

REMINISCENCES
of the life of
ASA BRAINARD
as given by him in his own way at the
FIRST REUNION OF THE BRAINARD FAMILY
at the home of C.L. Brainard, Brocton, N.Y.
July 11, 1914.

(Courtesy Chautauqua County Historical Society, Westfield, NY)

Mrs. W. E. Bartlett

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Brocton Co. Hist. Soc'y.

I have been requested by the Secretary of the Reunion at Brocton, N. Y., July 11th, 1914, to repeat the speech which I made there, and this I will endeavor to do as best I can.

I was born in a log house in Portland, N. Y., May 27th, 1823. My father built a new house on the same site. He settled there on a farm at an early date, my mother's brother settling next to him, and they cleared their farms at the same time.

The first school I ever attended was in Portland, and was taught by my oldest sister, Lavina; she was the oldest of the family. There were ten children in my father's family, six boys and four girls, Lavina, Mandy, Orin, Alvin, Levi, Asa, Jackson, Anson, Arimisa, and Polly. I am the only one of the family now living.

After I was old enough to work a little, I remember very well of pulling flax, which was the hardest work I had done. This was for mother to make our clothes of. She made linen and tow pants. She also spun flax and made all the cloth for the family.

When I was twelve years old my father rented his farm out to my oldest brother, Orin, and Brother Levi worked for him on the farm. This farm was all timber. I worked for a time with my brother on the old farm, then went to Arkwright, and worked on fathers 'new farm with the rest of the family.

I also went to school there at the district school. The teacher boarded around with the various families, boarding a certain time for each pupil in the school. The inhabitants had to furnish a certain amount of wood for each scholar to run the fire through the winter, and we boys had to cut this wood during vacation times.

When I was fifteen years old I hired out to drive cattle to Philadelphia to market. There were no railroads much this side of Philadelphia at that time. There were five boys about my age that were employed

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with me. We had one hundred and fifty head. We were limited about driving our stock so as not to drive the flesh off them. We went about eight or ten miles each day, accordingly as we could find feed. It was in the Fall of the year that we made this trip.

I remember one particular place where we stopped to take our supper. It was pretty late when we got in camp with our cattle. We had buck-wheat flapjacks and honey. The girls held fat pines over the table while we ate our supper. This was all the light there was. We had lots of fun on these trips.

In walking back it became cold, snowy weather. There was no way to get back except stage, and we walked to save expense. When we started to come back, we thought we could make the trip pretty quickly. We rode out of Philadelphia about fifteen miles, as far as trains ran at that time. We did the rest of the way on foot and made forty miles that day. The next day we could make but ten miles, we were so lame. The Laurel Mountain was very steep coming down and we got very lame. We received fifty cents a day and board for our services. We did not get paid for our time coming back. I had \$12.00 left when I got home. We made another trip the next year.

My father was always insisting on the boys learning a trade, and none seemed to want to, and finally he "lit" on me. The first move I made to learn a trade was in the woolen mill at Shumla. I worked there, I guess about a year, when something went wrong, I do not remember what, and I got a scolding. I never said a word, but went and found my clothes and left. That was the first trade I learned.

My two sisters married brothers. They were both mechanics, carpenters and joiners. My father bound me out to my oldest sister's husband for three years to learn the trade at \$50.00 a year and board. I stayed with him three years, and I went to school one winter during that

time, but about six nights each week we would have to go into the shop and work. I got along pretty well learning the trade. In about three years I got so I could do almost any work in the carpenter business. He sent me to Harmon Hill to put up a barn. We had the job of putting up a number of barns at \$60.00 a barn, frame and finished all up, lumber furnished. We could make about \$1.00 a day. It took about fifty days to finish a barn working from sunrise to sunset, boarding among the farmers, but going home Saturday night.

After three years I hired out for another year at \$14.00 a month. I was then about nineteen years old. Marvin Quigley wanted a man to go down South with him to do some work, so James Quigley, the man who taught me my trade, let me go with him to build the jail at Memphis. We went by stage to Pittsburgh, and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers on a flat boat. He sent me to work on a store, putting in the front as the first job, while they were getting ready to build the jail. When this job was completed I went to work on the jail. He gave me five negroes to oversee. I was taken sick while there with bilious fever. We boarded at the hotel, and fortunately there was a doctor boarding at the same place. He came in to see me about twice a day. I do not remember how long I was sick, but he said I would never get any better if I stayed South, so I had to come back North. I paid the doctor \$200.00, all the money I had, and had no money to come back with; however, he furnished me with enough to get home. The negroes took fine care of me, but when I was ready to come away my clothes were gone, except one suit. They fixed me out as best they could and put me on the flat boat for home. I could not walk farther than about 500 feet at that time.

When I reached Cincinnati I was taken with a chill, and I thought I should freeze. I was fourteen days coming to Pittsburgh, as the boat did not run in the night. I got to Pittsburgh all right, where I had to

take the stage to Erie. When I reached Erie I was not able to go any farther. I ran across a Methodist minister, who had married one of the Quigley girls, my boss's sister, and he took me in and wrote to my father. It was about a week or ten days before he thought I could make the trip home. My father then came on with a team. He put a cot in the wagon, and I came home in that way. It was about two years before I could work.

After this I worked at my trade doing odd jobs. I did off a house for Joseph Davis, whose daughter I afterward married. I did this job and laid an ash floor. I had to match the flooring alone, which was very hard work. I also had to dress it. This house was in Shumla.

I then went to work contracting putting in water wheels. I put one in the saw mill at Shumla. There were three saw mills and a grist mill there at that time. I put in a cast iron wheel in the grist mill and one of the saw mills. After that I put one in at Charlotte and one in Erie County, Pennsylvania. They were the first of their kind. The grist mill is still there on a place my nephew owns, but it is idle.

I was twenty-two years old when I got married, which was in 1845. The first work I did after getting married was to take my fathers' saw mill in Arkwright. I was to have the use of it a year for repairing. I took out the old wheel and put in a new one and he gave me all the timber I could cut up in lumber. I hired a man by the month to help me cut the logs, paying him \$20.00 a month. I also hired a man to haul them in to be sawed. When Spring came and the snow melted we had plenty of water to run the mill, and we run night and day all the Spring, and cut up the logs. I stacked the lumber all in one pile and then I offered it for sale. A contractor bought it for \$3.00 a thousand. There was about 100,000 feet of lumber in all.

Before I took the saw mill I had to build a house to live in. I built

a small house 16x24 on the farm. My father furnished the lumber which he had on hand. While we were there he gave me a couple of calves to raise, and a cosset lamb, and my wife took the wool and spun it. My mother wove the yarn into a bed cover.

After selling the lumber I quit the saw mill and bought a piece of land, thirty-six acres in Shumla, no building on it. There was a nice lot of woodland on the back end of the farm, so my first work was to build a barn. I raised a crop of hay and wheat on the low land and had to have some place to keep it. I went into the woods and cut timber down, and hewed it. I gave Chance Wilson a day's work for every day I used his team of oxen, hauling my timber into the mill to finish the barn. I went and built a house for him to offset the debt. My oldest son, Calvin, and Florilla were born in Arkwright. My son Arthur was born in Shumla.

My brother-in-law and I rented a farm in Stockton for one year. He married my wifes' sister, it being a double wedding. He had a team to put on the farm, which was then called the Bachelor Farm, two hundred acres and fifty cows.

In the Fall when we got our cheese made and our pork ready for market, we got a lot of teams together and went to Buffalo to sell it. We sold the pork for 5c dressed and the cheese for 7c. We were at Buffalo two days, and the Terrace was the only market there at that time, and the principal hotel was the Franklin House, on Seneca Street, where we put up. It was a stage stop.

We had a large sugar bush, about two hundred trees on this farm. I do not remember what we got for the sugar when we brought it to Buffalo. I think we had five teams to bring this to market, and we paid the teamsters \$7.00 for the trip. It took them two days to get there, the roads were so bad. We gave the farm up in the Spring.

My father went to Pennsylvania and bought a farm in McKane

County, nine miles from the City of Erie. Calvin was about five or six years old then. After father had been there about a year he wrote to me to come out and build a house. There was an old house on the farm. I went, and after I had been there a little while he made a proposition to trade his farm for my Shumla place and we traded. I cut the timber and built the house. There was a saw mill next to the farm, and we had plenty of big whitewood timber on the land. I was there about a year when a livery man by the name of James Oliver came out from Erie, and bought me out. I got \$200.00 for the team. I do not remember how much I got for the farm. We had a yoke of oxen, which sold for \$200.00.

After I sold this farm I thought I would go to Kansas and buy some land there. I had about \$2,000 in \$50 gold pieces, octagon shape, which were quilted in a belt. There was a railroad to a point on the Mississippi River, and then we had to go about two hundred miles by steamer to Fort Leavenworth, where were stationed government troops. There was at that time about thirty miles of territory belonging to the Indians, which I had to cross to get to the government land at Lawrence on the Kansas River. Before I got there I stopped at a farmer's house and stayed all night. There were sixteen people staying for the night. The owners were quite old people and guarded the house with shot guns, as the country was then in trouble. The farmers had nearly all left their farms and were going into Lawrence for protection, where there was a fort. The trouble was in connection with admitting Kansas as a slave state. The Missouri people went over there as settlers to make it a slave state and men known as the Immigrant Aid Society went there from Massachusetts to make it a free state, which made trouble between the two factions. They had a fort twenty-two miles from Lawrence, and there was a fort at Lawrence. I went into the Lawrence fort the next day. When I got there I found that John Brown's printing press had been thrown into the river by a

band of ruffians. He was printing a paper called the Free Press, advocating that Kansas be entered as a free state. I helped to pull the press out, about a hundred of us got hold of it with ropes. John Brown did not start his printing office again, but went to West Virginia.

A territorial governor was appointed by the name of Garry, and they were not sure whether he was a free state man or not. They were suspicious, but found out he was a free state man. When he made his speech the free state people mobbed him. Some people interfered and made it quiet until he could explain himself.

I got tired staying there, could not get any land, the land office being closed, could do no business.

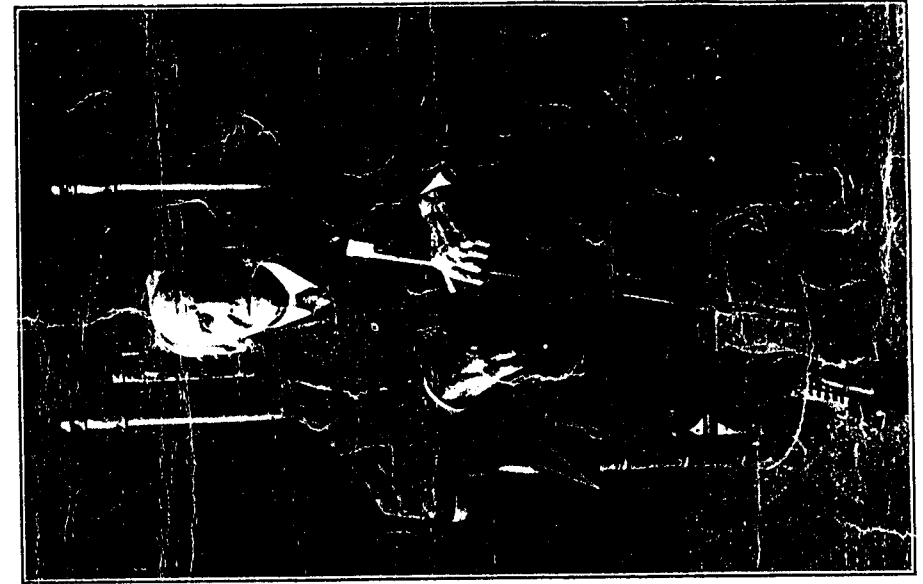
I had a fine outfit when I started out, an old gun about six feet long, and a revolver. I wore a pair of overalls, when I started out to appear as a tramp. People thought I was a regular. I got to the Half-Way House on the Indian Reservation all right, and stayed all night. They told me a white man had charge of the frame part of the building, and the Indians stayed in the log part away from the whites. That was the headquarters of Jesse James. There were organized bandits all over the state, four and five in a gang doing nothing only robbing people. They told me there was a man killed out in the oak grove the day before I stayed there, and they covered him up, throwing dirt over him to keep the wolves away. They told me I was in danger traveling alone, as I might meet one of these gangs. We shot at a mark and had a little fun until night. There were plenty of deer and antelope. I thought I might have some fun shooting, but had no chance for that. When I got to the oak grove I saw the grave of this man, who was robbed. In this grove was a spring, a tin can being left there to drink out of. It was a nice spring. I used the can to drink from the spring, and when I looked up, I saw five fellows all dressed alike, one had a gun over his shoulder, and another had a rope. They

said to me, "Where are you going?" Said I, "I am going to Leavenworth." They told me they were going there, and I had better go with them. I said no, I had been over this route and knew it pretty well. One of the fellows said, "You need not be so damned ticklish about it, we might have some fun out of you." I said, "All right, I hope to get as much out of it as you do." Finally they talked together a minute or two, and the fellow who had the rope asked me how I would like this around my neck. I told him I was ticklish. They now consulted again. I did not know what the result was going to be. He started for me with the rope. I cocked my gun. I guess they thought I had no money on, and they talked together again a little while. You know I looked pretty rough in those old overalls. I walked away from them and they made no attempt whatever to get me. I made quick work of walking until I got out of sight.

When I got to Leavenworth there were about three hundred people to take the boat and leave the country. They had also come out to take up land. We had to wait there three or four days. I think I stayed three nights in the hotel, sleeping on the floor. I then came back home.

I then bought the place from my brother-in-law adjoining his father's place, two hundred acres and twenty-five cows. I paid him \$2,000.00. He had not paid for the place. There was something due to the land office, the place being bought from an Agent of the Holland Land Company. My father bought his farm from a man by the name of Wilson, who bought it from the Land Company. This was about 1859.

In the winter I organized a company and went to Titusville to drill for oil. The oil business, which has grown to be one of the most important in the country, was just starting, with Colonel Drake drilling the first well. I secured a lease near the Drake well, with a large oak tree on the land, which I substituted for a derrick, using pins for a ladder. We used a



Asa Brainard, Born May 27, 1823, the only survivor of a family of 10 children of Cephus and Polly Brainard.

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CEPHUS AND POLLY BRAINARD
One of the Pioneer Families of Chant Co.



First Reunion of Brainard family at the home of C. L. Brainard, Brocton, N. Y., July 11, 1914.

spring pole to drill with, and I dressed the tools. We were several months drilling the well, and finally struck a small quantity of oil, about four barrels per day, which we sold for \$10.00 per barrel. After drilling the well with a spring pole, I had to buy a boiler and engine to pump the oil. The well did not hold out very long, and was finally abandoned, and the company failing to pay any assessments, was disbanded. I went back home in the spring and did nothing more except work on the farm until August, 1862.

Then I enlisted with my son Calvin in Company F of the 154th New York Regiment, to go to the war. I was then thirty-nine years old. We were mustered in at Jamestown into a Cataraugus regiment. Our company was made up mostly of Chautauqua men. From Jamestown we went directly to Washington. The first camp we made was Arlington Heights across the river. I fought in the Second Bull Run fight. We left this camp and moved to the old Bull Run grounds, where the bodies were strewn over the ground. We went from here to Fairfax. Here the courthouse was torn down by our people. We camped here a good while. I was transferred from my company into an Ohio Reserve Corps. Then I was promoted to Orderly Sergeant, and I served as such until 1864. On August 31, 1864, I was discharged for total disability. I came back home. Calvin was held there until the 4th of July next year. The war was all over in April, but he could not get mustered out. We met him in Dunkirk. There was a great 4th of July celebration there. My wife with our youngest son, Arthur, twelve years old, remained, and run the farm, with hired help, until I returned from the army.

We then sold the farm and started a store in Fredonia. We ran it a while and were burned out. We had been insured, but the insurance had run out just two or three days before the fire. I went to the Agent to get it renewed, and he wanted me to wait a couple of days, as he thought

he could reduce the rate. The same night a lot of rowdies got in the corner store, and set the building on fire, and the whole block burned. Calvin went into the store in time to save the books. The upper floor fell in behind him. The lot I sold for \$1,000.00.

After that I went into contract work in the oil regions, building derricks. Calvin and Arthur both worked for me, also Charlie Bartram and another man. I bought a house at a place called Tip Top. We took the name from a tall poplar tree, and the place still has that name. Calvin and his wife kept house there. They had a little grocery store and made it a distributing place for the mail.

I leased a piece of ground, four acres, there to put down some wells. We put down a couple of small wells and sold them out after a while, the oil was so cheap, 50c a barrel, it did not pay very well, and we sold out.

After this my wife started a dressmaking shop on Michigan Street in Buffalo. She kept five or six girls to help her.

I thought I would go California and see what I could do there. I went by railroad. It cost \$150.00. When I got to San Francisco I found business all overdone, labor was more plentiful than there was work to do. I hired my board for two weeks at a hotel. I went to a hotel on Pine Street, an old Dutchman ran the place, and found about a hundred and fifty mechanics there, most of them idle. The two weeks I was there I traveled about the city, but did not try to get work, as everyone was refused. I started out one morning to get a job. I worked in the mountains about four weeks on a cheap contract at Nevada City. I did not take any tools with me. After I finished there I went to San Francisco. I boarded there a couple of weeks, and finally got tired and began looking for work. I came to a man who had a big contract on what is called the North Shore, building a block of stores for the man I was boarding with, he owned the property. I did not tell this man anything about this. He was drafting up some work for his

men to do. I watched him for a while and asked him if he wanted any more help. He did not want any. I told him I had been boarding for about two weeks near there, and I could not eat, and I wanted some work to get an appetite. He asked me what I asked a day, and I told him nothing, I did not want anything but work. He thought I was a funny man.

"Cannot eat and want an appetite," said he.

"Where are your tools?"

"I haven't any, but have some money. I have \$600.00, I am not broke, but want to work."

"I guess I will put you to work. I have plenty of tools here, I have all I can do to look after the men," said he.

"I can go and buy some tools, if I am sure of the job," said I.

"You can work with my tools, come on Monday morning," said he.

I went on Monday morning and took charge of a chest of tools. I worked all that week. Saturday night he took the men to the bank to pay them. They paid in gold, and everyone lined up to be paid off. I did not make any move, but stayed back. He saw me and asked why I did not come, and I told him I did not belong in the gang. He came back and insisted on me going. He paid me the same as the rest, \$4.00 a day, in gold. Then I said: "Am I to stay any longer?" He said: "I will tell you when I want you to quit." I insisted on buying tools, so I went to the pawn shop and bought a set of tools. The chest was worth the money, and there were plenty of tools for \$32.00. I got a truckman to bring them to the job the next day. I worked for him ninety-two days, without losing an hour, and he said he never had a man do that before.

In the gang was a man by the name of Rhodes, we worked together a couple of days. He was from Minnesota, and came there to get out of the cold country. He had his wife home on a farm. On these jobs there was always a boss to drive the men, and keep them rushing. After we had

been working a while there was a man by the name of White, who had been there a good while, went into one room to finish and Rhodes and I were finishing another room over the store. The boss came around one day, and I had been putting down base, the wall was a little crooked and they had laid crooked steps. I put in some nails and drew the base back. The boss told me I could consider myself discharged, he would give me my time and I could get my money. I went to get my money and the contractor asked what it meant. I said: "I guess I was doing my work too well." He looked in White's room and compared the work. He then said: "Do you think you and Rhodes can get along without the boss? You go back to work tomorrow again." I went back and did not see the boss. We took charge of the building and finished the work. We worked all the time and looked after the rest too.

After this there was another contractor wanted some men and he came to the boarding house to see Mr. Booth. This man wanted to find some good mechanics. He came to me and asked me if I wanted to work for this man, his name was Brainard, he was a barber by trade. He had to have his house raised and an under part built to it. I worked there about six or eight weeks. After this I came home, about forty of us chartered a car, put a cook stove in it, and cooked our meals all the way. That cost us about \$40.00 a piece. We stopped occasionally and coupled on another train.

My wife was still in the dressmaking business when I came home. We lived on the corner of Main and Chippewa Streets, and she paid \$20.00 a month for the shop.

My next trip was to Colorado, and I did not take my family with me. I went with two men. They had been out there and looked over some mines, and were going out with teams. They made a proposition to me that if I went with them I could work my passage all the way by doing the

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cooking. We drove from Denver to Pueblo. There we loaded up, taking with us about 1500 lbs. of provisions, to last a year. I did the cooking, for they were both lazy buggers. We slept on the ground. Haffner had a wife and two children, McIntyre had a wife but no children.

We started out for Ouray, Colo., and I cannot remember how long we were on the road, but it was a long time. We had hills to go down so steep that a break would not do any good. A number of places we would take a tree top and cut the limbs off and fastened it to the back end of the wagon and dragged this with the break it was so steep. The mules had to pick out there feed grass where we tied them out. One place we did not tie the mules and in the morning when we wanted to find them there was but one mule there. We lost a day finding the other mule, after we got hold of him the next day, we started out. They wanted to cut the route short by going across, and up what is called Cottonwood Mountain. They could cut off twenty-five miles traveling, so they took that route, and went up the mountain. They could only make about three miles that day. They had to unload the wagon eight times and carry everything up to another place, and then we would come to another place just as bad. We carried all our things up and then lead the mules up. We finally reached the top, and there was a snow storm, the 27th of July. We were above the timber line. We got our tents out to put them up. Finally we had to go down and get some timber, cut it and make a fire to dry ourselves. We stayed there the night and got up early in the morning, and started down the other slope where the weather was fine, sunny and beautiful. We got over the range. We camped the next night in a valley. There was a stream between two mountains. It was dried up, but you could see there was lots of water there sometimes. There was another range there. About nine o'clock we heard a terrible rumbling, we looked in the valley. Trees were coming down. There had been a cloudburst. Finally it began to storm.

It made a lake around our wagon, and buried it to the hubs in sand. We finally got out and went over the range all right.

On the route we went over there was a place called Cimeron. In the valley was a man by the name of Clyde, and everyone always stopped there going in, and we stopped and stayed all night. That was the first place we slept in a house, it was an old log house. Of course, we had a curiosity to know how long he had been in the country. He had about 1000 head of cattle, and owned the whole country between the mountains. He was the only man there. The Cimeron was full of trout. We asked him if he had not seen a good many changes. He said not many, the mountains were there when he came. We went out fishing a little while, caught a lot of trout, and had a good supper. Then we had another range to cross before we reached Ouray.

After we got over the range to Ouray we discovered there was an outbreak among the Indians. One of the teamsters name was Jackson, and while he was cooking his supper, there were four Indians rode up and demanded some provisions. He was stingy and did not want to let them have anything. A little argument started and Jackson shot one of the Indians in the shoulder. The Indians took him over to the Agent, and made a report to Agent Meeker, who was a white man sent there by the government to issue rations to the Indians. He arrested Jackson for shooting the Indian. They took him over to the Reservation, but he could not have a trial there, so a guard was detailed to take him to Denver for a trial. They got to Cimeron and there some Indians took Jackson from the guard, took him into the woods and riddled him with bullets.

Then came the outbreak. The Indians made a raid on our soldiers, who were stationed there. They massacred everyone even Agent Meeker, taking Meeker's wife and two daughters prisoners. They had to ride sixty miles behind the old Indian Chief. They were afterwards rescued by the

government. I stayed at Ouray through the summer, coming back here for the winter. Then I took my family and went to Ouray. There was then a railroad to Fort Garland. There we hired a man with four mules and a wagon to take us in. There was Dr. Armstrong, Flora, and her husband, my wife and I. I paid him \$150.00 to take us in. We camped all the way. I did the cooking. We lived there in one room, a log house for \$10.00 a month. We stayed in this house until I built another house, for which I cut the logs on the side of the mountain, with a cross cut saw. We got them down with hand spikes, where we could use them.

After that house was built, I began to prospect in different directions. I always had a partner. We started to go about two hundred miles from home, and we landed in a place named Tin Cup, between some mountains. There I made a claim. Discovering some ore I went about one mile up the stream, where I could not find any more ore. I looked on the side of the mountain and finally discovered some more, but it was very little. I followed up to nearly the top. There I found quite a large piece, and went to digging. I came to a pocket and took out an ore sack full. I sent some of it to Denver and it assayed 1500 ounces to the tin. A sack of ore weighed one hundred pounds. It ran about 60% lead and the rest silver. I took all I could find in the sack. After prospecting along, and could not find any more, I dug down until I struck rock along the surface. I could not find any more, finally made up my mind to stake it and work the claim, but I did not work it at that time.

The next year I went back to work it out. I dug a trench until I got to the top of the mountain, I dug down and struck white talc, there was no stone. The rock seemed to end. I thought I would go to work there, and make a ten foot claim, but it was just like prying into putty. I could not work it, so had to abandon it. It caused a great deal of excitement, and I sent to Denver and had an assay made.

After that we went up the valley and met quite a number of prospectors. We laid out a town and called it Tin Cup, built some log shanties there. Located quite a good many mines there, had they been assayed rightly might have had some good gold. The railroad then ran there at the bottom of it. From there I located some mines up the valley. I found some real gold ore but did not have it assayed.

In going over farther I rode a pony over the Cordaroy road, it was a swampy piece of land about five miles.

After this I located at a place called Rico, sixty miles South of Ouray. I had to cross two ranges to get there. I started out and located a place at the bottom of the mountain. I dug on this until I got down about eight feet, and then I struck an iron ore bed. There seemed to be a couple of iron ore beds there. A mining concern came along and asked me if I wanted to sell, and I told them I would take \$200.00 for it. The man pulled out the money, and paid me for it. I pulled down my stake and he stuck his up. That was all there was to that transfer.

I went up about a quarter of the mountain, and made another location, which I sold for \$5000.00. It cost me quite a bit of money after I located it. After this I bought a smeltery. A smelting company had a mine about two hundred feet below my mine. Finally a man came along and wanted to know if I wanted to sell. He had a company in the East that had lots of money, and wanted to invest it there in some good claim, and he thought my claim would suit them. I said I would sell, taking \$4000.00 for it. He wanted a little time to meet the company, and explain about the claim. He asked for ten days, and did not show up until two or three days after his time was up, when he said he would take it, but I told him he was too late and that I wanted \$5000.00, and I would not be to any expense making out the deeds, etc., he was to bear all that. He wanted a week to think this over, and he took it before the week was up.

I had sold my house and lot at Ouray, and my people had gone East. I picked up my belongings and told them I would soon follow. Rico was then a town of about two thousand people. That was where I had made my claim. I afterwards found out that this mine put out about one hundred tons of ore a day, mineral from which would average 60% lead and 40% silver.

After this I came back to Buffalo, bought the property, etc., built the house completely myself, where I now live, 134 16th St.

ASA BRAINARD.

1423
Victory Plaza
North Hollywood