

HOME SWEET HOME
DAD THE JOKER OF THE FAMILY.
BY Ted Johnston
AUTOCASTER



MANY BODIES RECEIVED AT FORT McPHERSON NATIONAL CEMETERY

Over two hundred bodies from the Fort Sidney cemetery at Sidney are being removed to the National cemetery at Ft. McPherson. The following is an interesting account of the transfer.

Under the personal direction of a government agent, Harry Northcott, Captain of the Reserves in Capt. M. N. Greeley's Department of Omaha, and under the personal supervision of undertaker, G. H. Austin of Julesburg, Colorado, who secured the contract, the bodies numbering two hundred and four in the old Fort Sidney cemetery north of the Union Pacific roundhouse and two from the old Catholic cemetery a few miles east of Sidney, have been disinterred, the bones placed in galvanized iron boxes 12x26 inches, sealed, then these iron boxes placed in wooden boxes for shipment to Ft. McPherson National cemetery near Maxwell, Nebraska.

The work of removing from the graves the remains was done solely by Leland Austin, nephew of the contractor and we noticed it was thoroughly done, the dirt being carefully searched for any smallest relic of bone.

Ft. Sidney was abandoned in 1894 and the last burial in this historic cemetery was made in that year.

Harry Northcott, government agent, was sent here to remove the bodies of twenty-two soldiers and two civilians, relatives of soldiers, all of which were to be re-interred in Ft. McPherson. When he came he found a host of unmarked graves and saw it would be impossible to distinguish the soldiers. He reported this to the government ordered all dis-interred, that no soldier be left, and that brought about this, the greatest wholesale removal of history.

Out of the two hundred and four bodies only three soldiers were positively identified—John O'Hara; Joseph L. Boland, of 1st Regiment Michigan Volunteers, and a man named Hughes.

This work was finished Monday night after over a week's steady work by a force of twenty-five men.

The Enterprise man was asked not to write it up last week because of the crowd it would draw to annoy the workmen and hinder the work, and so we refrained. Even now, who can report such an incident? What pen can draw a picture true to the experience as a writer and with no scruples about telling falsehoods could gather gossip and make a big interesting story of it; but in such cases it is the truth the real American heart craves, and that cannot be fully obtained. Lips which could have told are silent forever, and the All Seeing One points man to the future rather than the past and often withholds from him such things as would not be beneficial in his development and earth's progress. The lives and customs of yesterday are not ours. In the interests of advancing civilization customs change, but life goes on. Half of its secrets never known to those who follow.

Fort Sidney, at the time this cemetery was being populated, was the business and social life of Sidney, and from what is known by old settlers, it was a very tainted social life in which immorality and crime held their despotic sway. Because of this known condition, human imagination, the ghoulish strain in us all, paints vivid pictures—no doubt greatly enlarged ones—around every grave in old Ft. Sidney.

There are the two, one of which was surely the resting place of "Red McDonald", who was lynched because he "knew too much" for the general safety of his murderers, and whose curse uttered just before he was hurled into eternity on the early morning of April 1, 1881, from a limb of the old tree which was cut down last year when the ground was cleared for the beautiful new third ward school, calling the judgement of God to see that each leader in his death died a terrible and violent death, is said to have been carried out to the fullest and McDonald fully avenged by He who said "Vengeance is Mine."

On Monday the only metallic casket discovered in the cemetery was unearthed. It contained a tall, red-haired man with skull crushed in, whose clothing proclaimed him a soldier but no marks of identification told of

name or rank. What theories we weave about that man, whose prominence was evidenced by the mode of interment—but how little we know.

There was the man in uniform with a nosegay on the left lapel of his army coat. Naturally we picture him in all his glory at a dance or some ritual fort entertainment, killed by a jealous husband or rival, and buried as he fell—but who knows?

There is the soldier with one leg off just above the ankle and a pretty well preserved army boot on the other foot. How did he die? No one knows.

There were the two Indian scouts in their blankets and beaded jackets, all plainly distinguishable after these many years in the bosom of Mother Earth. Did they die at the hands of red brothers, or of the white men they served? Who can tell?

There was the young woman, disinterred near the southwest corner of the cemetery. So young that her wisdom teeth were not cut, though plainly visible an eighth of an inch above her other teeth. In her face and forehead of her head were ten holes where buckshot had penetrated. On her arm was a babe. No shot wounds on it. She wore fine leather laced shoes, square-toed, heavy-soled, high-topped and military heels. How did she meet her death? Lee Osborne shook two buckshot from the skull, one of which he gave to the reporter, and we look at the small, death-dealing missile and ask, in vain, "Why and by whom, were you sent on that last fatal mission and who was your victim? Only silence shrouded in mystery answers us. Was she killed by the Indians, by a drunken husband or a traitorous lover? Silence only answers.

There was the man whose wrists and neck were bound with wire. How and why did he die? Silence again. Tragedy? Yes, but whether criminal or pathetic who knows? He may have been an outlaw whose acts deserved any fate and the wire may have been the only means available. He may have been an honest and brave man brutally murdered. We do not know.

There was the young woman, with the two, long, beautiful braids of hair tied at the end with two large ribbon bows. Who was she?

There was the man in the stone-walled grave near the south side, whose box was well preserved and bore the name C. D. Essig, Sidney. The wooden coffin was also in a fair state of preservation. The man supposed to be a Lieutenant, had a rather heavy head of wavy, golden hair, wore a stiff collar and four-in-hand tie of light shade. But none of these could speak, an even as we looked, they began crumbling away to nothing.

Who was the man so tall that the coffin eight feet long was required to hold him? A giant he was, but who was he? When and how did he die? Who knows? Not we. Phantom hands beckon to us tantalizingly, but when we would follow and make inquiry, only silence, deep, awe-inspiring, answers us.

And so they were found. In every state of preservation or decay. Lying in every direction, with no semblance of system, bearing out the statements of pioneers that ninety per cent of them died "with their boots on" and fifty per cent were buried between sunset and sunrise and all the world knew it was that there appeared a fresh mound in Old Fort Sidney cemetery and some person had disappeared.

There is a world of history here. If we could get it, yet what would it benefit us? It is not unusual. Such things mark the way of progress the world over. They are the stepping stones of civilization after all, as is testified by the fact that the scene of Old Fort Sidney with its crime and shame and mystery, is now the lively prosperous county seat of the banner wheat county of the Union, an agricultural garden, populated by happy prosperous people, governed by a conjunct of divine and civil law.

The plot of ground is now relieved of its human burden, is still government ground. What disposition will be made of it we do not know. On the site where the first lookout stood, now stands the large municipal water tank which will preserve the historical value, and it might be something will also mark the old cemetery.

We are promised some real history by pioneers which will probably ap-

POEM BY UNCLE JOHN

A JOB AND A JOB

I long have blowed my nose, an' sobbed—about our jobless brothers. It's sad, to think how they've been robbed by me, and countless others. . . . If anything can fetch the tears, an' cause my heart to throb, it's when the headline bold appears, "Thousands without a job!"

So long I've tugged, an' sweat, an' bled—and give out in my knees—an' figgered, when I laid in bed, on how to live at ease. . . . I ain't what's called a lazy man—nor ornery, so to speak—I try to save the most I can from seven bones a week. . . . And, while a spell of peaceful rest is what I've had in view, I know a man ain't at his best, without a job to do. . . .

Last week, I went to Bony Stout, a chronic jobless brother. His chiefest do, is, "do without" from one weeks end to t'other. . . . I hired him on modest job—the best I could afford. He soaked me, ten cold bucks a day—besides his bed an' board! . . . A feller's disillusionment is the hardest part to tell, but Bony said I'd pay that much, or the job could go to hell!

pear in this paper from time to time, and will give hitherto unpublished items, but will not reveal the identity, cause, or time of death, of those whose mortal remains have been resurrected after half a century.

THE TAINT

What is there about success that seems to turn the head of the ordinary individual? Whether it be political preferment, social advancement, an increase in revenues through the fortunes of business, or the winning of some blue ribbon at a dog or cattle show, the male or female involved in the transaction in nine cases out of ten immediately assumes the airs of a grandee or a dowager and becomes in his or her mind a Lord of Creation or a Duchess of Paradise. He may have known nothing better than a red flannel undershirt and a vermin ridden couch in a flop house; and she nothing more entrancing than the pleasures of homespun lingerie and a dilapidated wash board. But let the magic wand of success touch them at the command of the Wildest God of Luck and through no efforts of their own have been responsible, they will at once build for themselves a platform of grand airs on which they insist on parading their silliness and ignorance before the world at their feet. From their assumption one might think no one before them had ever drunk from the sweetened cup and that all who had gone before really mattered not at all in the great scheme of things we have come to regard as Life. It isn't so much their money that offends, but rather their blatant ignorance which shrieks forth in every ill chosen word they utter and with every grotesque waistcoat, or gown they wear. They suddenly come to think that they are actually superior to any one in any circle in which they may move and that they are entitled to perquisites and considerations denied to the ordinary man or woman. If they drive a car they want all the road, if they are in a restaurant they want all the attention, if buying, they treat store employees as if they were serfs, they are patronizing to men and insulting to women and generally make themselves conspicuous by their absolute lack of that courtesy they really owe the world for its goodness to them. When we see them toddle forth, staggering under the burden of their conceit, puffed and swollen with the poison of their pride and pomposity, with vanity in every manner and affectation in every move, with Pose as their religion and Position as their God we do not wonder with Brann, that the Lord once grew disgusted with the entire show and decided to drown it out as he might a "litter of blind puppies."—Old World.

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EXTENSION ROAD NO. 265

To whom it may concern:—
The special commissioner appointed to locate a road as follows: Commencing at Road No. 265 at the northeast corner of Section twenty nine (29), township nine (9) range twenty seven (27) west thence north about 520 rods on or near the section line as practical, thence in a northerly direction passing around the head of a canyon and back to the section line, thence north to the northeast corner of section Seventeen (17), thence in a north-westerly direction down a ridge about 160 rods, to the main canyon, thence in a north easterly direction along the east bank of the canyon on section eight (8) to the north line of section eight, thence in a northerly direction along the east bank of the canyon on section five (5) to a point about 20 rods south of the Northeast corner of section five (5), thence crossing canyon and going north 20 rods along the north side of canyon to the Northeast corner of Section five(5), thence north about 240 rods on the west section line of Section thirty three (33), township ten (10), range twenty seven (27) west thence in a northeasterly direction around a head of a canyon to a point about 15 rods east of the northwest corner of section thirty three (33), thence east about 140 rods along or as near practical the section line between section thirty three (33) and twenty eight (28) to the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of section thirty three (33) township ten (ten) north range twenty seven (27) west of the sixth principal meridian, the above road terminating at Extension

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tion of road No. 20 and to be any width up to 66 feet wide to make a good road has been reported in favor thereof, anyone having objections thereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishing of the above described road must file same in Office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 16 day of September 1922 or said road will be allowed without reference thereto.
Witness by hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.
A. S. Allen
County Clerk

ROAD NO. 420

To whom it may concern:—
The special Commissioner appointed to locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the corner to Sections 5, 6, 7, and 8 town 12 N. R. 30 W. running thence north one mile to the NE corner of Sec. 6 said town's in range. Also commencing at the SE corner of section 32 T. 13 N. R. 30 W. running thence on line between sec. 32 and 33 one mile, thence Northwest and Northeast through the East 1/2 of Secs. 29 and 20 to connect with Road No. 8 about 9 chains west of the NE corner of said Section 20, following said section between Secs. 20 and 21 T. 13 N. R. 30 W. for about one half mile has reported in favor thereof anyone having objections hereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishment of the above road must file same in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska or said road will be allowed without reference thereto, on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 16th day of September, 1922.
Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.
A. S. Allen
County Clerk

EXTENSION ROAD NO. 61

To whom it may concern:—
The special Commissioner appointed to locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the corner to Sections 13, 14, 23 and 24 T. 13 N. R. 30 W. running thence north on line between Sections. 13 and 14 one mile, thence north westerly through secs. 11, 10 and 9 said township and range following the south bank of the Channel of the Platte River to the intersection with Road No. 6 ending there said road to be 66 feet wide has reported in favor thereof anyone having objections thereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishment of the above road must file same in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 18th day of September, 1922 or the above road will be allowed without reference thereto.
Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.
A. S. Allen
County Clerk

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1893 of Rhoda A. Edmiston, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, ss. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is Nov. 11, 1922 and for settlement of said Estate is June 30, 1923; that I will sit at the county court room in said County August 11th, 1922, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on November 11th, 1922 at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.
Dated June 30, 1922.
Wm. H. C. Woodhurst
County Judge

ROAD NO. 422.

To whom it may concern:—
The special Commissioner appointed to locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the corner to Section 4, 5, 8 and 9 township 12 north range 20 west of the 6th p. m. running thence west on section line between sections 5 and 8, and 6 and 7 two miles to connect with extension to Road No. 42 has reported in favor thereof anyone having objections thereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishment of described road must file same in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 16th day of September, 1922.
Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.
A. S. Allen
County Clerk