

Abbie Brown's Testimony of her 1863-1864 Journey Across the Plains

As found in Lake Placid News
September 29, 1916

Vol. XII – No. 23 Published at Lake Placid, New York in the Heart of the Adirondacks
Price Five Cents



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Citation References

Chicago Style Citation

Brown, Abbie C. Hinckley. "Across the Plains in the Early 60's as Told by one who Participated in the Stirring Events of That Adventurous Western Era." *Lake Placid News*, September 29, 1916, 5-7.

APA Style Citation

Brown, A. (1916, September 29). Across the Plains in the Early 60's as Told by one who Participated in the Stirring Events of That Adventurous Western Era. *Lake Placid News*, pp. 5-7.

MLA Style citation

Brown, Abbie C. Hinckley. "Across the Plains in the Early 60's as Told by one who Participated in the Stirring Events of That Adventurous Western Era." *Lake Placid News*, 29 Sept. 1916: 5-7. Print.

Transcribed/Reprinted In

Bagley, Will (ed.). "Abbie Brown's Memoir. Across the Plains in the Early 60's As Told By One Who Participated in the Stirring Events of That Adventurous Western Era." *Overland Journal*. Vol. 37, no. 2. (Summer 2019), pp. 68–76.

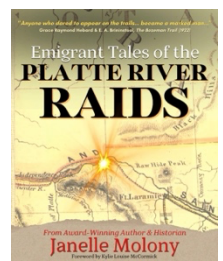
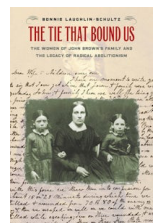
More on the extent of Abbie Brown's Journey and the experiences she had can be found in the following nonfiction texts:

Laughlin-Schultz, Bonnie. *The Tie That Bound Us: The Women of John Brown's Family and The Legacy of Radical Abolitionism*. New York:

Cornell University Press, 2013. [\$30.95 USD, <https://www.amazon.com/Tie-That-Bound-Us-Abolitionism/dp/0801451612>]

Molony, Janelle. *Emigrant Tales of the Platte River Raids*. Phoenix: M Press, 2023.

[\$34.00 USD, <https://www.amazon.com/Emigrant-Tales-Platte-River-Raids/dp/1734463872/>]



LAKE PLACID NEWS

MODERN DANCE

NO. 23 PUBLISHED AT LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK, IN THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1916

PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUNCE OF LAKE PLACID IS WORTH A POUND OF AN INFERIOR ARTICLE

HOTEL WILL BE BUILT

COMMUNICATION FROM NEW YORK GIVES DECISIVE ANSWER

LAKE PLACID UNDER OBLIGATION

Amount Subscribed By Promoters Himself Who Wishes It Removed That Operations Commence At Once

Weeks of strenuous effort in of a new year around hotel, the purchase of the present View Hotel property and the building of a modern, semi-fireproof building, the result may now be summed up in one sentence: The hotel is to be put up.

George F. Stott of New York, who has labored earnestly and sincerely for the betterment of Lake Placid, has written to the townspeople in its interest, who kept the fire burning otherwise it would have died, in a communication to the Lake Placid News makes the decisive statement. "Having my heart set on the completion of this project, I have, by every known means to make such arrangements as would insure a hotel in your town, and after many conferences, I am in a position to say that a new hotel will be built."

In order to bring success to the project of such vital concern to Lake Placid, Mr. Stott not only pursued his work after his return to New York but himself subscribed the determinative amount, and under conditions which renders the people under obligation to him. He says:

"In order, however, to accomplish this end, I was compelled to personally subscribe the amount necessary to complete subscriptions originally expected from the Lake Placid people. I did so in the firm belief that Lake Placid would eventually relieve the situation; and permit me to say in this connection there is a moral obligation resting upon them to lessen the burden which I voluntarily assumed on their account."

Knowing of Mr. Stott's indefatigable work while in Placid and that his own subscription stood finally between the success or failure of the project, it is not just for the village to do its utmost in bringing about an early cancellation of the obligation.

The Grand View closed its doors last Saturday, and it is reported that building operations are to commence at once.

THE PREMIER PAYS A VISIT

And, Novel Sight, Is Permitted To Carry His Own Hand Baggage

O Tempora! O Bell Hops! What an age is this when Canada's premier journeys down from Ottawa to the United States and juggles his own hand baggage at a first class hotel. Registered among the guests of Wednesday at the Lake Placid Club was Sir Robert D. Borden, premier and leader of the Conservative party of Canada. Registering with his wife at Lakeside, the Premier a moment later might be seen stalking along the pathway to Forest Hall laboring manfully beneath a burden of overcoats and hand baggage, an example to effete guests from the U. S. A., while bell hops wagered bets as to whether the Premier's purse strings were as tightly drawn by restrictions as the presidential.

POPULAR RESIDENTS RETURN

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Merriam of White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, formerly popular residents of Lake Placid and still popular Placidians, arrived Thursday morning of this week at the Lakeside Inn for a few weeks visit among their many friends. Mr. Merriam was formerly proprietor of the Landon Pharmacy and the Newman Pharmacy, and is now proprietor of the Royal Poinciana Pharmacy, Palm Beach, Florida, and the Green Brier Pharmacy, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. This is the first visit to Placid for two years.

WHERE WILL THEY GO?

Boys Deprived of a Suitable Place In Which to Play Basket Ball

The High School boys this week have taken up the matter of basket ball with the town officials. Even the old hall in the Parish House, altogether inadequate, but which did service for several years, is now no longer available. And there are no other halls in town, save one—the hall in the new town hall. Indisputably it is unfortunate that the boys have no other place where they might play, but indisputably, too, they should have some place. If not granted the town hall the evidence is pretty bald that a school gymnasium should be provided.

STILL BEING PRESERVED

OLD SCHOOL BUILDING PATCHED UP FOR ANOTHER YEAR

WILL INVOLVE \$500 EXPENSE

Generations Long Gone Need Not Yet Turn In Their Graves For Fear of Its Sacred Dust Or Impure Air Being Disturbed

Not inexpensive repairs are being laid out on the school house this autumn. Yet those who dream affectionately of nights of their boyhood days and girlhood and the little old yellow school house in the hollow may not disturb their slumbers through fear of its losing its identity. Monumental it still stands, ancient hall of learning, hallowed by tender memories and the passage of time, an old time veteran, mute evidence of an age and generations gone.

Nor forsooth will its musty corridors be abandoned or the heavy laden air tainted with the fragrance of antiquity be exchanged for God's sunshine and sweet scented, health bearing draughts of ozone. Unless perchance it be included within the base designs of some fire bug or civic worker—who on some dark, dank night that breathes of foul deeds and woe applies the fateful brand.

With right good will are all we striving to save it from destruction. Its hoary head, long bared to the ravages of time and storm, is being covered—with a bonnet of rubberoid. Its sides from which the good paint scales, leaving ugly and unsightly gashes, are being protected from above by eave troughs spic and span.

This school house old, the village pride, long may she stand, a rendezvous of children whose tender years within these sanitary precincts may be safeguarded from the measles, whooping cough and mumps and other dread diseases essential to a lusty childhood. More seats are this year being placed to hold more little ones, whose tiny feet following in the footsteps of fathers and mothers, big brothers and sisters will struggle up through the dark intricate passageways of learning until turned forth on a pitiless world to hear the echoing footsteps in the old school house no more.

Those repairs will, may it not please Providence, preserve the stately old edifice for yet another year—and perhaps another—and another—and another, ever as profitable as the proverbial price of new cloth in the old garment. They are costing about \$500.

YACHT CLUB IMPROVEMENTS

Trail to be Completed Around Shore of Lake Placid

At a meeting of the directors of the Shore Owners Association held at the Yacht Club last week those present were Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman, George A. Stevens, Hamilton Powan and R. D. Benson. It was decided to build a trail from Camp Carolina, owned by Caesar Cone, to Under Cliff, making a complete circuit of the lake. It was further decided to put new sills and foundation and add new slips to the Yacht Club building.

MAN THE FIRE STATION NOON PASSENGER TRAIN

WRECKED OUTSIDE OF VILLAGE

YOUNG MEN LODGED FREE WOULD BE ASSET TO TOWN

SO ADVISES FIRE EXPERT

Claims School House Is a Nest of Fire Hazards That Are a Constant Menace To Life And Property Of The Village

In case of a fire how long would it take the single man stationed at the fire house to dress, ring in the alarm, get down stairs, open the doors, hitch up the horses and get under way? Where would the rest of the village be while he was doing this? What would he be taking to the fire after he did get under way? The resident walking about the streets of his prosperous and growing village does not think on such things, nor on how much fire insurance would be reduced if the proper methods of preventing and fighting fires were in practice. He is not trained to think of them. John Gilson, fire expert at the Lake Placid Club, is trained, and takes note professionally of defects and hazards that would naturally escape the unskilled.

Instead of one man, says Mr. Gilson, there should be at least six at the fire station. Those men should be provided with quickly adjustable fire suits, they should have a rod to descend on, the horses should have a hanging harness and the doors should open mechanically. Most important of all, when the start is made it should be made with a hose cart, containing hose, chemicals, tools, life net and 35 foot ladders swung at its side, not with a mere ladder truck as is now provided. A fire cannot be fought with ladders. They may follow later. The essentials should reach there first. Such a cart can be purchased at a low price from city departments discarding them for automobiles.

As things are arranged now one man does the duty of six at the station, and does it under handicap. Let an alarm be rung in and instead of centering at the fire station the rest of the villagers naturally head for the fire, leaving everything to one: an arrangement, if anything, inferior to the old fashioned volunteer foot company, trained to quick response.

By putting in cots and offering free lodging the village, thinks the expert, would have little difficulty in securing young men enough to form a standing nucleus and work the modern get-away systems effectually, making their installation practical.

A building roundly condemned by Mr. Gilson was the school house. Fire hazards innumerable are readily apparent elsewhere, but at the school house they are not only a property menace but a life menace, and the prime object of an experienced fire fighter is to save life. Its value has been demonstrated in just such constructions as the Lake Placid school house.

MYSTERIOUS JOY RIDERS

Wrecked Car on Wilmington Road Mute Evidence of Another Tale of Foolish Virgins

A joy ride that turned out to be just a little too fast—at least on the turns—is reported to have been engaged in by parties from Theanoguen early on Wednesday morning, or late Tuesday night, the hour like the rest of the circumstances being more or less shrouded in mystery, but offering material for speculation.

Two girls and a young man are said to have occupied the front seat. That there was anyone in the rear is not recorded. The department of the young man and two young ladies was apparently not conducive to a straight course and the good Dodge, turning from the straight and narrow pathway at the iron bridge not far out of Placid on the Wilmington road tried a forbidden route that crooked, paradoxically as it may seem, heavenward.

The bank, however, being slightly too high to climb the wayward car turned turtle, falling back on its top, wheels in the air, partially supported

PLACID SUMMER GUESTS ARE AMONG THE MOST SERIOUSLY INJURED

COLORED PORTER, SIDE CRUSHED, RENDERS SERVICE

Two Pullmans, Two Day Coaches and Two Baggage Cars Hit Defective Rail On Ray Brook Curve and Plunge Over 15 Foot Embankment While Oil Soaked Engine Catches Fire—Nine Hurt—Courage of Women Stoical—One With Back Broken May Die

Thrown Tuesday by a defective rail on the curve between the Ray Brook crossings, the noon Central train out of Lake Placid, two pullmans, two day coaches and two baggage cars, broke over a 15 foot embankment, landing a complete wreck with injuries to nine persons, the most seriously hurt being a colored porter, Gibson, and Mrs. M. Botvum, who has been stopping at the Stevens House during the summer. Mrs. Parkhurst of Lake Placid also experienced a miraculous escape.

The train left Ray Brook at 11:43 and was just getting well under way, when, taking the loop at about 30 miles an hour, an outside rail gave way and one of the cars, just which one is unknown, plunged over the embankment, taking the whole string, save the engine with it.

With the engine still forging ahead the wreck was distributed over 300 yards of twisted, broken rails, plowed earth and splintered ties before engineer Keene, throwing off the throttle, could bring her to a stop. So quick had been his work, however, that the oil, hung from the tank before the door could be closed, drenched engine and occupants and burst into flame. Aided by his fireman, Thomas Burns, the two fought and subdued the fire, their own clothes escaping ignition by a miracle, then for the first time looked back along the ruin of their course.

"It was worse than we thought," said William Keene. Every car was off the track. Three of them with their wheels buried in earth and braced by a broken telephone pole and mile post lay at a 50 degree angle on the side of the bank ready without a moment's warning to topple over and lay flat.

The coupling between the pullmans and the day coaches had been parted under the strain, the former dragging on several yards after separating from the rest of the train, and it was here that the majority of the injuries and the most serious were received.

The whole crew, consisting of conductor F. M. Honarighous; pullman

conductor, J. J. Dooley; engineer, William Keene; fireman, Thomas Burns; brakeman, Leo Denio; train baggage man, C. W. Brown, and express messenger, William Burke, were mentioned in their praise of the heroism manifested by the women, who the moment they learned the train was unafire, submitted stoically and coolly aided the men attempting to extricate them.

In the forward car, pullman porter Gibson labored in the rescue with one side mashed in, till he too, collapsed and was taken out alongside the wreck. He was later taken to the General Hospital, Saranac Lake, where his condition is so serious as to may prove fatal. In this car was Mrs. Parkhurst, wife of Rev. C. H. Parkhurst. Mrs. Parkhurst is an invalid with one side paralyzed and unable to get about save in a wheel chair. When the crash came she was pinned beneath three other women and, unable to move, manifested the utmost courage while all were removed by rescuers through the broken windows. Mrs. M. Botvum of New York who has spent the summer at the Stevens House, is another Lake Placid guest to suffer from the disaster, her injuries being of a serious nature. She was taken to Ray Brook Sanitarium.

There were about 30 people on the train. 12 were in the forward day coach of whom one man and a girl, a Ray Brook Sanitarium patient, were injured. It is reported that the girl's back is broken. Train baggage man, C. W. Brown, assisted by one of the passengers, worked diligently in this car. The conductor and brakeman were in the same car, the shock of the sudden stop catapulting the conductor over the back of one of the cars. Fireman turned back, slightly injured about the leg and back. Of the two passengers in the baggage car, one was unseated and the other received minor bruises.

The wreckage was cleared from Tupper Lake arrived at about 3:00 o'clock, and working all night had the wreckage cleared, and the track relaid for the morning train.

BANK OF L. PLACID HOST

Banquet in Honor of Adirondack National Bank of Saranac Lake

The Bank of Lake Placid acted as host at a banquet given in honor of the directors and former officers of the Adirondack National Bank of Saranac Lake at the Stevens House Saturday evening, September 23. Those present were: William Minshull, president of the Adirondack National Bank; W. C. Leonard, E. C. Platt, C. M. Palmer, directors; Stanley Appleton, assistant cashier; John Appleton, cashier; G. W. Lapan, and L. H. Johnson, Saranac Lake; Frank Johnson, Saranac Lake; and W. H. Appleton, Saranac Lake.

The Adirondack National Bank of Saranac Lake, N. Y., was organized in 1884. Its first president was A. S. Brown, president of the Bank of Lake Placid; James H. Johnson, Mr. C. M. Palmer, Mr. W. H. Appleton, Mr. Henry Stevens, J. H. Johnson, Mr. Watson, director; W. H. Appleton, assistant cashier; William Johnson, bookkeeper.

The new residence is to be erected by Merritt E. Proctor, M. D., on which operations are to be begun at once. The Doctor has purchased two lots of Mr. B. R. Brewster, adjoining the J. F. Walter property, facing Mirror Lake. The contract for the foundation has been let to Mr. Carter B. Pierce. The house will be of brick, 18 rooms. Offices in "The Hub" have been leased by the Doctor, and will be occupied about October 15.

WILL BUILD BRICK RESIDENCE

A new residence is to be erected by Merritt E. Proctor, M. D., on which operations are to be begun at once. The Doctor has purchased two lots of Mr. B. R. Brewster, adjoining the J. F. Walter property, facing Mirror Lake. The contract for the foundation has been let to Mr. Carter B. Pierce. The house will be of brick, 18 rooms. Offices in "The Hub" have been leased by the Doctor, and will be occupied about October 15.

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN THE EARLY 60's

As Told By One Who Participated In The Stirring Events Of That Adventurous Western Era

The following account of a trip across the plains in the early 60's when the prairie schooner held sway and firearms were a necessary item of the equipment, was written by Mrs. Abbie C. Brown, wife of Salmon Brown, one of the famous Brown family. Abbie C. Brown before her marriage was Abbie C. Hinckley, a family name well known throughout Essex county. The farm formerly owned by Miss Newman of North Elba was owned by the Horatio Hinckley family and cleared up by them. In this house Salmon Brown was married, October 15, 1857. Salmon Brown was the son of John Brown. The old couple, married near Lake Placid, are now living, at the close of an adventurous life, in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Brown's story follows:

We were married on the 15th day of October, 1857, in the town of North Elba, New York, in the Adirondack Mountains, where the body of John Brown lies buried. It was a cold, stormy day, and one of our neighbors, an old lady eighty years old, deplored the fact that we were married on such a tempestuous day, as she was afraid our married life might prove unhappy, but upon learning that none of the wedding cake was burned she concluded that possibly our married life might be harmonious. Mr. Brown was twenty-one and I was eighteen, and although we may have done some foolish and unwise things we have had a fairly comfortable life, and so far have not seriously meditated getting a divorce.

Mr. Brown, who was a man of great determination and energy, went into the forest and cleared several acres of land and built a house of hewed logs, and also a barn. We had a cow, a yoke of oxen, some sheep and poultry. We also made several hundred pounds of maple sugar every year, the most of which we sold for eight cents a pound. It was a lonesome old hole in the woods, but I was happy with my husband and children and did not know enough to realize that we were shut off from most everything that is supposed to contribute to comfort and happiness. We surely lived the simple life.

Mr. Brown was seldom away from home and was always at home evenings with one notable exception. He had occasion to go away for a few hours, and I expected him home to supper, but as the evening wore away and he did not come I was sure some dreadful thing had happened to him. When eleven o'clock came I concluded to go after him. I had to go a half mile through the woods and was afraid of wild animals, so I thought I would go armed. I took my baby in my arms and a lantern and the pitchfork and drove the old cow ahead of me. I had considerable work getting the poor old beast started as she did not understand the importance of the undertaking. I had gone about half way through the woods when I met Mr. Brown. He made the woods ring with his laughter, then took the baby and turned my little cavalcade homeward. But I could see nothing to laugh at. It did not look funny to me. On his way home he had stopped at my father's house and visited with them and did not realize the lateness of the hour.

We had four children born in the six years that we lived in North Elba, two of whom died in infancy. In 1859, two years after we were married, the Harper's Ferry affair occurred and, of course, you know all about that, so it won't be necessary to say anything about it.

In 1862 Colonel Fairman of New York City got up the 96 New York regiment. He had enough men enlisted to fill his regiment except Company K. It was in the winter and the snow was very deep and he had difficulty in getting the men, so he came to North Elba to get Mr. Brown to fill out the Company, promising him a lieutenant's commission if he would do so. He got the men and the commission, but when the officers found that a son of John Brown was among them they demanded his resignation, saying that they had no objection to him as a man or a gentleman but on account of his father's notoriety they thought it would be detrimental to the regiment. So they drew up a petition which was signed by the line officers and sent it to Governor Morgan to have him removed. Colonel Fairman refused to have anything to do with it, saying he would resign himself first. So

rather than make any trouble Mr. Brown resigned and came home. Three weeks after that our little boy was born, but he only lived a few weeks.

We lived six years in that cold, inhospitable climate, which as one man expressed it, had six months winter and the other six months was mighty cold weather. We were contented with our lot and probably would have spent many more years there, if not our whole lives, if an uncle of mine had not returned from California. He came to see us one day and told such glowing tales of that state while he rocked my baby in its cradle and I prepared the meal in the one room which served as kitchen, dining room and parlor, that we felt impelled to emigrate to that land of golden opportunities, and as Mr. Brown's mother and sisters favored the plan we made arrangements to leave as soon as possible. We sold our farm and our little effects and Mother Brown did the same, and in September of 1863, we started for Iowa, intending in the Spring to go to California.

After we reached Iowa that country looked pretty good to us and we decided to settle there, so we bought a farm, or at least got a contract for one. That winter we bought poultry and quail and shipped them to New York City. It was an exceedingly cold winter, the coldest in the history of that country, and our thoughts turned again to California. We threw up our contract and in April, with our emigrant wagons and with oxen and cows, we made another start for that country.

We had three wagons, one for our family, consisting of Mr. Brown and myself and two children, another for Mr. Brown's mother and sisters, and one wagon with six Spanish Merino sheep. The last two wagons were driven by two young men who wished to go to California and drove the team for their board. We provided ourselves with hardtack and dried mashed potatoes, dried fruit and sausages made of beef. Our cows, which were yoked with the oxen, were milked at night, and the milk helped very materially with our meals. In the morning the milk was put in milk cans and at noon when we camped we often found a nice little cake of butter which the motion of the wagon had churned.

Our travels through Iowa were uneventful and when we reached Omaha we reinforced our stock of provisions, which we thought would last us until we reached the Sacramento Valley. We carried a sheet iron stove on which we did our cooking. When we camped at night our sheep would leave the wagon on a plank with cleats, and in the morning they always went up of their own accord. To keep my youngest child, who was thirteen months old when we started, from straying away while I was busy, I often tied her with a long rope to the wagon wheel.

Before we started from Decarah, in Iowa, where we spent the winter, a man who was going from that town to California, arrived at Council Bluff and told them that the family of John Brown was going to cross the Plains. From there the news preceded us and it was published in the California papers long before we reached there. That was how the rebels, many of whom were crossing the plains that year, found out that we were on the way.

When we got to Council Bluff we found five hundred wagons in line, waiting to cross the Missouri River on the ferry to Omaha. Everything moved slowly, and it was several days before our turn came. After we left Omaha we joined a train going to Denver. The captain, whose name was Woodruff, was going there with loads of freight. On one of his wagons he had the Stars and Stripes and some of the rebels who saw it demanded that it be taken down. Woodruff told them that if they undertook to take it down that they would have a fight on their hands, so it remained there.

We traveled with this train for some time, going up the north side of the river Platte. Occasionally some little incident occurred to divert us but so far nothing of very great importance had happened. One day we camped for dinner under a fine large cottonwood tree. When we were about half done eating someone looked up in the tree and saw a dead Indian wrapped in a Buffalo skin lying across the branches. It did not

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SOMETHING-TO-DO
 EDITOR, INDIAN.

take us long to move from there as we were afraid something might drop down on us. In the evening we camped near some large mounds of the most beautiful yellow sand. After supper we all went up there, men, women and children, and took off our shoes and stockings and played and frolicked for hours like happy, care-free children. Sometimes we girls would take walks to different points which seemed in that clear atmosphere to be but a few minutes' walk, but which would prove to be miles away, and often we would turn around and come back before we had covered half the distance.

We soon began to hear of Indian depredations and the Captain ordered us to give up our walks. I do not remember now just where Chimney Rock stands, but it is somewhere on the Platte River. After we came in sight of it and it seemed a few miles from us, it was several days drive before we were opposite it, for it was on the other side of the river from where we were. When we camped that night Mr. Helsing, who was traveling with us, proposed going to Chimney Rock. Mr. Brown said he would go, so they started out, though both were hoping the other would back out. It was after dark, though a bright moonlight night, and the Platte was quite wide at that place. They tied their clothes across their backs and swam the river, and when Mr. Brown threw his clothes down on the ground the warning rattle of a huge snake caused them to move on without trying to dispute the right of way. The sound seemed ominous and did not serve to dispel the gloom. From where we were camped it did not look to be more than a few minutes' walk, but distances there are very deceiving and they walked miles, before they came to the Rock. They climbed upon the base but, of course, could not climb the shaft. While they were there a rain came up, making it so slippery that the descent was very difficult. When they came back they ran into a camp of rebels, but as soon as they heard their sentiments they beat a hasty retreat without expressing their views on any subject, only making some casual inquiries about the country. I did not expect my husband to be gone more than an hour or two. I lighted a lantern and hung it in the front end of the wagon so they could see where to come back, and then I sat there with my baby in my arms waiting for them to come, and as hour after hour passed I was filled with fears for their safety. I have been frightened and worried many times in my life, but never have I been so filled with such anxious forebodings as on that night and no sound was ever more welcome than their voices when they returned at one o'clock.

The Woodruff train went to Denver and we traveled for some time alone, but as Indians were getting quite numerous, we thought it best to join some train, especially as we were hearing of murders being committed. We went in with a small train from Indiana, some of whom were tintured with colored blood. They seemed to know who we were and were very friendly, but as several emigrants were killed the night before we joined them we felt that we ought to get in a larger train. We were soon overtaken by a train of eighty wagons and they seemed anxious for us to come into their train on account of the Indians.

We had not traveled many hours before we saw a band of Indians coming. There were two hundred and fifty Sioux on horseback, armed to the teeth with guns and lances which shown wickedly in the sun and made us feel that our doom was near. They rode in and out among our wagons, probably trying to estimate our strength and preparing to stampede our stock and then massacre us, as that was their mode of warfare. One of them made a grab at one of Mr. Brown's sister's hair and when she screamed, laughed as though it was a great joke. At last the captain ordered the train stopped and the men got out their guns. Our little four-year-old girl said, "Papa, don't you shoot if you do they will kill all of us." Fortunately they did not have to shoot. The Indians all fell into line and dropped their heads and never stirred till our train moved on. I could never forget it if I lived a thousand years, how they looked with their heads all lowered and their horrible naked brown shoulders shining in the sun. They were all huge, powerful specimens of Indians and looked as cruel as death. When our train moved on, the Indians moved on, too.


single file, and we watched them until they were out of sight, and I suppose if we had not joined that train that morning we would not have lived to tell this tale. We thought then that our troubles were over, but as it proved they had only just begun.

We had not been with this train long before we felt that there was something wrong. We traveled with them several days and finally our Indiana friends found that they had planned to kill us and told us of it. We hardly knew whether to believe them or not, but two young men from Virginia came to Mr. Brown and corroborated the story. They said they were Southerners but that they were opposed to anything of that kind. That night the train from Indiana pulled out, urging us to go with them. It was Saturday night and they (the rebels) had planned to camp over Sunday, as the stock was tired and needed rest. It was near the time to camp when the tire came off of one of their wagons and they could go no further. That seemed to be our chance to leave the train as they would have to wait till the tire was set before they could go further. As we did not stop, several of the men got out their guns. Mr. Brown also had his pistol in his hands. For some reason they did not think it was a favorable time for the attack and they allowed us to go over the hill that was near. As soon as we were out of sight we made all possible speed and soon overtook the other train which had camped for the night. They were overjoyed to see us and when we told them what had happened, they did not consider it safe to stay there, but thought we ought to get as much of a start as we could.

As the rebel teams were in so much need of rest and a tire had come off, the men of our train thought they would adhere to their plan and camp over Sunday, but I had a feeling that if they meant business they would try to overtake us. We started that night and traveled till four o'clock in the morning, when going down a steep hill, the front wagon tipped over. Not being able to get our meals, we sat in the wagon and munched hardtack and were thankful to get that. As soon as daylight came and the wagon could be righted we traveled on till noon, when we camped to feed ourselves and teams. I could not rid myself of the thought that we were being pursued and that they would not camp over Sunday. The hill where our wagon tipped over could be seen for miles, and I sat in the back end of our wagon and never took my eyes from that hill even when we were eating our dinner. At last my patience was rewarded by the sight of the long train pouring over the hill. We were soon on the road again and we traveled to the full capacity of our teams, only stopping to eat and sleep as little as possible.

We traveled nearly a week before we reached Soda Springs where a colony of Morrisites, who had seceded from the Mormons, were living and were being protected by soldiers. The rebel train was not more than three hours behind us. We had told the soldiers of our narrow escape and when the rebels got there they said we were the rebels and that they were the Union men. The soldiers spied around their camp and soon found out what they were. Then they lined both camps up and made us take the oath of allegiance. Of course we were glad to do so, but the rebels hated it like poison. Some of the old men hid in the brush but were dragged out and compelled to take the oath; others said they did not mind taking the oath, that they had been made to take it in Missouri. Many of that train were deserters from Prices' army. We stayed several days at Soda Springs, and when we felt that we could not spend any more time there they sent an escort of soldiers two hundred miles with us. One of the rebels told Mr. Brown the day they reached Soda Springs that if they could have caught us the night we left them there would have been bloody work.

Our stock of provisions was running low so we felt that we must reach California as soon as possible. Once Mr. Brown killed an antelope which was divided with the train, but that was before we joined the rebel train. In doing so he nearly lost his life. The shirt he had on was of a color that could be easily taken for an antelope and as he went crouching along one of the men caught sight of him and was just about to pull the trigger of his gun when he stood up and he saw his mistake. Shortly after the soldiers had left us one of

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men killed a fine fat cow that some other train had left behind them. That also was divided and nothing ever tasted better than that fresh beef did after the stale old stuff we had been eating for months.

A great many emigrants crossed the plains that year and over two hundred were killed by Indians. But I guess our lives were spared for some good purpose, for with all of our hairbreadth escapes we reached the Sacramento Valley just six months after we started from Iowa.

We reached Red Bluff a hungry, almost barefoot, ragged lot of emigrants. But the people came generously to our aid and gave us feed and clothes. Flour was then eighteen dollars a barrel and dry goods very dear. We were given a sack of flour and other groceries, and I was given a pair of shoes and cloth for a dress, and others of the train were also supplied with necessities. Mr. Brown got a job at once grubbing out young oaks for forty dollars. He did the job in eight days and we felt rich.

How I loved California. There was a fascination about the Pacific Coast that I have never lost, but now I love Oregon better than I do California. I would rather live in Portland and be poor than live in any other place and be rich.

That winter we bought a ranch of a hundred and twenty-eight acres and a band of sheep, all on time. Our house was in a grove of cottonwood trees with a fine large spring near it. We thought it was a paradise. In two years our ranch and sheep were paid for. Of course we had free range for our sheep. But that country was hot and malaria, so we decided to move to Humboldt County. Mr. Brown took his sheep over the mountains and went back and moved us up the Coast by water. We lived there twenty-five years.

Mr. Brown was largely engaged in the sheep business while in Humboldt County. He had three thousand acres of land and he and his partner had fourteen thousand sheep, but they lost eight thousand of them in the winter of ninety and ninety-one. That winter proved to be our undoing, for we lost everything we had except forty head of horses which belonged to the girls and me. Mr. Brown made an assignment and we took our horses and came to Salem.

When we went to Humboldt County Mr. Brown was about thirty-five years old. He was a powerful man, full of vim and confidence in his ability to win success in his business. And he was very successful for many years. Whatever misfortunes we met with was not in any manner due to his mismanagement, but were brought on by circumstances which were beyond his control, such as hard winters, low prices of wool and the depredations of wild animals.

While we were in Salem we were engaged in a small meat business. We were there nine years, but when our boys went to Alaska we moved to Portland.

Our journey across the Plains was an interesting one and we like to look back to it when, like all old people, we get into a reminiscent mood. I would like to take the trip over again in the same way if we were younger, as we would not be exposed to the dangers that beset us at that time. I do not wonder that old Ezra Meeker likes to repeat the trip. But we are now in the sere and yellow leaf and our steps lag painfully and our tempers and endurance are not what they once were, so we like to sit in our easy chairs and read the Journal and Oregonian and library books, and do a few light chores to vary the monotony of our lives while we wait the onslaught of the Grim Reaper who will soon gather us (our bodies) to our final resting place.

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The Heiress—That's just what is making me cautious.

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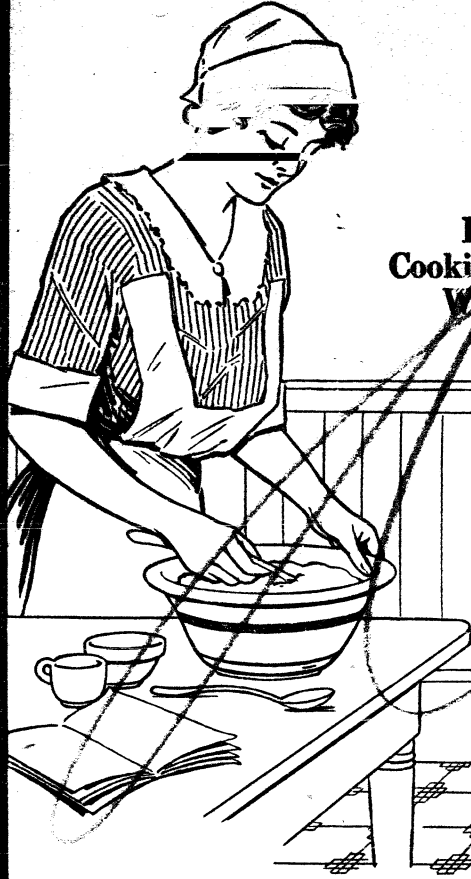
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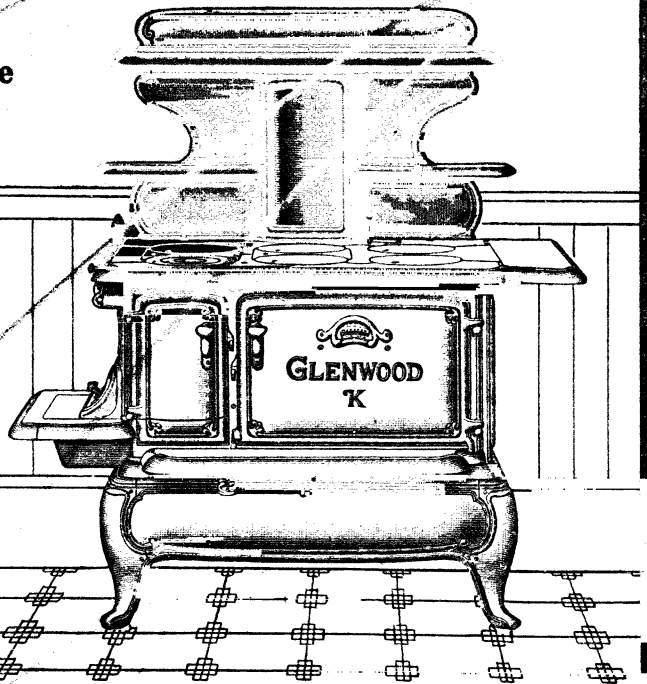
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**STATE OF NEW YORK
SUPREME COURT,
Trial desired in Essex County.
BANK OF LAKE PLACID**

Plaintiff,
against
Walter S. Wood and Josephine Wood, his wife, J. Millvain Boyce, James Milwain, Devaulson D. Newton, Arthur W. Gibbs, Merton A. Whiting, George Cavanagh, William Cavanagh, Albert Cavanagh, Joseph Seeman, Sigel W. Seeman, Sylvan L. Stiel, Carl Seeman, Madrid Woolen Mills, Andrus Robinson Company, G. H. Bass and Company, Anthony Jones Company, William M. Levy, Marcus M. Levy, H. H. Cooper and Company, Robinson-Pearson Company, American Book Company, Converse Rubber Shoe Company, Inc., Congress Shoe and Rubber Company, Vernon E. Weston, Benjamin R. Bull, Fred C. Mihill, Hubmark Rubber Company, E. G.

Moore Company, The Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Company, Benjamin S. Ramsay, Albert Dolbeck, Nellie M. Crowningshield, Daniel W. Mulligan, as Receiver of Walter S. Wood, and Lester Stephen,

Defendants.
TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANTS:

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment by default will be taken against you, for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated, April 25th, 1916.

FREDERICK A. ISHAM,
Plaintiff's Attorney,
Office and P. O. Address,
Lake Placid, N. Y.

TO: CONGRESS SHOE AND RUBBER COMPANY and HUBMARK RUBBER COMPANY,
corporations:

The foregoing summons is served upon you by application pursuant to an order of the Hon. H. T. Kellogg, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, dated the 12th day of September 1916, and filed with the complaint in the office of the Clerk of the County of Essex at Elizabethtown, New York.
Dated, Lake Placid, N. Y., September 12th, 1916.

FREDERICK A. ISHAM,
Plaintiff's Attorney,
Office and P. O. Address,
Lake Placid, N. Y. 22-t6.

NOTICE

Anyone wishing the job as janitor at the new Town Hall must have applications in writing in the Town Clerk's office before October 1, 1916.
WILLIS WELLS,
Town Clerk. 22-t2

BYRON M. REID ESTATE

All persons having claims against Byron M. Reid, late of Bloomingdale, New York, must exhibit the same, with vouchers, to the undersigned executrix at the office of Francis B. Cantwell, Saranac Lake, New York, on or before March 30, 1917.
Dated August 26, 1916.

IDA D. REID,
Executrix.

FRANCIS B. CANTWELL,
Attorney for Executrix,
Saranac Lake, N. Y. 19-427

JENNIE M. DALEY ESTATE

All persons having claims against Jennie M. Daley, late of North Elba, New York, must exhibit the same, with vouchers, to the undersigned administrator at 10 Main St., Saranac Lake, New York, on or before October 23, 1916.
Dated, April 15, 1916.

THOMAS E. DALEY,
Administrator.

P. COATS,
Attorney for Administrator,
Saranac Lake, N. Y. 19-127

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