

he absolutely would not go another step. She told him then she would shoot him if he did not, that he was utterly in her charge. When he found her earnest, he fully surrendered and said he did so rather than be maimed for life, so she marched him into General Forest's headquarters, and turned him over a prisoner of war. She sold his horses to the Confederacy. He soon got an exchange, and was back with his company at Dickson. After the war she came back to our house to get the things she left there, and stayed a while with us, and was grieved to learn of Mother's death. She stayed with us until she could wind up her father's estate at Clarksville, and Charlotte. Captain Buford called on her at our house and they made friends and he was very attentive and they became engaged to be married, he telling her all the time that he would never settle in the South as long as he had a \$50,000 farm at Arcola, Ill. In winding up her father's estate she had three or four thousand dollars in cash on hand, and just a day or two before they were to be married, he faked a telegram to himself from his lawyer and farm-agent at Arcola for \$2000. He came to her to borrow that amount. She made him a check and he left and has never been heard from since except a note stating he and she were now even.

One day our neighbor came rushing over to tell us our goats were being drowned. They had wandered off to the river a mile away and at that place the river had undermined a sycamore tree, and it had fallen crossways the river about on a level with the water. Now a goat can't swim, and one by one they had walked out on that tree lying in the water until 12 or 15 were lined up there, and one of the old Billy-goats had walked in behind them and was hornning them off into the current one by one; as fast as one would drown, he would horn off another and watch it drown. When I arrived, there were two left beside the old billy. I soon saw I could do nothing. I had no boat nor could I swim so I just watched him finish up the job, and when he went to turn around, the tree being very slick he also slipped in and drowned. I drove the rest home and went back. With hammer and nails and plank, I fixed the tree so no others could walk out on it. I found several that had drifted or washed into shallow water, and we never knew just how many we lost.

My father having been off to war and when at home off trading, the responsibilities of a man fell on me at an early age, and I usually did as I pleased. One day my father sent me to the river to leave our wagon in the water all night, the tires being loose from a continued dry spell, and told me where to go and how to unhitch and back the wagon into the river. My little brother 6 years younger than myself, went with me, and boy-like, I of course knew a much better place where the water was deeper, so I drove to that place. Our wagon was comparatively new, the bed was reasonably tight and when I drove to where I thought the proper place, and turned around where I could unhitch, I left my brother in the wagon until I was ready to back it into the deep water. But when I unhitched the last trace, the wagon backed off into the water so suddenly that I could not stop it and the bed floated off and away with my brother in it, and in my excitement, I turned the lines loose, and the mules ran off home. I could not swim a lick and the wagon bed was floating down stream and filling with water. I could do nothing. Both of us were crying, and I followed along to see the last of my brother who it seemed to me was bound to drown. Finally I saw a tree with a limb hanging down over the water, and I climbed it and went down the limb and waited for the bed to come under, cautioning my brother to keep in the center of the bed, and when it floated under me, I grabbed his hand and pulled him up with me on the limb. But when the bed floated away