

his parents when a young man. There, after a few years he married the woman of his choice, a pale, fragile, blue eyed, flaxen haired girl, who did not seem strong enough for the rugged lot that had fallen to her, but with a spirit of romance and adventure in her make up that went far toward overcoming the natural weakness of her constitution. A new cabin was raised in the bottoms of old Sugar Mill Creek, and John and his bride became its occupants. Somehow they did not get along well in the world, and at her suggestion they sold their "forty," packed up their belongings, and joined the great caravan of emigrants who were seeking homes in the west. They halted in Iowa, where they lived and prospered, until a typhoid fever came and carried away the fair young wife, who had always seemed too frail for this earth.

John was left with three children to care for, the oldest, Moyne, a sweet girl, who was the image of her mother, and two boys of a more tender age. The old place seemed so desolate and lonely that John soon refused longer to live where every shrub, every turn in the road and every bend in the little stream that flowed by their place reminded him of his lost love. For in his rough, rude way he had loved the little woman as few are loved, and he cherished her memory with a sacredness that amounted to devotion. Again his broad acres went into the hands of strangers. He sold his stock, and loading his little family into an old "prairie schooner" along with his household goods, for a second time set his face toward the setting sun, but with no objective point. Chance led him to Omaha, thence westward to the beautiful Elkhorn valley, but finding no place to suit his disordered fancy, he kept on and on, until a hundred miles or more beyond any respectable settlements.

One evening just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, he halted in a grove of pines not far from the east bank of the Niobrara, and pitched his tent for the night. In the morning the ruggedness of the scenery

and the wild romanticness of the surroundings seemed to his liking, and he concluded to explore the country for a few days. There was plenty of game and as he was an experienced hunter he found no difficulty in collecting food enough for himself and children, and some to send to the soldiers at Fort Niobrara, some dozen miles away. It was in the fall of the year when he halted, and after a week of tent life he began the erection of a rough log cabin, which was to serve the purpose of keeping out the cold as well as the Indians, who might chance to visit his place. These Indians were friendly, and had welcomed the white man and his papooses with many a vigorous "how, how," but all westerners know what a treacherous character a "friendly" Indian is, and they do well to be prepared for any emergency. The boys were small yet, but Moyne was now almost woman grown, and though she had the hair, eyes, complexion and features of her mother, she was larger and stronger and had inherited something of her father's rugged constitution. She had been taught to shoot and could easily snuff a candle with a rifle ball at one hundred paces. As the doors of the cabin were thick and heavy, with port-holes on either side, she had no fears of Indians, and with her trusty Winchester felt that she could keep one hundred of them at bay.

A few acres were plowed in the spring and planted to garden track, which found a ready sale at the fort, and soon, almost in spite of himself, Jackson found that he was a fixture and was prospering beyond his wildest expectations. Soon a new wagon road was opened near his door, over which many a westward bound adventurer found his way. The Black Hills excitement was at its highest and hundreds of eager travelers passed his door bound for this new El Dorado. His place became known as Jackson's ranch and money came to him almost without effort. This prosperity was not entirely due to his management as may be suspected, but to the beauty and accomplishments of his daughter (who was the mistress of the ranch.) Any