Kansas historical collections

Section 207, Pages 6181 - 6210

This seventeen volume series is the first serial published by the Kansas State Historical Society from 1875 until 1928. The publication of the Kansas Historical Quarterly followed in 1931. Volumes 1-10 were officially titled the "Transactions of the Kansas State Historical Society." The title changed to "Collections of the..." beginning with volume 11. The series contains addresses and papers delivered at the annual meetings, biographical sketches, compiled historical information, and transcriptions of select collections in the Historical Society's holdings. The first seven volumes contain biennial reports of the board of directors. Beginning with volume 8 the biennial reports were published separately. Searchable tables of contents and indexes for each volume are forthcoming.

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After the road had reached Lawrence, Messrs. Shoemaker, Miller & Co.,[25] from Ohio, took charge of the construction and built the road to Sheridan, Kan., reaching that point about July, 1868. R. H. Shoemaker, the eldest son of the managing contractor, Robert M. Shoemaker, a gentleman of railway experience, took charge of the operating department. He had formerly been with the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, of Ohio. He brought order out of chaos—in fact, we then began to have a railroad.[26] The railroad company itself constructed the road from Sheridan to Denver. Gen.

William M. Clough, R. P. C. Wilson and Fielding Johnson, of Leavenworth; William J. McAlpine, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Chas. A. Trowbridge, of Detroit, Mich. General Fremont was elected president by the directors."—Leavenworth *Conservative*, April 6, 1864.

Under date of May 17, 1864, the same paper contains another list of board members: "The members of one board of the Union Pacific Railway now stands as follows: John D. Perry, president; Adolphus Meier, vice president; J. P. Devereux, secretary and treasurer; C. S. Greeley, Giles F. Filley, Thomas L. Price, J. C. Kennedy, A. C. Anderson and Samuel A. Stinson."

The *Conservative*, August 21, 1864, says John D. Perry discharged John and Thomas Hallett, and paid numerous bills for the company.

NOTE 25.—The State Historical Society obtained from the estate of John B. Anderson, who died at Manhattan July 25, 1897, many letters and papers of great historical value. Colonel Anderson was a railroad man, first connected with what is now the Monon Route, afterwards the Pennsylvania and the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, and the Louisville & Nashville. He served during the war as military superintendent of railroads for the Southwest, with the rank of Colonel. In 1866 he became interested in the Union Pacific, Eastern Division, and in 1868 settled in Junction City. The Historical Society holds his receipts for assessments on $140,000 of stock in the constructing firm of Shoemaker, Miller & Co., and also receipts for assessments on $100,000 of stock in the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division. In the collection there are autograph letters from Thomas A. Scott, William J. Palmer, Robert E. Carr, John P. Devereux, Carlos S. Greeley, Charles B. Lamborn, T. F. Oakes, John D. Perry, E. M. Bartholow, Samuel Hallett and R. M. Shoemaker. There was Adna Anderson, superintendent, and Alex C. Anderson also connected with the road, neither of whom were related to John B., and about whom but little is known. Col. John B. Anderson quit the company when they concluded to build over the Harker Hills. He wanted the road to branch at Salina, going to Denver by way of the Saline valley, and south to McPherson, covering the present route of the Santa Fe. He was also very mad because the company allowed the Santa Fe to get the Pottawatomie Reserve at $1.25 per acre. Among the papers are several statements of earnings, which show the day of small things. Here is one signed by Adna Anderson, superintendent, addressed to John B. Anderson:

"Your letter of [1869] 24th is received. The business of the road for the months of March and April, 1868 and 1869, was as follows:

	March, 1868. 335 miles.	March, 1869. 405 miles.	April, 1868. 335 miles.	April, 1869. 405 miles.
Earnings	$134,544 32	$136,674 92	$166,425 60	$217,914 49
Expenses	84,198 94	99,388 25	89,973 27	93,291 61

"Of the expenses for March, 1869, over $13,000 was for general expenses, and I presume come from paying some accumulated expenses at the general office. The earnings for the first half of May were larger than for the first half of April, and I think they will reach, say $215,000 to $220,000, against $180,210.23 last year. I enclose a statement showing details of earnings for the two months of both years, from which you can see the direction of the increase. My judgment of the effect of the Denver extension upon the *present* road is that it will largely increase the receipts and considerably reduce the per cent of expenses. It will furnish considerable eastward bound business to load trains back and greatly reduce cost of fuel—that is, if the statements in regard to coal in that region prove correct. Whether for the additional business thus obtained it will pay the company, or others, to build the 200 miles to Denver from Sheridan, is a wholly different question from that of its effect on the road now built."

NOTE 26.—Referring to the day of small things: The secretary recalls the time when a train on the Union Pacific left Wyandotte at eight A. M. and reached Junction City, 139 miles, at five P. M., and the fare was $9. The stage fare from Kansas City or Leavenworth to Junction City was previously $10. A time-card as late as 1875 shows that seven hours and forty minutes was required between Kansas City and Junction City. Now the Union Pacific trains make the same distance in three hours and twenty minutes, with magnificent Pullmans and diners, and the fare is $2.80. Five passenger trains per day each way at forty miles an hour pass along the Kansas valley, and all are crowded with passengers. Four trunk lines—the Union Pacific, Rock Island, Santa Fe, and the Missouri Pacific—cross the state from east to west with, in all, about twenty-eight trains each way daily, with the Central Branch and Burlington covering a portion of the territory on the north, and the Fort Scott branch of the Missouri Pacific on the south. The Union Pacific in 1904 to 1906, between Kansas City and Topeka, sixty-eight miles (including the forty miles built by Hallett), was rebuilt and double-tracked, curves obliterated, and grade raised in consequence of the flood of 1903, at a cost of $2,250,000. The first rail of the second

William J. Palmer, an officer of the company, had charge of the construction.[27]

In 1866, when it had become certain, because of delays already mentioned, that it was impossible to beat the Nebraska line builders, permission was obtained from Congress to change the route, and instead of following up the north fork of the Republican to meet the Nebraska road, Perry was permitted to build as directly from Fort Riley to Denver as the topography of the country allowed.[28] It was not until September 1, 1870,[29] that the road was opened for trafic from Wyandotte to that city. May 31, 1868, the name of the road was changed to Kansas Pacific Railway, and January 24, 1880, the road was consolidated with the Union Pacific and Denver Pacific under the name of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

During the seven years spent in constructing the line many hardships were undergone, all materials, even cross ties for the road and coal for the locomotives, had to be transported from the points below Wyandotte on the Missouri river by boat. The Indians everywhere opposed the graders, track

track was laid in December, 1904, and tracklaying was completed in October, 1906. In the year 1909 Kansas had 8943.60 miles of main line, and 2407.06 miles of second and side track, assessed for taxation at $367,429,051. The contrast between then, when a Denver extension was a question, and conditions to-day, seems unbelievable.

NOTE 27.—Letter of Supt. J. O. Brinkerhoff, August 22, 1910.

NOTE 28.—The progress of the road up the valley, with a slight comparison with conditions to-day, are of exceeding interest:

November 26, 1864, the last rail was laid into Lawrence. December 19, 1864, the first regular service was given Lawrence. There was an excursion train into Lawrence November 28.

January 19, 1865, the legislature adjourns to the 23d, in order to indulge in an excursion from Lawrence to Wyandotte. They had to stage it to Lawrence. June 26, 1865, work began on the branch between Lawrence and Leavenworth. October 30, 1865, President Johnson accepts the first forty miles, or about from Wyandotte to Lawrence. December 15, 1865, fifty miles of the Union Pacific were completed, or to about Perry.

January 1, 1866, the first regular passenger train arrived in Topeka. Senator James H. Lane, R. M. Shoemaker, general superintendent, James Christian, of pleasant memory, and Charles A. Farris, of the Lawrence *Journal*, were in the party. About 600 of the citizens of Topeka with a band met the party. A cannon awoke the prairie dogs, and Senator Lane made a speech. Many bottles of champagne were required. March 19, 1866, track laying reached Silver Lake, ten miles west of Topeka. May 15, 1866, trains were running on the Leavenworth branch. July 1, 1866, first passenger train leaves Leavenworth for St. Louis over the Missouri Pacific. July 3, 1866, the route was changed by Congress from the Republican to the Smoky Hill valley. July 14, 1866, the track is laid five miles west of Wamego. August 18, 1866, the track was completed into Manhattan, and regular service was first given August 25, 1866. The Manhattan *Radical*, August 11, 1866, then edited by E. C. Manning, now of Winfield, says: "Passengers have come through to our town from Leavenworth in one day, the last two or three days of this week. They leave the passenger train at Wamego and come up on the construction—it waits to take them up." October 7, 1866, the work reached Pawnee, on the Fort Riley reserve. The United States commissioners inspect 130 miles of the road, or to Ogdensburg. The first rail west of the Republican river was put down Wednesday, October 24, 1866. It was taken over the river on a wagon. A passenger train ran into Junction City Saturday evening, November 10, 1866, and began making regular trips the following Monday morning.

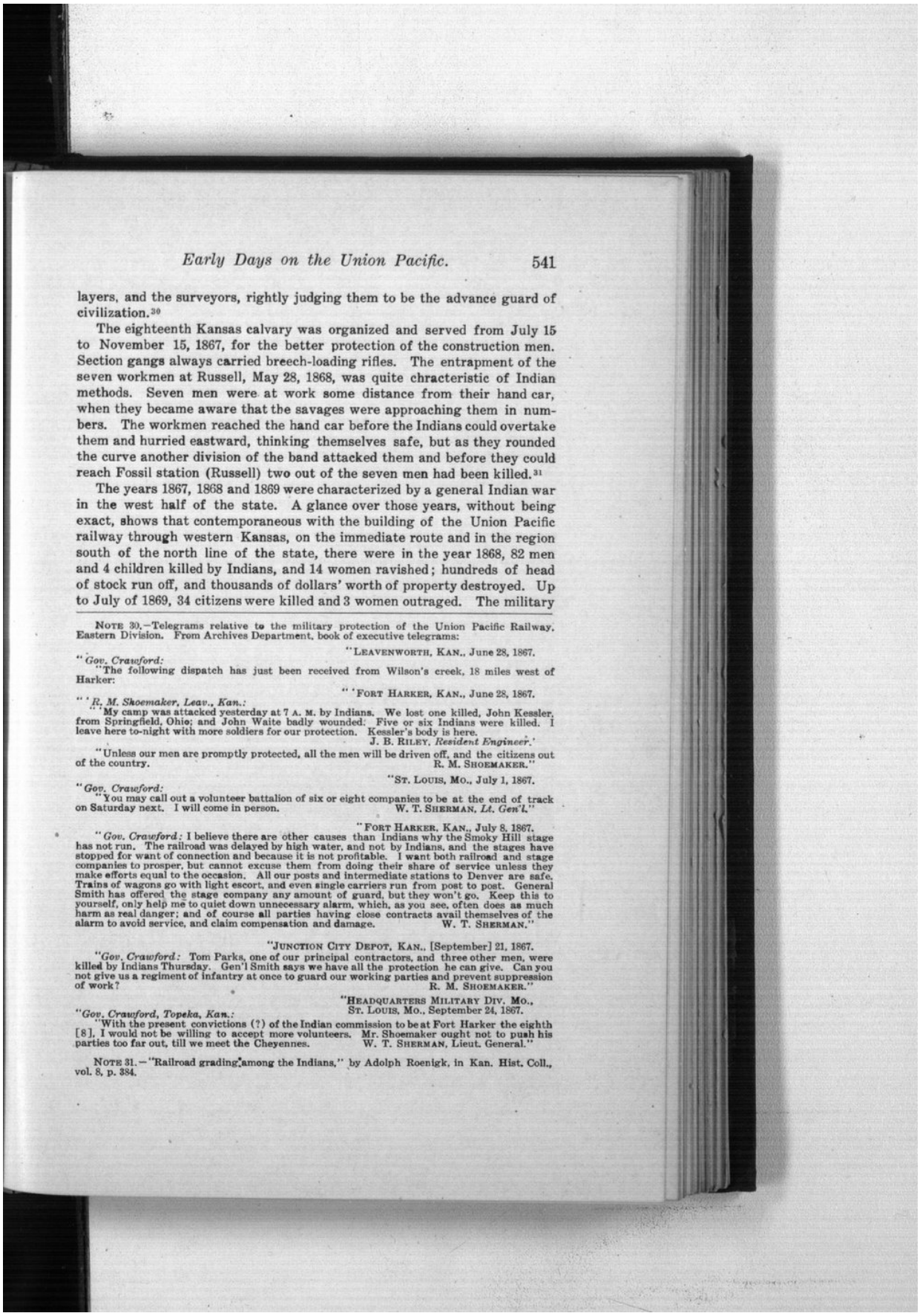
January 17, 1867, the road was completed to the 155th mile post, or three miles west of Chapman. April 29, 1867, trains run to Salina. June 6, 1867, Simon Cameron, with a large party from Pennsylvania, have an excursion as far west as Fort Harker, now Kanopolis. December 15, 1867, the road completed to the 335th mile post, or about Collyer.

March 4, 1868, the legislators of Kansas indulged in an excursion to Hays City. The end of the track was then at Collyer. In April, 1868, the track reached the 385th mile post, or about Monument. July 3, 1868, completed to about 400 miles west of Kansas City, in vicinity of Fort Wallace (Petition of Sixty Railroad Presidents, p. 3).

Regular service was established between Kansas City and Denver August 15, 1870. The first Pullman car into Denver over the Kansas Pacific from Kansas City was on the 7th of October, 1870, and it was named the Comanche. On the 18th of October, 1870, the Kansas editors were given an excursion to Denver.

Cutler's History of Kansas, 1883, p. 246, contains a table showing sections, miles, and date of acceptance by the President.

NOTE 29.—Poor's Manual of Railroads, 1878, p. 882. "The Denver Pacific Railway was completed June 9, 1870."—Third Annual Report, May, 1871, p. 10. The Denver Pacific was constructed under the charter of the Union Pacific, E. D., and under the act of March 3, 1869, the land grant for that road between Denver and Cheyenne was transferred to them. — Poor's Manual, 1878, p. 896. For change of name, see, also, Wilder, p. 479, and Cutler, p. 246.



layers, and the surveyors, rightly judging them to be the advance guard of civilization.[30]

The eighteenth Kansas calvary was organized and served from July 15 to November 15, 1867, for the better protection of the construction men. Section gangs always carried breech-loading rifles. The entrapment of the seven workmen at Russell, May 28, 1868, was quite chracteristic of Indian methods. Seven men were at work some distance from their hand car, when they became aware that the savages were approaching them in numbers. The workmen reached the hand car before the Indians could overtake them and hurried eastward, thinking themselves safe, but as they rounded the curve another division of the band attacked them and before they could reach Fossil station (Russell) two out of the seven men had been killed.[31]

The years 1867, 1868 and 1869 were characterized by a general Indian war in the west half of the state. A glance over those years, without being exact, shows that contemporaneous with the building of the Union Pacific railway through western Kansas, on the immediate route and in the region south of the north line of the state, there were in the year 1868, 82 men and 4 children killed by Indians, and 14 women ravished; hundreds of head of stock run off, and thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed. Up to July of 1869, 34 citizens were killed and 3 women outraged. The military

NOTE 30.—Telegrams relative to the military protection of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division. From Archives Department, book of executive telegrams:

"LEAVENWORTH, KAN., June 28, 1867.

"*Gov. Crawford:*

"The following dispatch has just been received from Wilson's creek, 18 miles west of Harker:

"'FORT HARKER, KAN., June 28, 1867.

"'*R. M. Shoemaker, Leav., Kan.:*

"'My camp was attacked yesterday at 7 A. M. by Indians. We lost one killed, John Kessler, from Springfield, Ohio; and John Waite badly wounded. Five or six Indians were killed. I leave here to-night with more soldiers for our protection. Kessler's body is here.

J. B. RILEY, *Resident Engineer.*'

"Unless our men are promptly protected, all the men will be driven off, and the citizens out of the country.

R. M. SHOEMAKER."

"ST. LOUIS, MO., July 1, 1867.

"*Gov. Crawford:*

"You may call out a volunteer battalion of six or eight companies to be at the end of track on Saturday next. I will come in person.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Lt. Gen'l.*"

"FORT HARKER, KAN., July 8, 1867.

"*Gov. Crawford:* I believe there are other causes than Indians why the Smoky Hill stage has not run. The railroad was delayed by high water, and not by Indians, and the stages have stopped for want of connection and because it is not profitable. I want both railroad and stage companies to prosper, but cannot excuse them from doing their share of service unless they make efforts equal to the occasion. All our posts and intermediate stations to Denver are safe. Trains of wagons go with light escort, and even single carriers run from post to post. General Smith has offered the stage company any amount of guard, but they won't go. Keep this to yourself, only help me to quiet down unnecessary alarm, which, as you see, often does as much harm as real danger; and of course all parties having close contracts avail themselves of the alarm to avoid service, and claim compensation and damage.

W. T. SHERMAN."

"JUNCTION CITY DEPOT, KAN., [September] 21, 1867.

"*Gov. Crawford:* Tom Parks, one of our principal contractors, and three other men, were killed by Indians Thursday. Gen'l Smith says we have all the protection he can give. Can you not give us a regiment of infantry at once to guard our working parties and prevent suppression of work?

R. M. SHOEMAKER."

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIV. MO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO., September 24, 1867.

"*Gov. Crawford, Topeka, Kan.:*

"With the present convictions (?) of the Indian commission to be at Fort Harker the eighth [8], I would not be willing to accept more volunteers. Mr. Shoemaker ought not to push his parties too far out, till we meet the Cheyennes.

W. T. SHERMAN, Lieut. General."

NOTE 31.—"Railroad grading among the Indians," by Adolph Roenigk, in Kan. Hist. Coll., vol. 8, p. 384.

report for the year 1868, Department of Missouri, which included New Mexico, Colorado, and the region south, says that 353 officers, soldiers, and citizens were killed, wounded or captured.

Many accounts have been published of massacres committed along this line of road in those years; but one of the most thrilling experiences of Indian warfare anywhere on the border is mentioned in the government report[32] thus: "June 19 (1869, Saturday), near Sheridan, Kan., a surveying party, escorted by a detachment of the Seventh cavalry, were attacked. The escort had two men wounded, but repulsed the Indians, inflicting a loss of four killed and twelve wounded. The same day Indians attacked a government train near Fort Wallace, Kan., and drove it into the post. Troops from the garrison pursued the Indians, and captured one pony; no casualties." Here is the story of that day on the plains, in connection with the construction of this railroad, as published in the New York *Post:*

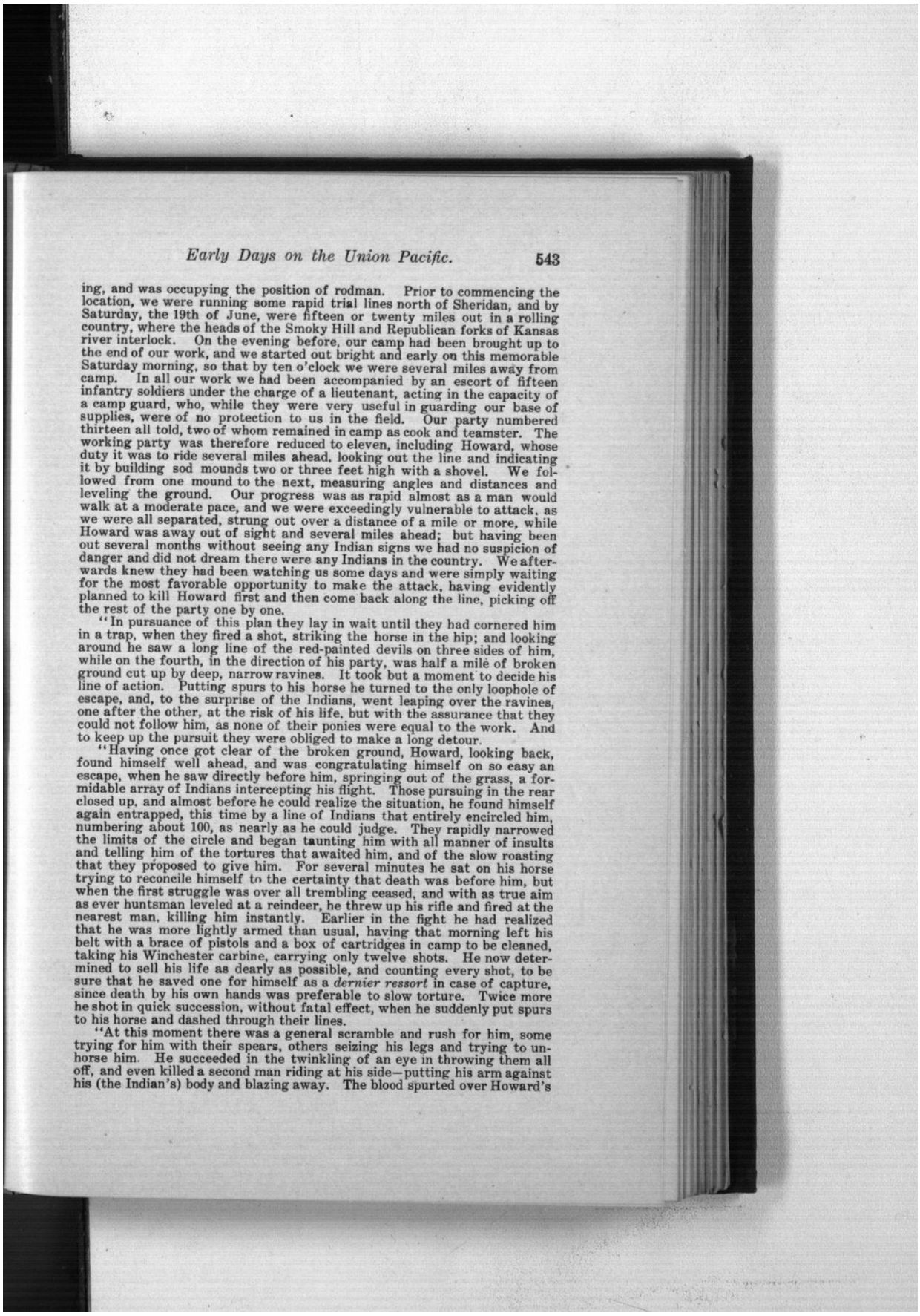
"In the month of June, 1869, when the grass and flowers on the plains of Kansas and Colorado were nearly knee high, the result of unusually abundant rains, which left clear pools of water in all the little arroyos, a corps of Kansas Pacific engineers, under the leadership of Howard Schuyler,[33] were engaged in making certain preliminary surveys in the vicinity of the terminal town of Phil Sheridan,[34] near the border line of the two states. They had been out on a trip of several months in the direction of Denver, and had returned to the end of the track to begin the definite location, which we afterwards carried through to Denver. At this time I had been with the party some two or three months, taking my novitiate in engineer-

NOTE 32.—Record of Engagements with Hostile Indians within the Military Division of the Missouri from 1868 to 1882. Chicago, 1882, p. 23.

NOTE 33.—PHILIP HOWARD SCHUYLER was born at Ithaca, N. Y., December 11, 1844. He was the son of Philip C. Schuyler and Lucy Dix Schuyler. He came to Kansas with his father's family in 1859, the father having settled in the territory in 1855. The father was a heroic leader in the contest for free soil, and Howard promptly obeyed a like impulse and enlisted in company D, Second Kansas infantry, June 20, 1861, when but sixteen years old. He was in the battle of Wilson Creek, August 10, 1861, and was one of the first to reach Gen. Nathaniel Lyon as he fell from his horse. He was mustered out with the regiment October 31, 1861. On the 1st of September, 1862, he enlisted in company I, Eleventh Kansas. He was transferred to the Fourth Arkansas cavalry, made a first lieutenant, and was mustered out a captain in 1865. He obtained employment in the summer of 1865 as an axman with Phil D. Fisher, the chief engineer of the Union Pacific, beginning work at Topeka and closing his services as locating engineer in putting the road into Denver in 1870. After passing through the Indian troubles, his party enjoyed many months of peace and undisturbed quiet on the plains, but as they neared Denver an incident occurred which showed that he was something of a philosopher as well as a very practical man of affairs. When within ten miles of the city he sent a teamster in for supplies. The teamster loaded the required stuff and then proceeded to load himself up with whisky, with the result that the supplies were spread over the prairie and the wagon a wreck. When the news reached Engineer Schuyler he remarked, "There now, we have struck that damned civilization again." When the road reached Denver William J. Palmer, who had superintended the building from Fort Riley west, concluded to penetrate the mountains with a railroad, and taking Philip Schuyler with him went to Wales to investigate the idea of a narrow guage. The result was the Denver & Rio Grande, which enterprise engaged Mr. Schuyler until completed. He then became connected with the North Coast road in California north of San Francisco. He next built a portion of the Mexican Central. About this time his health failed him and he went to Europe. He died in Switzerland December 3, 1883, in his thirty-ninth year, and is buried in Zurich. He married Miss Fannie Brannan, of San Francisco, who survived him with one son, named Philip Schuyler, now living in Berkeley, Cal.

Philip Church Schuyler was a noted man in the territorial days of Kansas. He was the founder of the town of Burlingame; a member of the Topeka constitutional convention, and in all the conventions and conferences of the free-soil party. He was born at Stillwater-on-the-Hudson in 1805; he died July 15, 1872. His wife, Lucy Dix, was born in Champlain, N. Y. Another son, James D. Schuyler, of Los Angeles, Cal., is a hydraulic engineer of world-wide reputation. He was one of the five engineers chosen by President Roosevelt to investigate the Panama canal at the beginning of operations. He has been called for consultation to Japan, South America, British Columbia and Mexico. There are two daughters in the family, Mrs. Sarah S. Lawrence and Mrs. Matilda Sheldon, 221 West Tenth street, Topeka. Mrs. Lawrence has two sons, Schuyler Lawrence, of Chihauhau, Mexico, a mining engineer, and Courtland Lawrence, of Tampico, Mexico, engaged in the oil business.

NOTE 34.—Sheridan, now extinct, was on the east bank of the North Fork of the Smoky Hill-Logan county, Kansas, at the crossing of the Union Pacific railroad.—Map accompanying F. G Adams's Homestead Guide, 1873.



ing, and was occupying the position of rodman. Prior to commencing the location, we were running some rapid trial lines north of Sheridan, and by Saturday, the 19th of June, were fifteen or twenty miles out in a rolling country, where the heads of the Smoky Hill and Republican forks of Kansas river interlock. On the evening before, our camp had been brought up to the end of our work, and we started out bright and early on this memorable Saturday morning, so that by ten o'clock we were several miles away from camp. In all our work we had been accompanied by an escort of fifteen infantry soldiers under the charge of a lieutenant, acting in the capacity of a camp guard, who, while they were very useful in guarding our base of supplies, were of no protection to us in the field. Our party numbered thirteen all told, two of whom remained in camp as cook and teamster. The working party was therefore reduced to eleven, including Howard, whose duty it was to ride several miles ahead, looking out the line and indicating it by building sod mounds two or three feet high with a shovel. We followed from one mound to the next, measuring angles and distances and leveling the ground. Our progress was as rapid almost as a man would walk at a moderate pace, and we were exceedingly vulnerable to attack, as we were all separated, strung out over a distance of a mile or more, while Howard was away out of sight and several miles ahead; but having been out several months without seeing any Indian signs we had no suspicion of danger and did not dream there were any Indians in the country. We afterwards knew they had been watching us some days and were simply waiting for the most favorable opportunity to make the attack, having evidently planned to kill Howard first and then come back along the line, picking off the rest of the party one by one.

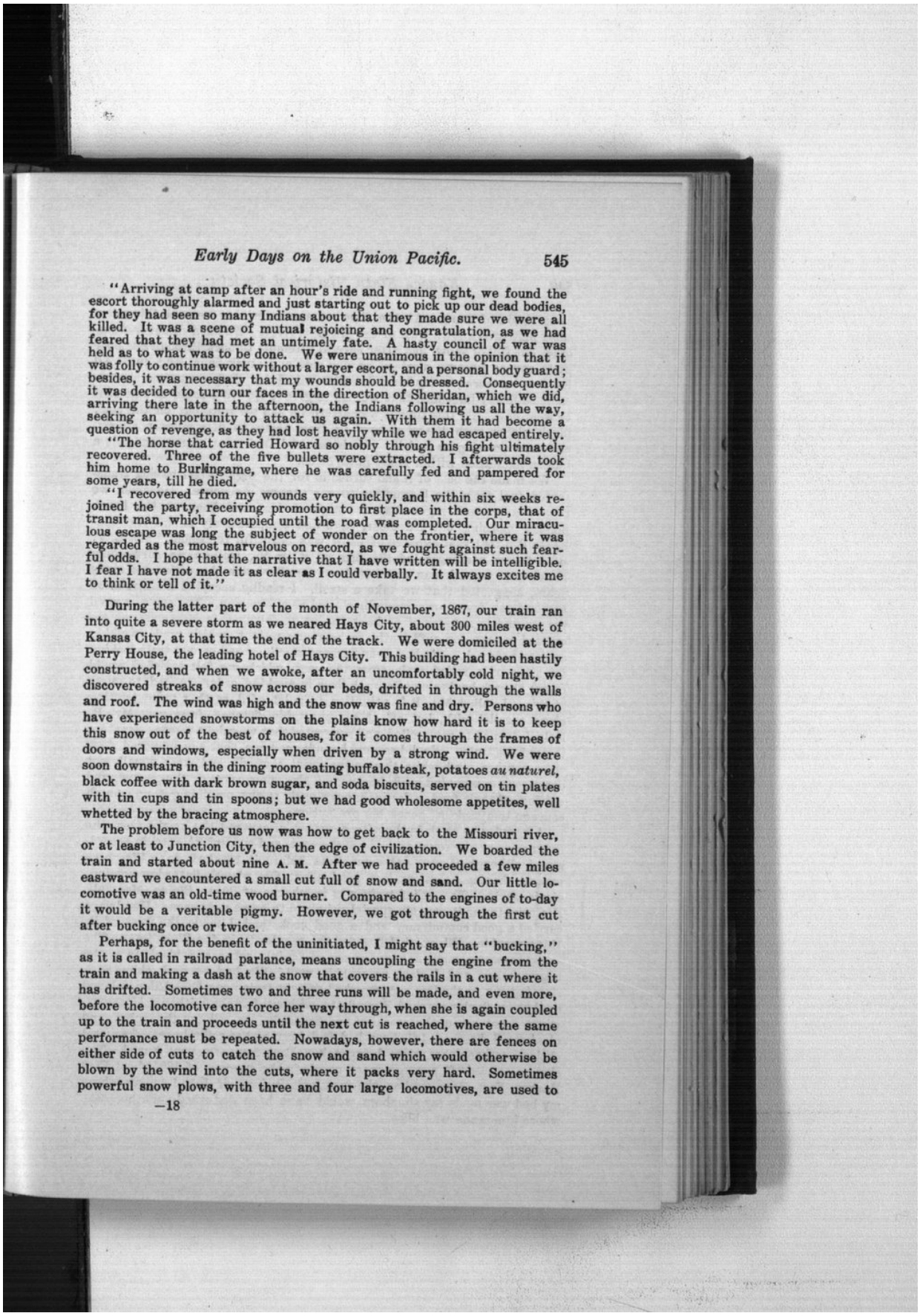
"In pursuance of this plan they lay in wait until they had cornered him in a trap, when they fired a shot, striking the horse in the hip; and looking around he saw a long line of the red-painted devils on three sides of him, while on the fourth, in the direction of his party, was half a mile of broken ground cut up by deep, narrow ravines. It took but a moment to decide his line of action. Putting spurs to his horse he turned to the only loophole of escape, and, to the surprise of the Indians, went leaping over the ravines, one after the other, at the risk of his life, but with the assurance that they could not follow him, as none of their ponies were equal to the work. And to keep up the pursuit they were obliged to make a long detour.

"Having once got clear of the broken ground, Howard, looking back, found himself well ahead, and was congratulating himself on so easy an escape, when he saw directly before him, springing out of the grass, a formidable array of Indians intercepting his flight. Those pursuing in the rear closed up, and almost before he could realize the situation, he found himself again entrapped, this time by a line of Indians that entirely encircled him, numbering about 100, as nearly as he could judge. They rapidly narrowed the limits of the circle and began taunting him with all manner of insults and telling him of the tortures that awaited him, and of the slow roasting that they proposed to give him. For several minutes he sat on his horse trying to reconcile himself to the certainty that death was before him, but when the first struggle was over all trembling ceased, and with as true aim as ever huntsman leveled at a reindeer, he threw up his rifle and fired at the nearest man, killing him instantly. Earlier in the fight he had realized that he was more lightly armed than usual, having that morning left his belt with a brace of pistols and a box of cartridges in camp to be cleaned, taking his Winchester carbine, carrying only twelve shots. He now determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and counting every shot, to be sure that he saved one for himself as a *dernier ressort* in case of capture, since death by his own hands was preferable to slow torture. Twice more he shot in quick succession, without fatal effect, when he suddenly put spurs to his horse and dashed through their lines.

"At this moment there was a general scramble and rush for him, some trying for him with their spears, others seizing his legs and trying to unhorse him. He succeeded in the twinkling of an eye in throwing them all off, and even killed a second man riding at his side—putting his arm against his (the Indian's) body and blazing away. The blood spurted over Howard's

buckskin leggings, saddle and horse. The instant he freed himself from them and got clear—alone, on open ground ahead of them, where they were not in danger of killing each other in shooting at him—they fired a volley of bullets and arrows at him. None of them hit him, and up to this moment he was entirely unharmed. Had his horse been equally fortunate this would have ended the fight, as the horse was a fine, high-spirited animal, superior to any of the Indian ponies. But the first shot received at the beginning of the hostilities had cut a small artery, and from this the blood was pumping out a steady stream that, together with his violent exertions, was fast sapping his strength. The Indians seeing this were encouraged to continue in pursuit, and their leader, mounted on an American stage horse (stolen the day before at a stage station a few miles back, which they had burned, murdering all the inmates), succeeded so well in keeping pace with him that Howard could almost feel the breath from the nostrils of his pursuer's horse. Thus they rode, nose to tail, for a mile or two, the Indian occupying the time in shooting at Howard. Three pistols, six-shooters, he emptied, and bullets flew all around poor Howard on every side. Four more entered the poor horse, already so badly wounded; a bullet pierced Howard's clothes at his side; another cut the strap of his field glass, which was lost; another cut off his spur, bruising the heel slightly, but not drawing blood; a fourth pierced the wooden breech of his rifle as he carried it in his hand, almost striking it from his grasp; others struck the saddle, and in short they seemed, to strike everywhere but where they were aimed. All this time Howard was endeavoring to reach over his shoulder a get a shot at the Indian, but at every such moment the savage slipped under the belly of his horse and was out of sight, except a hand on the mane and heel on the back. Finally, all ammunition exhausted, the Indian resorted to his spear, and with the wooden handle gave Howard one or two severe raps on the head, trying to knock him out of the saddle, without avail; but at last Howard's horse, that had been trotting shakily from loss of blood, fell on his knees, and the Indian rushed up to end the contest. At this instant the horse struggled to his feet again, and Howard saw that his opportunity had come; his foe was at his side and he quickly thrust his rifle against the Indian's body and fired, blowing a hole through that seemed as large as one's arm. The Indian shrieked, leaped out of his saddle and fell to the ground on his face, dead.

"Looking about, Howard saw the remainder of the band following at a prudent distance, for by this time they began to look upon him as a god, invulnerable to all their weapons. When at last the poor horse fell prostrate and apparently dead, they all flocked up to make a final disposition of their troublesome enemy. But Howard, undaunted, lay quietly down behind the body of his horse, and, when they came within shot range, took deliberate aim and fired, killing another man. This unlooked for disaster completely demoralized them, and they fled in all directions. Within three minutes not an Indian was in sight. He turned his attention to his horse, loosened the girth to take off his saddle, and was surprised when the animal took a deep breath and struggled to his feet. He then led him slowly to where the rest of the party had made a stand about their wagons, and as he approached from one direction I came limping from the other with a bullet in my right leg. The Indians had paid their gentle attentions to the rest of us during the time Howard was having his fight, but fortunately not in force, and we succeeded in getting together at the wagon without the loss of a man, I being the only one wounded in the whole engagement. As soon as Howard joined us we started on the retreat for camp, the Indians harassing us the whole way. They would form in single file or all abreast, and charge as though they were going to ride right over us, but on getting within shot range would wheel and retire after discharging a volley of shots that would tear up the earth all around us. This was most terrifying to me, a boy fresh from school, who had never experienced any sort of warfare, and had never even seen a gun fired by one man at another; but Howard, who had gone through four years of the War of the Rebellion, and had seen three years or more of border warfare with the Indians, was quite exhilarated by the excitement. He gave them a challenge by walking alone several hundred yards away on one side. They charged, but retreated when he kneeled and fired.



"Arriving at camp after an hour's ride and running fight, we found the escort thoroughly alarmed and just starting out to pick up our dead bodies, for they had seen so many Indians about that they made sure we were all killed. It was a scene of mutual rejoicing and congratulation, as we had feared that they had met an untimely fate. A hasty council of war was held as to what was to be done. We were unanimous in the opinion that it was folly to continue work without a larger escort, and a personal body guard; besides, it was necessary that my wounds should be dressed. Consequently it was decided to turn our faces in the direction of Sheridan, which we did, arriving there late in the afternoon, the Indians following us all the way, seeking an opportunity to attack us again. With them it had become a question of revenge, as they had lost heavily while we had escaped entirely.

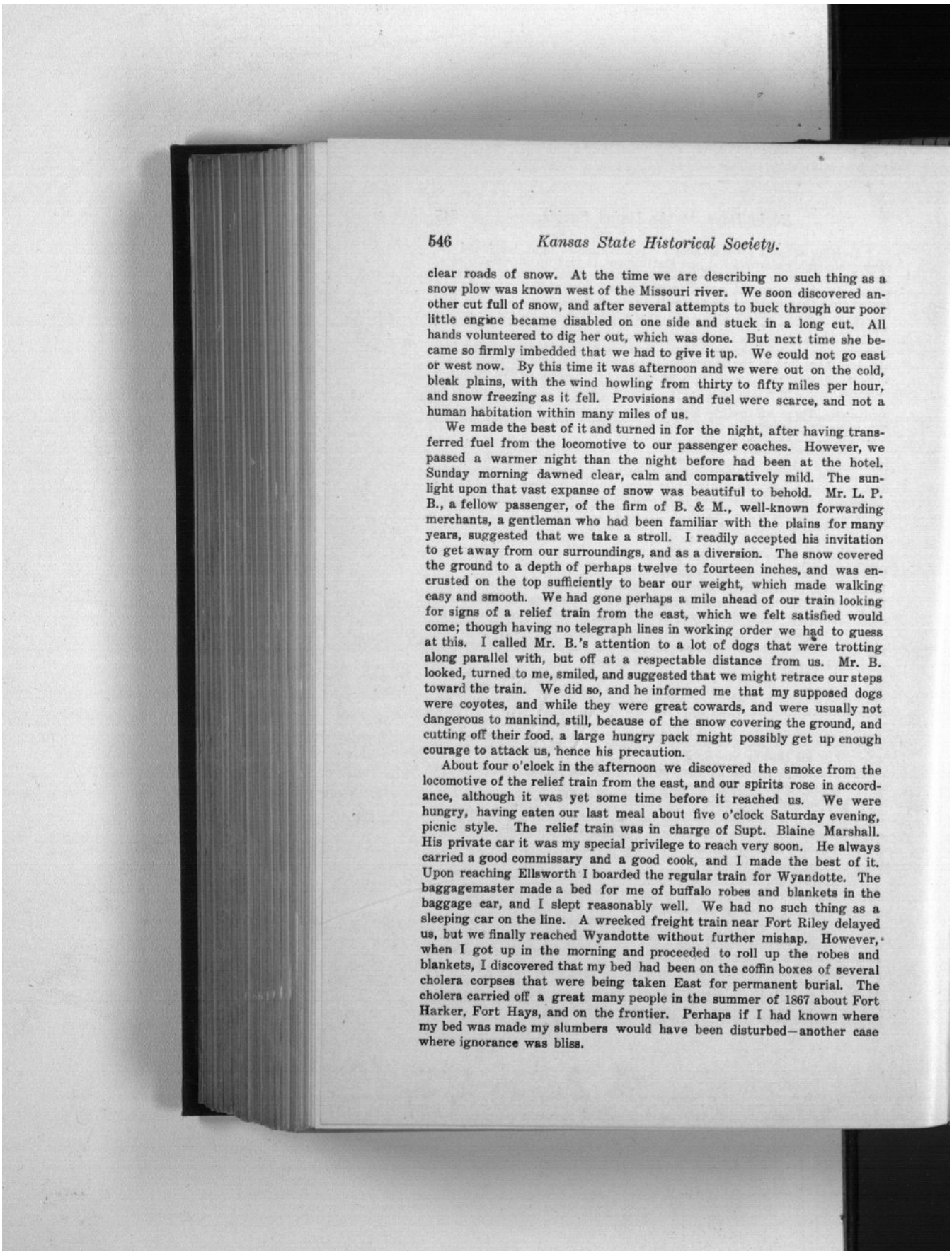
"The horse that carried Howard so nobly through his fight ultimately recovered. Three of the five bullets were extracted. I afterwards took him home to Burlingame, where he was carefully fed and pampered for some years, till he died.

"I recovered from my wounds very quickly, and within six weeks rejoined the party, receiving promotion to first place in the corps, that of transit man, which I occupied until the road was completed. Our miraculous escape was long the subject of wonder on the frontier, where it was regarded as the most marvelous on record, as we fought against such fearful odds. I hope that the narrative that I have written will be intelligible. I fear I have not made it as clear as I could verbally. It always excites me to think or tell of it."

During the latter part of the month of November, 1867, our train ran into quite a severe storm as we neared Hays City, about 300 miles west of Kansas City, at that time the end of the track. We were domiciled at the Perry House, the leading hotel of Hays City. This building had been hastily constructed, and when we awoke, after an uncomfortably cold night, we discovered streaks of snow across our beds, drifted in through the walls and roof. The wind was high and the snow was fine and dry. Persons who have experienced snowstorms on the plains know how hard it is to keep this snow out of the best of houses, for it comes through the frames of doors and windows, especially when driven by a strong wind. We were soon downstairs in the dining room eating buffalo steak, potatoes *au naturel*, black coffee with dark brown sugar, and soda biscuits, served on tin plates with tin cups and tin spoons; but we had good wholesome appetites, well whetted by the bracing atmosphere.

The problem before us now was how to get back to the Missouri river, or at least to Junction City, then the edge of civilization. We boarded the train and started about nine A. M. After we had proceeded a few miles eastward we encountered a small cut full of snow and sand. Our little locomotive was an old-time wood burner. Compared to the engines of to-day it would be a veritable pigmy. However, we got through the first cut after bucking once or twice.

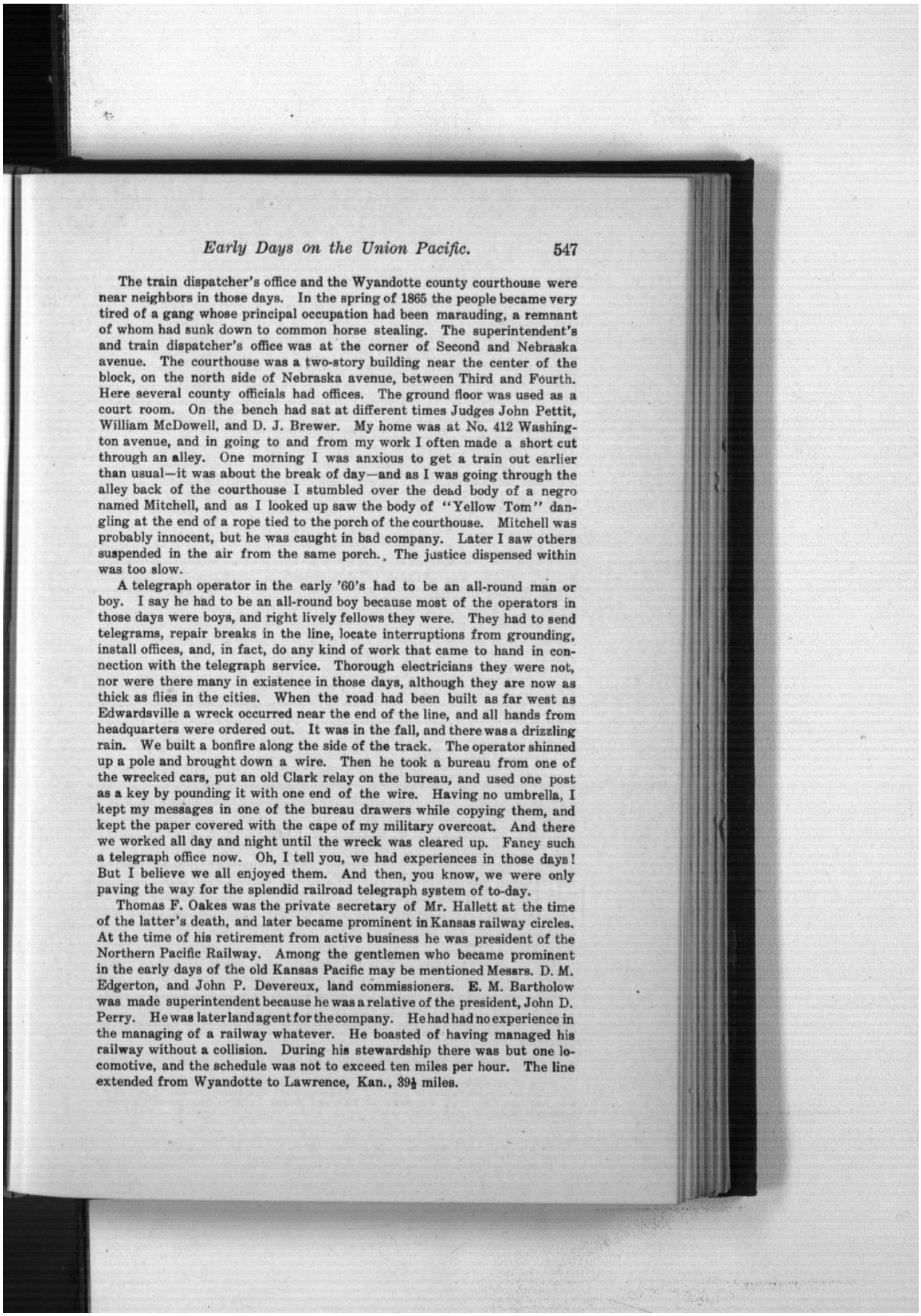
Perhaps, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I might say that "bucking," as it is called in railroad parlance, means uncoupling the engine from the train and making a dash at the snow that covers the rails in a cut where it has drifted. Sometimes two and three runs will be made, and even more, before the locomotive can force her way through, when she is again coupled up to the train and proceeds until the next cut is reached, where the same performance must be repeated. Nowadays, however, there are fences on either side of cuts to catch the snow and sand which would otherwise be blown by the wind into the cuts, where it packs very hard. Sometimes powerful snow plows, with three and four large locomotives, are used to



clear roads of snow. At the time we are describing no such thing as a snow plow was known west of the Missouri river. We soon discovered another cut full of snow, and after several attempts to buck through our poor little engine became disabled on one side and stuck in a long cut. All hands volunteered to dig her out, which was done. But next time she became so firmly imbedded that we had to give it up. We could not go east or west now. By this time it was afternoon and we were out on the cold, bleak plains, with the wind howling from thirty to fifty miles per hour, and snow freezing as it fell. Provisions and fuel were scarce, and not a human habitation within many miles of us.

We made the best of it and turned in for the night, after having transferred fuel from the locomotive to our passenger coaches. However, we passed a warmer night than the night before had been at the hotel. Sunday morning dawned clear, calm and comparatively mild. The sunlight upon that vast expanse of snow was beautiful to behold. Mr. L. P. B., a fellow passenger, of the firm of B. & M., well-known forwarding merchants, a gentleman who had been familiar with the plains for many years, suggested that we take a stroll. I readily accepted his invitation to get away from our surroundings, and as a diversion. The snow covered the ground to a depth of perhaps twelve to fourteen inches, and was encrusted on the top sufficiently to bear our weight, which made walking easy and smooth. We had gone perhaps a mile ahead of our train looking for signs of a relief train from the east, which we felt satisfied would come; though having no telegraph lines in working order we had to guess at this. I called Mr. B.'s attention to a lot of dogs that were trotting along parallel with, but off at a respectable distance from us. Mr. B. looked, turned to me, smiled, and suggested that we might retrace our steps toward the train. We did so, and he informed me that my supposed dogs were coyotes, and while they were great cowards, and were usually not dangerous to mankind, still, because of the snow covering the ground, and cutting off their food, a large hungry pack might possibly get up enough courage to attack us, hence his precaution.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we discovered the smoke from the locomotive of the relief train from the east, and our spirits rose in accordance, although it was yet some time before it reached us. We were hungry, having eaten our last meal about five o'clock Saturday evening, picnic style. The relief train was in charge of Supt. Blaine Marshall. His private car it was my special privilege to reach very soon. He always carried a good commissary and a good cook, and I made the best of it. Upon reaching Ellsworth I boarded the regular train for Wyandotte. The baggagemaster made a bed for me of buffalo robes and blankets in the baggage car, and I slept reasonably well. We had no such thing as a sleeping car on the line. A wrecked freight train near Fort Riley delayed us, but we finally reached Wyandotte without further mishap. However, when I got up in the morning and proceeded to roll up the robes and blankets, I discovered that my bed had been on the coffin boxes of several cholera corpses that were being taken East for permanent burial. The cholera carried off a great many people in the summer of 1867 about Fort Harker, Fort Hays, and on the frontier. Perhaps if I had known where my bed was made my slumbers would have been disturbed—another case where ignorance was bliss.



The train dispatcher's office and the Wyandotte county courthouse were near neighbors in those days. In the spring of 1865 the people became very tired of a gang whose principal occupation had been marauding, a remnant of whom had sunk down to common horse stealing. The superintendent's and train dispatcher's office was at the corner of Second and Nebraska avenue. The courthouse was a two-story building near the center of the block, on the north side of Nebraska avenue, between Third and Fourth. Here several county officials had offices. The ground floor was used as a court room. On the bench had sat at different times Judges John Pettit, William McDowell, and D. J. Brewer. My home was at No. 412 Washington avenue, and in going to and from my work I often made a short cut through an alley. One morning I was anxious to get a train out earlier than usual—it was about the break of day—and as I was going through the alley back of the courthouse I stumbled over the dead body of a negro named Mitchell, and as I looked up saw the body of "Yellow Tom" dangling at the end of a rope tied to the porch of the courthouse. Mitchell was probably innocent, but he was caught in bad company. Later I saw others suspended in the air from the same porch. The justice dispensed within was too slow.

A telegraph operator in the early '60's had to be an all-round man or boy. I say he had to be an all-round boy because most of the operators in those days were boys, and right lively fellows they were. They had to send telegrams, repair breaks in the line, locate interruptions from grounding, install offices, and, in fact, do any kind of work that came to hand in connection with the telegraph service. Thorough electricians they were not, nor were there many in existence in those days, although they are now as thick as flies in the cities. When the road had been built as far west as Edwardsville a wreck occurred near the end of the line, and all hands from headquarters were ordered out. It was in the fall, and there was a drizzling rain. We built a bonfire along the side of the track. The operator shinned up a pole and brought down a wire. Then he took a bureau from one of the wrecked cars, put an old Clark relay on the bureau, and used one post as a key by pounding it with one end of the wire. Having no umbrella, I kept my messages in one of the bureau drawers while copying them, and kept the paper covered with the cape of my military overcoat. And there we worked all day and night until the wreck was cleared up. Fancy such a telegraph office now. Oh, I tell you, we had experiences in those days! But I believe we all enjoyed them. And then, you know, we were only paving the way for the splendid railroad telegraph system of to-day.

Thomas F. Oakes was the private secretary of Mr. Hallett at the time of the latter's death, and later became prominent in Kansas railway circles. At the time of his retirement from active business he was president of the Northern Pacific Railway. Among the gentlemen who became prominent in the early days of the old Kansas Pacific may be mentioned Messrs. D. M. Edgerton, and John P. Devereux, land commissioners. E. M. Bartholow was made superintendent because he was a relative of the president, John D. Perry. He was later land agent for the company. He had had no experience in the managing of a railway whatever. He boasted of having managed his railway without a collision. During his stewardship there was but one locomotive, and the schedule was not to exceed ten miles per hour. The line extended from Wyandotte to Lawrence, Kan., 39½ miles.

Major Waterman was master mechanic and master car builder. The first consignment of freight offered was a lot of flour. It was loaded on a flat car, and housing was built over it for protection. It was destined for Lawrence. C. Wood Davis was general freight and passenger agent at this time. He was living in Sedgwick county when last heard from. Henry Tuell came in charge of the first locomotive, and was the first engineer. He was succeeded by W. O. Huckett. Then came George Dean and John McDaniel, now of Bonner Springs. John Broadus, for many years chief of police of St. Joseph, Mo., was the first conductor. Moses [Jacob O.—Wilder, p. 378] Brinkerhoff, ran the first passenger train. He was followed by Charlie Wallis. After the death of Samuel Hallett, Silas Seymour, a civil engineer, came from New York and took charge. He remained in Kansas but a short time, and went to Omaha as consulting engineer of the Nebraska line. John M. Webster was general freight agent, John H. Edwards, afterwards a state senator from Ellis, general ticket agent, J. E. Gregg, cashier and paymaster. Ex-United States Senator William A. Harris was one of our civil engineers. About 1867 the Pennsylvania railroad people took charge. W. W. Wright was general superintendent in January, 1867, George Noble, division superintendent, S. T. Smith, auditor, T. F. Oakes, purchasing agent. Adna Anderson succeeded Wright, May 6, 1867. He had been chief engineer of military railroads in Virginia during the Civil War. O. H Dorrance was superintendent of the Western division, E. A. Redington paymaster. E. S. Bowen, afterward general manager of the New York, Ontario and Western, succeeded Mr. Anderson. Then came O. S. Lyford, later president of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway. Mr. Oakes became general freight agent, and Beverley R. Keim general ticket agent. Robert E. Carr of St. Louis succeeded John D. Perry as president. D. E. Cornell, ex-mayor of Kansas City, Kan., became general ticket agent after Mr. Keim. Peter B. Groat was general passenger agent.

Among the early employees later residing in the vicinity of Kansas City, Kan., were A. D. Downs, S. S. Sharp, Thomas A. Shaw, W. H. Sills, of Kansas City, Mo., J. O. Brinkerhoff, present general superintendent of the Kansas division, and John McDaniel, of Bonner Springs, Willis I. Converse, of Denver, C. C. Walburn, of Kansas City, Kan. To go back, who does not remember our old conductors, Jake Sproat, Al Cheney, Frank Calkins, John Phelps and L. G. Thorne, the latter now general manager of the Texas & Pacific. Messrs. V. J. Lane,[35] of Kansas City, Kan., Thomas Parks and T. A. Shaw, were contractors among the hostile Indians west of Junction City, near Ellsworth and Fort Harker. The Indians killed Mr. Parks near what was afterwards named Park's Fort, about 325 miles from the Missouri river.

It goes without saying that there was great and bitter rivalry between the officers of the Union Pacific of Nebraska and the Central Pacific of California, and especially between the construction men, in the effort to build their road the farthest west or east as the case might be, and so secure the natural advantages of the longest line and the generous government subsidies.

"The matter, however, was settled by Congress, which by joint resolu-

NOTE 35.—For a biographical sketch of Vincent J. Lane, ex-president of the Kansas State Historical Society, see volume 10, page 274. The date of the killing was September 19, 1867. See also, Atchison *Free Press*, September 21, 1867; and Kansas Archives Department Executive Telegrams, p. 34.

tion, adopted on April 10, 1869, fixed the common terminus of the two roads at or near Ogden, and directed that the Union Pacific should build and the Central Pacific pay for and own the road from the common terminus to Promontory summit, where the rails should meet, connect and form one continuous line."[36] Both roads had graded beyond this place, the Union Pacific some 200 miles. Here, on the 10th of May, 1869, the final ceremonies took place.[37] Leland Stanford, governor of California and president of the Central Pacific, was present to officiate for his road. Thomas C. Durant was there for the Union Pacific. Congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the United States were read. The governors of Idaho, Montana and Nevada presented spikes of silver and gold. Governor Stafford, of Arizona, handed to governor Stanford one made of iron, silver and gold, saying, "Ribbed in iron, clad in silver, crowned with gold, Arizona presents her offering to the enterprise that has banded together every continent and has dedicated a new pathway for commerce." Governor Tuttle, of Nevada, presented his silver spike to "help span the continents and wed the oceans." Superintendent Coe, of the Union Express Company, presented a silver hammer, and Mr. Durant, having driven some of the spikes into the last tie, made of California laurel, handed the hammer to Governor Stanford, who drove the golden spike of California into the tie.

These blows were transmitted by the electric wire to San Francisco, where the guns from the city, the forts and the ships resounded for hours. The same strokes were intended to set ringing the bells in Independence Hall and the chimes in Trinity church, New York, also to inform President Grant in the White House, that this enterprise of peace and union was completed. But it is whispered that the clicks at Omaha, owing to imperfect insulation, were so faint that the operator there had to give three taps himself to hurry the message eastward. But that did not change the result. Every city of size in the Union observed this as a gala day; flags, bunting and parades were everywhere in evidence. In Springfield, Mass., the car builders carried banners through their town announcing "We build cars to run to San Francisco, where there is connection with ferry boat to China."

The engineers, managers and presidents of the roads were the heroes of the day. They deserved to be. They had ushered in an era of peace and union. They had annihilated time and space. By establishing easy communication they had spread knowledge, which always means sympathy. But alas! no mention was made of Whitney, of Carver, nor of any of the early but unsuccessful projectors of a great transcontinental line. "Providence is prodigal of courage, of virtue, of man; it is only after a host of noble souls have fallen into dispair, convinced that their cause was lost, that it triumphs."

NOTE 36.—Hittell's History of California, vol. 4, p. 493.

NOTE 37.—Sterling J. Morton's History of Nebraska, 1906, volume 2, chapter 3, and Theodore H. Hittell's History of California, 1897, volume 4, chapters 5 and 6, are valuable contributions to the history of the Pacific railroad enterprises of their respective states.

MY FIRST DAYS IN KANSAS.

Being a short account of the early experiences of MRS. S. B. WHITE, read at the Home Coming in Junction City, August 25, 1909.

MY husband and myself, with two little children and an adopted daughter aged eight years, left Cincinnati, Ohio, for Kansas, November 1, 1854, by steamboat.[1]

After an uneventful voyage of two weeks we landed at Kansas City, Mo., or rather at a bluff called by that name. Our goods arriving soon, we went to housekeeping in Westport, a small town four miles from the river. We had a comfortable home and some good neighbors. There we met Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McClure,[2] and a friendship developed which lasted a lifetime; we shared our troubles, our joys and our sorrows, and through their death I was deprived of loving and devoted friends.

The Albrights, too, most estimable people, lived there. One day while visiting at Mrs. A.'s I witnessed a terrible fight between two Indian women which will never be effaced from my memory. Two squaws rode into an open lot behind Mrs. A.'s house and, dismounting, went for each other hot and heavy. Both were drunk and were soon down on the ground wallowing in the mud. One struggled on top, got hold of the silk handkerchief the other wore around her neck, twisted it until the woman gasped for breath, then catching with each hand her large hoop earrings, she tore them from the woman's ears without the trouble of unfastening them, making the blood stream down her neck. She still held her down and was about to choke her to death when a little old Indian rode up, presumably lame as he carried a crutch, and the way he belabored them with that crutch made it evident that that was his usual weapon. He finally got them up and on their ponies. Bloody, muddy, with their clothes torn in rags, they both rode away, and a little further on both fell headforemost into the mud, which was knee deep on their ponies. There we left them, too disgusted to watch further proceedings. I could never have looked on such a sight if enacted by white people. But Lo! the poor Indian!

Mr. White, with several other men, started to prospect for Kansas claims. Governor Reeder advised them to go to Fort Riley and secure them as near the reservation as possible, as the capital was to be at Paw-

NOTE 1.—STEPHEN BEVERIDGE WHITE was born in Montgomery county, Ohio, August 16, 1820. He was the son of Rev. Stephen Beveridge White, a Presbyterian minister. He was married in 1850 to Miss Anna Eliza Green, of Hamilton county, Ohio. In 1852 he graduated from the Cincinnati Law School in the same class with Governor and Senator Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana. He formed a partnership with Judge Vance and practiced at Rossville, Ohio, until the fall of 1854, when the call of Kansas reached him. In the fall of 1854 he located on Three Mile creek, in Riley county. In 1859 he removed to Junction City, where he enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. April 5, 1872, he died from an affection of the heart intensified by a plethoric constitution. He was a good-hearted, public-spirited man, a useful neighbor, interested in friends and in the welfare of all about him. He served some time on the local school board. Mrs. White, his widow, is now in her eightieth year, having been born in 1830. In her later years she has made twenty-two trips between Junction City and Denver, visiting among her children, and this spring visited in Oklahoma. Mrs. White's mother, Mrs. Mary Green, came to Kansas in 1856 with the family. She was a delightful character in the history of the neighborhood, known to all as Grandma Green, and popular with all for her clever attentions and useful services. She was born in Pennsylvania in 1798, the daughter of Bonham and Temperance Fox. She was married in 1820 to Eli Green, who died of cholera in 1849. She was a very devout and useful Methodist. She was the mother of nine children. She died in Kansas City, Kan., September 30, 1887, in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

NOTE 2.—See footnote about Mrs. J. R. McClure, Kan. Hist. Coll., vol. 8, pp. 244-246.

STEPHEN B. WHITE.
Pioneer Lawyer,
Junction City, 1855.

MRS. S. B. WHITE,
Junction City,
1855.

nee, one mile from the fort, a city was to be built there, etc. But that is history now and I need not repeat. Of course their faith was strong in the coming city and all staked their claims according to the governor's advice, Mr. White taking one three miles from the future city, on land that Capt. Nathaniel Lyon had chosen for himself, but, as he told Mr. White, "a soldier has no use for land, except enough to bury one." Dear man, he found his in Connecticut. He pointed out to Mr. White the beauties and advantages of his claim, and indeed it was one of earth's beauty spots. Although farther from the city than Mr. White desired, he took it, and fortunate he was in doing so, for as is well known the reservation was enlarged and many of the nearer claims swallowed up by Uncle Sam, ours having eleven acres shaved off.

Mr. Albright took a claim adjoining ours on the north, which on the next survey was thrown into ours. Mr. A. was so disgusted he packed bag and baggage and went back to Pennsylvania, whence he came.[3] My brother, who took a claim adjoining ours on the south, lost his also. Our mother kept house for him, and one day she saw a large snake upon the log just behind the clock, which stood on a rude shelf. She couldn't strike it without injuring the clock, and she said that clocks were too scarce to be broken for a snake, so she caught it by the tail, and with a quick and strong jerk

NOTE 3.—Charles Albright was one of Governor Reeder's party from Mauchchunk, Pennsylvania. In 1856 he returned to that state, where he became a very prominent man. He was a delegate to the National Republican convention of 1860; was a major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general of Pennsylvania volunteers during the Civil War, and in 1872 elected a member at large of Congress from Pennsylvania. A second member of that settlement at Pawnee, Robert Klotz, also returned to Pennsylvania and served as a member of Congress.

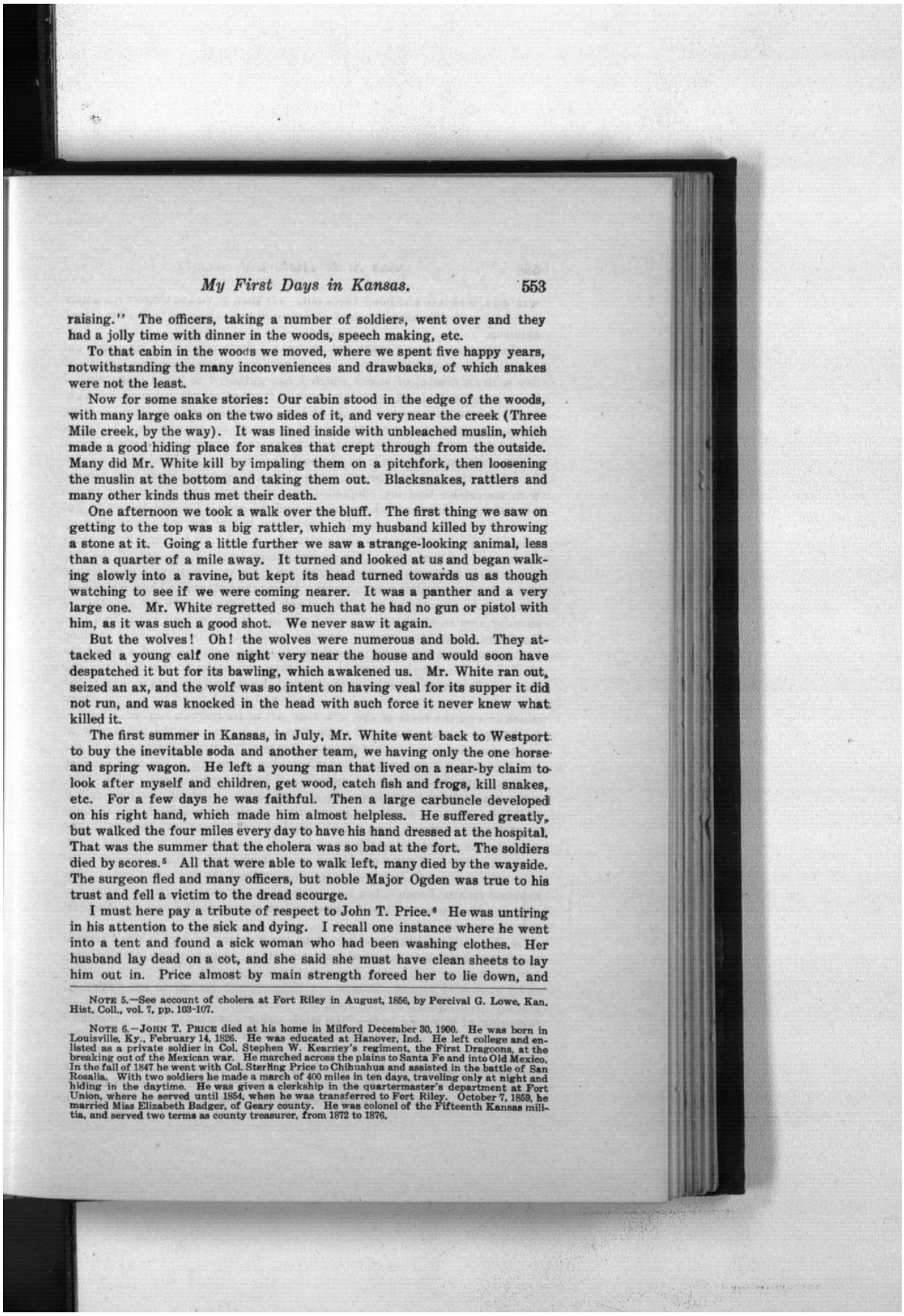
dashed its head on the carpetless floor; it didn't hurt the floor but it killed the snake. But that's another story.

I must go back to Westport. We left that little burg on the 10th of March, 1855, for our new home in Kansas. We had two covered wagons, one containing our *lares et penates*, and a spring wagon for the family. The morning was everything that could be desired, no snow on the ground, and the sunshine warm and invigorating. But alas! it was only one of March's rare smiles luring us on with false pretenses. We slept in the wagon, and the next morning myself and children had our breakfast there also, as the ground was covered an inch deep with snow, and the wind blowing as only Kansas winds can blow. We had been advised to take the route by way of Council Grove, as it was the best road. It surely was the longest one, and if other roads were worse I pitied those who traveled them. We were ten days on the road, striking only two houses where we gained shelter; other nights we camped in the ravines or on the open prairie, or wherever night overtook us. Often the men who slept outside the wagons had to pile limbs of trees on top of their blankets to keep them from blowing away. One day we traveled only three miles when a blizzard struck us in the face. We turned tail and made for what shelter we could find. On arriving at Council Grove we found one house[4] only, and an encampment of Kaw Indians, it being upon their reservation. The people of the house received us kindly, and gave not only ourselves but our horses and goods shelter, for they said there would be nothing left in the morning, as the Kaws stole everything they could lay hands on. From there we made a bee line for Fort Riley.

After difficulties too numerous to write, we struck a bluff on the east side of the Smoky Hill river, where the descent was so steep the wheels of the wagons had to be tied together. We could neither walk nor roll down, as the snow was so deep on the ground, and but for the canvas covers being tied tightly in front, we should have been pitched out head over heels. Oh! how I wished ourselves back in the dear old home at Hamilton, Ohio, where I was born, lived, loved and married. But mum was the word, and mum I kept. We crossed the Smoky on the ice; then on again over the very ground where our dear old town now stands, then an unbroken expanse of snow-covered prairie, untracked save by Indians or howling wolves. We saw the fort from the bluff, and my heart sank lower than ever; it was truly "Bleak House"—no trees, nothing but cold stone walls, that chilled as we looked. But we were to find that those same stone walls held warm and hospitable hearts. We went too high up the Republican, and it seemed we never would get to the ford. We crossed that river as we did the Smoky, on the ice, and at last came to the fort, cold, hungry and dilapidated. But our welcome by Col. William R. Montgomery and Capt. Nathaniel Lyon was so warm and cordial that our hardships were all forgotten and seemed only an ugly dream.

There were no ladies then at the fort, but the men made up for their absence. Captain Lyon, the truest of friends, the bravest of soldiers, did all in his power to make us comfortable, giving his own room for myself and children. There I remained for three weeks in company with Mrs. Albright, who had arrived before us. Mr. White and Mr. Albright in the meantime were building log cabins. When the timbers were ready they had a "log

NOTE 4.—Mrs. White evidently stopped in East Council Grove, for at that time there were several buildings on the west side of the Neosho.—Cutler's History of Kansas, p. 796.



raising." The officers, taking a number of soldiers, went over and they had a jolly time with dinner in the woods, speech making, etc.

To that cabin in the woods we moved, where we spent five happy years, notwithstanding the many inconveniences and drawbacks, of which snakes were not the least.

Now for some snake stories: Our cabin stood in the edge of the woods, with many large oaks on the two sides of it, and very near the creek (Three Mile creek, by the way). It was lined inside with unbleached muslin, which made a good hiding place for snakes that crept through from the outside. Many did Mr. White kill by impaling them on a pitchfork, then loosening the muslin at the bottom and taking them out. Blacksnakes, rattlers and many other kinds thus met their death.

One afternoon we took a walk over the bluff. The first thing we saw on getting to the top was a big rattler, which my husband killed by throwing a stone at it. Going a little further we saw a strange-looking animal, less than a quarter of a mile away. It turned and looked at us and began walking slowly into a ravine, but kept its head turned towards us as though watching to see if we were coming nearer. It was a panther and a very large one. Mr. White regretted so much that he had no gun or pistol with him, as it was such a good shot. We never saw it again.

But the wolves! Oh! the wolves were numerous and bold. They attacked a young calf one night very near the house and would soon have despatched it but for its bawling, which awakened us. Mr. White ran out, seized an ax, and the wolf was so intent on having veal for its supper it did not run, and was knocked in the head with such force it never knew what killed it.

The first summer in Kansas, in July, Mr. White went back to Westport to buy the inevitable soda and another team, we having only the one horse and spring wagon. He left a young man that lived on a near-by claim to look after myself and children, get wood, catch fish and frogs, kill snakes, etc. For a few days he was faithful. Then a large carbuncle developed on his right hand, which made him almost helpless. He suffered greatly, but walked the four miles every day to have his hand dressed at the hospital. That was the summer that the cholera was so bad at the fort. The soldiers died by scores.[5] All that were able to walk left, many died by the wayside. The surgeon fled and many officers, but noble Major Ogden was true to his trust and fell a victim to the dread scourge.

I must here pay a tribute of respect to John T. Price.[6] He was untiring in his attention to the sick and dying. I recall one instance where he went into a tent and found a sick woman who had been washing clothes. Her husband lay dead on a cot, and she said she must have clean sheets to lay him out in. Price almost by main strength forced her to lie down, and

NOTE 5.—See account of cholera at Fort Riley in August, 1856, by Percival G. Lowe, Kan. Hist. Coll., vol. 7, pp. 103-107.

NOTE 6.—JOHN T. PRICE died at his home in Milford December 30, 1900. He was born in Louisville, Ky., February 14, 1826. He was educated at Hanover, Ind. He left college and enlisted as a private soldier in Col. Stephen W. Kearney's regiment, the First Dragoons, at the breaking out of the Mexican war. He marched across the plains to Santa Fe and into Old Mexico. In the fall of 1847 he went with Col. Sterling Price to Chihuahua and assisted in the battle of San Rosalia. With two soldiers he made a march of 400 miles in ten days, traveling only at night and hiding in the daytime. He was given a clerkship in the quartermaster's department at Fort Union, where he served until 1854, when he was transferred to Fort Riley. October 7, 1859, he married Miss Elizabeth Badger, of Geary county. He was colonel of the Fifteenth Kansas militia, and served two terms as county treasurer, from 1872 to 1876.

washed the sheets and hung them out. He then gave the woman his attention, and by God's blessing she was restored to health and to her two small children.

But to return to my cabin and snakes: I don't want to be tiresome, but I must tell some snake stories—true ones. Returning from the woods one day with an armful of sticks which I had gathered to catch frogs with, I saw a large snake lying across the path in front of my three-year-old daughter, who was with me. I caught and pushed her behind me, then throwing down my sticks, picked out the largest and went for that snake. The stick was rotten and broke with the first stroke, only enraging the viper, for it coiled itself up on one side of the path and, rearing its head two or three feet from the ground, ran out a red forked tongue and made such a noise with its rattles that my adopted daughter Maggie ran to the door to see what it was. Without taking my eyes off the snake I called to her to get the hoe and run away around and come up behind me, which she did very quickly. Without moving from my tracks I took the hoe and made short work with his snakeship. We dragged it up to the house, cut off the rattles, sixteen in number, and measured him. He was over five feet in length and as large around as a man's arm. It was the first snake I had ever killed, and only the thought of my children being in danger gave me courage. I shudder now to think of the peril I was in. But it was all owing to a kind Providence that I was saved. About a week later I put the baby to sleep in the house and told Maggie to shake the leaves and litter off a pallet the children had to play on under a large tree, intending to lay the little one there, as it was cooler than in the house. I got ready to follow, and at the door glanced onto the bed or pallet, and Oh, horror! there lay a huge snake coiled around the roots of the tree with part of its body on the bed. I called for Maggie to come back, and stepped in, laid the baby on the bed, and went out to consider how I should dispatch this one, lying as it did so close to the tree I could not strike with other effect than to enrage it. It soon crawled away and into a little calf pen near by. I had a kettle of soap boiling over a fire out of doors and I dipped up a large cupful, thinking I would scald it to death. I looked at the snake and then at the golden fluid, and thought what a pity to waste it on a snake, and poured it back into the kettle, the snake in the meantime watching as though to see what I was going to do about it. Finally I got a spade and made short work of him. He had fourteen rattles and was only a little less in size than the first one I killed. My husband returned soon after, and I relegated the snake killing to him; and although they were as plentiful as ever I have never killed another one from that day to this.

Such a comical disaster occurred on the morning of Mr. White's return, and being so fresh in my mind I must relate it. I got up one morning very early and going to the door I saw two men out under a large tree seeming to be busy with teams. It was not light enough for me to see distinctly, and my first impulse was to shut and barricade the door, there being no fastening of any kind to it—"the latch-string was always out." Instead I plucked up courage and walked out towards them. To my great joy I found them to be my husband and brother. I scarcely knew them at close range, so unkempt, unshaven, dirty and dusty were they—and half-starved, as a matter of course. But after a bath in the creek, and the tangles combed from their heads and whiskers, they did not look so forlorn. We had a

good garden and tomatoes were ripening, and knowing how fond both were of them I had saved them for their coming. I prepared the breakfast all ready for the table, a large bowl of the delicious vegetables cooked, along with a pot of coffee on the stove hearth, when the children running back and forth over the floor stepped on a loose puncheon that two of the stove legs rested on; up went the board sideways, down went the stove with its precious burden. I leave the reader to imagine the rest. I could not do justice to the subject then and will not try at this late day. Mr. White said he must have tomatoes for his breakfast, and went out and picked enough of half-ripe and green ones for another dish. I prepared them as before, made another pot of coffee, fortunately my meat and biscuits were intact, and all was ready to put on the table, when brother said, "O, let's carry the table out under a tree; it is so warm in here." No sooner said than the leaves were let down and out it was carried. My young man, Mr. Lincoln by name, was there too. We were all seated and I was about to pour the coffee, when down came a torrent of rain without a hint of warning from thunder or lightning. It did not begin by sprinkling, but came in torrents. Everything was piled in the middle of the table and we went in, not in the order of going, but just went. With all our mishaps and hunger we had to have a good laugh before we began to eat.

This young Lincoln I speak of was no relation to the President, the more the pity, for I should love to know that I had been aided and served by one of his kin. "Grand old man," he deserved the name fully as much as Gladstone. He was the only President I ever cared for. I loved him, and still revere and love his memory. I never see anything in print regarding him that I do not read and enjoy. But for his untimely death he might have lived to see the good result of his wise policy—and what a reward that would have been. "May he rest in peace."

Before cold weather we had a larger and higher house, with a loft where a man might sleep if he didn't want to turn over, and the beauty of it was we had a large fireplace that made such a big blaze by night we needed no "dips." Coal oil was then unknown, to us at least. I kept my best dresses hanging in the loft, where Mr. White said the rats or mice could not get at them. One day I went upstairs—by the way, our stairs were hollowed out pieces of wood nailed to the logs; not the hardest way of going upstairs by any means—to see if my dresses were all right. On looking them over I found the best one, a lovely silk and my wedding dress, had two breadths cut to tatters, and all were more or less injured. I put my hand in the pocket of one and felt something warm and soft. I got down the grand staircase in a hurry, and threw half a dozen young mice in a blazing fire with a vim that was vicious. Usually tender-hearted, I had not the least compunction about making a holocaust of those mice. There I was without a dress to wear if a preacher came along and preached somewhere, but they never did, until Mrs. Daniel Mitchell[7] came. She would live nowhere without a church. After Ogden was incorporated as a town, and the land office opened

NOTE 7.—Mrs. ANGIE B. MITCHELL, wife of Daniel Mitchell, died on the Maricopa Indian reservation in Arizona about July 21, 1906. They came to Kansas with a Massachusetts colony in the year 1855, and settled on Seven Mile creek near the present town of Ogden. Her husband died July 23, 1877, at the age of seventy years. They left Junction City for Arizona June 21, 1875. Mrs. Mitchell was born at West Borough, Mass., June 27, 1824. She was a strong character, highly educated and possessed much literary ability. Daniel Mitchell was a surveyor, very accurate in all he did He surveyed the town site of Junction City in the early part of 1858. He served as county treasurer, register of deeds, and other positions in Geary county almost constantly. In 1866 he surveyed the town site of Solomon.

there, a goodly lot of people came, and Mrs. Mitchell was indefatigable in her efforts to have a meetinghouse. In her own kind and taking way she got us all interested, and with her for leader we held a fair, with the proceeds of which that little stone church on the hill was begun, and was finished mainly by her untiring efforts. It still stands as a memorial of her goodness. It was the first church built in that part of the country.

One very cold night the latch of our cabin door was lifted and in walked a young man. Later we would have called him a "tramp." But the "Weary Willies" were beyond our conception at that early day. He took a seat in the corner of the big fireplace, and as supper was ready, we urged him to eat with us, but he would not. Drawing a great piece of corn bread from his pocket, he said, "I would like to wallop my dodger in this gravy if you hain't no objections," pointing to the skillet of gravy which stood on the hearth. We had no objections, and he "walloped."

We had a big Dutch oven with a lid and many times used it to bake shortcake, corn dodgers, meat pies, etc., in, and they always tasted better than when cooked in a stove, which we had set by one side of the fireplace. And I must tell of a chicken pie we had for our first Christmas dinner in Kansas, 1855.

Lincoln, the ever-present, was there. He and Mr. White said they were going to get the Christmas dinner. I was only too glad to let them, and gave them *carte blanche* for everything. A family whose claim had been taken into the reservation had gone in disgust and left several chickens to starve or freeze, as might be. After two or three had frozen to death we took those left, gave them shelter and food, and killed and ate them to save them from a cruel death; that was the way we got chicken for our Christmas dinner. The boys prepared the fowls, made their dough for the crust, and began filling in their pie. After the fowls were in Mr. White said tomatoes would be good in it. I had dried ones, and they put in a plentiful supply. Then Lincoln said sugar is good in anything, so in went a large cup of sugar. The pie was baked in the big Dutch oven, dished and put on the table and eaten. I surprised the two fellows, casting glances at each other as they ate, but I said nothing and ate as if it had been a dish fit to set before a king.

The rats and mice led us such a life that Mr. White tried shooting them —the rats, at least. His first shot put a bullet through the bottom of our iron skillet, the only one we had, so he gave up that *modus operandi*.

The following summer we made our garden some distance from the house, as we were raising chickens then, and fences were a convenience we did not aspire to. One day Mr. White and I took a little two-year-old baby and went to the garden to work. While there I saw a file of Indians passing over a bluff that was in plain view of the cabin. Thinking the little girls would be badly frightened, we started for home with all speed. As the baby could not walk through the brush, her father had her to carry. We made such slow progress I begged him to leave her with me and hasten on, which he did as fast as his long legs could carry him. I followed, dragging and carrying the little one by turns. As I neared the creek I heard pistol or rifle shots. The trees still hid the house from view, and the pioneer mothers can imagine my feelings. I splashed over the creek, not heeding the stepping stones, ran up the bank, where I got a full view of the house and surroundings, and what did I see? My dear ones massacred, the Indians

dancing around the burning cabin with the scalps of the loved ones dangling from their belts? Nothing of the kind. Instead, I saw my husband and some dozen or more Indians *shooting at a mark*. I was relieved, of course, but I think my angry feelings predominated. I set the babe on the grass, and throwing myself beside her I gave way to my feelings in angry tears. The Indians soon left, and I guess I would be lying there yet had not my husband started to meet me and found a very angry woman. He never thought the shots might alarm me, and was very sorry, etc. Soon all was smooth—forgiven, if not forgotten.

One day that summer my eldest child, Stella by name, was sitting on the floor playing. She put her hand through a crack in the boards to recover something she had dropped. Suddenly she ran to me with the blood dripping from her fingers, crying that a snake had bitten her. I thought of nothing but a rattlesnake. I caught her fingers to my mouth and drew the blood from the wound until her fingers were perfectly white, then ran out with a cup of water, made some mud in a twinkling and bound it tightly to her finger. That was the last of it; no bad results followed, but whether it was a snake or a rat will never be known.

That summer we learned from papers and magazines sent from home that hoops were all the rage. One of my new friends living near the fort had seen the ladies there with hoops and she declared we must have them, so we induced Mr. White to buy for us, as we were too modest to ask for them ourselves. A little while after, but before we had worn our hoops, I wrote a note to my friend to come out and spend the day with me and be sure and bring her hoops. I sent the note by my husband, as he was passing that way on his road to Fort Riley. The note was delivered and Mrs. Charles Whitehair came out "mule back." We made some wide skirts to wear over hoops, dressed up and strutted around, feeling very swell, which we were in one sense, I am sure. Towards evening, when we were expecting Mr. White to come, we took the children and walked down the road to meet him. We had not gone very far when we saw him driving old Tom in a liesurely manner. When we were within a few rods of him he lifted his head, saw us, put his hand over his eyes, then peering at us for a moment, stopped the horse and, with a yell that awakened the echoes, jumped from the wagon and ran back in the direction from which he had come, yelling the while like a Comanche Indian. At first we were frightened; then we got next to him and all tumbled into the wagon and made old Tom travel for all he was worth, leaving the crazy man to walk off his fright, which he did, for he came trudging home very meekly; said he thought we were two great hogsheads walking off with the children, and he thought it best to take care of No. 1. He admitted the joke was on him.

In the fall of 1856 we had another cabin built, this time a hewed log house with a porch and a grand stairway which ran up behind the door. Then we had three houses all in a row. The last one was still standing three years ago.

Ogden had been built, the land office opened there in October, 1857, and a great deal of business carried on. For two and a half years the office remained there, then Junction City was incorporated and the office removed there, as did nearly all the citizens of Ogden. Mr. White gave me my choice of having a nice large home built there on the farm and I to stay there while he went to practice his profession in Junction, or to have a

house built in the latter place. I decided without a moment's hesitation on a home in Junction. Life was too short to live separated even a week at a time. I regretted leaving our dear woodland home exceedingly. I loved the trees, the bluffs, the creek—everything.

We made the change, and the first night in Junction I found the little four-year-old girl crying as if she was broken-hearted. On inquiring the trouble she sobbed out, "Oh, mamma, I cannot live here, there are no trees to play under." Dear heart, she died five years ago, and I hope she has found trees like those on Three Mile.

In addition to our three little girls we took three little boys to Junction whom we found among those same trees. The youngest died the summer of 1860, aged sixteen months. His death occurred on the 17th of June, our wedding anniversary, which we had always celebrated, but which we never did again.

I said in my letter that we lived a few "months," not years, in a shack where the Smith library now stands. Then a few months more farther west on Seventh street, waiting for our own house to be built, which was completed and occupied in September, 1860.

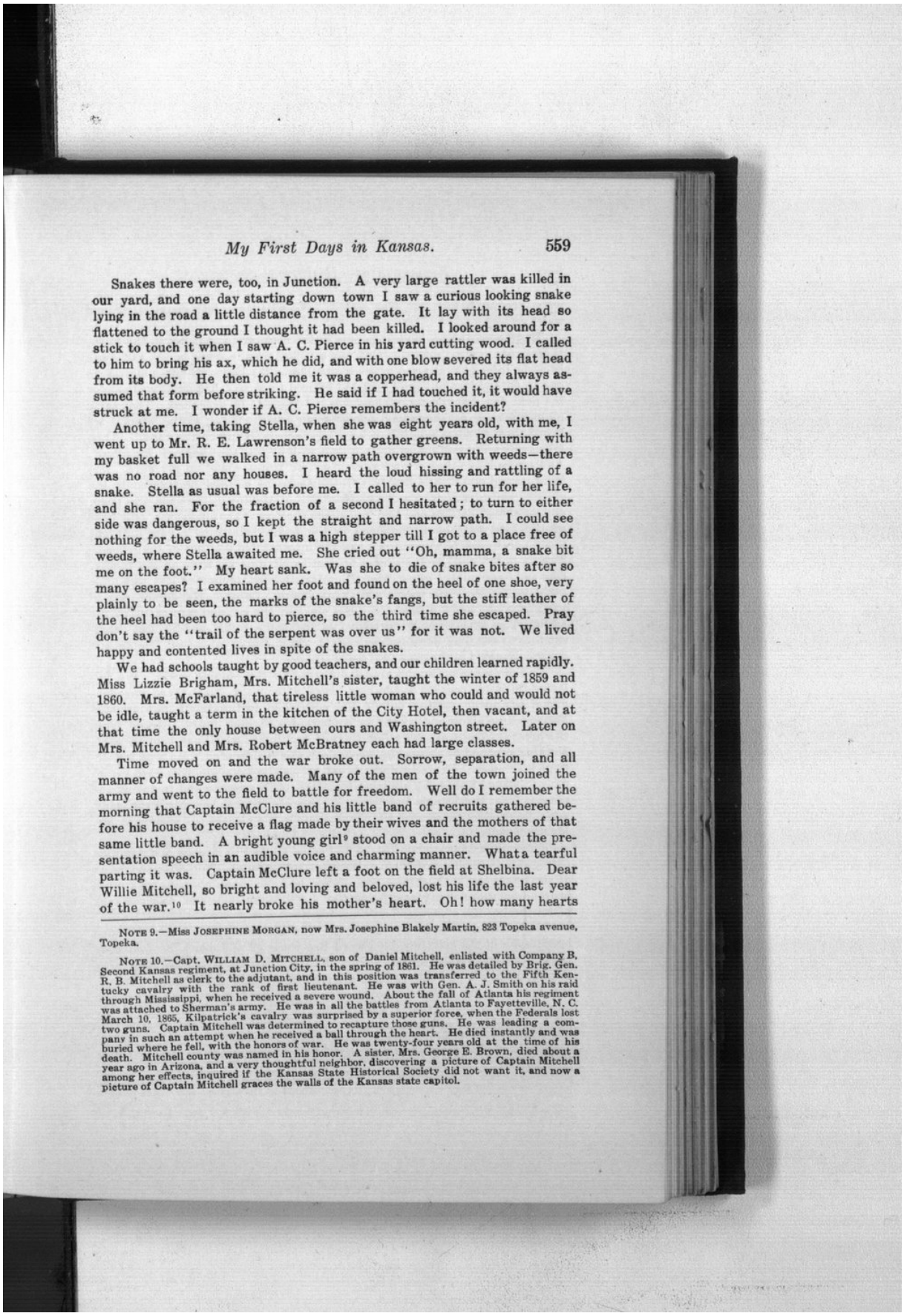
We found a goodly number of people and many houses erected when we came. I recall the McClures, Hendersons, Orrs, and many others already in their new homes, ready to live, which they said they had not been doing, only stopping off for a time. Uncle Dick Whitney was there with his family in their new house on the corner of Washington and Eighth, now owned by the Ross family. Mr. Whitney[8] built the first frame house in Junction, and many others, our own among them, which still stands, witness of good honest work, by a good workman, as Uncle Dick certainly was. Then the Mitchells came up from Ogden, which made an addition to our pleasant and congenial little society.

In Junction hoops were everywhere in evidence, but we did not make scarecrows of ourselves by wearing them. Kansas winds made sad havoc with them and they were soon discarded.

We had pleasant times in those days. We met often at each other's houses; had spelling school once a week for a while, and it was such fun to see the best spellers have to sit down for missing little words when they could not be caught on big ones. Dear Mrs. Woodward, a bright little woman, was our best speller. She never missed a word, big or little. The men gave each other nicknames by making their initials spell some ludicrous thing. For instance, S. B. White was Steam Boat White, which clung to him for a long time. There was a bright young lawyer, Caswell by name, whom they named Caterwaul, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Our second summer in Junction we had a good garden and raised some fine watermelons. Wishing to share them with our friends we gave a melon party on a long table in the yard. We had melons, many of them cut in all imaginable shapes. We had a yard full, and after eating all we could we got to throwing rinds, like children, and had a merry if wet time. I supplied dry dresses to the limit of my wardrobe, and all went home happy, if they did leave their dresses on the clothesline.

NOTE 8—RICHARD CLARKSON WHITNEY was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and died in San Juan county, New Mexico, October 13, 1896, aged seventy-nine years. He came to Kansas in 1856, settling in Pawnee. In July, 1859, he was elected first mayor of Junction City, and reelected in 1860. His wife, who was a sister of Mrs. White's, died in 1860. In 1869 he was elected sheriff of Geary county. He moved from Junction City to Denver, and in 1894 moved to New Mexico. The first frame house in Junction City built by him was torn down in the spring of 1910 to give place for a large modern stone building for the Central National Bank.



Snakes there were, too, in Junction. A very large rattler was killed in our yard, and one day starting down town I saw a curious looking snake lying in the road a little distance from the gate. It lay with its head so flattened to the ground I thought it had been killed. I looked around for a stick to touch it when I saw A. C. Pierce in his yard cutting wood. I called to him to bring his ax, which he did, and with one blow severed its flat head from its body. He then told me it was a copperhead, and they always assumed that form before striking. He said if I had touched it, it would have struck at me. I wonder if A. C. Pierce remembers the incident?

Another time, taking Stella, when she was eight years old, with me, I went up to Mr. R. E. Lawrenson's field to gather greens. Returning with my basket full we walked in a narrow path overgrown with weeds—there was no road nor any houses. I heard the loud hissing and rattling of a snake. Stella as usual was before me. I called to her to run for her life, and she ran. For the fraction of a second I hesitated; to turn to either side was dangerous, so I kept the straight and narrow path. I could see nothing for the weeds, but I was a high stepper till I got to a place free of weeds, where Stella awaited me. She cried out "Oh, mamma, a snake bit me on the foot." My heart sank. Was she to die of snake bites after so many escapes? I examined her foot and found on the heel of one shoe, very plainly to be seen, the marks of the snake's fangs, but the stiff leather of the heel had been too hard to pierce, so the third time she escaped. Pray don't say the "trail of the serpent was over us" for it was not. We lived happy and contented lives in spite of the snakes.

We had schools taught by good teachers, and our children learned rapidly. Miss Lizzie Brigham, Mrs. Mitchell's sister, taught the winter of 1859 and 1860. Mrs. McFarland, that tireless little woman who could and would not be idle, taught a term in the kitchen of the City Hotel, then vacant, and at that time the only house between ours and Washington street. Later on Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Robert McBratney each had large classes.

Time moved on and the war broke out. Sorrow, separation, and all manner of changes were made. Many of the men of the town joined the army and went to the field to battle for freedom. Well do I remember the morning that Captain McClure and his little band of recruits gathered before his house to receive a flag made by their wives and the mothers of that same little band. A bright young girl[9] stood on a chair and made the presentation speech in an audible voice and charming manner. What a tearful parting it was. Captain McClure left a foot on the field at Shelbina. Dear Willie Mitchell, so bright and loving and beloved, lost his life the last year of the war.[10] It nearly broke his mother's heart. Oh! how many hearts

NOTE 9.—Miss JOSEPHINE MORGAN, now Mrs. Josephine Blakely Martin, 823 Topeka avenue, Topeka.

NOTE 10.—Capt. WILLIAM D. MITCHELL, son of Daniel Mitchell, enlisted with Company B, Second Kansas regiment, at Junction City, in the spring of 1861. He was detailed by Brig. Gen. R. B. Mitchell as clerk to the adjutant, and in this position was transferred to the Fifth Kentucky cavalry with the rank of first lieutenant. He was with Gen. A. J. Smith on his raid through Mississippi, when he received a severe wound. About the fall of Atlanta his regiment was attached to Sherman's army. He was in all the battles from Atlanta to Fayetteville, N. C. March 10, 1865, Kilpatrick's cavalry was surprised by a superior force, when the Federals lost two guns. Captain Mitchell was determined to recapture those guns. He was leading a company in such an attempt when he received a ball through the heart. He died instantly and was buried where he fell, with the honors of war. He was twenty-four years old at the time of his death. Mitchell county was named in his honor. A sister, Mrs. George E. Brown, died about a year ago in Arizona, and a very thoughtful neighbor, discovering a picture of Captain Mitchell among her effects, inquired if the Kansas State Historical Society did not want it, and now a picture of Captain Mitchell graces the walls of the Kansas state capitol.

were broken before the war ended! We who were left could stand and wait.

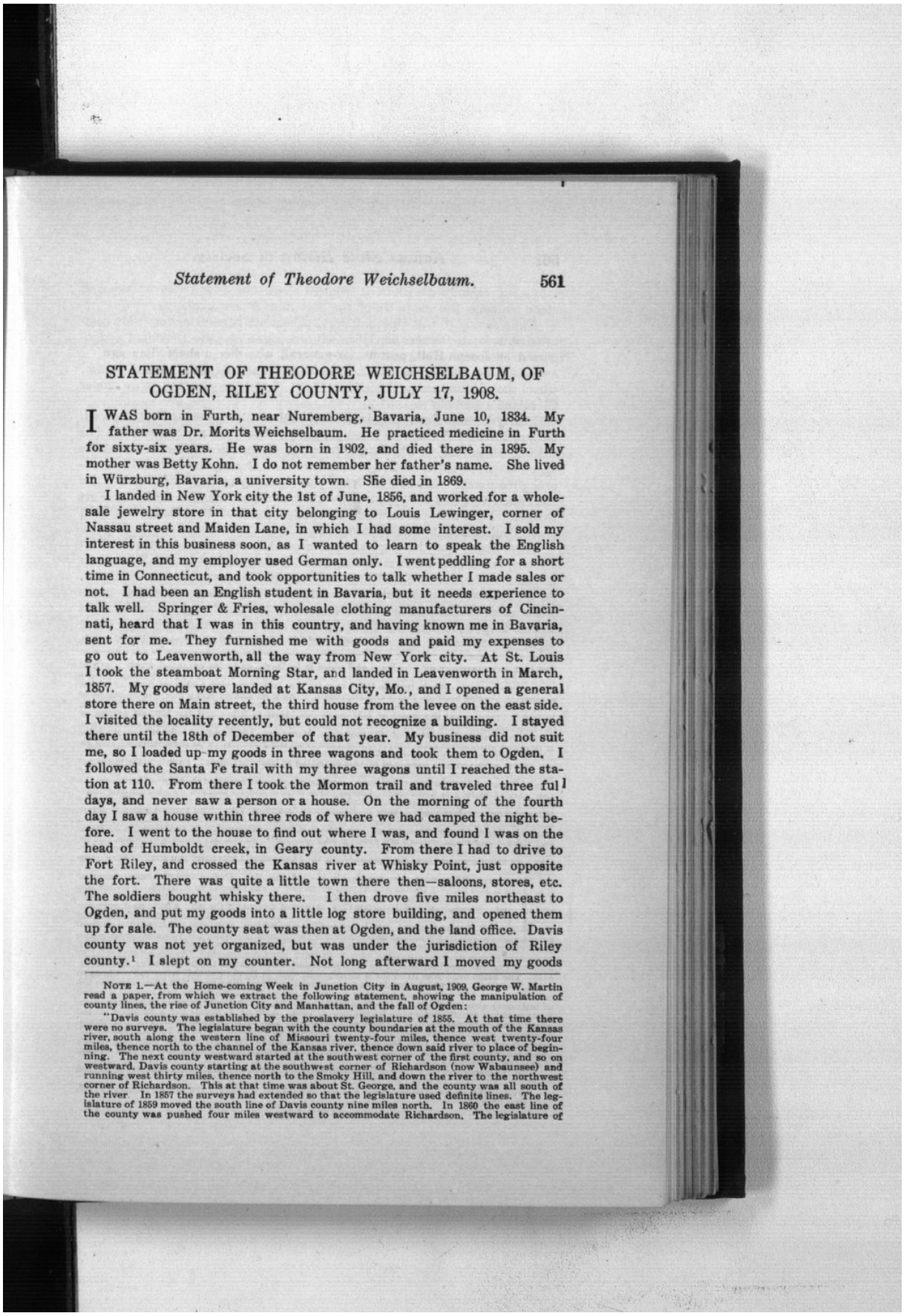
There were some lawless people in the country (and if not in the town, there were sympathizers). One day a young man, a mere boy in fact, was brought into town accused of horse stealing. He knew no one and had no one to defend him until my husband offered to do so. The trial was set for the next day, but the poor fellow was not there to be defended. That same night we were awakened by a noise down town. Going to the window we heard shouts and saw lights. Some one yelled "Bring on the rope." Then all sounds were swallowed up in a long wail of woe that begged for mercy. As long as I live that cry for mercy will at times sound in my ears. Mr. White could stand it no longer. Getting into his clothes, he started to the street. All of a sudden a dead silence fell on the town, the deed was done, and he came upstairs and told me about the boy. That was the only case of the kind that ever happened in the town. Many of a very different nature occurred, however. All had the interest and welfare of their neighbors at heart, and when sickness or death visited us we were as one family. One sad happening I must refer to. Mrs. Robert Henderson lost two little girls, twins, by death within thirty-six hours. Captain Henderson was in the army, she knew not where. But she had the aid and sympathy of the town. The little ones were buried in the same coffin, and it was heart-rending to see that bereaved mother.[11] So it was in all cases; friends and neighbors could all be depended upon to assist.

As time went on we became indifferent to the outside world. We followed the same routine day by day, week after week, until there was danger of our never getting out of the rut, when fortunately a red-breasted Martin came along and stirred us up with his ringing notes, uttered from the press. We were soon all on the *qui vive* to see what was coming next. Nothing escaped him, and the wrongdoer was well scored. He was a practical joker, too. I recall a joke he got up on a lawyer who was just beginning to wear glasses, by entering his office in his absence and removing the glasses from the frames and having a crowd to witness the man's confusion when he read as usual with the frames minus the glasses. I wonder if Mr. Martin recollects.

The cruel war was ended at last. People flocked to Kansas and Junction City got a good share of them. Business was resumed, and with the influx of strangers our little coterie was broken up. So many changes took place in the memory of many now living that I will leave some one else the task of continuing the story.

Of all that dear circle few are left. The last few years death has been busy; even in the last few days word has come of the death of two dear ones. Indeed, I stand almost alone. I am the last survivor, too, of a large family; brothers and sisters have all passed over the dark river, which I, too, will soon be called to cross. As I have lived the most of my life in Junction City, there, too, I hope to die, in the old home so dear to my heart, and there I will be buried.

NOTE 11.—The twins were born March 4, 1861, but a few moments before Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as President. Capt. Robert Henderson enlisted in company F, Sixth Kansas cavalry, October 4, 1861. The twins were named Annie Douglas and Jane Campbell. They died September 20, 1862. Between September 15 and October 9 the father was fighting in Arkansas, beyond the reach of any communication. He had been absent from home a year. Mrs. Henderson enjoyed good health and passed her eighty-second birthday February 17, 1910. Captain Henderson died January 6, 1906.—See Kan. Hist. Coll., vol. 8, pp. 405–415.



STATEMENT OF THEODORE WEICHSELBAUM, OF OGDEN, RILEY COUNTY, JULY 17, 1908.

I WAS born in Furth, near Nuremberg, Bavaria, June 10, 1834. My father was Dr. Morits Weichselbaum. He practiced medicine in Furth for sixty-six years. He was born in 1802, and died there in 1895. My mother was Betty Kohn. I do not remember her father's name. She lived in Würzburg, Bavaria, a university town. She died in 1869.

I landed in New York city the 1st of June, 1856, and worked for a wholesale jewelry store in that city belonging to Louis Lewinger, corner of Nassau street and Maiden Lane, in which I had some interest. I sold my interest in this business soon, as I wanted to learn to speak the English language, and my employer used German only. I went peddling for a short time in Connecticut, and took opportunities to talk whether I made sales or not. I had been an English student in Bavaria, but it needs experience to talk well. Springer & Fries, wholesale clothing manufacturers of Cincinnati, heard that I was in this country, and having known me in Bavaria, sent for me. They furnished me with goods and paid my expenses to go out to Leavenworth, all the way from New York city. At St. Louis I took the steamboat Morning Star, and landed in Leavenworth in March, 1857. My goods were landed at Kansas City, Mo., and I opened a general store there on Main street, the third house from the levee on the east side. I visited the locality recently, but could not recognize a building. I stayed there until the 18th of December of that year. My business did not suit me, so I loaded up my goods in three wagons and took them to Ogden. I followed the Santa Fe trail with my three wagons until I reached the station at 110. From there I took the Mormon trail and traveled three full days, and never saw a person or a house. On the morning of the fourth day I saw a house within three rods of where we had camped the night before. I went to the house to find out where I was, and found I was on the head of Humboldt creek, in Geary county. From there I had to drive to Fort Riley, and crossed the Kansas river at Whisky Point, just opposite the fort. There was quite a little town there then—saloons, stores, etc. The soldiers bought whisky there. I then drove five miles northeast to Ogden, and put my goods into a little log store building, and opened them up for sale. The county seat was then at Ogden, and the land office. Davis county was not yet organized, but was under the jurisdiction of Riley county.[1] I slept on my counter. Not long afterward I moved my goods

NOTE 1.—At the Home-coming Week in Junction City in August, 1909, George W. Martin read a paper, from which we extract the following statement, showing the manipulation of county lines, the rise of Junction City and Manhattan, and the fall of Ogden:

"Davis county was established by the proslavery legislature of 1855. At that time there were no surveys. The legislature began with the county boundaries at the mouth of the Kansas river, south along the western line of Missouri twenty-four miles, thence west twenty-four miles, thence north to the channel of the Kansas river, thence down said river to place of beginning. The next county westward started at the southwest corner of the first county, and so on westward. Davis county starting at the southwest corner of Richardson (now Wabaunsee) and running west thirty miles, thence north to the Smoky Hill, and down the river to the northwest corner of Richardson. This at that time was about St. George, and the county was all south of the river. In 1857 the surveys had extended so that the legislature used definite lines. The legislature of 1859 moved the south line of Davis county nine miles north. In 1860 the east line of the county was pushed four miles westward to accommodate Richardson. The legislature of

into a log cabin, with a loft, in which I slept. In 1859 I put up my first stone building, the one in which the post office is now kept.

I was postmaster at Ogden under Buchanan's administration. My commission is dated October 26, 1859. It was signed by the President and indorsed by Joseph Holt, postmaster-general, who died a short time ago. I also had the post office under Lincoln and until Grant's administration, when the Republican party put me out. I was postmaster twice under Cleveland's administration.[2]

I early became financially interested in the sutler stores at Forts Larned, Dodge, Harker, Wallace and Camp Supply. I sold out my interest in all of them in May, 1869, to Charles F. Tracy, of St. Louis, who had received the appointment as sutler at Dodge and Larned. During the '60's I filled several government contracts at these posts putting up hay and wood. The last wood contract I filled in 1869—1200 cords at $24.42 a cord—for Fort Dodge. I got the wood twenty-five miles south of Fort Dodge on Bluff creek, and hauled it with my own teams.

Jesse Crane got the original appointment for the sutler's store at Fort Larned, in 1859, and asked me to help him. He had clerked for Bob Wilson, the original post sutler at Fort Riley, and secured his appointment in that way. So we started in partnership and continued four years. Our first goods were taken to Camp Alert, right across the timbered ravine, northeast of where they were building Fort Larned. We were there perhaps six or eight months before the completion of the fort. Maj. Henry W. Wessels

1860 took some territory off Dickinson and added it to Davis, and also extended Davis north of the Smoky Hill. The territorial legislature of 1861 changed several sections in township 10 south of the river, opposite Manhattan, to Riley county. In 1864 there was a change made of a few sections in the line between Davis and Dickinson. The west line of Riley was five or six miles west of Junction City, so that this region north of the river was, prior to 1860, in Riley county. In 1873 the territory at the mouth of McDowell was given to Riley, and the Milford section on the Republican given to Davis. To complete the story of the manipulation of these county lines, I must say that the legislature of 1871 took from Wabaunsee a strip of six miles wide and twelve or fourteen miles south from the river and gave it to Riley county. The legislature of 1873 restored six miles of this territory to Wabaunsee.

"Now, why and how happened all this changing of boundary lines? I venture there are not ten people in the county familiar with this business. Local history was always a fad with me, and I have observed, both before and since occupying my present position, that quite frequently the best part of history is never told. County lines were originally laid out on a barren and undeveloped region. Lines of travel and development made frequent changes necessary. The Smoky Hill and Kansas rivers made a very unsatisfactory boundary line. The task of reconstruction began in this neighborhood. I suppose some would call it selfishness, but present conditions amply justify the foresightedness of those who first made settlements in the counties of Davis and Riley. Historical writers are getting very particular in this day about documents, but we all know that common gossip, general understanding and rumor sometimes involve very good history. In talking about these changes and how they happened, I must give you some history without documents.

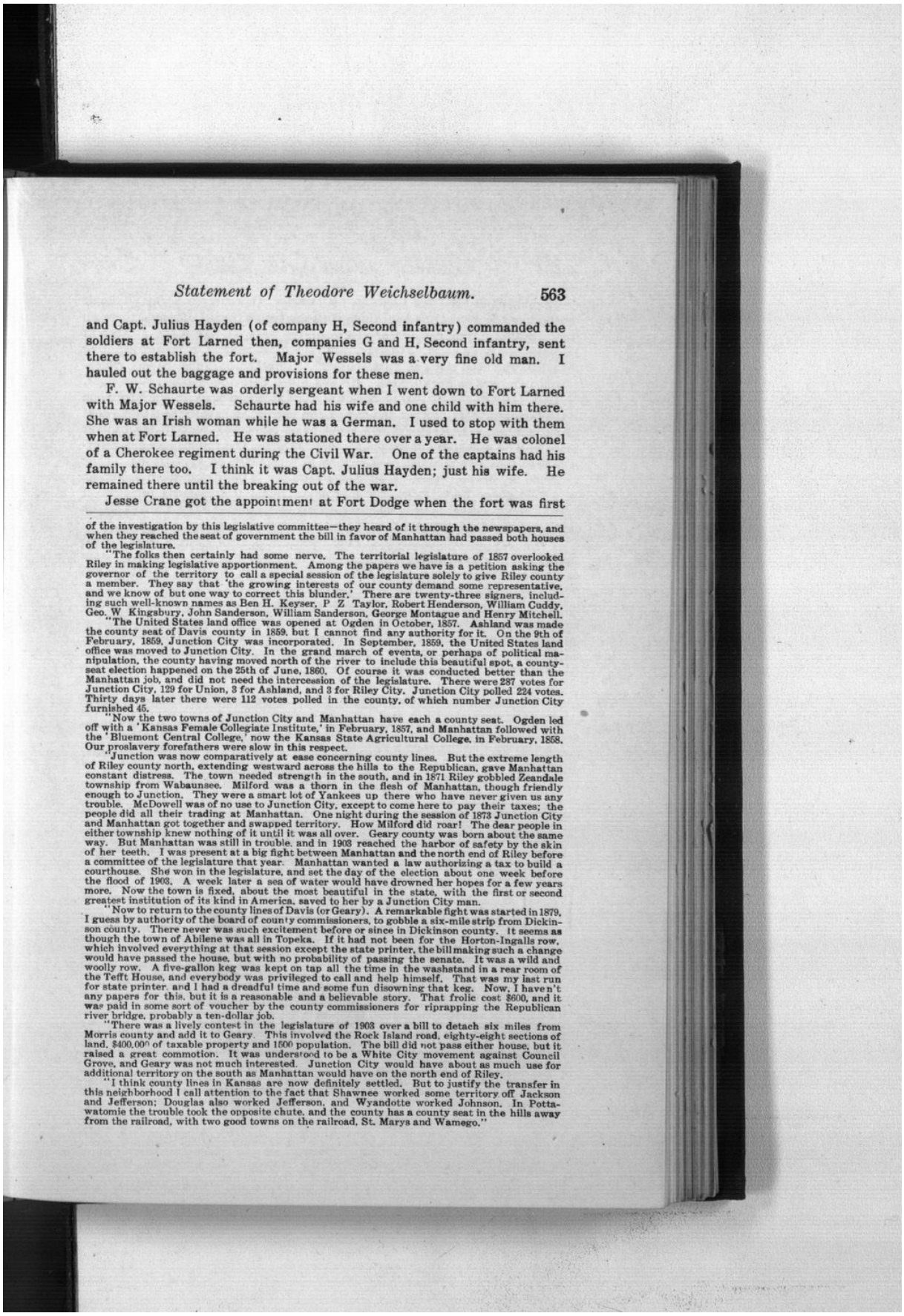
"Davis and Riley were very reasonably shaped counties. Ogden was the county seat of Riley, and it also had the United States land office, and it was reasonably situated. Pawnee was destroyed, leaving Ogden the only town. Kansas Falls was an attempt at a town, but it could not succeed. Manhattan and Junction City combined to crucify Ogden. I have no documents to show this, but that is the way it looks to me. The former took the county seat of Riley and the latter took the land office. But Junction City was without a county, and hence the gradual reconstruction into its present shape of Davis or Geary county. Riley City, located about where the Country Club now is, was an ambitious point, and had also to be wiped out.

"And here we come to a point where we have some documents. The legislature of 1857 directed that the people of Riley hold an election for county seat on the first Monday of October, 1857. The same date was fixed for a county-seat vote in Davis, but this latter did not happen until June 25, 1860, at which time Davis was extended north of the river. But Riley voted on the 5th of October, 1857. In placing in order certain archives of our library we came across a bunch of testimony about that election, causing grave suspicion of crookedness, and upon which Manhattan made a contest before the legislature of 1858. Andrew J. Mead was a member of the council and Abraham Barry a member of the house. The latter was chairman of the special committee to investigate, and he reported that Ogden received 193 votes and Manhattan 156; majority for Ogden, 37. They found 59 illegal votes at Ogden for Ogden, which were thrown out, leaving a majority of 22 for Manhattan. Governor Denver signed a bill January 30, 1858, making Manhattan the county seat.

"In the papers on file with the Historical Society it is charged that Ogden was never notified

NOTE 2.—Theodore Weichselbaum was the Democratic candidate for state treasurer in 1880, receiving 59,750 votes.

Kansas historical collections



and Capt. Julius Hayden (of company H, Second infantry) commanded the soldiers at Fort Larned then, companies G and H, Second infantry, sent there to establish the fort. Major Wessels was a very fine old man. I hauled out the baggage and provisions for these men.

F. W. Schaurte was orderly sergeant when I went down to Fort Larned with Major Wessels. Schaurte had his wife and one child with him there. She was an Irish woman while he was a German. I used to stop with them when at Fort Larned. He was stationed there over a year. He was colonel of a Cherokee regiment during the Civil War. One of the captains had his family there too. I think it was Capt. Julius Hayden; just his wife. He remained there until the breaking out of the war.

Jesse Crane got the appointment at Fort Dodge when the fort was first

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of the investigation by this legislative committee—they heard of it through the newspapers, and when they reached the seat of government the bill in favor of Manhattan had passed both houses of the legislature.

"The folks then certainly had some nerve. The territorial legislature of 1857 overlooked Riley in making legislative apportionment. Among the papers we have is a petition asking the governor of the territory to call a special session of the legislature solely to give Riley county a member. They say that 'the growing interests of our county demand some representative, and we know of but one way to correct this blunder.' There are twenty-three signers, including such well-known names as Ben H. Keyser, P. Z. Taylor, Robert Henderson, William Cuddy, Geo. W. Kingsbury, John Sanderson, William Sanderson, George Montague and Henry Mitchell.

"The United States land office was opened at Ogden in October, 1857. Ashland was made the county seat of Davis county in 1859, but I cannot find any authority for it. On the 9th of February, 1859, Junction City was incorporated. In September, 1859, the United States land office was moved to Junction City. In the grand march of events, or perhaps of political manipulation, the county having moved north of the river to include this beautiful spot, a county-seat election happened on the 25th of June, 1860. Of course it was conducted better than the Manhattan job, and did not need the intercession of the legislature. There were 287 votes for Junction City, 129 for Union, 3 for Ashland, and 3 for Riley City. Junction City polled 224 votes. Thirty days later there were 112 votes polled in the county, of which number Junction City furnished 45.

"Now the two towns of Junction City and Manhattan have each a county seat. Ogden led off with a 'Kansas Female Collegiate Institute,' in February, 1857, and Manhattan followed with the 'Bluemont Central College,' now the Kansas State Agricultural College, in February, 1858. Our proslavery forefathers were slow in this respect.

"Junction was now comparatively at ease concerning county lines. But the extreme length of Riley county north, extending westward across the hills to the Republican, gave Manhattan constant distress. The town needed strength in the south, and in 1871 Riley gobbled Zeandale township from Wabaunsee. Milford was a thorn in the flesh of Manhattan, though friendly enough to Junction. They were a smart lot of Yankees up there who have never given us any trouble. McDowell was of no use to Junction City, except to come here to pay their taxes; the people did all their trading at Manhattan. One night during the session of 1873 Junction City and Manhattan got together and swapped territory. How Milford did roar! The dear people in either township knew nothing of it until it was all over. Geary county was born about the same way. But Manhattan was still in trouble, and in 1903 reached the harbor of safety by the skin of her teeth. I was present at a big fight between Manhattan and the north end of Riley before a committee of the legislature that year. Manhattan wanted a law authorizing a tax to build a courthouse. She won in the legislature, and set the day of the election about one week before the flood of 1903. A week later a sea of water would have drowned her hopes for a few years more. Now the town is fixed, about the most beautiful in the state, with the first or second greatest institution of its kind in America, saved to her by a Junction City man.

"Now to return to the county lines of Davis (or Geary). A remarkable fight was started in 1879, I guess by authority of the board of county commissioners, to gobble a six-mile strip from Dickinson county. There never was such excitement before or since in Dickinson county. It seems as though the town of Abilene was all in Topeka. If it had not been for the Horton-Ingalls row, which involved everything at that session except the state printer, the bill making such a change would have passed the house, but with no probability of passing the senate. It was a wild and woolly row. A five-gallon keg was kept on tap all the time in the washstand in a rear room of the Tefft House, and everybody was privileged to call and help himself. That was my last run for state printer, and I had a dreadful time and some fun disowning that keg. Now, I haven't any papers for this, but it is a reasonable and a believable story. That frolic cost $600, and it was paid in some sort of voucher by the county commissioners for riprapping the Republican river bridge, probably a ten-dollar job.

"There was a lively contest in the legislature of 1903 over a bill to detach six miles from Morris county and add it to Geary. This involved the Rock Island road, eighty-eight sections of land, $400,000 of taxable property and 1500 population. The bill did not pass either house, but it raised a great commotion. It was understood to be a White City movement against Council Grove, and Geary was not much interested. Junction City would have about as much use for additional territory on the south as Manhattan would have on the north end of Riley.

"I think county lines in Kansas are now definitely settled. But to justify the transfer in this neighborhood I call attention to the fact that Shawnee worked some territory off Jackson and Jefferson; Douglas also worked Jefferson, and Wyandotte worked Johnson. In Pottawatomie the trouble took the opposite chute, and the county has a county seat in the hills away from the railroad, with two good towns on the railroad, St. Marys and Wamego."

established in 1865, and I became his partner. I would go on to St. Louis and buy the goods, and haul them with my teams from Leavenworth to all the posts. Crane had the oversight of the work at the posts, at each of which we had a clerk.[3] George W. Crane, now head of a Topeka printing office, was head clerk at Fort Larned. A brother of mine, Albert Weichselbaum, was at Fort Dodge. He was killed there on Sunday, August 27, 1865. It was our custom to close the store at one o'clock in the afternoon on Sundays. My brother and one of the soldiers, a cavalry sergeant, went out hunting. As they did not come back, news was sent to my brother Sam, who was clerking for me at Fort Larned. The commander there furnished him with a company of cavalry to escort him to Fort Dodge. They found my brother Albert's body on a sand bar in the Arkansas river, about a mile above Fort Dodge, but they never found the soldier's remains. I was never satisfied as to whether Albert was killed by the Indians or by the sergeant who went out with him.

I bought out the interest at Fort Harker and Fort Wallace from Robert S. Miller, a former banker of Junction City, dead long ago. The firm name at Fort Wallace was Scott & Weichselbaum. D. W. Scott had been the quartermaster at Fort Riley for several years.

The firm name at Fort Harker was Osborne & Scott. Vincent B. Osborne had been a soldier during the war and had one leg cut off. Neither man had money, and I furnished the capital, and supposed I had a half interest in Scott's share, but I had no contract written. I did have a written agreement for Fort Wallace, written out by the judge of the court, who was my attorney at Junction City.

The firm name at Camp Supply, Fort Larned and Fort Dodge was Tap-

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NOTE 3.—Jesse H. Crane was born in Easton, Pennsylvania, June 23, 1839. He was educated in La Fayette College, and came to Kansas with his father, Dr. F. L. Crane, in 1855. During that year he took a position as clerk with "Bob" Wilson, sutler at Fort Riley. In 1859 he was appointed post sutler at Fort Larned, and engaged in partnership with Theo. Weichselbaum of Ogden. This partnership continued until 1866, when he sold out his Fort Larned interests and removed to Topeka, the home of his father and brothers. In 1873 he went to Santa Barbara, California, on account of catarrhal trouble, and returned with his family in 1876. He died in Topeka July 5, 1908.

Francis Loomis Crane, the father of Jesse, was born January 10, 1808, at East Windsor, Hartford county, Connecticut. His father, David Crane, did good service under the immediate command of General Washington. His home training was in the strict Puritan school. He was educated in the common schools, and studied medicine with an uncle, Dr. John W. Crane. At the age of 22 he had established a successful business at Easton, Pennsylvania. In October, 1854, he moved to Kansas and settled on the present site of Topeka, and became a member of the town company. He was active in the formation of the Free-State party. In 1857 he was treasurer of the St. Joseph and Topeka Railroad Company, and he was also foremost in the labor and agitation resulting in the construction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. Five acres of the site on which the Santa Fe shops are located were donated by Doctor Crane. In 1859 he started the present Topeka Cemetery; he built a bridge across the Kansas river. August 19, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company E, Eleventh Kansas regiment, and served until mustered out, August 7, 1865. He was soon detailed as hospital steward, placed in charge of a small-pox hospital, and did the work of a brigade surgeon on a private's pay. He was married in October, 1838, to Mary Elizabeth Howell. She lived but six and one-half years. Doctor Crane died at 4 o'clock A. M. November 19, 1884, at the residence of his son Jesse, in New Mexico. He made a splendid record, and left a very pleasant memory. He was greatly interested in the State Historical Society, and has left in its files a scrap-book showing a remarkably enterprising and liberal business and public life. He left four sons, Jesse H., Franklin L., who died at Fort Larned during the war, David O., and George W., Crane. The youngest son is the noted publisher, of Topeka. He was born at Easton, Pennsylvania, August 25, 1843. He lived with an aunt in Canada until March, 1865, when he came to Kansas. He clerked in the store of his brother Jesse at Larned for one year. He returned to Topeka in 1866, and for three years cultivated a market garden on the ground where the yards and depot of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company now are. In 1868 he began business as a bookbinder and blank-book maker in partnership with J. G. Bryon. In 1869 he acquired a one-third interest in the Topeka *Commonwealth*, under the firm name of Prouty, Davis & Crane. In 1888 he organized the Crane Publishing Company, and ever since has enjoyed a large and lucrative trade. He was the nominee of the Republican caucus for state printer in 1893, but being the session of the legislative war he lacked one vote of an election. In June, 1870, he married Ella Rain. Two children were born of this marriage, Frank S., cashier and superintendent of the publishing business, and Edna. Mrs. Crane died in April, 1881. In the winter of 1882 Mr. Crane married Miss Fannie Kiblinger.

pan & Weichselbaum. J. E. Tappan was first lieutenant of the Second Colorado, company G, during the war, a nephew of Samuel F. Tappan, Boston people. John E. Tappan's father was a large manufacturer of rubber goods in Boston. When the young man went in with me he put in a capital of $5000, and he bought out Jesse Crane. Ours was the first sutler's store at Camp Supply.

I think it was in 1868 that I opened the sutler's store at Camp Supply. Maj. Henry Inman was the chief quartermaster for the Western Department, stationed at Fort Harker. He supplied the transportation for all those Western posts when there was an expedition to go out. There were several such expeditions fitted out from there. When Custer was stationed at Fort Riley he and Mrs. Custer visited at my house.

When Major Inman and I went down to Camp Supply, soon after it was opened, we had an escort of ten Cheyenne Indians. They would always have fresh buffalo meat ready for us in camp. I traded with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas between the Arkansas river and Camp Supply.

We did a lot of business at Fort Supply; a good business. ——— Drum, I think, was in charge of the Camp Supply sutler's store, and had an interest with us.

In July, 1864, Maj. Gen. S. R. Curtis was sent out to Fort Riley by the War Department to raise all the militia he could to go to the relief of trains which were corralled at Cow creek[4] on the Santa Fe road because of the hostile Indians. As soon as he reported at Fort Riley, Capt. James R. McClure, who was in command of that post, sent for me to report to him, and go as guide on that expedition. I reported the same day, but it took a few days to make ready. I had to furnish teams to haul the goods. I furnished seven or eight teams and drivers. Brother Albert was one of the militia, and rode one of my mules. We went to Fort Larned, and after we were there a day or two General Curtis got my horse to ride. He had none, having come out to Fort Riley in a four-mule ambulance which he had continued to use to Fort Larned. Capt. John Willans, General Curtis's adjutant on this expedition, was the only soldier he had with him. I knew Willans before the war. He had a theater upstairs in my store building.

NOTE 4.—The following manuscripts were found among the Society's papers, and evidently pertain to this expedition:

"HEAD QUARTERS 14TH REG. K. S. M.,
FT. RILEY, July 23, 1864.

"Pursuant to instructions just received from Major General Curtis, you are ordered to report to this headquarters with the least possible delay, with all the men you can raise from your company, well mounted, arms will be furnished here.

"Order your men to take one or two blankets each, as they probably will be absent for eight or ten days.

Very respectfully, Your obedient servant,
D. W. SCOTT,
Col. 14th Regt. K. S. M.

"2d Lieut. C. M. Dyche, commanding F Co.,
14th Regt. K. S. M."

"Report of 2d Lieut. C. M. Dyche, Co. F, 14th Regt., Kansas Militia.

1. C. M. Dyche, 2d Lieut.
2. Robert Mellan, 4th Sergt.
3. E. C. Estman, 2d Corporal.
4. J. Myres, 4th
5. A. B. Brookfield, 3d Lieut.
6. J. Busby.
7. C. Caley.
8. S. Cutter.
9. James Hestan.
10. J. Mellan.
11. Robert Mellan.
12. John Osbern.
13. Th. Osbern.
14. Joe Osbern.
15. William Pcwel.
16. J. Streetfield.
17. R. T. Thomas.
18. D. Warner.
19. A. Weichselbaum.
20. Th. Weichselbaum.
21. J. J. Myres.
22. Alb. Phasan.
23. C. Zubell.
24. J. T. Banister.
25. Philip Bloomer.
26. S. Glossip.

"I certify that the above is a correct list of the men serving on the Indian expedition.
"Aug. 6, 1864. C. M. DYCHE, 2d Lieut., Co. F., 14th Regt. K. S. M."

A pretty good fellow. We crossed the Arkansas river south of Larned. After we crossed Pawnee fork we went east without seeing any Indians; but they saw us. We recrossed the river near the mouth of Walnut creek, near Fort Zarah. (I ran a store there in 1864 or 1865, and made hay there for the government.) Curtis found nothing. It was the state militia from Riley, Davis and Pottawatomie counties I accompanied. We picked them up going out. The state made an appropriation that partially paid us, but we were never paid in full.

I brought the news of the breaking out of the war from Fort Riley to Fort Wise, in April, 1861, with an ox team, ahead of the mail. I took a soldier's wife out there to her husband. Her husband was a bugler in the company. She begged me to take her out. I asked her $20 for the trip, 500 miles out and the same back, but I took some Indian goods out and sold them, so made something. In those days there was only one mail from Independence, Mo., to Fort Union, N. M. The same animals they started with had to go through the whole trip to Fort Wise (Bent's old fort). This was when the fort proper was still used—the fort by the river. It was moved afterwards. They used Bent's old fort on the hill for their commissary stores and offices; but the post, made up of little shanties and tents, was down on the river.

June 10, 1862, I married, my wife coming directly to me from Germany. I had never known her nor seen her. My parents picked her out for me and sent her out. They made a good selection—the best woman that ever lived. She had eight children, of whom four are living. Fanny Blumenstein was her name. They had sent me her photo and we had had some correspondence. My brother-in-law, John Jacob Tipp, brought her with him from Germany to Leavenworth with a sister of mine, Tipp's wife. They lived at Ogden in the same house with us. Our children were: Josephine Weichselbaum, born May, 1864. Samuel, my oldest boy, was born in 1866. He was married in August, 1908, in Chicago. Edwin was born in 1868 in Furth, Bavaria. My wife and children were there on a visit. I had taken them over in 1867, stayed two months, got tired of bumming and came back to my work, but went back for them in the fall and brought them home, crossing the ocean four times that year. Johanna, living at Macon, Ga., is our youngest child, she married my second cousin, Julius J. Waxelbaum, a wholesale fruit man or commission merchant at Macon. They have three children. He changed the spelling of our name. My oldest daughter, Josephine, is not married and lives at home, is my storekeeper. My wife died in 1896. June 14, 1900, I married Miss Bertha Koch, of New York city.

When I took that woman out to Fort Wise in 1861 I was attacked by five young Indians after I crossed Big Coon creek on the Santa Fe trail. The five had but one pony. When they saw my horse there they wanted to trade. The woman was in the wagon. I refused to trade, when one took his spear and punched me in the face. I then took out my pistol and pounded the one that punched me on the head, and left him there on the prairie. Returning from Fort Wise, I brought three discharged soldiers from three miles this side of Cow creek. One was a cook and made up a loaf of bread, and had it out to cool while some more was cooking. A great big Indian came up (there were others behind him) and climbed into my wagon and helped himself to my bread, but I took out my blacksnake whip

and whipped them right and left, and chased them off. I think they were Kaws. When I came back to the wagon the three soldiers were just as white as could be. One of them, Joseph Rendlebrock, then a sergeant, became a captain of cavalry in the regular army during the war. I have read two articles in the Kansas City *Star* recently about this man's service in New Mexico. He seems never to have conquered his fear, although he served in the army long enough to draw a pension on retiring.

In 1864 the Cheyenne Indians asked my partner (Crane) and myself to trade with them in their camp, twenty miles southwest of Fort Larned, in November and December. They escorted us out to the camp on the Arkansas river. We forded the Arkansas with our four-mule team. I was in my own conveyance, a carriage and mules, and expected to stay a week. Then the river froze over so we could not get back for four weeks. The Indians treated us well. Their camp was south of the Arkansas—a great big camp. We got a lot of buffalo robes there. We traded our goods to them for buffalo robes and antelope skins. The Indians had lodges from which the Sibley tent was patterned. They furnished us a lodge to live in, and gave us soup in six- and eight-quart milk pans. Another dish was little dogs roasted. They were raised for that purpose, and were just as nice and fat as could be. They also roasted buffalo. They also cut the meat in little pieces and mixed it with red berries, and made a sausage which was very fine eating. We did our business with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas.

John K. Wright built the foundation of my store at Fort Larned in 1862. It was a big stone store building, and though he afterwards followed the business, this was the first contract of that kind he ever had. He was a sergeant in the Second Colorado, stationed at Fort Larned at the time. I had a back room where I slept. Sometimes six or eight big Indians slept on the floor at the same time. We had a Cheyenne to do the chores about the place. When they went on the warpath they had to give us notice and he left. They would not allow him to stay there.

About 1861, or perhaps later, the Pottawatomies and Kickapoos went out in the fall of the year for buffalo meat, to about where Abilene now is. As the party came back a young fellow had two long strings of fingers and toes of a Pawnee strung from his saddle horn to the back of his saddle, outside of his legs. There seemed to be more than would belong to one person. He had done the killing. I remember there was a big fight between the Pawnees and Pottawatomies, but have forgotten the particulars.[5]

NOTE 5.—These relics may have been taken from one of the victims of the fight on Bull Foot creek, Lincoln county, about 1863, mentioned by Adolph Roenigk in the following extract from his letter:

"In 1884 I became acquainted with Mr. Ferdinand Erhardt, an old settler two miles south of here on Bull Foot creek. Talking with him about old times and Indians, he told me about this place where he found skulls and some remains of dead Indians when he first settled, in 1867. A few years later a party of Pottawatomie Indians camped there for about a week, about a half mile west of his farm. Several white men were with the party, and from them he learned about the battle. It was said to have been a running fight. The retreating party of fourteen tried to find shelter or a hiding place in among rocks, a kind of a cave near Bull Foot creek, and all were killed. Some writer may have written about this before, as it was known to the military officers at Fort Harker. Mr. Erhardt said in 1869 an ambulance came over from the fort, distance twenty miles, and gathered up the bones and what was left of the dead Indians. I wanted to see the place, and we went over. On a rock near by we found an inscription cut. The exact words I do not remember, but think it reads: 'Battle between Pottawatomies and Pawnees, fourteen Indians killed, 1863.' A number of bullet marks were also plain to be seen where the rain could not wash over it. This was twenty years ago."—Letter, July 18, 1904.

A Mr. Solomon Humbarger, of Culver, told Mr. Roenigk that at the time the battle happened a large party of Pottawatomies came past their place, having with them one dead and one wounded,

About the winter of 1863-'64, after Col. Jesse H. Leavenworth had been appointed Indian agent, he came in at the same time I did, by coach, from Fort Larned. When we came to about where Brookville now is, to a little log shack, we were snow-bound and had to stay there all night. I had bought from the Indians two good blankets and was prepared for the night. Leavenworth asked me where I got the blankets. I told him to mind his own business, that I had bought and paid for them. The man who helped Leavenworth in his dirty work was a large man—an American, and was along on this trip. He afterwards went to the Territory. He kept the Cow Creek ranch on the Santa Fe trail for Doctor ——. Doctor —— came out from Council Grove, where he had swapped or traded with the Indians, and when he left the Cow Creek store he went back there again to live. The Indians were to have received the blankets as presents, but Leavenworth traded them to the Indians for buffalo robes. Colonel Leavenworth made his headquarters at Fort Larned. His pay was small and he had to make his living from it. My brother found two of my mules when he came in from the west. Custer gave him an order on the quartermaster at Fort Harker for two mules. Inman was the quartermaster.

Capt. Nathaniel Lyon was in command of Fort Riley in the fall of 1860, and hired me and my outfit to go to Camp Alert, afterwards Larned, to make hay for the government, and allowed me sixty-five dollars per day from the time I left Fort Riley until I returned. I had about ten wagons and about ten extra hands. The men did the mowing with scythes, a half dozen great big Dutchmen, all in a row. I cleared twenty dollars a day for my own services. I was gone thirty days. We hauled the grass ten miles, across Coon creek and the Arkansas river. There was not a drop of water in the Arkansas. I had to sink a big wagon box in the Arkansas to collect water for our own use. We drove the cattle across the river to Coon creek to get their water. When the water of Coon creek reached the Arkansas, it sunk too. The grass grew plentifully that year, about one and one-half feet high. The Indians did not bother us any there. This was in early November, and we cut the grass in good shape.

Lyon, to punish his soldiers, would make them carry two or three sticks of cordwood on their shoulders. There would always be some of these men marching up and down there. He was a little fellow. He was a terrible growler. He was smart. He was a hard nut. He was an honorable man, and a good friend to me. It was Lyon who gave me the job of making hay at Fort Larned. They could not get anyone else to take the contract, and so I got it, and big wages.

I built a brewery and ran it for ten years at Ogden, and closed up the business when the prohibition law came into effect, May 1, 1881. I hauled the beer around the country and sold it to the saloons, and shipped it as far west as Hays. I never got a cent in compensation for my loss, and I am out $15,000. I had built a large brewery, with cellars underground, and

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and told of the fight and the number of Pawnees killed, all of which agreed pretty well with Mr. Erhardt's story. Mr. Roenigk concludes, in a letter of October 24, 1906:

"I would also call your attention to Mr. James R. Mead's description of those Pawnee horse-stealing parties, pages 13 and 14, vol. 9, of Historical Collections, which I think throws light on how those Pawnees got there. The number is within the number described; the year is within a few years of the time of which Mr. Mead writes; the route taken through Jewell, Mitchell and Lincoln counties is in direct line with this battle ground, and they were on foot. If you have my letter on file you will see where I state that those Pawnees were said to have come from the north, and when the remains of those Indians were found in the rocks by Mr. Erhardt, after 1867, no carcases or bones of ponies were found."