

twelve o'clock at night, the General sent an ambulance to our house for me and my little boy, then seven years old, to remove us to Fort Lincoln, twelve miles away.

In the scramble to wake and dress myself and boy, I hastily gathered a few things, bedding, wardrobe and trunks, and went aboard the ambulance, with the driver and General Lane on the front seat. After a twelve mile drive during this dark and doleful night we arrived at Fort Lincoln at daylight, and were dumped out on the ground among thousands of soldiers and citizens, horses and mules and war paraphernalia, not knowing where to go or where to find food or shelter. Thus the day passed amid turmoil, confusion and anxiety. But there was no invasion of Fort Scott, and no city was burned. Meantime my husband was in blissful ignorance of the battle, the retreat, the rain or the fate and peril of myself and boy.

My husband, on his return to Fort Scott from Minneola, stopped on the night of this famous retreat at Hendrix Hotel, in Ohio City, a little town in Franklin County. About 2 o'clock at night Jimmie Christian, a law partner of General Lane, came bel-

lowing along over the prairie on horseback, alarming the people of the rebel invasion of Kansas and the burning of Fort Scott. How my husband and Lena, then fourteen years old, suffered at the thought of the dangerous condition of his wife and boy can best be told by himself. But the little mules took him and Lena the sixty miles before 5 o'clock p. m. Arriving at Fort Lincoln, hitching to a fence with Lena to watch the mules and look for mother. After a fruitless search and enquiry among the rubble and soldiers, whickering horses and braying mules and general profanity of a military camp, no tidings of wife and boy could be had. Sauntering out onto a road he saw a woman leading a little boy in the distance coming toward the Fort. A single glance and he instinctively saw the hurried steps of his wife and boy. He says I came up smiling and cheerful, as though nothing had happened. I repeated the dangers and perils of the night before and our dreary retreat from Fort Scott.

The most remarkable part of this narrative was that I was always left alone with a young boy in the midst of trouble, and on my own resources, without protection, and still received

no injury or insults from any source.

On the day my husband found me I was returning from a house in the distance where a lonely and destitute family was living. The mother had gone to the cornfield to gather a few ears of corn to grate for her and her children's late dinner. I helped to grate it into meal on an old fashioned tin grater, so often found in houses in those days, used in the absence of mills to grind meal. Out of this we eat the cornbread and milk provided by this lonely family and enjoyed the only meal for the day.

It is proper for me to inquire here what a woman of today, in the midst of such calamities and dangers would do? We boarded the ambulance for Fort Scott. The little tired mules, after a brief rest, sailed out on the road on the lope as though they had just come from the stable. The twelve miles were measured by 9 o'clock p. m. In the dark we ran against the military picket with the imperious "Halt!" We had had no dinner; no supper; no pass. I got out of the ambulance while my husband held the mules, and scrambled up the Marmaton bank through the chapparel in the dark and went around the guard to the quarters of the officer of the day.

Colonel Jewell gave me a pass and I returned over my trail to the ambulance. This pass opened the way into the fort or town and to our home.

Imagine our joys and sorrows in a desolated and ruined home—no supper for man, woman or children; our furniture, beds and bedding destroyed by our own soldiers, who had camped for two days in our house, with their horses stabled under our verandas. In this sad condition we retired to our couch to wait the morning scene. Under such conditions I wonder how the women of today, old or young, would bear up under such scenes without becoming frantic and delirious?

The next thing to do was to clear out the filth, scrub and gather the fragments left by a camp of soldiers.

TRIP TO THE ARMY

My next great test of courage and endurance was a trip along the Missouri border to the Army of the Frontier, under General Solomon. Camped at Baxter Springs, sixty-five miles south of Fort Scott. My husband conceived it to be his duty to go there and get a military escort and go to the

Quapaw Agency and care for the government records and other property in the rebel country. I was unwilling my husband should make the trip alone, so I prepared the boy, then eight years old, and myself to share the dangers of the journey. My daughter, Lena, was then in college at Baker University, in Baldwin City, Kansas. Mr. H. F. Sheldon, who so often advised and shared our perils, volunteered to accompany us. With a Seneca Indian as a guard and guide, well armed and on horseback, we sailed out early in the morning behind a good pair of mules and comfortable ambulance.

At dark the first day we struck the military picket beyond Cow Creek, and were escorted to the headquarters of General Solomon, and there we were treated right royally for three days. My husband got a detail of soldiers, among whom were George Johnson, of the Sixth Kansas Cavalry, and some other Franklin County soldier boys. I took my seat in the ambulance with my husband, boy and Mr. Sheldon, and boldly rode through the timber and brush, the home of bushwhackers; but none were seen going or returning with the loaded government property.

HOME TRIP

The home trip was more perilous than the one to the camp. General Solomon had moved a company of cavalry, under command of Captain Rogers, to Cow Creek, as an outpost. These officers and soldiers were Bourbon County boys.

We arrived in their camp about sundown. The boy, "Damar," and Mr. Sheldon accepted the hospitality of Captain Rogers, at his headquarters or tent for the night's rest. Mr. Elder and I repaired to the ambulance.

About 1 o'clock a. m., the pickets were fired on from two points. This alarmed the camp. The brave and discreet Captain Rogers ordered every man to the saddle. This was quickly obeyed. He sent out scouts to reinforce the pickets and report the cause of the alarm. Just then Mr. Sheldon and the boy came tearing to the ambulance to aid us in our preparations for flight in case of an attack. My husband has said I calmly and composed (as though I had knowledge of night attacks on military posts) arose to change my wardrobe. By this time the mules were hitched up, ready for a flight over or into the dark prairie.

There were in this camp the paymaster for General Solomon's army, accompanying him many civilians, among which was C. W. Babcock, a beef contractor.

The supposition was that rebel scouts from General Cooper's army, fifteen miles away, had discovered the paymaster on his trip and desired to gobble him and his greenbacks.

Our old friend Babcock was terribly alarmed and excited, and even insisted that we should let him have one of the mules to flee on. But we sat in the carriage with reins and whip in hand until all danger had passed and the brave boys had returned to camp. At daybreak we commenced to gallop along the border for forty miles without food or water, arriving home by dark, all safe and sound.

QUANTRELL'S RAID

When the Quantrell Raid occurred, the twenty-first day of August, 1863, and Lawrence was burned, plundered and one hundred and eighty of her citizens murdered, I and the children were living at Baldwin City, Kansas.

Husband was away from home as usual. I calmly and deliberately prepared for the worst when we were admonished by the roar of musketry and the smoke of farm houses on the Santa Fe Trail, along the retreat of these merciless raiders. By the aid of the children and a faithful colored servant named "Dudd," we buried all valuables from the search and seizure of these murderous villains and outlaws. I was on the outlook all day, sending the little boy and girl on their ponies over the prairie to see if they could discover any dangerous squads of men. Calm and composed were we all, Quantrell and his gang being on another road west of Baldwin. When Colonel Plumb came up from Eudora in the morning and calmly went into camp and cooked and ate their breakfast, sending to my house to get cream for their coffee, we thought all was safe. But they did nothing but eat,

and marched on their trail all day and never fired a gun.

This dilatory and inexcusable military performance has always been condemned by the people of Baldwin and Lawrence and everywhere else.

PRICE'S RAID

The next fright and supposed danger was the Price Raid, in October, 1864. Every man between the age of sixteen and sixty was ordered out to repel this formidable invasion of Kansas. This order left only the old men and women at home. The people believed Price, with an army of 30,000 men, would march steadily and unobstructed through Kansas to Lawrence and down the border to Arkansas. That he would ravage and burn all before him. Again I and the children and "Dudd" resorted to secreting, by burying all valuables and eatables, preparatory to the expected raid. The report of cannonading on Sunday was plainly heard, which added to the frightful condition of the people. My

husband was in the army at the front. All sorts of perilous stories were afloat to add to the feverish anxiety of the people. Not many days had passed when the news of the battle at Westport had come, "that Price had been put to flight and gone south." We as calmly uncovered and unearthed our valuables and awaited the return of the men.

This closes the long drawn-out narrative of a woman emigrant in the early and perilous days of Kansas and her troubles. I am aware there are other women who have an equally thrilling account, and if so they should write for future generations to read and ponder over.

Now that we have arrived at the eighty-mile post, and are living alone, as we began fifty-nine years ago, I can assure my early friends that for forty years Kansas has afforded a good home with all the comforts we need, and we are enjoying it as well as old people can. MRS. P. P. ELDER.

ADDENDUM

Lena Elder Fuller referred to in the foregoing narration was born in Maine, October 7th, 1846 and passed on in December, 1911. The following tribute to her memory was written by Mrs. Mary Ward Smith, widow of Hon. Horace J. Smith. "You asked for data regarding your sister, Lena, who was one of my dearest friends. I had the pleasure of being present at the Commencement of Baker University where Lena received her diploma in music and where later she was a teacher in that department. The following year her father, Mr. P. P. Elder, moved to Ottawa and Lena with her natural enthusiasm entered into every activity. The first County Fair was held in 1866 and Miss Elder had a number of blue ribbons of which she was justly very proud. The same year Good Templars Lodge was organized. Mr. H. F. Sheldon was an officer in the Lodge and I think Miss Elder was also. The M. E. Church rented the upper room of Pickrell Hall for their services with Rev. Mr. Sachwell, minister, and Miss Elder organized a quartette choir with herself as organist. The handsome tenor, Mr. R. W. Barney, was Miss Elder's

beau. The soprano, Miss Ward, now Mrs. Smith, had a beau, Mr. Horace J. Smith, who did not sing, but was an honorary member and never failed to be present at the close of rehearsals. Combining a bit of pleasure with church activities the members of the circle did not realize the pleasure they afforded the choir. The minister, Mr. Sachwell officiated at the wedding of each of the ladies. The river was frozen that winter and Miss Elder was the best of lady skaters and Ben Jenness the best of the men. In September, 1867, Miss Elder married Mr. E. E. Fuller and moved to New York City. For business reasons Mr. Fuller returned to the west and located in Ottawa where Mrs. Fuller entered more heartily than ever into everything pertaining to the good of Ottawa. In the early seventies Mrs. M. L. Ward and Mrs. R. A. Griffin asked ten ladies to contribute one dollar each to begin a library for Ottawa. The books selected were kept in a box in Mrs. Griffin's school room which was over the grocery store of Mr. Rue and all members had access to the library. Mrs. Fuller and her great and wonderful friend, Mrs. T. C. Sears gave entertainments, dramatics and musicals of all varie-

ties and in their great zeal were soon able to see their pet hobby, the library, in a room rented for the purpose. Miss Walsh was selected as librarian, a position which she retained for many years. I am sure the pioneer citizens of Ottawa regarded Mrs. Fuller as one of their most earnest and enthusiastic citizens.

"Therefore of all the pictures
That hang on memories wall
The one of dear Lena Elder
To me seems best of all."

Her husband, Mr. Edward E. Fuller, was the son of Perry Fuller who has been credited with having saved President Andrew Johnson from impeachment. Both the Fuller family and the Elder family came up the Missouri river on a steamboat in 1858. The boy Damar referred to is Aldamar P. Elder now Secretary of the Ottawa Chamber of Commerce and for more than 50 years was active in the civic and business affairs of Ottawa and this reprint is made in honor of a good Mother and Sister.



THE EARLY ELDER HOME