

arrived. Some who had more beef or pigs to kill than they could use, would sell a pig or a quarter of beef to his neighbor. We often made such purchases from Judge Lawe.

Every fall and spring, each family had a shoemaker come, and make shoes for the entire family; and as there was but one shoemaker here we had to wait, as ladies wait now for a dressmaker.

Poor old Martz, I see him now, when by way of taking a rest from his bench, he would, on every other Saturday, get on the horse and go to the nunnery after our seven-year-old daughter Eliza, who was attending the sisters' school. On Monday her father would take her back again, on horseback, as he was on his way to his business.

I spoke of waiting for dressmakers in these days; in the days I am writing of, there were none to wait for. There were no milliners either. Woe to the woman who could not make her own dress! And yet, our dresses did not look so very badly. At least, we were content. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Still, let me say we were fashionable and stylish people. Our fashions came from the East. We will not ask how late. But some lady, either a citizen or of the army, would arrive from the East, and she would be kind enough to lend her dress to some friend to make one by. That friend would lend to her friend, and so on until we were all served. It made no difference to us if another new dress did not appear for two or three years—until we wished to make another. We never thought of making over a dress for the fashion.

At the new church at Menomoneeville, in May, 1833, Rev. Fr. Simon Sandrell baptized my three months' old baby. Her baptismal name being Louise Sophie — my Indian relatives added to it Migisan, or Wampum. This little one is now Mrs. Louise S. Favill, of Madison.

Although our home was a gay and happy one, my work did not lessen, as no good servants could be procured.

About this time Navarino loomed up considerably, and all of the attractions seemed to be there. My husband having learned by experience that he could not be a farmer