

{that} cautious travelers never attempted, dashing across creeks and rivers, and making the woods ring and echo with their shouts and laughter.

H. H.

(Pioneer Pickings No. 192,
Continued From Page 334)

General Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger and discovered that it had stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place and took aim a second time. He fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled, his friends rushed toward him, caught him in their arms and gently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. And alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the opposite hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

H. H.

(Pioneer Pickings No. 194,
Continued From Page 338)

Kansas. After the death of Wilcox she moved to Terre Haute and remaining only a year returned to Bono. Some ten years after she moved to Martin County at Trinity Springs, and there lived two years, since that time she had resided with her son at Saltillo. In 1833 she resided in Salem and she and all her family had the cholera and she came near losing her life and upon her recovery rendered valuable aid to the others.

She has been a consistent member of the Methodist church for more than fifty years and

has been a woman of remarkable decision of character, and always taking a great interest in her own worldly affairs and in the affairs of the country. She was well acquainted among the early settlers of Washington and Lawrence counties, and is now in good health and bids fair to live many years and has the full possession of all her faculties of mind and body. May she be spared many years to witness the advancing strides of improvement.

H. H.

NOTE: In pencil is written on the paper -
"Died May 14, 1882."

(Pioneer Pickings No. 196,
Continued From Page 342)

around or about. He thus addressed the Mexican: "Bobtail carlo vamosing around with no hombre (man) on it."

The Mexican replied, "No extende; I do not understand."

The Colonel replied, "The h-ll, you don't understand your own language."

The government often failing to furnish provisions they relied upon the Mexicans. They owned large droves of cattle and they were plentifully used. Small sail vessels came up the Rio Grande and sold flour, dried apples, etc. at enormous prices. One man opened a barrel of cider and retailed it at ten cents for a small glassful. He put up a piece of sail that covered about one-half his barrel to keep off the rays of the sun. An enterprising Hoosier boy tapped the other end and sold it at five cents a glass. Once in a while the boys would cross the Rio Grande into Mexico. The Mexicans would furnish horses and they would go up the river some distance and have a good time at some of the ranches with the Mexican señoritas. They would learn them our square dances and hoe downs and they would learn