

**Source 1: Carrington Store, Exterior**



**Source 2: Carrington Store, Interior**



### Source 3: Excerpt from Lavinia Prescott Ferguson Oral History

My mother was just about five years old, and she was in the store. She always liked to help her father in the store. She was very much on the same track as he was and she liked to sell little things or hand them out to the customers. She was in the store that day and a colored fellow ran through the store and my grandfather told him where to go.

Shortly afterwards, some white men came through and they said, 'Colonel!'

They called my grandfather Colonel, Colonel L.D. Lyons. They said, 'Colonel!' This was their expression and I don't like to always use these words, but this is how the story is told: 'Colonel, did you just see a n\_\_\_\_\_ run through here? . . . Did you just see him?'

And, my grandfather said to them, 'Yes, I saw him, he went that way!'

But what my grandfather had done, he had this big pickle barrel, and he opened the pickle barrel and put this man in there. He put the lid on, and he took my mother, whom I said was about five years old, sat her on top of the pickle barrel and he told her at the time, he said, 'Don't move, don't get off!'

And she didn't. She sat just like this. These men that was looking for him, said 'Thank you Colonel! Now we know which way to go.' They went out that way looking for him.

Later that evening, my grandfather got a wagon full of hay and put this man at the bottom of the wagon under the hay and had my mother and one or two of the other children—like they were going for a hayride. They were able to get him to the train and get him up to Chicago.

—Lavinia Prescott Ferguson