right, the top hat on his head, and the cane resting across his left arm. This was Liscious, "Lucky" O'Brien . . . the magnificently.

No one will ever deny that "Lucky" was a showman and during the height of his career in Crookston, he hit upon an idea undoubtedly triggered by the mummified body found in the state at an earlier date. His idea, he hoped, would net for him the always elusive jackpot.

"Lucky," with a "friend," retired to the attic of his home. Here, "Lucky" and friend, with plaster, cement, burlap, old bones, a few jugs of chemicals, and a lot of imagination, set out to build a Minnesota Man Number Two! "Lucky" and his friend went to work on their masterpiece, spending many hours dressing the body and its wrappings. The body was molded from cement and plaster, and to add realism to the creation the two covered the form with wet buckskin. Acid and an alcohol torch "aged" the skin to attain the look of an ancient mummy. It is said by some that "Lucky" made a "facial mask" casting, taking it from the face of a domestic who was working in Crookston. If he did, "Lucky" took the secret with him to his grave.

When the creature was completed, "Lucky" was ready for the shroud to complete his masterpiece. Again the acid and the alcohol torch went to work aging the wrappings that were to look like those used in the final entombment. When the job was completed, "Lucky" and his friend had a very impressive looking display. After the cement and the plaster had been given sufficient time to dry, the time was at hand for the mummy to be transported to the place where it would be discovered. Late one evening, under the cloak of darkness, a rubber-tired hack was brought along side of "Lucky"'s" home. "Lucky" and friend loaded the mummy into the back for transportation to a nearby farm, where it later would be "discovered."

Time passed and one day the "Great Discovery" was made. "Lucky," the enterprising man that he was, "obtained the rights" to the mummified creature. Quickly the word spread of the unbelievable discovery that was made "right here in our valley."

"Lucky", the master showman, again "timed" the whole affair to obtain the maximum yield from the publicity he received. He wrote every newspaper for miles around, telling them of his "scientific discovery." He built the whole story, as only "Lucky" could, and soon the mummified creature was the only subject being discussed throughout the whole Red River Valley. When the time was right, "Lucky" allowed himself to be "talked into" putting the mummified creature on display. He rented a vacant hotel on Second Street, near the hotel, and he and his friend made arrangements to have the mummified man placed on display. The Great Day was at hand, and the creation was placed on exhibition. People lined up by the hundreds to buy tickets, and to have a look at the mummified man.

For weeks everything was going well for "Lucky", until too much of his own publicity caught up with him.

"Lucky" had sent out publicity notices to all the newspapers. An article describing the "great scientific find" appears in the St. Paul Pioneer Press. The article got "Lucky" the publicity he was seeking, and also the attention of a University of Minnesota professor, who had been involved with the "Original Minnesota Man". The professor's interest in the matter was so great that he telegraphed the newspaper in Crookston and found, to his delight, that the mummified man was currently on display and could be viewed at any time. He picked up two additional copies of the "Minnesota Man", stuck them together, and the trio left for Minneapolis. The trio signed in at a Second Street Hotel, just doors from the exhibit. After having breakfast at the hotel's cafe, they set out to find the proprietor of the exhibit.

He wasn't far away, and the trio introduced themselves to our local P.T. Barnum. "Lucky" was reluctant to give permission to examine the mummified creature, but finally did so. It took the trio less time to examine the mummified corpse than it did to eat their breakfast. It was pronounced as a Fake, by the first; by the second, an outright fraud; and the third cried "Hoax!" The trio checked out of the hotel by noon, walked to the Northern Pacific depot, purchased tickets and were on their way back to Minneapolis by one-thirty o'clock the same afternoon that the discoverers arrived.

The word spread rapidly of their findings, and soon "Lucky" was out of customers. The exhibit was closed down, and from time to time it was shown at various exhibits around the state. The first impact was gone, the word Hoax echoed in "Lucky"'s ears and he knew he was out of business. "Lucky" tried from time to time to cash in on "other promotions," but none ever achieved the impact of his "Minnesota Man, Number Two". As all things seem somehow to fade into the shadows of time, so did "Lucky." His image passed from the Crookston scene, and gone forever was Lucius "Lucky" O'Brien.

The last that was ever heard of the "mummified man" was that it rested in the basement of a cardroom, known as the Museum, located, ironically enough, on Second Street, the place where the mummy for a few brief days came to life. This establishment, too, has faded from the scene, and the only part of this story still living is the memory of my mother, who told this story many times when we were children growing up in Crookston.

It is interesting to note that Lucky O'Brien's home still stands in Crookston. It is located at 123 East Fifth Street, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Horton reside there. The house has a complete renovation of the interior, with some changes on the exterior: but the building is in the same location and the structure is much the same.

THE OLD CROSSING TREATY
by Albany J. Capistran

The Chippewa Indians Drive the Sioux Out of the Northern Territory

In the last Sioux settlement all were killed near Thief River, called river of thieves. There were some minor battles between the Chippewa and the Sioux, but the last major battle was the "Battle of the Sand Hills." History does not know the exact spot where this battle was fought but it is thought it was along the river near Nielsville, where there is a historical marker. The Sioux were driven out for good by their mortal enemy, the Chippewas.

Sioux country was to the west of the Mississippi River in a line from Stillwater west to where Moorhead and Fargo are today. Everything east and north of this was considered Chippewa country. In 1834, the American Fur Company changed hands. John Jacob Astor's rival, George O'Brien, of the firm Astor and Cooke was his new president with the west division to deal with the Sioux and the north division to deal with the Chippewas. The fur trade was big and fortunes were made by dealing with both the Sioux and Chippewas.

Treaties were made with the Indians to put trading posts and military forts in different places in the territory. The early pioneers wanted Indian land and timber but all the land belonged to the Chippewas and the Sioux. In 1837, the Chippewa was sold the land between the St. Croix and the Mississippi River as far as the mouth of the Crow Wing River to the United States. This was the first treaty made with the Chippewa Indians. The Indians still own all the land west and north of the Mississippi River.

In 1844, Joe Rolette and Norman Kittson blazed the new all-season trail now known as the Pembina Trail, which crosses the Red Lake River at Huot, formerly called Douglas. This trail was on higher ground, which was a great advantage during wet and rainy spells.

In 1849, Minnesota became Minnesota Territory. It comprised what is now part of North Dakota. Also in 1849, the great seal of Minnesota was made and used on all territorial documents. The great seal showed a white man holding a plow, an ax on a stump and an Indian riding a pony into the western sunset. The seal was cut out of metal and symbolized: "The farmers coming to plow the land; an ax in the stump meant that lumber would be cut; and the Indian riding a pony into the sunset meant that the Indian must go." In later years the state seal was changed to show a bundle of wheat.