told the little girls to stay away from there but their curiosity had to be appeased and once they all three tiptoed to the door to peek at the sick brother just a tiny bit. Gustaf heard some commotion and as he turned his head to see what it was, the movement of the sore part gave him a sharp pain and he yelled out, "Get away from there!"

This frightened the girls so fearfully that they ran from the house and never again did they venture near the room. The doctor had been sent for and when he arrived, the poor boy moaned with pain but Ingrid thought that she must give the doctor something to eat after his long trip, and he had no objection to this. As he was at the table, Ingrid noticed that the moaning had ceased from the sick room and she quietly went in and found Gustaf asleep. The fistula had burst and the pus was oozing out of it in a constant flow. With the bursting, the pain had left and the weary boy had fallen asleep. Nature beat the doctor to the job.

There had been a constant influx of people to the community and many changes had been made. When Gustaf became better established, he improved the home. The outside was sided and the inside was plastered, while two porches were built and the house was painted. Ingrid had made a flower bed on the south side of the house and here bloomed the same kind of flowers that she had loved so much at the home in Sweden, where now there was no mother.

As their log cabin home thus stood, it bespoke the change, which had taken place in the community. Where once there

were only five log cabins there now was a settlement of well-to-do farmers. Roads had been opened up in all directions and lighter vehicles had replaced the heavy lumber wagon to a great extent. Homespun garments had given place to those of American make. The older children had become young people and the youngsters had grown as the weeds at the side of the fields. Yet throughout all these years, Nature retained her rustic beauty about the home.

The homestead had always been an extensive playground for the children. They waded at the edge of the lake and played on the clean sand beach. When some older member of the family was at hand, they rowed far out on the lake. On Sunday afternoons and on moonlight nights the boat was floated lazily over the water, while someone played the accordion and all joined in singing familiar songs. In winter they tobogganed down the steep bank and far out on the ice. When the cold was severe, they stopped to hear that mysterious, musical sound, which seemed to start where they stood and from there roll away over the ice to the distant border of the lake, from where the echo sent it back again and they knew that the bitter cold had cracked the ice in its merciless grip. They lingered to hear it again and again, until their fingers and toes tingled with the cold and they ran to the house to get warm.

The woods likewise had its charm for the children. They climbed the trees and played at keeping house, with leaves and acorns as dishes. In the woods grew wild cherries, blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, plums, and hazel nuts.

Once Charlotte and young Gustaf played at being birds. Charlotte was the young bird and Gustaf the parent bird. The object of the game was to see how many cherries the young bird could eat. The parent was generous, even beyond the capacity of the young and Charlotte swallowed until not another cherry would go down, when it became necessary for a real parent to take charge of the young bird.

For several years the schools of the settlement were conducted in the homes. The teaching was of a religious nature, such as the catechism and the Bible history, approved by the Lutheran Church; but naturally the small children were drilled in the ABC's first. One of the schools was in Gustaf's home, which included the children of the neighborhood. A little bachelor, named Dahl, was teacher and he was a disciplinarian of the old school type. The pupils were seated around the large table in the living room, with no regard for height of table or chairs in relation to a child of six or one of fourteen years of age.

As a substitute for call bell he used a hollow tin tube, from which he ejected a shrill whistle by blowing into it at a proper