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SOD HOUSES
OR THE
DEVELOPMENT
OF THE
Great American Plains

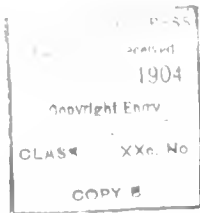
A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF
THE MEN and MEANS THAT
HAVE CONQUERED THIS
WONDERFUL COUNTRY

S. D. BUTCHER

Author and Illustrator

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INTRODUCTION

The pioneer pines a new country—the man who has to devise the ways and means for taking the country as nature has left it and he finds it, and bring it into subjection to the will of man.

Such a man finds himself and family alone in a vast expanse of country, face to face with nature and the problem of how to subdue it. One of the first problems to be solved is how to provide shelter and how to provide food for himself and family while he is engaged in the task before him, that of treating mother earth so that she will respond to his functions relating to seed time and harvest.

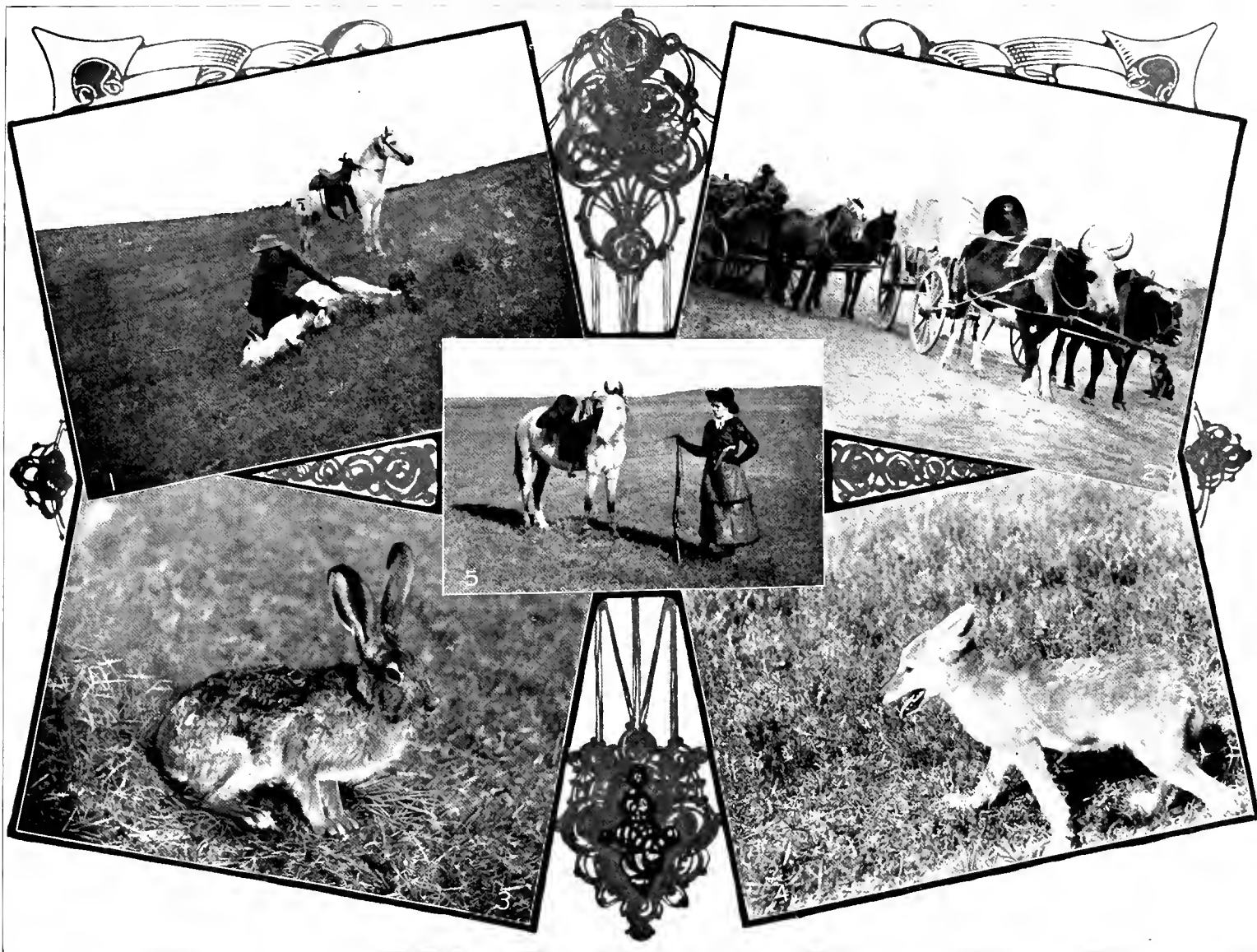
In a forest country a man begins by telling trees and with the logs thus secured he erects the "log cabin," famed in song and story, and which is such an important factor in the history of the growth and development of America. During the performance of this task he with his family live by the camp fire and get most of their food needs met by recourse to his faithful gun in securing game, while the family busy themselves in picking the berries and wild fruit that are found in the forest, and securing fish from neighboring streams.

When his family is sheltered he begins the greater task of clearing away the forest to secure open ground in which to plant the grain and vegetable seeds that will in due season produce the necessary food for himself and family. This work takes many months and many years of patient toil and effort to accomplish the desired result.

When the pioneer on the plains finds the spot that to his eye invites a home, draws the reins upon and halts his faithful horses or oxen that have brought his "prairie schooner" or canvas covered wagon safely to the end of the journey with its precious load, consisting of wife and family and family supplies with the few chosen tools and implements that are so necessary to aid in giving him victory, he sees only an endless grass covered plain with not a tree or bush, and very often not a hillock to break the monotony. Here he takes up his burden, but note the contrast of his work with that of the pioneer in the forest. The plainsman soon gets his "grasshopper plow" from among his treasures in the wagon, latches his team to it and cutting furrows through the prairie on a chosen spot of ground, turns over strips of sod twelve to fourteen inches wide and about four inches thick, and after turning over a sufficient amount of these sod strips, they are cut into lengths of about three feet, after which they are gathered, and from this material a house is erected; but how different from the "log cabin" which we have mentioned. Taking the strips of sod he selects and levels for his foundation the same as for a brick house, then lays his sod exactly in the same manner as he would a brick wall, neatly breaking the joints and filling in and leveling each layer of sod, keeping the walls perfectly true as they are built, otherwise in settling they will fall down unless propped up with poles. We show a photograph of a house poorly made in this booklet. When rightly constructed the four walls are carried up solid to the tops of doors and windows, then timbers laid across where they are to be located, building the sod about six inches higher than the building is designed to be when it settles, the windows and doors are then cut the proper size. The walls being about three feet in thickness are continued up at the end to form the gables and a huge cedar ridge log of mammoth size, from thirty to forty feet long and probably eighteen inches to two feet through at the butt, is placed on these sod gables. The logs and other timber used have probably been hauled from fifty to one hundred miles from cedar canyons, located still further from civilization. From this "ridge log" to the side walls are laid smaller cedar or ash poles to act as rafters and on these are placed (if possible) fine willow brush procured from some near by stream. Then a layer of sod is fitted very closely over this brush, grass side down, then another layer of sod is placed the same way on top of the first, carefully overlapping the joints in the lower sod covering, then a wagon load or two of clay is hauled and spread over this, which generally turns the rain very nicely until the house settles and the muck work little air holes up through the sod, then these holes must be hunted out and stopped and more clay added until it is as other roofs we have seen, nearly two feet thick. A good sod house is very warm and comfortable in winter and cool in summer, and it is these "beginnings in life" we are here illustrating, together with the more modern and handsome farm houses and barns which are taking their places, as a result of the energy and thrift of the sturdy pioneers who inhabited them.

The opening up of a farm on the plains is a very simple one as compared with that of the forest. First the earth is turned over with a plow on the spot from which the sod was removed with which to construct the house, and in this is planted the seeds for the family garden; then the field is laid out in acres as desired, the sod being turned over with the plow and between each alternate strip of sod grains of corn are planted, so that in a short time a field has been plowed and planted, and the following year this field is in excellent condition after plowing for the raising of any grain crop desired, and the farmer is well along on the high road to prosperity. It was not always an easy problem, however, for there were seasons of drought, grasshoppers, wind storms and other difficulties to contend with in early days, but here, as nearly everywhere in this grand and glorious America, success crowns the efforts of the sturdy, persistent and careful toiler, as will be seen from the illustrations that follow and which speak for themselves.

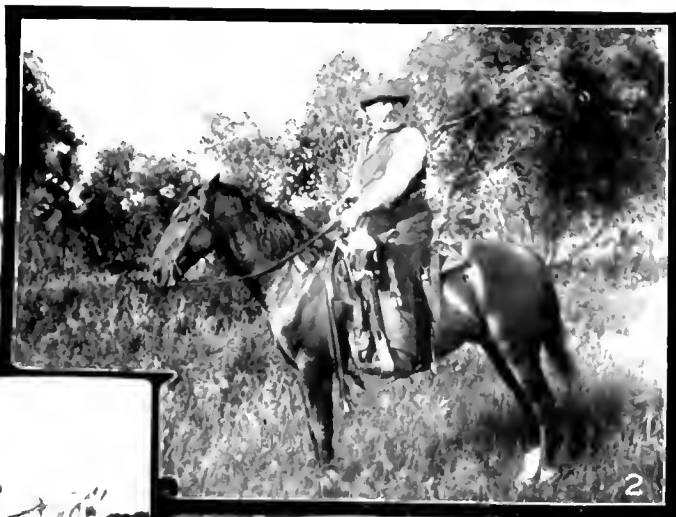
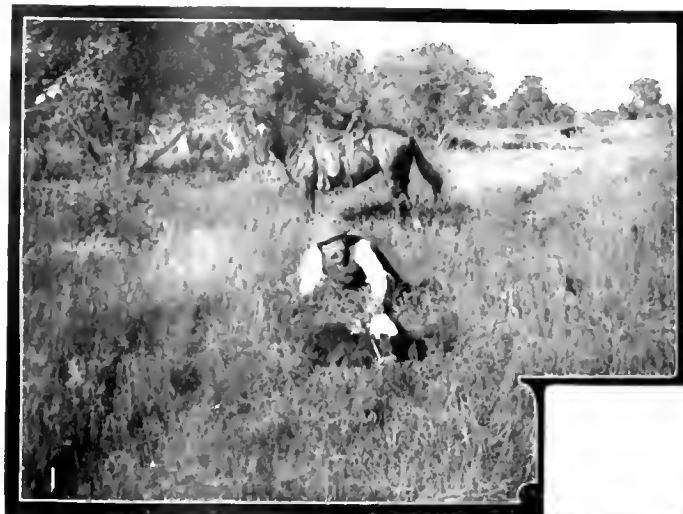
The author of this booklet, Mr. S. D. Butcher, of Kearney, Nebraska, was himself a pioneer of the plains country, emigrating in 1880 from LaSalle County, Illinois, to the beautiful Middle Loup Valley in Nebraska, where he still owns a farm, and it is to his experiences at that time and down through the years which have followed that the public are indebted for his wonderfully interesting "Pioneer History of Custer County and Short Sketches of Early Days in Nebraska," a four hundred-page book published by him in 1901, and which has created much favorable comment for the historical incidents it narrates. Mr. Butcher has spent eighteen years of arduous effort in collecting the beautiful photographs for reproduction and the interesting sketches of plains life, which we herein publish, and we will soon have the pleasure of presenting his latest book of several hundred pages, entitled "The Cowboy, Shorn of His Hoofs and Horns, or Fifty Years Hustling on the Western Plains," for the entertainment and information of people who would rather read truth than fiction. In this booklet you will get a few of the illustrations and sketches of a character such as will appear in the complete book, which is nearly ready for the printers. In addition to being one of the most expert landscape photographers in this country, Mr. Butcher has the happy faculty of securing and transmitting to paper the interesting incidents of all shades of experience, of his own and others, from the most amusing to the most tragic, that go to make up the life history of the pioneer of the plains, and presents them like his photographs, bright, clear, sparkling and with a fidelity to life that with these photographs constitute a mirror of the daily life scenes and incidents of those plainsmen from the time they became the sturdy pioneers in their vigorous younger days, to the present time of comfort and happiness that now surround these same people, bringing its reward for all their toil and sacrifice, producing that grand character in history—the typical American.



No. 1 shows a cowboy bringing in a maverick for the boss for which he gets so much a head extra on his wages. No. 2 shows Olie, the Swede, who traded his oxen to Sizer. No. 3 is a coyote sneaking home after daylight with his tail trying to invent some story to tell his wife when he gets home. * * * No. 4 is the champion jackrabbit at the coursing meet at Kearney in 1903, being run several times and succeeded in getting away. Photographed by courtesy of N. P. Hansen. No. 5 is Miss Sadie Austin, the most fearless cowgirl in Cherry County, Nebraska, and her favorite pony, and she is one of the most accomplished performers on the piano in western Nebraska.

It was in May, 1882, after the first pioneers had made a dim shadowy trail, that I first found my way over the border into Custer County, Neb. I use the word "found" properly, for it was an actual discovery of a most difficult way into the then promised land.

In company with John M. Morrison I left the main road leading from Kearney to this upper country at a point in Buffalo county, in Pleasant valley, and went north through the hills, following a dim trail which persisted in growing dimmer and which, as darkness came on, disappeared altogether. Our hope was to reach McEndeffer's, on the Muddy, that night, so



No. 1. The peculiar thing I wish to draw your attention to about this man is his grasping disposition. Farmer Comtasell lives near a big cattle ranch, and the peculiar thing about it is his cows always happen to raise twin calves.

No. 2. Farmer Comtasell is going anxiously out across the prairie in the direction of the neighboring ranch, thinking he may have to make a run of it.

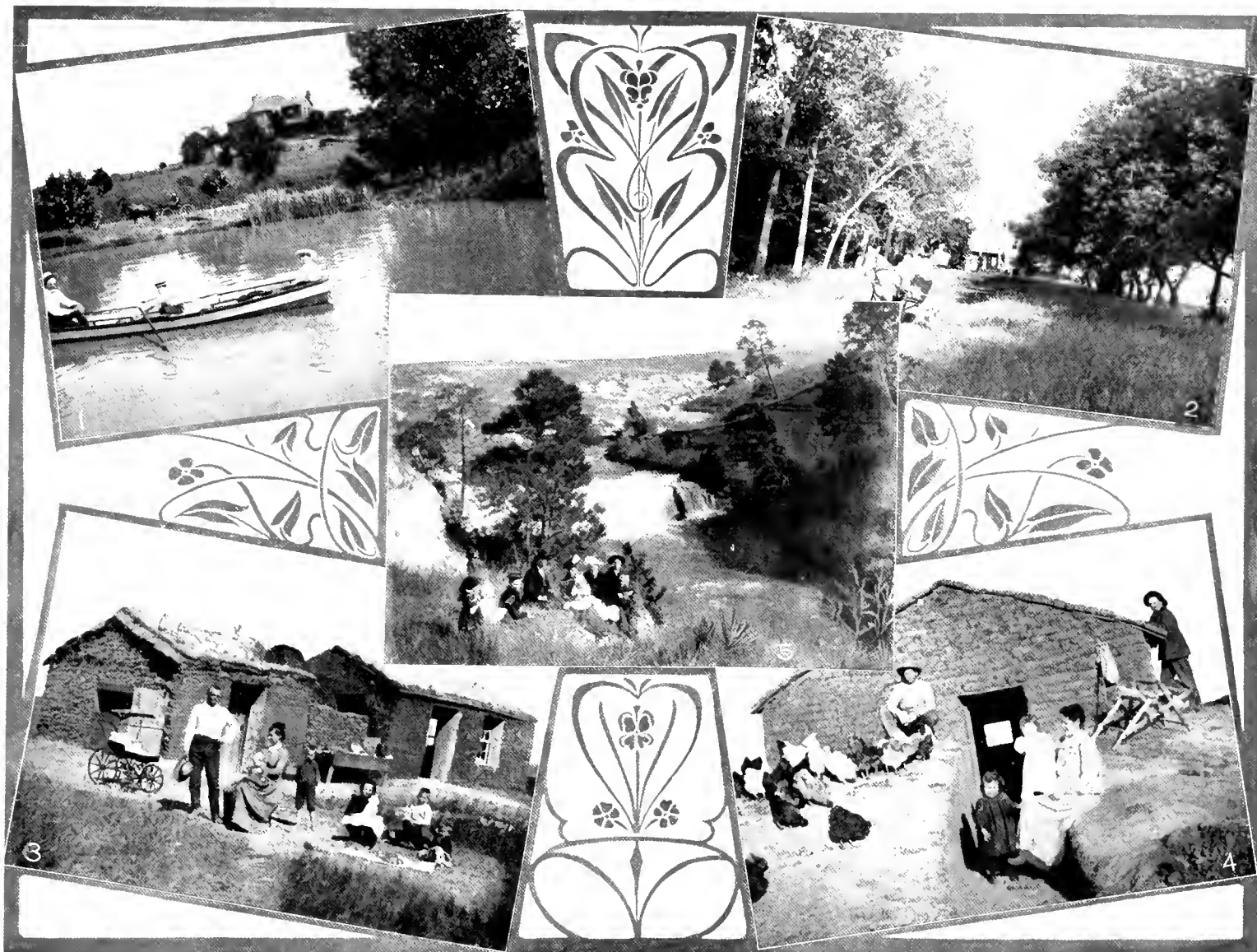
No. 3. Branding a maverick. Another way of starting a herd.

No. 4. Bachelor house of the Sperry Bros., near Merma, Nebraska, 1887.

No. 5. Wheat field of Jacob Klein on the line of the Union Pacific, near Gibson, Nebraska, July 1, 1904.

we pressed on, over high hills and down long winding canons, one of us walking in front of the team to figure out the trail and the other driving as directed by the guide.

A more gloomy and desolate prospect could hardly be imagined as the shades of night began to come down over the brown prairie tumbled and piled about in the most haphazard manner; high hills, long terraced ridges, each seeming higher than the other, two "tenderfeet" alone amidst all this waste, was enough to make one wish himself back to civilization again. Finally



No. 1. The home of C. B. Reynolds, the bonanza farmer.

No. 2. Home of S. C. Bassett, near Gibbon, on the Woodriver valley. Mr. Bassett is one of the most public-spirited men in Nebraska. Came to Gibbon with the soldiers' hd. colony in 1871 (seventy-five families lived in cars furnished by the U. P. railroad till houses could be erected on their claims). Mr. Bassett was elected superintendent of the dairy department for the Nebraska commission at World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.

No. 3. Home and mother.

No. 4. A typical dugout.

No. 5. Snake River falls in Cherry County, Nebraska. Thirty feet fall. In early days this falls was a hiding place for horse thieves, there being a large cave under falls.

we struck a broader trail, made by the stock, leading to the ranch, and had less difficulty in keeping the way. I saw something just ahead of me in the darkness I took for a post, and believing we had come to a post, I felt on both sides for the wire and found none, and discovered to my dismay that it was a stove-pipe and still warm. By the time my investigations had resulted in



Homestead of Miss Lillian Christman on Lillian creek, township 18, range 20. She can be seen second figure from left in picture; also her three sisters, Lottie, Mattie and Ruth. Photo, 1886. Has since changed her name to Mrs. R. B. Sargent. Lives at Walworth, Nebraska. Her husband runs a general store and a cream station for the Beatrice Creamery Company, shipping about 4000 pounds of cream a week.

this warm discovery Morrison was close to me and demanded a reason for my stop. I explained the nature of my find and suggested a backing of the team for fear of a tumble through the roof, which would probably disturb the sleepers below. I had seen enough of "dugouts" to know we had discovered one and started on a voyage of discovery. The problem of the lay of the "dugout" was soon solved to the satisfaction of all concerned. Of course it was dug out of a bank, but just where the bank ended and the house united with it I could not tell, but I soon discovered that there was about four feet space between the end of the dugout and bank, which sloped toward the house. The way I discovered this opening was by the happy one of falling into it, and the way I gained admittance into the house was by rolling down the sloping bank and in at the window, and the way I aroused the household was by alighting on a promiscuous collection of tinware, which made noise enough to stampede a bunch of plow horses.



A morning hunt on the Middle Loup river in Nebraska. The hunter is Mr. A. Pulliam, a crack shot, as can be seen by the two coyotes strapped behind his saddle.

It was with some misgivings we had sought the hospitality of Mr. McEndeffer, as it will be remembered he was a cattle man and in some manner connected with the Olives in the burning of Mitchel and Ketchum. What were my feelings to be precipitated in this fashion into his house and find myself clawing and kicking around among the dish pans and milk pails, while a gruff voice was demanding: "Who's there?" "Get out!" "Scat!" "Get a light!" "Get the gun!" and like exclamatory remarks, interspersed with more or less profanity and a chorus chiming in from other members of the family.

Had the team fallen through the roof it would have raised no greater row than did my plunge through the window. I finally extricated myself from the tinware and frying pans, and beat a hasty retreat under cover of darkness and excitement out through the window and around to the door, where I gave a loud rap more in accord with civilized ways, and when a light was procured and explanations made, and an inventory taken to find what damage was done, the ceremony of "break-



Enoch W. Raymond Married a Sioux woman in 1852 and this is their home on the Rose Bud agency in 1902. The author has a history of this remarkable man's life as thrilling and romantic as any man that ever lived on the western plains, which will be given complete in his latest book, entitled "The Cowboy Shorn of His Hoofs and Horns, or Fifty Years Hustling on the Western Plains." Chapter IV. There is a chapter in Enoch Raymond's life of a private nature which should come in here. While he is serving as a soldier, his services were required more in the capacity of a farmer to supply grain for the horses than camp duty. At this time having to do his own cooking, his life was rather a lonely one. As a natural consequence his heart lightly turned to thoughts of love. He began to cast about to find a dusky maiden of the Sioux tribe to preside over his household affairs and be chief cook and bottle washer in his absence. He, like many others soldiers, thought by conforming to the Indian custom of marriage he would be free to go where he chose when his services as a soldier were over. Acting on this rather lax code of morals, he soon found a coy Indian maiden who innocently put her future welfare and happiness into the keeping of her pale face lover, little suspecting his intentions, and their days of wedded bliss slipped by in unalloyed happiness, and Sergeant Raymond soon learned that an Indian maiden had a heart as pure and loving as her pale face sister who lived toward the rising sun, and when Major Loomis called him up and said, "Sergeant, I understand you are living with an Indian woman," the sergeant returned heartily, "I am, sir." And when he said, "Well, Sergeant, I command you to take the chaplain and be married according to the rules of civilized society," Raymond complied with far less reluctance than he had dreamed possible six months before.



No. 1 is the Indian school at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, taken January, 1891, during the Sioux uprising, as are all the balance of the pictures in this group, as the history of that bloody time will be in our new book, title "The Cowboy Shorn of His Hoofs and Horns," soon to be published. Only titles to pictures will be given here.

No. 2. Indians drying meat.

No. 3. General Miles and staff in front of a Cheyenne village.

No. 4. Wounded Indians, including women and children, in the church at Pine Ridge after the fight at Wounded Knee with Big Foot's band, where 160 Indians, including women and children, were buried in one grave.

No. 5. Two Indian children

ing the ice" was not necessary after breaking my head, a milk crock, McEndeffer's cob pipe and several other articles of less importance, we were made welcome.

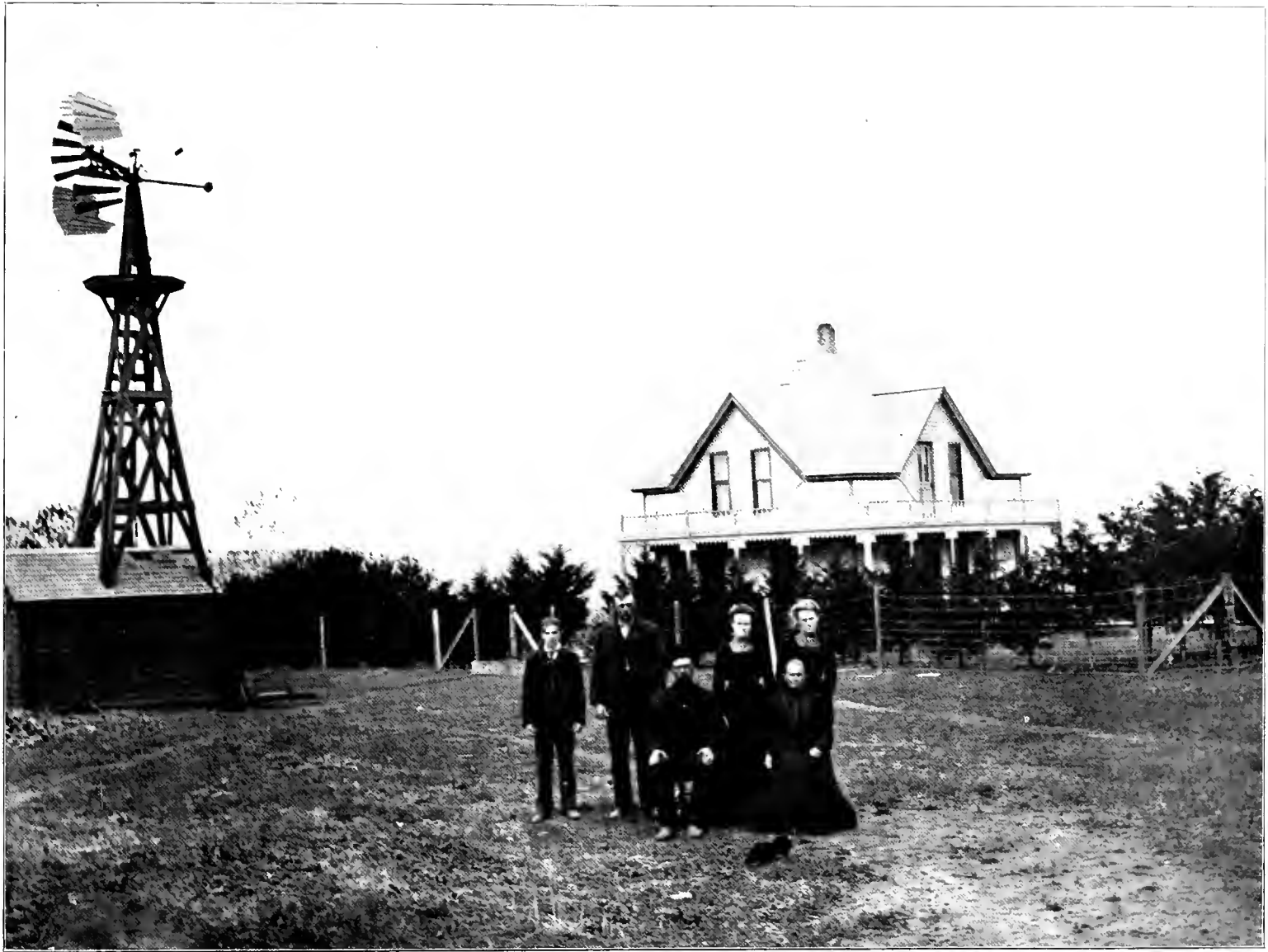
The next day our journey was uneventful and we put up with C. D. Pelham at or near where the present city of Broken Bow now stands. We had seen the puzzle of the innkeeper who could put thirteen men in twelve rooms, but Pelham could



Ole Johnson's sod house. Photo 1886

discount any such Cheap John mathematical problem as that, as he could easily stow away thirteen men in one small room. It is related on good authority that he had a most ingenious way of making six blankets suffice for a dozen guests. When late arrivals were ready to retire they were tucked singly away under a blanket that was deftly removed from some guest who had gone to bed earlier, and, being fast asleep, would never know the difference. Of course, if the weather was cold the uncovered sleeper was liable to wake up after a time and make a roar, but before this stage was reached the other fellow was sound asleep and the covering was restored to the original sleeper. By shifting the covering judiciously and systematically during the night Pelham always succeeded in keeping his guests as warm as a pie in the coldest weather.

Soon after composing myself in my blankets I felt a crawling, hopping, biting sensation that set all my nerves agoing. After turning from side to side a few times, and some feverish use of the mailed digits on both hands, I closed my eyes



New residence of Ole Johnson. Came to United States from Norway with his mother to Dane County, Wisconsin. Came to Nebraska in 1870, located in Round Valley, Township 19, Range 19. We do not have to write in capital letters that this man lives at home. Photo 1904

once more with an abiding faith in the "sleep of the just," but it was not to be. With a good, healthy, active flea with a ravenous appetite and insatiate desire for blood perched on every square inch of your anatomy, how could it be?

After considering the case in the most philosophical manner of which I was capable I concluded to take up my bed and walk—out into the "stilly night," with the blue vault of heaven for a roof and the glad stars to look down upon me, and register the wrongs inflicted upon me by the "madding crowd" I fondly hoped I had left behind me, but it was not to be. I soon abandoned the bed clothes and sought the top board of a pile of lumber and went to sleep, while the fleas huddled together in my abandoned bed clothes to await another victim.

This, gentle reader, was my first experience with fleas. I had to learn he was the aborigine of this new country, that he was on the warpath, that he was a common nuisance and an enemy of the settler. I had to learn that he would spill alike



The oldest house now standing in Buffalo County, built in 1850 and occupied by William Story in 1868 when killed by the Indians. Taken by William Nutter as H.D., 1869.

the blood of the high and low degree, that he would bring to naught the pride of the haughty, vex the soul of the virtuous, and cause to swear the pious. All had to scratch, and scratch we did, whether in the seclusion of our own private apartments or in the brilliantly lighted room where youth and beauty had met, or in the pew or pulpit at church. All had to scratch and it was not considered impolite to scratch any particular part of your anatomy that happened to be bitten.

My only excuse for making such an extended reference to this most amusing little pest is the fact that no true history of Nebraska could be written without giving him some notice; to the early settler he was all and much more than I have made him, but like the aborigines of other countries, he has departed with the conditions that made this his natural home.



New residence of William Nutter, Sr. He now has an orchard of forty acres which bore 3,000 bushels of apples in 1807. In 1888 Mr. Nutter raised 4,000 bushels of beans, which he sold to McCord & Braidy, Omaha, on track at Gibbon, for \$1.10 per bushel.

Standing at Brotherton's old sod store in May, 1882, out over the valley to the west and north one could see a few marks that indicated the beginning of a small settlement. A group of "old bachelors" off to the northwest were holding various claims in various parts of the valley, but were mostly "batching" together in Al. Thomas' "dugout," where they discussed the future greatness of the country and studied the faces of the four queens they usually held in their hands, while they cogitated upon an improbable consignment of "old maids" to be shipped from the east to supply wives for this miscellaneous assortment of "old bachelors." It is only justice to these men who cut such a sorry figure at stag housekeeping to say they were all men of liberal education and refined tastes, and to leave behind them the influence of eastern homes and the society of women were the worst hardships they had to endure in the "Wild West."

Fifty years ago there were less than a thousand white people in Nebraska territory. Oh, what a wonderful change!



John J. Downey came to Dale Valley, Nebraska, in 1887, Township 18, Range 22, with a team of mules and \$1200.

To-day more than a million. The total wealth then was probably \$100,000; now between one and two billions. Then there was not a cultivated farm. To-day there are 125,000 with crops worth \$162,000,000. Then not a factory or not a mile of railroad; to-day 5,114 manufacturing establishments with a product worth \$1,410,000,000 each year, and 5,700 miles of railroad. Fifty years ago this summer a single newspaper (The Pladium) published at Bellevue; to-day 600 newspapers and magazines. Fifty years ago not a single school in operation; to day 10,000 common schools and higher ones by hundreds.

We could haul a load from Kearney 120 miles for our merchants and thus earn something to live on. The experiences of these trips were varied, sometimes disastrous, as when we broke an axle or a wheel; sometimes sad, as when some poor settler saw one horse of his team die on the road; sometimes ludicrous.



New house of John J. Downey, 1904. Has made this elegant home farming and stock-raising.

I recall one incident of the latter character that happened to me on one of these trips. For the benefit of the uninitiated I must begin by saying that the "chuck box" was a most necessary part of a freighter's outfit. To be without your "chuck box" meant to be without your living. Stopping places there were on the road, but they provided you only with a fire to warm your "chuck" and a soft spot on a dirt floor upon which to spread your blankets. What would some good housewife of the east think if, upon making her appearance in the morning in her kitchen, she should find a half dozen or more strange, rough, bewhiskered men using her stove and munching their "chuck" on her table with as much unconcern as if they owned the place? Yet this is the way we did, and the lady of the house waited with what patience she could for us to clear out before she attempted to prepare the morning meal for her own family.

The freighter sometimes had his annoyances also. I remember one trip I made in midwinter, with the mercury down



Grandpa Butcher's prospect for soap - Walworth, Nebraska

below zero by several long marks. One day we failed to make a stopping place through the cold and snow till a very late hour. We ate a cold lute and rolled in our blankets for the night. We were up early, had a fire going in the kitchen stove and were busily engaged in thawing out our "chuck," which was frozen as hard as a stone. I had placed a loaf of bread in the oven to thaw, and had my coffee made when one of the young ladies of the family appeared, pulled a chair up to the opposite side of the stove, opened the oven door, and deliberately planted her bare feet on my bread to warm them. However I did not notice the humiliating - or shall I say honored? - position of my loaf until my traveling companion came in from attending to our horses and we sat down to our "chuck box" to eat breakfast. Then with innocent confidence I reached into the oven for my loaf and grasped a set of warm, fat toes. I got a glimpse of that foot as it rested on my bread. It was a fat foot with short, fat pink toes. I could have forgiven the annoyance had the foot been an outline of grace and beauty.



Rounding up a nice bunch of "white faces" on the McDowney ranch, South Loup River, near Georgetown, Nebraska.

but to be held up for my breakfast by a fat foot with chubby pink toes was too commonplace, so I politely demanded its surrender. Of course, the young lady was surprised beyond measure. She had taken my loaf of bread for a brick and I am sure I took her for another.

While recalling incidents of how the pioneers had to get along and make room to accommodate their friends when they came to see them, is about as well illustrated by an incident which happened at Loup City in an early day as anything we ever saw, and can be vouched for as being absolutely true. Mr. W. M. Comstock in telling us the story said: In company with D. J. Caswell I started from Mingonia, Boone County, Iowa, in March, 1874. In due course of time came to Loup City, the metropolis of Sherman County, which consisted of a log hotel, kept by C. Y. Rossiter, and a general store of which Frank Ingram was proprietor. At this time Frank had some friend come to visit him. His family consisted of himself, wife and one child and a hired man and hired girl. The house was small and sleeping room scarce, but Frank's mind was



Sod house of James Pierce, Somerford Postoffice, on Sand Creek, Township 10, Range 18. Photo in 1886.

active to help him out of the difficulty and provide sleeping apartments for the visitors without seriously inconveniencing the family. He went to the room of the hired man and told him that it would be necessary for him to vacate his bed, as he had company that would have to be taken care of. He then went to the room of the hired girl, woke her up and laid the situation before her. He said he did not like to make one of them sit up all night, but he thought as they had been keeping company and intended to get married anyway they might just as well be married then and there and thus solve the difficulties about the beds. This seemed to meet the approval of the two parties most interested and Mr. Ingram being county judge issued a license and married them on the spot.

Among my personal recollections in the summer of 1882 might be given: The ranch I was working on was a typical cattle ranch of that time, with few of the conveniences of civilization. The bed bugs that lurked in the cracks of



James Pierce and his good wife can be seen in front of their new house, May, 1904. Mr. Pierce came to Nebraska in 1880 with his family, a wife and six sons and two daughters. He was a sailor for many years, cruising for sperm whale in the south Pacific. Had very little capital when he arrived and no experience as a farmer, but he and all his children have prospered.

the cedar logs of which the house was built were enough to stampede a flock of cowboys. We (I mean the cowboys—and myself) took our blankets to the hay corral and slept that part of the night which was not spent in playing "penny ante." The men at the ranch were a little rough at times, perhaps, but withal a good-hearted, jolly lot, ready at all times for fun, particularly if there was any hazard in it. Upon one occasion, when two men came up near the ranch to do some breaking where a tree claim had been located, there was a saddling of horses and filling of Winchester magazines and ten or a dozen shadowy forms rode off in the darkness and the next morning nothing was seen of the party that came to do the breaking. I heard afterwards that several gentlemen called on the wouldbe farmers, helped them to hitch up their horses and actually went a long way with them to prevent the savage men and beasts of the plains from hurting them.



Shows the old Rymer sod house, built in 1886, Township 16, Range 20. It has served its purpose and is passing away. See opposite page now on same quarter section within 300 feet of old sods.

One day a young man came over from the Cole's horse ranch and informed us that an old man who had been working for them had died, and in justice to him they intended to bury him with the honors pertaining to civilized burials, including a funeral oration by the Hon. David Cole, and as a preacher was an unknown quantity in that region, the only spiritual medium left them would be found in a two-gallon jug at the ranch. After these elaborate preparations had been made by the Coles and their men, it was not like these cow men to plead an excuse to be absent. Now, the house on the Cole ranch was not an imposing piece of architecture, neither was it noted for its elaborate housekeeping appointments; one small room, a diminutive cook stove, a long-handled frying pan, a few pots and kettles, tin plates and sleeping room on the floor, a box that served the double purpose of dining table and a convenience for playing cards, just about completed the "outfit." It will readily be seen that those who had the funeral preparations in charge would meet a difficulty in these cramped quarters to carry on the ordinary affairs of the house, in caring for half a dozen live cowboys, to say nothing about one dead one.



Residence of Eli Armstrong, who came to Westerville, Nebraska, in 1882, a poor boy with a well auger. He applied himself industriously to boring—not for oil—but water, and has “got there Eli” with both feet, as the photo will show.

The difficulty came to the point of solution when the time arrived for rolling blankets and sleep. Here were six stalwart sons of the plain who feared no living man, but every one refused to sleep with—as they termed it—“his giblets the corpse.” Finally the problem was solved in a characteristic way by standing the corpse up in a corner and opening the door, which, when swung open across this corner completely hid it from view. Therefore, when the boys assembled the next day from the neighboring ranches to participate in the ceremonies, the evidence of a funeral was not in a corpse present on a stretcher, but rather in the two-gallon jug on the table. Believing the funeral to be a hoax to get the boys together for a big time in which the jug was to play a prominent part, one of the boys offered to bet a ten that no corpse could be shown. Of course the bet was taken and an Irishman belonging to the Cole ranch by the expressive name of “Reddy” closed the door and re-



Showing the stock corral of J. H. Ullen, Millburn, Nebraska. In upper right hand corner appears the photo of an old "rao-back" from the Kansas City stock yards, captured by the foreman of the Kansas City View Company, and used by permission. This is the kind of hog that roots out the second row of potatoes through the fence. It is needless to tell the intelligent reader that this animal is out of his element in the plains country.

vealed the corpse standing in the corner. The evidence was prompt and convincing and the ten was paid over on the spot.

The old man was finally laid in his grave with a bottle on one side containing his share of the contents of the jug and one on the other side containing a slip of paper on which was his real name and his former home. He had revealed both just before he died. He had evidently been hiding on account of some crime committed somewhere. The bottle containing his name probably remains buried with him yet, but the bottle containing the spirits was dug up before the next morning by the boys in order to relieve a distressing thirst occasioned by the supply in the jug running short, as confessed by one of them afterward.



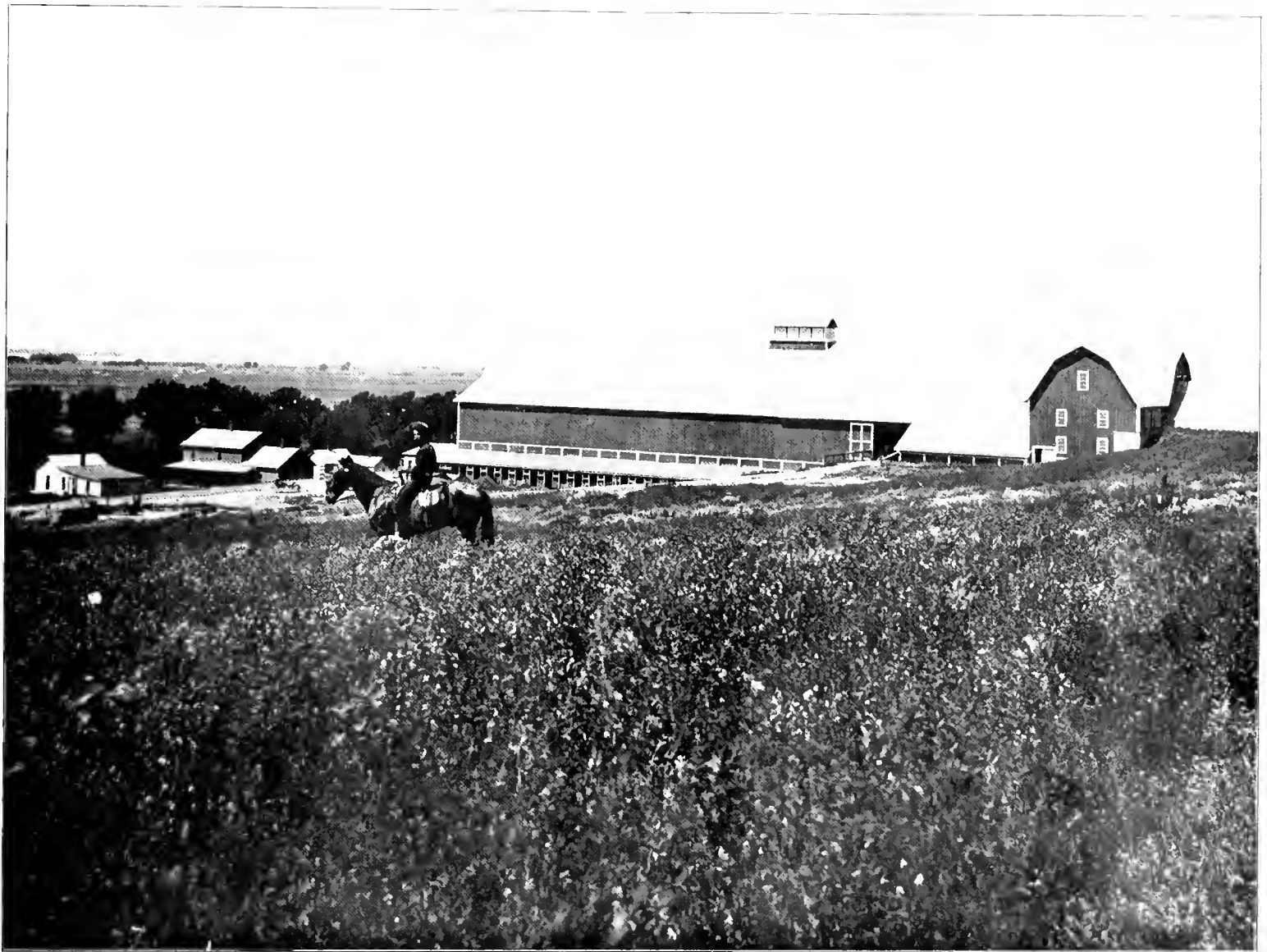
The enormous corn crib of G. W. Farmer, near Merna, Nebraska, in 1902, containing 6,000 bushels of corn raised by himself and son. Do not get it into your mind that this is an extraordinary crop. It is the crib I call your attention to, which is as large as all out of doors. We would smile to see eastern states crib corn this way without having it rot in the crib.

These wild roysterers of the prairie concluded that the day could not be better ended than by having a little fun at the expense of some living man. "Reddy" was the shining mark that attracted universal attention. It was well known that "Reddy" was not afraid of any man that was alive and that he was a dangerous man to "monkey with," but it was equally well known that he feared a ghost to the point of frenzy when his superstitious fears were aroused. A game of "penny ante" was started and "Reddy" and some of the other boys engaged, while the rest were hatching up a plot that was to be the undoing of the Irishman and provide fun for the boys. * * * As the shades of evening began to steal down over the sand hills, one of the boys proposed a rest and either sing a song or tell a story. "Reddy," being a singer, favored singing, but the rest being in the plot favored story-telling and some one was designated to begin and it proved to be a most



Showing the mowing outfit of Charles B. Reynolds, near Kearney, Nebraska, on the Platt Valley. He is what is known as a "bonanza farmer." In 1868 he fed 20,000 sheep; in 1892 fed 40,000 sheep; in 1903 fed 25,000 sheep and raised 600 pigs. In 1904 he has built seven miles of hog-tight fence, and will have nearly 2,000 hogs, big and little. Has 1,600 acres of fine corn, 400 acres of small grain and cutting about 400 acres of alfalfa. Five years ago Mr. Reynolds was a poor man. To the young man in the far east who farms from three to ten acres of ground, and puts the larger share of the crop in the loft of the old log house, and still thinks the cowboys and Indians control this country, let me say come out and see for yourself, and if we have told you a wrong story will pay your expenses.

grewsome tale of a ghost. The subject of ghosts being introduced, it was quite natural that each in turn should tell a ghost story also, and at the same time make it more horrifying than the one that preceded it. Had a collection of these tales been kept and published I am of the opinion that it would have made one of the most unique books ever placed on the market, and a classic in ghost lore. As the darkness became more intense, and the stories more blood-curdling "Reddy's" flaming shock of red hair seemed to stand on end, his mouth was wide open and his eyes found no resting place, but searched out every dark corner with evident fear. It soon became evident that "Reddy" was in "trouble," and that his hour had arrived. Dave, feeling a little



Showing the large barn on H. D. Watson's ranch, near Kearney, Nebraska. View looking south shows several of the ranch houses and Platt river in the distance. This ranch has 3,000 acres of alfalfa, 250 acres in orchard and is the most talked about and widest advertised ranch on the line of the Union Pacific to the coast. This barn is the largest in Nebraska, if not in the world.

fear of "Reddy's" quick and accurate aim with his six-shooter, thought best to put a question to him before retiring to do the ghost act, so he said: "Reddy, what would you do if you saw a ghost?" "Do?" said Reddy, "I would plug at it six toimes wid me gun as fast as I could." "Now," said Dave, "let me give you a little advice. Don't you ever draw your gun on a ghost. I knew a fellow out west that undertook to do that, and when he threw up his gun to shoot his arm withered in a second, and he never got over it." While this grave statement of Dave might have protected him, yet it is a fact that the boys on some pretext managed to get "Reddy's" gun away from him before the ghost appeared. * * * * *

Space will not permit us to continue this narrative of an exceedingly amusing incident which will be found complete in



The Little Milk Maid. This is not a picture gotten up for the occasion, but one we could not resist taking of our little 8 year old niece, Miss Alice Butcher, milking her favorite cow. Background shows a field of growing wheat. Looking west on Middle Loup Valley.

the new book we are soon to publish entitled "The Cowboy Shorn of His Hoofs and Horns, or Fifty Years' Hustling on the Western Plains," which will also contain hundreds of other very interesting incidents beautifully illustrated, and which will give the reader a very excellent conception of life on the plains.

In the summer of 1860 William Nutter and family arrived in Omaha, which at that early day was a mere village. They met many more Mormons who were only waiting to gather enough of the faithful together to protect themselves against the Indians. (The government not allowing less than sixty wagons to start.) A man here tried to get Nutter to take a homestead joining Omaha. And far better would it have been for himself and family had he done so, as now large business blocks and palatial residences cover the entire tract.



New residence of T. J. Butcher, who came to Nebraska and located on the Middle Loup River, Township 20, Range 20, in 1886, and is now able to take life easy in his declining years. And the grandchildren like to gather around "grandma's" knee and have her tell about early days in Nebraska.

They stayed here about one week and purchased a wagon and two yoke of oxen and were soon fairly launched on the great "American desert." The guide would ride ahead and find a camping place for the pilgrims with fuel and water and feed for the stock. And the many trials and hardships endured would fill a book. But one little adventure will suffice to give the reader an idea of life on the western plains at this early day, dangerous as well as amusing. On this particular night the guide was ahead looking out a camping place. They were still on the level plains of the Platte river. It was about nine o'clock and the weary travelers were expecting to hear the command to go into camp. Men were walking along beside their tired oxen urging them on with sharp goads and large "bull whips" which cracked and snapped in a vicious manner on the still night air. All of a sudden a great commotion was heard in the rear mingled with the hoarse shouts of the men and terrified screams



Old log house of Uncle Swan Finch, built in 1875 on South Loup River in Nebraska

of women and children, half drowned by barking of dogs and hellowing of cattle. Each moment new voices take up the cry. The noise comes nearer with the swiftness of a cyclone and the oxen in front who but a moment before seemed hardly able to draw their loads, stick up their heads and sniff the air suspiciously, while their drivers, knowing full well what is coming, spring to their heads vainly trying to stop them, but too late. They might just as well have tried to stop a Johnstown flood as their own oxen dash away in the wild stampede which sometimes happens on the plains. And the drivers find it lively work to keep out of the way of the frightened beasts as they dash by with shrieking women and children clinging to the wagons, while furniture and household goods are scattered in every direction. The excitement was great while it lasted, but of short duration, as the oxen soon slowed down to a walk as if nothing had happened. The trouble was all caused by the driver of the last wagon, wanting to smoke, scratched a match and the sudden light frightened his oxen which started to run and stampeded the whole train.

Mrs. Nutter had tied her eleven months old baby (little Will) in the wagon on the bed, with a rope around his waist, as Will expresses it in telling the story, something like you would tie a calf, so that he could reach neither side of the wagon, which probably saved his life. Mrs. Nutter had taken her milk pail and was walking along beside the wagon intending to milk when the train stopped before the cows scattered (which were being driven along behind). And when the oxen stampeded, of course that started the loose herd, which ran over Mrs. Nutter, knocked her down and tramped her milk pail to a shapeless mass and it would seem almost a miracle that she was not killed.

On arriving in Utah the glowing accounts of the Mormon elders failed to be realized in Mr. Nutter's case, and after two years the last straw which broke the camel's back was, as Mr. Nutter by accident learned, the secret work of the Mormon church and fearful oath (which was too fearful to repeat) which had to be taken in order to become a full-fledged Mormon. When they passed through the Endowment House and that, after taking this oath it was sure death to try to leave the country.



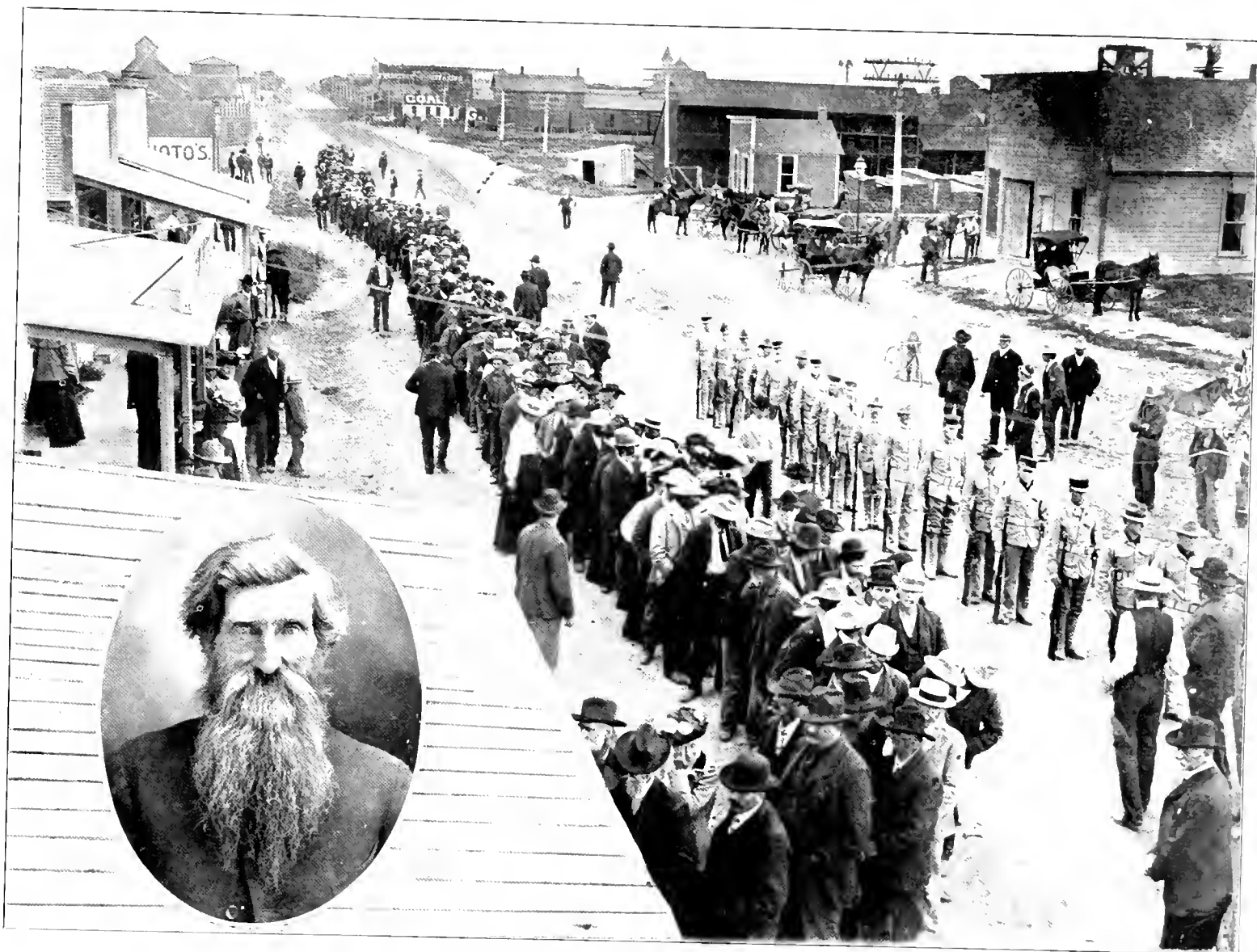
Winter scene of Uncle Swain's new residence. He had very little of this world's goods to start, but has prospered far beyond the average man and now owns one of the finest ranches in northwestern Nebraska. His career will be followed in our new book, "The Cowboy Shorn of His Hoofs and Horns, or Fifty Years Hustling on the Western Plains."

according to the Mormon religion, by men known as Danites, or Brigham's avenging angels. Nutter at once determined to take his family and leave while he still had the opportunity. J. G. Allen, a Mormon, who had passed through the Endowment House had married a mere miss of sixteen years, which so enraged wife No. 1 that family jars were very frequent, and notwithstanding the consequences that must follow if discovered (as she too had passed through the Endowment House) the brave woman was willing to take her chances of escape rather than see this chit of a girl come into her home to rule and usurp the affections of her liege lord. Allen seems to have been as anxious as Mrs. Allen No. 1 that she depart in peace, and made a bargain with Nutter for three sacks of flour and an old musket to secrete his wife and get her out of the country and reach of the Danites, and as every avenue was carefully guarded it was a delicate undertaking. Allen took his wife and



Lee Bros' cattle ranch (near Brown Lee, Cherry County, Nebraska.)

departed in the darkness of the night, preceded Nutter about three days' journey, traveling at night and secreting themselves in the day time. They reached Weber canon where they remained in concealment, their hearts beating faster whenever a noise was heard in the deep, dark canon, which indicated that some one was passing along the trail which might prove to be Danites, as it was more than likely their flight had been discovered ere this and it was a great relief to them when the ox teams of Nutter hove in sight and his familiar voice rang out loud and clear, with his "Gee! Haw!" to his oxen. Mrs. Allen was quickly transferred to the wagon and after a tearful (?) farewell Allen returned to his new found dove, while the Nutter family continued on their journey, fully realizing the fearful risk they were taking in befriending this poor woman, as in all probability they would all be killed were she found in their company by Brigham's avenging angels, and only for the



Showing the lineup to get land at Broken Bow land office, June 28, 1904, under the new law giving 640 acres of land as Hd, over 500 people being in line. Showing the militia drawn up in line to help keep order. This is an up-to-date picture and tells better than words what confidence the people have in the future of our country. The portrait in the lower left hand corner is the photograph of Nebraska's own and only long haired poet, Daniel Sage, of Callaway, who will tell in rhyme about the wonderful growth and development of the great American plains.

By Dav Svav, the "Long Haired Poet."

Way out upon the western plains
Not many years ago,
By civilization unrestrained
Roamed the elk and buffalo;
Where Indians camped on every stream,
In quest of fish and game,
And fought their bloody battles there,
For conquest and for fame;

No explorations had been made,
The climate was unknown,
And all in silent slumber lay,
As Nature's laws had sown;
Where the waters of the Plattes and Loups,
O'er sand and pebbles flow,
It all belonged to far off France
One hundred years ago.

Civilization gave no echo then,
Not a cultured voice arose,
Unconquered Nature silent lay,
In undisturbed repose;
The table, hills and valleys wide,
With verdure bright and green,
Then in a state of wildness lay,
All trampol and serene.

Uncle Sam then bought the land
And had it all surveyed,
Where civilization's greatest foe
In war paint was arrayed,
Where played the Indian girls and boys
Untutored and untaught,
And savage tribes of wild red men
Their many battles fought.

The buffalo and the elk are gone,
The Indian is corralled,
To live a life of quietude
By force is now compelled
The country all from east to west,
With civilization teems,
And trade and commerce onward roll,
In constant, steady streams.

A wondrous change has taken place
In a score and a half of years;
Where solitude once reigned supreme
A different scene appears;
Where the red Indian roamed at will
With tomahawk and gun,
Broad fields of waving golden grain
Now ripen in the sun.

The land is dotted over with towns,
The railway passes by,
And voices by the telephone
To neighbors spindly fly,
The school house and the church are here,
And they have come to stay,
To Christianize and educate,
The young, the fair, the gay.

The lawless all have moved away,
The cow boy met by fate,
And all our morals will compare
With those of an old time
We are growing strong and every day
As Father Time unfold
Our state at the present time
Contains one million souls.



Custer County Exhibit at Fair, 1886

quick wit of Mrs. Nutter they would never have reached Buffalo County, Neb., and joined their friends on the beautiful valley of Wood river, but we are anticipating.

They traveled all day without accident seeing nothing of the Danites and the next day the wagon broke down. Mrs. Allen was quickly concealed in a nearby thicket and her meals carried to her. Mr. Nutter had one wild yoke of oxen which he had to leave his wife to herd and look after their three children, Olive, John, Will and Mrs. Allen, while he returned to Salt Lake with the broken oxen to procure another wagon. The next day three men, Danites, stopped and enquired where the woman was who rode with them from Weber canon. Mrs. Nutter had been expecting something of this kind and had determined to outwit them if possible. She replied: "A woman did ride with us from Weber canon but when we broke down she was in a hurry to go on and caught a ride with another wagon." Mrs. Allen was secreted near enough to hear the conversation and almost fainted with fear, and it is needless to say that the poor woman was overjoyed to see the Danites hastily depart in the direction she was supposed to be fleeing. In due time Mr. Nutter returned and the journey was resumed and a sharp lookout was kept, but the Danites were never seen again.

They reached Fort Kearney in the fall of the same year and proceeded to join their friends on Wood river at a point where the thriving little town of Shelton now stands, which at this early day consisted of two crude cotton wood log buildings, one about 30 x 30 feet, the other about 24 x 24 feet, occupied by — Peck as a store and dwelling. His stock consisted of a small amount of household necessities and a large supply of Red Jacket Bitters.

Mrs. Allen continued her journey to friends in Cincinnati, Ohio. As soon as the opportunity offered, Nutter bought the improvements of a squatter by the name of Solomon Richmond (a bachelor), who lived about two miles east of Peck's store, on Wood river, for a small sum of the root of all evil, while Solomon at once squatted on another claim on the Platt



Jacob cover sod-house on the Muddy, 1886.

river (which is now owned by Geo. Misner, of Shelton). A few years later Solomon married a daughter of Wm. Story (who was killed by Indians while on a buffalo hunt in 1868). Solomon raised a family and died about 1886.

An incident which happened to him about 1862 (a year before selling to Nutter) may be of interest to our readers. One evening while loitering near his little log cabin he espied seven Sioux warriors approaching cautiously. As soon as they saw they were discovered they began to make friendly motions, but Solomon did not like the looks of the painted redskins and made a dash for cover. He sprang inside his cabin, slat the door, and dropped a large wooden bar across it, seized an axe and stood on the defensive. The house was only about 12 x 14 feet, but built very strong, with one small half window, a fireplace and an old fashioned chimney attached onto the back side of the building. The savages were soon at the door trying to force it open, but the stout slabs resisted their efforts. One of their number cautiously approached the little window, saw Solomon flattened up against the side of the building, axe in hand, and with a disgusted grunt he retired and for a time all was still, while the Indians held a pow-wow. In a short time (which seemed several times as long as it was) he heard a noise on the roof which caused cold chills to creep up his spinal column and turn his hair the wrong way, as he well understood the next point of attack. The Indians were intending to come down the chimney. In a few moments he could hear them tearing away the sticks and mortar with a recklessness which plainly showed they meant business, and did not care for expenses. * * * There was some fire in the fireplace and luckily Solomon had prepared a lot of dry inflammable rubbish for morning. This he dashed onto the smouldering coals, snatched off his broad-brimmed hat and began to fan the fire vigorously and his efforts were soon rewarded by seeing huge clouds of smoke and flames ascending the chimney, and the noise on the roof ceased, the savages having been foiled by the quick witted pioneer. The position he had taken by the door and thickness of the wall prevented them from shooting him from the small window. They knew the pale face had the advantage.



Uncle Swan killing grasshoppers in his corn, 1875. Uncle Swan for a moment was paralyzed when the hoppers began to fight, but getting his breath, he cut a large willow brush and proceeded down a corn row, killing his thousands at every swing of his brush. After proceeding about 100 yards down a corn row he stopped to rest and found he had just as many hoppers behind as in front of him, and when the hoppers left that field there were only a few stubs standing to show corn had ever been planted there.

An Indian scarcely ever cares to attack one of them unless he has the advantage. They left the house and proceeded to the corral, killed both his oxen and cutting out their tongues rolled the carcasses into Wood river and with a few defiant yells left.

But to return: Nutter proceeded to build an addition to the little log house, about 12x18, and prepared to pass the winter of 1803. By this time there were about twenty-five families scattered up and down Wood river in a distance of about 20 miles, as follows: Solomon Richmond, Jim Jackson, Edward Olliver, Alex. Ross, Jack Olliver, — — — Peck, Jim Olliver, Bob Olliver, August Myers, Wm. Story, Hol. Tague, Dick Moore, William Nutter, Sr., Pat Moore, Anthony Moore, Henry Dugdale, Jim Boyd, Jack Stats, — — — Fisher, — — — Alexander, Thomas Morgan, Geo. Thomas, — — — Eller, Ed. O'Brine, — — — Cook, Joe Owens (stage station, one mile east of Pecks' store), Bill Carter, Hank Kohler. Mr. Nutter worked that winter whenever he could get a job from the settlers already here. His house was completed in November, hauling the cottonwood logs four miles from the Platte river. He and another man by the name of Eller concluded to go over on Prairie creek, north of Wood river about seven miles, near the bluffs, to cut dry wood which had probably been killed by fire. They started on Wednesday, taking provisions for three days, intending to come home Saturday evening, but Saturday evening came and they failed to put in an appearance. As soon as it was dark Mrs. Nutter saw many small fires twinkling and shooting up near the very place where her husband and Eller were at work. She instantly recognized it as being a large body of men in camp, presumably Indians. While



View on the old Brighton Ranch, near Georgetown, Neb., now owned by Dr. Victor Kaufman, of Omaha.

she stood with fascinated eyes watching the many little bright points of light, some of her nearest neighbors, Jim Jackson among them, came up, having seen the lights and were anxious to know if Nutter and Iler had got home. Finding they had not, they stayed and watched with her, fearing the worst, and not a gleam of light shone from a settler's cabin on that night and all was anxiety as the hours crept slowly by. They talked in whispers, starting at every sound, expecting every moment to hear the Indian war whoop. About midnight while they stood watching the little fires, which were fast dying out, they heard the crackling of the underbrush on the opposite bank of the river, only a few rods away, and every man threw his gun forward ready for action, and the ominous click of the locks which broke the silence showed that every man was ready to sell his life as dearly as possible in defense of his home if necessary. A dark object appeared on the opposite bank and plunged into the stream, and ten trusty rifles were pointed full at the object and the stern command "Halt!" came from one of the settlers, and after a painful silence of a few seconds, which seemed to the strained nerves of the excited pioneers an eternity, the answer came, "Don't Shoot! it is Nutter." The exclamations of joy and thanksgiving can better be imagined than told by the settlers after nearly a third of a century. * * *

And as soon as Nutter had crossed to the south side of the river, strong arms assisted him up the steep bank and everyone wanted to talk at once, shake his hand and inquire the meaning of the many lights. Nutter said they had worked till nearly quitting time, not dreaming of danger. All at once they discovered a large band of Sioux Indians going into camp in the timber, coming with so little noise that they might almost have dropped down from the clouds. Fortunately they had not been discovered and dropped swiftly and silently over the bank of the creek ran rapidly along till they found a beaver hole par-



A party of coyote hunters on the McDonald ranch, Georgetown, Neb., just coming in from a day's sport with two coyotes strapped to their saddles. You will notice they carry no guns, the coyotes having been caught by the dogs.

tially caved out. They crawled into this and concealed themselves till dark and then managed to slip away without being discovered by the savages.

The next spring (1864) they broke sod and planted vegetables and sod corn. The summer passed and the settlers did the best they could, having quite good crops and the corn was fast ripening when an Indian scare was started and entirely depopulated the settlement, only two men remaining, James Boyd and August Myers, who kept the mail station in 1864.

One of the settlers by the name of Cook had been up at Fort Kearney and the commanding officer sent word that the Indians were going to attack the settlement to take whatever they could with them and what firearms they had and go to Peck's store and do the best they could. This news came in the middle of the night and as the messenger scarcely stopped long enough to give an intelligent account of what was going to happen a general stampede was the result. In a heavy



A cowboy making an old man dance by shooting at his feet.

rainstorm sleepy children were hurried into their clothes by the frightened women, while the men hurriedly yoked their oxen to the wagons and loaded necessary provisions and bedding and leaving their stock in their corrals made all haste to Peck's store where they all had arrived safe by the next morning, and those who arrived first went industriously to work moulding bullets for their muzzle-loading rifles, expecting that the Indians would attack the store about daybreak.

In the excitement of starting an amusing little incident happened that delayed the Nutter family for some little time, and for the time caused as much sorrow and agony of mind (while it lasted) as the "old maid" endured when she got to thinking if she was married and had twins and a stick of wood had fallen on them. Mrs. Nutter had aroused the children and hurried them into their clothes and rushed them into the wagon, and in the excitement of getting ready, which was augmented by the settlers rattling by and calling on them to hurry, the start was made, and one of the twins was left behind. Little four-year-old Willie had roused up, rubbed his sleepy little eyes and thought more about his sleep than the fear of Indians, had dropped back in his little cracker-box cradle and went to sleep, and the family had proceeded about one and a half miles before his absence was discovered. Then such a time— Well we draw the curtain over this scene and let the reader imagine the feelings of old as well as the young Nutters as the oxen were headed homeward again and put to the top of their speed (which, however, was not so fast as the flyer on the Union Pacific, which now passes daily over the same ground). The rain was something fearful, and it was so dark the road could be seen only by the flashes of lightning, which sent its lurid light out over the trackless wilderness, and they almost expected to see the tufted heads of the Cheyennes raise up out of the long prairie grass to bar their way at every flash of lightning, while even now it might be too late to rescue little Willie from the savage foe. An ox is an animal that will never leave a beaten trail unless forced to do so, and in due course of time



A stranger who is looking on maddly takes a hand and makes the cowboy dance

brought up at the Nutter cabin, where little Will was found quietly sleeping, unconscious of all the fuss that was being made for his sake.

All that day the little band of settlers remained at Peck's store waiting for the Indians who did not come. That afternoon John Nutter and his father ventured out to look after their stock left in the corral. When about one-half mile from home they saw a man riding at full speed, his long hair streaming wildly in the breeze, whipping his horse with his hat at every jump, and as he came nearer they recognized Jim Jackson, who shouted as he dashed by, without checking his horse "Three hundred Indians on the north side of the river." Of course John and his father were not long in reaching the banks of Wood river. They plunged into the stream, just leaving their nose and mouth above water, and remaining a long time. Finally Mr. Nutter became tired of his position, so he cautiously climbed into a tree and took a look out over the level plain. He found that Jackson had seen a herd of buffalo and in his excitement had taken them for Indians. The settlers stayed at Peck's store three days and then gathered up their stock and such of their belongings as they could take with them, in most part went to Omaha, where they separated in almost every direction. But, strange as it may seem, nearly to a man they found their way back to Wood river and further along in this narrative will be heard from.

William Nutter took his family and went to Canada and from there to England, but only remained a few months, returned to Philadelphia, secured work again with Boyd & Taylor, and in 1869 again returned to Buffalo County, where he still resides. A photograph of the old log house, which appears at the head of this sketch, is the oldest house now standing in Buffalo County, built in 1850 and occupied by William Story when killed by the Indians in 1868. Mr. Nutter and his wife and part of his children and grandchildren can be seen in front, and little Will, now grown to manhood, with a family of his own, can be seen at the extreme right of the picture.

THE PAST *and* THE PRESENT

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NIGHT TO
UTAH

TWO NIGHTS
TO
CALIFORNIA
AND OREGON



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The oldest inhabitant—admire him! The last of his race—what pity! King of his kind—mighty, majestic!

He has braved the mountain torrents. He has laughed at heaven's deep rolling thunder. His eyes have given responsive fires to the lightning's flash. The tornado has only combed out to fineness his shaggy mane. In protection of his kind he has hurled splendid defiance at his cruel foeman—man.

He is a type par excellence in the animal kingdom; type of courage, power, nobility. For centuries he has dominated plain and mountain, forest and canyon—free, fearless.

Before the Indian, the scout, the pioneer, the settler—he was. He has witnessed all their advances, encroachments, innovations, while he fought for life, land, liberty. The territory was his, his sacred heritage, and he battled for it as the primal, rightful and superb aborigine.

But the man is unfeeling, selfish, destructive, when nature, animate or inanimate, stands in the way of his enterprise and enrichment. And so the animal ruler of the wide, wild western world was hunted, driven back and brought to the verge of extermination.

It would challenge the fine artistic talents of a Rosa Bonheur to portray the qualities and nobilities of such a matchless specimen of the beast creation, and then

his melancholy yet defiant grandeur as he witnessed the merciless extinction of his race.

Man, however, is conqueror, and time is the paramount consideration. Time's health and wealth, and to time everything succumbs. The Buffalo, the primal "Lord of the Land," has been driven back to his animal fastnesses in obedience to the law of advancing civilization and the imperative demand of time, the speediest time. The railroad meets the demand of time, and, specifically, the Union Pacific meets the demand of the speediest time.

Formerly the race across the great western portion of the continent was by the horse and the caravan. But something better was to come. Over twin lines of steel, climbing peaks, threading canyons, covering vast plains, came the first engine of advancing civilization with its human freightage in eager search of the one supreme goal—life and prosperity. But still the best had not been attained.

How weary the caravan! How tedious the early railway passage over the great western world! The culmination, however, was to come—has come.

And this widely coveted zenith, this supreme desideratum of man and object of man's search is here. How so? By a Union Pacific train from Omaha reaching Salt Lake City in twelve hours, San Francisco sixteen, and Portland sixteen hours ahead of all competition.

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Good Farms from \$15 to
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Which will produce as much corn, grain and alfalfa as land valued at \$50 to \$75 per acre. We have land in tracts from 160 to 4,000 acres.

Custer County, Neb.

is the central county of the State and is unexcelled for beef and dairy. contains the largest cream stations in the world, the three largest in Nebraska, has the lowest taxes of any county in the State, and holds the only gold medal ever won by a county for first prize on three consecutive exhibits at the State Fair. Rainfall: April, 1.92; May, 4.52; June, 4.92; July, 7½ inches; producing 6,485,000 bushels of corn in 1903, and furnishes 1/10 of the cream of the State. Excursions first and third Tuesday of each month.

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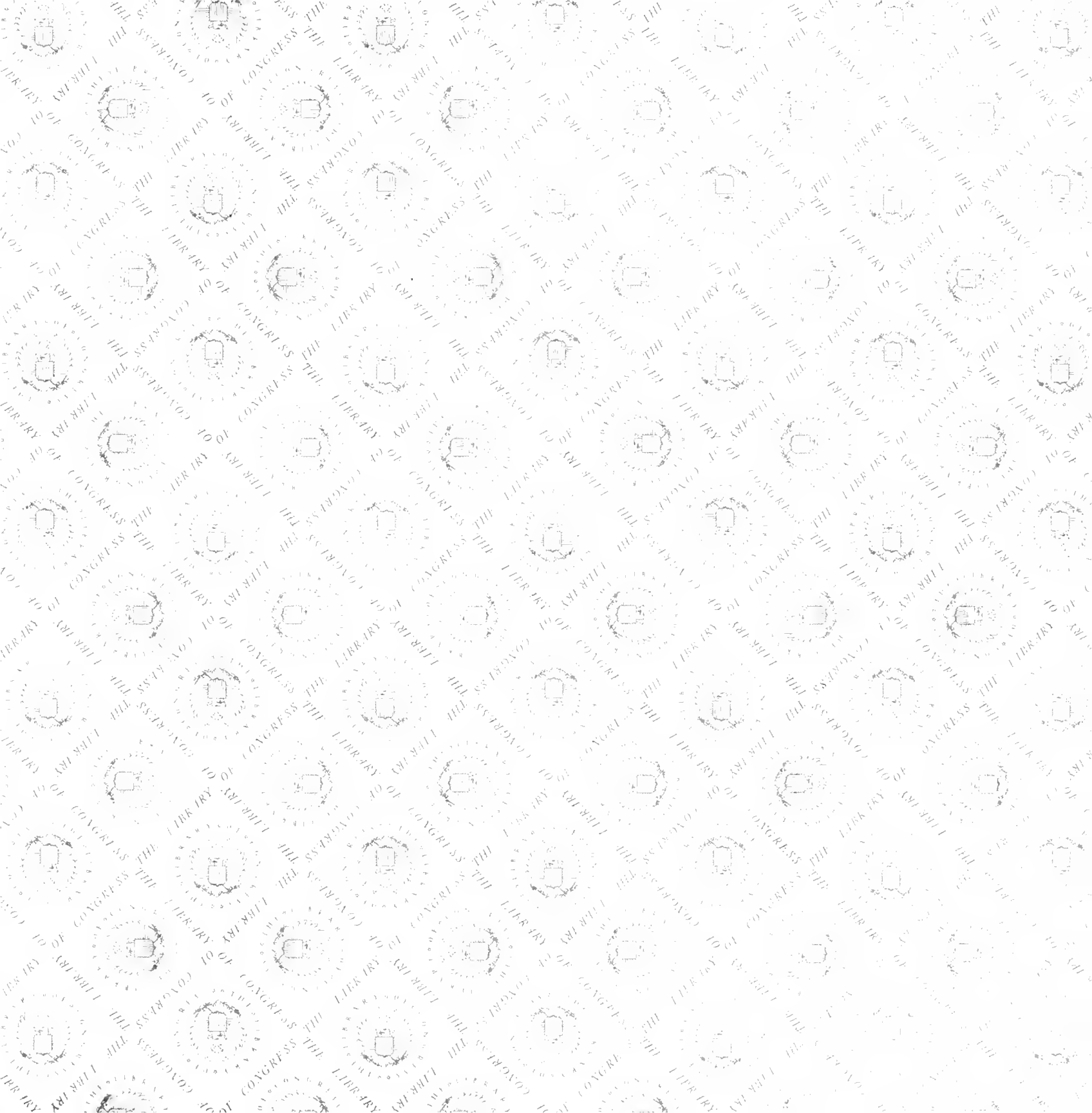
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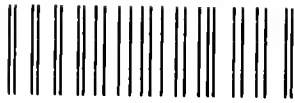
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