

gration was looked for, and fortunes were to be realized from the sale of corner lots. But, with the spring, the great revolution reached even that remote outpost of civilization. The game of speculation in wild lands was played out for some years. The expected purchasers did not arrive. There was nothing for the people to do but to seek out new fields of effort, where they might obtain a livelihood. A few purchased lands back in the country, and settled upon them. Others went away to the south. The stores and shops were all closed. The dwelling houses were abandoned. But one family was left on the plat for a time. It was literally a "deserted village."

About the same time, a settlement had been made at Sheboygan Falls, five miles back from the Lake. Silas Steadman and David Giddings were the pioneer settlers. A saw mill was built there, which gave employment to a number of men, and formed the nucleus of a permanent settlement.

My father, Alvah Rublee, came west in the fall of 1839, and engaged in lumbering in Sheboygan County during the ensuing winter. His family came on the next summer, when my first personal acquaintance with the locality began. Some idea of the hardships occasionally endured by the pioneer settlers of the West, may be gained from one of the experiences of my father during his first winter there. While in the woods one day, a limb of a tree fell, striking upon his shoulder, and dislocated his arm. There was no surgeon nearer than Milwaukee. His companions endeavored to set it, but in vain. Their efforts only increased the inflammation of the bruised and dislocated limb. This was near evening, and the following morning he was compelled to set out for Milwaukee, on foot and alone, for surgical aid. There was no road except an Indian trail, and no settlement until he reached Port Washington. The weather was cold and there was considerable snow on the ground. He was two days in reaching Milwaukee, suffering all the time from torturing pain, and when he arrived there the