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To polish knives. To scrub floors. To wash out sinks. To scour bath-tubs.  
To clean dishes. To whiten marble. To remove rust. To scour kettles.

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Housemaids to scrub marble floors. Chemists to remove some stains. Carvers to sharpen their knives. Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats. Soldiers to brighten their arms. Renovators to clean carpets.

**EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.**

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SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, CEMENT, LIME,

Also Hard and Soft Coal.

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### ON THE FRONTIER.

Our motto in starting out was, "to take everything as we found it and make the best of it," but there were times when in loneliness and homesickness, I would stand at the tent door and ponder the wisdom of our coming to this country; and seeing my shadow cast by the burning sun on the parched earth, I found myself tearfully wondering—"Is it possible this is I! and this NEBRASKA and not Kentucky!" I was indeed transplanted, but must confess after nearly twenty years, though I've never been out of the county, have not taken root.

I lay on my pallet and saw toads hopping; and centipedes were the bane of my life.

Rattlesnakes of enormous size abounded and garter snakes four feet long and bugs and worms of all kinds; but the most appalling pests were the mosquitos! We were not accustomed to them; never had seen but a few, but they were a terror here. It was impossible for the men to work in the woods without some kind of pungent oil on face, hands and neck and a towel over the head; and when it happened to be damp or cloudy, my life was a misery.

One impression made at first has never been effaced. The dark, swift, silent water of the creek always seemed like the stealthy tread of the Indian; as different from the noisy, babbling brooks, rollicking over the pebbly bottom to which I was accustomed, as the loquacity of the white man was different from the taciturnity of the Indian. The wind murmuring through the trees seemed as if it must be the mutterings and moanings and wailings of the departed Indians. The large trees by the creek were worn smooth and glossy by the buffalo rubbing against them and their hair was caught here and there, and the trampled ground showed where they came to drink and rest in the shade.

Wood rats were numerous and there was nothing they could handle but what they carried off. One of the settlers had a store on his claim and traded in hides and furs. There was one family with several boys, and the trader offered these boys ten cents a piece for rat hides. When they took him two hundred and forty in one batch, he told them he didn't want any more! We laughed at him about glutting his market so soon.

The soldiers were stationed here for our protection, and the sound of the bugle at camp recalled war times. Some of them came to our tent and were kind to me, when I was hurt, from being thrown from a running wagon. I suppose they, too, classed me as a "tenderfoot," for I was ignorant of military etiquette and knew nothing of the CASTLE of the Regular Army. I remembered the high-toned privates during the Civil War. I had much to learn!

It became necessary, during the fall, to replenish our provisions, get flooring, shingles, doors and windows for our log house, which I was building. This involved a trip of one hundred and eight or ten miles as to distance and two weeks as to time and the question was, what was I to do. The only woman on this side of the creek, in a tent during winter!—the other settlers were all on the other side of the creek, and a strip of dense woods between. One of the soldiers had been very kind, when I lay suffering with spinal trouble and he heard us discussing the situation and he, wishing to show still further kindness, proposed that we speak to the Col. and he would detail soldiers, two at a time, to stand guard over me during the night! I told him I should be more afraid of the soldiers than of what they would protect me from. He said, they all knew how I had been hurt, and what kind of a lady I was, and there wasn't a man but what would do all he could for me. If ever a woman fell desolate, it was I, during J.'s absence.

At first, buffalo and antelope were plenty. Afterwards, it became the custom to go "on a hunt" for winter's supply of meat. Sometimes the men would be gone only a few days, but as game grew scarce, eight and ten and more days, and, as is always the case, to the lonely watcher at home the time seems longest.

One morning I was standing in the tent door waiting for J. to come. He had gone around a bend in the creek, to try to shoot a buffalo, which had come down there. Saw something coming from the soldiers' camp which looked like women,—I wondered why they wore such short dresses. As they drew nearer, I found they had no dresses on at all, and then it flashed upon me, it must be Indians! My heart seemed to stop beating, but I managed to keep calm and smile when they came up and shook hands. One of the settlers had only a few days before turned back from a hunt on account of the Indians, and he had casually remarked to me, that no matter how dirty and bloody an Indian's hand was, I must not refuse to shake hands. I remembered that, but when they asked "Where my white man was," I was afraid to say he wasn't there. I did not know what to do—didn't know what they were or where they came from. They were the Pawnees, however, on their return from their annual hunt. All that day and all the next they kept coming until I was pretty well tired out. The soldiers had told us, since morning, not to give them anything to eat, if we did, the whole tribe would be there. Once again I was frightened. There were eight at the tent, when five of them started off, but came running back, saying in their way, that there was a buffalo out there and they wanted "the white man" to get his gun. J. got on his horse and went over the hill, when a tall Ponca, came, shook his head, leered and said, "Now! White man gone! MUST have some to eat!" I said, "No!" He looked quite threatening, but it was only done to scare me, as the soldiers were near and he didn't dare to harm me. The Col. said, "J. should have picked up a stick and struck him." They all called me "Squaw." The next day J. was in the patch of corn and twenty or more Indians around him, when this same Ponca came and asked for water-melen. J. said, "No! You bad Indian! You scare Squaw!" "Me good Indian! Me no skeer Squaw!" he replied. One chief—they said he was—came to the tent and asked for breakfast. J. told me to put on a plate what I intended him to have and not give him any more. He saw where I put the cabbages and when he wanted more, he pointed to the box, saying, "Squaw coffee! Squaw lasses!" and I hurried to give him what he demanded. He kept looking at me and when he was through eating, went to his pony and talked to J.—he motioned to me and said "Squaw,"—and I always thought he wanted to trade his pony for me, though J. did not so understand him. Afterwards when we were in company, I always joked J. about it, telling how I stood in

verybody was away; those who had not left for good, were seeking work elsewhere, so, for months at a time, I did not see a woman. One miserable summer was ended with the "Indian Scare," which forms an epoch in our lives. Sometime I'll tell about that—and of the society—and the gradual settling up. Much more might be said, but this is written that the young people of to-day, enjoying all the advantages which come with modern improvements, may know what women's lives were in the early days. The manner of living lacking even the picturesqueness of the old country peasantry; with nothing to develop the heroic sides of our nature. ENDURANCE was the quality most needed by the pioneer women of Southwestern Nebraska!

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