were tired of the business, and William Williams, the publisher and proprietor, knew that fact, and felt pretty sure that though he should concede to our demands that day that we would strike soon again, and keep on striking, and he wisely paid us off, and closed the office temporarily as other competent help was not at that time available in Salem. Mr. Williams made a trip to New Albany and employed help and continued the publication regularly.

Sometimes a person can't help crying over spilled milk, or "some-wheres" about the time milk is spilled. When a boy I milked a kicking cow, one of those certain and sure kickers that become expert by practice, and was kicked over many a time. I attempted kindness time and time again, but it wouldn't work. By the time I made up my mind to what may be termed heroic treatment, I was sure that nothing else would do that cow any good. I stroked the meek looking animal, named Pink, kindly and said, Now Pink if you kick again I will shoot you, and that time I got a good one that made me wonder how people could take such risks as getting within reach of a cow's heels, and on recovering breath I banged away at her sure enough, with aim, and put about an ounce of squirrel shot back of her ears. I was too mad to milk, but the next morning I proceeded to the task and Pink never kicked me again. We were offered sixty dollars for Pink after that, and I wanted father to sell her as I thought I detected the fact that she had a short memory. It was a good big price for a cow at that time, but the money was not tendered, and selling to an Editor must be for cash when that editor was Mr. Coe of the Salem Times, my father said, which was the universal opinion of everybody who knew Coe before he took his departure.

SALEM'S FIRST TRAIN

By Annie Morrison Coffin

The first Railroad train that came into Salem, Washington County, Indiana, [ran on a railroad that] was built by subscription. My father, John I. Morrison, gave $40.00, all the money he could spare.

It was a narrow gauge, flat rail, and was only 36 miles long. It was called the New Albany and Salem Railroad and afterwards became part of the great Monon road.

My Mother thought it would be interesting to go down to the station and see the train come in, so she prepared a picnic basket and filled it with good things to eat for our lunch. We got on the train at Harris-town, the last station before entering Salem. There was one coach attached to the engine, and an Engineer, Fireman and Brakeman.

Just after the train left Salem there was a sharp curve to avoid a hill and the little dinky engine went promptly off the track—bumpity, bumpity, bump. My Father told one of the men to bring him a fence rail and he had them put one end under the engine and the other end over a large stump, which he called a fulcrum. That was the first time I ever
knew what a fulcrum was. Well, the men bore down on the other end and pressed the engine on the track again.

The men had not brought any food with them. They were glad to eat our lunch, and when we got home and Mother found that she had to get supper for her hungry brood she sat down on the steps and cried. I can see her now. This was in 1851. I was eleven years old.