

plowing back and forth to many points on the Missouri River. My grandfather went once a year to St. Louis and purchased flour, coffee, sugar and tea and many other articles in bags and barrels, enough to last a year. Regardless of how much he had, there was always a place to spend it. Grandfather did most of his banking at home, having great bags of silver on his hands and most of his children nearly grown and having homes of their own, he decided to take it to Glasgow and Boonville and had it made into spoons for his children, all beautifully engraved with their initials. Much of this silver is now held by the grandchildren and is highly treasured. He also had a very great deal of gold; twenty dollar gold pieces seemed to be what he liked to gather. One day he gave my mother, Mary, several gold pieces to buy her a saddle and he said to her, "I have a high-crown silk hat full of these." During the war much of this gold and silver was buried in quinine jars. When the war was over and he was dead, it was brought out. Right here I want to tell you a little story that I often heard my grandmother speak of. She said that she was administering on the estate and her son, John, was helping her, so one of her nearby neighbors, a man in very high standing, was a cattle dealer and was supposed to be a very prosperous man, during the administration of this estate he came over with his saddle bags, knowing she had this silver, and rode up to the house and asked her for a loan of \$5,000.00 in gold for 60 days. She and her son, John, both hesitated but knowing that he was one of her best neighbors and belonging to a good family, she finally consented. He put the \$5,000.00 in his saddle bags and rode away, assuring her that in 30 days he would sell quite an amount of cattle and return the money. One week from that day he took advantage of the bankrupt law and that was the end of that \$5,000.00. It was also the end of her good neighbor- she never saw him again. He managed to stay out of sight of the family but after I was quite grown-up, my mother often pointed him out to me as a scoundrel. I feel inclined to write several interesting things of this family that perhaps the relatives of the family do not know. One is a little story that often frightened me when I was a child. My grandfather gave my mother a large body of land on the south of his home place. A heavy body of timber with many large red wood trees. One day during the Civil War my mother's sister, Sue, who afterwards married Joe Boggs of Howard County, wanted to send a note to Cousin Betty Hays, two miles away, so two negro men were told to take the note. As they were crossing my mother's land whom should they meet but Jim Jackson, the bushwacker with his body of men. The poor negroes were at his mercy. The negro men were usually safe but if they strayed away it was all up with them. He took their note and read it and knew they were on an innocent mission, yet he hung them on one of those red wood trees on my mother's land, he then went on to my grandmother and told her that the negro women could go and get them and bury them, but if any negro men left the farm they would go the same way. The wives of those two negro men took an ox team and went and buried them, digging a shallow grave in the frozen ground. The negro burying ground is situated on an elevation on the south border of the Winn farm. I do not know for sure but I truly believe that William Ireland built his home over the negro burying ground. I hope that the departed spirits will be kind enough to sleep on and not disturb him if this is the case. As a child I grew up on the farm where negroes were hanged and I walked to school two miles away to the old Bauker schoolhouse and each morning and evening for many years we passed that red bud tree, but about that time were speeding away child-like- the fear of it was always in our minds. Jim Jackson was a terror during the