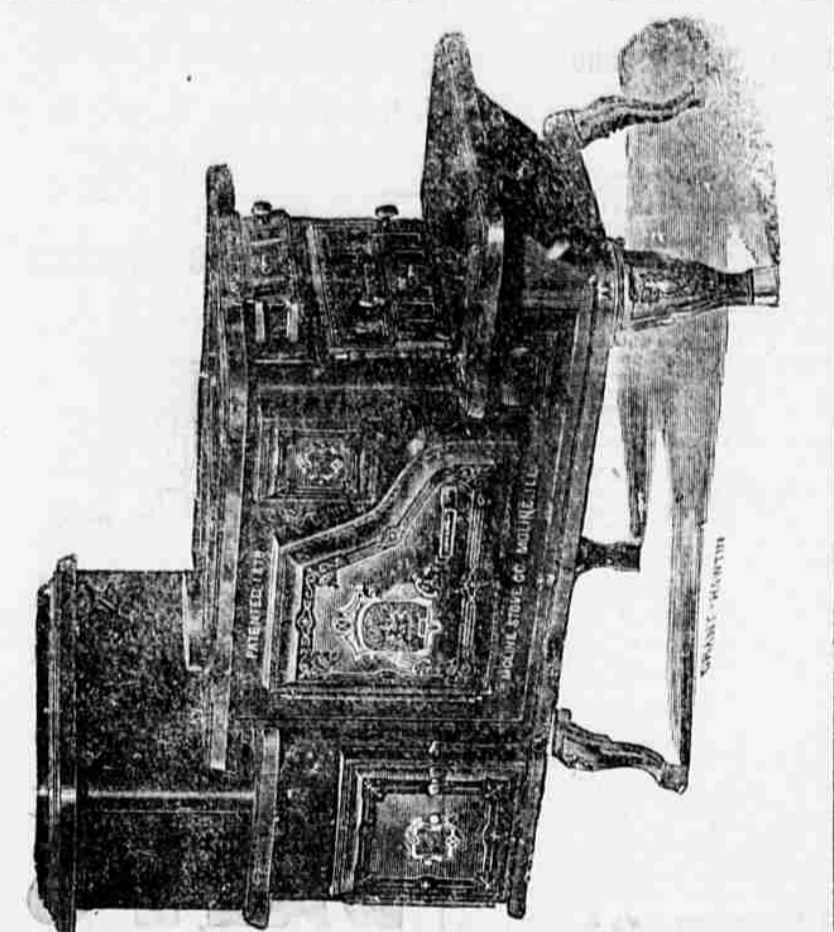


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Table with 3 columns: HOTELS, PROPRIETORS, and TOWNS. Lists various hotels and their owners across different towns in Nebraska.

RIDING WITH THE RANGERS.

BY COL. GEO. W. SYMONDS. The present ranger service of Texas is an outgrowth of the perilous times which marked the dawn of independence for the Lone Star republic. The ranger commands of the struggling revolutionists were composed of those heroic spirits who made a choice between liberty or death, and Mexican thralldom, and valiantly accepted the former alternative. They achieved liberty, but many met death—death in horrible form—bravely facing the foe as did Crockett and his courageous band in the Alamo. During the late war the Texas rangers made for themselves an undying record for heroism and courage. No better troops ever faced an enemy. When the civil insurrection was quelled, and the great natural resources of the southwest began to attract the attention of immigrants, and capital sought investment in the Lone Star state, the legislative power of the state wisely encouraged both Eastern Texas, rich in timbered and farming lands, was soon thickly settled by the eager hordes of restless fortune-seekers, and the advanced guard pushed west to the great plains. Little settlements and isolated ranches sprang up along the river and creek bottoms, and in the fertile canons wherever water could be found. These pioneers had one great enemy to contend against—an enemy pitiless, bloodthirsty, cunning, bold—L. The poor Indian of poverty and romance, but the greedy, dirty savage of the plains—the Indian of real life. They overran the western border, well armed and superbly mounted, robbery by trade, who did not scruple at murder if human life stood between them and a good bunch of horses. So bold did these red ruffians become that in 1874, during the administration of Gov. Rich and Coke, now United States senator from Texas, the legislature appropriated \$300,000 "to protect the border counties by suitable police organization under direction of the state," and under the supervision of Wm. Steele, adjutant general, the present ranger service was organized under the name of "The Frontier Battalion of Rangers." Maj. J. B. Jones commanded the battalion, which consisted of six companies of seventy-five men each. These companies were officered as follows: One captain, two lieutenants, three sergeants and four corporals. The original number has been decreased from time to time until at present the total ranger force, including officers, is 120 men, scattered along the frontier. In 1879 the privates received \$40 per month, corporals \$40, sergeants \$50, lieutenants \$75, captains \$100. This was exclusive of subsistence for themselves and forage for their horses; the men furnishing their own arms, ammunition, horses and clothing. In 1879 the pay of the privates was reduced to \$30 per month, and that of corporals to \$25. Eastern Texas, which contains the bulk of the population of the state, needs no ranger protection, and the members of the legislature from that section are many of them opposed to the service and advocate its disbandment. In 1870 the legislature appropriated \$300,000 for frontier protection; in 1878, \$180,000; in 1880, \$140,000, each of these appropriations to pay the expense of maintaining the bulk of the population of the state, needs no ranger protection, and the members of the legislature from that section are many of them opposed to the service and advocate its disbandment. In 1870 the legislature appropriated \$300,000 for frontier protection; in 1878, \$180,000; in 1880, \$140,000, each of these appropriations to pay the expense of maintaining the bulk of the population of the state, needs no ranger protection, and the members of the legislature from that section are many of them opposed to the service and advocate its disbandment. In 1870 the legislature appropriated \$300,000 for frontier protection; in 1878, \$180,000; in 1880, \$140,000, each of these appropriations to pay the expense of maintaining the bulk of the population of the state, needs no ranger protection, and the members of the legislature from that section are many of them opposed to the service and advocate its disbandment.

head chief of the Comanches, in Lost Valley, York county, near the village of Yorkboro. About thirty rangers met a force of upwards of 200 Indians and vanquished them. In the first fight the rangers had two men killed and twenty or thirty wounded. In this battle the Indians were securely entrenched in a deep canon, but were routed from their stronghold and put to flight. In the second fight the rangers killed five Indians, meeting a force of about 100 with only twenty men. One of the Indians killed was Red Wolf, who proved to be a white man upon examination of the body. When Victoria, the great chief of the Mesquites, was shot down upon the frontier at the head of 250 warriors, splendidly mounted and armed, a detachment of rangers from Company A, under command of Capt. Taylor, started out in pursuit. They struck his trail and after pursuing him about three weeks they were joined by ten men from Company E, under command of Lieutenant now Capt. Newell. The combined command had struck the trail of a portion of Victoria's band, and for about ten days prior to joining Capt. Taylor were close upon the heels of the red men, who were headed toward the Rio Grande. The Indians had left behind them a trail of murdering settlers and burning ranches all along the road. Before the rangers overtook Victoria, his main body had crossed the Rio Grande. In Mexico they were met and dispersed by Mexican soldiers, under command of Gen. Tenassaca. Victoria was killed and about seventy of his warriors. The remainder of his band scattered. A few small parties recrossed the Rio Grande, to be met by United States soldiers, and were killed or captured. The remainder of the band managed to reach the Devil mountains. They arrived thither by a circuitous route, crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico and recrossing into Texas between Eagle Spring and Quitman Canon. The El Paso & Fort Davis stage road passes through Quitman Canon, and at the mouth of the canon the Indians met the stage. They killed the driver and one passenger and drove off the stage horses. A few hundred yards up the canon the band halted, killed a mule and cooked some of the flesh. The rangers were crowding them close, being only a few hours behind, and the Indians pushed on to gain the friendly shelter of the mountains. For fifteen days they dodged among the canons of the Sierra Diablo, and every hour the circle of rangers drew nearer. One morning about daylight the Indian camp was discovered, and the rangers, with loud yells, charged upon the red men. Six bucks were killed and one squaw and two papooses captured. Many of the Indians were wounded, and with frightened yells fled and hid themselves among the rocks. In 1875 a detachment from B and D companies, under command of Lieut. Dan W. Roberts, met a party of Comanches, under Little Bull. The rangers, after a hot battle, killed several of the bucks and captured the chief. He was taken to Austin, where he attracted a great deal of attention. Little Bull was tried for his many crimes and sent to the penitentiary for twenty-one years. Confinement and hard labor broke him down, however, and death granted him a reprieve inside of two years. Many small bunches of Indians have been rounded up by the rangers, and large quantities of stolen stock recovered. When the Frontier Battalion was organized the border counties of Texas were the home of countless bands of desperadoes and outlaws, who robbed trains and stages, stole cattle and horses, and occasionally, by way of diversion, killed a few men. The rangers, attacked by the bandits in their strongholds and "rounded up" whole bands. Sam Bass, the "King of the Cowboys," was making himself a record as a bold and reckless robber when the rangers began to operate, but it was not until 1877 that he and his gang came to Texas, after robbing a train on the Union Pacific railway for \$60,000. Bass began operations in the Lone Star state by robbing a train on the Texas Central railroad near Mesquite, where he realized \$20,000. This robbery was followed by others of lesser importance along the line of the overland stage route, between Dallas and Fort Worth. He was bold, daring and reckless, and the rangers had some difficulty in rounding him up. Corporal Wm. Scott, of B company, was detailed by the commander in chief, Capt. Peake, for special duty, and instructed to join Bass' gang. He did so, and participated with them in a train robbery. Previous to the robbery the corporal sent word to the company to be on hand at the point of attack on the train, but the rangers arrived on the spot too late. The night after the robbery the gang stopped at the house of O. Collins, in Dallas County. Collins had three sons with Bass, and his house was a frequent rendezvous for the outlaws. Corporal Scott was with the party. About midnight Peake's rangers reached the house and attacked the sleeping robbers. Scott occupied a room with Pipes and Herndon, two of the gang. When the rangers broke open the door of the house, he "pulled down" on his roommates with his Winchester, and made them both prisoners. Both were tried in the United States court, and upon conviction of robbing the mails, were sent to the penitentiary at Albany, N. Y., for the term of twenty years each. Herndon is still in confinement. Pipes was shot and killed about year ago while trying to escape. After the loss of these two men, Bass and his gang "took to the bush," and it was not until late in May, 1878, that the rangers overhauled him in Denton county, on Salt Creek. The band were at dinner in a bushy thicket when the rangers charged them and they fled precipitately, leaving their horses and saddles. Two of the outlaws were slightly wounded. "Arkansas Johnson," Sam Bass' lieutenant, showed fight, and Private N. L. Jenkins (the original Buffalo Bill) shot him through the heart. A few days after this fight the rangers arrested one of Bass' gang, named Jim Murphy. He was sent to Austin, and being pressed by the commander of the battalion, Major Jones, to be a liberator, he was accordingly set at liberty, and after resigning the band gave information which resulted in the "round up" of

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numbers and show fight, he becomes metamorphosed into a demon and shows no mercy. He knows from experience that death is the best Indian civilization, and he is not satisfied when an attack is made on a bunch of bucks if he returns to camp without several scalps dangling from his saddle. One ranger whom I know was born and raised in one of those deep canons which sweep down from the great alkali plains to the banks of the brackish Pecos. He has fought Indians since he was able to handle a rifle, and on a family of seven or eight boys and girls he is the only one who has escaped the scalping knife of the redman. His mother was shot and scalped when he was a baby in the cradle, and the sister who was more than a mother to him was carried away on the saddle of a painted devil when he was panting and bleeding in half-swoon, after a week's stark from loss of blood that he was left for dead, and could only breathe a terrible curse against his would-be murderers as they galloped away. He afterwards learned the fate of that dear sister. Refusing to sacrifice her purity and womanhood for the hellish gratification of her captor, she was coolly disemboweled and hung up by the heels to a black jack tree. When this brother, still weak from hill-beaded wounds, started upon the trail of the red devil he came upon the shrunken body of his murdered sister still swinging from the tree-imb. He buried the attenuated form so deeply loved, and a week later joined the rangers. He is still a young man, but grief has aged his face and silvered his hair. He never smiles, and seems to have but one object in life, to kill as many Indians as possible. He spares neither old nor young, chief nor brave, squaw nor possessor. Is it any wonder that he thus merciless, or that the stock of his carbine is thickly notched with the tally of his dead enemies? Another ranger of my acquaintance seems to inherit his fondness for the service, and he will probably be a ranger when he dies. His grandfather was a ranger when Texas was a Mexican province, and died beside Crockett in the Alamo. His father sprang to the defense of the stars and bars, at the head of a company of "rough riders," and the morning sun kissed his dead face upturned to the sky on Chickamauga's field. This ranger, with a ranger pedigree, is one of the best men in the service, and

has already distinguished himself by many acts of heroism. To particularize any individual act of his ranger bravery would be to do every other ranger an injustice. Living in the midst of danger, a man is not long in the service before he becomes the hero of some daring adventure. His deeds of bravery are of such countless number that post facto history will fail to notice even the more prominent. Unconsciously doing his duty and daring all danger, he paves the way for the onward march of that irresistible tide of civilization continually rolling toward the setting sun; and when his life work is ended, and the deadly bullet of the red man puts out the light of his young, brave life, his comrades will lift up the lifeless body with tender hands and say: "On the rocky bank of Pecos they will lay him down to rest, With his knapsack for a pillow, And his gun across his breast."

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