

them into the bodies of the fish. Very soon my father was called, and we all pitchforked those suckers until late in the evening, not desisting until we had secured at least a wheelbarrow full. It was with great satisfaction that my father remarked to my mother, "Now we are all right. There is no danger of starving when we can get plenty of fish, and the indications are, that the supply will be fully equal to the demand." As soon as we could secure a plentiful supply, we had fish for breakfast, fish for dinner and fish for supper, and fish all the time.

We had a young, green fellow, a sort of Pennsylvania Dutchman, who had wandered west, working for my father. He was possessed of an enormous appetite, and he also seemed possessed of great courage, for he never seemed to fear that he might choke himself with fish bones. The rest of us were a little careful upon that point, and looked over our fish with care; but Lawrence Becker had a knack of eating fish that double-discounted ours, and it was popularly said that he could shovel the fish in at one corner of his mouth and the bones would fly out at the other. His skill in this respect was certainly wonderful, and my statements in regard to it are not in the least exaggerated. All of the old settlers will remember that it was a common remark, that they had for so long a time been restricted to a fish diet that they did not make an attempt for months to change their shirts, the fish bones sticking through and preventing such an operation.

It is true that at this time we occasionally got hold of a little of what was called "Hoosier" pork, which found its way up from southern Illinois.¹ The pork, it was said, was made from a class of hogs whose snouts were so long they could reach through the fence and root up the third row of potatoes. The pork was so very poor and lean that we had to catch fish and save fat enough from the latter to fry the pork in. But with this pork and the fish, and corn bread,

¹ It is recorded that a party of land prospectors, in the spring of 1837, paid Mrs. Robert Masters, of Jefferson, \$1 per peck for oats; pork was \$21 and flour \$41 per barrel; cows were worth \$40 per head, and a yoke of oxen would bring \$150.—Ed.