

J. Marvin Hunter's

FRONTIER TIMES

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Greetings, and Welcome to J. Marvin Hunter's...

FRONTIER TIMES

Magazine

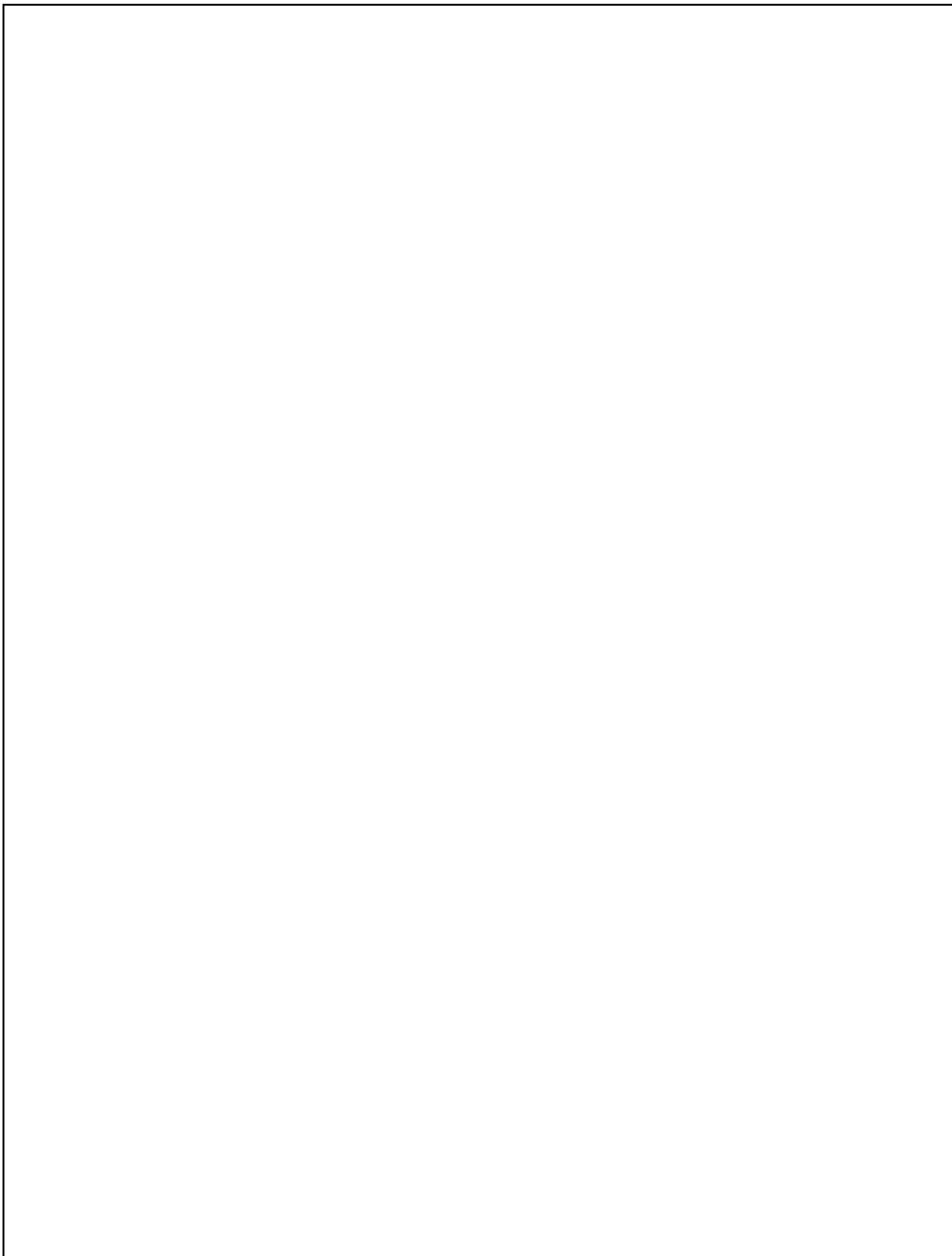
What makes these magazines so valuable?

For many years, researchers, genealogists, history buffs and folks who just love Texas and frontier history have found these magazines a hidden gold mine of information. Because Mr. Hunter solicited first-hand and eye-witness accounts from the folks who lived the history themselves, there is information in these volumes that cannot be found anywhere else. He also gathered stories from historical writers such as T. U. Taylor, J. Frank Dobie, and others, as well as documents from old newspapers, court records and personal testimonies from those who were part of the shaping of the Texas Frontier as well as other areas of the Southwest during the 1800's.

Mr. Hunter had the highest regard for historical accuracy in whatever he included in his publication. In many cases, when an inaccuracy was discovered, Mr. Hunter unashamedly and readily published the clarifications, making this periodical an undisputed authority on historical and genealogical data.

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FRONTIER TIMES



THOMAS J. RUSK.

DEVOTED TO

*Frontier History, Border Tragedy and
Pioneer Achievement*

The Horseshoe Game



When afternoon began to wane
The old town's horseshoe crew
Would gather for the daily game
When cooler breezes blew.
Behind the Bank the pegs were placed,
The shoes were smooth and bright
And there the boys would laugh and pitch
Till shadows brought the night.

On old bench stood beneath the tree
Whereon the idlers sat
And whittled as they calmly chewed
And talked of this and that.
But when a stranger came to town
Until we knew his name
A strange uneasiness disturbed
The old town's horseshoe game.

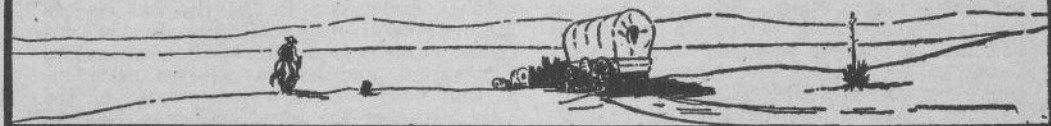
The cities have their golf and pool,
Their bowling and croquet;
Their auction bidge and other things
To pass the time away.
Perhaps it's just an idle whim
And I am all to blame,
But I prefer above them all
The old town's horseshoe game.



FRONTIER TIMES

Is published monthly at Bandera, Texas. It is the only magazine in the world devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy, and Pioneer Achievement. Subscription price \$2.00 a year. We want a few reliable agents to solicit subscriptions. Write us for further information.

FRONTIER TIMES



PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

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Thomas Jefferson Rusk

THOMAS JEFFERSON RUSK the soldier, jurist, and statesman, was of Irish descent, and born in Pendleton district, South Carolina, December 5, 1803. While yet a boy, bright and precocious, young Rusk attracted the favorable notice of the celebrated John C. Calhoun. Mr. Calhoun greatly assisted him in securing an education, and also in acquiring his profession. Soon after procuring his license as a lawyer Rusk moved to the State of Georgia, where he soon obtained a lucrative practice. In an unfortunate mining speculation he lost nearly all of his earnings. Dishonest agents seized the funds and fled to the West. Rusk followed some of them to Texas, but failed to recover his lost money. This was in 1834. He was so delighted with the country that he determined to make Texas his future home, and located at Nacogdoches, where he at once took an active part in public affairs, and the same year, as secretary of a vigilance committee, wrote an earnest protest against the further introduction of Indians from the United States. In

1835 the Executive Council elected him Commissary of the Army. He was in the Convention of 1836, and his name is signed to the Declaration of Texas Independence. At the organization of the government and interim he entered Burnet's cabinet as Secretary of War. By the direction of the President he joined the army on the Brazos river, and was the confidential friend and adviser of Houston. Arriving at Harrisburg, he made a most patriotic address to the men, assuring them that they would soon have an opportunity to avenge the butcheries of San Antonio and Goliad. He performed a most gallant part in the ever-

memorable battle of San Jacinto. It was to him that Colonel Almonte surrendered. After all resistance had ceased, Rusk exerted himself to arrest the killing of the fugitives. When General Houston resigned to go to New Orleans for surgical aid, Rusk was appointed commander-in-chief, and followed the retreating army of Filisola as far west as Goliad, where he had the remains of the men massacred with Fannin carefully collected and honorably interred.

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In the fall of

1836, at the organization of the Constitutional government, Rusk was appointed Secretary of War, but he soon resigned to attend to his private business, which had been very much neglected during the stirring revolutionary times. The people would not permit him long to remain in private life, and in 1837 he was sent to the Texas Congress. A band of Kickapoos having become very troublesome, he collected a company of his neighbors and severely chastised them. Rusk was always ready to draw his sword to repel invasion, or to protect the frontier from the savages. In 1839 he commanded a regiment in the war with the

Cherokees. He was the same year appointed Chief Justice of the Republic, but soon resigned the office and resumed the practice of law at Nacogdoches. His partners were J. Pinkney Henderson and Kenneth L. Anderson. In 1843 he was elected Major-General of the Militia. In 1845 his fellow citizens sent him to the Annexation Convention, and he was elected president of that body. At the first session of the Legislature of the State of Texas, General Rusk was elected to the United States Senate; position he continued to hold until his untimely death, by his own hands, in 1857.

John Robert Baylor—1822-1895



DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE officer and Indian fighter, was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, on the twentieth day of July, 1822. His father, Dr. John Baylor, was a physician and was assistant surgeon of the Seventh United States Infantry. His mother's maiden name was Weidner. As assistant surgeon, Dr. Baylor and his family followed the fortunes of the regiment, for that reason, John R. Baylor spent part of his young life in Kentucky, Arkansas, Mississippi, and the Indian territory.

When quite a young man he came to Texas and lived for a short time at Marshall (1841) where he married in 1844, Emily J. Hanna, shortly after which event he moved to Fayette County, Texas, near Fayetteville, where he opened a farm and cattle ranch.

He was active in all matters of public interest, waged war on all disreputable characters, was generally elected to command any expedition against outlaws, hence his name as Captain Baylor.

During his residence in Fayette County, he was elected member of the legislature 1852-1854, also was admitted to the bar and engaged for a time in the practice of law.

In 1855 he was appointed agent for the Comanche Indians. The Indians at that time were on a reservation near Camp Cooper in what is now Stephens county. The Indian policy of Captain Baylor was not satisfactory to those in authority. He stoutly maintained that when the Indians were caught red handed with stolen horses that they should be made to surrender them to their lawful owners, and the Indians dealt with as other thieves, and when they murdered the settlers they should be dealt with as other murderers. Those in authority took just the opposite view.

Captain Baylor's ideas and views not being satisfactory, another agent was appointed in his stead in 1857. In this year he moved about twenty miles below the agency and the Clear Fork of Brazos and established the first cow ranch in Stephens county.

Almost continually from 1857 to the Civil War, Captain Baylor was engaged in warfare with the Indians. The Comanches seemed determined to stop the encroachments of the white man and the white man seemed just as determined to march onward, therefore, there was almost continuous trouble. In 1859 he, in command of a large body of men, after severe fighting, forced the Indians to leave Texas.

In 1860 the Indians killed one of his neighbors. He at once organized a few men consisting of himself and four others, followed the Indians and killed thirteen braves and took from them fifty-head of horses they had stolen in Palo Pinto county. Prior to and subsequent to this fight, he had many fierce encounters with the Indians, but was never wounded.

On March 13, 1861, after Texas had seceded, the secession convention passed an ordinance providing for a military force for the state, in which a regiment of mounted volunteers was authorized to be raised for frontier protection, John S. Ford was elected Colonel, John R. Baylor, lieutenant-colonel and Edwin Wallar, major.

In 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel Baylor, in command of part of his regiment, took an active part in compelling the surrender of the United States troops in San Antonio and surrounding posts, after which he was placed in command of the second line of defense on the Western Frontier of Texas, subsequently with a small body of Texas troops, less than two hundred in number, he moved up the Rio Grande to El Paso,

upon arriving at which place he found that Fort Bliss had been abandoned and the Confederate flag flying from the flag staff. He at once took charge of all abandoned government property in that section. He also strengthened his forces by organizing companies, and conceiving the idea of capturing Fort Fillmore, then garrisoned by about seven hundred regulars under command of Major Isaac Lynde, of the Seventh Infantry. Accordingly on the 25th of July, 1861, he, with about two hundred men, after a forced march arrived near Fort Fillmore just before daylight with the intention of surprising the sleeping garrison, but a deserter from his command gave information of his presence and the beating of the long roll announced the readiness of the garrison to receive the Texans upon hostile terms.

For this reason he did not deem it prudent to make an attack at that time and passed around the post through the village of San Tomas and went into camp just above the town of Messilla. He captured seven Union soldiers in San Tomas and after getting all the information he could, respecting the location and movement of the federal troops in New Mexico, released them and permitted them to return to Fort Fillmore. At the same place the Texans captured a quantity of clothing, shoes blankets, arms and ammunition.

On the evening of July 25th, the Federal troops marched out of Fort Fillmore towards Messilla for the purpose of attacking the Texans whereupon Lieut.-Col. Baylor hastily posted his men in positions behind adobe walls, houses and corrals, and awaited the attack. About five o'clock the enemy's cavalry was discovered approaching the town by the main road and soon afterwards the infantry came in sight, bringing with them three howitzers. They formed within three hundred yards and a flag was sent in to demand the "unconditional and immediate surrender of the Texas troops. To this demand Lieut.-Col. Baylor returned answer that "We will fight first and surrender afterwards." And soon as the answer was received the enemy opened fire on the Texans with the howitzers. After four or five rounds of shell, grape and canister, the cavalry formed and advanced up to within two hundred and fifty yards preparatory to making a charge. A few well directed shots from the Texans, killing four and wounding seven of the enemy, threw them into confusion and they retreated hastily, running over the infantry. In a few minutes the enemy retreated towards the fort and Lieut.-Col. Baylor, fearing it was a feint to draw him into a trap, did not pursue.

All next day the enemy seemed to be entrenching and preparing for a vigorous defense, and Lieut.-Col. Baylor sent a courier to Fort Bliss for reinforcements with artillery. However, it seemed that Major Lynde did not intend to attempt to hold the fort, for, early on the morning of the

27th, the columns of dust seen rising on the Fort Stanton roads in the direction of Organ Mountains, some fifteen miles distant told of his retreat.

The post had been fired, but this, the Texans soon extinguished and started in pursuit with the intention of intercepting



Gen. John R. Baylor

the enemy at San Augustine Pass. Upon reaching the foot of the mountain, the rear column of the retreating enemy, composed mostly of famished stragglers endeavoring to reach water, was overtaken. These were disarmed, given water and carried on to the spring. Upon arriving there, twenty-four soldiers were found fast asleep upon the ground around a spring, so great was their exhaustion. As soon as the men and horses were refreshed, the pursuit was renewed and in a short time the enemy's cavalry was drawn up to cover the retreat of the infantry through the pass. They were charged by Captain Peter Hardeman with his company, the enemy retreated in haste leaving their wagons, artillery and supplies in the hands of the Texans. Upon gaining the summit of the pass, a plain view of the road leading to the San Augustine springs was presented, showing the fainting, famished soldiers straggling along. These threw down arms as the Texans passed and begged for water. At the main spring the enemy was drawn up in line but did not resist and surrendered unconditionally. Their colors were captured, and many years after the close of the war, General Baylor returned the colors to Major Lynde at San Antonio, Texas.

The Union forces captured consisted of eight companies of Infantry, four of cavalry, and four pieces of artillery, the whole numbering about seven hundred men. The

Texans, at the surrender were less than two hundred men. The prisoners were marched to Las Cruces in a few days and all paroled.

The news of the fall of Fort Fillmore and the capture of Major Lynde's command created consternation among the Union troops at Fort Stanton and that post was abandoned after the destruction of a considerable portion of supplies and government property; and all would have been lost but for a rain storm which extinguished the fires.

Upon receipt of the news of the evacuation of Fort Stanton, Lieut.-Col. Baylor sent Company D, under Captain James Walker to that post for the purpose of taking possession of, and preserving the government property. Lieut.-Col. Baylor then took a strong position near the village of Picacho in order to intercept Captain L. N. Moore, of Second United States Dragoons, who it was learned, was en route to reinforce Fort Fillmore with two hundred and fifty men; but before reaching that point, Captain Moore received intelligence of the fall of the Fort and the capture of its garrison and immediately burned his transportation and supplies and made his escape to Fort Craig.

While in Picacho, the Texans were joined by General Albert Sidney Johnston, who had resigned his commission in the United States Army and was on his way from California to tender his services to the Confederate States Government. General Johnston prevailed upon George Wythe Baylor, who was first lieutenant in Company H, Second Texas Cavalry, to go with him to Richmond, which he did and was made a colonel on General Johnston's staff and was with the General when he was killed at Shiloh.

Numerous frays with the Indians and small detachments of Union troops occupied the attention of those Companies of the regiment under Lieut.-Col. Baylor during the fall, in all of which the Texans displayed the gallantry which usually characterized them.

On August 1, 1861, Lieut.-Col. Baylor issued a proclamation taking command of the territory of Arizona in the name of the Confederate States and formed a temporary government with a full quota of officers.

In December, 1861, Brigadier General H. H. Sibley arrived in Arizona with reinforcements and took command of the department of Arizona and New Mexico. The troops which had been under command of Lieut.-Col. Baylor were attached to the Sibley brigade and thus Lieut.-Col. Baylor was left to attend to the civil affairs of the territory. With his brigade, General Sibley drove the remnant of federal troops from the Territory after several battles, the principals of which were Val Verde and Gieriet.

By proclamation of President Davis dated February 24, 1862, Lieut.-Col. Baylor

was appointed Governor of Arizona and made a brigadier general in the Confederate States army.

The country being almost destitute of supplies, the disadvantages of attempting to hold it became apparent and besides, the Federals had been heavily reinforced, so the country was abandoned and the Confederate troops fell back to San Antonio, Texas.

When the Second Texas Cavalry returned to Texas, its twelve months enlistment had expired some three months before, but the regiment remained together in its original organization. The regiment was reenlisted for three years or during the war. Right here we wish to state that it is not true as stated in current history "That the Confederates were compelled to retreat to Texas, leaving behind about half of their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners."

After the very decisive victory of Lieut.-Col. Baylor during the summer of 1861, he was decidedly the man of the hour, his was one of the most decisive victories for the South up to that time, considering the number of troops engaged. The praise of Lieut.-Col. Baylor was on every tongue as was the praise of the officers and men under his command who had so nobly supported him. The victory was heralded all over the South as positive proof of the superiority of the Southern soldier over his brother of the North. What a delusion! The fact that they were both Americans, and equally brave, seems to have been entirely left out of the reckoning. There are no better soldiers than Americans, whether they be from the North or South.

After Lieut.-Col. Baylor's victory, in January, 1862, the governor of Texas wrote him a personal letter thanking him and his men for the service they had rendered the country. The legislature being in session, passed a joint resolution wherein it was declared that "Lieut.-Col. Baylor was entitled to the praise and commendation of the Legislature for his gallant and patriotic course, and that the officers and men in his command were entitled to equal commendation for their gallantry in supporting him." General Baylor came back to Texas with the Confederate troops and at once engaged in organizing what was afterwards known as the Arizona Brigade in the military operations of Texas troops.

Unfortunately for all concerned President Davis was misinformed about General Baylor's warfare against the Indians during his management of affairs in Arizona and he was deprived of his command, which Texans generally, and especially the troops of his regiment regarded as a great outrage for they knew him to be a brave and thoroughly competent officer. He remained active on the military affairs of the state and began at once to raise whatever number he could. He raised a small number of men, about one hundred, took command of them with all necessary officers

and did good service in the northern part of the state. He had quite a fight with a band of men called "Jay Hawkers," who were hiding in Trinity bottom and committing depredations upon the people. In the fight several Jay Hawkers were killed including their captain, three of them were taken prisoner, two of the prisoners were executed by order of General Magruder and one, on account of his youth, was set at liberty.

In January, 1863, General Baylor took an active part in a private capacity in the battle of Galveston and was favorably mentioned by General Magruder in his report of the battle. He said of General Baylor, "I recommend to the especial consideration of the President General John R. Baylor, for his gallant conduct as a private, serving the guns during the hottest of the fight." In the spring of 1863, General Baylor was earnestly solicited by the people of his district including Parker county, to become a candidate for Congress. He yielded to their wishes and in the election held in August, 1863, was elected to the Confederate Congress.

After his election he turned his command over to Lieut. R. H. D. Sorrell, who was later chosen Captain and served as such to the close of the war. This company was attached to Col. George Wythe Baylor's regiment and known as Company I.

General Baylor made two perilous trips to Richmond to do duty as Congressman. He passed through the federal lines twice, and was subjected to many hardships, in order to avoid being captured.

During his stay in Richmond, he explained to Mr. Davis, all his policies while in Arizona and was completely exonerated and reinstated. But no command could then be raised, as all able bodied men were already in the army. Also while in Congress, Gen. Baylor took an active part in several of the battles around Richmond, fighting with any command he happened to be with.

General Baylor had three sons in the Confederate army, J. W. Baylor, W. K. Baylor and H. W. Baylor.

General Baylor settled in Uvalde county in 1879 where he continued to reside until his death in 1895. He was buried at the little town of Montell. His grave is not marked by any such memorial as the State owes his memory, but thus has Texas dealt with many of her noble sons. If Texas has neglected his memory, loving hands have erected a modest tombstone over the grave where he sleeps. "As sleep the brave who sink to rest, By all their Country wishes best."

The above facts were furnished by W. K. Baylor, a son of John R. Baylor, who was a warm personal friend of the editor of Frontier Times, and who died at his home in San Antonio about two years ago. Another son, H. W. Baylor, still lives in San Antonio, and has sent us the following clipping taken from the San Antonio Ex-

press in 1895. We here reproduce the article:

The Distinguished Texan's Meeting With Albert Sidney Johnston.

In the death of John R. Baylor in Uvalde county, Texas, that State lost one of its most distinguished citizens. Col. John T. Crisp of Independence, who has been spending the week in St. Louis, says The Republic, was a close acquaintance with the dead soldier-statesman, and his knowledge of the striking incidents of his career will make a chapter that would be a fitting addition to the history of the great State of Texas.

"I first met Gen. Baylor in the City of El Paso after the late war was over," the colonel said yesterday. "I was walking on the plaza one morning, when my eye was attracted by a striking figure walking in an opposite direction not far away. I asked some one who the man was, but the person to whom I addressed my inquiry did not know. Then I concluded that he must be a great man and that I ought to know him. I accordingly introduced myself. He said that he was Gen. John R. Baylor, and that he had known my father and grandfather before me. I had an appointment with my wife, but I forgot it in my interest in the conversation that followed. We went to dinner. When I finally thought to look at my watch it was 4 o'clock. For six mortal hours we two strangers had talked to each other regardless of the thing called time. The most interesting thing that I heard from the lips of that grand man was his story of a meeting with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. It is a story that has never appeared in the history of Texas or of Johnston and is worthy of a place in each:

"Early in the war Gen. Baylor, then a colonel, was in charge of a company of men in the northwestern part of Texas. He had made a number of important captures of Federal outposts, and was pursuing his way when, one morning, in the gray of the dawn, a soldier on picket duty came to him with the report that a man had been captured in an attempt to steal the horses of the camp. Baylor ordered the man brought before him.

"I am interested," said he, in any fellow who would come to a camp as far away from civilization as ours was to steal horses.

" "See here," I said to him, "what does this mean? What can you hope to do with any horses you steal away out here?"

" "I was not stealing them," the man replied, in the very best tone and with the openest manner. "I wanted them for a particular purpose, and I was only taking them."

"His coolness struck me with particular force, and I asked him what part of the country he was from. Imagine my surprise when he said he hailed from California. For days—since the first rumor of strife had gone out over the land—I had been looking

to the West as for a military Messiah in the person of Albert Sidney Johnston, with whom I had served in the army of the United States, and who was one of my chosen friends. Gen. Johnston was in California, and I wanted to know whether or not he was coming to the East in the aid of the Southern cause. Well, when this fellow told me that he was from California I took a renewed interest in him.

"See here," I said, turning to him sharply, "did you know any of the prominent men of your State?"

"I knew them all," he replied with confidence.

"Did you ever hear of Albert Sidney Johnston?" I asked.

"Very often," was his calm response.

"When did you last see him?" I next inquired.

"The day before I left California."

"Did you talk to him?"

"Yes, and at great length."

"Did you hear him or any other person say whether or not he was coming East to engage in this conflict?"

"The man looked at me earnestly for two or three minutes, and then he asked this question:

"What is your name?"

"I told him.

"John R. Baylor?" he asked.

"The same," I answered, a bit surprised that he should know.

"Well," he proceeded, "you may or you may not be the man you say you are. But I will tell you that Gen. Johnston is not three miles from here and that it was for him that I was taking your horses. He left California a few weeks ago and is now on his way East under an escort of thirty men, one of whom I am. We understood that the uniform of the Confederacy was to be anything but blue, and when I saw these blue overcoats fastened to the saddles I assumed that they were the horses of Union soldiers, hence my effort to take them. I still do not know that you are not. Prove to me that you are the man you say you are and I will conduct you to Gen. Johnston. He has often spoken of you and has expressed the hope that you might meet him on his way through Texas."

"I at once called two of my best men and telling them to go with the stranger I told him to ask any question of any man whom he might meet until he was satisfied as to my honesty and as to the character of our political belief. We were wearing blue uniforms at the time for the reason that we had found some very serviceable garments in some of the forts that we had captured and a cold snap that came along made them comfortable. Well, to get back to the thread of this narrative, the man came back in ten minutes completely satisfied that I was Col. Baylor and that I was honest in my questions about the intentions of the great general who had gone away to California. We saddled up and rode off with the stranger. After going about three

miles we went up the skirt of a mountain, and when we reached the summit our guide pointed to a camp about a mile distant and below us. At the same instant the camping party noticed us and we were, of course, the object of its gaze. Gen. Johnston stepped to one side to get a better look at us, and as he raised his glass he recognized me and I did the same to him. We rode rapidly to each other, and we actually embraced and shed tears for ten minutes before we could find words for our utterances. I was on my way North and the general refused to allow me to change my course for him. I insisted, and he said that he would go with me. I explained that it would never do for him to go unless he were in command, whereupon he turned to me with this remark:

"What is the first duty of an officer of an army?"

"To obey," I answered.

"Then," said he, "I command you to go on with your expedition and allow me to be a party to it."

"I obeyed the command."

"That story," Col. Crisp went on, "has never been in print. Gen. Baylor and Gen. Johnston met there on that occasion and they stood in that vast empire like two William Wallaces on the hills of Scotland, but one died at Shiloh and the other lost courage when the war was over, and, like a mighty oak, riven and torn by a storm, he was broken in body and spirit at the end of the war. He retired to the West, where he recuperated, and there, surrounded by his multiplying herds, he became a figure in the great domain of Texas."

Gen. Baylor was a famous Texan and a powerful man in every way. He represented his State in the Confederate Congress and was recognized long before the war as one of the brainiest, as well as one of the most brave, physically, of its many sons. He was a noted Indian fighter and had a record of slaying red-skins in personal hand-to-hand conflict. While living in Uvalde county he killed so many desperate white characters that his name became a terror to the "bad" men of that part of the Lone Star State. He was 73 years old at the time of his death and left a wife and ten married children to mourn his end.

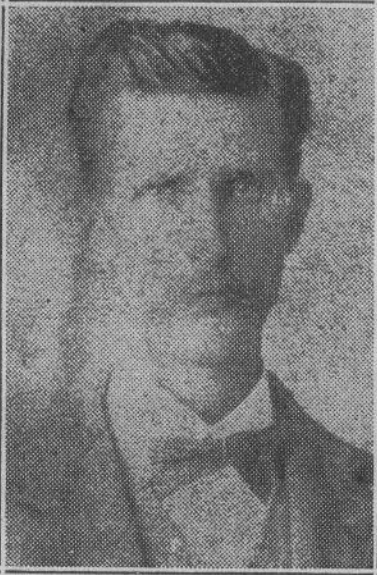
If you have any relics of the old days write and tell us about them. If you want to donate them to the Frontier Times museum send them to us with a history of each one. They will be properly labeled with your name and address, and the description, and will be placed on display.

OLD BLUE BACK SPELLER

We have a few copies of the old Blue Back Speller Book on hand, which we will send postpaid for 50 cents each. The old spelling book which your parents used. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Recollections of a Pioneer

F. M. McCaleb, in Kyle News



F. M. McCaleb

How dear to my heart are the "things,"
of my childhood
When I see them again presented to view,
The old turning-plow, with its wooden
mouldboard
And the huge broad-ax with which we used
to hew.
And the adz and the scythe and the fro,
And the maul and the glut and the wedge
And the crooked ox yoke and the bow
And an old forked tree for a sledge,
And the log-chain and lock-chain and
lynch-pin, too,
Look beautiful now in the distant view—
Even the old tar bucket on the coupling
pole
Brings joy to my heart and peace to my
soul,
And the old log house with its puncheon
floor
And wooden hinges on its clapboard door
With the latch string hanging out,—
And the mud-daubed chimney and its huge
fire-place
And a cap and ball rifle hanging over the
mantle piece.
And out in the yard, right close by,
An old ash hopper, dripping lye
And the loom and the reel, and the spin-
ning wheel.
And the turkey-tail fan and the flint and
steel;

And the rolls and the bats and the hanks
of thread,
And the home-made quilt on the trundle
bed,
And the old lard lamp with its platted rag
wick.
And the tallow-candle with its pretty can-
dle stick.
And the candle moulds and the bullet
moulds
And a long handle gourd for a dipper.
How pleasant it is to see them again
And not have to live like we lived then.

When we had malaria fever and third day
chills,
And took blue mass and quinine pills
Without sugar coating and without cap-
sules.
I sing the man's praise and I always will,
Who put sugar coating around a bitter pill,
When we went barefooted all the year
round,
Through summer's heat and on frozen
ground
How delightful it was in summer, to stand.
In the shade of a bush on a bed of hot
sand.
I've thrown my hat down and stood on it
When the sand got so hot I couldn't stand
it.
And how delicious it felt to my cold bare
feet
When the cow pen was frozen and covered
with sleet,
To make a cow get up to be milked and fed,
And stand with my feet in her soft warm
bed.
When we had biscuits for breakfast about
once a week,
And took our clothes to wash down to the
creek.
And used the battling block to help get
them clean.
When we seldom saw a man with watch
and chain,
And never heard a criminal plead insane.
Another thing we didn't used to see,
And that was a watch without a key.
We rode in wagons or went horse back,
For none but the rich could afford buggy
or hack.
When the girls were too modest to ride a
straddle,
They rode sideways on a side-saddle.
(Before they bobbed off their beautiful hair,
And bobbed off their dresses, all they
could spare,
They could be happy, and their lives could
be sweet
Without something snappy to wear on the
street).

When the old stage coach was the only way
 We had to travel in that early day,
 When there was not a wire fence, nor a cotton gin stand
 Between the Gaudalupe and the Rio Grande,
 Where we could ride all day, from early morn till late
 And seldom see a house and never see a gate,
 When Texas was bigger than the world is today.
 For it took us longer, in our wagons, to go
 From Texarkana to Mexico,
 Than it takes us to fly around the world today.
 When we wore brogan shoes and home made britches,
 And hickory shirts, and them full of patches,
 When the women spun their thread on a spinning wheel,
 And wound it into hanks on a clucking reel;
 And kindled the fire with a flint and steel,
 And used goose quills for writing pens,
 And raised their babies without safety pins,
 And wove the cloth and made their own clothes,
 With their own fingers without sewing-machines,
 The sewing machine was a thing unknown
 Until long after I was grown,
 The needle and thread was all they had,
 And home made cloaks and home made thread.
 They spun the yarn and knit their own hose
 (But we called them stockings then).
 I wore galluses with my britches when I was a boy,
 They wear suspenders with their pants today.
 I had patches on my britches when I was a boy,
 They have creases in their trousers today,
 We used the scythe blade for cutting our wheat,
 And tomatoes were not considered fit to eat,
 And cotton seed, so valuable today,
 Were burned at the gin, or thrown away;
 And our children wonder and ask us why
 We made our own soap and dripped our own lye,
 Why we didn't buy it already made,
 And why we cut our wheat with the slow scythe blade.
 But they'll never know why, nor how we managed to do it,
 Nor will anyone else, who never had to do it.
 But we are living now in the world's new age,
 We ride in autos instead of the stage;
 We wear better clothes at work on Monday
 Than we used to wear to church on Sunday.
 We have canned music and the radio
 And the wonderful moving picture show.
 We talk to our neighbors miles away,
 And the electric light turns night into day;
 We fly around the world; we know every place in it;

We fly a mile high, we fly a mile a minute.
 We have explored every place—we've found the north pole,
 We have explored everything except our own soul.

We have the telephone and the phonograph,
 To cheer us up and to make us laugh;
 We have all of these to make life snappy,
 But they don't seem to make us happy.
 We are yearning and craving for something new,

We are full of unrest, we are in a feverish stew.

Nothing satisfies us—we are full of envy and strife,

Something sweet has gone out of our life,
 Is it faith in God, is it love for each other?
 Have we forgotten God, forgotten our brother?

The world is yearning for home-made things,

For the peace that love and character brings.

And those are not made, as you all know,
 On the street nor in the picture show.

They're instilled and nurtured around the fire-side

With a Mother's love and her faith, as a guide.

NAMES OF A TEXAS COUNTY

Cass counties, like several other East Texas counties, has had several names. It was known as Paschal county under the old Spanish reign from 1824 to 1836. Under the Republic of Texas, from 1836 to 1845, it was known as a part of Red River county, which at that time embraced Red River, Cass, Bowie, Marion, Morris, Titus and Franklin Territory. When Texas was admitted to the union in 1846, Cass county was named, and embraced Marion and Bowie counties, and Jefferson was the county site until 1852, when Linden was made the county capitol. Marion and Bowie counties were cut off from Cass county during the 50's. The legislature in session December 17, 1861, changed the name of Cass county to Davis county, and it was changed back to Cass county by an act of the legislature May 16, 1871.

TO AID POLK COUNTY INDIANS

Under a bill passed by the Legislature the Alabama and Coushati Indians are to receive aid from the State for the next two years. The Indians will receive \$30,000 for building fifty homes and \$7,500 for building twenty-six miles of fence. The Indians will also receive \$1,500 a year to pay half the salary of an agent, \$1,500 a year for a nurse, \$1,500 a year for dental and \$1,200 a year for medical service.

Old Times in San Antonio

By Vinton L. James



THE MAJORITY OF the buildings in San Antonio that I can remember, with the exception of a few American houses, were of Mexican construction, in which rawhide was used instead of nails to bind the supports of the window and door frames, which afterwards was carefully plastered over. Adobe and soft limestone material was also used. Concrete roofs, with wooden spouts for drainage, extended over the sidewalks. The principal parts of the older city, for protection against Indian raids, was built around the plazas and extended north to the present Main Avenue High School. Main Avenue was then called Aceque street on account of the ditch that flowed along the side of Main Avenue, and was the extreme limits of the city north, from which an unbroken mesquite thicket extended on both sides of the road to San Pedro Springs, without one house to vary the scene on Tobin Hill or Laurel Heights, and which hills were used for goat pasture, being covered with wild laurel bushes. On the south the houses extended to the end of King William Street, where the lower Guenther Mills are. On the east, along Commerce to Water Street, with only a few rambling houses further east to cemetery Hill, was the old vacant Powder House, with its broken window panes and dilapidated condition, was reported haunted. On the west to Laredo Street the population extended to Villemain's store. North from Alamo Plaza, along Avenues D and E, was a colony of Irish, called the "Irish Flat."

The Spanish descendants of the Canary Islanders at first represented the aristocracy and wealth, but after the advent of the American settlers and the Battle of San Jacinto, Texas became a republic and the Caucasian race became ascendant. The population now composed of different races with American predominating, in which was a number of vigorous young Anglo-Saxon manhood, seeking adventure, and always happy and glorious in the thrills of danger. Western Texas was then a paradise for all lovers of out-door life. The beautiful streams of water, clear as crystal, filled with every variety of fish life, and bordered with giant pecan and oak trees, was like some great English park. Wild game, antelope, black and white tailed deer, wild turkey, bear and quail of many varieties, abounded in the land. Wild honey could be had by any one who would take the trouble to cut a bee tree. In fact, the ranchman's and the farmer's only expense for food was money to buy coffee and sugar. Forest and stream furnished

the honey, grease and meat. Corn, ground at the mill, furnished the bread.

There was no trouble in those days for an industrious man to raise a large family and live on the fat of the land, with hardly any expense. Read about the large families and the great age attained by the early settlers of Bandera county as an example of the wonders of West Texas life. I will now try and give my recollection of the early day merchants and individuals of Commerce Street, as I knew them during my childhood:

Commencing from the northeast corner of Commerce and Alamo Streets, was a two-story adobe house, in which Mrs. Baer had a confectionery store. This property was owned by the Umsheid family, who lived in another two-story house facing Commerce Street. The large lot was enclosed with a rock fence, which extended west to Commerce Street bridge. There was no Losoya Street then. Losoya Street was afterwards opened by city council ordinance on April 4, 1872. Afterwards Mrs. Baer moved further west on Commerce Street and the firm name became Harnish & Baer. Raphael Diaz, a "Cuba libre" man, established and conducted a cigar and tobacco store here for many years. Diaz was expelled from Cuba for political reasons, and he donated freely of his wealth towards financing the revolution in Cuba.

West from Commerce Street bridge was a large vacant lot subject to overflow. Old Grandpa Sartor, in a one-story adobe room, had a clock store. In the rear next to the river was an enclosed space full of old empty beer kegs, which formerly must have been a brewery. A few old buildings extended west to our old home. Then came P. C. Taylor's residence, store and camp yard. Taylor also had a lime kiln near the head of the river. This property was owned by the Callaghan estate. Next came the Kloepper Hotel, a two-story house with a long L-shaped one-story in the rear. Mrs. Kloepper was a widow with two children, Adolph, who afterwards became a printer, and Helena, who is now living and the wife of George C. Sauer. Kloepper Hotel afterwards became the first public school in San Antonio. Mr. Martin, a former Presbyterian minister, was the principal. Next came the old ugly Presbyterian church building, which was set away back from the street. It was of adobe, and was one long room, devoid of any paint or whitewash. Our family often attended services there, as our Episcopal church after the Civil War was left uncompleted for many years and was only consecrated in 1881, nineteen years after

the Civil War stopped its construction. When church services in the evening in the Presbyterian church were over we boys, concealed behind the fence, would place a large dead snake, in a coiled position, on the sidewalk, and about the time the home-going church crowd passed we would give the string attached to the snake a violent pull, which caused a panic among the ladies and men.

Hugo & Schmeltzer's two-story rock store occupied the space where the Sherwin-Williams paint store is now.

Then came the Antonio Manchaca residence at the corner of Navarro and Commerce Streets, where the beautiful new Groos bank building is now being erected. Manchaca was a Spanish San Jacinto battle veteran; he was very popular and greatly loved, as he gave the Texans great assistance in their fight for freedom from Mexico. Manchaca's front yard was a beautiful flower garden; the house, a long one-story building, set back in the yard. He also had a family of pretty daughters, one of whom married J. B. Lacoste, a Frenchman, who built the first water-works plant and ice factory in San Antonio.

Navarro Street was then only an alley which led to the river, and to a foot-bridge supported by empty barrels. Across from the Navarro lane, on the west side, lived Mr. Richter in a one-story front room, with a rear of two stories, and the lot extended to the river. Richter ran a bar-room. He had a family of several boys and one girl. Two of his sons are still living, the oldest, Ernest, worked all of his life for the Wells Fargo Express Co., and today is retired drawing a pension. The other brother is still working for Wells Fargo Co. Another brother, William Richter, was a barber who advertised his calling by large bottles of leeches in his office window. Next to Richter's was a vacant lot, part of the time occupied as a beer garden, which was very popular.

Next came the two-story Hummell building. The lower east floor was occupied by the Behrings Book Store. Nic Tengg was then his clerk, and afterwards became his successor. Behrings was president and originator of the old German and English school on South Alamo Street. An open driveway separated Behrings' book store from Hummell & Mauermann's gun store. Next came Dorsh & Riche's saloon, which for a long time was the elite German saloon in town. Many of the notable characters of San Antonio met here daily and exchanged reminiscences. Old Man Viveroux, who kept a machine shop on Navarro Street, made a steel coffin to be used at his death and kept it on display in his shop.

Next, on a large lot, a long one-story house, set back in the yard facing east, was the George W. Giddings home, occupied by his family, consisting of one boy and several pretty girls. Giddings was the owner of the stage line that ran between

San Antonio and El Paso, then Geo. W. Brackenridge's bank, still doing business. Then came a number of one-story stores, among which was the famous Ernst Restaurant, which Geo. W. Brackenridge and his many friends and others patronized, and ate Ernst's famous broiled steaks. Dr. Vette's drug store came next. At the northeast corner of Commerce and St. Mary's Streets was the old store of Wilson Riddle in the early days of San Antonio. J. T. Thornton's bank was afterwards on this corner. Across St. Mary's Street, where D. Sullivan's bank is, was A. Moke's retail dry goods store. Then Pentenrider's art store, and next was John Twohig's bank. Mr. Greisenbeck was his assistant. Twohig had a private bridge across the river to his home, which is standing in the rear of the present Public Service Company's lot, where he entertained his friends with the choicest food and liquors that money could buy. He was very religious and left his wealth to the Catholic church. He had a sister, Miss Kate Twohig, an old maid, who was very popular, and to her old age entertained lavishly in the old Twohig home. Her death was universally regretted.

Next came Samuel Bell's jewelry store. Samuel Bell, the originator, came from Tennessee in the fifties. He was a master worker in steel and his hand-made knives were real works of art. He had several sons who carried on the large business after his death. During the Civil War the elder Bell's sympathies were with the North, which made him a target for persecution. At one time he was threatened with death by hanging, when Asa Mitchell, the head of the vigilance committee, saved Bell's life by interceding for him and saying that only over his dead body could any one hurt Bell. Afterwards, when the Union forces returned to San Antonio, Asa Mitchell was arrested and threatened with hanging, when Samuel Bell interceded for him as his protector, and Mitchell was released. Samuel Bell had sons who fought for the South and one of the boys fought on the Northern side.

Rice's saddlery shop made the finest saddles and harness and did a large business. Haas & Oppenheimer's store was on the corner of Soledad and Commerce Streets. Across the street was the notorious Jack Harris saloon and variety theater. This was the most widely advertised resort in Western Texas. The pretty soubrettes were graceful dancers and good singers, and were very popular. They had many admirers among the rich cattlemen and money-spenders who patronized the place. Indeed, many of these girls were not only pretty, but had great personal charms and the purity of their lives amid their bad surroundings attracted several admirers who fell in love and married them, and today their descendants are among the most popular and respected people in San Antonio. Jack Harris was killed by Ben Thompson of Austin in this resort May 11,

1882. King Fisher, Ben Thoupson and Joe Foster were also killed there March 11, 1884.

Next came the White Elephant gambling emporium upstairs with the bar down stairs, conducted by Billy Sims, Sam Bermer. Then came Noyes & Langholtz saddlery and harness store, where the old Plaza Hotel was formerly. On the corner of Main Avenue and Main Plaza L. Wolfson had his large dry goods store. Across the street stood a long one-story adobe building occupied by Antonio Navarro's real estate office. Navarro was a member of Santa Fe Expedition in 1842 which left Austin, finally reaching New Mexico after experiencing every hardship of hunger and thirst which left them so weak and helpless that the Mexican authorities of New Mexico made them prisoners and subjected them to all the indignities and cruelties imaginable, and finally compelled them to walk two thousand miles as prisoners to the City of Mexico.

At the corner of Flores and Commerce Streets was Fritz Schreiner's saloon. Schreiner was about as broad and fat as he was long. He was good natured, very popular, and for many years was an alderman of the city. In the center of the block on the north side of Military Plaza, was the largest drug store in San Antonio, conducted by Kalteyer & Son. St. Mary's Catholic orphanage was on the corner of Commerce Street and Military Plaza.

Commencing from the southwest corner of Commerce and Alamo Streets was a large one-story building, fronting on Alamo Street, occupied by a man named Mills, who was engaged in the drug business. Afterwards Driess also carried on a drug store at the same place with his home in the rear. The large lot extended to Commerce Street bridge. Afterwards Driess died, and Simon Fest conducted a beer garden and restaurant, and the first oyster saloon in San Antonio was established here. Across the river, in a house raised on pilings, lived the Widow Wren. She was a laundress and had two sons, Andrew and Tom, who worked for the hardware firm of Laroux & Cosgrove. Across Casino Street was the blacksmith shop of Beckman. Alex Sartor's jewelry store and home came next. Afterwards Hausinger conducted a hardware store there, then Tipps & Haerman succeeded Hausinger. Then at the corner of Commerce and Presa Streets, in a rock one-story building, was Wagner & Rummel's wholesale grocery. Across the street was Robin's French bakery in a two-story adobe building; then came Clavin's drug store in a two-story rock building.

During the flood in 1865, when Houston Street bridge was washed away, our family, on account of the rising waters, took refuge in the upper story of the Clavin drug store building, where we passed the night, all of which I well remember. Next was a one-story building where a number

of young printers, of whom Charles Seabaugh was one, on April 3, 1883, started an evening paper, which I think was the Evening Light. At the corner of Commerce and Navarro was the Beckman's shoe store. Mr. White afterwards conducted a tin shop at the same place. Across Navarro Street, on the corner, was a long livery stable which extended to Market Street. Afterwards Gen William Steele and Col. T. G. Williams, two retired Confederate officers, had a commission house. Next door was Mrs. Schmidt's hotel and restaurant. The lot extended to Market Street. Mrs. Schmidt had the reputation of setting the best table in the city. In the center of this large lot was a vine-covered pavilion in which the celebrities and business men of the day sat and chatted the time away, waiting for the dinner bell to call them. Henry Lewis, the brilliant lawyer, Judge Paschal, Stuttering Lame and others patronized Mrs. Schmidt. She had a son named August.

Next came the Tengg book store, then Querler's ice cream and candy store, then the two-story dry goods store of Zork, whose family lived upstairs. One of the girls was a red-headed Jewess and married Captain Karber, who rode a beautiful horse and was grand marshal of all of the parades. Karber had a beautiful long black beard and was a very handsome man. Then came a barber shop on the corner. Across the street was the hardware store and tin shop of Leroux & Cosgrove. Next was the wholesale dry goods store of Barney and Michael Oppenheimer. D. & A. Oppenheimer's store was somewhere also in the block. The United States postoffice was opposite A. Nette's store. Then came T. C. Frost's auction house, with Hasack as auctioneer.

A. Morris had a dry goods store at the corner of Yturri and Commerce Street. After he died his son, Hosie, continued the business. The Bennett & Thornton Bank was on the opposite corner of Yturri Street. Afterwards Lockwood & Kampmann conducted a banking business at the same place. Next came Captain Merrett's fine grocery and liquor store, then George Horner's saloon. Horner had the reputation for dispensing the finest liquor over the bar, and was patronized by the wealthy and successful business men of San Antonio. At the corner of Main Plaza, in the Daunhauer building, Frank had a gent's emporium. Elmendorf's hardware store was on the northwest corner of Main Plaza and Commerce Street where the Frost bank building is now.

Some queer and eccentric characters have lived and died in San Antonio, who are almost forgotten. Old Man Christler, a former prominent furniture merchant, who had a store in the French building, became demented on account of his love for liquor, and became the Socrates of the city. His hobby was in giving free street lectures and making grand eloquent speeches.

He was well educated and witty, and always attracted a crowd by using the most flowery language. "Crazy Phillip" Sweitzer, had a hobby for gathering old newspapers. He made a living doing odd jobs for the different merchants. He imagined himself wealthy and was liberal in dispensing his riches. To humor him, we boys would ask him if he was going to divide his wealth with us. His invariable answer was, "Oh yes! Oh yes!" Charles Sartor, a half-wit, was dangerous as he was possessed of an abominable temper and we boys dared not fool with him only at a distance when we could escape by fleetness of foot.

Livery stables did a big business in the olden days. Carter & Mullaly's stable and transfer line was near the Menger Hotel. Sappington's stable was on the lot west of the Houston Street bridge. Alfred Reeves' stable was on the south side of Main Plaza. W. R. Storey's stable was on the west side of Main Avenue and extended through to North Flores Street. Fine thorough bred horses took the place of the present fast automobiles, and fortunate was the owner of a fast trotting horse, which commanded a high price. I remember I got the thrill of my life when, accompanied by my sweetheart, I was riding behind a beautiful high-stepping horse, she dressed in the conventional long dress which entirely covered her pretty feet, with her long hair plaited in braids and the ends tied with ribbons streaming in the wind behind her, following the fast moving horse, her face covered with a veil, and not forgetting the paper bustle that adorned her back. Sometimes she would allow me to kiss her through the veil. Concealed charms then were more alluring than the bare legs of the present day flapper.

There was great competition between the different stable-owners in having the best horses and the most handsome rigs. Nowadays girls expect their swains to call for them in a Chrysler car, or in an airplane, and poor horse is doomed to extinction.

E. O. L. Wicks, who made his money freighting for the United States government to the distant army posts, spent his summers in Saratoga, New York, and his winters in San Antonio. He imported the finest thoroughbred trotting horses and the finest buggies that money could buy. He was a handsome bachelor, with immaculate manners, and always reserved for his use the front rooms in the Menger Hotel. It was a beautiful sight to see Wicks in the afternoon racing his trotting thoroughbred down Commerce Street in his buggy, his head swaying gracefully to and fro as he reared back holding the lines. H. B. Adams, Wicks' partner, also was a lover of horseflesh, and thoroughly enjoyed driving a beautiful team. Sam W. Bennett was another who spent much of his time showing off his pretty horses and fine teams. W. B. Knox was the owner of a beautiful sorrel horse which made the trip to his ranch in Uvalde county, seventy-five miles

distant, in one day. This was considered wonderful in those days.

DINNER VS. LUNCH

The word supper came from the fact that people in former days sopped the bread in the gravy. In elite quarters they have about quit eating their bread and gravy and so the word supper in coming into disuse. "They" tell me it's lunch time at noon time and dinner at the close of the day. I don't believe it. My mother used to blow the old horn for me to "come to dinner" every day at 11:45. The field was at least a half mile away, but I never failed to hear that "dinner horn." And now they try to tell me that was a "lunch horn." It was no such of a thing. It didn't take a horn to get me to supper, after plowing seven acres of cotton with a walking cultivator. Of course I'm letting them teach my kids that it is lunch at dinner, but for me it is still dinner and supper by Gatlins. —San Saba News.

The fellow who began calling a dinner a lunch should have been shot. He is responsible for some people calling supper dinner. Think of eating lunch at 12 o'clock. A lunch isn't a meal at all; it is a biscuit and a piece of meat wrapped in a paper to eat when you are away from home and hotels. No greater insult can be given than to ask one to take lunch at noontime. At that hour one doesn't want a hand-out; he wants beans and peas, greens, hog jowl, onions, and such things. Think of a good old dinner horn calling you to "lunch". Dinner is the noon meal; supper the meal when you eat what's left over from dinner.

INDIANS SWARMED OVER SOUTH-WEST AS WHITES CAME

Prof. Carl Sauer, University of California, alleges that the southwestern part of the United States was populated by thousands of Indians before white men ever set foot on the North American continent and that recent researches show that there were at least 206 separate Indian villages in southwest Texas alone with Indians swarming over the open places in search of game and fish.

Prof. Sauer says that the population was much denser than was generally supposed and that the aboriginal inhabitants were gradually forced by some unknown agency from the plains of the southwest into the rocky fastnesses of Arizona where they were wiped out of existence.

White men did not open up a primeval wilderness when they came, according to Prof. Sauer, but merely followed the route of the Indian, America's real pioneer who had already blazed a trail for their guidance.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration. Watch date on margin of your cover or wrapper.

I Suppose You All Remember—

By Frank H. Bushick

I suppose you all remember—

When San Antone was the gay capital of the border cow country, and the goose hung high.

When we heard much of the old song, "There's a land where there's faro by day."

Before the country grew over with mesquite brush and open range was free to all.

When the old timers opposed bringing in railroads.

When money was scarce and people talked hard times, but living was easy.

When it didn't matter if a lawyer knew no law if he could make a loud speech.

When grandmas smoked pipes, but never a cigarette.

The bitter pill of the sheep men voting republican to get a tariff on wool.

When Mother Shipton prophesied the end of the world, but hard-headed people held on to their property and their sins.

When wild turkeys sold in town for fifty cents apiece and venison was as cheap as beef.

When people used to hope the government would make them rich some day by paying off their Indians claims.

When a dollar a day was all the hotels charged for three square meals and a place to flop.

When kinfolks never hesitated to come and pile in on you and stay at your house as long as you fed them and made them comfortable. Sometimes you had to act pretty sour to get rid of them.

The never-to-be-forgotten thrill of the first steam calliope brought by Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth.

When Indians used to come in close where subdivision town lots are now selling.

When Joe Manchac, the bootblack, got Big Foot Wallace for a customer and thought he had a government contract.

When a new pair of boots weren't quite

satisfactory unless they attracted attention with a loud squeak.

When Lyman Russell of Comanche was telegraph operator at Rockport and got the news that the Republicans had horn-swoggled Tilden out of the presidency and the old Confeds wanted to fight 'em all over again.

When the children had to run a chicken down for the pot every time the preacher came for dinner.

When the big boys used to try to whip every new teacher that took up the school.

When the parlor wasn't properly furnished without wax flowers under a glass case, and a collection of sea shells and was kept shut up except when company came.

When bobbed hair was considered evidence that woman had both a past and a present.

When hay cost less than gasoline and the hayburners didn't have to go to the livery stable every Monday morning for repairs.

When there were no unadorned beauty contests and the women wore veils like the wives of the Sultan.

When a town marshal's job was riskier than being President of Mexico.

When it took a stage all day long to drag thirty miles through the sand from San Antone to Pearsanton.

The afternoon neck-tie party in Cotulla that tended to Green McCulloch the day he killed a man by hitting him over the head with a jug, and then tried to stand off the officers.

The old beef packeries at Rockport that would make a tumble bug back up and change his course at two miles range.

When the gamblers and the lawyers used to ride circuit going to county seat towns making deestrick court.

Tom Marsden's bar at Beeville where occasionally hot arguments broke out with Messrs. Smith and Wesson on one side and Mr. Colts on the other.

When wild mustang horses roamed the range and could be mavericked by anybody

equal to the task of running them down and catching them up.

Old Parson Potter, who carried a pistol and wouldn't put up with no John Branch plays.

The little country schools and "reading and writing and 'rithmetic, taught by the rule of the hickory stick."

When John C. Jacobs was a hunter on the plains and killed as many buffalo as Bill Cody ever did.

When the early day 'dobe houses and dirt floors were cool in summer and warm in winter.

The general gloom we felt after each national election at the defeat of the Democrat candidate for president.

When a doctor would ride forty miles in the night to visit you, and take a chance on getting two dollars out of you afterward.

When the Texas cowboys used to make merry shooting up the Kansas towns at the end of the long drives up the trail.

When land went begging at a dollar an acre because people were afraid of becoming land poor.

When it was a big treat for cowboys to hit a country store and fill up on canned oysters and brandy cherries.

Such well known characters as Rowdy Joe, Sam Trimble, Poley Reed, Duke Fleming, Bill Thompson, One-Armed Jim Reed, Aleck Reddick, Albert Lamm, old man Henry Goldwater and Eat-'em-up Jake Jonnson.

When old Wash Jones run John Ireland a close race for Governor on the green-back ticket.

When Wes. Hardin went up the trail with a bunch of cattle and added a few thrills to the high life of Dodge City.

When silent John Blocker was the most popular cow man in Texas, and rarely had a word to say to anybody.

When doctors were scarce and the older women took care of things when the stork brought additions to the family.

When 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night' was recited in public by young ladies desiring to emulate the dramatic triumphs of Mary Anderson.

When every woman tried to have a black alpaca dress and keep it nice to be buried in.

The pitifulness of the old Confederate soldiers who never could catch on and make a dollar after they lost their negroes, and came back from the war broke.

When Will Rogers was punching cattle in Texas and said that meat that was stolen tasted best.

Sleepy Mexican vendors of pecan candy on the streets of San Antone.

When a young fellow by the name of Porter (afterward O. Henry) herded sheep for a living on a ranch in La Salle County.

When farming was considered a mighty poor business in this part of the state—couldn't raise nothing without work, and couldn't sell nothing if you raised it.

When nobody knew there was artesian water or oil under most of our Texas land.

When the girls wouldn't like for their beaus to know they dipped snuff, but sometimes the brown mahogany marks in the chimney corner or spilling a little tin box on the floor would tell the whole tale.

When the rangers wouldn't cut a notch on their six-shooter handles for the Mexicans they shot in the brush. They didn't count.

When it was a poor herd boss who couldn't pick up enough strays on the way to make up for losses in stampedes and what they had to give the Indians in the territory.

Rolly Ryan's one man show.

When a Santone hack driver caught a distinguished looking stranger off a train one night and from his richly laden breath decided it was Colonel Tom Ochiltree.

When an iconoclastic blow was dealt the primitive natural scenery of San Antone by an ordinance requiring river bathers to wear bathing suits.

Old Judge Noonan's horse ranch, and his antipathy to horse thieves.

When the frontier settlers had no radios or phonographs, but were serenaded every night by the yelping of coyotes, and now and then the blood-curdling cry of a panther. One coyote could furnish music enough for a whole settlement.

When the Indians sometimes got blamed for devilment pulled off by low down white men disguised as redskins.

When old time fiddlers could hurry up such tunes as the Arkansaw Traveler and Run Nigger Run, as fast as modern split time jazz.

When a little Spanish pony could carry a big man like Frank Kring on a round-up all day, and be all right next morning if you hobbled him out on the grass at night.

When the caballo and the seven spot were the favorite bets of the cowboys around a monte table, and the dealers knew what cards to turn up.

When so many old men wore the long blue army overcoats that the government sold off cheap after the Civil War. Something like three dollars was all they cost.

When men used to devil their wives by threatening to pack up and move out to Salt Lake and join the Mormons, and all the women could say would be to tell the men they could clear out whenever they got good and ready, but that they would have to go by themselves.

Women folks as a rule took no notice of men who gambled for a living, but when they gave a supper to raise money for the church, they treated the gamblers extra nice and the latter paid fancy prices for what they eat.

When the county school teachers graduated 'em when they got as far as B-A-K-E-R in Webster's old blue back spelling book. That's as far as the teachers could go.

In the brave days when we could dance all night with the girls and eat a big steak and hat full of fried onions for breakfast and work all next day without feeling badly.

BLONDE GIRLS MOST UNFORTUNATE WHEN CAPTURED BY INDIANS

De Leon Free Press, June 28, 1929

When a redhaired girl was captured by the Indians it was just too bad for her, said Aunt Martha Brumley, pioneer woman of this section, who still resides with her brother, Uncle Billie Harrell, near the Brumbelow home, six miles north of De Leon. Aunt Martha told about the capture of the two Lemley and two Woods girls, one day back in the 60's.

The two families lived not far from De Leon, up in the north country, probably near Lowell. Mrs. Lemley had gone to spend the day at the Woods home and the two Woods girls had gone to spend the day with the Lemley girls. While the four were busy quilting, red men came and captured them and took them away. After going a short distance they sent three of the girls on ahead, keeping one of the girls behind. The others looked back and saw the Indians "cut her up alive." A few days later

they killed a blond girl. The two with the black hair were spared. A short time later they escaped and hid in a thicket near the home of settlers. Some women passed and they called to them for clothing, their clothes having been torn off by the savages.

Aunt Martha came to Comanche county in 1864, during the Civil War, later moving to Stepenville. Her name was Kirk. Her husband, Allen Kirk, was county clerk of Erath county for six years, and about 1870 was elected to and served in the Texas State Senate.

Half a mile from the Brumbelow home, which is about six miles north of De Leon is a queer rock shaft, about thirty feet tall and six or eight feet in diameter. There is a hole near the bottom sufficiently large to admit the body of a man. Up the side of the shaft are other holes, smaller, and placed in such a manner as to command a view of the surrounding terrain. The very old settlers say this was the look-out inside an old log fort, which was surrounded by stockade of sharp pickets, ten feet high. Here the early settlers gathered, sometimes as many as a hundred of them, in times when Indians were on the war path. It was called Fort Shirley, it is said.

Others who have seen the silent sentinel of another age standing there insist that it is not part of a fort but a part of an early day saw mill. As a solution to the question, Free Press suggests that both sides to the question may be correct. It may have been a sawmill, enclosed by a stockade, in which settlers took refuge from bands of savages.

Aunt Martha lived in a log house, and once when Indians were known to be in the neighborhood, she led her horse into the kitchen and kept him there overnight. The red men stole about 300 head of horses and killed two settlers named Miller and Woods. A neighbor came next morning and went first to the Brumley stable. Finding the horse missing he came and reported the "bad news" to Aunt Martha. She threw the kitchen door open and led her horse into the yard. The settlers gave chase to the Indians and overtook them with the stolen ponies. One of the settlers borrowed Aunt Martha's horse. The Indians were roasting a beef when the settlers came up. They ran away but before leaving shot all the horses they could. Many of the animals were recovered with arrows sticking in them.

Aunt Martha, aged 85, now owns a good farm just northwest of Abilene. But her brother, Uncle Billie Harrell, aged 87, found the west did not agree with him. So they came here and are living near the Brumbelow home. Uncle Billy was active until last October when he cut down a tree which fell across his leg, breaking his thigh. The wound never healed. He goes about in a wheel chair. Aunt Martha is remarkably well preserved for one of her years.

Williamson Dam Shadows Site of Indian Community

By W. H. Kittrell, Jr.



ARCHAEOLOGISTS AND students of rival West Texas colleges have recently announced discoveries of the relics of prehistoric Indian villages in their respective trade territories. After waiting quietly for further announcements from similar West Texas institutions, Cisco, the home of Randolph college, is pleased to offer for the inspection of a waiting world the site of an historic Indian metropolis under the very shadow of the Big Dam.

The Cisco entry in the archaeological sweepstakes has artifacts and everything just like its West Texas rivals, besides a number of relics that the McMurry and Texas Tech finds did not, have, for the tin cans, broken bottles and discarded casings of the Ford-Volstead age are mingled indiscriminately with the arrow heads and pottery of the Comanche and Kiowas. This proves the superiority of the Cisco locale over the deserted and barren wastes that held the secrets of the under-privileged aborigines who inhabited the windswept plains further west, for the same attractions that made the sulphur spring four miles north of Cisco the capitol of an Indian paradise are as pleasing to the white man as they were to his predecessors.

Lying in a pleasant valley rimmed by stone studded hills, a little over a mile downstream from the canyon now spanned by the mighty Williamson Dam, this location was known far and wide among the nomadic Indian tribes as the most desirable spot in all the far reaches of West Texas, and many were the bloody battles fought for the possession of it.

Here were to be found everything dear to the heart of the Red Man. There was an unfailing supply of water. Deep Hole, just below the sulphur spring, has never been known to go dry. Tall pecan trees bore heavy yields in the fertile soils, plum thickets and algerita-berries flourished and wild game of every sort was abundant. Red and yellow ochre, so soft and pure that it may be used to mark on paper, provided the pigment necessary for war paints and tribal decorations, and an out-crop of flint supplied the materials for amunitions of war. The sulphur spring was an ideal setting for the medicine man, and to his lodge by its healing waters the tribesmen brought their sick.

The spring is in a slight ravine and just above it, at the foot of a hill where the signal fires were lit, there was a level clearing where the Indians set up their tepees. In this favored spot now stands the comfortable ranch home of the Winstons brothers, and a little beyond it is the

big house erected by Aaron Robinson nearly 50 years ago. A half century of civilization has served to erase much of the surface evidence of the Indian occupation, but the generations of Red Men who so dwelt there left the debris that tell the archaeologist this history and the measure of their civilization. The rains of the centuries have brought down from the hills above a covering of soil for the site of the village, while erosion has taken a lesser toll from its level surface. In the edges of the defiles that encroach upon it are frequently found pieces of pottery and pieces of flint, and occasionally well formed arrow and spear heads are revealed. Last week a former Ciscoan who had once lived on the place found several arrow heads in a casual search of an hour or so. All of them were found in a few yards of the spring, and the most perfect specimen at the foot of a little knoll where the arrow makers are said to have plied their trade.

The popularity of this place with the Indians is well established. For some years after the Robinsons had settled there parties of friendly Indians would come and ask permission to drink of the spring, and to camp a while where their ancestors had lived so long. The elder Indians would tell of the past glories of the place that was once the Mecca of all the Comanches, and sigh to see its pristine beauty change under the hand of the white man.

The settlers saw no reason to regret the change for fertile fields replaced the grassy meadows that the Indian loved; fruit trees and Vine-yards had been planted, and in the place of the wickiup there was solid log houses of the owners, and the cabins of the negroes they had brought with them from East Texas. Game was still plentiful. Deer and wild turkey provided meat for the larder, and bear and panther gave zest to the hunt.

Within recent years old development has enhanced the desirability of this particular piece of land. Some years ago Bob Gilman drilled a gas well on it, which still produces, and a few days ago the Hoffer-Texas-Thomas well on the Gray tract, a short distance north of it opened a new pool in the Lake Eastland sand. The heavy laden trucks of the oil men now lumber over the trails that once knew Indian caval-cades, and white faced cows graze where the buffalo used to range, but the sulphur water bubbles from the spring as it did in the centuries now past, and the Indian relics lay where their owners left them when they receded before the advance of the white man's civilization.

Luke Short

By The Frontier Native



HIS ARTICLE IS based on many newspaper accounts, book reports, and mainly on information furnished by the late Bat Masterson and by E. P. Lamborn, of Kansas.)

Luke Short was born in Arkansas in 1854 and moved to Tarrant County, Texas, while he was a young boy in the early sixties. The writer of these lines lived in the adjoining county and conditions were rather rude and crude and the Comanche Indians had just been driven a little further to the West, but they still made raids on moonlight nights into the western parts of Parker county and in some cases into Wise county, Texas. The demands for education were supplied by old field schools in frontier communities, and the teachers were untrained in methods and often untrained in educational subjects. Webster's Blue Back Speller was a standard text book in all school houses in this part of Texas, and McGuffey's Fourth Reader was not only a text book but a part of the library, and these books were handed down from child to child and sometimes from parent to parent.

Old Birdville, six miles north of Fort Worth, was the county seat when Luke Short's father moved to Texas, but the county seat was soon moved to Fort Worth. The writer of these lines lived to the west, in the eastern edge of Parker county within one mile of the Tarrant county line, and the most attractive business of the age was the life of a cowboy. To learn to use a lariat and a six-shooter was the ambition of every boy in this part of Texas, and to get in an Indian fight and scalp an Indian that he had killed himself was the greatest honor that could fall to the lot of a Texas boy. Old Indian fighters lived in the neighborhood and would often have to join parties to go west to help reclaim stock or children that had been stolen. Luke Short grew up in this atmosphere. The herds passed west of old Cleburne, near Caddo Peak, across the Trinity near Fort Worth, and wended their way on toward the Red River Crossing and then took the old Chisholm Trail on to Kansas. Many of the farm boys joined the herds and "went up the old Chisholm Trail." Another cattle trail was an offshoot of the old Chisholm trail. The two trails ran together for South Texas to a point near Caddo Peak, near Johnson county. At this point the trail forked, then old Chisholm Trail deflecting to the east, passing by Fort Worth and crossing the Red River at Red River Station. The other trail went to the left, crossing at Mustang Creek and the Bear Creeks on the western edge of Tar-

rant county, and then passing by the old rock fence of the Robinson Place on the line between Tarrant and Parker counties. This is the trail on which the writer lived and along which he has seen thousands of cattle pass on the northwest, crossing the Red River at Doan's Crossing, north of Vernon, and then on to Dodge City, Kansas.

Luke Short lived his young manhood among such surroundings in the typical frontier neighborhood. He was small of size, some five feet six, and he weighed less than a hundred and fifty pounds. His education in the school room was meager, but he was an accomplished rider, roper, and a dead shot. Luke joined one of these herds and wended his way to Kansas and thence on to Nebraska and into the Black Hills. In the northern part of Nebraska near the state line he established a trading post. The Sioux Indians were located in the Dakotas, and Luke's staple article was a certain brand of red whiskey of which the Sioux were inordinately fond, and for which they would trade almost anything, in their possession. Luke soon had a big business established and his reputation spread all too widely. It soon reached the ears of Uncle Sam's officers, and they objected to this business with the Indians. Luke's staple article raised a lot of trouble among the Indians because they would almost sell their souls for fire-water. The Indian agent who was sponsor for the Sioux Indians brought down the wrath of Uncle Sam and the soldiers. The United States soldiers soon swooped down on Luke's little store, arrested him, destroyed all his supplies and took Luke a prisoner to Sidney, Nebraska, where they boarded a train. Luke had a silent partner in his trading business, and they arrived in the town with all Sidney turning out to see the show of the soldiers, Luke's silent partner being in the crowd.

Luke and his partner in their trading with the Indians had mastered the Indians language, and with this the soldiers were unfamiliar. Luke took refuge in the Indian language and conveyed the information to his partner for him to go ahead about his business and make all arrangements to restock the depleted store. The soldiers mounted Luke on the train, but during the night he escaped, rejoined his partner, but after a consultation they decided to change the base of operations and go further west. They arrived in Denver with their team and outfit, and there they separated, Luke going on to Leadville in the mountains, and his partner returning to his home in Texas.

Luke finally arrived in Leadville with his wagon and team. He found a town full of gamblers, adventurers of all kinds, one-gun men, two-gun men, no law, no order, and each man a law unto himself in regard to life and property. Luke had already gone to school in a very hard training school along the trail from Fort Worth to the far north, had met all kinds of people, had made many friends and few enemies. He had not been in Leadville long before he ran into one of the bad men of the west, with a record and many notches on his gun. Luke was in a game, and was repeatedly interrupted, advised in his betting in a very offensive way. Luke requested the intruder to desist, but the bad man became highly incensed and made all manner of threats. The whole populace knew the bad man, but no one knew Luke. The dealer offered to square everybody, but Luke called his hand and would not permit. "You blankety-blank shrimp," shouted the bad man, "I'll shoot your head off if you don't put it on the bet." And with the remark he reached for his gun. But like Jim Courtright later, he was a little too slow on the draw, and Luke's gun had exploded at his head with fatal results before the bad man's trigger finger got into action. There was no trial, no inquiry, as everyone realized that it was a question of the survival of the fittest. While in Leadville, Luke always went handsomely dressed and wore a famous derby hat. This derby hat seemed to spread over the west in the early 80's and it was the forerunner of the silk hat.

The spring of 1881 found Luke Short in Tombstone, Arizona, home of the famous Wyatt Earp. Here Luke met all the Earp brothers, Doc Holiday, Bat Masterson, the Clanton brothers, and all the famous gun men whose fingers were trained to a fraction of a second. Nearly all were gamblers, cowmen, poker players, faro dealers. Charley Storms was one of the famous characters of the west. He was unacquainted with Short. Short's smallness of size deceived many men, because, while his weight was slight, his courage was heavy. Storms finally forced a row with Short, and about the time they were ready to pull guns, Bat Masterson jumped between them, grabbed Storms and yelled to Luke not to shoot. The row was patched up for the time being on account of the powerful influence of Masterson. Masterson left Luke in the saloon, escorted Storms out into the street, requested him to go to his room and go to sleep. In fact, Masterson accompanied Storms to his quarters, and after seeing him safely in his room returned to Short. Masterson was talking to Short, explaining to him that Storms was really a decent fellow, when Storms was, to everyone's surprise, seen entering the room. He grabbed Short by the arm, jerked him around and was pulling his Colt 45. This meant but one thing: that is was to be a fight to death. But again Short was the quicker

of the two, and before Storms could get into action, Luke's gun had done its deadly work. Storms dropped on the floor and died in his tracks as he fell.

After spending a year or so in Tombstone Luke went back to his old stamping ground in Dodge City and formed a partnership with Harris and Beeson in operating a branch saloon. This was by far the largest and best patronized and best money-making saloon and gambling house in Dodge City. Luke was very popular and had the reputation of always giving everybody a square deal and a fair run for his money, but Mayor Webster also owned an interest in a rival concern. Herds of cattle were arriving from Texas. They had wended their way from the northern part of Texas, across the Red River, into Dodge City. After months on the trail the cowboys were ready to spend their money freely. Short had installed a band for his gambling house as an added attraction, and the Mayor determined to ruin Short's business. He had an ordinance passed prohibiting music in all gambling houses and saloons, anywhere in Dodge City. Luke complied with the law when notified, dismissed his band of musicians, but was thunderstruck to learn that the very next night music in the Mayor's saloon was running full blast. The second night after the order saw Luke's musicians reinstalled and discoursing music pleasing to the cowboys and the populace. Luke retired early but later that night all his musicians were arrested and taken to the city jail. The news spread like wildfire and Luke was soon informed. It seems that Luke had more friends in Dodge City than the mayor and all sides expected trouble. As Luke came out on the side-walk he saw the officer that had caused the arrest and he started to him. This officer was standing on the sidewalk and immediately pulled his gun and fired at Short. Short returned the fire, but the officer had stepped on the edge of the side-walk and fell off. Short thought he had killed the officer and returned to his place of business to await results. But the officer was not hit. The next morning friends prevailed on Short to go to the police court and plead guilty to a misdemeanour and pay his fine. Instead of taking him to the police court they took him to the city jail and locked him up till the twelve o'clock train arrived. The east and west bound trains met at noon at Dodge City, and Luke was marched to the train under a strong guard of men heavily armed with shotguns, and was told to take his choice of going east or west. He took the east-bound train and finally reached Kansas City. The mayor and his friends were jubilant, but they did not know Short and did not know his powerful friends. Luke used Kansas City as a base of operations, but his most loyal friends were not in Dodge City. Bat Masterson was in Denver, and Luke wired him to come to Kansas City. Luke and Bat met in Kansas City,

talked the matter over and decided to lay the whole matter before the Governor at Topeka. The Governor declared that he was powerless and could not help them, but told them that they had his good wishes. Luke and Bat agreed upon a plan of operation. Bat left for Silverton, Colorado, to get Wyatt Earp, and Luke left for Caldwell, Kansas, where he had some loyal and fighting friends. Within one week, Short and Masterson had their friends organized and were on their way to Dodge City with the determination to fight the thing out or establish their rights. It was decided to send Wyatt Earp into Dodge City first with several desperate men who would arrive in the town by different routes. These men were to keep separated and apart from each other. The Mayor soon heard that Wyatt Earp was in town and had a strong force of men at his back. The Mayor called a hurried meeting of his friends and told them what he had heard, and the result was that Wyatt Earp was invited to the meeting single-handed and alone. Wyatt attended without the slightest fear, and the Mayor informed him of what he had heard; and Wyatt assured him that the news was true; that they had come to Dodge City to see that Luke Short got a square deal. "I came here several days ago," Wyatt said, "and I brought several men with me. What's more, Luke Short and Bat Masterson will arrive in Dodge City tomorrow; and on their arrival we expect action." The Mayor and his friends were thoroughly scared and assured Earp that he had no better friends on earth and suggested that matters be fixed up. Earp replied: "Mr. Mayor, the matter can be settled, but it must be settled in only one way, and that is that you permit Luke Short to return and conduct his business without interference from you." This was agreed to and Wyatt then assured them that if they kept their word, there would be no fight.

The next day, Short and Masterson arrived in Dodge City, they were received with open arms by their friends and were told of the interview with Mayor Webster. Luke and his friends had taken their picture taken as shown in the cut.

Among those famous friends were his two partners, Wyatt Earp, and Bat Masterson. Any mayor in America, knowing these men, would be disposed to be very slow about antagonizing them. Short's trouble in Dodge City started on May 11, 1883, and ended on June 17 of the same year, covering sixty-six days of hectic history.

Luke opened up his business, sent for the mayor and the sheriff, and he informed the mayor that he had two men on his force that he must dismiss on account of their hostility to him (Short). The Mayor readily agreed and the men were dismissed. Luke then turned to the Sheriff and informed him that he had two men as deputies that were to be got rid of. At the

same time he gave the names of two other men to the sheriff, whom he wanted appointed. It was all agreed to. Luke also demanded that the prosecuting attorney return the bond that he had signed for a friend. Short's word was as reliable as his courage and his trigger finger. After the armistice, however, the Mayor wired the Governor for two companies of soldiers but the Governor flatly refused the request. Matters soon settled down after the Governor's refusal and Luke soon wound up his affairs, returned to Texas and in the fall of 1884 established the White Elephant, a famous gambling house and saloon.

Luke was open-hearted, quiet, undemonstrative, as true as steel to his friends. He never provoked a row, and he never shunned one. Matters ran smoothly until February, 1887, when Jim Courtright, who had been sent to Fort Worth to help clean up matters, ran against the famous trigger finger of Luke Short, and this encounter is fully described in Frontier Times several months ago.

Luke Short died at Queda Springs, Kansas, September 8, 1893. He died quietly in bed at the age of thirty-nine. He had been in many gun fights, never provoked a single one, but in each and every case, Luke was quietly on the defensive, but his famous hair trigger finger stood him stead. He was cool, deliberate in his methods, but in action he was quick as lightning. Thus the gambler at Leadville, Charley Storms in old Tomstone, and Jim Courtright all sleep in their graves today as a result of that lightning trigger finger.

AN OLD TIMER

A jelly bean asked an Old Trail Driver "What is an old timer?" The trail driver replied: "My dear young man, an old timer is one who was thar when side saddles were in style; when the wagon circus and Punch and Judy were the only shows; when sideburns and long droopy moustaches were all the rage; when plush backed photo albums were found in every parlor; when every fiddler could play "Nigger in the Canebrakes" to perfection; when moustache cups were in use; when the village barber shop had a wall case full of shaving mugs, each bearing its owner's name in gold letters; when a \$40 broadcloth suit was in style five years, and buck boards, rawhide bottom chairs, gourd dippers and froes were found at every home. Yes, young man, there are several "old-timers" like myself galivanting around hereabouts that can tell you the old timer has seen more in his day than you would ever see if you lived to be as old as Methuselah. We've seen the ox-wagon, the auto and airplane, the telegraph and the radio. What have you seen son?—Camp Wood Crony.

John S. Blount's Many Experiences

By Boyce House, in Fort Worth Star Telegram.



MORE THAN 60 YEARS ago in the vast, unpeopled spaces of West Texas, a lone horseman saw an Indian pony.

Although he knew that the animal had wandered from an Indian camp and that the warriors could not be far away, the temptation to possess the wiry pony was too great and he started to rope the animal.

But at that instant and, glancing over his shoulder, he saw a party of Indians galloping furiously toward him, the leader not 50 yards away.

As the white man began his race for life, he heard the whistle of an arrow and the missile wounded him slightly in the foot.

Heeding that not at all—or, perhaps more strictly, heeding it to such an extent that he urged his horse to its swiftest pace—away he dashed with the redskins in full pursuit, strung out in a long line, single file.

A mile away stood twin mountains and his hope was that he could reach the valley where he trusted that he would find the cowpunchers led by Tom Hart, for whom he was working. He did not know how far ahead of him they were, however, and when his horse swept through the opening between the mountains and there was not a sign of the friends he had hoped to see, the rider's heart sank.

Still urging his horse to the utmost, the pursued man had proceeded several hundred yards beyond the pass when he heard the sharp crack of a rifle and then a volley.

All unwittingly, he had led the Comanches into an ambush. Tom Hart had seen the Indians pursuing him but the leader—instead of rushing to the rescue—had concealed his men in the tall grass and dense undergrowth, waiting until the last Indian had entered the defile, and then the Texans had poured a deadly fire that left not a Comanche alive.

Such is but one of the many episodes in a long life, bristling with adventure and hair-breadth escapades. And now the rider who lured the Indians to their doom sits on the porch of his little home in Cisco and, at 80, his eyes twinkle as he thinks of the stirring past.

The incident related occurred southwest of Jacksboro when John S. Blount was a lad of 17.

He relates another somewhat similar occurrence—except that, in the latter case, the decoying of a large force of Indians was done deliberately.

"We saw the war party, after we had posted ourselves and were ready for action. One of the boys rode to where the Indians could see him and, when they gave chase,

he led them into the canyon.

"Well, if you could go to that narrow canyon today, you probably would find the skeletons of 40 Indians."

Blount was born in Hancock County, Ga., May 15, 1849, and came to Texas in a covered wagon when he was only 4 years old. After living a year in Rusk County, he moved to Hopkins County and regarded that as his home until he came to Cisco 22 years ago.

When he was only 5 years old, he herded sheep, and he recalls with great delight his first mount, a one-eyed Choctaw pony. When his father sold a yoke of oxen, young John drove them to Jacksboro, where the purchaser lived.

His real job was working for a man who was gathering cattle that roamed in vast numbers over West Texas, unowned. In those days, wild horses, too, were numerous and young Blount and his comrades encountered a herd of these horses. After building a corral in a gulch, the men followed the wild horses for three days and nights, not allowing the animals to stop to eat, until at last they drove the herd into the corral.

"Among the horses that were in my share was a dapple gray. I refused to sell the horse and, not long afterward, when I was leading the gray, someone fired from the brush, killing him."

Even today, more than three-score years afterward, there is a ring of angry contempt in the pioneer's tone as he tells of the wilful killing of the horse that his boyish heart had prized so highly.

Concerning the exploits of Tom Hart, Blount speaks with vast admiration. Hart, when a mere lad, swore vengeance against the Indians because a party of redskins murdered his uncle; and the number of Indians who went to the happy hunting grounds as the result of that vow was so great as to rank Hart among the foremost Indian fighters of the West, Blount declares.

But Indians were not the only menace in early days.

"During the Civil War, great loss was sustained in Hopkins and other counties because of horse thieves," Blount relates.

"The horse thieves had a highly organized system. The horses were taken a certain distance and were left with a member of the ring who then took them to the next 'station,' and so on, until the stolen horses had been gotten out of the country. The thieves even had passwords.

"A young man who lived near my father's place was in the ring and when he was discovered, he agreed to make known all the secrets if his life was spared. With this information, the law abiding citizens were

to ferret out the thieves.

"In 10 days, 60 had been hanged between Shreveport and Bonham."

Concerning this period, he added:

"I was on horseback, with my head down, holding on to the horse's mane when a man's foot struck me in the face.

"Looking up, I saw that the foot that had hit was that of a lifeless man dangling from the limb of a tree. Horror-stricken, I looked quickly around and there were numerous others hanging from nearby trees. It looked to me as though there were a hundred. I wheeled my horse around and galloped back to tell what I had seen. Everyone merely remarked: 'The h——you say!'"

But young Blount had another experience with horse thieves—more exciting but less gruesome.

He was a member of a posse pursuing a gang of the thieves who, incidentally, had several horses they had stolen from Blount's father.

Thirteen of the pursuers—young men and boys, Blount among them—passed on ahead of the main body of the posse and, just at evening, they saw the men they were seeking. The gang of horse thieves were getting supper. Between the two forces was a narrow stream. Noiselessly, the young possemen took up their positions and then opened fire.

There was a wild rush in the outlaw camp as the men tried to escape. Only one of the outlaws fired and young Blount was the only one of the posse members who was wounded. He was shot in both arms.

He bears the scars of this encounter as well as the mark of the Indian arrow on his foot.

Not one of the horse thieves, about 15 in number, escaped.

Though still only a boy, Blount enlisted in the Southern Army and was in the last fight of the Confederacy in Texas.

In 1873, he married. Mr. and Mrs. Blount have one daughter, Mrs. J. T. Scott, who lives in Cisco.

For a number of years, he farmed and then his wife's health became poor and he determined to take to the open road and head for the health-giving waters of Arkansas. He had learned the art of photography and he decided to follow this vocation.

"I made tintypes in Arkansas for four years at the springs," he said. "We traveled with a team and wagon. We stopped a week at a time or longer, usually at a school house, and people would come for miles to have their pictures taken. Twenty-five cents was the price for taking a picture but we were not always paid in cash.

"At one house, I recall that, for three tintypes we received half a bushel of apples, a supply of lard, pork and fryers as well as six or seven dimes with holes in them."

Mrs. Blount, who tinted the pictures, told of a woman who had no cash but who

paid for a tintype with a breast-pin then 50 years old. The photographer's wife still wears the breast-pin and has been wearing it for half a century.

After four years in Arkansas, Mr. and Mrs. Blount went to the Indian Territory, where for seven years they made photographs of the Indians.

"They were the best friends I ever had," the photographer feelingly declared.

One reason probably for the friendship that the red men had for Blount was based on the fact that he charged them no more for their pictures than he would have charged white people, which was in shining contrast to the policy long pursued by many white traders to charge "poor Lo" exorbitant prices for everything he bought.

Their tent studio could have readily been robbed but not a thing did the Indians ever molest, the pioneer declared.

The only perilous situation that arose during his years in the territory was caused by a white desperado—one of the countless fugitives in the territory. This man, had been drinking, tried to get an Indian girl who entered the studio to pose in a picture with him and when she refused he became enraged and began to smash some of the furniture in the studio.

Another Indian girl hurried out and notified members of her tribe that Blount was in danger. The photographer was putting the outlaw out of the place when simultaneously there burst in from the front and rear entrances a swarm of braves led by Naked Head, a particular friend of Blount.

In a decisive manner Naked Head marched the desperado out and told him what would happen to him if he ever caused any trouble again. And that was the end of the matter.

Some conception of the tremendous volume of business that Blount enjoyed may be gained from the fact that when he moved from one location after a year's stay he destroyed 4,000 negatives.

Among the tens of thousands of pictures that he has taken he has preserved a few of the glass plates. Just how capable he was in his work may be judged from accompanying pictures, which were developed a few weeks ago from plates that he made more than 40 years before. The prints are as clear as though they were made yesterday.

The last pictures he took were two years ago. But he is not through. Although he began commercial photography 50 years ago and may be the oldest photographer, in length of service, in the United States, he is looking forward to this Summer.

"I am going to get a horse and buggy and my wife and I are going to ramble around, taking tintypes just as we did half a century ago.

"Perhaps we'll visit those springs in Arkansas and the many scenes in old Indian Territory and relive those interesting days, and maybe we'll meet some of the folks whose pictures we made then."

A Nebraskan Tardily Rewarded



EPUBLICS ARE NOT always ungrateful, but oftentimes they are forgetful. Forty-nine years after Corporal Leander Herron, Company A, Third United States Infantry, had participated with conspicuous valor in one of the most thrilling one-sided battles with the Indians that haunted the Santa Fe trail before the railroad came to Kansas, Congress voted him a medal of honor.

Today, Corporal Herron, close to 80, still vigorous of body and mind, wears, with a pride that is shared by his fellow-Nebraskans, this insignia of honor, which, reserved as it is only for those who distinguish themselves by the very bravest of acts, has been issued to 328 Americans in the 60 years since it was first authorized by Congress. It is a beautiful medal of gold, a five-pointed star inclosing a medallion, pendant from a bar surmounted by a spread eagle. It is attached to a bit of ribbon which, in turn, is fastened to a rolling collar when worn.

Corporal Herron is one of the last of the brave men who gave glory and luster to the old West, when the white man and the red fought for control of the great plains. Indian fighting, determined and revengeful as it was, bred a race of frontiersmen whose courage and daring were never matched and who, in spite of the disparity of numbers, outgamed and outfought the reds on many a field. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, "Wild Bill" Hickock, Kit Carson, Jim Bridgers, the most spectacular of these Indian fighters, have been embalmed in frontier history, but they had many prototypes and contemporaries of equal courage whose exploits were worthy of equal renown.

The fact that Corporal Herron was chosen by Congress for an honor denied to many of these others whose names are more familiar, possibly because of the one-time popular dime novel, makes his story worth the telling. Like Cody he was a pony express rider in the days when the vigorous warfare of the Indians had forced the abandonment of the stage lines, and it was while engaged in this perilous duty that he performed the exploit for which the government tardily rewarded him.

In 1868, when Corporal Herron was stationed in Kansas, the Indians were unusually troublesome. Subsequent events showed that a concerted effort to drive the white men from that section and to stop all overland traffic had been determined upon by the reds. Tribes that had fought one another for this purpose. Mr. Herron thinks there were fully 5,000 of them on

the warpath that year, and that if they had been better armed they might have temporarily succeeded.

Scattered army posts were depended upon by the government to keep open the trail between the Middle West and the Pacific Coast, where thousands had gone following the great gold strike in California and the trek to Oregon and Utah. Fort Dodge was the center of operations. After the stage lines had been forced to quit because of Indian raids and the determined character of the warfare carried on, a pony express line was started out of Fort Dodge.

Many pony express riders were recruited from the youths who had sought the frontier because of its lure of adventure, and some of them were soldiers detailed to do the work. The riding had to be done at night because death stalked on the trail of those who rode the great plains by day. Great bands of Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, supplemented by Dog Soldiers, warriors drummed out of their own tribes because of their treachery and meanness and the worst of their kind, roamed the plains for hundreds of miles, patrolling the trails and raiding, killing, burning wherever they could find victims.

At Big Coon Creek, some 20 miles out of Fort Larned, now located in what is known as Pawnee County, Kansas, one of the sod forts so frequently used in those days was garrisoned by a sergeant and 10 men. It had thick walls of sod and a clay roof. There being nothing to burn, the Indians were balked in their efforts at practicing that favorite pastime of theirs. The soldiers were well-armed, excellent shots, and as long as they kept within the fort they were safe from slaughter. They lacked fuel, and were compelled now and then to search the prairies for buffalo chips. Every time they went after this fuel they ran the risk of an Indian attack, and nearly every time it came.

To relieve the situation, the government, when it could spare the men, and the time was deemed propitious, sent down a load of wood under guard. On the night of September 1, 1868, Corporal Herron left Fort Larned for the West with mail and dispatches. On the way he met a mule team hauling a government wagon filled with wood, and under guard of four soldiers. It had been sent from Fort Dodge, to the west of Big Coon. Looking back now it seems a foolhardy thing to send a quartet of soldiers into a country known to be infested with Indians eager to scalp and kill, but in those days it was all part of

the routine. The boys were there to fight, eager to fight, and ready to trust to luck.

Corporal Herron warned them that there were large bands of Indians in that section, and that they should halt at Fort Coon and wait until a wagon train came along that would furnish sufficient numbers to resist an attack. He rode on to Fort Dodge 40 miles west, which he reached by daylight.

That night he was ordered to take mail and dispatches back to Fort Larned, 75 miles to the east. During the day smoke signals of the Indians had been visible to the east of Dodge, and it was decided to send another soldier with Herron. He chose Paddy Boyle, a rollicking, dare-devil of an Irishman, who had the best horse in the regiment.

Close to 10 or 11 o'clock that night they heard the sound of gunshots and yells. They readily identified it as an Indian raid, and, following the code of the frontier, they promptly turned out of their course and headed for the scrap. They soon discovered that it was a wagon train attack, a replica of hundreds that occurred all over that country in those days.

Nothing daunted by the fact that hundreds of Indians were in the attacking forces, the two soldiers rode directly into their midst. In the darkness, making the noise they did, the Indians mistook them for members of their own band and no one tried to stop them in their dash for the wagon train. It was not, says Corporal Herron, until they were well through their ranks that the Indians found out that nearly a score of their number had been killed and that they were reinforcing the soldiers.

It did not prove to be a wagon train at all, but the government vehicle with the four soldiers who had delivered their wood and were on their way back to Fort Dodge. They had disregarded Herron's advice and started on the return trip when the Indians got after them. But the corporal had no time to give in detail to the disobedient soldiers his opinion of them. Close on the heels of the dash of himself and Boyle came the Indians. Protected by the wagon the six men were able to repulse the attack.

In the respite that followed Herron looked over the ground and found the soldiers had chosen a poor place in which to make a defense. The mules had been killed early in the fighting, and the men had fought from behind the wagon without any casualties to themselves. With daylight the Indians would begin their usual circling attacks, and with this barrier gone their lives would soon pay the forfeit.

All six men realized the desperate character of their plight, and that unless aid came from outside they would certainly fall victims of the reds, who vastly outnumbered them. They had recourse to the one expedient, that of sending one of their number to the fort for help. Because of his excellent horse Boyle drew the assign-

ment. He took the first opportunity to slip off in the darkness, and mount his horse. The reds discovered him, and then came, as Corporal Herron puts it, "a bunch of shots and yells, and as things quieted down right away, we felt sure Boyle had been killed."

Herron scouted around and found a buffalo wallow some yards away. The five men pushed the wagon over to it and on top of it, and crept underneath. Then they took stock of their ammunition. Believing Boyle killed they knew their chance of escape was small and they discovered that their ammunition ran low. It was agreed that each man would keep one bullet to protect himself from the torture.

They had scarcely got settled in their new defenses until the Indians renewed the attack. Circling round and round they would turn to the charge, only to be repeatedly repulsed. Several times their charges brought them within a few feet of the wagon, but the deadly aim and the calmness of the men kept them from breaking through. Many of the warriors rode in the usual Indian fashion, hanging to the side of their horses opposite the soldiers, but the accurate marksmanship kept tumbling them off, now and then a bullet going through the pony and getting the clinging rider. Often the Indians stopped to pick up their wounded and dead. So sure were they that they would eventually win that they halted for this purpose when to have continued the charge would probably carried them into the little camp.

Herron appeared to bear the fabled charmed life. Not one of the many bullets and arrows launched at them had hit him. Goodman, one of the quartet, was suffering from seven wounds from both arrows and bullets. O'Donald had come to hand holds with an attacking Indian and although he killed his man he had been badly hurt by a blow on the head from a tomahawk. Nolan, the remaining soldier, was out with his right arm shattered by a bullet, and Herron had to supply him with a loaded revolver.

All the time the supply of ammunition was fast approaching exhaustion, and when the Indians made ready for the charge again each man had been reduced to twelve rounds. They knew that the next rush would be the last, and reminding each other to keep his last bullet for himself they set themselves to meet it. But it never came.

Apparently the attacking forces had divided into two divisions, each to dash directly from opposite sides. Only one of these was in motion when the defenders threw up their guns to aim. Before they could do this a voice called out in English not to fire. Knowing that many Dog Soldiers could talk English well the besieged thought it a ruse to get close, but the next instant a carbine was tossed up into the air. Then they knew the man to be a soldier and the men to be from the fort. It

was Paddy Boyle, who had got through safely and brought the men back with him on the gallop. The Indians fled. As the soldiers rode up Herron noticed every man was dressed in white.

"What kind of uniforms do you call this?" called out Herron to Boyle.

"Well, when I got there the boys were asleep," said Boyle, "and they didn't take time to dress. They ain't got anything on but their underclothes." And it was so.

An hour later a detachment of infantry, followed by wagons, an ambulance and a doctor arrived, and the injured men were taken to Fort Dodge. Boyle's horse died from the effects of the hard ride. Later he left the service and died in Kentucky before Congress could get around to express its appreciation of his valor. Two other men died in the service and Herron alone is left of the intrepid band.

Still further to honor him the government had him as its guest at Washington, where he appeared with other holders of Congressional medals as an official mourner at the funeral of the Unknown Soldier and his burial at Arlington.

Herron was a soldier of the Civil War, serving in the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Infantry. His father was a physician in Venango County, from which place the youth enlisted. The Eighty-third Pennsylvania was one of the distinguished fighting regiments of the War of the Rebellion. Its losses of 282 officers and men in action was exceeded by but one other in the service, the Fifty-fifth New Hampshire. After his return from service young Herron joined the oil rush of that section, but drilling wells proved too unexciting for him, and he enlisted in the regular army, and was sent to the West.

Fort Dodge was at that time, 1866, the center of active hostilities against the Indians of the Western Kansas plains, and offered the life of excitement that youth always craves. Herron volunteered for this service, and for several years was the contemporary of Cody, Carson and other famous scouts. An early and thrilling experience was being sent with eight others, under command of a lieutenant, into the Wichita Mountains after two white girls who had been captured and grossly abused by Indians of the Kiowa tribe. They had sent to the fort under a flag of truce a small party to negotiate a trade of the girls for something to eat.

It took days to make the journey, into a section that white men had never before pierced, and the detachment arrived at a time when several thousand of the braves were drilling on the prairies. The daring horsemanship of the Indian has always made him a picturesque figure when mounted, and when a thousand or two of them wheel and circle it is an imposing and fascinating scene. A bugle sounded as the detachment approached, and the massed warriors swooped down upon the little band of soldiers and their guides.

The fear of treachery on the part of the red was never absent from the mind of the white in the days when they fought for mastery of an empire, and before starting the soldiers had been drilled to expect it. They grabbed their carbines as the Indians came dashing straight at them, but when a few feet distant the bulge again sounded, and the advancing column broke into two divisions and dashed to the right and left. The exchange was effected, and the girls, in a pitiable state, were taken back. They belonged to a family captured near the Texas border. The Indians killed the father and the youngest child and took the mother and three daughters, all over 14, into captivity. Later the mother and the elder daughter were brought into the fort by Apaches, the military department at Washington forbidding any more details to be sent out on such hazardous missions.

The identity of the bugler was never disclosed. Corporal Herron heard similar bugling from the ranks of charging Indians in later campaigns, but the musician kept himself hidden. It has always been the army's opinion that he was a renegade who had learned the art while hanging around some fort or was some deserter from the ranks. While the Big Coon Creek fight has been celebrated in frontier history as one of the most valorous achievements in Indian warfare on the part of white men, it was not the only opportunity that Corporal Herron had to display his courage and resourcefulness. At that time a great tide of travel by wagon train was moving westward, and many of them outfitted at Dodge. The soldiers had often to furnish them protection and at other times to rescue them from desperate situations. Often nothing was known of their plight until a detachment came upon the burned and bloody refuse of a camp.

Torture and the torch were the fate of those who survived an attack and were captured, if they were men, and if women it meant the vilest of slavery. For a time the danger was so great that the trains were not permitted to move, and it was not until after hard fighting and relentless pursuit by the soldiers had put the fear of the white man into the hearts of the Indians and had broken their hope of remaining as masters of the plains that travel was again resumed in great volume.

Corporal Herron is one of the few survivors of those strenuous fighting days. He supplemented his experiences as a soldier in America by accompanying an expedition into the Trans-Caucasus country, landing at Baku in 1878. His dearest recollections, however, are of the frontier, with its fierce fighting, its sudden dangers and its thrilling rescues; and his greatest pride the golden insignia of heroic service and valor in action beyond the line of ordinary duty. A special pension accompanies the medal, and Corporal Herron is the only Nebraskan who ever received this special award.

Butte, Montana, Fortune-Tellers

By Byron E. Cooney, in Rocky Mountain Husbandman.



PROFESSOR KELLOGG'S brief and sensational career in Montana is still remembered, probably best by those who paid him in glittering gold to lay open the future to them—to subvert Fate, or to secure the favor of the living and the dead. He remained in Butte only six weeks and in that time money rained on him in a manner which excited the envy of the fortune-telling cult of the entire west. His exit was as dramatic as some of his exploits were unbelievable.

The belief in magic in America still exists to an extent that would amaze the more prosaic minded. Only my contact with the police and my newspaper connection revealed to me the almost medieval reliance still placed by a large percentage of citizens in magic, black art, wizardry and kindred mystic powers which today are known politely as the "occult," "telepathy" or "spiritualistic."

Butte city alone has poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into the lap of every itinerant fortune-tellers whose advertisements were at one time accepted by the newspapers. Today at least a dozen fortune tellers are residing in Butte and making at least a living. One man in Butte with offices he has occupied for 25 years who never advertised, but caters to a select clientele, is independently rich and owns a half interest in a modern brick rooming house in the heart of Butte and plying their profession drive luxurious automobiles, bank their money and some maintain winter homes in California. But the hip horray has gone out of the business. Only a couple of lines in the "classified" ads or under "personal" advise the credulous where they may be found. However that is sufficient to guide the seeker to the mystic, and find him the will, as Saul sought the witch of Endor or Macbeth invoked the witches. I do not include the medium or the various forms of spiritualistic endeavor in this article. That is a field in itself which has many devotees and which may claim the distinction and dignity of religion. There are many sincere believers in spiritualism, who would spring to an angry defense, if I essayed any expose of the 1,001 frauds I have probed to the bottom.

Of the itinerant diviners who came and went to Butte, I knew most of them personally and I met many of them in California in my various winter trips. They "worked" hard in Butte they told me, but said that it was a rich field. There was the gray haired and dignified Sheldon, retired finally at Pasadena; the motherly lit-

tle Madam Argyle, the gipsy-like Madam Montyne, and the Italian Alvini, but the master of them all was Kellogg. Enviously the local fortune teller watched them come and go in luxury. Thirty-three years ago Madam Oxjenystein had her shingle hung out on South Montana street and she had been practicing her art in Butte many years previous to that. With every personal attribute of a witch in appearance she gazed into a crystal and it is said that some of Butte's capitalists had beaten a track to her door and paid her princely sums for advice. I wrote her obituary when she died at the age of 90, and that was 25 years ago. Only two days before her death patrons came to her bedside for advice and prognostication.

Kellogg came to Butte about 22 years ago and opened rooms in the Shodair block. No shrinking wizard was he. Handsome, immaculately groomed, with gloves and stick and a change of clothing for every hour. He wore diamonds as big as beans and one especially large one in a ring. It was as big as a marble. At night he established a personal acquaintance with all the high-class saloons of Butte and though he never showed the effects of drink, his meanderings were punctuated by the popping of champagne corks. He was a slight of hand worker of the most extraordinary ability. To illustrate, one evening he passed a silver dollar into a champagne bottle he had just emptied and left it there. That was good advertising. Everybody present averred they saw him do it. While I saw the occurrence I still feel confident he brought the bottle with the dollar inside with him and simply switched bottles. One does not readily suspect that such things are planned in advance, or that when he casually told a man he had never met before, his mother's maiden name, he might have been working on that stunt for several days. Dropping one glass through another is an optical delusion, and calling a coin along the bar to follow your hand is done with a hair and wax. But soon every bartender was boosting Kellogg.

Sleight-of-hand had and still has many marvels both on and off the stage and the best fortune tellers use it. Owen of Salt Lake, Brunk of Kansas City, Bennett, who taught it, entour, for \$10 a lesson; Joseph Jackson, the trick bicycle rider of the Orpheum circuit, Professor Brooks of Pantages, and Albini have all demonstrated for me in private or for the entertainment of myself and friends. But that is another story.

While in Butte, Kellogg gave tips on the stock market for \$100. On this item alone

he had 12 patrons. Ten of those won on this one tip, one lost and Kellogg gave him back his money as he agreed with all of them if they lost. One tip had not had any action when he left. A family with whom I was well acquainted paid Professor Kellogg \$500 to use his influence so that a member of the family would not marry a certain woman. The wedding was actually postponed for nearly a year. The pair were afterward married and divorced. If there is any potent force in hypnotism, then Kellogg was a hypnotist. He did all his tricks for me just to show me he could. I heard what was supposed to be the pencil writing between the slates and I could fill pages with his various feats, some of which I could explain and most of which I couldn't. Magicians, and there is a national organization of the best ones, do not often explain their work. Their triumph is to get a new trick their contemporaries do not and cannot see through. Once I counted 26 persons sitting patiently in Kellogg's waiting rooms, waiting to have the future pried open at \$10 or more for a peek.

As Kellogg's fame spread, out-of-town people began to come. A well-to-do widow from the Wise river had fallen in love with a Butte girl. As he had promised his dying wife he would never marry again, he was in a terrible quandary, simply because he didn't want to break his word. So he came to Kellogg to see if the mystic could induce his wife's spirit to release him. This was a large order but Kellogg thought it could be negotiated for \$2,000. The rancher had \$1,600 and the professor with apparent reluctance compromised on that amount.

The next evening the rancher met up with his dead wife at midnight in a suite of rooms in a building opposite the Butte free public library. Later I saw the celestial robe of white cotton in which she appeared. It had been dipped in liquid phosphorous but originally it cost Kellogg \$1.65 at Symon's store. I never found out who the woman was who represented the dead woman. The ghost very kindly gave the rancher her permission to marry again and he was a happy man. He declared he recognized his wife's voice immediately. Everybody would have been perfectly happy had not the rancher proceeded to tell his fiancée about the deal. When he told her he had paid \$1,600 to Kellogg the fireworks began. There was a bank roll she might have had the spending of. She told her rustic lover to get back the money or the deal was off, so the man from the Wise river hunted up the chief of police and told his troubles. Kellogg was arrested for fraud, jumped a \$200 bail bond and fled. He was arrested in Pocatello and in returning escaped from the deputies again. Then the hue and cry started and Kellogg was again captured in Idaho Falls. This time he came back handcuffed and in an Oregon boot.

But Professor Kellogg was resourceful,

even in jail. He was arraigned before a justice of the peace, who gave him "until next morning to enter plea." Now justice courts usually open at 10 a. m. and so everybody assumed. When the county attorney, the police, witnesses and spectators appeared at 10 a. m. the judge told them that the Kellogg case had been set for 9 o'clock and as no one appeared to prosecute him he had dismissed the case. New warrants were sworn out but Kellogg was never caught again.

"Cut Bank" George Brown and Kellogg cached in his apartments in the Ansonia block where his meals were brought by the trusty messenger "Lemons," who never divulged a secret. Fred Sutherland, on my promise of secrecy, took me up to visit with Kellogg who was dining on champagne and truffles, while the police of a dozen western cities were looking for him. There were only four persons in on the secret. I published an interview with Kellogg, relating his experience as a fugitive in the wilds of Idaho with bloodhounds after him and fell out with Chief of Police Wynne because I wouldn't tell where Kellogg was hiding. One morning he was smuggled into a hack and driven to Silver Bow junction, where he boarded a train without a ticket, paid \$50 for a stateroom and kept on going. The rancher lost both his money and his sweetheart. Kellogg left his big diamond in Butte and later there was a lawsuit about its ownership. But he didn't leave it with the rancher. His attorneys got it.

SOME OLD GOURDS IN TEXAS

Gourds were once the most popular drinking vessels in the United States, and are still preferred by many gourds that have been in use more than half a century and are highly prized by the owners.

J. E. Bullion, of Seymour, owns what he believes to be the oldest gourd in the State. This gourd was cleaned by Mr. Bullion's father in 1820. It was never used for drinking purposes, however, but as a container for powder, at a time when gourds were universally used for carrying powder and shot.

Mrs. Annie Morgan, of Weatherford, has a powder gourd that is much older, and perhaps the oldest in the entire country. The gourd owned by Mrs. Morgan was used at the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775, to hold powder for the fire pan of a flint lock gun.

Many very old gourds, used for drinking purposes, have been reported.

If you have any relics of the old days write and tell us about them. If you want to donate them to the Frontier Times museum send them to us with a history of each one. They will be properly labeled with your name and address, and the description, and will be placed on display.

Texas Treasure Hunters

Burnet Bulletin, 1888



TUNTING FOR BURIED Mexican Treasures has become one of the leading, or rather misleading industries in Western Texas, engaged in by parties between whom and manual labor a solidness has sprung up. The idea seems to prevail that years ago Texas was overrun with rich Mexicans who deposited vast sums of money here and there and then kindly died or got scalped, leaving their lucre to whom it might concern. It is difficult to imagine a Mexican burying money in the earth when he could have deposited it in that popular national treasury of Mexico, namely the Montebank; yet strange as it may seem men can be found credulous enough to believe in such a prodigy. Nearly every county in Western Texas can produce several citizens who spend the summer season ranging around through the cedar brakes looking for Mexican land marks and inscriptions and collecting a large supply of assorted ticks, and who sit around the grocery store all winter wearing out the patience of their neighbors and the returning board of their pants, while smoking borrowed tobacco and explaining the intricate process of not finding what they were looking for. The first thing necessary in making a search for buried swag is a mineral rod. This appliance consists in a limber stick or switch with a magnet at one end and misplaced confidence at the other. The next thing needful is a map, or topographical chart of Texas showing the locality where treasures are most plentiful. These charts, which are kept in stock by sharp Mexicans who are on the look-out for Texas suckers, can be readily obtained by making a flying trip to Mexico. Any scholarly Mexican can get up a supply of ancient field notes showing where immense treasures are buried, almost as quick as he can make a cigarette. To the above add a blind faith in improbabilities, a mustang pony and a small supply of grub, and the hunter's equipment is complete. All he has to do is to follow the blazes and scoop in the boodle.

The peculiar experience of Leonidas Cato Boggs, of Bandera county, as a hunter of buried riches is worthy of honorable mention. On account of a misunderstanding he had with the Sheriff of Bandera county regarding a mule that got tangled in Bogg's stake-rope, Boggs passed over into Mexico to attend to some private affairs. Having come into possession of some old field notes on Texas showing that large sums of money had been deposited either in Bandera or Bexar county, he thoroughly disguised himself by washing and putting

on a clean shirt, and returned to Texas to begin the search. He followed his clew entirely through Bandera and into Bexar county, and was surprised to find his mineral rod leading him on an air line toward San Antonio. He had expected to find the deposit in the mountain districts but concluding his mineral rod knew its business he followed its directions into the very heart of the Alamo City. There on one of the most ancient buildings he saw the rude drawing of a barrel together with the following strange inscription: "Todas Copas 5 Centos." Noting the similarity of the first two words of this inscription to the Mexican name in his field notes he concluded that it was only a rendition of the same name, and hence beneath this venerable pile of adobe no doubt reposed the ingots of his quest. The latter part of the inscription "5 centos," he thought might be a Mexican term meaning 5 bushels which was about the quantity of coin the barrel pictured near the words would hold. Carefully considering all these circumstances and seeing his trusty mineral rod pointing in that direction, he boldly entered the ancient edifice confident of finding somewhere beneath its crumbling walls an immense fortune.

Mr. Boggs was too modest a man to boast of his success, but the newspaper reporters got hold of the facts some how, and next morning all the San Antonio papers contained a brief but graphic account of the Bogg's exploration as follows: "L. Boggs, drunk and disorderly and carrying a pistol, fined \$40." It must be admitted this was a reasonably good "fined," but Mr. Boggs had set his mark high, and was not satisfied. While working out the \$40 on the streets of San Antonio he thought the whole thing over carefully and came to the conclusion that he would abandon the exciting vocation of hunting buried treasure and devote his whole time to the more quiet pursuit of hunting bees and raising up a family. He still resides in Bandera county and wants it known that he has a choice lot of Greaser Geography of Texas and a splendid double-acting Montezuma mineral rod for sale dag cheap. He says it may suit others to follow a willow twig into the asylum via the barrel-house, calaboose and chain gang, but for his part he thinks going crazy is just as cheap or a little cheaper by any other name.

Tristram Dudley.

P. S. Anybody who wants to verify the above assertions regarding Boggs has my permission to do so if he can.

D.

Rhodes R. Brashear Crosses Red River In 1853

De Leon Free Press, June 28, 1929



RICHARD R. BRASHEAR, one of Comanche county's oldest settlers, was born at Mexico, Mo. October 25, 1843, and crossed the Red river with a party in wagons, coming to Texas on Dec. 1, 1853. His father fell in with a party of fifteen wagons from Illinois and came to the village of Dallas. As they came through Dallas a Christain preacher named Poly was holding a meeting right about where the Dallas county court house now stands, he said.

His father accompanied one family named Hudson, of the party from the North, to a place some fifteen or twenty miles south of Dallas where the family of culture and refinement had relatives. When they arrived at the place where their Texas relatives lived they found a hut bare of furniture, with only a few skins of buffalo and deer lying around and a few cooking utensils, the family sleeping on the floor and "enjoying" a state of nature and ignorance appalling to behold. Grown girls were going about with a silly embarrassed giggle, wearing domestic aprons that had the appearance of never having been washed. In the twenty years this settler had lived in the rich black belt of Dallas county he had succeeded in growing nothing except a clump of Bois'd Arc trees. The visitors soon left.

Brashear's father disliked the "plains" country around Dallas and returned to Cook county, passing by Denton where there was only one house, a log cabin which had been the headquarters for an army post. They took the old soldier's trail to Ft. Hickory, four miles from where Gainesville is located now. They found friends and settlers here, and resided in Cook county for ten years.

When the family came to Comanche county to live in 1861, Brashear was 17 years of age. His father was opposed to the Civil War and did not go, neither did the son go. At this time Brashear was freighting with an ox-team from Northern Texas to Brownsville, driving six yoke of oxen. He would take a load of flour and meat down and bring back salt. Once, while in the southern part of the state he took a trip over into Old Mexico, going as far as Tampico or perhaps Monterey.

It was on one of these freighting trips that Brashear was attacked by three Mexican bandits who shot him in the knee and he carries the scar to this day. He killed all three of the Mexicans in the fight. "I was a dead shot in those days," he told the Free Press editor.

Mr. Brashear said his father lived on Indian Creek, below Comanche, taking up his

residence there in '61. The town of Comanche then had two stores, a blacksmith shop and a little frame office building where the county business was transacted. There was also a little school house there. His father was named Guy Brashear and his mother, Nancy.

It was in the early 60's when Uncle Charlie McKenzie, then 76 years of age, was in the woods in Indian Creek peeling walnut bark to dye clothes. Indians came upon him and shot him to death. A boy was with the old man but he got away and ran to a field not far away and brought his uncle, who brought a hack and hauled the dead man home. The neighbors all gathered in, made a crude coffin and buried him. Two sons of McKenzie were also shot by the Indians.

Brashear also told of a party of Indians coming into the edge of the village of Comanche and rounding up and getting away with a drove of horses. The settlers gave chase but the red men got away. While returning the party saw an Indian pony dragging a piece of rawhide line and, supposing the Indians were near, the men scattered and surrounded a clump of liveoak bushes. One of the party named Anderson was shot to death by another named Cox, the latter mistaking him for an Indian. This was in '63.

It was in 1863 that Barshear joined the Texas Rangers and was in the service for two years and three months. All the government ever paid him, he said, was two Confederate \$20.00 bills. He furnished his own grub and clothing, receiving nothing from the government but his ammunition. The Ranger headquarters at that time was at Gatesville. A force of 120 men was assigned to Coryell and Comanche counties, 60 to each.

It was while serving as a Ranger, the purpose being to protect the settlers from Indians and outlaws, that Brashear tells a story of crawling into a cave out at Copperas, probably twelve miles from De Leon, and went away back some thirty feet and found a bear's bed where the bears had wintered the year before. He looked up and saw a hole in the rock above him, probably a foot across. He stuck the match in his hand into the pile of straw, probably two wagon loads of it, he said, then got out and watched the thin line of smoke go straight up into the heavens. His object was to fool the Indians and make them think it was a signal fire. No Indians answered, but his Ranger captain sent hurriedly to find out what was wrong.

In 1869 Brashear was married to Miss Josephine Owen and they reared a family.

This coming 17th day of January they will have been married sixty-one years. They live in a little house on the northeast side of town. He is 85 years of age and she 79. Because he served in the Ranger service

back in the 60's, the State of Texas pays him \$50 per month which they live on very comfortably, raising a few chickens on the side.

Pioneer West Texan in Masonic Home

San Angelo Standard, March 4, 1929



AN ANGELO REMAINS San Angelo to J. E. Farmer, of the Masonic Home at Zenith, Washington, for over the span of fifty years or more since he was here has kept touch with the pioneer town he knew only through the chain of memory. And that brings up some stirring episodes of the early days in West Texas, one of them concerning the well known "Wash" DeLong, one of a trio of three brothers, all Indian fighters. Only Sam DeLong remains of the trio.

Mr. Farmer this week wrote to the "Postmaster, San Angelo, Texas," recalling one of the Indian fights of "Wash" DeLong and Ed Love and giving some of his recollections of Fort Concho. W. S. Kelly, here at that time, recalls Mr. Farmer, who writes that it was in 1870 or 1871 that he became an employe of Uncle Sam as Fort Concho was being built. He continues: "When Barton J. DeWitt purchased the land on the North Concho River on the opposite side from the post and established a store, Johnny Earl put up one also. W. S. Veck and the writer had already started in a small way by Col. Shafter's permission. Veck and I separated as I went to the Q. M. office. Prior to this I ran one of the four-six mule trains (ten teams each) that hauled lumber from the San Saba about 8 or 9 miles below Coughlins. After the post was finished I went to work for Veck but later separated.

"Now is there any of these people alive today—Mrs. Katherine Veck, John Lackey, the Preusser family, the Tankerslys, Miller the Taylors and W. S. Kelly, and quite a few that I cannot now recall. I knew about every one in Tom Green county when I left there, but not bringing up to mind any of those people for about fifty years, they have gone out of my mind."

Entitling the story of Wash DeLong as "An Episode of the Southwest," Mr. Farmer writes as follows:

"About the middle of November 1872, Wash DeLong started from his home at Lipan Springs, Tom Green County, Texas, with a view of gathering pecan nuts and bagging some wild turkeys; he was accompanied by Ed Love, a tenderfoot, not long

discharged from a five year term of service in the U. S. Infantry.

"They started across the prairie towards Pecan Springs, expecting to meander down the South Concho river to Ben Ficklin, where the mail station was located and where Benjamin F. Ficklin, after the close of the war (Civil) established a line of Concord Coaches for passengers and carried the U. S. mails from San Antonio to El Paso, Texas.

"They had left the springs but a short time and had started down the river, when a rifle shot was heard, which was not unusual, as they were in the vicinity of a military post (Fort Concho).

"Wash was driving a yoke of oxen that was yoked to the running gear of a Milburn wagon, using a long goad as he walked alongside of the oxen; he felt a stinging sensation when the shot was fired, but, as he was passing under a small pecan tree at that instant, he did not realize that he was shot, as the branches of the tree struck him with such force.

"Before leaving Lipan Springs, they put a platform of boards on the wagon gear, nailing a three-inch cleat on them to keep them firm. Love fastened a couple of wagon bows over which he put a wagon sheet as a wind shield. He was sitting in front with his legs crossed over the tongue, playing with his Spencer Carbine. De Long called to him, saying, 'Ed you have shot me.' Love said, 'No, Wash, but there is the snoozer that did,' as just then a big Redskin showed up in the tall grass and brush. When DeLong glimpsed the Indian laughing, he called out to Ed to pass out his Winchester and drive the outfit to a clump of trees about 75 yards from where they were. He had dropped his goad some time before and as he reached for his gun he found that his arm would not function, but that he was just as efficient with his left arm.

"As Love started to the trees designated Wash sent the Indian that had wounded him to his happy hunting grounds and then dropped behind the wagon, walking backwards. Two of the Indians charged on Wash, only to meet death, as Wash dropped both of them before they were able to do any effective execution.

"By this time Ed, Wash and the team had reached the point where they were going to make their stand. Then the two Indians that were left presumed that they had run up against an unusually hard proposition, having lost three of the five composing their party, concluded to seek a fairer and more beautiful scene, which was hastened by a lively fusillade by De Long and Love.

"De Long just then discovered that Ed had not fired a single shot until the Redskins were on the run, and he naturally used some cuss words. Ed, a born artist and a fearless soul, said to De Long, 'Why you were doing so well and getting along famously, and they looked so nice in their paint that I did not like to spoil the picture; then when that fellow cut off a piece of my ear I was tempted to try and see if I could make him fall off his horse as gracefully as you did.'

"They lifted the bodies up on the running gear and struck out for Fort Concho to enable De Long to get his arm set.

"Col. Shafter, who was in command, ordered the bodies buried and sent De Long to the hospital. Dr. Notson wished to cut it off, as it was badly shattered, but Wash would not permit it. As the doctor was determined to remove it and as he (De Long) had no friends to protect him, he requested one of the attendants to get me, as I was employed as the Q. M. clerk. I was able to reach the hospital in a very few minutes. I found Wash fighting mad, and as my remonstrances did not seem to have any effect, I appealed to Col. Shafter, who sent word by his orderly that De Long's wishes must be respected.

"In after years, when riding with Wash over the county, he would say, 'Jim, this arm is not what it used to be but it will do,' and he always appreciated what he considered my good services in the matter; but then De Long was just one of the many God-fearing, valiant men that was driving the Comanches and Kiowas out to make room for more timid settlers."

C. R. CARRUTH TELLS OF BUFFALO HUNT NEAR ABILENE IN EARLY 70'S

De Leon Free Press, June 28, 1929

Uncle Charley Carruth tells an interesting story of saving the life of the late lamented J. D. Ham. About ten wagons, driven by men of this section, went out into the country beyond Abilene to hunt buffalo. The horses of the party were corralled a short distance from the camp without making the fact of his leaving known. J. D. Ham, for some reason, disregarded the rule, going to the corral to get his pony, which he had ridden hard that afternoon to give it water.

Someone saw a man among the horses in the darkness and not knowing that Mr. Ham was missing, they grabbed their guns and started. A number forgot to get car-

tridges and went back for them. C. R. Carruth and Marcelaus Barker came near. Barker wanted to fire but Carruth kept arguing him to wait until they were nearer, that it might be one of their party. Barker was hard to restrain, but finally they heard the voice of their comrade, talking to his pony. The father of John Ham was in the party and scolded his son for disregarding the rule.

Uncle Charlie tells of killing eight or ten buffalo in an afternoon. The great "cattle of the plains" were skinned and cut up where they fell and the wagons with the salt were driven about, the meat salted and loaded. They killed enough meat to last them all winter in this manner. The great hides were tanned for robes.

It was on this trip that a snow fell on the party immediately after they started west. Ples Millican, a member of the party, borrowed John Hams pony to go down below Cottonwood Springs, to see a friend, later rejoining the party up toward Baird. Millican discovered where an Indian trail in the snow had crossed the trail of the hunters. Although the trail was known to be fresh, still they did not see the Indians. Later it was learned that this band of Indians went down in the country toward Sipe Springs and got under a shelf of rock along the creek, until the snow had melted. There were evidently lost from their party, perhaps a dozen of them, and knew they could be too easily tracked in the snow. After the snow had melted they started out toward the Palo Pinto mountains. It was while on this trip through the sparsely settled country that they came upon Bob Leslie, between De Leon and Comanche and shot him in the head. Uncle Charlie said Leslie was only wounded and he lay a day and night, in winter weather, before he was found and carried to him home. He died the following night from his wound and from exposure.

The only buffalo Mr. Carruth remembers having been killed in Comanche county was over beyond Highland. John Keith, an old timer over there found one running with his cattle and killed it. This was in about 1872.

C. R. Carruth was born in Georgia in 1848. At two years of age his parents moved to Denton county, Ala., which was later changed to Calhoun, then to Cleburne county. He remained there until twelve years of age. In 1867, the family moved to Hill, County, Texas, and after four years he came to Comanche county, settling on land where the Nunneley, Pounds, and Bowman homes were established when these three pioneer families came to this section the following year, in 1873.

Mr. Carruth was married to Mary Lewis, near Desdemona in the early 70's. After her death he was married to Mollie Ross, and to their union three children were born, two sons and a daughter. He has continued to reside on the land he first settled, having made his home where he now lives since 1878.

MATTERS OF INTEREST ABOUT OUR STATE CAPITAL

Austin was selected as the capital of Texas in 1839, by five commissioners, sent out by Mirabeau B. Lamar, President of the Republic of Texas. There was a small village on the site at the time known as Waterloo.

The commissioners purchased for \$21,000 the rights of 7,735 acres of land for the Republic.

The city was surveyed for the government by Judge Edwin Waller in 1839.

On August 1, 1839, the first sale of lots in the new town was held. The first day 306 lots were sold at auction for \$182,588. The lowest price at which lots were sold was \$100; the highest price paid was \$2,800. The average price was about \$500.

The President of the Republic moved to Austin in October, 1839, also members of his cabinet. A frame capitol building and a frame presidential residence had been erected, but the cabinet members had to occupy log cabin homes and offices.

The first newspaper in Austin, the *Austin Gazette*, made its appearance October 30, 1839.

On the 11th of November, 1839, the first session of Fourth Texas Congress was held at Austin. The session was marked by attempts to move the capitol from Austin.

In January, 1840, the first census of Austin was taken. The enumeration showed a population of 856, of which 150 were negroes.

In 1842 President Sam Houston removed the State government to Houston on account of fear of raids by Indians, who had attacked San Antonio. In the removal the archives of the government land office were forgotten, and were never removed. They were turned over to the State government when Texas was admitted to the Union, and Austin again became the seat of government.

The Governor's mansion, which is still in use, was erected in the year 1855.

Austin got its first railroad in 1871, when the first train of the Houston & Texas Central Railroad reached that city.

In 1872 Austin won designation as the permanent capital of Texas.

The temporary capitol building, a frame structure, burned in 1881, and the following year, after giving to a Chicago land company three million acres of land in the northwest portion of the State began the construction of the present beautiful capitol, which is of Texas granite, 311 feet high, and covers six acres of land.

The University of Texas, was founded, with a single stone building as its quarters, in 1881.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration. Watch date on margin of your cover or wrapper.

WIFE OF FORMER TEXAS RANGER TELLS OF COMING TO TEXAS IN AN OX WAGON IN 1875

De Leon Free Press June 28, 1929

Mrs. J. J. Heath arrived in Comanche county in 1875, a girl of fifteen years, with her parents, Wm. Logsdon and wife. They drove one horse team and one yoke of oxen to wagons. There were seven of the Logsdon children, three boys and four girls and the family settled at the mouth of Sabano in Onion Valley, making their home on the south side of the river.

She attended school at old Buffalo Springs, taught by Mrs. Tillie, a widow, there being a dozen or fifteen pupils in the subscription school.

The Heath family lived just across the river on the north side of Onion Valley from the Logsdons. Young Jim Heath had been away in the Texas Ranger service, serving six months, and he was away doing special work along this line for some three years. When he returned he was not long in getting acquainted with the girl that lived across the river from his father's home. He was 27 years of age, she 19. They were married in 1880. They lived on the home place the first year after being married. The next year, in 1881, as the steel for the railroad was being laid up from Whitney, they opened and ran a commissary for the railroad, at the old water tank, a mile east of the town site, before town lots were sold and before there was a sign of a town here. When the lot sale was held in July '81, they moved up and pitched their tent just across the track from the depot. Later they built a little plank store alongside the Waldrop store, on the south side of the depot and engaged in business there. After a year, they returned to Onion Valley for a couple of years, then returned to De Leon and were here for the remaining years, except 16 years spent in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Heath remembers the Leslie murder incident in which Indians killed him. She also related the story of how Indians killed a little boy just before 1875, at McDonald Crossing on the Leon, just south of Jones Crossing.

"I never go to Comanche," Mrs. Heath declared, "but what I contrast the present day conditions with the old days when I went there on horseback and in wagons, traveling over much of the same road that is traveled today by many automobiles."

Mrs. Heath said the courthouse in the 70's was an old dilapidated plank building and the then village of Comanche was beginning to build up around the square. She said there is no comparison in the amount of drunkenness today and in the early days, there being much less today than was the case then.

Wm. Logsdon, father of Mrs. Heath, died in 1896 and her mother in 1898.

Caddo Indians Had Legend of Flood

(Houston Chronicle)



NE EDWARD NEWTON has made immortal the amenities of the book-collecting game but no one yet has sung the particular brand of joy that belongs to the book collector's friend, privileged to browse at will among the treasures of a luckier acquaintance. And how much greater the joy if the collection deals with one's own state, as does that one which Miss Florence Stratton is making for J. Harry Phelan, Beaumont oil man.

In this library is a musty old tome containing a little known legend of the great flood belonging to the soil of Texas.

In a vault of the American National Bank of Beaumont, where Miss Stratton is assembling her collection, there was a stack of volumes in every imaginable state of worn binding, waiting to be sent to the binders for dressy new covers of red and blue leather. Topping the pile was a particularly dingy and broken-backed book, on which worn gold letters of the title page proclaimed it, but not loudly, "A Western Sketch Book." Examination of the catalogue revealed these notes as to its contents: "Sketches of Red River, recollections of General Jackson, stage coach discussions, etc. First Edition."

A promise of some Red River notes suggested local color, and that of stage coach discussions made an immediate appeal to the imagination. But examination revealed nothing of local interest in the chapters indicated. The reader was ready to inform Miss Stratton that the dealer who had sold her that book with a claim to Texas interests had taken advantage of her when suddenly she turned a page and found this legend which can best be told in the words of the author who was a traveling preacher and founder of the First Presbyterian church in Marshall, Texas. That was in the days when among that city's leading citizens were Isaac Van Zandt, one of the ministers sent to Washington by Houston to negotiate for annexation, and J. Pinckney Henderson, first governor of Texas.

Here is the legend as set forth:

"That part of Louisiana which borders on Texas, in the region where I labored, is called Caddo Parish. The name is taken from a tribe of Indians that once occupied that country. The remains of their villages are yet to be seen in several neighborhoods. This ancient tribe of Indians, when first visited by the Americans, had among them a tradition of the flood altogether remarkable, and as worthy of being preserved as any of the traditions of the subject that have been found among the East Indian Brahmins, or the inhabitants

of Peru, in the southern part of our own continent."

"Thomas Jefferson, while president of the United States, about the year 1805, communicated to congress the following report of certain American officers, who had explored in the Red River country:

"About forty miles above the mouth of Little River, which empties into Red River 277 miles above its mouth, there is a large prairie, 40 miles long. Near the middle of the prairie there is a lake of about five miles in circumference. It is of an oval form, and neither tree nor shrub near it. This lake is very deep, and the water so perfectly limpid that a fish may be seen at the depth of 15 feet from the surface. By the side of this lake the Caddo or Caddoque, tribe of Indians have lived from time immemorial. About one mile from the lake is a hill, on which they say, the Great Spirit placed one Caddo family, who were saved when, by a general deluge, all the world was drowned, and from that one family, they declare, all the Indians have originated. To this little natural eminence all the Indian tribes for a great distance, as well as the Caddoques, pay a devout and sacred homage. The whole number of what they call warriors of the ancient Caddo nation is now (that is, in 1905) reduced to 100, who are looked upon somewhat like the Knights of Malta, or some distinguished military order. They are brave, despite danger and death, and boast that they have never shed white man's blood."

This Caddo Lake of the legend is cut by the boundary of Texas, and according to a statement made last week in Jefferson by T. C. Jenkins, engineer of the state highway department, the mound which was the object of Caddo worship, the Ararat of the Caddo deluge, is on the Texas side of the lake in Marion county.

Figures vary as to the number of this tribe. Morse's "Gazeteer" of 1804 expands these figures somewhat. Morse relates, under the heading of "Louisiana," there being no Texas in the knowledge of the United States of that day, that "about 80 leagues above Natchitoches on the Red River, is the nation of the Caddoques, called by abbreviation Caddos; they can raise from three to four hundred warriors, and the friends of the whites, and are esteemed to be the bravest and most generous of all the nations in this vast country; they are rapidly decreasing, owing to intemperance and the number annually destroyed by the Osages and Choctaws."

As to the gentleness of the Caddo nature, it might be added that the artist in Thrall's old "Pictorial History of Texas"

represents a Caddo chieftain in one of the illustrations with an almost childlike blandness of expression. It is not improbable that the Caddos are the same amiable Indians which in 1868 LaSalle found and reported to be friendly and hospitable.

As the white people advanced into Red River country, the Caddos left their ancient habitat in Texas and Louisiana, and moved on to Oklahoma. Recent figures state that there are now about 500 of the tribe residing on allotments within the former Caddo reservations in the latter state.

KOTHMANN REUNION

More than 500 persons, descendants of Heinrich Kothmann, Sr., held their third family reunion at the Premier Ranch owned by Elgin O. Kothmann eighteen miles south of Mason July 11, 12, 13. This family reunion joined together what is believed to be one of Texas' largest families and reunion held in the state.

The father of the Kothmann family arrived in Texas from Germany December 31, 1845, landing near Galveston and 11 years later settled near what is now known as

Art, in Mason county. He died at the age of 93 years and his wife lived until she had reached the age of 95.

Frank Jordan was master of ceremonies for the reunion on the first day, delivering the address of welcome in the large pavilion at the ranch. The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Knolle of Seguin. Members of the general family reunion committee are Ed F. Kothmann, chairman, D. F. Lehmberg, vice-chairman, Elgin E. Eckert, secretary and treasurer, Eli Jordan, and E. W. Kothmann.

Mrs. Caroline Lagle of San Angelo, 77 years of age, and William Kothmann of Castell, are the two surviving children of the family of nine reared by Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Kothmann. Special recognition was given by the relatives to these two members of the family at their opening session.

A family history has been written by Mrs. Ernest Marschall of Llano County and was reviewed before the family group. This history is to be published within a short time. Mrs. Marschall, the author of this work is the mother of W. I. Marschall, formerly county agent of Mason County.

Luke Short and His Comrades



A group of Dodge City, Kansas, gun fighters in 1870. (From an old photo taken in Kansas City in 1871.) From left to right, standing, W. H. Harris, Luke Short, W. B. Masterson, W. H. Pettillon. From left to right, sitting, C. Bassett, Wyatt Earp, McNeal, Neal Brown.

Relates How His Uncle Saved Life of Santa Anna

San Antonio Express, June 21, 1929



HITHERTO ALMOST unknown episode in the capture of Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna on April 22, 1836—the day following the victory of the Texans at the Battle of San Jacinto—has been related here by Samuel L. Townsend, formerly of Houston but now of San Antonio.

This 84-year-old veteran of the Civil War relates how his uncle, Joel W. Robison saved the life of the famous prisoner. Robison was one of the party of three Texans who captured the Mexican dictator-general, the others being James Sylvester and Sion Bostick. Sylvester is commonly given credit for capture of this leader, but in his late years he acknowledged Robison as the man to whom more credit is due.

Townsend is an uncle of Mrs. W. M. Stephenson, 125 Magnolia Drive. Strangely enough, she is related to two of the captors of Santa Anna, Sion Bostick and Joel W. Robison, both being her grand-uncles. Her grandfather, Samuel Townsend's father, and the late Light Townsend's father, were all three brothers. Her own father was also named Light Townsend and was a cousin of the late Light Townsend of San Marcos. Mrs. Stephenson's father was sheriff of Colorado County for many years.

As a child and young man, Samuel Townsend often heard his uncle relate the story of the Capture of Santa Anna, he said. In addition, he often as a child saw the resplendent general's uniform, trimmed in solid gold, which Santa Anna gave Robison in appreciation of his saving his life. In the old days, in Fayette County, where Robison lived, it became the custom for the young men for 10 miles around to come to him and borrow his suit to be married in.

"It became quite the thing for all the young men to be married in Gen. Santa Anna's uniform," Mr. Townsend said. "No doubt some of them still are living in Fayette County. I think nearly every young man in the entire community used that uniform for his wedding suit."

With time the family drifted apart, especially after the Civil War and in the Reconstruction Days. Mr. Townsend continued. He himself went to Mexico to Gen. Price's un-reconstructed Confederate Colony, and lost track of the suit.

Explaining the circumstances leading up to Santa Anna's capture. Mr. Townsend said that his mother's brother, Joel W. Robison, joined the army of liberation under Gen. Sam Houston.

"He was in the Alamo just before the siege," he continued, "and as a volunteer was sent to Lockhart to ask for reinforce-

ments. Gen. Burleson offered to go with his brigade to the relief of the Alamo, but Gen. Houston refused to permit him to go. Robison then joined Houston's forces.

"On the morning of April 22, 1836, the day after the Battle of San Jacinto, at which the Mexican forces under Gen. Santa Anna were so ignominiously defeated, three young men, Joel Robison, James Sylvester and Sion Bostick, mounted their horses and rode out on the prairie to see what they could discover.

"They rode up a small hollow, or arroyo, and soon came upon a Mexican soldier who jumped out of a clump of tall grass on the edge of the arroyo. He had on a corporal's uniform and was barefoot. He had a tightly wrapped bundle which he carried under his arm.

"Upon being ordered to surrender to these mounted men, he was marched on foot ahead of them towards camp. The prisoner, who was none other than Gen. Santa Anna himself, told his captors that on account of his naked, blistered feet, he simply could not walk, whereupon one of the men threatened to kill him on the spot if he did not walk.

"Gen. Santa Anna then began to walk and had proceeded about half a mile on foot when he suddenly stopped and said, 'senors, I cannot walk any further, even though you kill me.'

"Sion Bostick and James Sylvester made a move to carry their threat into execution and kill the prisoner, when Robison, suddenly wheeled his horse, rode between them, saying: 'Don't, men!'

"Reaching down, he took the hand of the prisoner, still believing him to be a Mexican soldier, saying: 'Get up behind me.'

They then rode into camp with their famous prisoner, still unknowing of whom they had. As they approached the camp, Gen. Santa Anna speaking so that the other two men could not hear, told Robison to take him at once to Gen. Sam Houston.

Then realizing that he had a famous prisoner who would be recognized by the Mexicans, and also afraid that the Texans would kill him when recognized, Robison spurred his horse and rode rapidly to where Gen. Houston lay wounded under an oak tree.

"Santa Anna," Mr. Townsend continued, "quickly slipped off the horse and surrendered to Gen. Houston, saying: 'I am Gen. Santa Anna and ask your protection.'"

The next incident by Mr. Townsend has not found its way into history, so far as is known.

"In a few minutes after coming under

the protection of Gen. Houston, Gen. Santa Anna asked to see the man who brought him into camp. Gen. Houston did not know who he was, but offered to find him. It was soon learned that Joel Robison was the man who brought in the prisoner, and when notified he reported to Gen. Houston's head quarters under the oak.

"Gen. Santa Anna approached Joel W. Robison, saying, 'I want to thank you for saving my life, and will ask you to accept a small present from me.' Handing the tightly wrapped bundle to Robison, he added, 'Young man, accept this from me.'"

Mr. Townsend said that his uncle was very modest and would not open the bundle on the spot. Instead he took it to his camp, followed by other Texans who were curious to see what it contained.

"Guess what it was!" he continued. "A vest and pair of pants. The vest was adorned with row upon row of buttons of magnificent design of pure gold, and the pants were heavy with the broad stripes of pure gold reaching the full length of both legs. I saw it many times, and remember that it was of some sort of fine material of dark color.

"My Uncle Joel brought this resplendent uniform home with him—he lived with us, and as I grew big enough to remember I was shown the uniform and the details of the capture were related to me by the very man who captured Santa Anna, Joel Robison—or at least he was the one responsible for his being captured alive."

James Sylvester was honored as chairman of the first meeting of the Texas Veterans' Association, because he had received almost all the credit for the capture of Santa Anna.

However, Mr. Townsend related that at the first meeting of the association held after the Civil War, Sylvester then growing old, declared that he could not be the recipient of the sole honor of capturing the Mexican leader. Robison was much younger, being only about 19 at the Battle of San Jacinto, while both the other men were older with families.

"There is a man present at this meeting to whom more credit is due for the capture than to me," Sylvester said. 'If agreeable to this meeting I desire to turn this gavel over to the one most deserving of the honor of capturing Gen. Santa Anna. I will call no name but hope he will not be too modest to come forward. 'Whereupon Joel Robison, always of a modest and retiring disposition, came forward and took the chair amid applause," Mr. Townsend said.

"In reality, no single person was responsible for the capture of Santa Anna, but had it not been for the humanity of Joel W. Robison, who interposed to save the life of this haughty Mexican, there would have been no capture, and history would have recorded that Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna died in battle."

Mr. Townsend carried on the tradition of his family. Born in the closing days of

the republic 14 miles from Lagrange in Fayette County, he was the son of parents who came to Texas in 1830 from Florida. At 17 years he joined Wall's legion in 1826, and went with this battalion of cavalry as a part of Gen. Nathan B. Forrest's famous command.

After the war the idea of reconstruction did not sit well with him, so he was one of the 300 or so in Gen. Price's colony in Mexico. He came back to Texas in the 70's but he is still "un-reconstructed," he adds with a smile and flash in his eyes.

He has come to San Antonio with his youngest son, Herbert Townsend, and his family, who are making this city their home.

SEND US RELICS

Frontier Times is gathering relics for a museum which we intend to establish in Bandera. We already have a number of old relics of frontier days, a list of which we give below. If you have anything of this kind which you would care to donate to our collection we will appreciate it as a gift to our museum and will pay postage. It will be properly labeled and put in the museum. The relics we have are:

- An old citizen's rifle.
- Two Spencer carbines.
- One Springfield rifle.
- One old musket.
- One Colt's repeating rifle.
- One Swiss Army rifle.
- One rim-fire Winchester.
- One long-barrel center fire Winchester.
- One Mexican Army gun.
- One old time single barrel shot gun.
- Two cap and ball pistols.
- One cap and ball holster pistol.
- Three bullet moulds.
- One candle mould.
- One froe.
- One rail splitting wedge.
- Two boardaxes.
- One powder horn.
- One shot horn.
- Several old spurs.
- One pair rawhide hobbles.
- One stake pin.
- One ox shoe.
- One mill stone.
- One ox cart spindle cuff.
- 200 stone arrow heads.
- One ancient crowbar.
- One walking cane.
- One ancient plow point.
- One Indian bow.
- One Indian lance.

Now, if you have any old relics lying around which should be taken care of, and which you would care to donate to our museum, please send them to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration. Watch date on margin of your cover or wrapper.

Stories of Old Trail Drivers of Long Ago

By Cora Melton Cross



L., BETTER KNOWN to cattlemen as Wild Charley Williams, declares that he would not give his 13,000-acre ranch in Palo Pinto County for the whole State of Virginia, notwithstanding that she is the mother of Presidents. This in the face of indisputable evidence that he was born in in the historic city of Lynchburg. Moreover, he cinches the argument, if any there be, with the assertion that, while he is aware that the "Old Dominion" is the most lustrous star in the galaxy of Old Glory, yet for all that, his affections are evenly divided between her and the State of his adoption, Texas.

"I can scarcely remember," said Wild Charley, "when I first resolved that I would some day go to Texas. What made me ever get the idea of it was hearing so much talk about the great numbers of horses that were being driven from there to Northern markets.

"My parents, Pat and Missouri Williams, with their four children, myself included, lived on a farm near Lynchburg, and it seemed to me that the whole 'kit and bilin' were content to remain put, the year in and year out, raising cotton and tobacco, managing the negroes on the plantation, talking over Civil War days, breeding riding and driving good horses; living in our big old Colonial home, visiting neighbors and friends they had known all of their lives, satisfied them. There was never a thought of changing their environment, a desire to see new sights or take a hand in something less humdrum and monotonous. Not so with me. I was a rebellious youngster and began trying to spread my wings when but 10 years old, which brought me a severe scolding and the admonition that I would do well to profit by the wisdom displayed by my father and grandfather and be ready to take up where, and when, they left off. Convinced against my will, naturally I was of the same opinion still, and I determined that when I had turned my 'teenth year, Texas would have to provide me with growing room.

"When my thirteenth birthday rolled around, true to my self-made promise, I was sure that the time was ripe for me to step out. Looking backward, as I do now, I can see why father and mother considered it essential for me to remain in school. At that time I could not see it that way, nor any particular reason for him to emphasize his declaration contrary to my going, as he did, with a most scientific application of a lithe hickory switch somewhere on my body, with the effect that I was completely silenced for two long years. But

I never, for one instant, relinquished my purpose of going to Texas.

"When I was 15 I mentioned it again, meeting father's objection with the argument that I could study books all of my life and never know any more about killing an antelope or roping a steer. To which he replied that as far as he could discern, neither was necessary for my advancement. I contended, and do yet, for that matter, that an educated person is one who knows how to live himself and helps others to do the same. For instance, that licking made me reason the why of it from both my own and father's viewpoints. The failure to carry out my plans so discouraged or disappointed me, that I determined to aim more accurately next time and overcome all obstacles. In other words, I resolved that when I was knocked down I would get to my feet and keep on until my wits were sharpened to where I could exercise the resources I commanded to fight for existence or accomplishment. I could see that father in nowise agreed with my theory, but he only said, dryly, 'I imagine that you will have ample opportunity to try all that out if you insist on going to Texas.' And he was right at that, as I long since discovered. Nevertheless, I have never regretted that I came.

"It was in 1890 that I landed in Palo Pinto County with a view of obtaining work on a cattle ranch. But the country was new and the people strange, and I was miserably disappointed when I found that folks no longer expected Indians raids during the light of the moon; nor did they, generally speaking, wear pistols for anything but to kill rattlers or varmints. The big thrill I had so long anticipated in getting my first redskin left me, and I saw that if I ever shone at all it must be in reflected glory. With the glamour removed, I started on my first venture, the renting of a 100-acre farm on the river, which, with one team, I cultivated and planted in cotton, doing all of the work myself until picking time. I raised and marketed, at 8c and 9c per pound, sixty-five bales. Not a bad showing for a 15-year-old boy. I gave the cotton seed away, according to the custom, for there was no sale for it and about all they were used for was cow feed. The by-products, so popular and profitable these days, were then unknown and I have thought many times since their development what quantities of oil hulls and meal I let go for nothing. But everybody did the same; great stacks of seed were to be seen piled outside of all the gins, free for the hauling.

"I was not for the farm project; in fact,

cattle were always uppermost in my mind and seeing folks handle them, while I worked so hard raising cotton, increased my desire to work with them. Of course, I realized that I should begin at the bottom and learn the work, for I was sure enough a greenhorn. But, learning that there was an opening for a ranch foreman at Knox Brothers in Jack County, I did not do a thing but drift over there, apply for the job and land it. No sooner had I done it than I almost had a fit of chills and ague, for I knew those cowpunchers would not need a microscope to see that I knew nothing about managing a cattle ranch.

"But I finally decided that I would take whatever they handed me in the way of punishment or prank in a joking way, and I want to say here and now that they left nothing undone to take the tenderfoot qualities out of me, and they succeeded admirably. But while they were engaged at it I was learning all I could by listening to their conversation and observing everything they did, so I could do it myself. By taking their fun, as they intended it, good-naturedly, I retained, or rather won, their good opinion, and when I left there, after fourteen years with them, I felt like I was the veteran trail driver I had hoped to be when I left old Virginia.

"I had saved the money my cotton brought me and invested it in cattle. When I sold them I turned the money over two or three times and bought more cattle. I had good luck in selling them and kept on speculating as long as I stayed with Knox Bros. By and bye, I had a pretty good-sized bunch and it began to look like I would have to hunt new range. I was not sorry of it, for while there were no finer men to work for than those I was lined up with, I had wanted to go back to old Palo Pinto a long time and look over the place where I had said good-bye to cotton. As soon as they filled my place on the ranch I started back to my old range.

"When I hit Palo Pinto County I soon found that I had a chance to lease the old Carson Lewis horse ranch, one of the biggest and best known in the pioneer days of Texas. Especially was it famous for the raids made on it when Lewis held so many horses there, for everybody knows that an Indian will pretty nearly sell his soul for a chance to steal a good horse. They did not fail to attack the settlers, either, particularly when unprotected. A lone man had mighty little opportunity to escape a scalping; in fact, the old-timers tell me that folks in that neck of the woods spent most of their time running just ahead of unfriendly scalping knives. There is substantial evidence that this was true on that ranch, anyway, for the old sheds, built of cedar pickets, used by guards when keeping a lookout over the horses when a raid was expected, still stand in the big pasture. There is a never-dry water hole in the horse pasture, too, which is known far and wide as the Indian Waterhole, because of the kill-

ing of a famous Indian chief there when Carson Lewis owned the ranch.

"William S. Ikard of Henrietta, pioneer breeder of registered Herefords in the State, was a brother-in-law of Lewis. Of course, everybody in Texas knows that Ikard helped blaze the first cattle trails to Kansas, and continued to drive cattle over them until they were abandoned on account of the railroads making the business unprofitable. Then he swung round and began breeding blooded cattle. Good business judgement, wasn't it?

"The Lewis ranch finally passed into the hands of Mr. Coutts, who willed it to his daughter, Mrs. Anderson. It is getting so now that folks call it by her name, with the exception of old-time cattlemen. To them it always will be the Carson Lewis ranch. Well, I leased it, and I soon had my cattle loose and getting fat on the grass in the big pasture.

"I don't know whether I got afraid that I would need more grass and could not get it when I wanted it, or whether I had too many cattle to run on that one ranch. Anyhow, I set about finding another one close by, and it did not take me long to discover that Mrs. D. C. Harris, daughter of George W. Slaughter, who inherited the old home ranch from his estate, had decided to lease it, and it took me even a shorter time to get over there and close the deal. The Slaughter ranch is rich in Indian lore, traditions and pioneer history; in fact, the whole picture seems to be saturated with those things to such an extent that in riding along, thinking, one will find himself soliloquizing about this heinous Indian murder, that raid, which left the ranchmen for miles around without a horse to work their cattle, or about some child who was taken captive by the Comanches. The old frontiersmen can keep your hair standing straight up while telling about such things, and when you are going over the ground where it happened, you are sure to think about it.

"I am told, by men who knew him ever since he landed in Texas, that George Slaughter came here in 1830 and so distinguished himself in a skirmish with Mexicans that Gen. Sam Houston made him his personal aid. It was no less a person than young George, then only 19 years old, who delivered the General's final message to Colonel Travis just before he and his faithful followers fell in the Alamo.

"Some time after that, when companies were being formed to combat 1,600 Cherokee Indians under Chief Bowies, Slaughter was chosen Captain of one of the companies, and after urging each of his men to get his Indian in the final battle, he climaxed it with a lively chase of those left until they were safely out of the country.

"When conditions became normal, or at least somewhat so, George Slaughter, who had married in the meantime, moved over near Butler and established his first ranch with about 100 head of cattle. There he

remained for five years, and at the end of that time, realizing that he much spread out since his stock had increased far beyond his original holdings, he moved to Palo Pinto County onto the ranch that I now lease. It is located four miles from the town of that name, then known as Gonconda. Nine hundred and sixty acres of land were awarded him by certificate, and 2,000 more were bought for hard cash, a thing involving much criticism by the settlers, who considered it foolish to invest a lot of money in land that could be grazed without pay. But Slaughter was wise beyond his years, and, looking into the future, he foresaw what afterward proved true, that settlement of the State by immigrants would compel the stockmen to own their ranges, or keep moving. He got in on the ground floor when the price per acre was next to nothing. I do not know what land sold for at that time where he was, but I was told that the tract the city of Fort Worth now stands on was offered to a cowman for 25c an acre.

"Indians were on the warpath then and raiding regularly; but George W. Slaughter was no amateur with firearms and usually gave them a good dose of lead in exchange for their arrows. He made cowmen of all his boys, and in time the name Slaughter came to be synonymous with wealth, cattle, prosperity and power in the State. But, over and above all else, George Slaughter was a Christ-like man and a frontier Baptist preacher, who fought the devil as zealously as he did the Indians and Mexicans. It is said of him that he had more converts to his credit than any other early-day minister. His traveling was done on horseback, with his saddlebags thrown across his saddle, his old cap-and-ball pistols buckled around his waist, and his rifle resting just back of the saddlehorn. When he stopped for an appointment (he had a reputation of never breaking one), he placed his pistols beside his Bible on the table and stood his rifle by his side. Many a time did he outwit Indians, and equally as often did one bite the dust at a shot from his muzzleloader. It must have been a great privilege to have known George Slaughter. I could count it one to listen to stories about him from those who associated with him in pioneer days, and who of one accord, pronounce him to have been one of the cleanest, as well as one of the most successful, men that Texas ever knew.

"There is another old-timer, living at Mineral Wells, enjoying the results of what he made in dollars and cents by driving cattle up the old Chisholm Trail and doing a little of everything that an open-range cowpuncher called making a day of it. His name is Bob Dalton and he is a natural born cowman, one of the sort that makes a fellow like me feel that he was cheated out of the biggest thing in life when he was not born soon enough to make the Kansas market with a trail-herd of Texas long-horns, instead of getting on the ground just in

time to see the tail-end of it. But, as I did miss it, I decided to do the next best thing, that was to talk Dalton out of a lease on his ranch, which adjoined the other two I controlled, and I proceeded to do it. That gave me 13,000 acres of as fine pasture as a man ever gazed on, and it is stocked with 1,800 beef steers, topnotchers they are, too.

"No, I do not raise cattle; instead, I buy calves, good ones, and hold them until 2 years old, then I sell them to Kansas buyers, who finish them in the corn belt and top the market with beef that commands a fancy price when listed on the menus as prime rib roast or prize tenderloin steak. It is an interesting business. That fourteen years on the Knox Bros.' ranch made an honest-to-goodness cowman out of me. I like the work, and that is not half of it; I just can not stay cooped up more than a day in a house. I am grouchy as a bear when I do. How I pity men who are tied down in little 2x4 offices, hot as blazes, unless they are under an electric fan. Why, I wouldn't have a job like that if it gave me every acre for my own without paying a dollar for it. No, sir; I would still continue to lease it, thank you. I like to feel the long sweeping lope of my cow pony, and smell the fresh green grass when spring is making you sniff the air for all kinds of fragrance that she spreads about in wild flowers and such like. I am not alone in my likes and dislikes, either. There is my good neighbor, Henry Belding, who is of the same opinion. He bought a ranch in 1870, about twelve miles from mine, and it is a plum good one, I am telling you. He and his son, W. J., own about 30,000 acres, stocked with registered Herefords. But it would be good to look at if there was not a cow on it. The famous 'Hell's Gate,' which Mineral Wells raves about to tourists, is located on Belding's ranch. You would not think, judging from its name, that it is the picturesque spot it is; but it is well worth driving over there to see.

"Henry Belding strung the first wire fence in Palo Pinto County, and it brought on a young war; but after having it cut something like a dozen times and rebuilding it as if nothing had happened, the cutters decided that when he put it there he meant for it to stay, and since he was so calm and unconcerned about it, they finally gave it up as a bad job and left it with him. He did it without any killing, to. Yessi; they don't come any finer than Henry Belding, and that boy of his, W. J., they will both do to tie to, and I am telling the world that I am mighty glad they are my neighbors.

"Yep, I am a bachelor, all right, and by choice, too, I reckon, since almost any man can marry some woman, being as he don't have to wait for an invitation, like they do, to work double. But, somehow, I feel like I am just as well off in single harness. I might balk, and I would hate like the devil

to have a corncob rammed into my ear to make me pull even. I can bake as good biscuits and cook as fine a beefsteak as any woman I know; moreover, I keep my floors swept clean, make my bed up according to Hoyle, with everything in apple-pie order; so why should I tie up with a bunch of extravagance and hobble myself so I could not come and go as I liked? No; I

think I am pretty lucky to be able to play a lone hand. But I am not woman-shy, you understand; but I think I know when I'm sitting pretty and have enough sense to keep at it. I make a tolerably fair old bachelor, but I would be an overwhelming failure as a benedict; so it is me for single blessedness."

Tells Fate of Bender Family

(Editor's Note—The following article, reprinted from "The Rocky Mountain News," July 14, 1908, has been contributed by Fred B. Hambledon, 1143 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado. Mr. Hambledon was at the ranger reunion at San Saba, July 3-5. He was with the party that surveyed the Indian Territory in 1869, fought Indians with the Texas rangers in the seventies and drove up the trail. He says that when this article on the Benders came out, he read it to a man who was with him in a mining camp and that this man asserted his father also had been with the posse that overtook and killed the murderous Benders. Thus the story is corroborated.)

Chicago, July 13.—After thirty-five years the secret of the fate of the Bender family of infamous memory has been revealed. After they fled from their blood reeking shanty on the Kansas prairie they disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them. Since that time many rumors of how they got away to Mexico, to Canada, to California, to Germany and many other places have been circulated. Stories of their annihilation by the sheriff and United States marshal have been told only to be discredited.

At frequent intervals men and women have been accused of being members of the family of murderers, several confessed the charge was true, and two were tried on it, but in every case it was proved conclusively that the persons were either unjustly accused, insane, or notoriety seeking cranks.

The fate of four of the most terrible criminals of modern times remained a mystery until the secret was revealed, yesterday, by a man sick unto death, who for over thirty years has lived the life of a respected and honored business man in a Chicago suburb.

The man who tells the wonderful story gives nothing from hearsay, nothing from rumor or "reasoning," but his is the recital of an eye witness, of a man who watched the fiends at work, who helped to organize the posse which pursued the fleeing murderers, and was present, gun in

hand, until Kate Bender, fighting to the last, plunged with a bullet in her forehead, across the bodies of her mother, father and brother.

George Evans Downer of Downer's Grove, grandson of Pierce Downer, who founded the settlement in 1833, told the story, fully believing he is on his death bed and that it is his duty to publish the truth to the world. A compact entered into by members of the vigilance committee at the time had kept his lips sealed all these years, but realizing that if he did not speak the truth might never be known, induced him to tell how he assisted in the extermination of the fiendish family.

To his wife he has told the story hundreds of times since their marriage twenty-two years ago, and it was understood that she, who knew the story by heart, should give it to the world after his death.

But for many months he has been lying on a sick bed waiting for the end and brooding over his wild Western life in the '60s and early '70s. The weight of his secret has been an ever greater burden to him, and at last he expressed the desire to have the matter settled before his death.

After this decision he became rapidly weaker and when the time came to take down the story it was possible only for his wife to tell it in his presence, in his words as she remembered them, with occasional corrections and additions by the dying man. His eldest son, Pierce Downer, sat beside him assisting in the accurate transcription of the oft told tale. His wife his children, and a few old friends had been taken into his confidence under pledges of secrecy, but except to these the fate of the Benders was an apparently unfathomable mystery.

The story as he tells it, partly through his wife and partly in faint gasps from the sickbed, is as follows:

"After the war I staid around home for a time, but the desire for adventure was so strong in me that I soon broke away and wandered out to that part of Kansas near the borders of the Cherokee nation, now,

of course, a part of Oklahoma. I settled in Independence, Kansas, took up land, and lived by working for the ranchmen. There was not much law in the land and claims were kept, life protected, and cattle thieves punished by vigilance committees.

"I was young at the time, but was an active member of these organizations of the law and order element for some years prior to the time of the Bender crimes. I had had considerable success in ferreting out criminals, and when people began to disappear mysteriously on the road from Osage Mission to Independence I felt a great desire to get to the bottom of the matter. This desire was increased by the disappearance of one of the best known citizens of that part of the country, Dr. William H. York of Independence a brother of Senator A. M. York. The senator instituted a search, the governor offered a reward of \$500, and I, with many others, set myself to find out the murderer.

"It was at this time that a friend of mine, a lawyer, called me into his office in Independence to listen to the story of a woman canvasser. The woman wanted to know how she could recover possession of some goods that she had left at the house of the Benders. She said she had reached their house in the afternoon and had tried to sell them some of her goods.

"Kate Bender had bought, but had urged her so cordially to stay with them through the heat of the day that she could not refuse. She could see no reason why they should be so insistent on her staying and felt uneasy all the afternoon. At supper she caught meaning smiles between Kate and her brother John that terrified her, and to cap it all after supper they insisted that she stay all night. That people living in a little one room shanty should ask a chance passerby to stop overnight with them struck her as unusual, but she did not have the courage to deny them.

"After she had consented Kate went behind the light cloth partition that divided the cabin into two rooms to wash the supper dishes, and John, the brother, came in with a big knife and began to sharpen it to a feather edge.

"Roused by this sight to desperate action, she made an excuse to leave the house. It was now dark and she instantly fled for the creek which flowed near by. She ran until she noticed that her absence had been noticed at the house, and then waded out in the creek up to her neck. She staid there for hours while the Benders searched for her. They at last gave up the hunt and she emerged from her watery hiding place, wet from head to foot and without hat or shoes, both having been left at the Benders'. She ran all the way to Cherryvale, five miles distant, arriving in a state of collapse.

"I had been trailing man after man who had disappeared in the last few months and I knew they had all been seen for the last time within a few miles of the Bender

farm, and the woman's story convinced me there was something wrong there.

"I had visited them before, but I decided to make another attempt to solve the mystery and soon dropped in on them. A more desolate scene could hardly be conceived.

"Over the door of the house swung a board sign bearing the word 'Groceries.' There was a window in each side of the house from which a traveler could be seen approaching in either direction, and a window in the front of the house next the door. The building was about 14x24 feet, divided by a cloth partition. In the front part were a few shelves bearing glass jars of candy, crackers, 'dog leg' tobacco and a few other things to bear out their pretense of running a grocery store, a table, a stove, a few chairs, and the famous bench between the stove and the canvas partition on which the victims, as was afterwards learned, were seated when they were killed.

"A door cut in the partition led over a trap-door in the floor to the rear room, which served both as kitchen and bedroom. It was in this room that the side windows were so that the murderer could look in both directions just before delivering the fatal blow through the partition.

"When I entered the two chairs were occupied by the old folks so that I had to take a seat on the bench. Old man Bender was 60 years old, apparently once of massive build, but bent almost double with age and rheumatism. He understood English, but spoke little but his native German. I asked for a drink of water and he called in German to Kate, who was in the kitchen, and she soon appeared with a large gourd of water.

"She was a slender, medium-sized girl, with a lot of wavy auburn hair, fresh complexion, frank blue eyes, a pleasant manner, and a distinctly 'city air'. She had a low voice and spoke without an accent, though with an utter disregard for grammar. I noticed especially that her hands and arms were particularly well shaped and that on her fingers she wore several rings, apparently valuable, and like herself out of keeping with her surroundings.

"Kate posed as a 'medium,' and it was her reputation in this regard that made so many people certain that, no matter what happened to the rest of the Benders she got away. It was this that made people all over the country insist that she and Mrs. Gunness were identical.

"I staid out a short time, and was unable in any way to confirm my suspicions. There had been gossip ever since the Benders came to that part of the country about their apparently contradictory poverty and wealth. They lived miserably, did but an insignificant business in their store, and neither raised cattle nor farmed enough to support a child. Still they always seemed to have plenty of money. But the old age and apparent respectability of the old

folks and Kate's fascination and supposed virtue ward off suspicion.

"I dropped in again and found everything as before. John was away, as before. Kate talked with me, at first with reserve and later with animation. I disagreed with her on a number of points and when I did so, her eyes flashed and an expression came into her face that gave a fellow a sort of creepy feeling. I began to understand how the canvasser felt, but could put my finger on nothing definite.

"A third time I called, and this time there was a decided, though incredible, change in their demeanor toward me. Kate was hospitable, but the air of the old folks betrayed suspicion, and their glances were anything but friendly. I started to sit in a chair, but was asked to sit on the bench. I had no suspicion about the bench then, but I did feel mighty uncomfortable. I made my visit brief and felt good when I was out of there.

"When well out of sight I stopped and waited for night. When I thought it was safe I began to approach the house, following the creek. John rode up as I stationed myself as near the house as I dared and he and Kate held an animated conversation in the back yard near the pump.

"She returned to the house and presently the light went out. I felt like leaving my uncomfortable position, but as I had about given up hope of anything happening Kate and John came from the house with a bundle and a lantern. They came straight toward me, and I tell you I didn't feel good. The orchard was between us, and they stopped in the middle of it. There they buried the bundle, which I afterward learned consisted of clothes of their victims, which would have been incriminating evidence in case of a search.

"After they had made several trips and all was quiet I left my retreat and hastened to Cherryvale, determined to act. I informed four other vigilantes on whom I could depend and we organized as a committee of five.

"As we came in sight of the house the Benders were loading the last of their household goods into their wagon, and before we got to the house the wagon disappeared over the brow of a hill to the north, cutting straight across the prairie.

"We glanced over the place and found they evidently had made up their minds to move in a hurry. This gave us the idea that they must have been informed of our approach and must, therefore, have confederates. This influenced us after all was over to keep secret what we had done. They had left much of their stuff and in the stable was a calf tied up and evidently unfed or watered through the day.

"We waited anxiously for our comrades to arrive, and when they did come an hour later we set out at full speed for the fleeing family, firmly convinced that they were the murderers of Dr. York and all the others that had disappeared.

"The night was dark and we feared that they might escape us, but our luck was good. We sighted them racing as fast as they could over the prairie, and shouted to them. As soon as we shouted they opened fire on us, and this determined our course. There was only one thing, to do, and, though it has troubled me all my life, I do not see how we could have acted differently.

"We set our horses going at breakneck speed and the bullets flew fast, from both sides. The bad light and the rough going over the hilly prairie made aiming almost impossible, but we were overtaking them rapidly when a shot from the wagon struck one of our party, killing him instantly. A moment later the old man, who was firing from the back of the wagon, pitched out on the prairie dead, and John jumped and ran. He was shot before he had run a hundred feet from the wagon.

"Kate had been driving, but at this she stopped the wagon short, sprang out, cut one of the horses loose and sped away. Even had we known that she was the chief demon of the family—and we did not know it then—we would have hesitated to fire on a woman, so we followed her as close as we could. But her horse seemed to be getting away from us and we shouted to her that if she did not stop we would fire.

"She paid no attention, and one of our party, taking a desperate chance, shot her horse under her. It rolled over on her and before she could extricate herself we overtook her.

"We dismounted and went toward her, expecting to help her, and with no thought of trouble. But, my grief! how she did fight! She fought tooth and nail like a tigress and we had to handle her like a bucking broncho. At last she was firmly tied, hand and foot, and thrown over the front of the saddle of one of the men. When we got back to the wagon we found that the old woman within had been killed by a bullet. The old man and John were dead and we found our own poor comrade stark dead on the prairie, guarded by his faithful horse, who stood over him like a sentinel.

"We decided to bury the bodies on the spot, and built a fire. I shall never forget the terrible scene that that fire illuminated. Kate Bender stood between two of the men sullenly watching the proceedings. Her hair, loosened in her race for freedom, fell in auburn waves below her waist. Though her clothes, torn to rags in the struggle, her shapely arms and shoulders showed. She was pale, but seemed not in the least daunted by the ghastly sight of her family and our comrade lying in a bloody row.

"We wanted to get a confession out of her, but she was defiant and sullen. At last she said she would make a clean breast of the whole affair if we would untie hands and feet. But after this request was granted she threw herself down on the prairie

and refused to speak. We threatened to tie her up again, and she told her tale.

"She calmly admitted that they had kill-striking the victim on the head with an their bodies in the orchard.

"She explained how the victim was seated at the right spot on the bench with his back to the partition of cloth; how the light was arranged to throw the shadow of his head in clear relief so that the spot to strike could be marked by the murderer in the other room; how John had the job of ax crushing the skull, and how she would

"I liked to see the blood come," she answering at the victim as John struck, to finish the job by cutting his throat.

"If this was done in the daytime, and it usually was, as the approach of travelers could be more easily watched through the two windows, the body was stripped immediately and dropped through the trap door into the shallow cellar. From this it was taken at night and buried in the orchard. She told us, what afterward proved to be true, that the child who had been killed with her father shortly before Dr. York, had been buried alive.

"We ask her why she had done it, asking why some of the people who were known to have no money had been killed.

"I liked to see the blood come," she answered calmly.

"As she talked I thought of the time I sat at her invitation on that fatal bench, and the gooseflesh came all over me. The others were as absorbed as I, when she turned suddenly with wonderful agility, snatched the gun from the belt of her neighbor, and fired at him point blank. The bullet buried itself in his arm.

"Before she could make another move a bullet whizzed through the air from the opposite side of the embankment and struck her square between the eyes. With a groan she pitched forward into the grave across the bodies of her father, mother and brother. It was all done in a flash, and it was fully a minute before there was a word spoken.

"The man who fired the shot seemed to be the only one who had not fallen a victim to the hypnotic spell of this copper-headed snake. It seemed he had anticipated some such move on her part from the beginning, and in consequence was the only one on his guard. A sigh of relief went up from us all when the last of these cut-throats was buried. We burned every trace of them and made a compact not to reveal the names of the vigilantes, nor the fate of the Benders.

"We returned to the house and excavated in places where traces of clay showed on top of the black loam soil of the orchard. We turned up first the body of Langehor, and his 7-year-old daughter. The arms of the little girl were tightly clasped around his neck, and in her hands were clutched handfuls of clay, showing that she had been alive when buried.

"We then notified Senator York, and 200

men were on the place the next day. We allowed a story to circulate that the Benders had gotten away some time before, and that our attention had been attracted by the deserted appearance of the place, and the disturbance of a starving calf. This was largely in order that the attention of the supposed confederates of the Benders might not be attracted to us.

"A short time afterward as I was standing in a street at Independence a bullet pierced my hat, a compliment from my cattle-stealing, claim-jumping enemies, and I decided that it was time for me to leave for God's country."

George Evans Downer, who tells this wonderful story, has a reputation for high character. He was born February 1, 1847, at Beloit, Wis. He did his best to get into the civil war while still in his teens. Three times he enlisted only to be hauled back into private life by his father. His fourth attempt, however, was successful, and when 17 years of age he marched away to the front with the Forty-seventh Wisconsin volunteer infantry.

On his return from the war he embarked in business with a chum in Beloit, but business did not prosper and young Downer journeyed west in search of adventure and a fortune.

He entered business and prospered. In 1886 he married Catherine Esser, a little German maiden, who had come but recently from the city of Cologne. He became an enthusiastic Mason and a member of the Baptist church. Four children were born to them.

During the last year he often had complained that his secret was "heavy" on his mind and said he wanted the matter "settled." For years he planned to go out to Kansas and attempt to look up the other members of the vigilantes and agree to dissolve their compact.

One of the men was named Whitney and another Brown. He also believes that a banker in Independence named Page or a man named Delos Avery, to whom he gave his derringers on leaving the country, may be able to give confirming testimony.

A COMPLETE FILE FOR SALE

A California subscriber, who has preserved his copies of Frontier Times from beginning right down to date, has sent us his complete file to be sold. Here is an opportunity to get this magazine, five volumes and 10 numbers of the sixth volume, complete. Write us for price. The first order gets it. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

"Heel-Fly Time in Texas"

This interesting pamphlet, written by John Warren Hunter, and published in Frontier Times, serially, in 1924, can now be obtained from Frontier Times. We have just one hundred copies on hand. Send fifty cents for a copy to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Chihuahua Scalp Hunters

By Donald F. MacCarthy



ON SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1881, there was posted in El Paso, Texas, and also in Paso del Norte, as the Mexican town immediately across the Rio Grande from there, was then called—now Juarez—a proclamation by Governor Terrasos, of the state of Chihuahua, offering a reward of a thousand dollars for the scalp of Victoria, famous Apache Indian chief, who at that time, with a numerically strong force of well armed Indians, was laying waste to many of the smaller Mexican settlements and outlying haciendas in the northern part of that state, which, brings to mind, that if Chihuahua's governor was to profit by the heartrending experiences of his earlier predecessors in the matter of obtaining Apache scalps, he should use a careful discrimination, and make sure of the identity of the scalp referred to, before paying out his coin, or he might be cheated, and get one other than that of the celebrated Victoria. Dealing in scalps, as the sequel will presently show, was a dangerous business, but so remunerative had it become for those who engaged in the actual field work, that it soon fell exclusively into the hands of professional American scalp hunters, who discriminated not at all in their choice of victims, whether Indians or Mexicans, since the color and texture of the hair were identical in both. George Frederick Ruxton, noted English traveler, who spent much time in Mexico, commenting on the subject in 1841, said that neither age nor sex was spared, and added, that settled and peaceful Tarahumares, a numerous but friendly tribe of Indians, as well as Mexicans, were frequently mistaken for Apaches, and more murders committed in a month than Apaches could have done in a year. Those who have read Jere Clemens "Mustang Grey", will remember the hero of that book—a real character—was a noted Texas Ranger; that he had a boy protege—John Glanton, by name—whom he instructed in all the mysteries of Indian fighting; trailing, lassoing mustangs, and scalping an occasional Mexican, whose appearance failed to impress the two heroes.

At fifteen years of age, John was one of the most noted Rangers on the frontier, at sixteen he was Captain of a Ranger company, and as such, served through the Mexican War, and won great renown as a scout. In the early summer of '49 Glanton, at the head of about thirty men, fully armed and well mounted, and as desperate a type of adventurers as had come out of the Mexican War, practically all of whom had served under him there, left San Antonio for California overland, as that term was then

used, leaving behind a newly wedded wife, a most estimable and highly cultured lady, of one of the best families of that romantic frontier city. Knowing, as they did, at this time, of the munificent bounty being paid by the governor of Chihuahua for Apache scalps, they decided to lay a course for the gay and opulent metropolis of that state, and in due time arrived there, where they halted for recreation and pleasure, and where was to begin one of the most thrilling and tragic epics of record in the annals of the Southwest.

At this time the Apaches were peculiarly bold in their raids, murdering citizens and desolating villages and outlying haciendas, until they had become so annoying, that the Governor of the state offered two ounces—\$32 gold—for each and every scalp taken by anyone whomsoever.

Glanton and his party proposed a campaign, but not the necessary means of procuring supplies. At this juncture Benjamin Riddle, a merchant and likewise American consul, and John Abel, an American resident, patriotically supplied the cash—twenty-five hundred dollars—on the venture, and being thus supplied with the sinews of war, Glanton lost no time in preparations, and was soon on the warpath. The campaign was brief, bloody and brilliant, and productive of a bountiful supply of scalps.

The Apache warriors accustomed to cope with unwieldy, half starved, ill paid and poorly armed Mexican troops, whom, if unable to whip, they could always elude by their celerity of movement, were taken completely by surprise by this new foe who carried a pair of six-shooting pistols of that terrible old Texas pattern, in their holsters, and a navy at their belt, their only arms, except a bowie knife. Well mounted, thoroughly trained in the arts of Indian warfare, and of such "esprit du corps" as led every man to do his utmost to excel his comrades in the carnival of blood, Glanton and his Rangers made an easy campaign and a brilliant success. Returning to the City of Chihuahua, they were publicly received at the Governor's palace, marched under triumphal arches, delivered their scalps to the Government agent, received two doubloons for each scalp, were feasted, feted and made the lions of the town in that gay Mexican capital.

Fandagos, gambling and carousing succeeded for the month following, and the restive Rangers were ready for another campaign. So confident had the authorities become, that they gratuitously furnished supplies for the second campaign, and the scalp-hunters were again on the war-

path. This second campaign was more brief and productive than the first, and the good citizens of the City of Chihuahua congratulated themselves, returned thanks to the saints, feasted the Rangers, and believed the period for exterminating "los barbaros" had finally come. The trouble with the authorities of Chihuahua was the difficulty of distinguishing between the scalp of an Apache and that of a Mexican. The Rangers remembered the Alamo, Goliad, and other places of Mexican outrage and blood, hated the Mexican more than they did the Apache, and, as with them, it was a question of dollars and cents, and of their love or patriotism, had found it more convenient and less hazardous to raise the hair of a Mexican than that of an Apache, and such was the product of the second campaign. When Glanton and his Rangers heard the murmur of the coming storm, they, dissembling innocence, prepared to escape it and flee the wrath to come, that is to say, they quietly and in the hour when honest people seek their pillow and thieves go abroad, saddled their well fed chargers and struck for the shores of the western ocean.

Pursuit was organized, but too late, the bloody scalpers had escaped. They had secured safety by their well-timed departure and the fleetness of their horses. The next adventure of Glanton and his desperate band was in the mining town of Tinos Altos, in the northeastern part of Sonora, where, in the days of Spanish occupation a wealth of gold had been taken.

And here, finding two resident American traders, they proceeded to hold high carnival, carousing and gambling, as they had with the Chihuahuans, all of which the simple minded Mexicans, with their usual equanimity, bore with for several days until Glanton perpetrated the last outrage, which raised a second storm, from which the festive fellows were again glad to escape, by taking to their saddles and plying spur. John Glanton rode into the Quartel, hauled down the Mexican flag, tied it to a mule's tail, lashed the mule into a fury, and turned it loose in the town. The Rangers escaped the fury of the outraged populace, so did the two American traders, who escaped afoot, leaving behind, to the rage of the mob, their stores, accumulations of hard years of toil and danger, and barely got away with their lives.

Arriving at Tucson, the Rangers found the place besieged by the renowned Apache chief, Mangus Colorado, meaning Red Mantle, the place being defended by a handful of frightened Mexican soldiers, a few old men and boys, the able bodied men having gone in a body to the new Eldorado in California. The Rangers rode through the Apaches into the beleaguered town and joined its frightened defenders. Mangus Colorado then sounded a parley, and with several of his chiefs, met Glanton at some cottonwood trees, at a little cienega east of, and just outside the town. The great chief,

and the Apaches never had a greater than Mangus, expressed his surprise at the Americans assisting their enemies, the Mexicans, and fighting against those whom they should treat as friends and allies. Glanton, however, informed him that the Americans always defended the weak, and that unless the arrogant chief and his barbarous horde should depart before sunrise the following morning, the Americans would turn loose their "saddles" on them, meaning in the expressive Apaches dialect, their holster pistols, a something the Mexicans cavalry never carried.

Mangus said he would not fight his amigos, the Americans, but proposed, that if permitted to slaughter seven bullocks to be furnished by the Mexicans, and feast his warriors thereon in the Plaza of Tucson, and to drink mescal himself with the American chief, while his warriors were so feasting, he would depart in peace. He said he did all he could to restrain his braves from killing Mexicans, as a general thing, as being contrary to his policy, for, said he, "If we kill off the Mexicans, who will raise cattle and horses for us?" The proposed plan was agreed to and the program carried out to the letter, the Rangers preserving an armed neutrality in the meantime. After which Mangus Colorado quietly withdrew his barbarians and departed. Then came another carnival of joy. The grateful inhabitants plied the Rangers with every comfort and delicacy that their poor town afforded, refused them nothing. And the old men wept and the women wailed when their chivalric deliverers departed.

This was the last act of American manhood performed by that brave band of abandoned men. Arriving at Yuma, on the Colorado River, they found a solitary American, who kept the ferry-boat, and an immense encampment of Indians, camped at and near the ferry crossing. The poor ferryman, after crossing the party over, was shot and killed by one of Glanton's men, over the supposed possession of a quantity of aguardiente or mescal by the ferryman, which the latter denied having in a manner of language that so enraged the Ranger that he killed him.

Dave and Charlie Brown, the two survivors of Glanton's band, but no kin, in telling of the termination of this bloody ride, stated that the party camped on a grassy flat on the west side of the river, just below the crossing, and quietly passed the night. Early in the morning the camp was astir preparatory to resuming their line of march over the great Colorado Desert.

The two Browns had, at early dawn, gone to the ferry-boat with camp kettles to procure water with which to cook breakfast. While they were at the river, the rangers camp was secretly surrounded by the Yuma Indians, under old Pasqual, a venerated chief to-day-1881—who, to avenge the murder of their friend, the ferryman, massacred the whole party, save Dave and Charlie, as before stated.

When the camp was attacked they, with well-timed judgment, quietly boarded the ferry-boat, shoved it into the stream, and floated down the river wholly unobserved by the Indians, who supposed they had killed the whole party. After descending the stream a few miles, the two survivors landed, filled their camp kettles with water, and started westward across the desert, and after unparalleled suffering, arrived in San Diego, in a condition little better than walking skeletons.

Such is the history of John Glanton and his Chihuahua scalp-hunters, and such was their deplorable end.

In San Antonio, long years after the events herein recorded had passed from memory, there might occasionally be seen, quietly seated in one of the parks, a pale and sorrowful-looking elderly lady, accompanied by a younger one, the latter very beautiful, both in deep mourning, one the widow, the other the daughter, of the reckless Glanton, the Chihuahua scalp hunter.

(Note—The above article is largely taken from the late Major Horace Bell's "Reminiscences of a Ranger, or Early Days in Southern California"—1881—a work that is eminently reminiscent of those colorful days immediately following the discovery of gold in California, and to which due and grateful acknowledgement is here made.—Donald F. MacCarthy. Montrose, Calif.)

HISTORY OF TEXAS INTERWOVEN WITH LIVES OF TWO FAMILIES NOW TO BE PRESERVED IN BOOK

Stirring days in Texas' history, before and after the battle of San Jacinto, will be recounted by Miss Leland Watkins, supervisor in the Dallas County school system, when she tells the history of the Brown and Watkins families in a book which she plans to write.

On both sides of the house Miss Watkins came of Texas pioneer stock. Richard Brown, who served in the Texas Army back in the thirties, who helped run the first survey of Galveston Island soon after Texas became a Republic and who drew a white bean after the famous Mier expedition, is a grandfather of the Dallas woman.

And her great-grandfather on the Watkins side was in Sam Houston's army before San Jacinto and rode out of Nacogdoches one day with a message to San Antonio, never to be heard of again.

Miss Watkins taught at John Henry Brown School here for twelve and a half years and is the author of a book on English.

Mrs. J. W. Bray, musician, of 807 West Ninth street, is a cousin of Miss Watkins, as is Judge Royall R. Watkins of Ninety-Fifth District Court.

In the picture above are shown Mrs. Richard Brown with her daughters, and the lower picture is that of Richard Brown. Left to right, bottom row, in the top picture are Mrs. James Whitfield of San An-

gelo, Miss Kate Brown, teacher, of Henderson; the late Mrs. Richard Brown, the late Mrs. Robert Smith. In the top row are Mrs. Jesse Watkins of Henderson, mother of Miss Leland Watkins; Mrs. John Yandle of Henderson and Mrs. R. C. Burk of San Augustine, mother of Mrs. Bray.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown also were the parents of six sons—Mack Brown, Billie Brown, Veasy Brown, Charles Brown, Robert Brown and Julian Brown. They lived to see all of their children more than 21 years old and a member of some church. They also reared two nephews and a niece. Sam Miller of Mineral Wells, long-time editor of the Index at the resort city, was one of these. He has a son, Sullivan Miller, living in Dallas. Mrs. Brown died in 1916 at the age of 84. Her husband was 85 when he died many years ago.

Richard Brown was among the first to respond when Sam Houston called for volunteers after General Woll had captured San Antonio, which event was responsible for the famous Mier expedition. And he was among the 300 Texans who reorganized and proceeded to Mier after Houston disbanded the volunteers.

With the other expeditionaries he underwent the almost unbelievable hardships that culminated in the drawing of white and black beans, which meant life or execution. For sixteen months Richard Brown was chained to one of his comrades. Finally he was released on Sept. 16 1944. In the early fifties Richard Brown settled near Henderson, building him a log house. There the headquarters, so to speak, of the family has remained, and Richard Brown's remains rest in Rusk County.

Mr. J. H. Driver, Brownsville, Texas, writes: "I have received your bundle of magazines and have had a delightful time reading them. I want to subscribe for the first and second volumes that you propose editing. These magnificent little journals have refreshed my memory of Texas history, and especially the old patriots who blazed their way through fire and sword to make this wonderful land what it is. It has increased my appetite for more, therefore put me down as one of your permanent subscribers to this fascinating work you are interested in."

MONUMENT FOR DAVY CROCKETT

The Texas Legislature voted an appropriation of \$100,000 to erect a monument, at Crockett, in honor of the hero of the Alamo. The Senate resolution called for a monument of Texas granite, to be erected in a 48-acre park along the old San Antonio road. The park was a camping place of Crockett, when he was on his way to San Antonio to battle for Texas Independence.

Texas Mountain Called Enchanted Rock

By Mrs. A. C. Bowan, in Houston Chronicle



THE ENCHANTED ROCK, pleasure resort, located about 24 miles south of Llano, was formally opened by Tate Moss, owner, recently. Governor Dan Moody was invited to attend the celebration and to dedicate the rock as one of the principal tourist resorts in Texas. About 5000 persons from all sections of the state also had been invited to participate in the ceremonies, including members of the Texas legislature and other state officials.

The Enchanted Rock, which is a bald, oval-shaped granite mountain, covering 640 acres, is said to be the largest one-piece granite rock in the world. Its top is 1824 feet above sea level.

The name Enchanted Rock, to say nothing of the singular formation of the granite, indicates something weird. In the old records and on the earliest maps of Llano County, this mountain was designated as the Enchanted Rock, and although the exact origin of the name is not known, many legends have been handed down through the years as a possible solution to the mystery.

According to one widely known legend, a wild white woman, who had been a captive of the Indians and who had later freed herself, lived on the rock and almost nightly her screams could be heard for miles around. Her home was believed to be in a cave on top of the rock. An old Indian trailer in this section in the early days, named Sullivan, told of riding upon the wild woman while he was scouting around the rock. William S. Chesser, a Texas scout, now living in Llano, states that he has heard the wild woman's cries.

Another Indian legend was that an Indian chief, to appease his gods, took his beautiful daughter to the top of a mountain and sacrificed her on the altar. This act displeased the Great Spirit, and, as a punishment, the Indian chief was condemned to wander through eternity over the mountain of rock near the scene of his bloody deed.

There are many smaller boulders, ranging in size from one foot to 59 feet in diameter, lying loose on the main rock. In time past, as one story relates, due to erosion or other causes, these rocks began moving downward, usually bursting into pieces as they rolled. The noise, which varied in accordance with the size of the boulders, frightened men and animals within hearing distance, consequently people, believing the rock to be haunted, named it Enchanted.

Then there are depressions or small ba-

sins on the mountain, varying from one inch to one foot in depth and from one foot to three or four feet in diameter. After a rain these basins hold water for several days. The early explorers and settlers saw the reflection of the sun or the moon glistening on these pools and thought they were fires or places where Satan entertained his guests, and fled.

Many years ago an old man advanced a rather fantastic explanation for the depressions in the rock. He told that while carrying on each shoulder four bushels of buckshot for a company of rangers following a band of Indians he bogged to his knees as he went across the mountain, thereby leaving depressions which eventually solidified in stone.

It is also thought that Indians named the mountain the Enchanted because of the peculiar noise made in walking on it. This noise has been described as being exactly as if one were walking on a thin crust over a cavern.

The sounds in connection with the rock have been most frequently heard at night after a hot day. Geologists accredit this peculiarity of sound to change in the temperature of the rock. A cool night following a hot day causes the granite to expand and contract, thereby emitting a creaking sound.

People camping near the massive granite dome have been startled, so they said, by the appearance of a light or lights in different places. Even people living near the rock and others who have visited it in more recent years declare that they, too, have seen the lights. Old-timers tell that they frequently saw the strange light and believed it to be a spirit, but usually became so frightened by its apparent approach that they fled.

If the lights really appeared, they were probably caused from the reflection in the basins; or mineralogists have suggested that the radium ores, known to exist in the Llano mineral district, possibly give out a form of illumination. Whatever the cause, there are some who contend that they have seen the mysterious lights or have heard the strange sounds.

Though these stories have probably not given the true origin of the descriptive name, they unquestionably served their purpose in the early days when Indians were prevalent in this country. It is related that in many of the Indian fights which took place around the rock the red men were often held off or routed by mere superstition. The eerie sounds, the mysterious lights, or perhaps the combination

of the mammoth boulder and its cavities, queer sounds and apparitions, all were beyond the comprehension of the Indians and accomplished what the white men alone could not do.

This solid mass of granite, located as it is in the heart of the granite section of Texas, has naturally caused much speculation. Although a quarry has never been operated at the place, the pioneer granite men of Llano County, who have made a close study of the granite deposits of this section, predict that the Enchanted Rock will some day be worked and that it has unlimited possibilities.

The rock is a good quality of red granite and takes a fine polish. In all directions, except south, there are inexhaustible supplies of granite that, should quarries ever be opened there and worked toward the rock, it would be years before the Enchanted Rock proper would have to be touched. So far as the material worth of the rock is concerned, it is perhaps no more valuable than the surrounding land so rich in granite deposits.

The Enchanted Rock has commercialized only during recent years by its owner, Tate Moss of Llano. Tourist accommodations have been added each season until now it is one of the leading pleasure resorts in the state. It is about half way between Llano and Fredericksburg and is about eight miles off the Pecan Belt Highway.

Steve Moss, 81, first visited the Enchanted Rock in 1875. He has lived in that vicinity since. William S. Chesser, 78, one of the early Indian scouts, also is still alive.

WILD SPOTS STILL REMAIN IN MONTANA UNCHANGED SINCE THE WHITE MAN CAME

(By John Franklin Lewis)

"There was a sunny, savage land
Beneath the Eagle's Wings,
And there, across the thorns and sand
Wild rovers rode as kings."

The poet used the past tense, but there are localities where the rovers still ride and where the bunch grass, the sagebrush and the prickly pear present the same appearance as when viewed by Lewis and Clark a hundred years and more ago.

In Powder River county and in southern Carter county, along the Wyoming border, there are still broad acres:

"Where the wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as you go."

There are many townships of unsurveyed land, with here and there a "honyock" squatter, living out-of-the-way places, like Robinson Crusoe, without seeing a human being for weeks at a stretch.

Three years ago a homesteader was murdered in his shack and three weeks passed before his absence was noticed. A sheriff's posse searched for days before the body was found, lying on the hillside in a

remote, unfrequented spot in the Chalk Buttes, some 70 miles from a railroad.

"Honyock" is the common term for a homesteader in that country, and one of the species, dwelling on the wide border, once wrote some verses beginning:

"Way out in old Montana, where they
have four foot o' snow,

The honyock never goes no place, 'cause
there's no place to go."

This is the style of literature described as having more truth than poetry, and it became a popular song in the neighborhood of Ridge, which is one of the outposts of civilization. Ridge has a postoffice, a store and a roadhouse in a dugout, where the hungry traveler is fed and finds a bed if night overtakes him there. Ridge is in Carter county, three miles from the Wyoming line. It is as far from a railroad as it can get in Montana. It had a brief day of fame when, in 1918, cable dispatches from the battle front in Europe quoted a Ridge Montana, cowpuncher as remarking, when his regiment reached the Rhine, that he would swim into Germany if he had his cow pony. The cowboy's name is Jess Hurrey, and it is hardly necessary to remark that he would have made good if he had had his pony.

There are organized gangs of stock rustlers operating in that wild region where the corners of three states, Montana, Wyoming and South Dakota, are joined, and where the country is adapted to the carrying on of this nefarious trade that has been long ago wiped out in most parts of the west. During the past summer a state of war existed between the ranchmen and the rustlers. One of the deputy state stock inspectors, Bill Ritchardson, spent much of his time in this territory, making investigations and getting inside information, and is still scouting about the country, not on horseback, but in his car with his rifle and his champion Airedale dog as his companion.

This Airedale is an animal of high degree, and a very useful partner for a stock inspector in a land where rustlers abound. He is from the famous Caswell kennels of Toledo, Ohio, and is a full brother to President Harding's Airedale. His father was brought from Europe by the wife of "Lucky" Baldwin. As a body guard he is beyond price, for one of the peculiar characteristics of his breed is silence. He is trained to maintain absolute silence under all circumstances. Ritchardson can lie down anywhere and go to sleep, and if anyone approaches, his dog will awaken him so quietly as not to give any notice or alarm to the approaching person or persons be they friends or foes. Few men would care to venture into this territory alone as an avowed enemy to the lawless element, and most people believe that Ritchardson could not continue long to do so without the aid and comfort of his alert and watchful ally.

During the past summer several mass

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meetings or ranchers and stockmen were held to take steps for mutual protection against the rustlers. At one of these at Broadus, in Powder River county, Attorney General W. D. Rankin was present and caused something of a sensation by calling by name a number of men whom he classed as rustlers and suggesting that the crystalization of public sentiment against them would save the state some unnecessary legal expense.

END OF VOLUME SIX

This issue of Frontier Times completes our sixth volume. Next month we will begin the seventh year of the little magazine by coming forth with larger type, which we are sure will be pleasing to our readers, and before the year ends we hope to make other improvements. We enter upon the seventh year with brightest prospects, and if we carry out all we have planned to do during the next few months Frontier Times will rank with the leading magazines of the country. As our readers, most of them, know, we are engaged in the publication of a weekly newspaper also, which requires most of the editor's time, so much so that we have not been able to give the magazine the attention it should have. We are trying to make arrangements now whereby we can "get out from under" some of this work and devote our efforts wholly to making Frontier Times all that it should be. We recognize that this magazine occupies a field all its own, and it is our determination to cover this field. Lack of finances has been a great handicap to us in making the little magazine as attractive as we desired, but regardless of this handicap our readers seem to have been pleased with our efforts and are loyal, all of which is an inspiration to us to work a little harder. We have been forced to raise the subscription price to \$2.00 per year, for which we make no apologies, because we believe Frontier Times it worth two dollars per year, and we also believe the improvements that we make in Frontier Times during the next year will justify the raise in the subscription price. Furthermore, we hope to be able to visit different sections of the state and make the acquaintance of many of our readers, and gather material that is now being lost to history. We would ask our subscribers, men and women who are past seventy years of age and who lived on the frontier all of their lives, to keep in mind that the raise

in subscription price does not apply to them. They can still get Frontier Times for \$1.50 per year by writing and telling us that they belong to the pioneers who helped to make Texas. No affidavit is necessary to get this rate. We'll take the word of a Texas pioneer any time, anywhere.

INFORMATION WANTED

An Archer County Reader asks for the following information: "I would like to know if you or any of the readers of Frontier Times know anything about a town started here in Archer county some time before 1875. When J. S. Scott came here in 1877 there were walls of ten or twelve rock buildings standing. This town was known as San Thomas or New Wedgerford. I have heard that the people who started this town were run out by Indians. It was about forty miles northwest of Fort Belknap, which is now a pile of rocks. The magazine was still standing when I was there a couple of years ago." Can any of our readers supply the information wanted?



Frank H. Bushick
San Antonio, Texas

Author of "I Suppose You All
Remember—" in this issue

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