

## THE GHOST DANCE.

## ARBOR LODGE.

Between the dark, uneven lines  
Of trees in the low ravine  
The rising moon has sent its rays,  
Till now no longer intervene  
The veiling boughs; above, it shines  
And greets the distant grove of pines.

And here and far away the land,  
Awaiting the bright moon's quest,  
Rolls out its plains. The searching light  
Illumines scenes of strange unrest.  
The chill November wind makes moan,  
The vanished years sigh through its tone.

For all sweet, faded summers gone  
Have left, in their dying, strains  
That o'er and o'er ring out tonight,  
Re-echoing in sad refrains,  
And fair Nebraska's prairies lie  
A trysting place where spirits cry.

Out yonder is the silvered field  
Where once, in the by-gone days,  
With flash of tomahawks swung high,  
The red man sought in savage ways  
To celebrate a treaty signed,  
With war dance on the land resigned.

The noiseless shadows lurk below  
The trees, as their branches sway,  
Like lithe, dark forms of Otoe braves  
In groups of stealthy foes at bay,  
Just where the old field's margins creep  
To new-grown woodland's shading deep.

And long white spaces, moonlit, lie  
Like ghosts of the slain in strife,  
Wan heroes from the silent band  
That trod this prairie soil in life.  
Like cry and wail of savage love,  
The wind moans plaintively above.

It sings, and sweeps in mournful dirge  
Through depths of the curved ravine,  
And calls from hilltops where the pines  
Approach the sky with sombre green,  
Till echo answers echo heard  
Like some sad, mocking voice of bird.

With quickened rustle come the leaves  
To rise when the wind pipes high.  
From roadside ways and gathered drifts  
Like spectres through the air they fly,  
Or ghostly steps their flittings trace.  
Each leaf is like a withered face

Which, seared by age, has come again  
To look at the hunting ground,  
Where shone the camp fire's ruddy glow  
And welcome was in wigwams found,  
When Otoes dwelt long years ago  
Beside the dull Missouri's flow.

Spellbound, the rolling prairie shines.  
By notes of the wind harps led  
The red man's spectre joins in dance  
With ghosts of all the summers dead,  
While, calmly, o'er the weird unrest,  
The moon moves slowly toward the West.

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

## QUIVERA, THE EVIDENCES OF ITS LOCATION.

In a paper published in THE CONSERVATIVE not long since, we arrived by logical steps at the conclusion that Quivera must have been more than Coronado saw, or it could never have attained the fame which it had. We cited the fact that it was found on all early Spanish maps; also on the Father Marquette (French) map. You will also note that the wandering tribes found by Coronado at least forty-two days' march south of the villages he discovered and called Quivera, knew

well the location of so vast an empire. Here Coronado first began to suspect the "Turk" of treachery; here Ysopete threw himself on the ground and declared that the Turk was leading them astray; here the natives told him Quivera was to the north.

Now use just as much common sense as you do in other affairs of life—read these accounts (conflicting, as they are in minor points) with as much discriminating judgment as you do the ordinary newspapers of today, then tell me you think these villages of people explored by Coronado had enough insignificance to be known by these other trites forty-two days' march away! We arrived at the logical conclusion that Coronado told the truth about these people *in his way*, and probably for diplomatic reasons made his account as mild as possible. He probably understood "this to be the end of Quivera," partly because his beautiful, young wife was impatiently awaiting his return to Mexico and his followers, not finding gold, were ready to acquiesce in his report, and partly because he was thoroughly disgusted with the insignificant proportions of his discovery. So after twenty-five days spent in a fruitless attempt to discover some such empire as current reports led him to believe could be found, he returned to his army and thence to the west coast of Mexico. He never did anything worthy of note afterward, although he lived to a ripe old age and became very wealthy.

## The University Rock.

Now let us come back to this central plain and do a little digging; let us not jump at conclusions after exploring a few village sites, but let us search carefully over the whole broad area of the great Central Plain. On the campus of the State University is a large igneous rock, three feet in diameter, which the "class of '92" placed there. The whole surface of this rock is covered with characters which must have some significance. There is a human foot-print chiseled half an inch deep in this hard rock; it does not require a vivid imagination to see it—it is as plain as your foot-print in the new-fallen snow, except, possibly, the toes are spread more than yours, for so long hidden "in the prison cells of pride," but nearly the size of the foot-print of an average sized man. Around this, over all the rest of the surface of the rock are characters interwoven and separate. Taking the form of the Runic characters as a guide one may easily trace many similar ones on the rock, but as yet no systematical study has been made of them. There is another similar rock in Cedar county, Nebraska, of which there is a record, but which I have never seen. This rock is between section 25 and section 36, Tp. 30, N., R. 1, E. This rock was discovered by Prof. Samuel Aughey of the department of Natural Science, State

University of Nebraska, in the year 1869. It has a child's foot print, a half moon, a grape vine, and many other characters not deciphered.

In Otoe county, four miles north of Burr, I am told there is another carved rock. I have heard rumors of several others but cannot locate them now as I made no notes. Some day these rocks will tell the history of the people who carved them.

## Nebraska Caves.

Now let us briefly review the caves in Nebraska, noted by Mr. Greeley and also by others; within the confines of the city of Lincoln is one, just north of the penitentiary. A number of years ago, before the city of Lincoln was even a village, a band of Indians camped near this cave; they built a fire at the mouth and carried on a ceremony of dancing and other antics, while a number went, from time to time, into the cave. This continued all night and when daylight came the firebrands were scattered, they mounted their ponies and rode away. Once, while the penitentiary was building, a band of Indians camped near the same place, but the cave was then used as a cellar for a brewery and the mouth was closed, so they did not get to use it. This is the last account we have of their return.

Greeley says there were five such caves in the state of Nebraska, four of which he saw, but the fifth, which was on an island in the Platte river, was the finest and largest cave of all. He only knew of this by tradition, as it was lost even in his day. [I have not Greeley's work before me and must depend on memory for this part, but I think the above location is correct.] One on an island in the Loup river has since been lost while the one near Columbus is well-known today. The last one is near Fullerton, in Nance county; it had been lost for many years, but old settlers informed me that they remembered it in an early day. I searched for it while exploring in that vicinity but failed to find it. Since then Mr. Will A. Brown of Fullerton writes me that he has rediscovered it very near the great amphitheater which I found north of Fullerton.

As you stand on the semi-circular "stage" in the valley, facing this great natural amphitheater, which towers with its balconies one hundred and sixty feet above you, you will face what may be called the *arena*; it contains, probably, half an acre enclosed on the creek side by a semi-circular stage, that is three or four hundred feet long, six to eight feet wide on top; it is in the form of a crescent. An opening into the arena is found in the middle of this stage about twenty feet wide. Stand at this opening, face the arena, and you will see the location of this cave, half way up the great bluff which forms the balcony of the amphitheater. It is to