

# 5th Annual White Goods Sale

## Begins Thursday, January 28th

We will show you the finest and largest line of Embroideries, Laces, Table Damask, Napkins, Towels, Muslin Underwear, fine Lawns, Swisses, India Linon, Muslin Sheeting, Pillow Cases and Wash Goods ever shown in this part of the country. Look for prices next week. Wait for THE WHITE EVENT OF THE SEASON. Remember the date of beginning

Thursday, January 28th--For 15 Days

The Daylight Store

# SAMUEL WAHL

Falls City, Nebr.

### Reminiscences of a Wayfarer

Some of the Important Events of the Pioneer Days of Richardson County and Southeast Nebraska, as remembered by the writer, who has spent fifty-one years here.

MY TRAMP TO FALLS CITY.  
The day following my advent into Rulo was Sunday, but nevertheless I must continue my journey to Falls City. For that purpose, I went out after breakfast to the Goldsberry store to see about getting a conveyance for the trip. There was none to be had on any terms—in fact there was none to be had at all and there was nothing for it, but that I must do the distance on foot.

While at the Goldsberry store I made the acquaintance of several gentlemen, whom I had not met the day before, among them was Felix Kitch, Hugh Boyd, E. H. Johnson and Thomas Tostavin, the young surveyor, who had surveyed and platted the town and who told me he was about to enter upon the survey of an addition lately made to it. I think, by Mr. Kencelaur.

All these men, except Tos-

tavin, I knew intimately and well, for the balance of their lives. There were others around whom I don't remember. They all, however, tried to dissuade me from going to Falls City. They said it was an "Abolition Hole," "Jim Lane Town," and other names of designation, which I thought betrayed an unfriendly disposition towards the town on the prairie.

However, one of their number accompanied me to the highest point west of town, from which Falls City could be seen in the distance, and pointed out such landmarks as were visible, and they were few, to guide me.

There was but one house between Rulo and Falls City and that belonged to Joseph Forney, who is still living and a citizen of this city. His house was located in the valley and west of the Muddy.

I was told to keep the Nemaha river on the south in sight and go as straight west as possible. The Forney house was not vis-

ible from that point, and the Nemaha, indicated only by a fringe of timber stretching along the valley, was the only reliable land mark and that was not always in sight. I was told further, that just before I would reach the Muddy my course would take me into the valley of the Nemaha. This direction was correct and when after laborious walking I reached the Muddy I found the ruins of a mill that somebody had started to build and somebody else had tried to burn. I walked across the creek on a few of the charred timbers that still remained and beyond it, to nearly the residence of Mr. Forney. I encountered a morass of at least a half mile in extent. Splashing through that as best I could, I came to the Forney residence and applied for further information as to my course to Falls City.

At that point the town was invisible and in fact re-

mained so until I got within a mile or so of it. After I left the Forney place I missed my way and wandered over to the north till I came in sight of a house, that of E. T. Minshall, as I afterwards learned, in the valley of the Muddy, and then I knew that I was far out of my course, for I had been told that Falls City was located on the high ground overlooking the valley of the Nemaha river, and that stream I already knew was on my left hand and miles away to the South.

I also saw from that point, the site and remnants of the old town of Archer, on the north side of the Muddy. I came to know more of it afterwards, and will try to relate its history, which is somewhat pathetic, in a future paper.

From there I turned to the southwest and shortly discovered the place of my destination.

At first in my lonesome tramp that day, it was a positive pleasure to look out on the wide expanse of prairie, as green as an emerald and arched by a sky as blue as an amethyst, stretching away into distance, vast, vacant and silent. I was on the edge of the great plains I had heard and read so much about—the land of the Indian and the Buffalo, those restless nomads of these solitary wastes, and of the wild deer and the antelope.

The best informed on the subject (I assumed they were for they said so,) at Rulo, told me the white settlements along the west bank of the Missouri, had driven the Buffalo herds inland fifty or sixty miles from the river, and perhaps more, in some places. I could well believe that, for a new force in the economy of things had made itself felt in their near vicinity. They had heard the voice of the white man; it was a strange voice and they fled before it, for there was in it the sound of doom that even those poor animals as well as their savage neighbor and master, the Indian, could understand.

There was not a tree or a bush in sight, save on the Nemaha and along the smaller streams, and nothing whatever that suggested the presence of man, until I reached the Forney house on the Muddy and that of Mr. Minshall further up the stream.

I found a peculiarity that I had never noticed before for the reason that I had never been present in the settlement of a new country, and that was, that every newcomer wanted to take a claim in the valley of some stream and if possible one having timber on it. There were but few settlements at that time anywhere in the country on the high lands, or what was called the uplands, between the

water courses. The fact is, and I have frequently heard it so expressed, those lands were not regarded then as being valuable for any purpose except perhaps, for the hay the wild grass growing on them, would yield. Everybody since, has come to know that that was a mistake, as the very best lands now in Richardson County are those located out of the valley of a water course.

Everybody appeared to want timber, and everybody desired to build in or near the timber. I have seen an explanation of this peculiarity in human kind in a work of Prof. Darwin, called "Descent of Man." He accounts for this universal habit of men to build in the timber, and if they have none, to plant trees at the earliest opportunity, coupled with the penchant a boy has to climb a tree, on the theory that it is an inherited instinct of some arboreal animal from which the race descended.

Whether this is entirely true or not is not very much to the purpose just now.

I merely mention the fact as showing that at least one man has scientifically accounted for the desire people have, appar-

and as they were expecting me, some arrangements had been made for my entertainment, for which I was indeed thankful. I have been in more luxurious quarters since, but I hardly think I have ever taken possession of any with greater satisfaction than I did those provided for me on that occasion.

The house was what would be called a story and a half high, but had not a yard of plastering in it, nor a smear of paint on any part of it, nor for that matter was there such in or on any house in town.

I said in my first paper that everything about Rulo appeared to be new, but in Falls City everything appeared to be old, except the people. Most of the houses were built of second hand lumber brought over from the wreck of old Archer and made into six or eight shacks or excuses for houses, and this was Falls City as I saw it that day in the long past.

The influences that silently control the movements and destinies of people, are not always palpable to the senses, nor exist as facts confessed in consciousness, but predate the social fabric in all its multitudi-

the Lotophagi told of in the Odyssey of Homer, who, having once tasted of the fruit of an Island upon which Ulysses was thrown in his wanderings by sea from the Trojan land to Ithaca, neither the love of home, country, or friends could ever induce them to leave. We have all, one time or another, eaten of something akin to the fabled Lotus, better known to the children of men as—FATE.

#### SEEKS INFORMATION

Stephen Prior Makes Inquiries in Regard to Richardson County

Stephen Prior wants to know who has been writing about Rulo and Falls City in 1858. He says he knew the War Eagle as well as he knew a pair of mules he has driven to a dray wagon, and was perfectly acquainted with the Missouri river boat "Watosasa," a stern wheeler.

He says she sank in the fall of 1859, running a race with the "Denver," above St. Joe, striking a snag and sinking. She was afterward raised by Jack Beeber and John Hanford and the boiler used to replace the boiler in the lower mill on Rush Island opposite Forest City. He also saw her once return from a trip up the upper Missouri on a



Arriving at Falls City



Rulo Looking South From the Miller Residence

tavin, I knew intimately and well, for the balance of their lives. There were others around whom I don't remember. They all, however, tried to dissuade me from going to Falls City. They said it was an "Abolition Hole," "Jim Lane Town," and other names of designation, which I thought betrayed an unfriendly disposition towards the town on the prairie.

I was in no mood for an argument and therefore, made no reply to what they said, nor made inquiry in connection with the matter. They further stated it would never amount to anything because it was too far from the river, had no timber about it, and nothing to induce population, etc. I replied that I must go for I expected to meet a friend there at whose instance I had come to Nebraska, and I prepared for the start. The failure to get a conveyance was embarrassing but all the same I

entirely instinctive, to build in the timber, or plant trees. There are those perhaps in Nebraska who may think that we learned to plant trees from J. Sterling Morton, who acted very much in times past, as though he was the original discoverer of the tree planting habit of man.

Well, after a long and wearisome walk, covering at least twelve miles, through a tangled mimic wilderness of grass, (I had lengthened the distance by wandering from the direct course at least two miles,) I arrived at Falls City sometime in the afternoon.

There was a loghouse standing about where the Maddox block does now, opposite the court house, in which a man by the name of George Van Lew and his good wife kept a kind of boardinghouse. They were formerly of Elmira, New York, and as my friend, who had induced me to come to Nebraska, was stopping with them

nous ramifications, felt everywhere and seen nowhere, like the wind that bloweth where it listeth.

I know why I came to Falls City, but I don't why I staid, any more than I now know who will be president of the United States a hundred years hence. It is certain however, that a combination of circumstances and associations following my arrival here, conspired to determine my course in the future. Somebody must stay in the little hamlet, or it would cease to exist, and why not I as well as others. Physically speaking, a person while on the surface of the earth, and until he or she is put under it, must live somewhere, and one place is just as good as another for that purpose. Some nameless but impelling cause may have been at the bottom of it all, concerning which I can give no account, and of which I was never sensible; like that which controlled

for trading expedition and all hands were drunk as well as the boat. She plowed into the bank at White Cloud and cut a log into her as large as an elephant's body. The boat was named by a famous Kickapoo chief, a job that Prior says he could have gotten as he could have been an Indian if he had wanted to.

Notice  
There will be a meeting of the Richardson County Farmers' Institute Association, on January 23, 1909 at 2:30 o'clock p. m., in the County Clerk's office in the Court House, Falls City, Neb., for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year and to transact such other business as may come before the meeting.

HENRY FRITZ,  
President.

Lots, Blocks and Acres  
Will consider the sale of 1, 2 or 3 blocks or all of what is known as the Frank land, in all about 30 acres.

HENRY C. SMITH.