

the left, advancing until they met; then the next two in the same order, bringing the fore wheel close up to the hind wheel of the wagon ahead, the balance of the train in the same order, making a semi-circular corral with thirteen wagons on each wing, nearly closed at front with an opening at rear of about twenty feet. The cattle were then turned loose, with the yokes on the ground where they stood. A mounted herder takes charge of the cattle, watering first and then to grass. The drivers, each one with a heavy pistol at his hip and gun, in charge of wagonmaster, divided in mess of six to eight, two with sacks start out for chips, another for water, another digs the fire trench, all do their part until the meal of bread, bacon and coffee is ready to be served out, and each one provided with a tin plate, quart cup, knife, fork and spoon. If the camp is for the night, after supper preparations are made for an early breakfast; then would come the time for a good smoke, song and story; then rolling up in their blankets to rest under the wagons until "Roll out! Roll out!" is called out at daybreak by the night herder. After an early breakfast the cattle are driven in the corral and at the command, "Yoke up!" every driver starts in among the cattle with yoke on his left shoulder, ox-bow in his right hand, and key in his mouth, looking for his off-wheeler; when found the yoke is fastened to him with one end resting on the ground until the near one, his mate, is found. When yoked together they are taken to the wagon and hitched in their place; then come the others in their order, only a short time being required until ready for the order from the wagonmaster—"Pull out!" Then the bull-whacker is in his glory, with his whip, the lash of which is twenty feet in length, large and heavy, tapering to a small point and tipped with buckskin popper, hung to a handle eighteen inches in length, filling both hands in its grasp but small at the end; four or five swings over and around the head the lash is shot straight out with the report of a gun. With 26 of these whips, swinging at the same time, the reports sounding like the fire of a picket line of soldiers. A steer was seldom struck with these whips, unless a dead-head. When hit with full force blood would surely follow.

Night Camp.

At the camp for the night the cattle were allowed to graze at will until well filled and inclined to lie down. Then the herder rides gently around them, driving them to a centre and bunching them close as possible without crowding, riding slowly and quietly around them during the night, gently whistling and singing if the herd seemed restless, always guarding against a stampede which sometimes happened. In every herd there are leaders, and when a

stampede from any cause occurs, the whole herd spring to their feet at the same instant, the leaders dashing off with the whole herd following. Then comes the time for the herder to show his nerve and courage, when he knows that a gopher hole, a broken saddle girth, or a fall meant sudden death in his effort to reach the front at one side of the leaders and with yells and pistol shots turn the front and get them running in a circle until their fright subsided. The herder generally succeeded, but not always. The writer remembers of one herd that stampeded during a bad storm, one-half being lost and a few found days after, forty miles from the camp from which they started.

Incidents on the Route.

In the early spring of 1862 I purchased an outfit—any number of teams and wagons less than a full train was called an outfit—loaded the wagons with my own merchandise for the Denver market. I was one of the first to pull out from Nebraska City that season.

On the route, a few miles west from Fort Kearney, we struck a vast herd of buffalo that was making for the Platte for water. They were in such numbers that we made camp, thinking it not best to drive through them. These wild cattle were a part of the yearly drift from North to South down the Platte, crossing the country from that point to the Republican river, it being the nearest point between the two rivers.

The next day, while in camp, a small war party of Sioux Indians, in their war paint, stopped with us for dinner. They were on their way to join a large force for a fight with the Pawnees. The Sioux, from their earliest history, were enemies of the Pawnees on the south, and to the Utes on the west. On our return trip we met a few of this same party on foot, on their return from their conflict, having lost several of their warriors and a number of ponies, but proudly showed two Pawnee scalps they had taken.

We made Denver in 28 days, from Nebraska City, which was quick time for cattle. At that time Denver was a little city of tents and cheaply built wood buildings on the business street. I think there was but one brick building, that a warehouse belonging to the freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell. I closed out my goods, realizing a good profit. The third day after my arrival, having received something over \$10,000 in Cherry Creek gold dust, soldered up in two pound oyster cans, rolled up in my blankets and strapped securely at the back of my saddle, I mounted my mule and started to overtake my teams. The second day out, when about fifty miles east from Denver, about 2 o'clock on a warm afternoon, I was jogging along on my mule, half asleep, when I was suddenly aroused by Hi-yi-a-Hi-yi-a-He-ye-a-Hi-

yi-Ho. Looking up I saw a short distance away, coming over a swell on the trail, a war party of Indians mounted on fine plain's ponies, armed with lance, bows and arrows. They came on a charge, with lance at rest and with a quivering feather at the head of every lance. I was quickly surrounded by one hundred and fifty greased and painted wild beings, with not a thing on or about them that was not of native manufacture, adorned with many ornaments made from hammered silver. On seeing that wild charge approaching I was startled, but the Indians at that time were friendly and I thought they meant me no harm. They were a war party of Ogallala Sioux on a raid against their old-time enemy, the Utes. During the interview the chief explained in sign language how they intended surprising the Utes by creeping on them like snakes, and getting many scalps. Hanging to the horn of my saddle was a fine Colts Navy revolver. The chief wished to see it. I drew it from the case and passed it to him. After giving it a close examination he passed it to one near him, and from him it went the circle of all on the inside. Many guttural sounds and motions were made while looking it over. Then it came back from hand to hand to the chief who gave it to me with signs of thanks. That same revolver was afterward captured by the Indians and the man who carried it was killed.

After entertaining me for half an hour I liberally treated those near with tobacco, who received it with many "How Hows." Then the chief gave a command by a flash from a small round mirror, set in a frame with handle and hung to the wrist. In an instant they wheeled into line, starting off on a lope, striking into their wild war-song: "Ho-a-Hi-yi-a-He-ye-a-Hi-yi-Ho." I sat on my mule and gazed after them until they passed from my sight. The history of this same war party is, the Utes learned of their approach, ambushed them, fought and defeated them with great loss. It is said this was the last war party sent against the Utes by the Sioux, after having been long-time enemies.

Transportation Rates.

The freighting business increased largely in volume every year from 1862 to 1866. According to a census taken for the year 1865, there were employed in the movement of goods, grain and other stores, westward from Nebraska City:

7,365 wagons. 7,231 mules.

50,712 oxen. 8,385 men.

Transporting 31,445,428 lbs. of freight.

The customary rate of cattle freight to any point where two trips could be made during the season was one dollar per hundred pounds for each one hundred miles; sometimes a little more or less, owing to circumstances. Winter