

not borrow a few pounds of flour. The sun went down and he had not yet returned; darkness came, and my mother and the children were much worried for fear some accident had befallen him. He had gone on horseback leaving one horse in the stable. Along about nine o'clock we heard the neighing of a horse in the distance, which was answered by another horse in the stable, and shortly after my father emerged from the opening across the creek and soon reached the door, leading his horse, and from the open door and by the light of the fire which shone through it, we saw something had happened to him. He held in his arms a little bag or bundle, and the first remark he made to my mother was, "Olive, we are ruined." He proceeded to relate that upon his homeward way, in crossing the big slough, his horse had stumbled upon the logs and had thrown him and the bag of flour he carried, into the mire, where horse and rider and flour remained until he could pick himself up. He then grasped the bag of flour and carried it to dry land, the horse following. Thence he wended his way homeward. The flour had been soaked in the slough, and he had reason to think that it was entirely destroyed; but my mother, who always endeavored to comfort him, said that perhaps it was not so bad after all. The horse was put in the log stable, and the flour was brought in and laid upon the floor, and my father and mother and the children gathered around the bag as its strings were unfastened, expecting to find the flour mixed with mud and water. As the top of the bag was opened, sure enough so it appeared, but soon the dough cracked open and inside there appeared good, dry flour. The bag was carefully turned backwards and the dry flour taken out. After all had been secured, then the dough, the result of the mixture of the marsh water with the flour, was carefully scraped off and sacredly preserved and eaten by the family. For a little while we had two kinds of bread upon the table; that made of this mixture I have spoken of, for us children, and the better quality for the older people. But we children did not complain; we were satisfied with it because it would appease our hunger.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Jefferson Co.*, p. 538.— Ed.