

Nicholas Money Tunnell and Family

SURNAMES: DeTUNNELIER, JONES, WILCOX, TUNNELL, TUNNEL, HOWARD, RIGG, STIERWALT, NICHOLAS, BAILEY, WATSON, FARRIS, WILSON, WOOD, WHITLOCK, WILSON, WATT, WILCOX, (STILL LOOKING)

This is the History of the lineage and genealogy of Nicholas Money Tunnell, as told by him and by his wife Martha Jones Wilcox Tunnell, to their children during their years at home and written down by his daughter Hettie's daughter, Lullela Rigg. There were two separate documents, the second with some additions. I have tried to compile them both and to keep the writing just as it was originally penned, changing only non-comprehensive words or sentences or extremely run-on sentences, or adding my own thoughts, if needed for clarification. Otherwise, spelling and language is, for the most part, as she wrote it. Any clarifications by myself will be in Italics. Taken from the 2 original manuscripts written in 1939 and March of 1942. Many of the names are spelled incorrectly, but can be pronounced correctly, therefore, I will not change those. Later lineage was told by both Hester Tunnel and Luella Rigg. Darnell Kay Stierwalt (gNeice to writer)

The story of William De Tunnelier and Lady Ann Howard, as told by Nicholas Money Tunnel to his children Hester Ann (Tunnel) Rigg and Caroline (Tunnel) Nicholes and passed down to their children – recorded by daughter Lulu Rigg.

By the request of my cousin and also of my sister and because I myself would like to remember these things my old Mother said to me about her ancestors – stories which she told me from time to time, when she was yet young and as she grew older - as we journeyed along life's steep and narrow pathway. And she told them to me just as she herself heard them, as they were told to her by her father - whom she loved and trusted as she loved and trusted no other human being. This writing is according to her (Mother – Hettie Tunnel) and my aunt, her sister, Caroline, the truth. This involves also births, marriages, and deaths – which I will record elsewhere – also of my mother's family and her father's family. The story runs like this:

Long, long years ago, there was in France, a great uprising – the Romans (the Roman Catholic Church, as she states in another writing) killing off the Protestants. At that time – America was in its younger days, and was declared a place where one could find freedom to worship the true and living God, as his conscience should so dictate. At that time - in France – there lived a family by the name of DeTunnelier. Among the boys was one named William. It is of his descendants I am writing. This family fled to England in fear of being killed in France – because they were Protestants, but not Catholics. In England, they made their home until another uprising for the same cause caused them to flee to this new and wonderful country of beauty & freedom.

Meanwhile, in England, William DeTunnelier accepted a job as tutor to a young lady, to teach her the French language. She was an only child of an English Lord named Howard, and her name was Lady Ann Howard. William DeTunnelier and Lady Ann Howard fell in love with each other. The girl's father ordered him away and forbade them to marry. They married anyway, and William became a Methodist Minister. One child was born to this union in England. He was named for his father, William. Then occurred the terrible time of murdering the Protestants in England. Then, William brought his little family & came with some of his father's family and many others to America. He settled in Virginia. His son, William, became a Methodist Minister too and was called a circuit rider. He preached for many years. I do not know who he married, but he moved to Tennessee and there raised their family, and his mother, Lady Ann Howard Tunnel, lived there until she was 104 years old. He (William and Lady Ann) had one son named Steven Tunnel who married a woman named Keziah Money. Then they changed their name to Tunnel. From there, he finally came to Tennessee where they bought land, and lived there many years (In another script it states that some of the Tunnels including Steven and wife with a baby who was "put on a pack horse but they walked, leading the horses"). They raised ten children. They were all boys but one.

The girl was the eldest one of the children. Her name was Nancy. The boys were named James, John,

Luther, William, Nicholes Money, Wesley, Robert, Steven, and Perrie. (A couple of the boys, she has called by their middle names – perhaps that is what she had heard them called, as they were her great uncles. She also did not mention David; possibly because he died quite young and she would not have known of him). These boys all became ministers of the Gospel except Wesley and Nicholes – who were very religious, however, and good Church workers, and all ways held family prayer in their homes, allso reading a chapter from the Bible at bed time and at mornings – singing gospel himms.

My grand father, Nicholes Money Tunnel was raised in Tennisee and when he was a chunk of a boy (so he said), he went after the cows of evenings. One time a big black bear came out of the cane breaks close to where he passed along and made for him. He was scared so he could feel the raising of his hat up off his head, but knew he could not out run the bear. He ran at the bear and slaped his hands on to his legs and hollored loudly. The animuel was scared. He ran back into the cane breaks. Grandfather started on again. The bear ran after him again. He did as before, and scared him back again. He then started on again with the cows, but – no sooner had he got started toward home – then here came the bear again. This time he ran him away in to the cane breaks. Then he never waited to round up the cows – but ran home as fast as he could go.

Nicholes was one of the younger ones of the boys. His sister Nancy was the eldest of the children. She married a man named John Bailey before he (Nicholas) was near grown. He took her to Oregan, a new country – then. She never wrote much nor ever came back again. When he (Nicholas) was yet very young, he was told he would have to stay with and help his Mother, Mrs. Kizzar (Money) Tunnel, to do the housework and cooking as she wasent able to do much work without help (another script states that he was chosen to help his mother in the house, while the older ones helped their father on the farm as she was invalid).

In those days they builded their own houses and had no lumber and not many nails. They choped down large trees with their axes, by hacking them every few inches then cuting the chipes (chips); thus formed and smoothing the logs with their axes as best they could. They made noches at each end of the logs and allso bored a hole down into each end of all the logs. They allso made pins of wood to fasten the logs to gather with so they would stay put. They allso split some of the lesser logs in to rough boards which they smoothed down for the floors and to cover the roof.

A rock was placed where the corner was to be – one for each corner of each room to be built – six in all for two rooms. Then, a log was placed from one rock to another – with the ends resting on the rocks; for two sides, four logs - and reached the size intended for two rooms – about 40 ft. Then, one log was laid in place for the width of the rooms – one at one side, one in the center, and one for the other side – 3 logs. These 3 logs were placed so each end rested on top of the end of the log that was all ready in place on the rock – with the notch fitting into the notch of the other log and the logs were pinned together. Then more were put in place at the sides and more at the sides and pinned in place, and so on until the walls were as high as desired.

Between the second row of side logs, or the first logs laid and the second ones, were placed the ends of planks – one end at one side and one at the other - one plank against another all the way across and hammered tightly together with the ax, until all were in place and a floor was thus made and a house built. Then the roof was put on of very small logs and covered with the small planks. Some of the logs were made shorter to form the doors and windows in which were put windows and doors made of small boards, nailed to a small plank at each end and one in the center. A wooden latch was fastened to the doors with a string tied around the latch and put through a small hole in the door to hang on the outside, so anyone could raise the latch by pulling on the string and come in. At night, it was pulled in to prevent any one walking in unknown.

Each house had two rooms about 20 x 20, with a stone fire place in each room, and the chimney was made of large square pieces of sod piled one piece on another – till it was taller than the house top. In these fire places they would place logs cut into 2 or 3 ft lengths and there were two big iron dogs, they called them, to put an iron rod across – from one to the other, to hang a dinner pot on to cook in. One could hang two or three in a row, and a bucket for coffee.

They also had Dutch ovens much like a schelit (skillet) or a frying pan, very thick and heavy, only it had a heavy iron lid to keep the ashes out. The oven was deeper than a fry pan and some of them were larger. They cooked hoe cake and light bread in them. The way they cooked with these ovens was to draw some hot ashes from the fire place onto the hearth and shovel out some coals of fire onto them and a few more hot ashes over top of them. Put the Dutch oven on it, put the bread or cake in the oven, put the tight fitting heavy lid on, put some coals of fire and ashes over it, and let it cook till done.

In those days, people lived almost entirely off of what was raised on the farms. The farmer raised wheat, corn, rye, hemp, flax, cane, barley, rosin, blue grass, cotton – all kinds of garden stuff and the blueing weed, of which they made blueing for the wash. Also, they had lots of stock, cattle, hogs, horses, mules, sheep, and goats. Also, some of them made maple sugar and syrup – and also syrup and sugar out of cane. Also, they made their own starch, which was made from rice, potatoes, flour, or corn. They raised lots of navy and lima beans. They knew nothing of canning, but preserved fruit and dried fruit; made peach leather of the real ripe ones – mashed them, like we do potatoes, with a wooden masher and spread them on plates and put in the sun shine to dry. When dry, they were hard. Soak them to make pies. They made their own head cheese and smear case.

They sheared their own sheep, washed the wool, dried it, dyed it with home made dyes, which were made of Lamiline – for red, blue from Indigo weed, brown from walnut hulls, purple by mixing blue and red, yellow from peach tree leaves. To bleach things to make them white, they wet in lye water and lay in the sun shine on the grass – wet. Then wet them again, as soon as dry, and put out again – all day long, till white. Rinse every time. They raised broom corn and made their brooms. They made spinning wheels and looms out of wood, making the sleighs out of reeds got from the cane breaks. They wove their own clothes of wool, cotton, linnen, and knit their stockings and socks. They made caps of fur and hats of the hickory of the underbark. They made tables and chairs putting in seats of hickory or cane called splint bottom chairs – rockers, too. They made sleighs and sleds and wagons.

When they washed, they went to a branch on a creek or a spring. They laid the cloths out on a board – one at a time – rubbed soap over them, wet each piece in the water before laying it on the board – then, take a wooden paddle, slap the cloths with it a while, rinse in the creek. If they were clean, hang up and dry. If not clean, rub on more soap and paddle some more. They made hop east (yeast) and also jug east and made excellent light bread. When it was about ready to bake, they dug a hole deep and large – enough to put the Dutch oven in or a bread pan covering it with another one the same size, and make a fire in the hole by filling it full of chips, straw, chunks of wood and so forth and set it after. They kept it burning until very hot inside. Then, rake the fire all out hastily – quickly put in the pan of bread and cover the top of the hole with a stone or block of wood to keep the heat inside. Let it stay an hour or more and remove from the hole all nice and done.

They carded. They spun. They hanked. They dyed their wool. They wound it onto shuttles. They wove it into cloths or blankets. They sewed and made their cloths by hand – also cotton and lincy. Summer cloths for the men were of lincy. They had no stoves, no tubs then; no wash boards, nor big iron kettles. They made 4 poster beds out of wood and made hemp rope and made pegs of wood all along the inside of the side boards and across the ends. Then, they tied the rope at one end and stretching it tightly – very tightly – and holding it firmly so it wouldn't slip; wound it back and fourth from end to end and all ways around a peg every time, until it was clean across the bed. Then, commenced (commenced) at the sides and do the same way, only put the rope under one rope you had woven and over the other – so all the way along till the pegs are taken up and the beds are finished. If the ropes are drawn good, forming squares – and tight – they make a very comfortable bed.

They also made trundle beds the same way, only they were so low and a little narrower & shorter than the other beds and could be pushed in under the other beds, in the day time, and drawn out again at night. The large 4 poster beds had straw beds on them and a large feather bed and were dressed very beautifully with white counterpanes and large square pillows, that were made of ticking or factory and stuffed with straw – then covered with bleached cases, embroidered or appliqued in collors with flowers and so fourth. The counterpanes were woven of bleached cotton, on the hand lumes, by putting in the

chain same as we do now to weave a carpet. Then, the shuttles were filled with the same cotton thread and woven in. Every inch, they would weave in a thread about four times as large as the other threads and, every inch, this thread was pulled up a little ways above the other threads, forming a little loop. Also, these courser threads were put into the chain when they put it in the loom. This caused a little squar of the larger threads every inch, with a tiny little loop at each corner of each squar.

A bollster pillow was made for the trundel bed, which was one long as two common pillows. When this bed was put away, under the other bed, there was a ruffeled curtain made of bleach and strung on a cord around the side and end of the bed, that reached all most to the floor. This was pulled across the side and end of the bed, thus hiding the trundel from view. Then the counterpane (or spread) was put on the big bed and allowed to hang down a very little ways over the ruffeled curtain and to come up over the pillows. Then the large squar pillowes were set up against the head board, and the bed was finished - and a very prettie bed it was.

The people feared the Indians in those days. Every one kept a musket rifel about the house. They allso hunted & fished a good deal, and hunting and fishing was free. When Nichelos Money Tunnel was yet a boy, he learned to do all kinds of house work by constantly helping his mother do the housework. His mother was a slender red haired little woman, fair – with blue eyes, who could not keep up under such a burden of toil & care and was frail in health. Mr. Steven Tunnel was strong & a large heavy set man with black hair & blue eyes and a good farmer. They were religious.

Some of the things Nichelos learned to do were to sweep a room so clean that not a speck of dirt could be seen any where, when he was through, and the broom was stood on the handle in a corner. Then he would take a rag & dust every thing in the room. Every chair was set in place. He could bake cakes, pies, bread, and do all kinds of cooking, and make a bed as nice as anyone. He could wash, iron, and sew. He learned to wash wool, die it, and card, and spin, and weave, and make close (clothes) of it by hand. Then, as he grew older, and some of the younger boys took his place, he went out doors to work in the fields and learned to do all kinds of work on the farm. He allso could make and mend shoes, and could make excellent butter and knew how to take care of children and was a good hand to care for the sick.

When Nicholes Money Tunnel was grown, he married a young lady by the name of Sarrah Gentry. Then, they went to Kintuckey, where they bought a farm. From this union was born 3 sons and 5 daughters: Nancy Tunnel who grew and married a man named John Watson, Suzon (Susan) who married a man named James Farris, Kizzar who married a man named Richard Wilson, Hannah who married a man named Samuel Wood, Sarrah, Steven, Perrie who married Betty Whitlock, and Martin.

When these children were nearly all grown and about grown – some of them, the mother took the collery (which in those days was a very dangerous and fattel desease). The Cholera had broke out in Kentucky and became an epedemic in that place in which they lived. She never told them she had it but kept away from the rest of them by staying out of doors, until she was nearly dead before they knew she had it. They all went 5 miles to church. They all stayed for night services. On one Sunday morning, she bade the children good bye as they started off for Sunday School. She sat on the step shading her eyes with her hand and watched them as long as she could see them. Then, she made her way into the house and laid down upon the bed.

Nicholus went to ask her what was the mater and if she were sick. She said I have the chollery and am going to die, and requested that he put the best quilt around her and buirry her, soon as she died, in a grave on their place and to burn flax, toe, and tar in the house, so none of the rest of them would take the dread desease. She died in a few minnuets after she had told him. He went to get someone to help him to buirrey his wife but could get no one to come, as everyone was so afraid they would not go near. He then got his dead wife's brother to come and stand away off and hold a lantern (after they had dug the grave), while he wraped her in the quilt, carried her to the grave, and placed her in it, and covered her up with dirt.

In those days, there were no churches where one could go to church and sit comfortably through meeting, and Sunday School. They did not live close together as in these days, and they had Sunday School and meeting in the homes, and they would walk or go a horse back or in wagons and some went behind an ox team, and they went 5 miles or more and stayed for night services. So, it happened that the children of Sarrah (Gentry) Tunnel did not know that their Mother was dead and buried until they reached home, and their Father told them what had happened. He had burned flax and tar in the house and no one took the disease.

A neighbor had the cholera and she had gone to see him without them knowing she went. As she went to see her brother, on the way back – she went in to see him (the neighbor). Nicholas warned her not to stop there but she did, but never told any of them. The cholera spread in their neighborhood and became an epidemic, and grandfather (Nicholas) thought he would come to Illinois, as he heard it was a good farming country and that there was no cholera here. So he sold out and came to Illinois. They came in covered three covered wagons with their household goods - cows tied on behind – other stock and so forth and some a horseback.

Nicholas bought a 160 acre tract of land in Morgan County, Illinois, just over the line from Greene County (today, on the road to Jacksonville, Ill. as you go from Richwood), where he settled and was one of the first settlers in Morgan County. His boys chopped logs to build them a house, and he and his boys built a two room house (two large rooms) of 20 foot logs – some of them were 3 ft wide – so my mother told me. Just two large rooms with a fire place in each room in the center of the room with large arches made of sod. When the house was all done but the flues, he went to Manchester to trade and there he met a very pretty woman, who was there with her brother-in-law and his wife. They were there trading.

(One script states that she was "very fair to look upon and very smart for work") He (Nicholas) talked with them and the brother-in-law said, "she is going to have to get married. I can't stand the expense – have no money". "Well," he (Nicholas) said, "I need a wife. Suppose you marry me. I have 160 acres and a new house on it all done but the flues. I don't know how to lay the arches." "Well, I know how", she said. "I helped build ours. All right," she said. "If you will give me and my children a home and be good to them, (another script records: "she needed a home for her 3 orphan children and he needed a mother for his children, and a housekeeper. He persuaded her and married her.") what better can I ask, and I will try to make a good mother for your children." So, they went to Jacksonville and got married. She went home with him and showed him how to lay the arch in the flues. I think Ma said she built the arch herself, then took her handkerchief and held it in front of the arch and let go of it. The wind sucked it right out at the top of the flue (smart woman).

(Now, in order that this history will be complete, I must go back to the time of the beginning of my mother's mother's ancestry and how, although I may be born a world apart and, sometime, may meet – agree in heart and wed. So, this is the history of the woman Nicholas Money Tunnel married the second time.)

John Wilson came over to America from England. He was a widower with a son whose name was William Wilson. William was an officer, a Captain, in the Army of that time (I believe the timeframe is prior to revolutionary war). They were Christians. At my first account of John Wilson, he - being alone - married a widow lady, named Katy, who owned a farm a little ways away from his own farm. The widow had a grown daughter named Mary. One day, Katty Wilson was washing the weekly wash out near the house and Mary, her daughter, was in the house getting the dinner ready.

Her Mother came running into the house very much excited and told Mary to go get her best chinch dress on quick and go into the parlor. "There is a great grand gentleman coming in at the gate and it won't take him long to come up the driveway. Be in there to meet him at the door and let him in when he comes. Perhaps you might make a favorable impression and get you a beau (beau). I will finish the dinner." So Mary did as she was bidden and, sure enough, she and the great grand gentleman fell in love at first sight.

Now, the war was over, and William Wilson had come home, and it was him that had come through the gate and was a ridding up the drive way on a beautiful high stepping bay – all dressed up in a beautiful uniform like they wore in George Washington's time. He had a red coat, blue knee pants, white ruffled bossomed shirt, red stockings, black shoes and hat. The hat's brim (which was very broad) was rolled up at three sides and had a long wavering ostrage plumb fastened on the front and which hung over the hat and drooped down over the peaked brim in the back. He was a very handsome young man. She also was a lovely maiden, and they at once fell in love.

Now the old man Wilson was in favor of the match, but the old Lady was not. She said they were like brother and sister, as they were step-brother and sister, but the old man said, "If I am good enough for you, then my son is good enough for your daughter, and so they can marry." Katty said, "if they marry I will never give them the wraping of my finger", but, they married and the old man gave them some land from his big farm to build them a house on, which they did, and there they lived many years.

Among their children was a girl named Mary. When Mary was 4 or 5 years old, she came home from Grandma Wilsons one day carrying an old pants pocket her grandmother had given her – and had told her to go around over the house and pick up all the feathers that had fell on the floor (as she changed the cases and patted up the feather beds), and put them (the feathers) into the old pocket and take them to her mother, and she could put them into her beds to help make them fuller. Mary knew what her grandma had said - that Mary couldnt have the wraping of her finger – so she took the old pocket home, put it on a pole, and went around over the yard waving it about and crying, "Here's Mothers fortune grandmother gave her."

When Mary was grown, she married a young man named Ambrose Jones, who owned a farm in Verginia where these people all lived. From this union were born two girls, Martha and Permealia Jones. Ambrose Jones joined the Armeey when they were small and marched away to fight for his country, leaving his young wife and 2 small girls to get along as best they could. Mary had to take care of the little ones and do all the work in and out of doers. She had to feed and milk. It was in the fall or winter. In those days, no body had cook stoves, but kept warm and cooked on a fier place. Mary had drug out some fier onto the hearth, which was of bricks, set her duch oven of bread on the coals of fier (it had a heavy iron lid over the top) and covered the oven with more coals of fier. Then she heaped ashes on top of the coals to keep them alive till the bread cooked. This was the way poor people lived in those days. She took her milk pail and started to go out to milk, saying to Martha, "Watch the baby. Don't let it get close to the fire, while I am away."

Permealia, just learning to crawl good – beginning to walk, went to the fier and, some way, had managed to turn round and sat down on the hot embers.

Before Mary came back, she heard Martha crying loudly and saying, "Oh, Mama – Oh, Mama." She heard them both screaming. She ran to the house. Sure enough, the baby had backed up close to and fallen onto the coals around the bread, and her dress was blazing. She died that night of the burns.

When Martha was still a cute little child, her father Ambrose Jones came home and he had heard much about the state of Kintuckey being a good country. He took a notion to go to Kintuckey, so he and Mary loaded their cloths and everything they could onto pack horses and – setting Martha atop of a horse – led the horses and went from Vergenia to Kintuckey on foot. After so long a time, they reached that place, bought a piece of land, built a log house, made their own funiture, and set up house keeping.

When Martha was a young lady, she was very lovely. She had large dark blue eyes, long black hair, and was very fair. She had many beaus. She was a neat little woman, 5 ft. & 2 in. tall, and a very good cook and all around good worker. They went to visit a neighbor 2 miles away. When they went to start for home, they saw what looked like a fire in the direction of their house. They hurried - ran part of the way and, sure enough, it was their house. They saved but a chair, and then the house fell in. They thought it was set a fier. Great grandma (Mary) had lots of prettie quilts that were all burned

in the fier. There were a great stack of them, that smoked there two or three days.

One day, a woman came to help great grandma wash. She (ggrandma) was not well. She (the woman) got her to use some poisinious medicin for heat, which caused dropsey. She (ggrandma) died. Martha married a man named Alexander Watt (Irish). He owned a miller and ground flour and meal. The meal was nearly as fine as flour. He was Irish. He had curley black hair. Two girls were born to this union – Luvenia Watt and Permealialia Watt. In five years, when Permealialia was near infant, John Watt died of flux. Baby Permealialia died, too, of the same desease. Martha went home to her father.

In the mill, with her husband (who had died), a "pardner" in the mill was a young man of great strength, but not so tall as some of his brothers who were 6 ft. 7 in. and very strong. His name was Joshua Wilcox. He was English. He courted Martha (Jones) Watt and asked her to marry him. So they married and were the parents of one boy – Merion Wilcox, and one girl – Margret Wilcox. They were yet very small when Joshua took typhoid fever and died. My grandmother was left a young widow a second time. Her brother-in-law and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilcox, took her and her 3 children in to their house.

The cholory broke out in Kintuckey, where they lived, and they got on a boat and came up the river to Beardstown, Illinois. The cholory broke out in that place, being brought there by some one on a boat. A neighbor came to Jim Wilcox's and begged him and his wife to go with her and help her take care of her husband and son, both of whom had it and were very bad off. Jim's wife wouldnt go but said Jim and Martha better go. They concluded to go. So each took a big chunk of assofidda, tied it up in a rag and strung it around their necks and kept it in their mouths nearly all the time. They stayed there nearly all night. The boy died, but the man got well.

Jim and Martha went home, changed clothes in the smokehouse and burned them. All of them quickly got ready and went to the country, where they all lived in a tent. This takes us back to the meeting and subsequent marriage of Martha Jones Watt Wilcox and Nicholes Money Tunnell. When they became acquainted, they talked of their past, each with the other, and they liked each other and concluded they would get married and make a home for each other and their children. Three weeks before their marriage, Nicholas oldest daughter, Nancy, got married to Johnithon Watson. Three weeks after Nicholas marriage Suson Tunnel and James Farris got married. So, Martha went to live on a 160 acher farm before the house was quite finished and became the step mother of 8 girls and boys besides she had 3 of her own. They all got along fine and one could not of told but what the children were all brothers and sisters.

The Tunnels were building the fier places and Nicholes was afraid he couldnt turn the arches right so Martha said she knew how, as she had helped her folks to build theirs. So, she laid the arches of the big fierplaces in the new Tunnel home. There were two large rooms made of twenty foot logs, with punching floors and clapboard roofs and two big fierplaces, and a middle door and two outside doors and 3 windows in a room. This house was 20 miles from Jacksonville, located in Morgan County, just across the Greene County line.

Martha was a good Christian woman and a good worker; knew how to do all kinds of work as well as a good gardener and good manager in every way. She knew how to dye wool, and cotton, and flax and how to card and spin and weave and knit and sew and embroider and applyqua and make nets (to catch fish with). She was a good fisherman, also. So, also, was Nicholes Tunnel good at all his work. His mother was a partial invilid when he was a boy, so he helped her to do all her work in the house, and when she was not able to work, he even did all the house work. He also was a good farmer and fairly good carpenter and handy man, generaly.

In the spring, Martha told the Tunnel girls that, if they would keep the house clean and do all the work in the house and take care of the children, she would spend all her time in making a good garden, while the men worked on the farm. They were willing, so they all went to work in great ernistness at their respective jobs, and Martha got her step sons to plow the garden and fix it ready to plant. Then she put the seeds in the beds and tended the garden. Through the winter, she would help with the

work in the house, and in the summer she did the gardening and setting out trees and bushes and briars and flowers and did all the managing, as she was a good manager in every way. So it was year after year.

There was plenty of work for every one to do in such a large family. The boys helped grandfather on the farm and the girls did the work in the house and took care of the little ones. They cooked, washed, baked, kept the house nice and clean. The floors were scrubbed often and swept 3 times a day. The quilts were neatly stacked in a box of shelves. This was a model man and a model woman. Every one liked and respected these people, and they had many friends.

The great family Bible was opened and a chapter read every night before bed time, and a few church hymnes sang by the whole family. Then my good old grandfather (Nickholas) would kneel down with his family and offer up a prayer of thanks for life's blessings, and praises to the great God of love, and he would ask for his loveing care through the night and that He would lead his children safely into His fold. And, at every meal he would ask the Lord's blessings to rest up on his family. They were a happy lot of youngsters and good children.

They were good to their neighbors, and the neighbors loved to visit them. A crowd would gather in of nights and they would read the Bible, sing and pray Lots of times, the neighbors would come in and stay untill bed time to be at their meetings and to hear Nicholus sing. Nicholus was a number one good singer. He would sing song after song. He had a wonderfully clear beautifull deep toned voice that people loved to listen to. One song that he knew - they would all ways want to hear sure. It was called "My dream". He dreamed of the Judgement day. It was a long song of 6 or 7 verses.

(My Mother sure loved to talk about her folks. (Nicholas and Martha) They were all so loveing, good, kind, and so true one toward another. I all ways loved to hear her talk of them, too. She told me many things about their every day life – of them all. She was a loving kindhearted sociable Mother, and a good neighbor and sure loved all us noisy naughty bratts, and was ever patient and ready with loving sympathy in times of childish trial and troubles, and all ways tried to teach us the right way in every thing and to all ways be truthfull and honest and upright; but she would whip us if we didnt mind or acted noughty. I have heard people remark that Mother raised the best set of boys and girls in our town.)

There were 5 children born to this happy union: Hulda Jane, Caraline Minervey, John Wesley, Hester Ann, and Johnathon Harden. My grand father and grand mother and their large family lived in their happy home a good many years. So, altogether, Nicholus raised 16 children, mostly on his 160 acher farm. As time went by, and with the aid of huskey boys and rosy cheaked healthy girls, they kept improving their place and putting more of it into cultivation untill, when my mother was a girl of 9 or 10 years old, there was quite good sized farm of 160 achers. It had a big orchard of apples and other fruits; allso, some small fruits, and a large garden, where grand ma raised all kings of garden stuff. There was also peanuts and mellens and pop corn, and sweet corn. They had horses, cows, sheep, and hogs; allso chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys. Also, pigons flew about the old log barn and builded their nests in the old hay loft. They used to raise such large ears of corn, heads of cabage, pumpkins and mellens that they would take them to the fair, and they would win the blue ribbon and a prize. They all ways used to go to the fair at Jacksonville every year, take their dinners and in joy a holladay. They went in a big wagon and some of the boys on horse back.

They also went to the fourth of July celabrations and to camp meetings, and to meetings, which were held in someone's house, as there was no church near. Sometimes the meetings would be at their house. Grandfather's brothers were all preachers but two, he said – but he and uncle Wesley were good Christians. So, Nicholas Tunnel raised 16 children, mostly, on his 160 acher farm in Morgan County, Illinois. Uncle Wesley lived near Manchester. His girls used to visit at grand fathers and vise - verse. The neighbors would sometimes have log rollings, quilting parties, rag tackings, sewing parties, apple coring parties, corn husking, and so fourth, and would help each other with their harvesting work in those days. The one that found a red ear of corn would get to kiss the prettiest girl preasant.

Their neighbors were the Gillmores, the Stampers, the Spencers, the Whitakers, Neighborses, and others I have forgotten the names of them. A blind girl and her sister used to visit them – their names were Nancy and Blind Bettie Crumpler. She would tell fortunes and could tell the collors in dress goods by feeling the goods with her fingers. She once told my fortune, when I was nearly grown. When I was in Manchester, allso all of collors that were in the dress I had on. It was a blue dress with white stripes in it and red and yellow flowers, with greene leaves; and she sure told me every collar as true as could be and the fourtune too.

Well, to go back to my story: In three weeks after grand ma and grand pa were married, there was a weding out of grand pa's family. His daughter Suson married a young man named James Fairis and they went to Oragon. He heard from them some times, but never saw them again. Next to marrey was Kizarah (Kezziah), whose man's name was Richard Wilson. They went to live at Manchester, Ill., where they lived all their life. He was a black smith and carpenter. Five children were born to this union: 4 boys – Louis, Earnest, Ziba (a girl), and 2 boys whose names I don't remember. Ziba married Henry Greenwalt. I don't know who the others married. She was 97 years old when she died. (Lady Ann Howard was 101 yrs old when she forded a river on horse back in Ten. She was 104 when she died)

The next of the Tunnels to marrie was "Perrie" (Perry), who took as a life pardner Miss Elizia Whitlock who soon was troubled with tizic or "ashma". They had three children. Joseph and Marry and Elizabeth were their family. They lived at Athensville, Ills. He died leaving her the 3 children to raise. She worked hard, washing, weaveing, and anything she could do to make her way. She used to stay at his fathers a good deal. I don't know who Joe married, but there were 5 children – all girls. I think Mary did not marrie. Elizebeth married an Englishman named James Intrikins. They were blessed with 3 children: Perrie, who never married, Charles married a girl from Nortonville, where they live. There are several children. I don't know their names. Verginia Intrikins is a Schoolteacher in high school at Jacksonville, Ill. She never married. These are decendents of Perrie Tunnel.

The next of Nicholes Money Tunnel's children to marrie was Steven who married Elizebeth Rice. She died. He then married Ianthia Ryule. They went to Bethel, Ill. To live. Their children were 5 girls and one boy. His name is Charles Tunnel. He lives at Galesburge, Ill. One girl, Dora Tunnel married a man named Eatheral – no children. One married a man named Libby. One of their children was named Dollie. I don't know the rest. One of Steven's girls, Mary Tunnel, married a man named Jim Sargent. They live at Galesburge, Ill. There were three girls – no boys. The husbin died. The Mother took in washing and sewing and cleaning to make a living and to educate her 3 children. She became bent from leaning over the wash tub so much and from hard work, but her children, when grown, were well educated and I have no account of them now.

The next of Nicholus Tunnel's children to marry was Hannah - to Samuel Wood. Grand Pa went with him to Jacksonville to help him get the licence as neither one of them were yet of age. Hannah and Sam settled 1 ¼ miles west of Athensville, Ill. He went to Callifornia and dug gold a few years later, while Hannah and the children stayed home and, with hired help, run the farm. When he came back he was wealthy enough to build a big fine house on his 160 acher farm. It was a two story with cupello on top.

It had a basement so large they could drive a 4 horse teme of horses hiched to a big wagon down in to it and, thus, hauled out the dirt. He built two big fier places in it so, when he butchered, he could take his hogs down there to scrap and cleane them and cut up the meat down there. He had a large kittle in one fierplace to heat water to scald them in. This house had 14 rooms (large rooms). The dinning room was big enough to use for a dance hall. There were 3 large porches, 2 pantres, and several big closets, 2 stairways, and 2 big long halls. When one was in the cupelo, one could see into Roodhouse, which was 12 miles to the west.

The house was on a higher place than the serounding country. There were cornices and ornamental work on this big house, and Samuel Wood planted shrubery and evergreen trees in the yard on two sides and in front, and there was a big back yard leading out to the big lot and large barn. Back of

that was the paster and fields. He put a driveway between the house and the big road and planted Maples on eather side of the driveway. There was a road went past the place to the east, allso leading to the south and to Greenfield, which is 9 miles from there. It is now a concreat highway, from one mile from Athensville to Greenfield and to the west leading to Roodhouse. And, the big house is one and a quarter miles from Athensville, to the west.

Sam Wood raised much stock on his place, but he had no wind mill to water them, so carried water from the welles to the watering troughs – several feet. He should of put up a wind mill and not put so many cornicesises on the house. The house is now known as the old Schaffer place. Of their children, there was Mary, who married Henrey Barnit. They went to Kansas. There were eight children. One was named Charles, one Mollie. Next was Bill Wood. He married a Hubble, I think. One was Pete Wood, One was Anna. Then Till Wood married Anna Pope. There was a boy named Samuel.

The next son, George Wood married Sallie King. There were 2 children to this union: a boy named Harry and a girl named May. They owned a store and a home in Athensville, Ill. In 1881 they seperated and sold the store and the home, and she took her little children and went to some town up north where she lived with some of her people and never told her children their name was Wood. But, she let them think their name was King.

George Wood (married to Sallie King) got a divorce and married a woman named Ersillia. They lived on a farm near Athensville, Ills. There were 2 children that blessed this union: Two boys – Chester and Victor Wood. They married sisters, Billie Dryden's girls. Chester lived at East Alton or Lichfield. He died a year or 2 ago, leaving a family of 5 children. Victor has no children and is the only one left of that family, as George and Ersillia are both dead.

The next of Sam Woods family to marry was Richard Wood. He was a twin to Kizzie. He married a young lady whoes Grandfather was well off, owning a big farm with a big house on it. His name was Benny Scott, and she (his wife) was Dovie Winn. She was the mother of 3 children: Louis, Ida, and Ava. Then she died, and he soon married another girl. She was the Mother of 2 children: Ralph and Luvenia. She died. He soon married another young girl. He owned a farm and was handsom. To this union were born 5 or 6 children. She died of cancer. He then married an old like widow, but is now dead.

Richard's girl, Ida Wood, married Charley Florence. Three children were born to this union: James (now in this World War – 1939), a brother to James (I do not recall the name), and a sister – both married. The girl is dead. They live on a farm. Louis, son of Richard Wood, and Hattie Hall married, and Ava Wood (Richards daughter) went to Kansas with her father (Richard Wood), and married a bacholar, whose name I don't know. They have several children. I don't know any of the yonger children. Kizzie Wood, twin to Richard, married Billie Sorters. Five children were born to this union: 2 boys, and 3 girls – Vivian, Sam, Mable, Jossie, and a girl I forget the name. The father and mother are dead. All these children are married and moved away.

Nannie Wood, daughter of Sam and Hannah, married Dr. William Skinner. She was but 16. They had one child, Joe Skinner. Dr. died of Malaria. She then married a man named Melvan Hodges. Two children were born to this union: Ralph and Peachie – a brunette and a blond. They went to St. Louis – don't know them. Perrie was the next. He married Eliza Whitalock. They settled near Athensville, Ill.

Sarrah was the next one of Nicholes Money Tunnel's children to marry. She married Hick Rice. They went to marry in Doce or Galesburg, where Steven lived, and finally to Merrit, Ill. Four children were born to this union: John, Mary, Mandy, and George. John Rice married Ellen Roberts. They were the parents of 8 children: Eddie, Bell, Harvey, - who was killed in action in World War No. 1 – Charley – who died in infancy, Ralph, and three girls, who died. Martin (Tunnel) married Barbara – I don't remember her last name. He went to Kentucky or Georgia and died there.

Martin was the last one of Nicholus M. Tunnel and Sarrah (Gentry) Tunnels children. They were now all married and gone from home. But, his stepson, Merion Wilcox and his son John were now big

enough to help on the farm. His step daughters, Luvenia and Margret and his daughters, Jane and Carroline were big enough to take care of the house work and cooking.

Luvenia dreamed she was by a creek and a young man was on the other side of the creek looking across at her. He never spoke but just looked at her a minute. Then she awoke. He was a tall good looking rather heavy set young man, and he was dressed in gray and had on a gray hat with a rather wide brim, and it had a piece of black crepe tied around it for a band. Now, Luvenia was very fair with large dark blue eyes and intensely black hair, which was fine and thick or heavy and very curly. She had a small foot and hand and was tall and slender. Her skin was white. She was a real prettie girl.

More over, Mother said she was a real good cook and a splendid house keeper. Kept ever thing in its place; floors scrubed every day, beds all made up high and smoth and big square pillows set just so against the head board and white knoted spreads on, that hung in scalops on a little ways over the white ruffled curtains. My Mother said they were all taught to do the work, just as Aunt Luevenia did, by their Mother and their Father made them mind her. He would say "by zonges" (which was by his word), "You better walk chalk-jinger blue if you don't want a larripien," and they knew better than to dissabey him or they would sure get a good whipping.

So, all the girls made good house keepers and were good cooks and the boys were all good workers, good farmers, and a good looking lot of young men. Aunt Caroline had blue eyes and brown hair and was fair with rosy cheeks – not very tall, and was slender. Aunt Jane had black hair, large blue eyes, and was fair. My Mother had black hair, dark blue eyes, and was fair but easily taned. Grand father had dark blue eyes and dark brown hair (his Mother had sandy colored hair, blue eyes, and fair rosy complexion). Uncle John had blue eyes and light brown hair – allso, his brother Hardin. In time, they built a church at a place called young blood, or at least the Church was called Young Blood Church.

The next of the Tunnel children to marrie were Nicholes Money Tunnel and Martha Jones (Watt - Wilcox) Tunnel's children. The first was Luvenia Watt, who had tried her fortune and had dreamed of her future husbin. Luevenia dressed in her "Sunday best", wet her hair - as she allways did – and combed it, parted it in places and combed each strand around her finger, thus forming short curls all around her head. She then went to Church. In Church that day was a young widowere, but she never seen him – but he seen her and thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He vowed, if he ever could get a chance to meet her, and she was single, he would try to win her for his wife.

After she had eaten her dinner, Luevenia thought she would go to visit at a neighbores. So away she went and, when she got there and the lady let her in at the door, there in a chair, leaning back against the wall, was the young man she had dreamed about, when she had tried her fortune, dressed just as he was then. She was very much disturbed. He, too, arose from his chair while the lady interduced them and offered her a seat. She did not stay long, but started for another place. He was going to that place too. So, not knowing her intensions, he went through a field and got there first. When she arived, he was there. She soon started for home, but he asked to accompany her home.

This started a court ship which ended in marriage for these two. He had been married and had a small son named "Charnic" and his name was John Eades. He owned a big farm, that was his first wifes place and would be his sons place when he should become 21 years old. Five children were born to this union: Martha, Ida, Fannie, Fred, and Henery. Then, they went to King City, Mo. Have no account of them from then on.

In three years after Luvenia got married, Margret Wilcox (Martha's daughter by her marriage to Mr. Wilcox) and Serrel Whitaker (a neighbor boy) got married: March 20th, 1854. Aunt Margret was a very nice house keeper as I well remember her, while she lived in my home town. She tried to please Uncle Serrel in every way she could. She used allway to cook him pan cakes for breakfast every day, because he wanted them with lots butter and syurp and eggs, and meat besides. Serrel was a good man too and loved to please her. He used to own a store in Athensville. They lived with grand father the first year. He helped with the farming. Their children were Mary – who married William More and they had 8 children, Oscar Edwin (only son) who died when a babe of measeles and whooping caught,

and Ann Whitaker (their youngest daughter), who married Robert Dikis. They went to Calafornia (they had 3 sons who died) and had a girl named Irene who married a man named Philips. They also went to California and then to New Mexaco. Both Ann and Bob died and he was buried in Ark., with her in New Mexico.

Now, when the younger set of children of Nicholes Money Tunnel and Martha Jones (Watt – Wilcox) Tunnel were growing up, there was a weding in the old house prettie often. Martha had time to set out a great many trees, briers, and bushes, for she is the one who did all the setting out of shrubery and trees and Nicholes did the farm work. So, the farm had greatly improved and was a goodly farm, with a lot of fruit and nut trees, a big fine garden, big pasters, lots of barns, hog houses, smoke and hen houses, rose bushes and lots of flowers, hops, sage and everything that grows on a farm. There was lots of stock, including 6 cows.

The next month after Margret's marrage, a son of Martha's - Merion Wilcox - married a neighbour girl whoes name was Clarisa Gilmore. They bought land in Richwood, Green County, Ills., near Roodhouse, Ills. It was 90 achers of good bottom land, mostly at that time in timber. He built a four room frame house. Marion had deep blue eyes and black hair. He was rather tall, but was stockey built with large bones and musels of iron strenth. He was the strongest man in his part of the country. He could lift a two man anvil and hold it straight out from his sholder. He could lift the largest end of a large saw log, while it took two men to carrie the other end, when they would go to place the log in place, while building a log barn or on the log carrier at the saw mill, where he worked. He once took his half brother, Hardin, up by his pants band with one hand (after he was grown) and lifted him over a rail fence and sat him down on the other side of the fence.

I once saw hem flip a man under the chin with his fore finger, just in play, and over he went in the dust at his feet. He had been teasing my Uncle Merion to rassel with him. When he got up, Uncle said with a grin, "Well, how bout it Bill, would you like to rassel with me?" "No, by dad, I don't sink I do, Uncle Merion," he said. Uncle laughed very heartily. He was very fond of fun and would tease the little ones; say to them (of nights) "Go back there and see if I left my hat on the bed." When they went to see, he would say, "Oh! Just look at them mortal eyes under the bed." They would turn and run back screaming to him. Then he laughed heartily.

He would tell them to get a broom. Then he would hold it up a little ways and tell them to Jump over it and they could marrey who ever they wished, when they were grown. When they jumped, he triped them (That was when he was a boy). He was fond of children. Sometimes he would slip up behind them, when they wouldent know he was near, and suddenly pock them in the ribs with his finger and make a noise like a squiral barking. They would jump and cry out. Then, oh how he would laugh. He loved company, and when anyone was there he would all ways beg them to stay longer, when they went to go home. He was very kind to everyone and a wonderful singer and made a very beautiful prayer, when he prayed, and would get very happy sometimes in meeting.

He was very fond of horse back rideing. He used to own a pacing fillie he all way rode, which was a beauty and such a lovely pacer. To his marriage were born 8 children. His children were John Wyley – who died when he was 10 years old, James - who married Nettie Gillmore (no children – she died), Mary, Rosette - who married Jake Ash – no children, Nora who married Mark Backus and their children were Luciel, Hazel, Hellen (who died a little girl), and Thelma, Oscar, Willie, and Oliver. Next of Merion Wilcox's children was Oscar – who died when young, and Olivar – who married Ora Backus (they lived near Roodhouse and were the parents of 6 or 7 children – he died),

When Hester, My Mother and daughter of N. M. Tunnel and Martha, was eleven years old (which was in 1857), John Eades came to grandfather's house and told him he had saved up his money he had made on the farm to buy him a farm with, as his son would get the farm in eight or nine years, and he wished to go to Iowa to buy land there as he heard land was very good and cheap there, and he didnt want to go alone. John's wife, Luvenia, did not want to leave the folks, so he beged Nicklus Tunnel to sell out and go with him. He told him what wonderful corn land it was out there and beged him for several days. John was a big fat man....but he was active. He could jump straight up high as

nearly two foot and crack his heels to gather three times before he hit the floor again. He was so fat he could lie on the floor and roll over and over like a barrel.

Grand Pa (who was now 65 years old and Martha was 58) didnt want to give up his place for he had a good home there now, well fenced and logs ready to build two more large rooms and had good neighbors and now had schools and a church near them and was getting old, but allowed John Eades to persuaid him because he was a mild, easy going man and couldnt stand to cause any one to be anoid. And, John told him if he didnt go he wouldn't like him anymore and that he'd get a place out there and do just as well as here. John was guardian of his first wife's property, which would go to his son, Charnic, when he was 21 years old. He made up his mind he would lease out the farm for the time being and take the money to buy one out there.

John came time after time to urge and persuaid them to sell and go with them and finally Nicholes told John and Luvenia if they would furnish a buyer, he would sell the place and go with them. Well, John said he knew of one who would buy the place – Bill Dunkin. Martha said she didnt want to go and if he sold the place, she wouldnt sign the deed to it, and she never signed the deed nor touched her hand to the pen. But the place was sold for \$1000.00 (it was one of the oldest farms in Greene County, Ills.) and, loading their house hold stufe into big wagons with the side boards on and water proof covers over the top fastened to the wagon and put on over big rounded hickery stays called covered wagons, and leaving some of their stock and farming tooles with Merion Wilcox, they went. Each family drove a covered wagon apiece.

John Eades was ready two days before they were, so told them he would be going on ahead. So, Nicholas and Martha bid fair well to the home where they had been so happy and started on the road to a strange country. They had six horses, a cat, a dog, 2 cows (tied on to the backs of the wagons) and there were Grand Pa, Grand Ma, Aunt Margret, Uncle Serrel, Aunt Jane, Aunt Caroline, Uncle John – being 15, My Mother (Hester) – then eleven, and Uncle Harden - who was nine. Just as they started, Hester discovered a boil on her neck, at the back. Every day , as they traveled, the boil wouldnt hurt, but when they stoped at night it would hurt terribly. So, they happened to run across a Dr. going some where to visit the sick. Grand Pa ask him to see about the boil and he lanced it and removed the core and gave some salve to rub on so it never hurt her any more.

They would go long ways and never see a house along the prierey road. They went on and on, but never over took John Eades. One day it begin to rain and to turn cold. At night, they stooped by a farm house and ask if they could come in awhile and warm and if they could camp in the lot or in the yard. The man said they could. While they were there, Grand Pa told him why he was traveling and where to. He (the farmer) found out their names were Tunnel. He said his wife's name was Tunnel, too. So, they found out she was Grand Pa's neace. Mother said she had them to bring their beds in and sleep on the floor and showed them her prettie quilts she had made. One was pink tulips and one was red hearts, four on a block, in a wreath with green leaves. The man told them it turned very cold out there very suddenly sometimes in the fall, but Grand Pa went on next day.

When he arived at a town named Demoinis, Iowa near the place he was headed for, there they met John Eades headed back home. He had seen enough of Iowa and didn't like it and wasnt going to stay. He told Nocholes to come and go back – he would help him get another place. He beged Grand Pa to go back home with him, but Grand Pa said, "No, by zounds ! You would get me to sell and come out here. Now, I will stay and find out how I like it. Anyway, it was in the fall and getting very cold in Iowa, which is much colder than Ills. They went till they found a little farm for rent with a log house (not a very good one as some of the chinking was out from between the logs and the wind could come in) and moved in. It was so cold that they froze their feet and had a hard time of it all winter. Grand Pa had to buy feed for his stock and for the family, which took lots of his money. Next year, they put in a crop and stayed in Iowa several years. When the civil war comenst in 1861, John Tunnel joined and went to the war in 1862 or '63. He joined, being 21, but his Father told him he would never see him again as he was 71.

Aunt Jane's husband, James Pruitt had lovely brown eyes and aurban hair and was very handsom, but

he drank. He got mad while he was drunk and joined the army. Aunt Jane was left with two little children, Alice and Johnny. Aunt Caroline's husband, Ames Nichols joined the home guards. They also had two little ones, John and Martha. Now, in the South were a few sympathizers (sympathizers) for the North and in the North many who were sympathizers (sympathizers) for the South, so they would do lots of devilment – such as threatening the women and children and sometimes setting fire to their homes. That is why they had home guards. There was a band of these Southern sympathizers that lived in the North – we called them bush whackers. The women were afraid of them, and if they seen one coming near their homes, they would run and get the children and hide in the corn – for they thought they would burn the house and mabe kill them all.

Once the word went around that the bush whackers were around near Uncle Aimes house, Grand Ma and Hettie went down to tell Aunt Caroline and to stay with her. So, they soon heard someone coming on a horse just a flying down the road. Now, the home guard had gone out to see that they did no harm. The women didnt know who was coming but they were scared. Aunt says, "Oh, Mother, what shall we do?" Her Mother said. "All grab a young one a piece and run for the corn pach. They will think we are gone from home. " So, Auntie locked the door and they grabed up the kids and started, but someone hammered on the door and hollered, "Caroline! Oh, Caroline! Open the door. Why have you got the door locked?" Then she recognized Uncle Aimes (Amos) voice. Gladly she ran and opened the door, much releaved. The scare was over for the time. In town, near them, was a place where they could go to take refuge when the bush whackers were on the war path, so to speak.

Then, next year, Caroline and Harden went back to Merion Wilcoxes, in Richwoods, Ills., to get some of the plows and horses they had left there. By this time, they had moved to Powscheek Co., Iowa in northern Iowa, near Forest Home. They left Caroline's little boys, Jesse and Jake, at home. It took quite a while for them to go and come. Little Jesse took very sick while they were away. He died just as they reached home. My Aunt Caroline was "born with a thin veil over her face" Mother said, and would see visions sometimes. Now, when she was nearly home, she told Hardin to stop the team. She said there is one of her neighbors coming toward us. I just bet something is wrong or he would not be here. "I see no one," Hardin said. Just then, the one she seen rode swiftly up beside the wagon. He looked solumly at her. The horse shook him self violintly, then horse and rider disapeared with out a sound. Caroline said, "Go on, Hardin, there is something terribale wrong at home I know, for I just saw a vision of solumn warning." And, she told him what she seen. He whiped up the horses and they hurried for home. Little Jesse was about dead when they got there.

They hadent brought all the stuff so, a year or two later, Martha Tunnel and Hardin went back to get the rest, leaving Hettie (My Mother) home to do the work and cook for Grand Pa. She and Nicholes concluded, one Sunday, that they would go to Caroline's to stay all day and get her to cook a chicken for dinner and make a pot of soup and dumplings so, they went. Caroline cooked the chicken o.k. but after dinner, Grand Pa took a chill. He decided if they had some caster oil, he better take a dose. So, Uncle Ames said he had some in the cellar. He went down and got it, in the dark, brought it up and got a table spoon and gave him a full dose of it. He swallowed it, then said, "are you sure you gave me Caster Oil?" "Oh, yes," he said. "No," Nicholes said, "It wasent eather." Then Ames rushed to the bottle and looked at the label. It was Crotten Oil. They sent for the Dr. as quick as he could, but the Dr. said, "Why, man, you have given him enough of that stuff to kill 10 head of horses." He could do nothing for him. He died in four days.

Grand Ma and Uncle Harden were coming and near home, when a big cloud came up and it rained and rained, and Uncle stoped at a creek to let the horses drink. But, they noticed the water was raising very rapidly. Grand Ma said, "Hardin, get in and lets hurry across before the water gets out over the valley so we can't cross." He got in and started on at a brisk trot, but the water was nearly to the hubs on the wagon before they got across. They went on home, as quickly as they could. When they reached there, Uncle was so glad he was home, he went to dancing and singing. His Mother went into the house. She noticed everything was so quiet and no one was coming to meet them. When she went in, she saw one of the beds was gone. Then, she became alarmed. She ran out to Uncle and said, "Get in the wagon quick and lets go down to Ames. Something is wrong. One of the beds is gone." So they went on down to Ames. When they got there, they saw crepe on the door and people there. Some one came to meet them and told them Grand Pa was dead. So, Grand Father was buirred in Forest Home

Cemetery in Powoscheek Co., Iowa (also little Johnney Tunnel Pruitt), and once more, Grand Ma was left a widow in (or about) 1863.

Now, Jane (Tunnel) Pruitt had gone to Fort Wayne, Indiana to her husband's people. Jane heard of her Father's death and, being alone, begged them to come to her and they would move into town, and work in a factory where they wove cloth. So Grand Ma, Harding, and Hettie thought they better go, as they would have to sell off nearly every thing to pay the funeral expenses. So, they sold most of their stock and everything but household stuff. They boarded the train and went to Indiana to stay with Jane Pruitt.

Aunt Jane lived a mile and a half out of town, and they had to go through a covered bridge. It was muddy and a stump was in the middle of the road. There was a young man at the depot that went with them to show them the way and took a lantern to light the way, for it was cloudy and dark and raining. He fell over the stump and, as he went over, he said, "There is a stump Ladies - be careful, you'll fall." Just then, over he went. They all had a good laugh. Jane had said her house was on a hill, the second one from the bridge. So, they didnt know which side of the road, but when they came to a house on the right side on a hill, they said, "This must be it." So, just then, Aunt Jane came to the window and looked out and they knew her. So, they hurried in and were glad to get in out of the rain.

Grand Ma and Aunt Jane rented three rooms in a house that had been a boarding house. They did sewing and Mother worked out – allso Uncle Hardin. Once the girls went to see about getting work at Fort Wayne at the factory, but the looms were all full. So, Jane and Ma (Hettie) both worked out. Grandma took care of the children and sewed One day, Aunt Jane got word that her husbin had died of fever in the army. She then got a Pension. Uncle Hardin wanted to go to the war, but he wasent of age and his Mother wouldnt give her consent. He said he would go anyway. He would put the number 21 in his shoe and tell them he was over 21. "Well," she said, "If you are going to do that, I just as well let you go." So, she gave her permission and he went. He was 17 years old. He marched away in his blue soldger clothes with the shinning brass bottons on looking very young and rosy and gay. He was a hansom guy, with curley brown hair and sky blue eyes – slender but roubust. He was a happy, lively boy allways full of fun.

He hadent been out long till they got a letter from his Captian saying he saw him shot down – his horse, too. But, the truth was, he was taken prisoner by the Southeners. When his horse fell, he held him self free from the saddle and jumped to one side, but his Captain didnt see it, so thought him dead. He was surrounded and his close nearly all taken. Allso, his ammunation was taken, but he wraped his gun against a tree. He was bound they shouldn't take it any way. They took him and some more to Andersonville Prison, where there were a great many more prisoners and where it was imposable to escape, and where there were those who were absolutly without clothing. Some of them still had a shirt and pants but, when they wore out, they got no more.

The prison was large, long logs set up on end and bound to gather. There was no shelter over the top. There was a strong guard night and day and a dead line and, if they got past the dead line, they would be shot. There was a large branch ran through the center of the prison where they could get water to drink and to cook with – allso to wash in. They were fed on what ever the soldgers didnt eat. They nearly starved. Sometimes they got a rastion a day, sometimes more and sometimes not for 2 days. Once, they did without for four days. Then they drawed rastions The soldgers had had Chicken, Duck and Goose for dinner and gave them the interals and a pint of meal apeace. They had kittels, pans, and cups, and allso knives and forks to cook with.

They washed, turned and scraped the interals, washed them again and again till clean, put them in a kittle with water, cooked it till done. Then, with plenty water for soup, sprinkled in their meal, stirring constantely till done. Then, they cooled it and ate it and thought it the best meals vittels they ever ate. Some of them were sick and ate too much and it caused their death. My Uncle Hardin Tunnel was in there untill the war ended – nine months. Then, they were all relesed to get home as best they could. They went to the nearest Northern camp and were sent home. Hardin was so poor that his Captain did not know him. He went home ahead of Hardin, so he told him to tell the folks he was

coming home. So, they were just setting down to breakfast when he told them, and not a one of them could eat a bite - they were so overjoyed.

He and Uncle John came about three weeks later. He had worn a shirt, when he went away, that fit nicely. The wrist bands fit tightly around the wrists. When he returned home, they would slip clear over his elbow, wristband fastened, clean up to the shoulder. He looked like a skeleton. Uncle John was a privet, but they put him on guard one dark, rainy night, and he was supposed to walk to a log. And another soldier who was a guard also would walk to the log on the other side. It was raining and so, so, dark he could not see the log. He had his right thumb over the gun barrel at the end to keep out the rain. He stumbled over the log and fell. His gun went off and shot off the end of his thumb. He then could not shoot good, so they made a Drummer Boy out of him. He played on a Drum nearly as big as he was, as he was a small man. Ma said he had to rear back to carry the drum. It made him very straight.

There were many young soldiers then home from the war. Hettie Ann was now 18 and fair and prettie. She went with several of them. There was one named William Dixon. He bought a shoe shop. He used to take her places and along the way - every big fine house they went by - he would ask her how would she like to live in one just as nice as that one. There was one named John Birchcreek. He made love (a term, in those days, meaning wooing or courting) to her and asked her to marry him. She gave him her promise to wed in one year, but he turned false to her, so she told him she didn't want him - he could go to blazes.

One day, they got a letter from Ma's half brother, Merion Wilcox. He begged them all to come to him and the two boys and Uncle Serrel Whitaker (who had all ready gone to Ills. from Iowa), to help him saw up his timber. And, they would buy a saw mill and all be partners in the mill and share equilly what they made. And, he would have his land cleared of the heavy timber there on and, at first, they could stay at his house till they could do better. So, they all went back to Uncle Merion's and to Serrel Whitakers - all that long journey back to Richwoods, Ill. By train; this time, to Jacksonville, Ill. and then on by stage coach, which run from there to Greenfield, Ills. On the stage was a soldier named Jack Norris. He wished to correspond with Hettie, but she didn't say he might. At last they arrived at Uncle Serrel's house. He lived on what is now the old Elliott place in Richwoods. Aunt Margret was tickled pink to see them, for it had been years since they parted. They went to Uncle Merion's then, and there they made their home for one year. After they arrived, they all put their money into a saw mill.

Uncle Merion got the biggest old fier engine he could find and a big saw and they went to clearing timber from Merion's place. Now Merion needed a good sawyer, so he began to inquire around trying to find one. Some one told him of a young man that lived near Waverly that was a number one good sawyer. His name was William Perrie Rigg. Uncle got on his old pacing black fillie (on which he sat as straight as an arrow and rode like he was a part of the horse - he sat so gracefully there on) and away he went to find W. P. Rigg. He found him and hired him. He was to come in three weeks.

He was to board with him. He was a young soldier in the war. He had been a cavalry man - a Corporal, then a 1st or 2nd Lieutenant. I don't know which. Aunt Margret said to Hettie and Jane, "Now, girls, you needn't get struck on Bill Riggs, for I hear he is engaged all ready to Renney Ash." Hettie said, "Oh, I won't pay any attention to that, if he wants to go with me." "Well, it won't do you any good," Aunt said, "for she is good looking and has a hold on him, she says, and has stayed with old Archie Perrie Rigg - brags she can get any one of the family, the old man or any of his boys." "How many boys is there?" Hettie asked. "Oh, there is Bill and Tom and Sam and Charley - he isn't grown yet." Hettie thought she would tease Aunt, so she said, "I am going to make a mash on Bill." Now, she was going with a soldier named Charley Scott. He wanted her to marry him. She thought she might. She liked him. He was a nice man.

The three weeks passed. Bill Rigg came on Sunday evening. He was at Uncle Serrel's. Hettie was there. She thought him very handsome. He had large blue eyes, light hair and was fair. He was very straight and tall and big built, but not very heavy set. His height was 6 ft 3 in. He was very gentlemanly

and maneredly. He ask Hettie to sit and talk with him till bed time. She did. She went with Scott a while longer. Then, William Rigg ask her to marry him. She knew he was the one she wanted, so she said yes. They were married Nov. 15th, 1866. There were 8 children born to this union: Edwin, Charles, Wilferd, Alonzo Fredric Augustus Ferdenand, Luella Sonora, Samuel Archibald, Askins, Emma Angeline, Dora Ellen, and Nanna Laura Anna Picksey Edith May (whose actual birth name was Edith Mae – the children all gave her pet names and, in her older days, she would refer to herself as Nanny Anne Laura Pixie Dixie Edith Mae Rigg Strahan)

After Hettie and William got married, then Jane (Tunnel) Pruitt married John Picket. Then, John Tunnel and Jane Wells got married. Then, Harden Tunnel and Fanny Michel were married, and this was all the Nicholes Tunnel family. Jane's children were Alice Pruitt (Jesse had died), William Picket, Anna, Washington, Walter, and Charles Picket (I believe she left out some). John Tunnel's children were 2 girls and a boy that died. Then Jane (Wells) Tunnel died. He (John) then married a woman after he went to Texas. There were 5 children by this union. James, Mollie, Frank, Johnny, and Mae. James was married Dec 30th, 1940 – no children. He has been in Government service at the South Dekota - Cheyenne Agency for several years. Then he went to Montana to the Belknap Agency and worked there seven years, near Harlem Montana. Then, James Tunnel was sent to Lame Dear, Montana to serve in the Indian Field – service of the Indian Reservation, where he married a widow with a grown daughter who was in Hololulu Hawaii Island when Pearl Harbor was bombed in 1941. She is still at that place – is in the service there, a telephone girl.

His sister, Mollie Tunnel, married a man named Walter Green. They have 6 children – 3 boys and 3 girls. All are married and living in Texas but one – Dorothy Sue. She and her mother, Mollie Green, are living with James Tunnel at Lame Deer (U.S. Department of Interior) Indian Field Service, Lame Deer, Montana. Mollie and her husband are seperated. Next in line of John Tunnel's children to marry was Frank, who lives in Dorris, California. He has 8 children. Then, Johnny, who lives near Miles, Texas, has no children. He lives 50 miles from Robert Lee, Texas, where the old home place of their father, John Tunnel, is and where he and wife, Frances (Walker) Tunnel are buried. James now ownes "the old home place" and expects to retier some day from the Government Service and go back there to live among old neighbors and school mates. Next, and last, of John Tunnel's children was Mae who married a man named Collett. They have two children and live at Bakerfield, California.

I havent much information about Hardin Tunnel's family, excepting that he married Fanny Michel, went with his brother John Tunnel to Texas and eventully setteled in Huston. They allso were in Dallas awhile. John lived in Robert Lee, where he and wife are burried. Allso, his oldest son, James is now burried there, having died lately – had no children. Harden's children are Ellie, who married a man named Knight – don't know their children's names nor dates of birth nor marriages nor deaths. Harden's son, Earnest, was a Captain of a ship in the Gulf of Mexaco and went down with his ship in the time of the mighty Galveston storm of Texas years ago. Harden had another son. I don't know his name, nor any of the Knight children. Harden and wife are burried in Texas. Caroline M. Tunnel, who had married Amos Nickols in Iowa, came to Illinois bringing children: Martha, Ellie, Jake, John, Jonas – there were two who still live in or near Vanalstyne (I believe, Van Alastyne), Texas, I don't know their children. She went with her family to Texas with John and Harden Tunnel – her brothers.

Now, to go back and continue with the rest of William P. Rigg and Hettie Ann Tunnel Riggs story, Bill (W.P. Rigg) proved to be a number one good sawyer o.k. and made \$5.10 a day at 10 cents a 100 ft. In a year, he had bought a place over by Lick Skillit. He stayed there three years. He, then, sold and bought a place in Richwoods, Ill., the old Callcluy place. He sold that and went to the old Armstrong place. He later sold that place and bought a place between Uncle Merion Wilcox's and Felter. There he stayed for several years. It was a farm of 40 achers. When his boys were 13 to 9, he hiered them to rake up the loose wheat the binder didnt take up and took the money they won, and bought them a large family Bible. They all ways read the wonderful stories there in and sang songs from the hymn books.

When Alanzo Rigg was a little boy of one year, old Bill Rigg was elected for a Justice of the Piece. He was a member of the Baptist Church and Superintendent of the Sunday School and Decon in the

Church and a member of the I.O.O.F Lodge and of the Mason Lodge. In 1881, he sold his farm to Ames Ash and bought into a store at Athensville, Ill. He also bought a house off Geroge Wood, at that place and went into the store keeping business with George Wood, also. But, so many bought on credit and would not pay, that he kept losing out – little by little – until he saw he was going to clear lose it. So, he sold out to Serrel Whiteker and Marshels Marrow.

He then took over the Post Office, which he kept for years. Then, it was given over to Hattie Armstrong. She kept it awhile, then let him take it back. He was still Post Master till he took down to his death bed. In 1926, he died. He was still Justice of Piece, still a Sunday School Superintendent, Still an Odd Fellow and still belonged to the Baptist Church. When he was getting old and there were ten of us gathered around the table at each meal – no more timber to saw, no more work in this small town – he applied for a pension. He, at first, got \$120 dollars. When he died, he was getting \$72.00.

He never spoke much about war days, but I heard him tell a story about a funny thing that happened one day while they were marching. They had been on the march four days and nights continually – eating and drinking as they marched. They came to a long steep hill. His Captain said, "Now, boys, here is a very long steep hill. I know some of you are asleep as you go along. Try and keep awake till you get to the bottom of the hill any way." Pa said he thought he sure would try, but the first thing he know the horse had stumbled, turned a complete summersault, and he was going over his head when he thought to remove his feet from the stirrups. And, he turned a summersault too. He lit in a sitting position and that sure did wake him up. As soon as he found he was not hurt much, he got up and looked for the horse. He had gotten up, too and was just a little ways farther down the hill, just standing there. His Captain saw they were not hurt. He got on the horse again, and they went on again.

Another time, they went out on a skirmish. When they got there to where the enemy were supposed to be, there had been a band of their men there before them. They saw but one man. He was a soldier in gray, and he was knelt down on one knee by a stump in position for shooting and his finger was on the trigger and he was bent forward as if taking aim and leaning against the stump, which was a rather tall stump. But, all tho they advanced to ward him, with guns in position to fire, he neither moved nor fired. Pa's Captain said to Pa, "Go and disarm him. We'll keep him covered." Pa said he went up to him and, when he was near, saw that he was dead. He had been shot through the heart.

Pa took his arms. There was a gun and a very lovely old saber, very sharp and bright. It was fastened to his belt at the side and was in a scabbard – black with a bright top of brass. The scabbard had a hand shield of brass. Pa ask the Captain if he might keep the saber. He said he might. He brought it home with him, and I have seen him practice with it. He showed us how he could make it whirl around and around till it looked like a ring of silver whirling around. Then, suddenly, he would thrust it toward one, like he was going to thrust it through you. Sure looked dangerous and gave us a thrill of fear.

When father was young, before he was grown, he went to Jacksonville to the Academy. William Jennings Bryan was my father's cousin. He went to that school, too, at the same time. His Mother was Mary (McClellan) Bryan and my father's mother was Elizabeth (McClellan) Rigg, and they were sisters, so, my Aunt Mary Jane (Rigg) said. She was father's sister and the oldest one of the children. William used to say when he found a girl that was a good cook and could cook beans, pie, and coffee to suit him, he was going to get married. My Mother sure could cook and cooked the best beans I ever ate – pie too. She was quick about her work and a good hand at all kinds of house work and went right ahead doing as best she could. She had Mill hands to cook and wash for from the time she started house keeping, as dad bought part of a saw mill in partnership with William Morrow after he got through working for Merion Wilcox. He also kept two of his brothers, who worked for him at the mill and, as their own family grew larger, there was a great deal of hard work for her to do. But, she went ahead with a will and determination, to all ways do the best she could – and, I say, she sure did fine.

Charley had large gray eyes and jet black hair, like Mother. He and Eddie were two very smart little boys, but Charley was also mischief loving and venturesome. He would go every where he could and get into every thing he could, and it was Eddie's place to keep him out of mischief. One day, while the

men were eating dinner and Ma waiting on them, Ma sent the boys out to play. It was cold weather and snow was on the ground. Ma said Eddie came running with his blue eyes wide and excited and his white curls just bobbing up and down. He was crying, "Oh, Mama, come quick. Charley is afire. Pa and all the men got up from the table and ran out in the yard.

Now, there was an ash hopper that Pa had made by putting some boards up end ways, slanting each way and standing apart at the top, and a few at the ends to hold the ashes in place. There was a crack at the lower end, on one side, for the water to run out at. They put their ashes in the hopper till it was full – then pour water on them and it would run through and make lye. This would drip into a pan set to catch the lye to make soap with. Ma had put the ashes up on the hopper, when she built a fresh fire to get dinner. Venchersome Charley climbed up and over the top onto the hot ashes and gotten his pants knee afire. When the men reached him, it has almost started to blaze. Uncle Serel grabbed him off the hopper, grabbed up a handful of snow, dirt and all, and vigorously rubbed out the fire – also rubbed the blister off and the dirt into it. They put some lindseed oil on and went back to dinner.

Another time, Ma had caught some rain water in a tub beside the house to wash with. She said, "Eddie, watch and don't let Charley fall into the water. If he does, you run and tell me." In the evening, here he came running saying, "Oh, Ma, Charley is in the tub of water." Ma ran for the tub. There was, laying over the tub on his face in the water. Ma jerked him out and hollered for the rest down at the Mill, not far away. They came running and worked to bring him to, again.

One day, in summer, they went out to play and Eddie came running and his curls were bobbing up and down worse than ever before. "Oh, Ma, come quick. There is the prettiest little switch running away and we can't get it." Ma said, "Lord, Almighty!" and ran as fast as she could go. Charley was running after a little snake, trying to catch it. He said, "Ma, get the prettie little switch for me." Ma said, "Oh no, that is not a switch, it is a snake. It will bite you. You mustn't ever touch a snake. It will bite you. Then you will die. Then we would put you in a big hole in the ground and cover you with dirt and you can't ever get out any more."

Lonnie was next in line. He was a fat baby weighing 9 ½ lbs. He was 1 ½ years older than myself. He and I were playmates - so were Eddie and Charley – until we were all too big to play. I remember one time Lonnie and me went out to build a play house under an apple tree in the yard, and Father had brought home a large goods box. It was made of wood. We thought it would make a nice house or a big safe, so we ask Ma to let us take it. She said we could, but be careful of your kitten or it will get hurt. We had a lovely kitten, a golden yellow with white paws. We thought a lot of our kitten. We went out, got the box, and begin turning it over and over to take it to our play house. Our kittie ran ahead of us and, the first thing we knew, it ran toward us and ran right in under the box just as we pushed it over. It was such a big, heavy box. We knew our kittie was a gonner. We both gave a yell and so did the kittie. We got the box away as soon as we could, but our kittie died. We both flue to Ma, who tried to console us, but our play was all spoiled. We could only cry for our kitty, and never again did we care to play with the box. One day, while we were at play, we found a quarter. We both seen it at once, so we both claimed it. Well, Lonnie said, "I'll take it up to the store and get candy and we'll divide it." So, he got the candy and there was enough to go around, so we all had some candy. Next was Brother Sam. He had brown hair and dark blue eyes. He was always a good quiet boy, always meek and mild and loving and cheerful and minded Mother right on the dot every time. Emma was next. She was another good child that would mind Mother well. She had bright blue eyes and brown curly hair. My hair was jet black always. My eyes were dark blue. We were all fair, but Lonnie and Sam. Dora came next. She was fair and had a sort of pinkish cast to her skin. Her hair was pure gold, until she was about grown. Then it turned darker. I think a hair tonic she put on her hair changed the color. Her eyes were heavens own blue, when the sky is bluest. My sister Picksey (that's Edith Mae) was the baby and a sweet child. She had very large blue eyes, dark golden hair, and a fair round face. She looked like a big beautiful doll and, when she was about grown, she still looked like one.

Edwin Rigg was born September 14, 1867 and was married April 1, 1894 to Lillie Frances Edwards, of Athensville, Ill. They went to Granite City to make themselves a home. He has been City Clerk there for many years. In several elections, he received more than 5000 votes. He is highly esteemed and

well respected in that town, and everywhere he is known. He is a good worker in the Baptist Church to which he belongs. He has been police magistrate and Justice of the Peace before he went there. Charles Rigg was born December 28, 1868 and married to Laura Ann Ferguson on October 4, 1890. He taught school in Athensville and other places. He went to Arkansas several years ago, where he taught and, also, gave singing lessons. He died in March 3, 1922 and was buried at Grand Glaze, Arkansas.

W. Alonzo Rigg was born October 29, 1870 and was married to Modena Stamper, of Girard, Ill., on April 11, 1900. He had been teaching, but thought the Lord wanted him to preach – was appointed to preach – but thought he would teach awhile first, as he didn't think he knew enough about the Bible to preach. Then, he would go to Shirtiliff College. But, while he was teaching at Rubicon, he came home on Friday night and Charley – who was teaching at Jackson and Edwin – who lived in the country, and Sam – still single and at home, all ate supper and started for town. Now, when they were growing up, they used to have lots of fun. One thing they did was to go out at the back door and run for the back fence and make a big jump to see if they could clear the fence without touching the top of the fence. Well, they did and on this night I think they all went over it one by one and on to town they went and into the barber shop, ever one. Mother had all way shielded all her children from all catching diseases, so not a one of us had had measles, scarlet fever, or smallpox, or any of those things, while we were small – only the whooping cough.

Well now, as the four brothers piled into the barber shop, there was a young man either there or came in after they went in that was just taking the measles – but the boys didn't know it, so he exposed not only them to the disease but several others. After he left, people found out he had it. Charley went on to his school on Monday and Lonnie (Alonzo) to his, not knowing he was exposed. In nine days, he took them. He had a cold, to start with. He took them at school and, when he went to his boarding house, he had a hot fever and a very sore throat. He was awful bad, so the land lord sent for his Father and Mother and a Dr. The Dr. said he had measles and he was awful bad with them and his throat was so bad, he might not live till morning. So, Pa and Ma staid till morning. The Dr. had them to keep ice on his throat all night. He was better in the morning and, as a cousin of Pa's stayed to take care of him, Ma came home for she had heard about them all being exposed and knew some of the rest of them might be sick by that time.

Sure enough, Edd had taken them and couldn't get them brock out, and Sam went down to do his chores for him. Charley also took them in his school and sent Sam, next morning, to dismiss the school. Then, Sam took them. Ma went down to take care of Edd. Finily, they got him brock out. Charley was prettie bad, too. Well, we all went the rounds. Dora, Picksey, Stanley, Edna and last, myself, but when Lonnie got well or able to come home, he could not talk above a wisper. He had to give up his school. For several months, he couldn't talk. He concluded the Lord had sent a judgment on him for not preaching. He told us so.

In the summer, there was a large spot of blue grass that grew in a certain spot at the back of our orchard. Lonnie went out to that spot of grass one morning and, as he went through the kitchen, he wispered to Mother and me and said he would give anything to have his voice back again. He said if the Lord would only give him back his voice, he would preach the Gospel. He left us praying that he might receive the power of speech. We rememberd how, one time not long ago, we had prayed that the Lord would grant that my Sister Emma might get well from the diphtheria, when the Dr. said he didn't expect her to live till morning and we tried a remedy the Dr. sujested might help. It was letting her breath of unslacked lime, and she got well! Well (!), prettie soon, after Lonnie went out, he came back and we heard him come past the north window singing "When I can read my titels clear to mansions in the skyes, I'll bid fare well to every fear, and wipe my weeping eyes." I said, "Oh Ma, Lonnie is singing." Ma droped her dish rag in to the dish pan and, clasping her hands, flew to meet him saying, "Oh, Lonnie, you can talk!" "Yes," Lonnie said, "the Lord has given me back my voice, and I am going to preach!" He said, afterward, he went out to the spot of grass he told us of and, kneeling down there, told the Lord that - if He really wanted him to preach – to give him back his voice and he would preach. And so, as soon as he said 'if He would give him back his voice', he went to talking out loud. Then he felt like singing and came on to the house singing.

He married a preacher's youngest daughter and studied under him, and was a number one good preacher. They always gave tithes, as he believed all Christians ought to do, and he preached as long as he was able. When Mother died, he and Edd and Henry Strahan got together in Edith's house. They planned to each care for me, in their homes, four months each year, so I would not be left with out a home. So, each carried out this plan as near as they were able, and all though I have worried them a great deal – no doubt, I have been taken care of by all three and have been treated kindly.

Allways when Lonnie took cold, he would have a very sore throat. The Dr. called it larangittis. Findily, he allso took Brownchittis and then Asthma, and then diebietis, and finally a bad heart and complacation of deseases and had to go to the Mosurria Baptist Hospital. He died in the Mosurria (Missouri) Baptist Hospital on November 10, 1940 and was buirried at East Amon, eight miles north east of Girard. I now have just one brother and three sisters left in this cold bleak world of sorrow, and soon we all will have passed on to a better world – I hope – where I pray the cercule (circle) will be unbrocken and where all will meet to part no more and sing around the great White Throne and where we will shake hands with Mother again and see the dear heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus, our Saviour, and live and be happy there with our great family of kindred forever more. And, won't that be a happy meeting! And, wont that be great ! And, won't that be grand!

The next one to marrie was my brother Samuel Archiebald Rigg. He married Ollie Bell Wells. There was no children by this union. She died of Bronicil Pnuemonia in about 1921 December 15th. He went to Arkansas that year and bought a farm of 80 achers. He married Inez Bowher in the next fall. She taught school. His health was no good. He sent for me to come to keep house for him, while his wife taught. She had a daughter in High School in Morillton and had to get books and close (clothes) for her – also wanted to finish making payments on a big 8 roomed house which she had had built in Conway, Arkansas and had allmost payed for.

Well, I went and stayed allmost 3 mounths. He was so poor, I hardly could believe it was him, when I saw him at the Depot. He had allmost gotten blood poisen from Dew poisen in a sore finger. He allso had diebeatis. I had a time getting acclimated. The wind in that country blowes all day long, and the days are pleasant – even in December, but the nights are cool, even in summer. We would put on a blanket and two comforts of nights, on our beds and be none to warm. We went to take "Inez" back and fourth to her school, and it was a pleasant ride. She was a small little woman with gray eyes and black hair. Her girl, Thelma Christine Bowher, was a nice pleasant girl in High School in Morillton. She had golden hair and brown eyes; rather prettie.

She lived with her Uncle John Johnston. He was the County Judge of Morrillon Co. and a good lawyer, too. He married an arristocrat and lived in a big fine house, with a promanade porch that went on three sides of the house. It had 9 rooms and a long hall and a servants room and 2 baths and a basement and a large fire place in the sitting room and lots of beautifull carpets and fine funiture, including a big ward robe with 2 glass doors and a glass between ways. So, one could see themselves full leanth on 3 sides at once. This was Inez's brother. His wife was a buiety (beauty). She had golden hair and blue eyes and was a charming woman and a kind hostes. They lived in Morrillon, which was a beautifull town, 50 miles below Little Rock.

Inez had another brother living there allso. He was the Mail Carrier on the route that lead through the town of Conway, where Inezes house was. He had a nice log house, roomy and big. It stood on the side of a big steep hill – halfway up the hill, and there was an orchard on top of the hill, and he was going to make a terrest hill of it and plant a lot of flowers and a rock garden on it. It faced the hard road and a train ran along on the other side of the road, about an 8th of a quarter away. There were three hills, a good little ways back off the road and one could see the town between ways, for they lived out in the country like. This was her younger brother, and he was so gentelmanly and so all her folks were.

Her eldest brother lived in Plummerville, Arkansas. That was Sam's Post Office, too, but he lived in the country. We went through Morrillon to get to Inezes school and, on the other side was where her father lived – in the country on a farm. He was a nice old man. Her mother died when she was young.

This was her step mother that came out to see us as we stopped by. She was a nice friendly woman, a little older than Inez, and had a grand daughter about Inez's girls age, and Inez had several nieces and nephews, little and big. All called me Aunt Lula. They were very nice to me. When we got past Morrillton, on the road toward Little Rock, the road was the prettiest road I ever seen. It was a very broad road and thick heavy blocks of the best kind of cement there is – on account of the many rocks – it was made extra strong and a hard coating put over the top that was like marble. It looked like a road of broad, thick pieces of marble; a beautiful road that went through shady woods on either side for a long, long ways before you came to any towns.

This road led to Little Rock, 50 miles away, but we took a turn to the right and went south and went past cotton fields all white with the cotton which was left in the fields, because it was not ripe enough to gather and had since bloomed. It would yet be gathered and taken to the gin, along with the rest. It looked like big fields of flowers. Then we came to a pasture, where there were some pecan trees and, on further, a long, long covered bridge. It went across the Arkansas River. Then, on a little further, was her boarding house and her school not far away. There was a high oblong mountain. It was called the Petit Mountain and was thought to be the highest one in Arkansas.

The water in Arkansas is warm like dish water, when it is first drawn up. Sam would let a long 3 ft. bucket down in a well about as big around as a common water bucket. It had holes in it and the water would seep in and fill the bucket. Then, he would have to draw the bucket up again very fast, pull it over the water bucket and let it drain into it. Then he took it to the north porch, hung it on a hook on the door fason (facing?), and let it cool. Then, one could drink it. It had a mineral taste to it.

I went to Sam's in October 1st. He wasn't well – had dew poison; wasn't able to work, but had to. He said, in December, we would go to see the highest mountain, take our dinner, and stay all day. We all planned to spend Christmas day with her (Inez) Father and family, and all the others were going too, and there would be a real family gathering and all would take a basket of grub along and eat cafeteria style. There were quite a lot to go to the dinner. We three, three of her brothers and each had children and some of them grand children, but before this, Sam wanted to butcher and get his sausage, and all, taken care of. So, he did this at the first of the month. We caned 39 quarts of sausages and some backbones and ribs. They had up a lot of fruit, vegetables, and preserves, pickles, and jells.

Inez was getting up a Christmas program for her school, so she wasn't going to come home for two weeks. On the 14th, Sam went to town – said he didn't feel like going but went to do some trading. He had hurt his sore finger butchering and wanted to see the Doctor. He went and as he came back, he stopped at Mr. Hills and got a drink of water. He came on home and went to bed. He felt awful bad. His arm and hand hurt awfully. He had fever. Next morning, he was worse. I got a neighbor to phone for the Doctor. He came. He said his finger had infection in it. He dressed it and took off the end of it, nail and all. I and the Doctor wanted to send for Inez, but he wouldn't hear to it. He said he would soon be better, no use making her come home. She wanted to hear the kids recite next day, which was Sunday.

In the evening, at 5 o'clock, he talked out of his head. I then got a neighbor to go after Inez and also phone to her folks and told them he was very low. We thought he was dying. Her father and the lawyer both fainted when they heard it. It was about eleven o'clock P.M. when they all arrived, and at 4 A.M. he died. He had convulsions, and his head wanted to draw back, and his hands were tight shut, and his arms and knees drew up, and his toes drew back. He was unconscious. The Doctor said he had a congestive chill. When they came, the lawyer went to town and telegraphed Edd and Lonnie to come at once and, after he died, he telegraphed them a message that he was dead. They came as soon as they could. They got there Monday in the night. He was buried in Morrillton next to her (Inez's) first husband. We wanted to bring him home, but that awful blizzard was sweeping the country at that time, and she had a lot there so they buried him there. It was the 19th of December. The 16th he died.

Lonnie and I stayed until next day, then started home. We went to Plummerville. There we bought tickets for St. Louis. The blizzard had reached Arkansas. It was the coldest there it had ever been in

21 years. They said the tracks were covered with ice. The train was four hours late. We went to the depot at 5 P.M.; went home with Ralph Johnston and ate supper. We took the train at 9 P.M. and got to Little Rock at 12 midnight. We took a train for St. Louis and arrived within a half mile of Union Station at noon, next day. We had to take a taxi to get to the depot. All day, there were trains arriving and people coming to the depot, but no trains getting away – couldn't even get to the depot, there were so many there. There was hardly room for us all. We stayed all day and until 3 o'clock A.M. The employees all left at mid night and only one old man stayed. He called trains, sold tickets, answered questions, and tried to carry on with out help. The fires went out. Every body had to keep going to keep from freezing.

There was man and wife and three children from Indiana going to her father's funeral in Greenfield. They had been there as long as we and a big fleshey woman, well dressed – a singer from Indianapolis and a tall fine looking young man. He had four big suit cases to gather. He was from Terryhut. He ask her to care for his cases. She ask me to take care of their suit cases while they ate some supper. I said o.k. Then, a woman came and ask me to care for hers while she went to the show room, and Lonnie said, "Lula, I am going to get us some sandwiches. Take care of my suit case." I said o.k. I was left sitting on that round seat going round the center post, with eight suit cases, including my two. It was 9 P.M. Lonnie seen about the trains, got some sandwiches, coffee, and water for me (as I don't drink coffee) and came back to me. I told him and showed him the suit cases left in my care and he says, "Gee! Crymeny!" Then he laughed heartily and said, "People sure do think they can trust you a lot" I said, "Yea! They seem to." Just then, the prettie young singer came back and the man came too. He said to her, "Did you take care of my suit cases o.k.?" She laughed and said, "I got this lady to care for them all." He gasped and said, "Well, gee whiz, how did you know but what they were full of dimons (diamonds)?" She said, "But, you represented your self to be a traveling man. If they are dimons, I won't go the rest of the way with you. Mabe I had better hand them over to the police." He said, "Oh, don't do that. I will have bad enough a time getting out of here now." So, she told him o.k. if he would promise to be good, she wouldnt.

She then told me she was supposed to be at Kansas City, Mo. At 11 P.M. They were going to try to get her train out first. So, it wasent long till the old man called her train. Me and the woman that was going to Greenfield got off at 3 A.M. and got to the Depot at Greenfield at 8 A.M. I got a way out home, 9 miles and got there at 11 A.M. I slept all the way to Greenfield, nearly. I had been on trains 20 hours, in the Depot 15 hours and on the road home 2 hours. There were tree limbs and telegraph wires and poles and small trees down, in every direction, and slick ice every where – even on trees and bushes and all over the ground. The people that took care of the Union Depot said that was the largest crowd they ever remembered to be in Union Depot at one time. Boy! There sure was a crowd that time. Just thick as they could stick.

I was sick of a cold and so was Lonnie. He missed his apointment that time and Hazel was sick of a cold and sore throat. Hazel was Lonnie's only child. She married Clinton Hopper of Gillispie, IIIs. Their children are Robert, Paul, Donald, Byerrel, and Janice. My sister, Emma, married Greenville Weaver.

Their children were Arbor Gordon, Olif, Harmon Keith, Vergil, Fonda (both deseased), and Vona. (Arbor, Olif, and Harmon were all deaf and dumb from birth) Dora married Jack Covey. Her boy, Archie Thomas Rigg married Fern McLaughlin. Their children are Gerald, Thomas and Kenneth Wendel.

Edith Mae married Henry Strahan. Their children were Kenneth Donavon, Inez Gertrude, Wendell Earl, Thelma Irene, James William, Mabel Rosalind, and Erma Marguarite. (Later, Ralph was born) All birth and marriages and deaths will be recorded on the last pages of this manuscript.