

# Murray Department.

PREPARED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF MURRAY AND VICINITY ESPECIALLY FOR THE JOURNAL READERS.

[If any of the readers of the Journal know of a social event or an item of interest in this vicinity and will mail same to this office it will appear under this heading. We want all items of interest.—Editor Journal.]

John Cook was transacting business in Omaha today.

Fate Davis and D. L. Amick were in Omaha, Friday.

Mrs. D. L. Amick has been suffering with neuralgia this week.

Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Underwood were in Omaha Wednesday.

Theo. Amick was a business visitor in Plattsmouth Monday evening.

G. M. Minford was transacting business in Omaha Wednesday evening.

J. W. Connally is visiting with Murray friends and relatives this week.

J. W. Edmunds is placing a new woven wire fence around his residence.

Dr. B. F. Brendel and wife and Mrs. Jeff Brendel were in Omaha Monday.

Mrs. O. A. Davis and Mrs. T. E. Fleming were Plattsmouth visitors Tuesday.

Kelly Rhoden and Glen Valley have purchased the buggies from John Cook this week.

Miss Myrtle Standish went to Plattsmouth Wednesday evening for a visit with relatives.

Henry Shoemaker and wife passed through Murray Wednesday enroute to Plattsmouth.

J. S. Stone and son, Bruce, from Nehawka, were business visitors in Murray, Wednesday.

Quite a number of our people attended the funeral of Mr. Churchill in Plattsmouth, Sunday.

Considerable money changed hands in Murray this week over the effects of the Omaha election.

Mrs. Gilmore and Miss Leona Sans attended the Prof. Gahn concert in Omaha, Monday evening.

Mrs. Sanny True, living five miles southeast of Murray, is suffering with blood poison in the right hand.

The little four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crede Harris is suffering with a serious attack of dropsy.

Lee Applegate, of Union, was attending to some business matters in Plattsmouth yesterday evening.

A new girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Niday, Tuesday. Mother and little one doing nicely.

Miss Catherine Pinkerton, the trained nurse from Omaha, returned to her home last week, Miss McFadden having almost recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Keil are rejoicing this week over the arrival of a new boy at their home one and one-half miles east of Murray. Both mother and little one are doing nicely.

Mrs. James Loughridge returned home from Milford, Neb., Sunday morning, entirely recovered from her illness. Mr. Loughridge met her in Omaha. Jim is the happiest man in town.

Dr. Brendel and son, Jake, are two of the busiest men in town this week. They are repapering and painting their office building. Every room in their fine dwelling has received a new coat of paint and a new dress of paper.

While in Murray Wednesday the Journal man accepted the kind invitation of our excellent friend, J. W. Berger, for the invitation we think we are indebted to Mrs. Berger and her daughter, Miss Marie, for the excellent meal placed before us.

W. H. McDaniel, McGinnis Churchill, James Loughridge and W. C. Brown composed a party of fishers who went to La Platte Wednesday evening with the full expectations of returning with plenty of the finny tribe to supply all their friends. Place your orders early for you may be disappointed.

In a letter to Mr. J. W. Berger, from San Jose, Cal., his sister, Miss Louise Berger, tells of the earthquake disaster in their city, stating that they were safe and sound, and were damaged but very little. The shock simply removed a portion of the plastering from the house in which they resided.

D. L. Amick shipped in a carload of baled hay from Omaha this week that is being sold to consumers of this section.

Mesdames Creamer, Berger and Carroll were in Omaha last Saturday. In some way several planks in the stairs near the depot were in some manner broken out during the night, and it is said the ladies know how the accident occurred.

Mark Burton, who has been confined to his home with a serious attack of pneumonia for the past few weeks, is able to be out again. Mark had a pretty tough time of it and shows the effect of a very serious sick spell, although he is gaining strength very rapidly.

Chris Miller, who has been connected with the Waterloo Creamery Co., and looking after their interests in Murray up to the past few months, at which time he went to Omaha to work for the same company, returned to Murray Wednesday morning to make arrangements to open up the station at this place about the 15th of the present month.

Alva Young Married.

Alva Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Young, sr., was married in Portland, Oregon, on the 19th of April, to Miss Carrie Rosvold. This was quite a surprise to the relatives and many friends of the young man in this community. The Journal joins in extending hearty congratulations.

Preparing for a Big Celebration.

In conversation with Harry G. Todd Wednesday he tells us that himself and Mrs. Todd are preparing for an opening, or rather a celebration, at their beautiful farm home, two miles south of Murray, on Saturday, May 12, and they wish to make it one of the largest social gatherings in the history of the community.

It will be remembered that Mr. Todd has just completed one of the most modern farm houses in Cass county, and has an ideal location for a gathering of this kind. A most cordial and earnest invitation is extended to all their friends to attend. They believe in the old saying, "the more the merrier." If the weather is favorable and the attendance very large they have but one request to make, and that is that some of the ladies assist them in preparing eatables. They are a little afraid they cannot handle them all alone, and if a portion of those attending will kindly bring baskets, they will be very thankful. Above all they wish for everybody, both far and near, to attend. They also wish it understood that no presents will be accepted.

New Stock Dealer.

A deal was completed in Murray this week between D. L. Amick and Fate Davis, whereby Mr. Amick becomes the stock buyer and shipper of this city, and the owner of all the personal property pertaining to such business, such as the buildings, lots and scales. The many successful years of stock raising, and buying and feeding, places Mr. Amick in an excellent position to carry on this business, and his reputation for honesty and fairness will win for him the confidence of all the farmers of this community, and under such favorable circumstances Mr. Amick's new venture will be a success in every particular. Mr. Amick has lived in this county for many years, and further than this he needs no introduction to the people of east Cass county. Mr. Davis has given possession of the business, and departed Thursday morning for the east, where he will spend a few months in New York and Coney Island, and return to Nebraska in the fall, select a new location and follow the same line of work as he has for the many years past. Success to him is the wish of the many friends in this community.

## TRAVELING OVER THE TRAIL

### A Former Cass County Boy Gives An Interesting Account of the Trip.

The following letter is from Dr. B. O. Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young, of near Murray, who is now contending with the hardships up in Alaska. The doctor was reared in Cass county, and the letter was written to his parents, which will prove interesting to the readers of the Journal.

I left Valdez on Sunday morning at 11:30 a. m., March 11th, 1906. A few minutes before I left, the church bells were tolling for church; the sun was shining brightly, the snow was sparkling, which made it a very beautiful day. I had torn up an old goods box and made me a hand sled about three feet long and put what little baggage I had on that which was about forty-five pounds. It reminded me of my boyhood days when I would start out to school some bright sunny morning, pulling a sled behind me, that I had been several days making and had just finished the night before.

The trail soon entered the timber, which was very scattering. After going a few miles I left the timber and led up across a gravel bar, known as "Lower river flat," which seemed to be overflooded and frozen. As I was walking up that stretch it suddenly turned real cold and the wind blew very hard. About a mile and a half further on the trail veered off to the left and entered a narrow deep canyon, known as the Keystone or Lower river canyon. A mountain stream flowed down through this canyon and spread out over this flat that I have just mentioned. In most places the stream was frozen over, but in some places where it widened out over the rocks and formed riffles, it remained open and had to be bridged as the trail crossed from one side to the other. The farther I went into the canyon the deeper it became. One place where, in warmer weather, a stream of water flowed over the steep precipitous side of the canyon wall, known as the "Bridal Wave Falls." But as it became colder it froze just as it was. It reminded me of some of the winter scenes I have seen in pictures. As the canyon deepened it resembled, to some extent, the Grand Canyon and Royal Gorge of Colorado.

The trail finally left the narrow canyon and led up across what might appear to be a meadow lying snugly in between the mountains. It is known as "Dutch flat." The trail soon entered the timber again, which appeared to be a little more dense than that previously mentioned. Those that had their own camping outfit were already camped by the side of the trail. I overtook some teams, who, like myself were late getting in. It was dark and their sleds upset several times, but as their loads were lashed on they only had to lift the sled back again and go on. I was very glad when the Wortman road house was reached, for I was very tired, having come about twenty miles today.

Monday, March 12th.

I left the Wortman road house this morning at seven o'clock and started over the mountains. It was about four miles to the summit, and a long hard climb it was, too; not nearly so hard for me as it was for those who were pulling heavy hand sleds, and for the teams, and they could only take half their load to the summit and go back after the rest. After we got about one-third of the way up we rounded a corner, where the wind came down with a good clean sweep. I noticed one horse and sled as they were going along the steep side of the trail, upset and roll clear off down the bank. No harm was done, but the driver had to unhitch the horse and take all the stuff off and carry it back on the trail and load up again. The trail was blown full of snow which made it harder. The summit was finally reached, and passing through a narrow gap we started down again. The descent for quite a ways was more gradual than the ascent, and much easier, except in some places, where the trail was in a fearful condition, being full of large, deep chuck holes, some times being six or seven feet deep, where the big freight sleds went clear down into them and then almost straight up. It would seem to the uninitiated that a team and sled could hardly pass them at all; but one horse generally drew two sleds, and if there were two horses to a load, which was very seldom, except to the passenger and mail stages, they were hitched tandem style. Near the foot of the mountains we came to a very steep part of the trail, known as "Ptarmigan

Drop." Here they had to tie a rope to the sled, and then take a turn around a stump with a rope and lower it in that manner, the horse being left hitched to the sled. I reached the Eureka road house at three o'clock, having only come ten miles that day.

Tuesday, March 13.

I left the Eureka road house this morning at seven o'clock. For awhile the trail led off down what appeared to be a wide meadow. But it soon entered the timber, and then into what is known as Telkheh canyon, where it wound back and forth for five or six miles. In one place there had been a small snow slide, which had made the trail impassable for some time, then it entered a sort of a valley, and toward evening it entered the timber again, where the chuck holes were again very bad. As there had been a recent snow the cedar and fir trees were covered with snow; some small, scrubby trees tops were completely covered with snow. You may look at all the beautiful pictures, painted by the most skilled artist, but to the lover of nature they can in no way compare with the natural scenery that is now, and always has been, just as God made it, unimproved on by man. I reached the Telkheh road house at 6:30 p. m., having walked twenty-one miles today.

Wednesday, March 14.

I left the Telkheh P. O. and road house this morning at 6:45 a. m., the trail still winding through the timber with the mountains towering high on either side. About five miles from there I passed one of the U. S. telegraph stations. Until noon the trail was slightly up grade, and at eleven o'clock I reached the Ernestine road house where I stopped for dinner. At twelve o'clock I started out with a twenty mile walk before me before I reached the next road house. This morning I got another fellow to take part of my baggage, and taking an extra pair of shoes and stockings with me, which I made in the form of a pack, slinging it on my back like so many do. I have found many fellows who have started out pulling sleds with from one hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds on their sleds, that are sorry that they ever started with it. They have their own camping outfits with them. It don't hardly pay for what they save by it. After leaving the Ernestine road house the valley widened, and the trail turned off into the foot hills, the elevation gradually becoming higher all afternoon, until at 6:30 that evening I reached the top of a high plateau. I think the scenery was prettier as we reached a higher elevation and I could overlook the valley below. The trail would first go through a stretch of timber, then break out into the opening again, and the higher the elevation became the more scrubby was the timber; besides it was most all dead. The descent into the valley again was very sudden, and after I reached the level again, I soon got to the Tonsina road house, arriving here at eight o'clock. I walked 32 miles today.

Thursday, March 15.

I left the Tonsina road house at 6:45 a. m. The scenery was not so much different than yesterday. The trail soon led up onto a high plateau and kept there until about now. The timber had some time in the past been visited by a forest fire, as it was deprived of its foliage. About noon it dropped down to a lower elevation and run out across a lake about a mile. Soon after leaving the lake I met a large number of government teams that had been hauling freight somewhere near Copper Center. I don't know just where. The soldiers from Valdez were driving the teams. A little further on I came to the Willow Creek road house. The man who runs it farms in the summer time. He has about twenty acres which he will put in hay and grain. After leaving there the trail soon found its way back on the high plateau and remained there until about dark. It was very level and a fine trail. At 6:30 p. m. I reached the Copper Center P. O. and road house, the United States commissioner is located here.

Friday, March 16.

I did not go out on the trail today at all, as my ankles were very lame.

Saturday, March 17.

I left the Copper Center road house at 6 o'clock, and for twenty-five miles the trail was on the ice of the Copper river. Then the trail left the Copper river and entered the mouth of the Gulkana river, and kept that for three miles, when I reached the Gulkana road house. A snow plow had been run up the river and plowed the snow off, leaving an ice trail, which was fine for teams but not quite so good for a musher. The Gulkana road house is the best house I have stopped at yet—large and roomy. There was only a few mountains in sight today and they were far distant. The country was

## In Ye Olden Times

The Greeks entrusted their Gold and Silver to the Priests

who kept the money in the temples for security. Those were days of primitive banking.

MODERN BANKING is the result of a slow development, and today the bank offers every possible facility and the methods are systematic and simple. A man deposits his money in the bank; he can then go out among his fellows, pay his debts, make purchases, etc., by writing a check for his obligations. He checks against his money in the bank. The checking system is most convenient. It is adjusted to the needs of everyone. It is for large business. It is for small business.

## Murray State Bank.

Chas. S. Stone, Cashier.

Murray, Neb.

rough and covered with a small growth of timber. There is a large crowd here tonight, and we are having a jolly time. All the mushers have aches or pains of some kind. Two or three of us pulled off our shoes and stockings and went out and sat down in the snow or on a box and bathed our feet good with snow. Several of them called us crazy, but one fellow who had a foot that was swelled up as big as two feet, said that a man that was fool enough to mush over that trail was crazy anyway, so he would plead guilty. Several times I have sat down by the trail and pulled off my shoes and bathed and rubbed my ankles in snow. There are thirty-six here tonight, six of them being women. I see lots of women coming in, and some of them mushing most of the time.

Sunday, March 18.

I left the Gulkana road house at 6 a. m. The trail still being in the timber. It took due north, and kept in a direct route most all day, winding in but few places. The country was level, with a young growth of cedar. I crossed three small lakes up until 3 o'clock, when I passed the Hart road house. It was only a tent affair. From there on to the Gillispie road house is eight miles. In that eight miles the trail crossed eleven lakes. I reached the road house, having come thirty-one miles today, but I got to ride part of the way. This is the poorest road house I have come to yet, only one room to cook, eat and a large crowd to sleep in. There are so many here tonight I think some will have to sleep hanging on a nail, and as I was one of the last to get in, I suppose I will be one of them but I have not been assigned my nail yet.

Monday, March 19.

I left the Gillispie road house at six a. m. The trail was not so good as yesterday, and it wound and angled more than it did. It was gradually up grade until about two o'clock I reached the top of a high knoll. From there I could see nearly all over the surrounding country. It overlooked a valley to the right, through which the Gokona river flowed. Bordering on the valley is the mountains to the north, east, south and southwest, resembling a huge white wall. It was a grand sight. From there the trail dropped down and finally struck the Gokona river, and was on the ice three miles then entered the timber where I soon reached McMullen's road house. It is built of logs like most of the rest of them, but it has a tent covering like the houses I seen in Gold Field last winter, but it is very comfortable. After a fellow has roughed it for some time he don't care so much for artistic furnishings in his sleeping quarters but give him a rough board bunk with a few blankets thrown on it and he can drop down and soon be dreaming of "Home Sweet Home," folks and friends so far away, just as well as if he was sleeping on the softest bed of down. Yesterday I passed three high mountain peaks far off to the right.

Tuesday, March 20.

As my ankles were bothering me a great deal, I did not leave the McMullen road house until 9:30 a. m. The trail led gradually up grade, winding back and forth through a very sparse growth of cedar. A little after noon I reached the Timber Line road house, situated upon the mountain side just at the timber line. I ate a lunch and rested the rest of the day. Just a little while before I got here two men passed me driving a dog team of fourteen dogs. He was resting and eating his lunch when I got here. He is on his way to Nome with some telephones. His team is worth eleven hundred dollars. He said it would take him about twenty days to get to Nome. He drove into Valdez from Nome just the day before I left Valdez. It's about twelve hundred miles from Valdez to Nome and he makes it with his dogs in about twenty-four

days. His name is "Scotty" Allen and is an old-time musher on the McKinzie river. This road house is another tent affair, but is double thickness, with nothing but chips on the ground for a floor. They give the best meals here, though, of any place on the trail, and they are the farthest away from supplies, being just half way between Valdez and Fairbanks.

Wednesday, March 21.

I left the Timber Line road house at 6:30 a. m. The trail continued a gradual up grade winding back and forth among the mountain tops. The morning was warm, but cloudy, the trail and landscape was more what I had heretofore imagined an Alaskan trail to be. Nothing in sight but the pure white snow. The ascent up the mountains and the descent was so gradual that it was very hard to tell where one stopped and the other began. About two o'clock I reached the Yost road house, where I ate a lunch and rested an hour and a half. There the trail struck the head of the Big Delta river. It following the river down a canyon for nine miles, where I reached the Casey road house. My feet and ankles were so lame and tired that I could hardly walk at all. I only made twenty-five miles. There was some overflow on the river, the wind came up this afternoon after I left the Yost road house and blew very hard. It was very hard to walk against it, and it turned much colder too. The mail stage, with two passengers, are here tonight. The stage from Fairbanks meets them here.

Thursday, March 22.

I left the Casey road house at 6:30 a. m. I had not went very far until I came to an overflow on the river. But it was only three or four inches deep. One place the trail took a cut-off to miss an overflow that was pretty deep. But it was a new cut-off and some teams got mired in the deep snow and got badly cut. I only came fifteen miles, as the next road house was fifteen miles further on. I got here at one o'clock. The river was a perfect glare of ice, which made walking very tiresome. I fell down so many times I got tired of counting them. Just before I got here I came to another overflow, larger and deeper than the others. For quite a distance I walked out on the gravel bars and avoided wading through them. But finally I had to go in and wade through for quite a ways. I went through none more than eight inches deep. But I have seen many fellows who have had to wade for miles through deeper water than that. If they had had green dogs that hadn't been broken very long they would have had a pretty hard time, as the dogs wouldn't pull very well going through the water. I met the mail stage this morning going up the river to Casey's road house. I am stopping at the Rapids road house tonight. The mail stage also made this point tonight. Two other stages with three ladies got in late.

Friday, March 23.

I made arrangements with a fellow yesterday to ride the rest of the way to Fairbanks. There was about five inches of fresh snow on the ice this morning when we started out, obliterating the trail. The mail stage which carries the mail between here and Fairbanks consists of a bobsled and a pair of very balky mules. They had started out ahead of us, but we soon overtook them stuck on a sand bar. They had two passengers, and there were three or four men with the sled I was on. Several of them took hold of the sled and helped get it on the ice again, and we started on with some of the men, going ahead picking a trail. But the river was so small and had spread out so wide that it left no defined channel and wherever the old trail was the fresh snow had covered it, and for four or five miles we picked our way continuously over gravel bars and deep, unbroken snow. About noon we reached what is known as Nigger Bill's road house. Here we forded the stream. We had to wade in the water and help pull the sled across. We camped on the ice, made a fire of drift wood and ate our lunch. All the afternoon we had a fine trail. It was still snowing some this morning when

(Continued on page 7)

## L. B. UNDERWOOD

FOR

## Lawn Mowers

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