

often told me that he died of a broken heart. He transacted a great deal of business in Glasgow, Missouri. About 25 years after the Civil War and after his death, I was in Salisbury, Missouri, a Mr. Williams of Glasgow, when he found out who I was, came to me and said, "You should be very proud of your Grandfather Winn. He transacted a great deal of business in my office in Glasgow. I never knew him to come to Glasgow on business of any kind but what he wore a high silk hat and a long broadcloth coat. He was a man who was a friend to man. He loaned a great deal of money but was strictly business. When pay day came, he demanded all and every cent of it, but the next day, if the man came back for another loan, he always got it." After his death our grandmother, Rebecca Parks, continued to live on their farm with the youngest son, Luther Winn. He did not go to the south with Price's Army. Finally her son married and went to Glasgow to live. In the meantime all of her sons had returned from the south and were living on farms that had been given them close by. One of her sons, John Winn, had married Julia Brown and lived across the roadway from the old homestead so she went to live with him, and she sat in an easy chair and looked across the way to the old brick homestead. This brick homestead is now standing. It was built in 1827, the year that my mother, Mary Winn, was born. The house was not furnished when she was born so she was born in the old house in the yard, but a few months afterwards my family moved in the new house. The brick in this house was burned by the negro slaves, about 200 yards from where the house now stands. Evidently the grade of brick was of the best for today the brick is in perfect condition. All the woodwork in the house was of black walnut and was sawed by a rip saw by the negro men. That was the only method of getting a plank from a log. For fear some of you do not know what a rip saw is, I am going to explain as it was explained to me when I was a child. A pit in the ground was dug and the logs rolled across it. One negro would stand in the pit and another on top of the log and a great cross cut saw was drawn back and forth so you see it must have taken hours and hours of hard labor on the part of our colored slaves to make it comfortable for the family. We should remember them kindly. The windows and doors and floors were all made of black walnut. Each room had a nice fire place. The fireplaces were very dear to the pioneer people, and oh how cheerful the house was when three or four fires were freely burning. One room in this house was known as the blue room. That was the family room. Off from this blue room opened my mother's bedroom- such a dear bedroom with one of these quaint little fireplaces. In my mind, I can still see Dora, a negro girl who my grandmother kept hired after the war. She would come in each morning and polish the andirons in each fireplace. Right now we children and great grandchildren would like to know what has become of the andirons, but when we get to the age to remember, unfortunately it is too late. On a few years visit back to this house, I wandered from room to room, looking for the brass door knobs that were on my mother's bedroom door that opened off the blue room. I asked the woman who owned the farm to let me have that brass door knob. She secured a screw driver and took it off for me. I gave her money to buy another one and looked like she liked it. In my trunk of old treasures that door knob is resting, now 100 years old. I shall hand it down to my grandchildren to be placed on the door of a little daughter named Mary. All the brass door knobs, andirons and hardware of this great brick house were bought in St. Louis, Missouri, and shipped on a steamboat to Glasgow, Missouri. The Missouri River was a great factor in the lives of the pioneers. Steamboats by that time were