

the city from the surrounding hills. The lumber used was mainly walnut, and as the many thousand of such houses met the gaze of the army they might well be astonished at the city's magnitude and the number of its inhabitants.

The Nebraska River.

The natives called the large river which Penalosa had been following the "Nebraska;" so, for the first time, white men heard the name of our beloved state.

The manuscript goes on to say that nearly a hundred of the chiefs brought presents of fruit, skins and fish across the river and kindly welcomed Penalosa. Two of the chiefs were detained until nearly morning, when it was discovered that the Indian allies had forded the river and set fire to the outlying buildings, killing the defenseless people. These people could not fight, as not a single warlike weapon was to be seen, and, unlike the other Indians Penalosa had met, they had no scalps which they had taken. The allies were plundering and burning the houses and driving the people before them.

Penalosa at last succeeded in crossing the river, and, after extinguishing the fire and driving his former allies away, he began to pursue the flying natives. But they had taken to the ridges and not a live native could be found. The next day he continued his march through the city until stopped by another stream which flowed into the Loup from the north, as the manuscript says, "two or three leagues from the mouth." A Spanish league is 3.42 miles, so this stream must be from seven to ten miles up the Loup. Those who live near this point can best determine what stream would prove an impediment to Penalosa's lumbering coach. Mrs. Alvira G. Platt, who was matron of the Genoa Indian school for many years and lived near this point, thinks this stream was Cedar creek (known as the Beaver, now, I believe) but Judge James W. Savage, late of Omaha, thought it more probable that it was Looking glass creek or Lost creek. Mr. Leavy, county superintendent of schools in Platte county, informs me that the banks of Looking-glass creek are very steep in some places, and he is inclined to the opinion that this creek would form a barrier great enough to cause a halt with the coach. However, Penalosa sent a body of soldiers farther on and upon their return they reported no end to the city.

The soldiers admired the beauty of the place. They found the soil black and covered with long, rich grass. As the manuscript says: "It seemed a perfect Eden." Finding no gold or jewels the commander concluded it was useless to pursue the frightened natives farther, and on the 11th of June he started on his homeward journey. He encountered his former allies, however, and had a

skirmish with favorable results to the Spanish.

Spanish Relics.

While excavating in the city of Lincoln some years ago, the workmen unearthed a broken sword, which is now in the museum of the State Historical Society. The shield for the hand shows it to be the work of a painstaking craftsman and is Spanish in design. The blade is broken, so the length cannot be determined, but it is doubtless one of the weapons carried by a Spanish cavalier, and may assist in proving that this skirmish between the Spaniards and Escanseques occurred near Lincoln, which is not improbable.

While referring to relics of the Spanish exploring parties, I wish to mention a carved piece of metal picked up near Columbus some years ago and now in possession of Mrs. Young of that city. Those who have seen it pronounce it a saddle ornament. It is decorated with free hand chasing and was probably lost by one of Penalosa's men.

There was found, some years ago, a sword of much interest. It is said by competent judges to be a Damascus Blade; at least it has upon it an inscription or monogram which is worthy of investigation. The sword is now in Kansas City, but was loaned to the historical society for a number of years.

There is in the University museum a bridle bit, found in this state and owned by Dr. Everett, of Lincoln. No one but a cruel Spaniard could ever design such a bit; it is a complicated affair, and for torture to a poor horse has not a peer. It is made of iron and copper; the workmanship is good. An antique stirrup was found some years ago near River-ton, in Franklin county. It is the same design as the stirrup used by Moorish horsemen for many centuries.

Near the little town of Burr, in Otoe county, Mr. W. S. Holden informs me that he dug out of a spring, and still has in his possession, a pistol barrel with many bores. It was found at a depth of thirty feet. The revolving-barreled pistol was a new weapon of Europe about the time of Penalosa's expedition or a little earlier, about 1619, and it was not a common weapon after 1700, so it seems quite probable that this is a relic of that expedition. It could not have belonged to the Coronado expedition as that was at least fifty years before the first one was made and one hundred years before they became popular.

Quivera Worthy of Study.

If all the evidences existing along the routes of these expeditions could be collected, the track of each could be quite accurately determined by a study of the relics—fashions changed then as now.

A full suit of Spanish armor, together with the bones of its unfortunate wearer, was found in a cave in southern

Colorado not many years ago. Probably the cavalier was lost from some of these early expeditions.

I have, in these papers given enough to prove to the mind of an unbiased reader that Quivera was a vast empire worthy of our study; that it had its capital in Platte county, Nebraska; that it was visited by Spanish explorers at an early date in American exploration. Enough has been said to establish the existence and location of this city and to prove that Quivera is not a mere myth, but was once a grand reality, occupied by a civilized, docile, pastoral people, who, according to their traditions, came, at a very remote period, from the south, (or as some translate it "down stream," meaning down the waterway) and lived on these beautiful, sun-kissed plains by the edge of the silvery waters. Here they grew their corn and herded their buffalo, lived, loved and worshiped in peace, plenty and contentment for ages, until their enemies, jealous of their prosperity, and for the sake of plunder, made war upon them, even to extermination. What romance can our minds picture as once being enacted where now our fertile farms yield the self-same corn to another race of beings? What desires, what passions, what aspirations once stirred the breasts of those husbandmen as they gathered the ripe golden ears from the self-same fields! What different accents had the tones of the lover as he whispered his impassioned words in the ear of his fair goddess! Was not life as sweet, was not worship as sincere, and was not love as fervent in that quiet, warless, strifeless, happy age as it is today?

E. E. BLACKMAN.

Roca, Neb.

REORGANIZATION.

Mr. Bryan's allusion to the proposed reorganization of the democratic party is not without unconscious humor. He says that reorganization must be applied internally, and that a person must be inside of the party before he can participate in the party management. This is obviously a rejoinder to the sound money democrats who are urging that the democracy shall purge itself of populism and socialism, and return to a creed that democrats may subscribe to without mental reservation. The amusing feature of Mr. Bryan's statement is that he denies to others what he has always claimed for himself. In 1892 he advocated the election of the populist, Weaver, to be president of the United States. Four years later, in the succeeding democratic national convantion. Mr. Bryan appeared as a contesting delegate, was awarded a seat, helped to revise the platform in the interest of populism, and became the candidate of the Chicago democracy. Surely the anti-Bryan democrats have as much right to restore the party to its old position as Mr. Bryan had to divert it from its historic course.—Philadelphia Ledger.