

**EARLY DAYS IN NEBRASKA**

(Continued From Page Six.)

Boss Altaffer, with characteristic language, demanded of Joe to know why he had left the oxen that night, especially at such a critical time?

Joe, in a frightened and stammering manner, in substance replied: "that he wouldn't herd that night and be scalped by Indians." No persuasion, coaxing and even threats by the Boss, could or did shake Joe's determination not to remain on duty as herder that night. The situation was this: If even one steer strayed away or was lost in the bushes or was stolen, then one team was incapacitated from traveling. Boss Altaffer had a very large corn crop to gather and crib on his return to the farm on Weeping Water; so had the writer on the old Prichard farm adjoining Old Mount Pleasant, Cass County, Nebraska. The writer had also a contract to teach the district school just south of Plattsmouth, then called the Escobedo district, and by many now the Fleming district.

Another important reason why a delay in reaching our destination was, that we might be required to haul that stelled corn farther west than Fort Julesburg.

Well, when Joe absolutely refused to go on herder for fear of losing his scalp, the writer, among the best valorous and brave of our "bull-whackers," proposed to Boss Altaffer, that if he would let him take his "Altaffer's" revolver, the Springfield rifle and the mule, he (the writer) would go on herd duty that night. But Boss Altaffer, with a volley of swear words said to the writer that the latter had driven his team all day, had cooked and prepared three meals for the drivers and should go to bed and rest. But the Boss finally yielded, the revolver was turned over to the writer and also the Springfield rifle and the mule. The writer, thus armed—two revolvers strapped around his body, with the rifle and mule, went on herd duty that night.

It was nearly midnight. The writer harried the mule and then kept up a constant tramp around and among the oxen, partly to watch for an Indian attack and partly to keep any ox from going astray and to keep himself from going to sleep. Great bloodthirsty Indians were constantly in the thoughts of this substitute night-herder, and thousands were seen in imagination, as this substitute night-herder, lonely and really fearfully, silently tramped around and among the oxen. But there was a valued friend among those so-called "dumb" animals. It was Brindle. A number of times, during that night, Brindle and writer met. As had become our custom, the writer would speak to the ox, calling him by name, rub those great ears and his hair and Brindle would show his affection by licking with his tongue the person of his friend.

Daylight at last commenced to dawn and the writer had become very weary and tired from the steady work of a day and night. Indian attacks were believed improbable at that time. The writer came near Brindle who was lying down and with his head turned to one side was apparently asleep. A few words were spoken in a gentle manner to Brindle

which did not seem to disturb his rest nor awaken him. The writer sat down on the ground close to the sleeping ox, and with the two revolvers strapped to his body and the Springfield rifle leaning against his shoulder, leaned his head and part of the body over against Brindle's shoulder. The ox never moved but continued, apparently, sleeping. The writer never intended to go to sleep with Brindle for his bed and bedfellow, but he did.

All at once, the writer found himself lying prostrate near where Brindle had been apparently sleeping. His revolvers were still strapped around him. His Springfield rifle had been thrown upon the ground near him and Brindle was a few yards away, bellowing viciously, pawing the ground, with head and horns apparently prepared for a fight. The writer's supposition naturally was that Indians were making a murderous raid. In a few seconds, he was on his feet, and snatching up that Springfield rifle, in a few seconds he had a head drawn on some one approaching in the direction of Brindle. That person was supposed to be an Indian, but he proved to be "Boss Altaffer," who had arisen early that morning and had just come from his bed to see whether the substitute night-herder was still alive and if the oxen were all safe.

And Brindle, that faithful ox, in a few seconds, was pacified by the kind treatment of the writer and Boss Altaffer was safe.

**Crossed O'Fallon's Bluffs.**

The old freight road which we traveled, crossed this somewhat noted place. There was a ranch away to the south as we approached these bluffs, kept by a ranchman named Beauvax. The topography of the country on either side of the road, was somewhat similar to that along Fremont's Slough, except that we had to ascend an elevation to get over the bluffs. But we finally landed on the west side and there made a short stop at a place known as Baker's Ranch. Here we learned and saw something of the work of murderous Indians.

**Indian Attack at Baker's Ranch.**

We were told that during the night just before we crossed these bluffs, the Indians had made an attack on a small train, stealing from the wagons everything they wanted, killing the drivers and running off the stock. The writer saw one grave, on the side of the bluff, just south of this ranch, in which we were told, that one driver had been buried and into whose body seventeen arrows had been shot by the murderous, thieving Indians. The writer saw two of the drivers at this ranch, into whose bodies a number of supposedly poisoned arrows had been shot, and who were then apparently unconscious and awaiting death.

The reader may well imagine how we young "bull-whackers" felt at such a scene as this.

**At Fort Julesburg.**

We finally reached Old Fort Julesburg, with our scalps still on our heads and our oxen in good condition, considering the six hundred mile drive through an Indian country. Here we delivered our shelled corn to the government official and rested for a couple of days. At Julesburg, we met an early pioneer of Cass County, Nebraska, Mr. George W. Harshman, who had settled upon and became the owner of a large tract of land in Avoca precinct. He was among the early Nebraska farmers who freighted on the plains. At Julesburg, we saw large quantities of what was called, "Hard tack,"—a part of the soldiers' rations. The writer sampled some of this food, but very soon discovered that he could masticate and relish his own cooking very much better.

**Homeward Bound.**

After completing our rest, we started on our six hundred mile trip homeward over the old freight road. One or two yoke of oxen were hitched to a wagon and the rest, turned loose, and driven behind the wagons, and was called the "cave yard." The unused yokes and chains were put into the empty wagons.

A short time after starting on the homeward trip, Boss Altaffer took his pony and struck out for home by a shorter route, leaving instructions that should any steer's foot become foot-sore and unable to travel, they should be loaded into the wagons and hauled home.

**Bull-Whackers Get Lousy.**

The writer had almost forgotten to tell about a very amusing incident that happened on our trip to Julesburg. For some time, a number of us boys had discovered that we had head lice. As soon as Boss Altaffer discovered this fact, he produced a pair of old fashioned sheep shears and compelled each of us boys to submit to a process of shearing. Each one was required to sit down with shoulders between the Boss' knees and then with the sheep shears and comb, Altaffer clipped the hair very close and raked out the lice from our heads. There was no place nor material left on our heads for these detestable insects to hide, or make a nest. That job of barbering with sheep shears, was about as complete as if done by any Plattsmouth barber with his head mowing machine.

Well, after the Boss completed the job of shearing and combing us boys, we insisted that he have his head sheared and combed. To this, Altaffer, at first, strenuously objected, declaring with a number of swear-words, that there wasn't enough hair on his head to make a nest or hiding-place for a louse. Now the fact was that Boss Altaffer had only a ringlet of curly hair about an inch wide, which encircled his head just above the ears, and it would seem impossible for even a small louse to find a hiding-place there; the balance above this ringlet, was bare and absolutely hairless. But we boys insisted that he should submit to the same operation that he had required of us. Altaffer, good-naturedly, yielded and Payton Dillon, and the writer, one with the shears, and the other with the comb, proceeded with the operation.

None of the hair nor the small curls were clipped, but the comb was vigorously used. To the surprise of all who were watching, the comb raked out one of the largest head-lice that was ever seen, and it fell from the comb upon paper held beneath the Boss' head. As soon as Altaffer saw what was combed out of his little ringlet of hair, he made the air around sulphurous, and finally remarked, with many swear-words, "that if he had a dead match to that louse, he could haul out sixty hundred with such a team."

**A thorough and vigorous combing of that little ringlet of hair, failed to find another insect of any kind or size; and how that enormous head-lice ever got a home there and became so large and fleshy, will always remain an unsolved mystery.**

**Bull-Whacker Made Boss.**

As before stated, we had started on our homeward trip and Boss Altaffer, riding his pony had left us for a nearer route home. Before leaving us, he promoted the writer to the position of "Boss" of that returning train. We had to be constantly on the look-out for Indians—as much so as on our west-bound trip; and never did drivers of ox, mule or horse teams, work more faithfully together than did our boys. But fortunately, we were not molested by Indians.

**Miners in Freight Wagons.**

We had a chance to observe the result of an Indian raid as we re-crossed O'Fallon's Bluffs on our return trip. This was a large train of freight wagons returning from the west, and were crossing the place above named. In these wagons were seated and well armed a large number of miners. We learned that these miners, on returning in their own wagons, had been attacked by Indians; their stock all run off and wagons looted, but luckily none of the miners had been killed; that in the fight with the Indians, a number of the savages were killed, among them, one, supposedly a chief, who was found beside his pony, some distance from where the battle took place. This Indian was found lying dead beside his pony, also dead with a bullet mark through its heart, while the Indian was lying on his back near the pony, with a scalping knife stuck through the heart, leaving nothing but the handle protruding.

**The supposition was, that this Indian, realizing that he could not escape from these miners, had deliberately killed his pony to keep the white men from getting it and then had as deliberately, stuck the knife into his own heart.**

**Oxen Footsore and Loaded into Wagons.**

Nothing of importance happened until two of our oxen got footsore and, as directed by Boss Altaffer, these were loaded into wagons, there fed and watered and hauled to the home of the owner. They were well taken care of by the boys, and after

riding in the wagons for many miles, unloaded at Altaffer's home and by him cared for, soon recovered and were as useful as ever.

**Meet Hon. Levi G. Todd.**

On our return trip, we met our old and valued friend, the late Hon. Levi G. Todd, who was westward bound with his freight train. At the time we met him, his train was stopped on the lone and lonesome prairie and Todd was very angry at something. We soon learned the cause. One of his drivers had made a grave blunder in guiding his team, and the consequence was that the wagon broke down and one wheel was disabled from traveling. The driver who had caused the mishap, was immediately discharged and another sought to take his place. Mr. Todd tried to get the services of the writer, offering him \$75 per month, but circumstances would not permit the writer to accept, although the offer was very tempting.

**Bull-Whacker Wilson Sick.**

The only one of us bull-whackers to suffer during this trip was — Wilson (not Woodrow Wilson), who was taken sick with something like a fever of some kind. No physician was available and we diagnosed the disease and applied remedies as best we could. We fixed him a bed in one of the wagons and made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Repeated efforts were made at every ranch we passed, to get quinine for him but could get none at all. We doctored and nursed him the best we could and finally got to Altaffer's with one sick boy and two disabled oxen in wagons. Wilson, after reaching his home near Altaffer's, was sick all the winter following, but finally recovered, of which fact we all were most heartily glad and very grateful.

**But we had all gotten to our respective homes, not only glad to get home, but congratulated ourselves on escaping Indian massacres and also upon our educational experience in freighting "on the plains."**

When the writer and Boss Altaffer came to settling up, the former was astonished at the conduct of the latter in the matter. Instead of paying the \$45 per month as agreed upon before starting on the trip, William Altaffer insisted on paying the writer at the rate of \$50 per month, remarking as he did so, "that, had it not been for you, I don't know how I could have got along as well as we did." While in the casual observer, William Altaffer may have appeared rough, domineering and ungentle, yet within his breast there throbbed a heart, full of much sympathy when in want and in distress.

In conclusion, the writer will say, that, in the language of Mark Twain, "roughing it on the plains" 48 years ago, did an emaciated and dyspeptic 24 year

old boy, more good than all the medicine the doctors had given him. And in addition, that dyspeptic boy, had an educational experience worth much to him in life. He also had formed friendships with William Altaffer and with those so-called "bull-whackers" which nothing but death has ever broken. He had become strong and robust physically, and his bodily weight had increased from about 125 pounds to over 160 pounds.

**THE PLATTSMOUTH BOTTLING WORKS.**

**A Growing Plattsmouth Industry.**  
The plant of this concern is located in an ample space on South Sixth street and is thoroughly well equipped with the best and latest machinery used in the manufacture of all kinds of carbonated drinks. The present owner and manager of the works is Mr. Harry F. Newman, who is well qualified to handle the enterprise in the most acceptable manner. Mr. Newman went into the business in July, 1913, and on the first day of May, 1914, he took over the entire plant and since then has operated it himself. He has been building a large business and the very superior quality of his goods has made the demand for them a constantly increasing one.

Mr. Newman besides making a full line of soda flavors, has the agency in this vicinity for the justly celebrated Goffax mineral water. He sells it in both still and carbonated form and the purity of the water has been the means of greatly extending its sale in Plattsmouth and the surrounding territory. Mr. Newman gives his entire time to the management of the business and it is to his care and close attention to every detail that his success is due. Plattsmouth is to be congratulated in having so energetic a business man in her midst.

**UNCLE SAM'S POSTMASTERS.**

**A Grand Army That No Foreign Country is Able to Rival.**

Postmaster General Barleson announces that in fourteen months he has appointed 23,317 postmasters, 5,171 of whom were of presidential grade. The total number of postoffices in the country and its territorial possessions is 57,540.

The grand army of postmasters is therefore more than twice as large as our entire regular army when the war with Spain broke out. It is nearly as large as our present regular establishment within the United States.

There seems to be no army of postmasters in the world like ours. Russia has our vast spaces, but not our universal education. Germany has education, but not our distances. The revenue of our department in 1913 was \$296,610,525. British postal revenues this year are estimated at only \$105,000,000. France receives less than \$80,000,000 from her posts, telegraphs and telephones; the German empire less than \$200,000,000 for the same three services. We send 18,000,000,000 pieces of mail matter in a year. No other two nations begin to do that.—New York World.

**THOMAS WALLING**  
Abstractor of Titles  
TO  
Lands and Lots in Cass County  
OFFICE  
Plattsmouth, Neb.

**The Famous BAR**  
CALL AND WE WILL  
..... PLEASE YOU .....  
WM. HENRICHSEN  
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

**LOOK OUT!**  
FOR  
**GUND'S CORNER**  
West of Court House.  
Best place in Plattsmouth to get Liquors of Finest Quality. Gund's Lager Beer always on draught.  
If you wish a case of PIONEER or PEERLESS, here is my address  
Telephone Number 112  
**ED. DONAT**

**Willow OF BOSTON**  
The popularity of WIL-LOW goods has been gained by their superior quality. A trial will convince the most discriminating.  
**Imogene.**  
Perfume Toilet Water  
Face Powder Sachet  
Talcum  
**Evening Jasmine.**  
Face Powder Face Cream  
Rouge Talcum  
**Violet Adorable.**  
Toilet Water Face Powder  
Talcum  
Theatrical Cold Cream  
Crepe Eyeing  
Massage Cream  
Freckle Cream  
When you wish something exquisite in Powders, Creams or Perfumes, ask for those bearing the WIL-LOW trade-mark.