A RAID ON KANSAS.

"A Perfectly Plain Road" From Culbertson, Neb., to Atwood, Kansas.

A Lovely Ride for a Loving Pair "Scribbler" Puts His Foote in It

Correspondence of THE BEE.

CULBERTSON, Neb., February 4.—A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," said Solomon, but that does not apply to a little experience in the ways of the west. Read the pleasant experience of a young lady going in the same direction as the writer, who, of course, offered her a ride.

We left Culbertson at about 10:30 a. m., with the direction to "drive down about a mile and cross the track and river and then back on the other side, and take that road there (pointing with his finger) that leads right over that bluff."

We started.

The road down the bottom presented no crossing to our view for at least six miles, but at last we found a crossing place, and after a good deal of difficulty with the team, got safely over, but here arose another difficulty. There was no road on the other side, but the prairie was smooth and we drove along at a good rate.

After an interminably long drive we came back opposite Culbertson, and here arose another difficulty. We could not find the road leading over the bluff, but we found an old German, who was herding cattle and hogs, and inquired:

"Where is the road that leads southward toward Atwood?"

"Vat you says?"

The question was repeated:

"Ya, ya! Ich sagen! You dhravel rigcht oop ober dem hogks und findts a roat vat I goes mit my vamily und gows; geep sthraight on und you soon gomes to dhe sthraight roat, und you gant mees it."

We found it much as he said, only the innumerable trails made it difficult to keep the right one. We kept the road over the prairie a little east of south until we struck Driftwood creek, and seeing a sod house with a stovepipe running through the roof, we stopped to see if we could get dinner and directions.

Are the readers of THE DAILY BEE posted in regard to the beauties, conveniences, and general advantages of a sod house, half dug-out, and do those æsthetic beings, whose whole existence is made up of the too utterly utter element, and who loll over their morning coffee or chocolate, and pretend to read the morning paper, know anything about the existence of their brothers and sisters of the plains?

The mud mansion at which we stopped happened to be the country (and city) residence of Mr. Robert Brown, Esq., formerly from Wisconsin. Here he lived with his wife, daughters, son-in-law and his two grand children.

The house consisted of a hole in the ground about four feet deep, then a wall of sod about two and a half feet high, two logs were placed lengthwise of the structure, (!) about equi distant from each other, and from the side walls, brush, laid crosswise, supported the sods that formed the roof. A few windows through the sod walls gave light enough for all practical purposes. Inside, the walls were plastered, the ceiling was covered with muslin, tacked to the aforesaid logs, various receptacles were formed by cutting square cavities into the soil which formed the walls. The floor was of the same material as the rest of the edifice except the brush, logs and plaster. The stove, which was used both for cooking and heating purposes, occupied one corner of the room; beds were in two others corners and the other corner, near which was a window, was used as a conservatory, with many rare and beautiful plants, such as geraniums, waxplants, tea roses and the like

Our dinner consisted of tea, bread, and fat pork, but we were hungry and could have eaten a young mule if he had been tender, so we made a fair meal off the delicacies at hand, then asked the directions and started.

We were looking for Jerome, Rawlins county, Kansas. We had now travelled one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight miles since we started and I thought we ought to be nearly there; our final destination was to be Atwood, Kansas.

Jerome was a place Mr. Brown had never heard of, but we had been told that it was this side of Atwood, so if we went toward the latter place we would probably find the former.

"Atwood," said Mr. Brown, "is off thar," pointing a little to the west of south. "You go right down here and cross the Driftwood, before you leave any place, and then follow the road right down until you strike the road going over the hill yonder, and then take that. It is a perfectly plain road and you can't miss it."

We crossed the Driftwood, and as we came out from the stream we saw a road leading back up stream, but our directions were "down," so we went that way. After seven hundred and nineteen miles in that direction had been covered, we made up our minds that we were going the wrong way, so we turned around and started on the back track. After awhile we came across an antiquated specimen of the genus homo on the top of a load of wood, which stuck every way, being branches of the crooked, sprawling trees, which grow along the streams in this vicinity. The man was a counterpart of his load, being lank and gawkey, and with hair that had not been cut or combed in years.

"You're on the wrong road entirely. Jerome must be up on Driftwood somewhar, don't know just whar though; if its 'tween here and Atwood, though, you'll strike it. You drive right across the prairie and you'll strike Ledge Creek road right below that ledge of rock," pointing one of the solitary ledges or heads that are sometimes seen here, standing out in bold relief on the top of the highest point of bluff in sight. "It is a perfectly plain road clear through to Atwood, goes right up Ledge Creek, then over the divide to Driftwood to where you arter gone at first, but you'll make it all right. It's a perfectly plain road and you can't miss it." After driving an almost unlimited distance, and winding all over the surface of the country always taking the road which seemed the most traveled we came at last to a dug-out under a hill where the road seemed to come to an end. Here a girl of no particular age or shape, informed us that we were on the wrong road, "that we must go back over the hill and cross Driftwood, and go right up the bottom." It is a perfectly plain road and you can't miss it" We went.

We crossed a stream we supposed was Driftwood and then drifted up the valley a good many miles, until there was no valley, and we found ourselves on top of the "divide" looking two ways for a road, ours having come to an end.

It is said that fortune favors the brave, and that Providence never deserts his votaries. Without drawing any inference, however, just as we didn't know what to do, a couple of hunters, clad in buckskin, appeared upon the scene.

"Wall," said one, in a tone that proclaimed his Yankee origin, "There's tew roads. One you'll git by goin' right down across that crick and up on the divide beyond. The other is right down in this holler; drive right down here and turn to your right and you'll be jist where you want to go. It's a perfectly straight, plain road and you cain't miss it."

The "perfectly straight, plain road" led us up through the roughest canyon I ever saw. Sometimes with the buggy almost on the horses backs, then again pulling out of the creek to the top of the bluff, and then down into the bottom again. Presently the road came to an end in front of a sod house, from which a genial but picturesque looking man emerged.

He was one of the tallest men I ever saw, about six feet six, I should think, and he had lived on the plains for about twenty-five years; was the first settler in this section of country.

"They've been sendin' ye the wrong way, the hull on 'em," he said, as we told him how we had been directed. "Jist take this trail, leadin' up this side o' that draw till you git to the main traveled road goin' south that's aboute a mild from here, then foller that road till you come to the head of this canyon and bend around it to the right, and you'll come out all right. One's on Beaver creek, then keep right up the bottom. It is a perfectly plain road and you can't miss it."

He was right, and just after sundown we found ourselves on the Beaver Creek bottom seventeen miles on an air line from Atwood, having stopped once in the time to assure ourselves that we were on the right road. Here we were some place, anyway, for here we found Herndon postoffice.

It was now that we began again to feel our appetites pleading with us for food. We made inquiries and were directed to the residence of Mr. Allen about three miles up the bottom; he, when we arrived there, directed us to Paul Jacobs, about a mile further on.

Mr. Jacobs is a German, speaking but little English, and his wife speaks none; but we managed to make our wants known, and his amiable frau went to work and got us up a good supper, while he fed our team.

After supper we started again with Mr. Jacobs on horseback ahead to get us started right, as he said. He piloted us to the road and gave us directions to Atwood.

"You goes straight oop der greek, und geeps on der greek ash der root peside; seben miles und you gomes afer ash Ludell, und seben miles more ash Ludell you finds Atwood. Der root ish sthraight and blain, und you nicht canno mees it."

Two miles further and we came to a fork in the road. Of course we took the wrong one, followed it a mile or two, found that it went off on the bluff somewhere, so we struck out across the prairie for the other road, which we knew must be between the bluffs somewhere.

We next found ourselves in a cornfield, and what seemed a special interposition of Providence. We ran across the mud residence of a Bohemian, who led us to the road and sent us on our way rejoicing.

We reached Ludell at 9 o'clock, and were directed to Atwood. The directions were given by a gentleman of mine who had sense enough to give explicit directions, but he stated as we were starting out, "it is a perfectly plain road, and you can't miss it."

An hour later and the spires of Atwood were sighted—glorious spectacle. We have never experienced a more positive sense of delight than when we realized that we were entering the city which had all day been our aim. It seemed as if all the mercies of heaven had been showered upon us at once; we were unqualifiedly happy.

It was demonstrated later that we had left Jerome to our right several miles, that those "perfectly plain" roads had been the wrong ones nearly every time.

Atwood, the county seat of Rawlins county, Kansas, is a very bright town of about one hundred inhabitants. The county was organized last June, and has made rapid progress in settlement and school organization and material prosperity.

The interests of Rawlins county, Kas., and Hitchcock county, Neb., are identical. Their railroad point (Culbertson) is the same, their soil is the same, and the people who have partially settled them are of the same class. Those who farm well, have had good crops, some persons having raised twenty-eight bushels of wheat, and fifty bushels of corn, per acre.

Culbertson, the seat of Hitchcock county, Neb., is at the end of the organized division of the railroad. Construction trains run from here sometimes out to "the front" to supply the work which is being rapidly pushed towards Denver.

This city has two hotels, four stores, a postoffice, two feed stables and one livery stable, where they charge the most exorbitant prices of any place in America that I have known and I would advise anyone who has to take a trip across the country, to stop at some other place and get a team, as this man wants you to buy his rig and then give it back to him.

The location of the town is a good one, and as soon as this spring opens, building will be pushed ahead as fast as possible. Several new men are already here looking for sites for places of business, and some have purchased their lots.

Of Atwood, Ks., I neglected to state that it is situated on the line of the projected Central Branch of the U. P. at its junction with Beaver creek. When that road is built, here will almost necessarily be a division point, on account of its geographical location. SCRIBBLER.

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The ceremony was performed. Rosemond, who would have been the girl's choice, left the neighborhood. Rockton and his wife began keeping house. Six months afterward Rosemond returned and sent Mrs. Rockton a note begging an interview. She showed the note and her answer of refusal to her husband. He kissed her as a reward of fidelity. Rockton was taken sick with swamp fever, and when about to die, he said:

"You have been a faithful wife. Nine women out of ten would have run away long ago. I have always known that you loved Rosemond. I have sent for him. I want you to marry him before I die so that I can see the ceremony."

"That would not be legal," answered the wife, "for I cannot marry another man so long as you are living."

"Well, but I want him here so I can see that the ceremony be performed immediately after I am dead."

Rosemond and a preacher were sent for. They arrived. Rockton gasped and motioned. The marriage party approached the bed. Brockton placed the hands of the lovers together, gasped, and died. The preacher raised his hand, and the lovers were married.

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