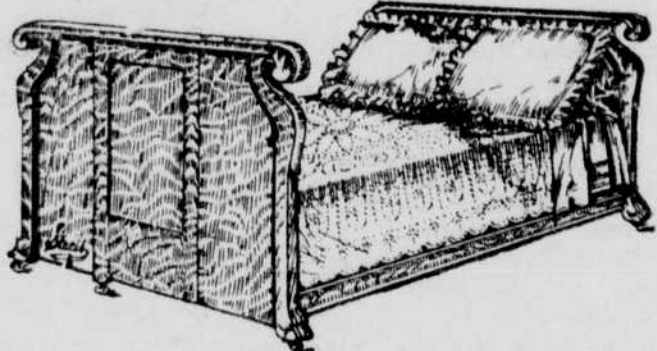


REAVIS & ABBEY

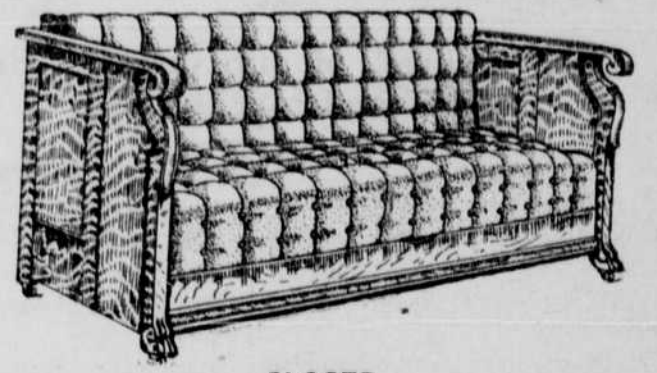
The Great Furniture Store

We announce to our trade that we have laid in a finer stock of furniture for our patrons this spring than we have ever done heretofore. Our trade in our carpet and furniture line the past year was more than satisfactory, and we have gone a step further this year. There never was a better assortment of Rugs, Carpets, Matings and Linoleum in Falls City than we are now showing. We have facilities for laying and sewing, and want your visits before purchasing.



OPEN

This Streit genuine leather Davenport is the best article for home need. For use 24 hours in a day. Frame solid oak, simple in construction.



CLOSED

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.

THE DEATH OF ARCHER.

Falls City was made a possibility by the death of old Archer, not perhaps by the process the Greeks called metempsychosis, by which it was believed by them, and by the Brahman philosophers in an older age, that the soul of one dying would pass into the body of one about to be born, in other words and in plain United States, the transmigration of souls, but from the fact, that Archer had become untenable as a site for a town and the Falls City location afforded better facilities for the purpose.

Certain it is, there was a pretty large transmigration of souls on foot or otherwise, from the wreck beyond the Muddy to the new town to the South.

Archer was laid out as a town by a man of that name on what he supposed to be public lands of the United States, shortly after the erection of the territorial government, in the fall of 1854.

The western line of the Half-Breed tract, a body of land between the two Nemahas, that had been reserved for the half-breeds and mixed bloods of certain Indian tribes, as then located, was about one and a half miles east of the site of the proposed town. That line had been surveyed and established several years before, and was known as the "McCoy line."

After the Congress had created the territory of Nebraska, a move was made to have the treaty of *Prairie du Chien*, made in 1830, under the provisions of which, among others, the reservation was made, executed by allotting the land in severalty among the beneficiaries named in the treaty. To that end the Indian officer caused a census to be taken of the half- and mixed bloods of the tribes named, which were, as I now recollect without consulting the record the Yankton and Sante Bands of Sioux, the Omahas, Otoes and Iowas.

While this was going on, some enterprising land grabber, or may be several of them, induced the authorities at Washington, to cause a resurvey of the boundaries of the Reservation, and the mischief was done. By the provisions of the treaty, the boundaries of the reserved tract were to be ascertained by surveying ten miles up each river, from its confluence with the Missouri, to points thereon, and then by a straight line between those points, which would mark the western boundary, while the Missouri would form the eastern. The McCoy survey was made by following the river

in its sinuosities, which was the only way a sensible and fair surveyor could execute the calls of the treaty. When thus made the western initial point on the Great Nemaha, was located about the mouth of the Muddy; and a line drawn from that point to a like point ten miles west of the mouth of the Little Nemaha, left Archer about a mile and a half west of it.

The new survey was made on an entirely different basis of operation. Instead of follow-



Mrs. W. M. Maddox

ing the meanderings of the river, the surveyor, whoever he was, started at the mouth (or somewhere thereabouts) and ran a straight line up the valley, to a point ten miles west, which moved the initial point on the Great Nemaha for the line to a corresponding point northwest on the Little Nemaha, about four miles further west, and when that line was run it located Archer on the Half-Breed tract. That gave the Half-Breeds a slice out of the public domain four sections wide and some thirty miles long. Not a bad land grab.

Of course, that survey was a fraud and a wicked one, and though it failed of success in the end, it nevertheless ruined Archer, and wrecked the hopes and plans, as well as the fortunes of many worthy people.

This occurred sometime in the latter part of the year 1856, and at the session of the legislature that convened shortly thereafter in 1857, the final death blow was given Archer by the removal of the county seat, located there by an act of the first territorial legislature in 1855, to Salem, seven or eight miles further west.

Charles McDonald, a citizen of Salem, and a member of the legislature, introduced a bill providing with apparent delicacy, that if the commissioners of the county should ascertain

that Archer was in fact located on the Half-Breed tract, they would at once move the county offices to the town of Salem; and immediately afterwards, without waiting developments under the first bill, he introduced another, removing the county seat bodily and at once, from Archer to Salem. Both bills were probably passed the same day, as the record shows that they were both approved on the same day. That was "the most, the unkindest cut of all," as those people of Archer were largely instrumental in electing McDonald to the office, the powers of which he used for the destruction of their town. From that hour Archer was lost.

The most prominent of the men living there at the time were John C. Miller, Ambrose Shelly, William Level, W. M. Maddox, John Welty, A. D. Kirk, Frank Goldsberry, William P. Loan, and a greater number of other persons than I have space to name here. They were all involved in the wreck and injured correspondingly.

Kirk and Goldsberry went to Rulo, which had been started the year before, Loan went to St. Stephens, another town on the Missouri, some miles above Rulo, but as I recollect, he passed most of his time at the house of William R. Cain, his brother-in-law, who was then engaged in opening a farm in the near vicinity.

William R. Cain was long a leading citizen in this part of the country.

The others wandered off in one direction or another and to one place and another, but most of them to that land starward.

It was a cruel thing to destroy that young community, and especially when no substan-



The Old Archer Cemetery

tial benefit accrued to anybody or any locality.

I heard a great preacher say once—he was since elevated to the Episcopacy of the Methodist church, but is now deceased,—that in his judgment, whoever does another a grievous injury, sometime some other man will do him a like injury. It sounded a little like fatalism; but are we not all to a greater or lesser extent fatalists? Do men not act

constantly in their relations with each other, upon the theory of equivalents and compensations? It appears so to me.

But take the case in hand. Three years afterwards, that same legislature, by the same arbitrary power passed another act to take effect in the same month of the year and almost on the same day of the month, removing the county seat from Salem, and locating it at Falls City. The reader can make any application of this philosophy pertinent in his judgment.

Judge Miller was probably the hardest hit of them all. He was among the first settlers, had invested his all in the town, and expected to reap the reward of a frugal and economic life in the anticipated prosperity of the town and country.

He had all his family about him: was the first probate judge of the county, with every prospect of holding the office as long as he desired it. But in an evil hour everything was swept away, and he was a ruined man in his old age. It broke his spirit and in all probability shortened his life. He died in 1860, and is buried with others of his family in the cemetery near where the old town stood. One of his daughters, Mrs. W. M. Maddox, is a citizen of this city. She was married to Captain Maddox from her father's house in Archer in the year 1855. They came here about forty years ago, and helped to build the town. Captain Maddox was one of the first settlers of Nebraska, was twice a representative in the legislature, was sheriff of the county and held other offices of trust and confidence. He died several years ago. Nearly all of his children live, with and near their mother.

over the ravine to the north, in which many of its early settlers lie buried. There is nothing in the prospect suggestive of the fact that a town of three hundred people or more, ever stood there, or that it had ever been anything but the cornfield it now is.

The cemetery mentioned, is now Archer; the once living village has vanished, and is but a memory.

Most people have an unexplainable desire to visit a graveyard, and the party that went over that beautiful Sunday afternoon were no exception to the rule.

I had in mind the fear that the place might have been neglected and become overgrown with weeds and underbrush. Such things happen sometimes to these places, especially where they are isolated from a town and left for whoever may be willing, to give them attention and care. In this case I was agreeably disappointed in my expectations.

We found the cemetery in good presentable order, finely located on ground gently sloping to the west and south, with a thick covering of grass over which the lawn-mower had recently passed. There was no sign of neglect anywhere, but just the reverse.

What interested me most was the community of the dead who lie buried there. Some have been there—two to my knowledge—for more than half a century. Dr. B. X. Hutchins was one. McMullen the other. Dr. Hutchins died in the summer or fall of 1858. I never met him but once, and then I knew he was going slowly down to his grave, with that fell disease, consumption. He left a little

was like a revival of old acquaintance, going among those silent heralds, each announcing the resting place of some one I had known in days of yore. Each one of them, as I read the names on the grave stones, was present to my mental vision, as I last saw him or her in life, and the times in which they lived. With Judge Miller and Dr. Hutchins, I saw the spreading vacant prairie again, and the crumbling town they helped to



Mrs. F. M. Harlow

build. The old vanished life and surroundings, came back to me like ghostly visitations; and so with all the others.

A little to the west on the south side of the creek, is the old camp meeting ground, where the pious Methodists of Archer and surrounding country, used to repair every year to worship God in one of his first temples, according to the poet, a beautiful grove of young timber, but that too was gone. Without the grove the camping ground could not be located, or at least we could not do it, and so that, with the shadowy congregations that worshipped there in the long ago, have become mere misty and confused memories.

We finally stood on the spot where the town once was. The plow share had passed over it, and in all the wide expanse about us, there was nothing that even whispered of the time when a bustling and energetic people lived there, except the graves of some of their dead.

But what of the others of the three hundred or more (and that was a considerable population for a town in those days), who inhabited, hoped, and wrought here? Gone, in their several and restless wanderings about the world and out of it, with only the two ladies I have mentioned above, remaining. The story of Archer is both pathetic and tragic.

Magnetic Healing

Miss Lizzie Reiland, a graduate of the Weltmer School of Magnetic Healing, of Nevada, Mo. I am prepared to treat diseases of all kinds. Phone 279. Located at Mrs. Burris' residence south of the convent. 4t

daughter, ten or eleven years old, who grew to womanhood in the county, and is with us yet, the wife of our respected townsman, F. M. Harlow.

Passing from one grave stone to another I found that I had known all those people when in life, and I regret to say though I have lived in the near vicinity of this out-of-the-way God's acre, for more than fifty years, that was my first visit to it. It