

In 1873 the family came to America. There trade was doing embroidery on fine linens, so they had to live in the cities to get work.

They lived in Peoria, Illinois a while, then moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where they found lots of work for the rich people. They did lots of beautiful work for folks like Anhauser-Bush Canary and Brewery and the like. As the children grew older they thought they liked the country better so they moved to Tremont, but the parents kept on with their trade while the young folks learned farming and housekeeping by working for other folks as hired men and maids. The father would make two or three trips a year to St. Louis to deliver the finished work and bring more work back with him. I remember them working initials in a man's handkerchief for \$25.00 a piece, a large design in the center and corner of a linen table cloth for \$75.00. They embroidered in the yolks and around sleeves and bottom of infant dresses - beautiful fine work.

The father never learned farming or even to harness or drive a horse and mother never learned cooking or housekeeping. Father took a walk each day in the fresh air; one day he came home with some small kittens in his hat and told the hired man to kill the cat they had - he found some pretty ones, you guessed it, they were young skunks.

On February 24, 1895 he walked five or six miles to Apostolic Christian church from Bern to the country. Took sick in church and was taken to his son John Henry's home and died the following Saturday.