

CHAPTER IX.

Sojourn in California.

The fall of 1854 and the winter and spring of 1855 were not unlike our previous winters in California. There was but little to do except watch the cattle to keep them from straying. Hunting was about the only diversion and game was still plentiful. Grass was abundant all through the winter and the cattle fattened rapidly. During the spring and summer months we marketed all that were in proper condition, still receiving excellent prices. About the first of August brother Zack and I rigged up our pack mules and started back to meet James and Robert who had turned back the year before to gather up another herd and bring it across the plains during the summer. We passed over the mountains and reached the sixty-mile desert, which was about two hundred and fifty miles back on the plains from our ranch. In all the year we had heard nothing from home, and the only information we had that they were on the road was the promise they made us as they left our train the year before.

We camped just at the western edge of the desert and during the night a train pulled in off the desert. We inquired of them next morning whether they had seen or heard of Gibson's train. They said they had passed it somewhere on Humboldt River, but could not give the exact location. They also told us the Indians had killed one of the Gibson boys. They did not know which one—had just heard of the circumstance as they passed. This sad news was a great blow to us. We broke camp hurriedly and started across the desert, weighed down by the sad reflection that we would

meet only one of our brothers—both equally dear, not only from boyhood association and ties of kindred, but from association in hardship across the dreary plains. We carried our weight of sorrow all that day and all the following night, across the barren sand, and at daylight we could barely make out Humboldt Lake in the distance. Upon closer approach we saw a large herd of cattle just being rounded up preparatory to the start across the desert. We hurried forward, hoping it was the train we were looking for, and yet fearing to know the truth of the rumor we had heard. A few moments dispelled our doubts. It was Gibson's train and Brother James was alone with his cattle and his men. Robert, our mother's baby, seventeen years old, was the victim. Brother James, with tears streaming down his sunburnt face, related to us the manner of his death at the hands of treacherous Indians, and the train halted on the threshold of the desert long enough for us to hear the story and dry the tears from our eyes.

He said one day while on their journey over the mountains between Fort Laramie and the higher waters of North Platte, and while the herd was moving forward in order, he rode ahead to locate a camping place for the night and left Robert in charge. He had been gone but a short time when six Indians came up to the train and in their way inquired for the captain. One of the men told them he was in the rear. They rode back and when they reached the men in the rear turned their ponies and rode along with the train some distance. Robert, who, though only seventeen, had made four trips across the plains and understood the Indians, told the boys to watch them as he thought they were up to mischief. He feared they intended to get between the wagons, which were traveling close up behind the cattle, and loose horses and

mules, which were in the extreme rear, and cut them off, so he dropped back and motioned the men who were driving the horses and mules, to close up and at the same time stopped the wagons. He had the stock driven around the wagons, thus placing them between the cattle and the wagons, leaving the wagons in the extreme rear. He then took his place alongside the cattle. All this time the Indians had said nothing, had simply followed along with the train. The show of authority was what they were waiting for. They evidently could not believe the boy they saw was in fact the captain. As soon as Robert took his place by the side of the cattle three of the Indians rode up by his side and began to jabber and make signs. The other three rode up behind him. One of the three behind had an old army musket and while the three in front engaged Robert the one with the gun rode up very close and shot him in the back. He fell from his horse and was dead in an instant. The Indians whirled and galloped away as fast as their ponies could carry them. One of the boys rode forward to notify Brother James and met him returning at full speed. He had heard the report of the gun and knew by the sound that it was an Indian's gun, and that it meant mischief of some kind. As soon as he returned to the train he mounted ten men and armed them and started after the Indians. After following about five miles he came in sight of them. About the same moment the Indians spied him and laid whip to their ponies. They were making for the mountains, but soon saw they would be overtaken and turned in the direction of the river. A hot race followed with the white men gaining all the time, but the Indians reached the river and plunged their ponies in. They had hardly reached the farther shore when James and his men were upon the bank. They fired

at them but the distance was too great for the shots to take effect. The party thought it unwise to cross the river in pursuit, as it might be difficult to recross and all this time the cattle and the train were insufficiently guarded, so they turned and made their way back, conscious that had they overtaken the Indians and slain them all such an act could not have restored Robert to them, and their hearts would still have been heavy with their loss.

When they returned to the train the boys had rounded up the cattle and were standing guard over them and the dead body. Nothing could be done but move on, but what was to be done with Robert's body? James said to attempt a burial where the wolves and coyotes would dig the body up was out of the question, and then he could not bear the idea of leaving him alone on those desolate mountains. So he put the body in one of the wagons and carried it forward two days journey, where they came to a trading post on the upper crossing of North Platte kept by an old Frenchman. There they procured a wagon box which they used for a coffin and buried him the best they could and protected the grave from wolves. James, learning that the Frenchman intended to go back to St. Joseph in about two months, employed him to take the body back with him and gave him an order for five hundred dollars in gold on Robert Donnell. I may as well relate here that the Frenchman kept his promise, brought the body back and got his money, and that Robert now lies buried in the old family cemetery in Tremont Township. I learned this on my return, and that mother identified the body by examining the toes, one of which Robert had lost in an accident when quite a little boy.

Although the story was a sad one and our hearts were very heavy, still we could not tarry with our grief. The cattle must cross the desert and reach food and water beyond. James asked if we had had breakfast. I told him we had not—that we had traveled hard all night, but that we had a camp outfit and would prepare something after the cattle had started across the desert. When the train was under full way, we stirred the coals of their camp fire, threw on some grease-wood brush and soon prepared bread and meat and coffee. The mules browsed on grease wood and we rested a couple of hours and then started after the train. All that day and all the next night—a steady drive, only now and then an hour's halt for food for ourselves and rest for the cattle. By eleven o'clock the following morning we were on Carson River, and glad we were, too. Zack and I had crossed over, taking twenty-four hours and back thirty hours—fifty-four hours without sleep or rest except two hours at the end of our first journey. In all my travels, and I look at it now after more than fifty years, with the experiences of the Civil War intervening, I have never seen a place so beautiful as Carson River and valley, not because it is more picturesque or naturally more enchanting than many places I have seen, but because it was so welcome with its cold mountain waters and fresh green vegetation after our weary journeys across the barren desert, and I never thought it more beautiful to behold than on this, my last visit.

Men, cattle and horses all took a good long rest, but the train was up and many miles on the road before Zack and I awoke and followed. Two weeks more and the cattle were safe on the ranch and we were

off duty once more, and as events transpired, off the plains for all time—after nearly seven years of almost constant hardship.

During the fall of 1855 and the spring of 1856 we marketed off the fat cattle. Sold Graham and Henry of Georgetown five hundred head to be delivered fifty head every two weeks. Georgetown was a mining camp one hundred miles northeast of our ranch. Our cattle were scattered over our own ranch and the ranches of Phillips, Wolfscale and Barker, and were well mixed with their wild cattle and horses. It rained almost constantly. The plains were boggy and the streams full of water. We had no time to lose and were in the saddle almost day and night, if not on the road to Georgetown, then rounding up and sorting out the cattle. We delivered the first fifty head on the fifteenth day of October and the last on the first of April, and were glad when our task was over.

The summer following passed without event worthy of mention. In the fall we sold Graham & Henry three hundred more cattle to be delivered in the same manner as the first, and had much the same experience, except that our work did not last so long.

In the fall of fifty-seven, we sold our fat cattle and dairy cows to Miller & Lux, wholesale dealers in cattle in San Francisco. Delivery there was not so difficult. Our ranch was but twenty miles from San Francisco Bay, and after a drive to the shore of the bay the cattle were shipped across to the city. In the spring of eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, Brother Isaac withdrew from the business and returned to Missouri. We gave him fourteen thousand dollars in gold and deeded him sixty acres of land in Tremont Township, Buchanan County, for his interest. We continued the business through the year 1859 as partners. Brother William

remained with us, but had his own cattle and kept them on our ranch. Zack and I still had about one thousand head of stock cattle, and during the year, we bought several lots both of stock cattle and heifers. One bunch of a hundred heifers we turned over to James Glenn and Barsh Kessler, Buchanan County boys, to keep three years and breed for us, with the understanding they were to have half of the increase as pay for their trouble. Another bunch of fifty heifers was turned over to Perry Jones, another Buchanan County boy, on the same terms.

Toward Christmas we heard that our mother had died. This left our old father alone on the farm with the negroes, and we decided to leave our cattle in the care of Jones, Glenn and Kessler and go back and visit him. It was too late in the season to attempt the plains. The hot, dry summer on the plains had parched and withered the scant vegetation that had grown in the spring and early summer, and the excessive cold and accumulations of snow in the higher altitudes, rendered a trip by land almost impossible in winter, so, much as we disliked the trip by water, we decided to make it. I will not attempt to relate the incidents of this trip, as they were unimportant. There was, besides, little to distinguish it from the first voyage over the same route, which I have already described.

After reaching home we remained with our father until the first of May, when the start back overland must be made. It was decided that one of us must remain with father, and as Zack and I were in partnership and William was alone in his business, the choice of remaining at home lay between Zack and myself, as either of us could easily care for our cattle. I gave

the choice to Zack and he decided he would go, and he and William, accordingly, rigged up our outfit and started.

I took charge of the farm at home and with the help of the negroes, managed it through the season, and thus relieved father of all worry and responsibility. He had his horse and buggy and a black boy to care for it and drive him about the farm and over the neighborhood. Everything moved along in the usual way and I had a pleasant and restful summer—not so much restful from work, but restful compared with the excitement and over-exertion incident to a journey with cattle across the plains. I congratulated myself upon the choice Zack had made and was preparing for a year or two more of peace and quiet, but the death of my father the following fall left me alone with the farm and negroes. I remained with them throughout the winter, lonely and unpleasant as it was without my father, and planted and harvested most of the crop in sixty-one under many trying conditions. Stirring public events which began with the breaking out of the war interrupted my farming operations, and my part in them will furnish the material for several succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER X.

Beginning of the War.

Shortly after the beginning of the war, Elijah Gates organized a company of southern boys, and most of my neighbors enlisted for six months. They wanted me to join them, but I said "no." I had been in camp for ten years and had some idea of the hardship of a soldier's life. I knew my place there on the farm would give me a far better opportunity to take the rest I felt to be so needful after my years of activity on the plains and in camp, and I could not be easily induced to leave it. Besides, I could not believe that a terrible war was upon us, and for a long time I had great faith that wise counsel would prevail and some reasonable adjustment be made of the differences between the North and the South.

Gates' company and the regiment to which it had been assigned left home with a great flying of colors, but notwithstanding my expressed sympathy with the South, this did not tempt me and I remained at home with my crop. I took no part in the wild talk that could be heard on every hand and paid close attention to my own business, but I soon found that I would not be permitted to live in peace. The Southern boys had no sooner left for the front than the opposition began to pour in around me. My sentiments were well known—in fact I had never tried to conceal them, believing that a man in this country had a right to his opinions, but no man could point to a hostile word uttered by me. Notwithstanding this, those who were not willing to allow me to hold my opinions in peace began to harass and threaten me. I endured it until

about the first of August, when I saddled my horse, buckled my navies around me and started alone to join the Southern army. I rode to Liberty where I expected to fall in with a company that I had heard was being organized, but it had gone. I met a man from St. Joseph by the name of Walter Scott, who was likewise disappointed at arriving too late for the company, and he and I set out together to join Price in Arkansas. We rode slowly along, stopping at night at farm houses and talked little to anyone about our plans. When within about ten miles of Springfield we stopped for the night with a man who told us that Lyon's army was at Springfield and that Price was camped at Wilson's Creek, about ten miles southwest of Springfield.

I knew there was going to be a fight, and I slept little that night. It came sooner than I expected, for about sun up next morning we heard cannon off to the southwest. We sprang out of bed, and without waiting for breakfast, saddled our horses and galloped away. I knew Gates' company and my neighbors were in the fight and I wanted to help all I could. We had no trouble finding the way as the cannon and muskets were roaring like loud thunder and the smoke was boiling up out of the valley like a black cloud. We guessed right that Lyon had advanced out of Springfield and was between us and Price's army, but we hurried on expecting to take care of that situation after getting closer to the battle. When within a few miles of the battle ground the firing ceased and shortly afterwards we saw Federal soldiers coming toward us. We galloped away from the road and hid behind a cliff of rock and watched them go by. They were completely disorganized. Every man was pulling for Springfield in his own way, from five to fifty in a bunch, the bunches from one to three hundred yards

apart. Some had guns, some had none. Some had hats, some were bare-headed. Every battery horse carried two and some carried three—all hurrying on. We finally grew tired, and at the first opportunity dashed across the road between squads and made our way along a by-path toward the battlefield. We had not gone far until we met wounded men trying also to make their way back to Springfield. Some would walk a short distance and get sick and lie down by the roadside and beg for water. Some would hobble on in great misery, stopping now and then to rest. Others, and the more fortunate it seemed to me, had crawled off in the brush and died.

In advancing we found it would be necessary to cross the main battlefield in order to reach Price's camp which was located down on the farther side of Wilson's Creek. Here we found the dead lying so thick that we had to pick our way and then often had difficulty in going forward without riding over a dead body.

We reached the camp and asked to be shown to Gates' company. All were glad to see us and made many inquiries about home and families and friends. They were just cooking breakfast. William Maupin apologized for their late breakfast by saying that "Pap" Price had called upon them very early to do a little piece of work and they had just finished it and that had delayed their breakfast. I told them what I had seen on the road down and up upon the battlefield and asked how their company had fared. They told me that one man, George Shultz, was shot through the head the first round and that was the only loss their company had sustained. This was the tenth day of August, 1861.

Next day I helped bury the dead Federal soldiers, and when this was done Price moved his army up to Springfield, as the Union army had in the meantime gone back to St. Louis. We remained there some two or three weeks. During my stay, Mrs. Phelps, the wife of Colonel Phelps, who commanded a regiment in Lyon's army at Wilson's Creek, and who had gone with the army to St. Louis, called on General Price for protection. She lived about two miles east of Springfield, and by the way, if I remember correctly, General Lyon was buried out at her place. Price sent Gates with his company, and as I had joined that company, I went along. We remained there as long as Price was camped in Springfield and took good care of her premises.

Price decided to go north and this greatly pleased the boys. He had no army—just a lot of boys who furnished their own horses, guns, ammunition and blankets and most of the time their own provisions. He had little, or at least he didn't attempt to have much, discipline. We elected our own lieutenant, captain and colonel by vote, and General Price seemed entirely satisfied so long as we were all on hands when there was any fighting to be done.

When we reached Little Osage River on our way north, Price went into camp and next day sent Gates out on a scout. Gates went in the direction of Fort Scott. We traveled about fifteen miles and came within a short distance of the Fort where we found two soldiers herding a drove of horses and mules on the grass. Lane was in Fort Scott with a large force, but evidently he had no idea Price was anywhere near for he had no pickets out. We made a run for the horses and mules and took them and tried to get both men, but one of them got away. We knew he would report

and that would give us trouble. If we could only have secured both men we could have had the entire herd in our camp before Lane could have discovered that it was gone. We determined to do our best and get away if possible. Each horse and mule had a long rope attached to his neck which dragged along behind and this gave us much trouble and prevented fast traveling, as the horses stepped on the ropes and checked their speed. We got some four or five miles away and when on top of a high hill we looked back across the prairie and saw what appeared to be about two thousand mounted soldiers coming in hot haste after us. Gates had but five hundred men. The ground was hilly and Gates picked a few men and sent them on with the horses. He then stopped half his men just over the turn of the first hill, dismounted them and detailed every fourth man to take the horses further down the slant and hold them. The remainder lay flat down on the ground. The other half of his company he sent over beyond the next hill with directions to follow the same course. When our pursuers were a little more than half way up the hill coming toward us, we arose and fired into them. Lane dismounted his men and threw them in line of battle. By that time we were on our horses and gone. They could not see that we were gone and approached the top of the hill with great caution. This caused delay and that was what we wanted. When they found we were gone they mounted and followed. When about half way up the next hill the other half of our company gave them another round and, as they feared we intended this time to make a stand, they again dismounted and prepared to fight. They were again disappointed. This was kept up for several miles. When we first saw we were pursued a courier was sent to

Price, but before Price could rally his army and reach us Lane gave up the idea of recovering his horses and went back to Fort Scott. We had one man wounded in the arm.

We all returned to camp on Little Osage and next morning broke camp and started off as usual. I did not know the plan, but when Gates' company was placed in front and led off over the same road we had traveled the day before, I knew an attack on Fort Scott was in mind. When about ten miles out we came to the top of a hill overlooking a wooded valley with a small dry creek running through it. We could see a long distance across the valley into the prairie hills beyond, but could see no sign of soldiers. The whole force halted and Gates was directed to go forward across the valley and through the timber, which I judge was nearly a mile in width. We passed down the hill and went very cautiously through the woods, but neither saw nor heard anything to arouse suspicion. On reaching the farther side of the timber we stopped and got off our horses to rest and allow them to graze. The whole company was entirely off guard and the boys were talking and laughing and having a good time, when suddenly cannon and muskets began to roar behind us.

We soon saw what had happened. The Federal troops lay concealed in the timber and on discovering that we were but an advance guard, allowed us to pass, guessing aright that Price, after allowing us time to pass through, would, if we were not molested, move his main force forward. Price had followed us and the guns we heard were the beginning of the attack upon him. In a moment every man was in the saddle. We dashed back through the timber and found that Lane had advanced and attacked Price in the open

and while in the line of march. We could see some confusion, and it took a good while to get the men up out of the line of march and in a position to fight. Bledsoe's battery, however, was in action and Lane's men charged and captured it, wounding Bledsoe. Presently two regiments came up and recaptured the battery. By that time a second battery had come up and opened fire. We were still in the rear of Lane and in great danger from our own men. We picked a time when everybody on both sides seemed to be engaged and started around to the right of Lane and up the crest of a long ridge that led to the top of the hill. When about half way to the top a company of cavalry started up a little valley to our left to cut us off. We had the best horses and a little the advantage in distance. Besides we were going toward our own army and getting safer all the time, while the company pursuing us was all the time getting closer to danger. We hoped they would follow until a company of our men could cut in between them and their main force, but they were too cautious for that and abandoned the chase. We galloped around, reaching our forces just as the fight was over.

When our whole force was brought up and placed in fighting line the situation got too severe for an army with a good shelter behind it, so Lane's men broke ranks and started for the timber. They made no attempt to rally and come again, but went directly on to Fort Scott. The road was dry and the dust fogged up through the timber like a black cloud and made a good target for our batteries. Lane lost more men and horses in the retreat through the timber than in the main fight. Price crossed to the opposite side of the valley and camped for the night. Next morning

very early he sent a scouting party with directions to ascertain as far as possible the probable strength of the forces in Fort Scott. The party found the place completely evacuated and so reported. Price made no attempt to follow, but continued his journey to the north.

CHAPTER XI.

The Battle of Lexington.

When within a few miles of Warrensburg, we learned that a portion of Mulligan's force was camped there. We camped for the night and next morning discovered that the detachment had gone during the night to join the main force at Lexington. Gates was ordered to follow them. We traveled all day on a forced march, and when within a short distance of Lexington were fired upon from both sides of the road from behind corn shocks. We hastily dismounted and commenced shooting at the corn shocks. The firing from behind then soon ceased and the men hurried away towards Lexington. We followed, but as we were then less than a mile from the town we thought it unwise to go too close until our main force came up.

Next day Price came up and made his headquarters in the fair ground just south of town. We camped there three days picket-fighting but getting ready all the time to attack Mulligan behind his breast-works. We had to mold our bullets and make our cartridges and when sufficient ammunition had been prepared we were ready. We marched up and were met at the edge of the town where the fighting began. We marched down the sidewalks on each side of the streets with a battery in the center of the roadway. Mulligan's men fought well and kept the street full of musket balls, but when the battery would belch out its grape shot they had to go back. I well remember, that at every opportunity we would jerk the picket fences down and go in behind the brick walls to shun the bullets. When the end of the wall was reached we had

to step out on the sidewalk and face the music. They made a great effort to keep us out of town before they went behind their breast-works, but they had to go.

When Mulligan reached and went behind his fortifications we closed in and surrounded him except upon the side next the river. Price sent a regiment up the river and one down the river. They charged and captured those portions of the breast-works which prevented us from getting to the river front and thus in their rear. This was done late in the evening and Gates' regiment lay on the hillside behind a plank fence all night to prevent a recapture. They made several attempts during the night but failed each time.

The warehouses were full of hemp bales, and next morning we got them out and rolled them up the hill in front of us—two men to the bale—both keeping well down behind it. When we got in sight of their ditches we had a long line of hemp bales two deep in front of us, and then the fight commenced in earnest. They shot small arms from their ditches and cannon balls from their batteries. Sometimes a ball would knock down one of our top bales, but it soon went back in place. We brought our battery up behind the breastworks and by taking the top bale off we made an excellent port-hole for the muzzles of our guns. The fight went on some two or three hours in this way. They in their ditches and we crouched behind our hemp bales. Every time a man showed his head half a dozen took a shot at him. They soon learned to keep their heads down, but they would put their hats on gun sticks and hold them up for us to shoot at, but we soon discovered this device and wasted very few bullets afterwards.

If this situation continued it looked as if the siege might last a month, so we decided to move closer. The top bales were pushed off and rolled forward with two men lying nearly flat behind each bale. When within forty yards of the trenches the front row halted and waited for the rear line of bales to come up. It took but a moment to hoist the one upon the other and thus we put our breastworks in much better position. Our batteries came up with little trouble, as we covered the opposite line so completely that no one dared to raise his head and shoot. Their batteries were posted on an exposed hill some two hundred yards away, but not a man was to be seen about them. Their gunners had all gone to the trenches. Our only suffering was when moving our hemp bales up the first time, and again when we advanced them the second time, as at these times we were too busy to return the fire, but we were well protected and lost very few men.

We lay in this position for three days. Mulligan's trench must have been nearly two miles long. We had no idea what was going on at any other point, but guessed the situation was very much the same along the whole line. We could hear through the woods a single gun now and then, reminding us more of a squirrel hunt than a battle. At the end of three days Mulligan surrendered. We were glad to see the white flag, not so much because it meant victory for us as because we were hungry and tired.

Mulligan marched his men out and had them stack arms. Then we marched them away from their arms and lined them up unarmed. Price took charge and put a guard around them, and then paroled them and sent them home. Some of them went back to Buchanan County where they told friends of ours that Price had no privates in his army; that they saw nobody un-

der a lieutenant. They may have reached this conclusion from the way all left the hemp bales and went up to see the surrender.

Price went back to Springfield and Gates and his company came home. Billy Bridgeman, a nephew of mine who lived near Bigelow, in Holt County, was with us and when we reached my home he wanted me to go on with him to his home. It was a dangerous trip. St. Joe, Savannah, Forest City and Oregon were full of soldiers. We left home in the morning about daylight, passed up east and north of St. Joe, crossed the Nodaway River just above its junction with the Missouri, hurried across the main road between Oregon and Forest City, where we were most apt to be discovered, and reached his home on Little Fork, about night. We remained there about three days when some zealous female patriot saw us and reported us. We learned that we had been reported and kept a close watch all day and at night, feeling sure that the Forest City company would try to capture us, we saddled our horses and rode out away from home. It was bright moonlight, and when about two miles from home we heard them coming and stopped in the shadow of some trees. When they got within forty yards of us we fired into them with our navies, and kept it up until we had emptied our six-shooters. They whirled and ran back as fast as their horses could carry them. We loaded our guns and followed. The first house they passed one man jumped off his horse and left him standing in the road. We stopped at the fence and called. A woman came out of the house. I asked her if any soldiers had passed there. She said—I use her words just as she uttered them: "Yes, they went

down the road a few minutes ago like the devil was after them." Billy and I did not know we had scared them so.

The fine mare Billy's father had given him hurt her foot in some way and was limping badly, so he pulled off the saddle and bridle and turned her loose. She started at once for home, and Billy saddled up the horse that had been left and we started on. It was then midnight and we had sixty miles before us. It was dangerous to ride in daylight, but more dangerous to stop anywhere on the road as we had no friends or acquaintances on the way. We could do nothing but go on and take chances. When, early in the forenoon, we reached the ford of the Nodaway on the old Hackberry road leading from Oregon to Savannah, we met a man who told us that a regiment of soldiers had left Savannah that morning for Oregon. We crossed the river and turned to the right, leaving the main road and picking our way to the bluffs of the Missouri and down along these bluffs to a point just above St. Joseph. There we left the bluffs and went across the country to Garrettsburg on Platte River and reached home just at night. I called our old black woman out of the house and asked her if she had heard of any soldiers in the neighborhood and if she thought it would be safe for us to stop for supper. She said she had heard of no soldiers and she thought there would be no danger, but that Brother Isaac and George Boyer were up at Brother James' house waiting for us, so we rode on up there.

We watered and fed our tired and hungry horses and had a good supper—the first mouthful since supper the night before—and all sat down to rest and talk. The house was a large two-story frame building fronting north, built upon a plan that was very popu-

lar in those days. A wide hall into which the front door entered from a portico, separated two large rooms—one on the right and the other on the left. A long ell joined up to the west room or end and extended back to the rear. A wide porch extended along the east side of the ell and along the south side of the east room of the front or main part of the building. A door in the rear of the front hall opened upon this porch, while doors from each of the rooms in the ell also led out upon the porch. We were all in the east front room with Brother James and his family. Brother Isaac and I were talking over our business affairs. Bridgeman had lain down upon a sofa and dropped off to sleep, and Boyer and Brother James and his family were chatting pleasantly, when a company of soldiers sneaked up and stationed themselves around the house. After they were sufficiently posted the captain gave us the first notice of their presence by calling out in a loud voice, "Come out, men, and give yourselves up, you will not be hurt." We knew by that call that a good strong force was outside and that trouble was at hand. We hurriedly lowered the window shades and blew out the light and remained perfectly still. The captain called again, urging that we would be treated as prisoners of war if we would surrender. We knew too well the value of such a promise made by the captain of a self-appointed gang of would-be regulators, who did not know the duty of captors toward their prisoners, and if they had known were not to be trusted. Besides we had no notion of surrendering as long as our ammunition held out.

When the captain found we were not to be coaxed out by his false and flattering promises, he began to show his real intentions. He said, "Come out! G—d—you, we have got you now." We still gave no answer.

Then he said if we did not come out he would burn the house down over our heads. When that failed he called on us to send the women and children out so he could burn the house. We accommodated him that much and sent them out. I told them to go out at the front door and to be sure and close it after them. When the women were gone we opened the door and passed into the hall and then to the back or south door, Bridgeman in front. He opened the door just enough to peep out. He had a dragoon pistol in his right hand and a Colt's navy in his left. When the door opened a man stepped up on the porch with his bayonet fixed and told Billy to come on. Billy gave him an ounce ball and he fell back off the porch. The fight was then on and had to be finished. Just after Billy fired the shot he accidentally dropped his navy from his left hand and it fell behind the door in the dark. He stooped to feel for it and Brother Isaac asked, "Billy was that you shot?" I told him that it was. He then said, "we must get out of here now." With that, and before Billy found his gun, I jerked the door wide open and went out. Brother Isaac followed me, Boyer next and Billy last. There was no one to be seen but the dead man by the side of the porch. The others had taken shelter behind the east end of the house and the south end of the ell. I went south along the ell porch and Isaac followed close behind me. When I got to the end of the porch I jumped off and there I found about a dozen men lined up. They fired at me but the blaze went over my head. I turned my face to them and took a hand myself. By that time Brother Isaac was at my side, and, although unaccustomed to warfare, he did good service. We opened fire and they turned and ran. We followed them around the house and ran them off the premises and out into the public road.

When Billy found his navy and came out, he saw men at the east end of the house firing across at us from the rear so he ran down the porch that led to that end of the house. Just as he reached the end of the porch a man stepped from behind the house and raised his gun to shoot at us. Quick as a flash Billy stuck the end of his navy within six inches of the man's face and shot him in the mouth. The man dropped down on the ground and bawled like a steer. At this the men farther around in the chimney corner broke and ran and Billy followed. They did not stop running and Billy did not stop shooting until they were well off the premises.

Boyer who was the third man out of the house afterwards related his experience to me. He jumped off the porch and ran out through the back yard. He stumbled and fell over a bank of dirt that had been thrown out of a well, but Brother Isaac and I were keeping all of them so busy that no one seemed to notice him. He was up in a moment and going again. When he got to the rear of the smoke house he ran over a man who lay hid in the weeds. The fellow jumped up and ran and Boyer shot at him, but both kept on running. Boyer reached a corn field and lay hid the remainder of the night.

After the fight was over Billy, Brother Isaac and I went down into the woods and sat for a long time talking it over. We had no idea how many men were in the company, but were confident that it went away somewhat smaller than when it came. They got our horses and saddles and, as we had fired all the loads out of our pistols in the fight, we had nothing but the clothes on our backs and our empty revolvers. We didn't dare go back to the house, so, late in the night, we started out first to replenish our ammunition. We

stopped at Jack Elder's, a mile to the west. He gave us powder and bullets, but he had no caps. We then went over to Judge Pullins' who had a good supply and furnished us plenty of them. After loading our guns we went north to the home of Joe Evans. Evans was a lieutenant in the Southern army, and his wife, who was Nelly Auxier, was at home with her children. We had known her from childhood, so we went in and went to bed. Nelly sat up the remainder of the night and kept watch. This was the first sleep in nearly forty-eight hours. At seven she woke us for breakfast. About ten o'clock Judge Pullins, who knew where we were, brought over the morning St. Joe paper. It contained a long account of the fight, and said that Penick's men had gone down into "the hackle" the night before and killed two of the Gibson boys and captured the remainder of the "gang." This was amusing news, and about as near the truth as most reports of that kind.

Although it was dangerous for us to travel by daylight, we concluded we might, with proper caution, get back over the ground and see for ourselves what had been done. We kept well in the timber and reached Brother James' house about noon. The house was considerably scratched up by bullets and blood was strewn all around it. Four men had been killed and five wounded. Harriet, our old negro woman, told us the soldiers had first stopped at father's old place and inquired for us. She started across the fields at once to notify us, but could not make the half mile on foot in time and had reached only a safe distance from the house when the fight began.

We remained in the neighborhood, hidden at first one place and then another for several days. Brother Isaac, being rather too old to go in the army left home and went to Illinois for safety, as he knew there would

be no peace for him after the fight, no matter how conservative he had been in the past or how well behaved he might be in the future. The unfortunate circumstance which, on account of his association with us, had compelled him to fight for his life, had rendered his efforts to remain at home out of the question. Billy and I, having lost our horses, saddles and blankets, were compelled to remain, in spite of the fact that soldiers were hunting us like hounds, until we could get properly equipped to leave. We were not long in doing this, and then we set out on horseback through a country patrolled by many soldiers to join our company at Springfield.

CHAPTER XII.

Back to the South.

We left in the afternoon, and, taking byroads, passed Stephen Bedford's and went on to Doc Brown's on Casteel Creek. We spent the night there. Brown kept us up until midnight, asking questions about our experiences at Wilson's Creek, Fort Scott and Lexington and about the fight with Penick's men at Brother James' house. He had heard the firing although eight miles away, and suspected that some of the Gibson boys were in the fight. We started early next morning for Clay County where my sister, Mrs. Harrison Wilson, lived. We reached her home without difficulty and remained there over night. It was about fifteen miles from her home to the Missouri River where we expected to have trouble, as soldiers were on guard at every crossing point between St. Joseph and the Mississippi. If we could not find a ferry unguarded we expected to bind cottonwood logs together, get on them and swim our horses alongside. This was disagreeable and very dangerous and was not to be thought of so long as there was any chance to cross on a ferry. We decided, therefore, to go to old Richfield and try the ferry by fair means or foul. We reached the high bluff that overlooks the town, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and looked cautiously down. The soldiers were camped just below the town and the ferry landing was a little above it. Everything was quiet—no soldiers up in town or about the ferry landing that we could see. While we were watching, the ferry boat crossed to this side and landed. We rode quietly down the hill and on to the boat. Billy asked the ferryman

BACK TO THE SOUTH

if he was going right back. He said no, that he made regular trips. Billy asked how long before he would start. He said thirty minutes. Billy told him we could not wait that long, and that he must go back immediately. The ferryman looked up into Billy's face and said he would wait for time. In an instant he found himself looking into the muzzle of a Colt's navy. Billy told him to stand perfectly still if he valued his life. I jumped off my horse and loosed the cable that held the boat to shore. The current carried the boat out into the river and Billy told the ferryman to take charge and set us over. He did it without a word and we rode out in safety on the other shore. In all that happened on the boat, not a loud word was spoken, and, so far as I know, the soldiers did not even suspect our presence.

When we rode out on firm land on the southern side of the Missouri we felt much safer, because the task we had most dreaded was over. We passed about five miles into the country and put up for the night at a farm house where we found seven or eight southern men all on their way to the Confederate lines. Two of these were Confederate soldiers and the remainder were old men leaving home for safety. The two soldiers were John Culbertson of Buchanan County and Sol Starks of Clay County. The next morning about nine o'clock, as we rode peacefully along, two boys about twelve years of age came galloping toward us as fast as their horses could carry them. We said nothing to them and they said nothing to us, but I thought their conduct rather strange. In a few minutes they passed back, still riding very fast. Starks and I were riding in front and I told him I thought we had better stop the boys and ask them what they were up to. We galloped after them leaving the other men behind, and

when we had overtaken them and inquired the cause of their fast riding, they told us there was a gang of "Jayhawkers" in the neighborhood and they (the boys) were hiding their horses. While we were talking to the boys Starks left his mule standing at the roadside and stepped aside. I also alighted from my horse. There was a short curve in the road just in front of us and while in the position I have described, Jennison's regiment came dashing around the curve and right down upon us. Starks left his mule standing in the road and ran for his life out through the timber. I jumped on my horse and took the same course. They soon overtook Starks and shot and killed him. A band of them followed me shooting and calling "halt," but I only went the faster. I had gained a little on them by the time I came to a rail fence. It looked like they had me, but I had no idea of stopping. I threw off the top rail and made my horse jump the fence into a cornfield. They were at the fence in a moment firing and calling halt. I threw myself down on my horse's side in cowboy fashion, hanging on by leg and arm and sent him at his best speed down between two rows of corn. I soon came to a road where the corn gatherers had been hauling out the corn, and finding this better traveling and thinking it might lead to an outlet from the field I took it. They were still following and shooting at me. The fence where the road entered the field was up, but I had passed over one and could pass another. I held a tight reign and forced my horse to take it. He knocked off the top rail, but landed on his feet. Outside the field a firm road led down a long slant directly away from my pursuers. This gave me an advantage and I made good use of it. The soft ground of the cornfield checked their speed and the fence halted them, I think, for I never saw them any more. When my

horse reached the bottom of the slant and struck the level ground, the change of the surface threw him headlong. I went sailing in the air over beyond him carrying the bridle reins with me. Although terribly jolted I beat the horse up and was on his back the moment he could stand. I took no time to throw reins over his head, but with the rein swinging from my hand to the bit I pushed him into the brush and a half mile farther on before stopping.

My poor horse was almost dead, but as I could hear no one following me it looked like he had carried me to safety. I looked and listened intently but could neither see nor hear anyone. I got off my horse that he might get a better rest, as I did not know how soon he might have to run again, and after the first few breaths of freedom, began to think of my companions. As the main body of the regiment kept the traveled road and only a detachment followed me, it was certain that Billy and Culbertson and the old men would meet them. I feared for the result—especially to the old men. Billy and Culbertson I thought could likely take care of themselves. The point where I had stopped was at the head of a long ravine, and while standing there I saw a man approaching on horseback. I watched a moment and discovered that it was Bridgeman. We were rejoiced to see each other. Billy asked about Starks and I told him his fate. I asked how his party had fared. He said when they saw the soldiers coming he and Culbertson were in front. They fired at the soldiers and took to the brush. He had seen none of his companions since. By chance Billy had taken the same general direction that I had gone and that is how we happened to meet. We thought it almost providential.

I heard afterwards, but I cannot say as to the truth of the report, that the old gray haired men who were with us were all captured and killed. Whatever may have been their fate, we could do nothing for them against a regiment and counted ourselves more lucky than wise that we escaped with our own lives.

Billy and I remained in seclusion most of the day and then, hearing nothing of Culbertson and the old men, started on our journey. We rode leisurely along and reached Springfield without further difficulty. There we found Culbertson, waiting and looking for us. He was sly as a red fox and as hard to catch. He had gotten away from Jennison and had made better time to Springfield than we, and, as he knew our destination, waited our coming as proof that we had not been caught.

General Price was in winter quarters. We remained with our company a few weeks, and just before Christmas Billy and Jim Combs, his brother-in-law, and I got permission to spend the holidays at Granby with Jeff Whitney, Comb's step-father, who had formerly lived in Holt County. While on this visit Whitney, who was a man of considerable wealth, concluded he would move farther south in order to secure better protection for his family and property, and asked us to accompany him across the mountains as a guard. We consented to do it and made the trip with him over land to Fort Smith, where Whitney, after going just across the Arkansas line, erected a cabin in the Cherokee Nation. We remained with him about a week assisting him to get settled, when we got a letter from Colonel Gates informing us that a strong army was approaching from St. Louis and calling us back to our places in his company.

We set out for Springfield immediately and met our army as it retreated to join Van Dorn at Fayetteville. I shall always remember our meeting with this army. The ox teams were in front, four yoke to each wagon, a long string of them; winding slowly down the road. Then the mule teams, six mules to each wagon, many of them the same mules we had captured at Fort Scott. Next a regiment of soldiers, then General Price and his body guard, then the main body of the army with Gates in the rear. The pursuing army was making forced marches in an effort to bring on a general engagement before Price united his forces with Van Dorn. We had hardly joined our company, when the enemy, seeing that another day's march would place Price very close to Van Dorn, sent two regiments of cavalry to attack our rear. The first regiment came dashing upon us without warning, yelling and shooting. Gates ordered his men to dismount and take to the brush. They obeyed in an instant, leaving their horses in the road. The horses, frightened by the attack from the rear, stampeded and dashed forward upon the infantry. The attacking regiment followed, and before they realized their peril were far in between two lines of hidden Confederates who, protected by the brush, piled horses and soldiers thick along the road. There were but few left to tell the tale. The second regiment on discovering the situation of the first, failed to follow. Price, on discovering that the attack had been made sent a regiment of infantry back to support us, but when it arrived the work had been done. We came out of the brush and followed the infantry, still protecting the rear until our horses were sent back.

That was the last day of the retreat. Price took a stand at Cross Hollow where Van Dorn joined him. The Union army stopped at Pea Ridge. Both armies rested three days. On the night of the third day Price broke camp and traveled all night. By daylight he was in the road behind the enemy, and at sun up moved south toward their camp. We had not gone far when we met fifteen or twenty government teams going on a forage. They were greatly surprised, but grinned and said nothing. Price put a guard over them and moved on. When he got in position on the rear he fired a cannon as a signal to Van Dorn that all was ready. The engagement soon opened front and rear. Price was successful on his side, but Van Dorn was defeated. In less than an hour not a gun could be heard along the whole south side of the army. The whole force then turned upon Price and he was compelled to retreat. He went north until he came to a road leading across the mountains to White River. The Union forces did not follow and the retreat was made with little difficulty. We had no baggage except the artillery and the teams captured early in the morning. The roads, however, were very rough and our progress was very slow. On the following morning while we were toiling over the mountains, General Price rode by with his arm in a sling. The boys cheered him until the mountains resounded for miles. In a few days we were beyond danger of pursuit and made our way in safety to Fort Smith.

From Fort Smith Price was ordered to Memphis. He started at once over land to Des Arc on White River. From there we went to Memphis by boat. After

a short stay in Memphis, Brother James, who had returned from California and joined the army, was sent back to Missouri as a recruiting officer. Billy Bridgeman and I got leave to accompany him and we all came together back as far as Des Arc. There Billy decided to return to Memphis and go on with Price, while Brother James and I came home on horse back. This is the last time I ever saw Bridgeman.

CHAPTER XIII.

Home for Recruits.

I do not recall the incidents of the trip home. I do not remember the road or how we crossed the river or anything about it, though I have tried very hard to recall them. I only know that we went from Des Arc to Dover, Arkansas, and that somewhere on the road Henry Gibson and Harold Shultz joined us and that we all reached home together. Henry Gibson is dead. Schultz is insane and confined at State Hospital No. 2 at St. Joseph, and Brother James is in Idaho, so I have no way of refreshing my memory, and as the trip, although it covered nearly four hundred miles, was made forty-eight years ago, my foot steps have grown cold. It is more than probable that a single hint would rescue the entire journey and its incidents.

I recall events after we reached home with perfect distinctness. We remained out in the brush most of the time. Brother James, at such times as he could, met all those who wanted to join the army. Besides the boys on the east side of Platte River, he enlisted John and Wash Lynch, two of the Greenwood boys, Jack Smedley, Jim Reeves, William and John Reynolds and Richard Miller from the west side. In all there were some twenty-five or thirty. We secured a tent and pitched it in a secret place in what was then and now sometimes called "the hackle," about a mile east of Garrettsburg. We had scant provisions, some flour, sugar, coffee and bacon which we kept hanging in a tree. During the day we managed to partly satisfy our hunger on this diet, but at night we went out to see the girls and get good meals. In spite of the con-

stant fear of discovery, we had a good time. During all this time the boys were collecting guns and ammunition. These they got wherever they could. Most often from friends who gave or loaned them, but sometimes from a straggling soldier or militia man who was caught away from camp.

Everything was ready and the night fixed for our departure. Doc. Watson had informed us that there was a company of militia camped in his yard about three miles distant from our camp, cooking, eating and sleeping on his blue grass. Our plan was to march up near them during the night and wake them at day-break and bid them goodby. During the entire time our camp remained there, we took no pains to conceal it from the negroes, for the most of them—and we thought all—could be trusted as far as our white friends. We made a mistake in one of them. He turned traitor and told the company at Doc Watson's that about two hundred "bush-whackers" were camped in the Hackle. They informed the authorities at St. Joe and the night before we proposed to execute our plans they marched two regiments—one infantry and one cavalry—down close to our camp and next morning surprised us by calling about sun up. It was clear they had a guide for they followed the trail through the thick woods directly to the tent.

The tent was stretched in a little valley and over beyond a deep gulch, so that it was impossible to approach nearer than fifty yards of it on horseback. This was too close to be comfortable to the eight men who were in it sound asleep. Without a moment's warning they fired into it. The aim was high and not a man was hit. They jumped and ran for their lives and all escaped. It was our good fortune that more of the boys were not in the tent. As it was to be the last

night at home, most of the boys had gone to bid their friends goodby and had remained with them for the night. Brother James and I had gone home with Charley Pullins, who had joined our company, and, in place of returning to the tent, we all took our blankets and slept in his rye field.

Early next morning we were awakened by the barking of Pullins' dog. We jumped up and looked and listened. A regiment of infantry was passing along the road. They had a six gun battery with them and I could not mistake the creaking of the old truck-wheels. We picked up our blankets and ran to the house and threw them in at the back window, and then stepped around in front to watch them go by, some two hundred yards distant. We had no idea they were after us with all this equipment, but supposed they were simply marching from Easton to St. Joe and had probably missed the road. We knew nothing of the attack upon the tent, nor did we know that at that moment the cavalry regiment had divided into squads and was galloping from house to house all over the neighborhood, looking for the Gibson boys.

While we stood watching the procession pass we heard a rumbling noise behind us, and back of the house. I turned and saw the cavalry coming under lash. We ran for the front gate which led away from the infantry that was passing. A few rods beyond the gate lay a heavy body of timber and we made for it. As I went out I passed my fine saddle mare grazing in the yard, and I threw the yard gate wide open. By this time the soldiers had galloped around both sides of the house and commenced firing at us. At the first shot my mare threw up her head and tail and made for the gate. She was safe in the timber almost as soon as we were. When we reached

the timber bullets were flying after us pretty thick, but I stopped and threw my double barrel shot gun to my shoulder. Brother James called to me to save my loads, but as we each had two six shooters and a double barrel shot gun, I thought I could spare one load so I gave it to them. They, like all soldiers at that time, were dreadfully afraid of the brush, and, whether it was my shot or the fact that we had reached the timber, they stopped firing and started around to the farther side of the woods. I lost sight of Pullins and James, and when I saw the soldiers start around the timber I ran back towards the house and into a cornfield on the opposite side. When I reached the fence at the farther side of the cornfield, I ran directly upon two of the infantry soldiers who had apparently become lost from the regiment. They were as much, if not more surprised than I was, for I had presence of mind enough to use the remaining load in my shot gun and they tore through the brush like wild deer.

I went up to the tent expecting to find the boys there. Instead, I found the tent riddled with bullets and several old guns which the soldiers had destroyed by hammering the barrels around a tree. I was, of course, greatly surprised, but after looking over the situation I was gratified at finding no evidence that any of our men had been killed. I learned afterwards that but one man had been killed in the whole raid. That man was George Reynolds. After the attack upon the tent the soldiers rode over to Reynold's house and found him, an old gray haired man, carrying a basket of corn to his hogs. They shot him where he stood and rode off and left him for the women of his family to bury, as the men in the community didn't dare come

out of the brush to their assistance. One man, Rich Miller, who knew of his death, ventured out and helped bury him.

The raid scattered our little band of volunteers and all hope of gathering them together was abandoned. On the evening after the raid my saddle mare—the one I had let out through the gate at Pullins', after remaining in the woods all day, came up to the gate at the old home, as though she knew—and I believe she did—that it was not safe for her to be seen on the road in daylight. During the night that followed I located Brother James and he, Pullins and I decided to go back into the Confederate lines. Within a day or two we left expecting, as upon our preceding trip, to cross the river at Richfield. We passed through old Haynesville on the line between Clinton and Clay Counties, which was then a thriving village, but which I am told is now abandoned as a town, and then on directly toward the river. There was considerable Union sentiment about Haynesville and some one there must have suspected our purpose and informed a company of militia that happened to be in the neighborhood. We rode leisurely along, not suspecting that we were being followed, and, when we reached the home of Reuben J. Eastin, some six miles south of Haynesville, stopped for dinner. Eastin was related to Pullins and the family were all glad to see us, and invited us into the house and the old gentleman directed his son to take our horses to the barn and feed them. I told him we had better go to the brush and feed our horses and have our meals sent to us. He said there was no danger as there were no soldiers in the community.

We all pulled off our belts and threw them, with the navies in them on a bed and prepared for dinner.

As I stepped across the room to a looking glass to comb my hair, I glanced out the door and saw a company of militia coming up the road from the north under whip. Brother and I sprang for our navies and buckled them around us and ran out at the back door and into a corn field, which was on the south side of the house. Pullins, who was not accustomed to warfare, was so frightened that he forgot his guns. It was August and the weather was very hot. We ran down between two rows of corn as fast as we could, Pullins in front, Brother James behind him and I in the rear. I got hot and called to them not to run so fast, but they did not hear me and kept going. I stopped and sat down. I could then hear the horses galloping around to the farther or south side of the field, so I turned and ran east toward the main road which ran in front of the house, and along the east side of the field. When I got to the fence I looked both directions and saw no soldiers. They had evidently anticipated that we would all make for the heavy timber which lay south and west of the field, and had undertaken to head us off in that direction. There was a woods pasture just across the road, with only large trees in it, but I saw beyond the timber a thicket which seemed to skirt a draw or gully and I made up my mind to cross the road and take my chances. I remember thinking that if I should be discovered while crossing the open pasture there would probably be no more than four or five men in the squad and that I could get behind a big tree and wait until they came close to me, when with my skill in the use of the navy, I could protect myself against them. I jumped over the fence and made good speed, taking no time to look back, until I reached the thicket. Not a man of them saw me. They had left a gap open, and I was out of the trap. I followed the brushy ra-

vine some distance and came to another cornfield. In passing through this field I came upon a water melon patch, completely surrounded by the corn. I decided this would be a good place to stop and wait for developments. I took a big ripe melon out into the corn and proceeded to supply as much as possible the dinner the soldiers had caused me to lose. I knew I was safe, but I was not so sure about my companions. In a few minutes I heard two pistol shots. They were from Brother James' navy. I had heard the report too many times to be mistaken. This assured me that he had not at that moment been captured. In about five minutes I heard two musket shots, and this alarmed me. I felt perfectly sure if they had fired at Brother James they had not harmed him and he had escaped without returning the fire, but I could not be so sure about Pullins as I knew he had no weapons with him. No further shots were fired.

I remained in the corn field until nearly night and then started for the home of my sister, Mrs. Wilson, who lived about three miles north and east. I reached her house about nine o'clock at night, but did not go in. She brought food to me in the timber near by and remained with me waiting and watching for Brother James and Pullins. We were both very uneasy and greatly feared they had been captured. We knew either or both of them, if alive and not captured, would come to her house to find me before attempting to go on to the south. About midnight Brother James came in. He knew nothing of Pullins. We watched for him all night but he never came. Next morning Mrs. Wilson saddled her horse and rode over to Eastin's to see if she could hear of him. When she returned she told us they had captured Pullins and taken him to Liberty. The last word Pullins' young wife had said to me as we left

home, was, "Take good care of Charley." There was little that could be done for him now, but in the hope that we might be able to do something, or that, as he was a perfectly innocent boy, making his way south for safety, he would be paroled and released and allowed to return to his home. We remained in the brush a week waiting for him. During this time Brother James gave me a full account of his escape.

He said when he and Pullins reached the south side of the corn field they could hear the horses coming and decided it would not be safe to attempt to get out into the timber, so they put back into the field and became separated. In a short time men were all around the field and in the field riding through the tall corn. When James discovered that men were in the field he crouched down beneath a bush and remained perfectly quiet in order that he might hear the approach of the horses through the rattling corn. He had remained in this position but a short time when he saw a single horseman coming toward him. He drew his navy and lay still. When the man got very close he arose and shot him in the leg. He then shot his horse and ran. He could easily have killed the man, but did not want to do it. At the sound of these guns all the pursuers started in the direction of the supposed fight. James heard them coming and decided to go back toward the house in the hope of finding it unguarded. In that case he would secure his horse. When he got to the fence near the barn he set his foot upon a rail and raised his body to look. At that moment he saw two soldiers on guard and they saw him. They raised their guns to fire, but James threw up his hands and said, "Don't shoot." They thought he had surrendered and dropped their guns. In the twinkle of an eye he fell back off of the fence and put back into the

heavy corn. The soldiers both fired at him but he had the fence as a shield and their shots were harmless. The guards then yelled, "Here he is," and the remainder of the soldiers in the field and out supposing the musket shots had killed one or more of us, all galloped for the barn. James heard them going from all directions and kept close watch that none who were in the field might come near enough to see him. When they were all well on toward the barn he made quick time back through the field and into the woods beyond. He had not gone far in the timber when he heard them coming again, and, as he was almost worn out and feared he would not be able to get out of reach of them he climbed a tree that had thick foliage upon it and remained there the whole afternoon. He could hear the soldiers riding around the field and through the corn and in the timber near him. When night came they gave up the search, and James climbed down and made his way to Mrs. Wilson's.

By the end of a week we had the full story of Pulins' fate. They had taken him to Liberty and there pretended to try him, found him guilty, but of what crime no record will ever show and no man will ever know, sent him back to old man Eastin's, where he was shot by twelve men. They then plundered Eastin's house, took his horses, harness and wagons, bedding and table ware, provisions and everything movable and moved him, a blind and helpless cripple, out of his house and under the trees of his orchard, set fire to his house and burned it to the ground.

We could do nothing but go on, so with sad hearts and without horses or blankets, with nothing but our trusted navies and plenty of ammunition, we skulked our way to old Richfield again, some fifteen miles from Mrs. Wilson's. We reached the river just about dark

and lay in the bluffs all night, without food or shelter. Early in the morning we ventured down to a house and asked for breakfast. We knew by the way we were received that he was a southern man, but we were too cautious to make our wishes known at once. By the time breakfast was over we decided we could trust him, so we asked him if he knew of any way we could get across the river. He told us there was a man on the other side of the river who had a skiff and made a business of setting southern men across, but he was very cautious and would not come to this side except upon a signal. We then asked him if he would assist us and he said he would, but we must be very careful to evade the northern soldiers on guard and not let them see him as if they suspected him they would probably kill him and burn his home. We assured him that we were discreet, so he went with us. He took us a short distance above Richfield and into a timbered bottom, and when we got to the road which paralleled the river he told us to stop and wait for him. He passed across the road and out into the willows that grew between the road and the water. While we stood waiting a man and woman approached through the timber from the west singing Dixie at the top of their voices. We knew this was a ruse to deceive just such men as ourselves. Federal soldiers were so near that no sincere southern person would sing Dixie at the top of his voice within their hearing. We ran back into the timber and lay down behind a log. The couple passed, still singing, and went on toward the town. In a few minutes our man came back. We left our hiding place and followed him to the river. The man was there with his boat waiting for us. We jumped in. Our friend shoved the boat from shore and put back into the willows. Our boatman told us that soldiers both

above and below the town had been trying to get him to come across all morning, but they did not know his signal and he would not come.

Our man in crossing towards us had taken a course which kept his boat out of view, and as he went back he kept behind an island until well toward his own shore and out of range. As the boat passed out from behind the island they discovered us and commenced shooting, but we were too far away to fear their bullets.

We landed safely and then, having passed over what was considered our greatest difficulty, began to think about other troubles still ahead. Independence was full of Federal soldiers. Lone Jack and Pleasant Hill were no better. Roving bands of foragers and scouts kept the country between closely patrolled. We had but one hope and that was that we might chance to fall in with Quantrell on one of his raids. William Hill, a cousin of ours, lived near Pleasant Hill, and if we could reach him, we felt sure he could tell us when Quantrell might be expected in that locality. We left the river and walked cautiously through timber and fields, stopping at farm houses for food only after night, sleeping on the ground without blankets and finally reached Hill's place. He was at heart a strong southern man, but had managed to deceive the Union soldiers and his Union neighbors. We asked about Quantrell. He informed us that some of his neighbors belonged to Quantrell's band, and that Quantrell was at that time in camp about three miles away. We did not know Quantrell nor any of his men and asked Hill to go with us to the camp. He objected. Said that he had acted the part of a northern man so completely that Quantrell had threatened him, believing him to be in earnest. We told him if he went with us he would have

nothing to fear. He seemed not to understand how this could be if we knew neither Quantrell nor his men. We then explained that Jesse and Frank James were with Quantrell and that they lived in Clay County near the home of our sister, and were well acquainted with us by reputation.

Hill finally consented and saddled horses for all and took us to the camp. He introduced us to Quantrell and then in turn we met Frank and Jesse James, Cole Younger and his brothers and other leaders of the company. We explained Hill's relation to us; that we had known him from his birth in Tennessee and that he was with us at heart. They told him to go home and fear nothing from them. Hill took his horses and left well satisfied.

The whole company remained in camp some days, and during the time one of Hill's neighbors gave Brother James a fine mare, bridle and saddle. I have always thought that Hill furnished the money for this equipment and gave it in the name of a trusted neighbor. It was not long until a fine outfit was presented to me. I took it and said nothing. I liked the horse, but did not like the saddle. It was an old dragoon government saddle with brass mounted horns both before and behind.

About this time a detachment of Shelby's men came north on a scout. Quantrell joined them and attacked Pleasant Hill and drove the Union forces to Lone Jack. He followed and defeated them at Lone Jack and drove them out of that section of the country.

We returned to Pleasant Hill and were received with great cordiality by the people. The women baked cakes and pies and sent them into camp, which were fully appreciated. At the pay office which had been maintained by the Federal officers we found

large quantities of greenbacks of small denominations lying on desks and tables and scattered upon the floor. It was counted of little value at that time and in that community. One dollar of Confederate money was worth five of the governments' greenbacks.

After a rest, the scouting parties that had joined Quantrell in the attack upon Pleasant Hill and Lone Jack, started south. Quantrell traveled with us about three days, and I seriously contemplated joining that band and remaining in Missouri. I mentioned the matter to Brother James and he discouraged the idea. He said winter was coming on and the camp equipment was inadequate, besides he preferred that I should go into the regular service. I took his advice, and have since had many reasons to be thankful to him for it. We finally reached a place in Arkansas called Horsehead, where winter quarters had been established. At that time I did not belong to the army, as my term of enlistment had expired, but at Horsehead I enlisted for three years, or during the war. My horse, saddle and bridle belonged to me, hence my enlistment was in the cavalry. During the early part of the winter the officers decided that as horse feed was so scarce, the horses should be sent into Texas to graze through the winter, promising that each man's horse should be restored to him in the spring. I parted with my horse reluctantly, but of course, after enlistment had to obey orders. I never saw him again and when spring came I was compelled to enter the infantry. Brother James and many others were in the same condition.

We were assigned to a company of Missouri troops. Our captain's name was Miller. His home was in northeast Missouri. Our first lieutenant's name was Miller also, and his home was in Burr Oak Bottom, Kansas.

The first business in the spring was the guarding of the line across Arkansas from Fort Smith to Helena. We had our portion and did our work. Later General Holmes was given command and marched us across the state and, I have always thought, very foolishly attacked the fortifications at Helena. The river was full of gunboats and if he had been successful he could not have held the place. He was repulsed, however, and his troops badly cut up. The Missouri troops declared they would serve no longer under Holmes. Whether for this or some other reason, he was removed and command given to General Drayton.

I do not remember that Drayton did anything but keep us lying in camp, drilling every day, with now and then a dress parade, with all the women and children in the country invited to come and see us. This was very distasteful to us. We felt that we were not there to be raced around over the hot sand in the hot sun just to be looked at. Aside from this we had a pretty good time cock-fighting, horse racing and playing seven-up for tobacco.

General Price came back to us about Christmas and the Missouri boys planned a great celebration. Christmas day about five hundred took their guns and marched around to the headquarters of each colonel and made him treat or take a bumping against a tree. We then marched up to General Drayton's headquarters. His negro cooks and waiters were getting supper. They were soon cleared away and the general was called out. He backed up against a tree as though he expected to be shot, but he soon found we were only bent upon a little fun. The boys produced their fiddles and set to playing. Then they sang and danced and now and then we fired a volley just to make the woods ring. The General seemed to enjoy the fun and

told the boys to play on the bones. One quickly replied that we had been playing on bones all winter and pretty dry bones, too. The General saw the joke and smiled good-naturedly.

We next moved up and took possession of a six-gun battery. The muskets were not noisy enough. The first round brought Drayton. He ordered us to stop, but we told him it was Christmas and paid no attention to him. He sent for General Price, and as the General and his body guard rode up we ceased firing and set to waving hats and cheering. "Pap," as we called General Price, told us we could have our Christmas fun but we must not disturb the battery. That was enough. We always did what "Pap" told us to do. If he said fight we fought, and when he said run we ran.

It was too early to stop the fun, so we decided to go over and see the Arkansas boys who were camped about two miles away. We found on arriving that the boys who wore straps on their shoulders had organized a dance in a big tent and invited the girls for miles around. The dance was in full swing. The guards around the tent halted us and asked if we had a pass. We said "Yes, this is Christmas," and passed on. We made no noise or disturbance, but walked quietly up around the tent, and each man cut himself a window so he could look in on the scene. The shoulder straps were furious and came swarming out like hornets. We laughed at them and told them to go on with the dance, but they would not do it and sent for General Price. We learned this and started back, and met the General going toward the Arkansas camp and cheered him wildly. He passed on and said nothing, though I am sure he knew we were the boys he was after. We went into camp and nothing was ever said about our frolic.

CHAPTER XIV.

War in Arkansas.

Some time early in the year 1863, Price moved his forces to Little Rock. The Federal forces under General Steele approached from Springfield, and Price began preparations to receive them. His army was much inferior to the attacking force and every precaution was taken to give us the advantage. We crossed to the north side of the river from Little Rock and dug a trench in the shape of a rainbow touching the river above and below the town and more than a mile in length. The enemy approached within two miles of our trench and halted and remained in that position nearly a week. We had little rest during that time. The drum tapped every morning at four o'clock and we had to crawl out and fall into our ditch, where we remained until the danger of an early morning attack was over and then got out for breakfast.

On the seventh day, if I remember correctly, the Federals broke camp and marched ten miles down the river and commenced building a pontoon bridge. Price sent his cavalry and artillery down to visit them, but the fire was not heavy enough and the bridge was built in spite of their best efforts. We were called out of our trenches in the meantime and taken across the river on a foot bridge built upon small boats. When we reached Little Rock I was surprised to find everything gone. Ox teams and mule teams were strung out for miles hauling our freight and army supplies. We marched behind with orders to protect the train and I

thought we would certainly be attacked, but we were not. Steele made Little Rock his headquarters for the summer.

About fifty miles south of Little Rock we went into camp. At that time I belonged to Clark's brigade. Mercer was our Colonel, Gaines our major and Miller our captain. Clark's division was ordered to go down on the Mississippi River below the mouth of the Arkansas and destroy steam boats that were carrying supplies from St. Louis to Vicksburg. The siege was going on at that time, and the Federal troops were being supplied with provision largely by way of the river. There were two regiments in the division and we had with us a six gun battery. We reached the river and concealed ourselves at a point where the current approached close to the west bank, judging, by the low stage of the river, that the boats would be compelled to follow the current. We had not been in hiding very long until we saw seven boats steaming their way down the river with a small gunboat trailing along behind as guard or convoy. When the foremost boat reached a point near the shore and directly opposite us, it was halted and ordered ashore. There were soldiers on the boat and they ran out on deck and fired at us. We returned the fire and cleared the deck the first round. The next round was from our battery. The range was easy and one ball struck her boilers. The hot water and steam flew in every direction. She headed for the farther shore and drifted on a sand bar. The soldiers leaped from the boat and swam for their lives.

The six other boats received very much the same treatment. They were all disabled and sunk or drifted helplessly down the river. The little gunboat was helpless also. When the attack began it was under a bank and had to steam back up the river before it could get

in range to shoot at us. When the little bull dog got back in range it threw shot and shell into the timber like a hail storm, but our work had been done and we were out and gone. The volley fired from the deck of the first boat wounded one man, John Harper, in the knee. That was our only damage.

We then went some fifteen miles farther down and from the levee crippled two more transports. From there we followed the levee until we could hear the big guns at Vicksburg. That was July 3d, 1863. Next day about noon the heavy artillery ceased and we soon learned that Pemberton had surrendered. On July 5th cavalry sent across the river from Vicksburg were scouring the Arkansas side of the river, looking for "bushwhackers who had cannon with them." We fled back into the pine knobs and escaped easily.

I have been unable to recall further active service in 1863. We remained inactive and in camp most of the time and the monotonous life failed to impress its small events upon my memory.

Active operations in 1864 began, as well as I recall, about the first of March, when Steele left his station at Little Rock and started for Shreveport. We understood that his army numbered forty thousand men. It was certainly much larger than Price's army. As soon as it was learned that Steele had started south Price broke camp and set out to meet him, not with the idea of entering into an engagement, but for the purpose of harassing and delaying him. I do not remember where the two armies first came in contact with each other, but I recall distinctly the weeks of scouting, marching here and there, skirmishing now and then with detachments of Steele's army, and retreating when reinforcements appeared. The infantry kept always in front, resisting progress at every point, while the

cavalry under Marmaduke and Shelby went to the rear and threatened the long train of supplies. They made dashing attacks upon the line at every available point, fighting only long enough to force Steele to prepare for battle and then rapidly retreating. In this way Steele's men were kept on the run, forward to fight the infantry and backward to resist the cavalry. At night our men would frequently push a battery up near his camp and throw shells in upon him all night. I do not know how fast Steele traveled, but he must have considered five miles a day good progress.

During this time Banks was approaching Shreveport up Red River with sixty thousand men, and the object was to prevent a union of these forces. Eight gunboats were also making their way up the river.

General Dick Taylor had about ten thousand Texas and Louisiana troops and he was resisting the approach of Banks. As I remember it, Taylor had risked several engagements with Banks, but had been compelled to fall back each time. Finally he sent to Price for help. Price decided to employ his cavalry upon Steele so he sent his infantry, about five thousand, to Taylor. That included me, as my horse had never been brought back from pasture in Texas.

We made a forced march of one hundred and fifty miles to Shreveport, and then hurried down Red River to Sabine Cross Roads. We joined Taylor and on the eighth day of April attacked Banks and defeated him. He retreated to Pleasant Hill. After the battle we took a few hours' rest, and when night came Taylor ordered us to cook one day's rations ahead. About nine o'clock we were ordered out and placed like blood hounds upon Bank's tracks. They were easy to follow. The tracks were fresh, blood was plentiful and dead and wounded negroes lay now and then alongside the

road. We marched all night and until twelve o'clock next day. About that hour we came to a small stream about two miles from Pleasant Hill. There we stopped and had a drink and ate a lunch.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we were thrown into battle line and ordered to march on to Pleasant Hill. Banks had received reinforcements and was waiting for us. We passed through a body of timber and there encountered the Zouaves who were hid behind trees. One of them shot and killed our cook, Al St. John, who was from Platte County, Missouri. This was a bad start for us, but we routed the Zouaves and marched on through the timber to an open cotton field which lay between us and Pleasant Hill. When we passed out of the timber we could see the town and Bank's army lying in gullies and behind fences waiting for us.

When we got within range firing began. I do not remember which side opened, but I know the fight was open and in earnest. Our line was about a mile long and for a time each side stood firm. Directly I heard a yell up at the north end of our line. It was too indistinct to be understood and for a time I did not comprehend it, but it came closer and closer by regiments one after the other until our regiment was ordered to charge. Then we took up the yell and dashed forward. The yell passed on down the line until our whole force was on the move. We routed the enemy and drove them back into the city where some of them crept under old out houses to escape the bayonet. Then our line came to a stop. Their reinforcements came in from the rear with a yell and went after us. It looked like the whole sixty thousand had suddenly sprung from the earth. We thought we had gained a great victory when really we had only driven in the pickets. As

they came the yell went up on the other side. We stood right there and tried to whip the whole army. We stopped the yell but had to go. As we turned to go back I saw a battery horse running across the battle ground with his harness on and his entrails dragging the ground. Several other horses were running with saddles on their sides, showing their riders had been shot and in falling had turned the saddles. Those horses were all killed by bullets from one side or the other before they got off the battlefield.

We fell back about two hundred yards and rallied and made a second attack. By that time Banks was moving away from us. When the guns ceased sufficiently to enable me to hear the report of my own gun, I could hear also Bank's baggage and trap wagons rattling and banging out of Pleasant Hill. They went like a cyclone and that ended the bloody battle. We marched back two miles to the little creek where we had stopped at noon for lunch and camped for the night. Next morning Taylor's cavalry started in pursuit and saw Banks safely back to New Orleans. There Banks lost his job. At the same time the cavalry started in pursuit of Banks, the infantry began a forced march to Shreveport to meet Price and Steele. When we reached Shreveport neither Price nor Steele had arrived and we did not halt, but continued on toward Little Rock. About forty miles back on the road we came upon Price camped by the roadside, with Steele penned up in Camden, a town on the Ouachita River. Steele had gone into an evacuated Confederate fort to allow his army to rest, and Price had surrounded him except upon the side next the river. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when our forces joined Price. The boys were all well and in fine spirits

and had many things to tell us and were greatly interested in our experience on the Mississippi and at Pleasant Hill.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Price rolled two guns up on a hill and fired a few shots into Steele's camp, but got no answer. He ceased firing and nothing more was done that night. Next morning Steele and his whole army were gone, and the bridge across the river was burned. A temporary bridge was hurriedly built and the infantry crossed and started in pursuit. We followed all day and all night and overtook them about ten o'clock the following morning. I understood that our cavalry had followed by forced marches also and had gone ahead of Steele. At any rate, Steele, in place of following the main road, switched off and went about three miles down into the Saline River bottom. The river was very high and all the sloughs and ditches were full of water. When we came up Steele was throwing his pontoon bridge over the river and his forces were digging ditches and felling trees to keep us back until they could get across.

Marmaduke made the first attack, as I remember, and charged the rude breast-works. He drove the troops behind them back into the level bottom and there the Arkansas infantry was set to work. They forced the line gradually back toward the river, and after an hour's fighting we were sent to relieve them. Our attack began about twelve o'clock in a pouring rain. They would make desperate stands behind rail fences and in dumps of timber and we sometimes had hard work to dislodge them. When driven from one point they would immediately take up another. This would force us to maneuver through the mud and water to get at them again. The last strong resistance was made about four o'clock in the afternoon. The forces fighting us

had managed to get into a body of timber on the north side of an open cotton field. A high rail fence separated the field from the timber and this fence made excellent breast works. In charging we were compelled to cross the field exposed to their fire. We made a run and when about half across the bullets came so thick we could go no further. We were ordered to lie down. Every man dropped on his face with his head toward the enemy. Lying in this position we fired upon them and turned upon our backs to reload. We fought in this fashion until Taylor's infantry relieved us.

When Taylor's fresh troops dashed over us with a yell the forces behind the fence wavered and finally ran, but it was then about time for them to run. They had held us until most of the army had crossed the river. They then made their escape and cut the pontoon bridge behind them. We secured most of their heavy guns as they had to keep them back to use on us. The battle was ended and I was glad of it. I never passed a more dreadful day. With rain pouring down from above, with sloughs waist deep to wade, and with mud ankle deep over the whole battle field our condition may be easily imagined. Besides this we were black as negroes when we went into camp. In biting off the ends of our paper cartridges the loose powder would stick to our wet faces and become smeared over them. Our gun sticks were black with exploded powder, and in handling them with wet hands we became completely covered with grime. I shall never forget the sorry looking, miserable, muddy, rain soaked and bedraggled soldiers that came into camp that night.

We were not the only men who suffered that day. While we were lying on the field, Price ordered a battery to our assistance. The captain pulled his battery down the road and ran into a negro regiment concealed

in the timber. The battery boys dismounted and were getting ready for business when the negroes charged and captured the battery. About half the company swam a slough and got away. The other half were taken prisoners. They had no sooner laid down their arms than the negroes shot and killed them all. As we lay upon the field we could see and hear but little, but this massacre occurred in plain view from where we lay. As soon as we were relieved a portion of our forces immediately attacked the negro regiment and without mercy killed and wounded about half of them and recaptured the guns; but the negroes had shot the horses and that rendered the guns useless.

Next day I was detailed to help bury the dead. Several large wagons were provided with six mules and a driver to each wagon. Four men to each wagon loaded the bodies in. The end gate was taken out of the bed. Two men stood on each side of a body. One on each side held an arm and one each side a leg. The second swing the body went in head foremost. When the wagon was full it was driven off to where another squad had prepared a long trench into which the bodies were thrown and covered up. It required most of the day to complete our work.

The wounded were removed from the field and cared for temporarily as they fell. The flight of the Federal forces made it impossible for them to care for their wounded immediately, so they were taken up by our men and given such attention as we could give them.

Next day was the doctors' day. I was ordered to go along and assist. Three doctors went together, and over each wounded man they held a consultation. If two of them said amputate, it was done at once. When they came to a man with a wound on his head

they would smile and say, "We had better not amputate in this case." It seemed to me they made many useless amputations.

One doctor carried a knife with a long thin blade. He would draw this around the limb and cut the flesh to the bone. The second had a saw with which he sawed the bone. The third had a pair of forceps with which he clasped the blood vessels, and a needle with which he sewed the skin over the wound.

The first man I saw them work upon was a Union soldier. All three said his leg must come off. They began administering chloroform, but he was a very hard subject and fought it bitterly. They asked me to hold his head, and I did so. As soon as he was quiet they went to work on him. When I saw how they cut and slashed I let his head loose. I thought if he wanted to wake up and fight them he should have a fair chance. I told the doctors that I did not go to war to hold men while they butchered them; that I had done all to that man that my contract called for and that I thought he was well paid for his trip. I was in real earnest about it, but the doctors laughed at me and said they would soon teach me to be a surgeon.

CHAPTER XV.

Back Into Missouri.

I have no distinct recollection of leaving the camp on Saline River, nor do I recall the military operations that followed the battle I have just described. I know that Steele went on south and that Price did not follow him. Steele and Banks were both well out of the country, and it is probable that we passed a few weeks of idleness and inactivity. At all events, my memory, upon which I depend entirely, fails to account for the events immediately following the experience I have related, and my next vivid recollection begins at White River, where we were swimming our horses across on our march back into Missouri. Price, Shelby and Marmaduke were all together. We passed through Dover, a little town where John H. Bennett, a cousin of mine, who was captain of one of our companies, lived and thence on to Ironton.

There we found about two thousand government troops, well fortified just north of town, in a little valley at the foot of a mountain. They came out and met us two miles from Ironton where we had a skirmish and they went back into their den. We marched into town and camped. It was reported among the soldiers that Price was having ladders made with which to scale the walls, but I did not believe it. Such an attack would have been successful in all probability, but it would have cost Price many men and I was sure he had none to spare. Toward night he had two field pieces rolled up on top of the mountain by hand and began to drop shells into their camp. They had neglected to fortify the heavens above them and Price was taking advan-

tage of their neglect. When a shell dropped into camp you could see them running away in every direction looking for a place to hide.

Some time in the night they broke through our picket line and marched ten miles to a railroad station where they were loaded upon flat cars and taken to St. Louis. Price continued on toward St. Louis and greatly alarmed that city. Troops were hurried from east and west to its defense, but Price had no such plan. His sole idea was to threaten and draw troops from other places to its protection.

On the way up from Ironton we captured two or three hundred militia at every county seat. For all that could be guessed from his actions, Price intended to march directly into Jefferson City, but shortly before he reached there he turned to the west and went to Boonville. There he captured quite a large force of Federal troops and a steam ferry boat. Marmaduke with his brigade crossed the river and marched up the north side toward Glasgow, while Price and Shelby kept to the south side. Price put a guard on the boat and compelled the crew to run it up the river in conjunction with his forces. At Glasgow we captured something like a thousand troops. Marmaduke then recrossed the river and joined Price.

At Glasgow Lieutenant Evans got permission for himself and twenty-five men to return to Buchanan County to see their friends. I was one of the twenty-five. From Glasgow we went to Keytesville where we met Bill Anderson, the noted "Bushwhacker," with about one hundred men. Anderson and his men accompanied us to Brunswick, where we learned that there were about three hundred militia at Carrollton. Anderson said they were dreadfully afraid of "bushwhackers," and that he believed the twenty-five of us

could run them out of town, but he sent fifteen of his men with us. We left Brunswick in the night and at four o'clock next morning were a mile north of Carrollton. There we stopped to wait for daylight. When it began to grow light we all rode together until we encountered the pickets. As soon as they saw us they turned and galloped into town as fast as their horses could carry them without firing a shot. This enabled us to get into the town before any alarm was given, as our horses were as fast as those ridden by the pickets. We rode in with a whoop and a yell, dismounted and got behind a fence. The fifteen bushwhackers ran around to the west side of town in plain view of the militia camp and commenced firing. Lieutenant Evans sent a man asking them to surrender. The colonel asked who the attacking force was. The man told him it was Jo Shelby. The colonel sent word back that he would surrender in one hour. Evans returned the messenger with directions to the Colonel that if he did not surrender in five minutes he would open the artillery upon him. The colonel decided to surrender and marched his men out into an open place and had them stack arms and march away to a safe distance. We closed in and immediately took possession of the arms and marched the Federals into the court house and locked them up. They had surrendered believing we were merely the detachment detailed to come and receive the surrender and were greatly chagrined when they found that we constituted the entire force that had attacked them. It was all over by six o'clock in the morning.

We cooked our breakfast upon their fires and out of their provisions. The town took a holiday, as it was strongly southern in sentiment, and so did we. In

the afternoon we engaged all the barbers in town, and as we were coming back home to see our girls we had considerable shopping to do.

The ferry boat, still under order of General Price, had come up the river and we sent a messenger down to stop it, and late in the evening marched our prisoners down and loaded them on. We also hauled along all the provisions, guns and equipment and sent the whole across to Price.

Anderson's men left us and returned to Brunswick, and we camped for the night on Waukenda Creek, two miles west of Carrollton. Early next morning we moved on and by noon were in the hills north of Richmond and at night were in camp at Watkins' woolen mills in Clay County, two miles east of the home of my sister, whom I have frequently mentioned. Watkins gave us a cordial welcome, dressed a shoat and a sheep and brought them out to us and otherwise showed us many kindnesses. Next day we visited Mrs. Wilson and the following day completed our journey and camped in the brush in Tremont Township.

Everything seemed quiet, but we observed great discretion and did not venture from camp in the daytime. After remaining on the east side of Platte for about ten days without being molested, we crossed the river and camped in the hills along Pigeon Creek. Wall Brinton, Harvey and Bennett Reece, George Berryhill, and Joe, Bill and John Evans, boys in our party, all lived on that side of the river. Our camp remained there some two weeks without being molested. During the time we captured three soldiers a few miles west of Agency. They were on picket, sent out from St. Joseph, and in patrolling the road came very close to our camp. As we did not need any

pickets we took them in. One of them volunteered to join us, and as we knew him we allowed him to do so and to keep his gun. The other two were kept prisoners and their guns given to Bennett Reece and Harvey McCause, two recruits, who had joined us.

Shortly after this our camp was moved back to the east side of the Platte and located in the bluffs near the home of Joab Shultz. Here we remained in seclusion, keeping the captured pickets as prisoners to prevent them from returning to St. Joseph and disclosing that we were in the country. We had little difficulty in keeping our presence from the knowledge of Penick and his men, as most of the residents of the community were our friends. Bad luck, however, befell us. John Utz and Billy Jones, hearing that we were at home and desiring to go south with us on our return, came to my old home to ascertain our whereabouts. My sister, who lived on the place, would tell them nothing but referred them to James Jeffreys. Instead of going to James Jeffreys, they went to George Jeffreys, a strong Union man, and asked him if he knew where Gibson and Brinton were. Jeffreys replied that he did not know they were in the country. Jones said, "Yes, they are here with twenty-five or thirty men." Failing to learn of us from Jeffreys they returned to the home of my sister, where, during their absence, Cousin Margaret Gibson had arrived, and as she knew Utz and Jones, told them how to find us.

George Jeffreys, that "good Union man," lost no time in communicating with Penick, for next day all roads were full of soldiers. Cousin Margaret Gibson came running to our camp and told us the soldiers were looking for us. We released our prisoners and started. When well out on the road we agreed upon a meeting place and separated, thus leaving each man to look out

for himself and at the same time taking responsibility for any one else off of each man. This was thought to be wise, as our little band was no match for the enemy, but the enemy were not acquainted with the by paths through the woods and brush, and by going singly we were at liberty to dodge to better advantage. Jones and Utz came to join us shortly after we broke camp, and undertook to follow. Penick's men caught them and made them prisoners.

Every man showed up at the meeting place a mile below Agency. There we crossed to the west side of the river and stopped for a hasty lunch and to see if we were being followed. Seeing nothing of the enemy we concluded they had taken another course and that we were safe in remaining in the neighborhood over night. In the afternoon we procured flour and bacon from Jim Patee, where we were all given a square meal, after which we went to old man Reece's for the night in order that the Reece boys might say farewell to their father and mother.

In the morning early we started, crossing the Pigeon Creek hills and making our way south. At Isaac Farris' blacksmith shop we stopped and got horse-shoe nails and a shoeing hammer. I shall never forget also that Mr. Farris brought out a stack of pies which seemed to me to be a foot high. Although I had been at home a month where I had feasted bountifully, pies still tasted good. I had lived on hard tack or worse so long that I felt I could never again satisfy my appetite with good things to eat.

We next stopped at the home of Pleas Yates, where we found Captain Reynolds, an officer in Penick's regiment. He had left his company and was visiting his family. He had been very active against the southern people in the community and, as we believed, justly

deserved their censure, if the word hatred would not better describe their sentiments. As we rode up Reynolds came to the door, the ivory shining on the pistols in his belt. He seemed to think we were his own men. Lieutenant Evans ordered four men, myself and three others, to go in and arrest him. Reynolds remained in the door until he saw us dismount. He seemed to step behind the door, but in fact he made a dash for the back door to make his escape. I saw him pass out and gave the alarm. Evans ordered the men to follow and commanded them not to take him alive. I threw the gate open and the boys galloped into the yard. It seemed to me that Yates had ten acres of land fenced off into small lots about his place, but they delayed us only a short time. The first man to reach the fence would jump from his horse and throw it down, the remainder would ride forward. All this time the boys were shooting at the running captain as fast as they could discharge their guns and reload them.

We had with us a tall, swarthy Kentuckian, with black hair and long black whiskers, whose name I have forgotten, and who looked, in his rough soldier clothing, more like a bear than a man. He was the first to reach Reynolds. As he came up Reynolds pulled a silver mounted navy from his belt, but the Kentuckian was too quick for him and had a holster pointed at his head. In an instant Reynolds dropped to his knees, threw up his hands and began to beg. The Kentuckian disobeyed orders and took him prisoner. He said if Reynolds had continued to show fight he would have killed him, but he could not shoot a man who was begging for his life. He brought the Captain back and, as he was then our prisoner, his life was safe, for no man with whom I ever served ever mistreated a prisoner.

When we reached the house Reynolds' wife and the Yates family came out begging and crying pitifully for his life. We had no time to stay and argue or explain. We feared the reports of our guns had reached the ears of Reynold's company and that they would come upon us at any moment. Wall Brinton told the Captain he must go with us, and ordered him to get behind him on his horse. The captain did so amid the wailing and crying of the women and we started away. Reynolds' wife said she would go too, but I told her she could not do so, as we rode through thick brush, and that she could do no good by going.

As we rode along Reynolds said he feared we were Bill Childs and his band of bushwhackers, and that if Childs had found him he would not have been permitted to surrender. He expressed the fear also that his life would not be safe even as our prisoner, if Childs should fall in with us. I assured him that Childs was not as bad as he thought him to be, and that he need have no fear. But even this did not satisfy him. On further inquiry, I learned that Child's wife had been taken by the Union forces and placed in jail, and that Childs charged Reynolds with responsibility for this act. Reynolds' terror of Childs made me believe, without knowing the facts, that the charge was probably well founded.

Evans and I rode along with Brinton and Reynolds and allowed the remainder of the boys to get considerably ahead of us and completely out of sight. When the proper time came we turned out of the road into the thick woods and stopped. Evans then told Reynolds if he would go to St. Joseph and have John Utz and Billy Jones released from prison and resign his office and go back to his family and stay there and behave himself we would turn him loose. The Captain

was more than willing to do all this. Evans then asked him to hold up his hand and be sworn. I told Evans that was not necessary, as I would vouch for the good conduct of the prisoner. Evans then set him free and I never saw a more grateful man in my life. We parted good friends and I learned after the war was over that Reynolds kept his promise, except that he was unable to secure the release of Utz and Jones, as that was out of his power. In all other things he was faithful. I have heard that he often said to those who wanted him to return to the service that Watt Gibson had saved his life, and that but for him both his company and his family would have been without his services; and that he did not propose to break the promise to which he owed his life.

When we overtook the boys and they found we had released Reynolds, it required hard work to keep them from going back after him, but we finally prevailed and the whole squad moved on into Platte County. We camped about two miles east of Camden Point and remained a few days. Mose Cunningham and a man by the name of Linville joined us as recruits. During our stay there some of the boys went over to New Market and spent a portion of the time. The day before we expected to leave, Brinton and I went over to Alfred Jack's, as I wanted to see his daughter, Mollie, before I left. We rode up to the yard fence and there in front of the house lay a dead man—a Federal soldier. We called Mr. Jack and asked him how the man came to be there. He said that some hours before a party of Union militia and a few men that he took to be Confederates had passed his house shooting at each other, but that he did not know anyone had been killed. This

was the first news we had that the Federals were in the community. The skirmish was between some of our men and a scouting party from the other side.

Mr. Jack was greatly disturbed and feared that he would be accused of the man's death, and thought of leaving home. I told him not to do that. He was entirely innocent and the soldiers knew the man had been killed in the skirmish. We helped him carry the body into his yard and started for camp. I knew the news of the fight would soon stir up all the Federals in the community, and, though I missed seeing the young lady, I was glad I learned of the trouble in time to get back to camp. By noon the roads everywhere west of us were full of soldiers. We got glimpses of them now and then from the hill on which we were camped.

We prepared our small camp equipment for traveling, saddled our horses and crossed to the east side of the Platte. Here we selected a good place to be attacked and waited two or three hours. Either they could not find us or did not want to find us, for they did not appear.

Late in the afternoon we resumed our journey to the south, and passed out of Platte and through Clay County without difficulty. The Missouri River was again the great obstacle, as there were a number of us on this trip. Richfield, the point where we had previously crossed, was passed by, and we reached the river bottom some miles below that place, just at night. We cooked and ate supper, and about eight o'clock started for the river, not knowing how we would get across. As we passed through a paw-paw thicket an amusing incident occurred. A man called "halt." As our horses were making a great deal of noise we did not hear either his first or second call. He called again

in a loud voice, "Halt, third and last time!" We stopped at once. He said, "Who are you?" Our lieutenant answered, "Shelby's men. Who are you?" "I am a bushwhacker, by G—." He then asked if any man in our company lived near this place. Our lieutenant answered that a man with us by the name of Hill lived at Richmond. "Tell him to come forward and meet me half way." Then the bushwhacker began calling to his men to fall in line. Hill went forward and met an old acquaintance. Hill asked how many men he had. He said he had none; that he was alone, and was just running a bluff on us. When Hill and the bushwhacker came back to us we all had a jolly laugh.

We learned from him that Bill Anderson, with whom he belonged, was crossing the river with his band of bushwhackers about a mile below, and had sent him out as a picket. He went down with us and assured Anderson that we were his friends. The night was very dark. Anderson had forty-five men and one small skiff. Two men besides the oarsman got into the boat, each holding the bridle of his horse. The horses were then forced in, one on each side, and the skiff put off. It was a long swim for the horses and a long wait for the skiff's return, but it was better than drifting on cottonwood logs, as we had expected to do. With the boat we could all land at the same place. Anderson's men had been crossing since early in the evening and by midnight all were over and the skiff delivered to us. The last of our company reached the southern shore just at sun up, and our long journey seemed almost over with the river behind us.

Anderson, after crossing, learned that a Federal regiment was in camp at Sibley. He took his forty-five men and surprised them. They charged through the whole regiment, yelling and shooting, and killed,

wounded and ran over about twenty of them without losing a man. Not satisfied with this they charged back, and by that time, the soldiers had collected their senses and their guns. Anderson was killed and three of his men wounded. I have always believed that Anderson and most of his men were half drunk that morning. The wounded men were placed in a tent in the thick willows and left to the care of sympathizing women. Anderson's death left his men without a leader. Forty-one remained able to go forward and they joined with our thirty. This made a pretty strong squad and we traveled the public roads in day light.

After two days our provisions gave out and we separated into little companies of from four to six in order to get provisions and horse feed from the residents of the country along the road, arranging in advance to unite at a given place. I recall an incident of this trip which afforded us great amusement. It happened near the north bank of the Osage River. Our straggling parties had united in order to be together at the fording of the river, and as we passed down toward the river we met a squad of about ten militia. Neither party appeared to be suspicious of the other, and the militia really thought we were a part of their own forces. We rode directly up to them and spoke very politely. Asked them where they were going and they told us they were going home. Said they had been after Price and had driven the d—d old Rebel out of Missouri once more and were just getting home. We then told them we were a part of Price's forces that had not been driven out, and drew our navies on them. It was pitiful to see the expressions of terror that came over their faces. We made them dismount and disarm themselves. They did so with the greatest apparent willingness. We destroyed their arms as we had no

use for them, and made them swear a dreadful oath and promise they would never molest Price or any of his men again. When they did this they were ordered to move on, and seemed greatly rejoiced that their lives had been spared. The many bitter experiences I had during the war led me to doubt seriously whether we would have been as well treated had we been caught by our enemies at as great a disadvantage as we had them. And some of our men had long been with Bill Anderson, about whom the most dreadful stories of cruelty have been written—by men I presume who never dared to come out of hiding and who wrote the terrors of their own cowardly souls rather than anything real or true.

It must be understood that I am not attempting a defense of Anderson or his men further than to relate what their conduct was while I was with them. It was by chance only, in the manner I have related, that I was thrown with these men on this trip southward, and though we met a number of returning squads of militia in the same way and always had the advantage of them, not a man of them was mistreated other than to be disarmed, if that may be called mistreatment. The situation may and probably was different when these men were attacked or when the enemy was campaigning against them. I have heard it said that, under such circumstances, men who encountered Anderson's men had to fight, run or die.

With more or less difficulty and with many hardships, but without any incident worth mentioning, we made our way to the Arkansas River about twenty miles below Fort Smith. The river was running pretty full and there was no hope of finding a ferry without encountering Federal troops, so we constructed a rude raft of cottonwood logs, got on it and swam our horses

alongside. This occasioned considerable delay, but we got safely over and made our way to Red River, where we had much the same experience. We reached Price at Clarksville, Texas, and remained with him there until January.

At this time Price's army was all cavalry—just as it came off of the raid into Missouri—and consisted of about five thousand men. Early in January he moved down on Red River about fifty miles distant in order to get feed for his horses. Horse feed was scarce about Clarksville, but in Red River bottom the cane was abundant and the move was made that the horses might be grazed upon the cane. Price remained there until spring and was still there when Lee surrendered. Price and his staff prepared to go to Mexico and seven of us—Buchanan and Platte County neighbor boys—saddled our horses, bade him goodby and started for home.

CHAPTER XVI.

Worse Than War.

The members of our party were Bill and Jack Evans, Curly Smith, Mose Cunningham of Camden Point, and one of his neighbors, whose name I do not now recall, Wall Brinton and myself. Our horses were in good condition, and, though the war was over, we supplied ourselves well with arms and ammunition and it was well we did, for in all my experiences, I never suffered such hardships or came so near losing my life as on this journey home after the war was over. We traveled a long distance, as it seemed then, and met with no difficulty except lack of food. Homes in that country were few and far between and when we chanced upon a house no one was at home but half starved, ragged women and children. They had little to offer us and lived themselves by taking their dogs to the woods and chasing game or wild hogs which had gone through the winter and were unfit for food. They always offered to divide, but we did not have the heart to accept their offer, and lived on such game as we could kill as we traveled along. We always gave these women such encouragement as we could, told them the war was over and they might soon expect their husbands and sons to return to them. We did not say if they were still alive, but we and they sadly understood always that such a condition might well have been added.

I do not recall how we got across the Arkansas River, but I do remember that in the heavy timber on this side we came upon nine men in camp who claimed to be "bushwhackers." They invited us to

join them and as we were tired and hungry we did so. We rested the remainder of the day and at night they told us there was to be a dance—frolic—in the neighborhood and invited us to go. We did so and witnessed a dance in truly Arkansas style. I took no part, but enjoyed looking on at the others. When we reached camp late in the night we all spread our blankets down around the fire and slept, feeling the greatest security. Next morning three of their men and three of our horses were gone. We said nothing, but cooked and ate our breakfasts and went back to the cane-brake to make further search for the horses. We hunted until noon, but could not find them. We returned to the camp where the six remaining members of the party were and got dinner. After dinner at a given signal we drew our navies and made them disarm, which they did with much more haste than "bushwhackers" would have done. We then asked them to tell where our horses were. Three of the six proved to be really our friends and knew nothing about the horses. The other three were in with the men who had gone. The missing horses belonged to Mose Cunningham, Wall Brinton and myself. They told us various stories. One said that my horse had been taken by the son of a widow woman who lived seven miles east. Others said the horses had been taken to Fort Smith, twenty miles west. We settled the matter by saddling three of their horses and riding away. We rode the remainder of the day and until two o'clock in the night without anything to eat. About this hour we came upon a house and roused the inmates and told them we must have provisions. We got a ham, some flour, sugar and coffee and started on. By nine o'clock next morning we had gotten far up into the rugged, mountainous country where it seemed safe to stop. We dismounted

and cooked breakfast, but took the precaution to send two men back on the mountain to keep watch. I had eaten my breakfast, saddled my horse and was ready to go. The other boys were taking more time. I reminded them that we might be followed and that they had better make haste. I had scarcely uttered the words when the boys on the lookout came running down the mountain and before they reached the camp a company of soldiers appeared at the crest. They commenced throwing hot lead down at us, and we returned it and kept it up until the boys got into camp and grabbed up a handful of provisions. I made a breastwork of my horse and stood and shot across my saddle until the horse fell at my feet. By that time our guns were empty, and without time to reload we ran to the mountains, leaving everything but our guns and the clothes upon our backs.

It was disheartening to think that, tired and hungry as we were, we could not have peace long enough to cook and eat the poor provisions secured at the farm house the night before, and it was still more disheartening to reflect upon where the next meal was to be found. In spite of this we still had much to be thankful for. Although left on foot and without provisions, we still had our lives and plenty of powder and lead, and, in those days when human life was so cheap, these were our greatest concern.

The party attacking did not follow us into the brush on the mountain side. We had all the advantage here and were desperate enough to have used it to any extent and without much conscience, had occasion required. Our little party was scattered, each man taking care of himself. Some kept moving up the mountain while some crouched like hunted quails in what appeared to be safe hiding places. In a little

while our pursuers gathered up our horses and the fragments of provisions we had left and started away. After a long wait the boys began to signal each other and shortly we were united.

It was a long and weary trudge to Fayetteville. We were compelled to keep near the main traveled road, (which was little better than a bridle path), because the country was so rough and the timber so heavy that we feared we might lose our way. Our only food was the game we killed—squirrels and wild turkey and now and then a deer. This we dressed and broiled over a camp fire and ate without bread or salt. Hard as this method of subsistence was, it had at least one advantage over an army march—we had plenty of time. The bare ground had been our resting place so long that we were quite accustomed to it, and even, without the luxury of a blanket, we slept and rested much.

At Fayetteville we got the first square meal since leaving the camp on the Arkansas River, and, as it was by no means safe to remain there, we secured such provisions as we could carry, and started on, still on foot. Above Fayetteville the country became less mountainous and, although we always slept in the timber, we found little trouble in securing food. We crossed Cowskin River and made our way to Granby, where the lead mines were located. In a little valley shortly out of Granby we found a drove of poor, thin horses. They had fared badly during the winter, but looked as though they might be able to help us along somewhat, so we peeled hickory bark and made halters and each man caught himself a horse. We had not gone far when we discovered that riding barebacked

on the skeleton of a horse was a poor substitute for walking, so we turned our horses loose and continued the journey on foot.

Johnstown, a small town in Bates County, is the next point, I remember distinctly. A company of militia was stationed there and all the people in the country round-about were colonized in and near the town. Although we knew the militia were there, we took our chances on going quite near the town, for we were compelled to have food. Late in the afternoon we stopped at a house in the outskirts of the town and found the man and his family at home. The man belonged to the militia company, so we held him until the family cooked supper for us. After we had eaten we started on, taking the man with us to prevent him from reporting on us, advising his family at the same time that if we were pursued it would be because some of them had informed on us and in that event the man would never return. They were glad enough to promise anything that would give them hope of his return, and we felt quite sure we would not be discovered from that source.

We left the house between five and six o'clock and had not gone far when we saw three militia men who had been out on a scout, riding toward us. When they came within a hundred yards or so the leader called on us to halt. He asked, "Who are you?" Wall Brinton replied, but I do not recall what he said. The leader evidently did not believe him for he replied by telling us to consider ourselves under arrest. This was, under our circumstances, equivalent to opening hostilities, so we replied with our navies. One horse fell with the man on him. The other two hastily assisted the rider to mount behind one of them. They galloped back and took another road toward the town. We hurried on to

a thick grove of timber some distance ahead where we could secure protection against the attack that we felt sure would later be made upon us. As the news of our presence had now gone back to headquarters, our prisoner could be of no more service, so we turned him loose. We reached the timber and waited and watched, but, for some reason, no attempt was made to capture us. Darkness soon came on and we lost no time in making our escape. At daylight next morning we were at Little Grand River, fifteen miles north.

Shortly after we left our hiding place in the timber near Johnstown, it began to rain and rained on us all night long as we journeyed. Little Grand River was running nearly bank full, but we had to cross. We made a raft by binding logs together with hickory bark, placed the guns and clothing upon it and pushed out, each man holding on at the rear, swimming and pushing. We were soon across and as it seemed to be a wild, uninhabited spot, we built a fire and warmed ourselves and dried our clothing, and all got a little sleep, one man always standing guard. About ten o'clock I grew restless and uneasy and awakened the boys and told them we had better move on, as that company of militia might start early in the morning to follow us and, if they did so, they might be expected to appear at any time. Wall Brinton, our captain, agreed to this and we made another start, although some of the boys opposed it and said we had as well be killed as run ourselves to death.

We traveled westwardly, up the river, about two miles and then north to the bluffs where we found what appeared to be sufficient protection in the timber and hills to warrant a stop for further rest. It was a beautiful day after the rain the night before and we lay

in the warm sunshine and slept as well as hungry men could sleep. We peeled slippery elm bark and ate it, but it did little to satisfy our hunger.

Late in the afternoon, Curly Smith, Wall Brinton and I were chewing upon our elm bark and six of our boys were fast asleep, when a company of soldiers rode up in twenty yards of us before we saw them. Smith saw them first and said to me, "Who is that?" I sprang to my feet, turning around as I did so. I knew them at a glance and knew also that we were in trouble. There was no time to plan—no time even to run—and six of the nine of us fast asleep. My first thought was to wake the boys so I called out at the top of my voice, "Who are you?" They gave no answer, but opened fire upon us. Brinton, Smith and I each took a tree and let them come on. It was a desperate situation and every load in the brace of six-shooters we carried must be made to count. When they were close enough for our work to be effective, we began on them. From the way they dropped out of their saddles I am sure very few of our bullets went astray. The captain kept urging his men on, calling "Give them hell, boys!" and we kept busy. The captain himself galloped up within two rods of me, threw his saber around his head and ordered me to surrender. I had, as I thought, just one shot left. I put it through his heart. I saw it twist, as it seemed, through his coat, and I shall never forget the writhing of his body and the dreadful frown as he fell from his horse. Most of them who were left had now exhausted the loads in their guns, and when they saw their captain fall retreated. We whirled and ran with all our might. The boys who had been asleep were gone. They had awakened and started at the first volley. A short run brought us in sight of the other boys

who were at the moment trying to pass around a long, narrow slough, which lay between them and timber on the other side. Brinton's right arm was broken between the wrist and elbow. He had received the wound as he threw his arm from behind the tree to shoot. It was bleeding badly, but we kept running and calling to our companions to turn and fight. They paid no attention to us, but kept on around the slough. During this time the men who attacked us had rallied and were riding down upon us. Brinton kept calling and urging the boys to turn and fight, and finally as our pursuers drew closer they turned and fired, and this checked the men who were after us for a moment. By this time poor Wall had grown weak and sick from loss of blood and could go no farther. We had been running side by side. The last words he said to me were, "I am sick, I can't go on. I will have to surrender. Make your escape if you can." Such a thing seemed impossible at the moment, but I feared nothing so much as the "mercy" of the men who were after us. Wall threw up his well arm and I ran as fast as I could toward the slough or lake and plunged right in. The brush and vines on the other side were my only hope, aside from the discovery I made as I ran that I had one more load in my navy. Our enemies, except one man, took after the boys who were running around the lake. As I waded in water nearly waist deep the man who had followed me rode up to the edge of the lake and ordered me to halt. I paid no attention to him but waded on, watching him all the time. He rode out into the water, raised his gun as if to shoot and called the second time. I stopped and turned and leveled the muzzle of my navy at his belt and fired. He fell off his horse into the water. When I got across I looked back and saw him struggling to keep his head

out of the water. I do not know what became of him. I foresaw when he came up and rode into the lake that he or I would be doing that very thing, and I felt that the chance load left in my navy was, as it proved to be, my only protection against it. The fight was still going on up the lake. I looked and saw Jack Evans down in the water and heard him calling for help. The other boys were just wading out. I ran to them and as I came up I saw blood streaming from the leg of one of the men. He had been shot in the thigh, but was still able to walk.

We soon got out of sight in the thick brush and they did not follow us. Including the man who remained with us, four of our men had been wounded in the fight. Three of them, Wall Brinton, Jack Evans and one of the Platte County boys, were compelled to surrender, and we learned that all of them, wounded prisoners though they were, were shot in cold blood. We never knew how many of their men were killed and wounded.

We hurried on through the brush back toward the river, and when we reached it we found a log for our wounded man and all swam across to the south side. After traveling a few miles down the river we crossed in the same manner and made directly north. Just before dark we came to an abandoned log house and stopped. We were in a pitiable condition. No food since the night before, tired and wet, depressed in spirits by the loss of our comrades, whom we knew had already been killed, and with a wounded man upon our hands. To remain there so close to the men who were after us meant that we would be captured and killed.

We talked the matter over. The wounded man, whose name I do not recall, in company with his

brother, fell in with us at the Arkansas River. He was so weak and was suffering so much that he could go no farther, so he and his brother decided to remain at the cabin through the night and trust to the mercy of some one whom they might find next day to give them assistance and shield them from the soldiers who had pursued us from Johnstown. They agreed that the four of us who were uninjured would not be so apt to secure sympathy and that we had better move on.

It was a sad farewell that we bade our wounded companion and his brother that night, and it was, for me at least, a farewell indeed, for I have never seen or heard from them since, but it seemed the best and only thing that could be done. As soon as it was dark we started and traveled all night, though very slowly, and until late in the afternoon of the day following. At that time we came near a small place, the name of which I do not now remember. We went up close to the town and stopped at a house. Two men in blue clothes were there with the family and we immediately took charge of them and ordered supper. They prepared a splendid meal for us and we ate it as only men can eat who have gone forty-eight hours without food. It was a cool evening and they had a small fire in an old-fashioned fire-place. After supper we asked them to spread some bed clothes before the fire and three of us lay down and slept while the fourth stood guard over the men. We took turns standing guard through the night and next morning ordered an early breakfast and left as soon as it was daylight.

We started north, and as soon as we got out of sight of the house turned east a short distance and then went back south about a mile to a high knoll covered with black jack. We lay there all day and watched the maneuvers of the blue coats. They

scoured the country to the north far and near, but never approached the knoll on which we were hidden. We had a fine rest after our two good meals, and we needed it following the events of the past two days. When night came and everything got still we came down and went to the same house for supper. The men had not returned from hunting us, and the women were much surprised to see us. They gave us a good supper and we bade them goodby and started north, listening all the time for approaching horses from either direction. We had no difficulty, and by morning were well out of the way.

The next place I remember was in Jackson County near Independence. As we were worn out, ragged and almost barefooted, and as the war was over, we decided to see the provost marshal and get a pass on which we could travel on to our homes in safety. I went to a good Union man's house and told him what I wanted. He promised to see the marshal for me, and I directed him where to find us. Upon his return he said the pass would be provided. Next morning they sent a small company of soldiers out and we saw that we had been deceived. They looked us over carefully and talked pretty saucy, but did not harm us. We looked so shabby that they evidently thought we did not amount to much. They put us in a two-horse wagon and took us to Warrensburg, forty miles farther from home. There we were placed in a guard-house where we were kept two or three days, without telling us what their plans were. One morning a guard came and took one of our men—a mere boy—down to headquarters and quizzed him to find out if he knew anything about the fight on Little Grand River. He denied it. Then they came and got one of the other boys, but he managed also to convince them

that we had been together—just the four of us—since we left the south. This seemed to satisfy them for they did not call on me, but we were not released.

The day following a guard came and marched us out to the edge of town and set us to work hoeing in a garden, with a negro woman for a boss. I called her "aunty," and cut up as many beans and peas as I did weeds. I kept my "boss" busy showing me how, and she got precious little work out of me. I began to suspect they were trying to connect us with the Grand River affair, and feared they might get some one who would identify us or pretend to do so, and I did not like the prospect, so I made up my mind I would leave them some how and go home without a pass. The guard-house was a brick building that had been a dwelling. A water tank stood out in the yard and the prisoners all went there for water. Four men stood guard day and night, and it was customary at six o'clock to turn the men in and lock them up. On the evening that I decided to escape I managed to hide in a pile of lumber that lay in the yard near the water tank, and when the guards put the men in and locked the doors they did not miss me. I lay very still until late at night. I could hear the guard pass on his beat and by the time required to pass me and return I could judge the length of his beat. When I thought it safe to make my dash I watched and after he had passed south, I waited until he had gone, as well as I could estimate, to the end of his beat, then I leaped across his path so quickly that he did not have time to think, much less shoot. I ran down a dark alley and had no trouble in reaching the outskirts of the town. I took across the fields, not knowing where I was going, nor caring much, just so I was getting away. I had been gone but a little while when I heard the town bell ring and knew the alarm

had been turned in. Then I heard horses galloping out, as I supposed, on every road from town. I heard the horses gallop across a bridge some distance from town, and concluded I would cross no bridges that night. I moved cautiously on, and by and by came to a creek somewhat in the direction I had heard horses cross the bridge. I followed the creek, watching all the time for bridges and after a while came to a foot-log. I crossed and made my way out of the thick brush and stopped to get my bearings. It was a starlight night. I located the north star and took it for my guide and traveled all night.

When daylight came I found myself in a creek bottom and in a body of very large timber. I found a large, hollow sycamore with a hole in the side reaching down to the ground large enough to admit me. I sat back into that tree to get a little rest and possibly a little sleep. I watched and listened. A good while after sun up I saw a man going with a yoke of cattle toward a field, which I could see through the timber, to plow. Two big, savage looking dogs were following him. The dogs raised their heads and came toward me as though they scented me and I made sure I would be discovered, but they turned in another direction before they got very near and did not disturb me. I sat there all day and, in spite of my hunger, slept and rested. When night came I made another start as soon as I could see the north star. I traveled all night and when morning came I still had but little idea where I was. I went up on a high hill which was covered with brush and from which I could see all about me. Everything was quiet, so I lay down and slept. I awoke about ten o'clock and saw a stage-coach loaded with passengers passing along a road below me. This was the first information I had that I was near a public road. I re-

mained in the brush awhile and then decided to move along cautiously by daylight. I saw a house now and then and, though terribly hungry, I did not dare approach it and ask for food. Toward night I reached the rugged hills, from which I judged I must be near the Missouri River. Just before dark I found an empty tobacco barn and crawled into it and remained throughout the night. This was the third night with two days intervening—sixty hours—in which I had not tasted food, and I was worn out with my long tramp besides.

I did not sleep well that night. My accommodations were very poor and my gnawing appetite, made me wakeful. I had one comfort, however, I was well hidden, and this reflection rewarded me for much of my suffering. Since this trip home I have had a warm sympathy for all hunted beasts.

When day began to dawn I commenced observing my situation without. I saw a house near by and watched it for an hour. I could only see two women, and from the way they attended the work outside as well as in the house, I concluded there were no men about the place and that it would be safe for me to venture up and ask for something to eat, and, if I got into trouble, trust my legs, the only weapons I had, to get me out. I went up cautiously and found what I could not discover from my hiding place, that one was an old lady and the other a girl just grown. I spoke to the old lady and told her my famished condition. She said she was sorry for me, but she had orders to feed nobody on either side and that she could not disobey them without getting into trouble herself. I told her the war was over and that I was trying to get home. I had tried to quit fighting when I left Price on Red River, but had had greater difficulty in keeping myself from being killed since I quit fighting than before. She still

refused to give me anything. Finally, my entreaties won the girl. She spoke up and said, "Mother, I have made no promises. You have kept your promise and have refused him food. I will give him something to eat." With that she told me to draw my chair to the table and she began to set such a meal before me as I had not tasted in years, it seemed. Cold boiled ham, light bread, milk and butter, preserves, honey, cake and pie—plenty of all, and rations I had not heard of in months. I will not attempt to describe how ravenously I ate. I was probably as shabby looking a mortal as ever sat down to a meal at a civilized table. My hair and beard were long and had not been combed for days. I had not washed my face since I escaped from the guard-house. My clothes—what was left of them—were, with walking through mud and rain, wading lakes and sloughs and swimming rivers, soiled and grimy beyond description. When I had finished eating the girl asked me if I would take a lunch along with me. Of course I told her I would, and that I would always be grateful to her, and I have kept my promise. I have many times remembered that kindness and thanked that young lady over and over a thousand times in my heart.

I took my package and bade the girl and her mother goodby and started for the woods. I soon reached level ground and heavy timber and knew I was in the river bottom. I went cautiously along until I saw the river in the distance. Then I selected a good shade and lay down and had a fine rest after my good meal. I awoke some time along in the afternoon. Everything was quiet—no sound of human foot or voice. I ate my lunch and went down to the river bank to select a good crossing place. I found a place that suited me. Then I prepared three logs and brought

them to the water's edge and tied them firmly together with hickory bark which I peeled from the saplings near by. I found in a drift close at hand a clap-board suitable for an oar, and my craft was ready to sail. I might have made the crossing in daylight without being molested, but, not knowing what I might encounter on the other shore, I decided to wait for night.

As soon as it began to grow dark I went down and pushed my raft into the water and tied it to the root of a tree. I then got astride of it with feet and legs up to the knees in the water to see if it would bear my weight. It appeared to be sufficiently strong, so with my clap-board in my hand I cut loose. The current caught me and took me rapidly down stream, but I was sure if I kept using my paddle it would have sufficient effect to land me on the other side some time. It soon grew very dark, so that I could not see the shore on either side, and I could not tell I was moving except by the water running past my feet and legs. After what seemed a very long time, and after I had grown very tired both with my labor and my position on the raft, I felt my feet strike the sand. I got up and towed the raft to shore and pulled it up on dry land. Then I took a rest and planned. I might be on an island and in that case I would have further need for my raft. I could only ascertain my position by investigating, so when sufficiently rested I started on across the land, breaking the top of a bush every few steps to guide me back in case I should find myself upon an island. I soon came to a slough which I waded without difficulty and passed on. A little farther on I came to another slough, which I also waded. The ground under my feet seemed to grow firmer as I walked away from this slough. I passed into a body of good sized timber and finally I came to a wagon road, and I knew then that I

was on the main land and the Missouri River which had given me so much trouble during the four preceding years was again behind me. My little raft might rest and I should have no need to retrace my steps by the broken bushes.

I had no idea what time of night it was. I was tired and wet, but with all that, felt much better than on the preceding night when so hungry. I thought it must be twenty miles or more to where my sister lived in the northeast portion of Clay County, so I again took the north star for my guide and set out, bearing west somewhat when I found traveling that way agreeable, but never east. I paid no attention to roads unless they led in my direction. When daylight came I was at a loss to know where I was. I saw a house in the distance and went up near it. No one was up, so I sat down to wait. In a little while a girl came out to a wood pile and began picking up chips. I went up and asked her how far it was to Greenville. She said one mile. I asked her which direction and she pointed east. I thanked her and started in the direction she pointed. I was no sooner out of sight than I turned my course due north, for I was then in less than two miles of my sister's home. I arrived shortly after sun up, and as I went into her house and sat down to a good breakfast, I felt that my troubles ought to be fairly over, now that the war had closed; but my terrible experiences on the way home caused me to doubt whether I could go back and live in peace, even if there was no war.

I remained with my sister a day or two, never showing myself in daylight, for I learned from her that now since fear of southern soldiers was over, all those who were too cowardly to go to the front but had remained at home and robbed and harassed old men and women and children, were giving the community

more trouble than at any time during the war. They were all very brave then and organized companies and marched and drilled and galloped over the roads, seeking all manner of pretenses to rob and kill those who had sympathized with the south. Returning Confederate soldiers, were, in those first days after the close of the war, in greater danger than when in the front of battle, as my own recent experience had shown, and I was not alone, for my sister told me of a number of soldiers who had returned from the south only to be killed after reaching home.

I was sure I would find much the same condition in Buchanan County that I had encountered all along my route home, and I did not like the prospect that lay before me.

I learned from my sister that Trav. Turner, a neighbor of hers, was at St. Joseph fitting up a freight train for Salt Lake. I knew Turner well. He had carried food to Brother James and me while we lay in the brush waiting to hear the fate of Charley Pullins who was captured when we were all overtaken at the home of Reuben Eastin in that neighborhood, and I knew, if I could reach him, I would have no difficulty in getting away from the country. Something had to be done. If I should be discovered at the home of my sister it would give the "yard dogs," as those brave murderers of that community were called, a pretext for robbing her and probably for killing her husband or some of her family. We decided upon a plan. I shaved very clean and parted my long hair in the middle, put on one of my sister's dresses and both of us put on sunbonnets. We got in a buggy and started for Saint Joseph. We passed right through old Haynesville, the center of all the patriotic parading of the "yard dogs," on through Plattsburg and reached the home of Jack Elder, a half mile

from my old home, where we stayed all night. Next morning we drove on to Saint Joseph and took dinner with my brother, Isaac. I remember this incident particularly for the family had company for dinner. I was introduced as a Clay County friend of Mrs. Wilson's and sat down at the same table, and the visitors did not suspect me through my disguise. After dinner we drove to the ferry at the foot of Francis Street and drove on. The boat was crowded and they had to place our buggy in line in order to make room for others. Two men took hold of the buggy to lift it around. My sister said, "Wait and we will get out." The men said, "No, sit still ladies, we can lift it with you in it." We sat still, and crossed over. On reaching the other side we drove out through the woods and found Turner's camp. Passing on beyond and out of sight, I removed my disguise, after which we returned to the camp and I bade my sister good-by.

CHAPTER XVII.

Across the Plains in Sixty-five.

I was perfectly at home in Turner's camp, not only on account of my acquaintance with him, but on account of my old familiarity with plainsmen's ways.

There were nineteen men in the train, and but three of them, Turner, Cap. Hughes, the wagon boss, and James Curl, of Rushville, knew me. They were all discreet and kept their knowledge to themselves. I went by the name of John Allen. Just before we were ready to start my brother-in-law, James Reynolds, sent me a mule, bridle and saddle and a small amount of money. We pulled out early one morning, sixteen wagons, four yoke of oxen to each wagon, and forty hundred in each load. Some time was required to get the men and cattle accustomed to traveling, and for a while our progress was slow. At Fort Kearney the soldiers stopped our train. They told us the Indians were on the warpath ahead and the authorities refused to permit any train to pass on without fifty men. This forced us to wait until another train came up. During this time we were required to organize ourselves into a company of soldiers, elect a captain and drill several hours every day. The captain ordered me out to drill with the boys. I told him I knew as much about drilling as I wanted to know and refused to go. Turner thought he had to obey the authorities and had all his men drill very industriously. I told him he had better stop that foolishness and pull out or he would not reach Salt Lake before Christmas. He said he did not know how to get away from the orders given him by the soldiers. I told him to

turn the matter over to me and I would show him. He did as I requested and gave orders that until further notice I should be obeyed.

The following morning I was out before daylight. I quietly aroused the men and ordered them to prepare to move. Everything was soon ready and before sun up we were on the road. I made twenty-five miles that day, which put us so far ahead that we never again heard of soldiers or of the trains that expected to accompany us. Turner wanted me to remain in charge of the train, but I told him I could not do it, as I had had trouble enough the past four years, but that I would give him all the assistance in my power.

The train moved along slowly over the old road up the Platte which was so familiar to me, until it reached the upper crossing at South Platte, where I crossed in forty-nine. From that point we continued up South Platte over a road with which I was not familiar. When we reached the mouth of the Cache le Poudre River we crossed and left the Platte and followed the Cache le Poudre up about 75 miles, as I remember it. There we left the river and passed over a high plateau, or divide as we called it, and down into a beautiful valley, the head waters of Laramie River. After crossing this valley we passed through a very rough country that lay between the Laramie and the North Platte. On this stretch of the road and at a point I do not now remember, we passed a government fort. There I saw Gillispie Poteet, with whom I had gone to school as a boy. He was a private in the Federal service. I do not know whether he recognized me or not. I passed him without speaking or making myself known. My experiences in the war had made me doubtful of even my old school mates when I saw them in such company as I found him.

After crossing North Platte, which was but a small stream at that point, we passed into the worst alkali country I ever saw in my life. It extended from the North Platte to the Colorado River—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles or more.

We had a hundred and twenty-five head of cattle and about one-fifth of them gave out before we were half way across the desert and had to be herded behind the train. In this state of affairs, which seemed about as bad as it could well be, Turner was taken sick. He and Captain Hughes had been having trouble with the men, and Turner was greatly worried, and I thought at first that he was homesick. The second day after Turner was taken sick he came to me and asked me to take charge of the train and let him go on by stage to Salt Lake City where he could rest and see a doctor. I had been thinking for several days that I would like to leave the train and go on by stage myself, but did not like to leave Turner while he was in trouble. So when he proposed to go on I suggested that he leave the train with Captain Hughes and that I go along with him to care for him. He said he could not consent to go on unless I remained with the train; that if we both went the men would abandon the train on the desert. I then told him I would do my best; that he had stood by me when I was in trouble, had carried food to me in the brush when, if he had been discovered, it would have cost him his life, and that I was ready to do everything I could for him. I saw Captain Hughes and found it was agreeable to him that I take charge.

We had then been nearly three months on the road. The cattle were poor and worn out and there was little food for them upon the desert. The men were tired and had been inclined to rebel against Turner and Hughes, and many times it was all that all of us could do to keep

them from abandoning the train. Under these trying conditions, I took charge, much against my inclination, but out of a sense of duty to Turner.

Turner took the stage and left us. I immediately gave the men to understand that I would have no foolishness and that I intended to push the train on in good order and as rapidly as conditions would permit. The men seemed to believe I could do what I said I could do and became very well satisfied. I had trouble with only one man—a negro that Curl had picked up at Fort Kearney, and placed in charge of one of his teams. He weighed about 180 pounds, and had just been discharged from the Union army. He felt very important, and still wore his blue uniform. The trouble arose in this way: At night we placed the wagons so as to form a large corral, leaving a gap on one side. In the morning the cattle would be rounded up and driven into the corral to be yoked. This negro would not go out in the roundup, but would remain at the camp until the cattle came up, then in place of waiting until the cattle were safely in the corral, he would pick up his yoke and start for his cattle directly in front of the drove. Many of the cattle would frighten at this and run away and have to be rounded up again. The boys had scolded him frequently, but he paid no attention to them, and when I went in charge they complained to me. I spoke to the negro firmly but kindly and told him to wait until the cattle were all driven in before attempting to yoke his cattle. He paid no attention to me, and as usual frightened the cattle back. I said nothing more to him. The next morning I took one of the long bull whips, the stock of which was of seasoned hickory and eight or ten feet long, and took my stand at the side of the gap as though I intended to assist in driving the cattle in. When the front cattle came

up the negro started for his oxen with the yoke in his hands. Quick as a flash I changed ends on the whipstock and with the butt of it I gave him such a rap on the side of the head that he dropped his yoke and staggered out of the way. That was the last trouble I had with that negro. He was as obliging and obedient to me after that as I could ask a negro to be.

I got the train to the Colorado River where there was plenty of water and grass, and rested three days. I crossed the river and moved on up Black Fork about forty miles to Fort Bridger. There I met Turner who had returned from Salt Lake to see how we got along. I drove the train up close to the fort and stopped on a stream. The cattle were unyoked and I had gone with them to the stream to see that they all got water. It was a beautiful place to camp, and with the fort so close at hand I thought we could all lie down and rest without fear of Indians. While I was at the creek three men with yellow stripes on their shoulders rode up and asked me where the owner of the train was. I directed them to Turner, who was at the camp. They rode off and I followed and reached the camp in time to hear them tell Turner that he must move on; that he could not camp in five miles of the fort; that they were saving the grass for hay. Turner asked me what he should do. I told him there was but one thing to do—move on. That the fort was placed there for the purpose of protecting emigrants, and freighters, but that did not matter. Those gentlemen in blue clothes and yellow stripes must be protected or they could not draw their salaries.

The dead line they had drawn was five miles beyond, and it was nearly night and our cattle were hungry and we were foot-sore and worn out, and all the Indians on the plains could rob and scalp us that distance away from the fort and not a gentleman in blue

clothes and yellow stripes be disturbed by it, but we had to move. I was rebellious again—more so I believe than at any moment during the war, which had just closed—and but for my recent efforts and my dismal failure, I should have felt much like challenging the whole regiment with my twenty cowboys. We were not the only sufferers. An emigrant train of about twenty families, men, women and children from near Rushville, Buchanan County, in which were Joe Hart and Tom Hill, who I remember had fallen in with us and were traveling close behind, they, too, had to pack up and start. It was late at night when we reached a safe distance from the fort under escort of the gentlemen in blue clothes and yellow stripes, and we stopped on a desert so barren that we had to corral the cattle and hold the poor hungry things all night. In the morning we moved on some miles farther and found grass and water and stopped the remainder of the day. A little less than a week later we pulled into Salt Lake, seventy miles west of Fort Bridger, with the merchandise in good condition, but with the cattle pretty well played out. I remained with Turner until his wagons were all unloaded. When that was finished my free boarding house was closed. My mule was so poor that he was almost worthless. I had but little money, and my friends were all preparing to start back. I could not think of going with them and I felt the necessity for stirring about and finding something to do.

In a few days a large train pulled in from the west. I went to the boss and asked him what his plans were. He told me he was hauling flour from Salt Lake City to Helena, Montana. I asked him about the Montana country, and where and how he wintered his cattle. He said he grazed them on Boulder Creek near Helena, and that there was no better range in the west. I learned

farther that he would start on his last trip before winter in about a week. I did not tell him that I thought of applying for a job driving an ox team.

Next day Turner, having disposed of his goods, asked me what he owed me. I told him he owed me nothing; that he had paid me long ago by protecting me in time of war, and had brought me away from danger free of charge. Turner said he would not have it that way; that if I had not been along his train would be back upon the alkali desert, and that he proposed to pay me. I then told him of my plan to drive an ox team on to Montana, as I was a pretty good bull-whacker and had to have some place to go. In reply to this he said I must do no such thing; that if I would name the place I wanted to go he would see that I had a way to get there without driving a team. I told him I had no place in particular in mind, but would be satisfied anywhere among the mountains and Indians—just so I could get away from the old war troubles back in civilization.

In a few days Turner came back and told me his cattle were so poor that he could not sell them, and proposed that I buy them and take them along with me. I replied that I had no money, besides I was alone and felt that I could not handle the cattle. He said I did not need any money, that he would take my note and as to the other matters he would fix them. He then made me a present of a fine mare, a gun and a hundred dollars in money. He also gave me a wagon loaded with provisions. With this equipment, it began to look as though I could take the cattle, and that the plan he had made for me was much better than any I could have made for myself. Jim Curl, a Buchanan County boy, had sixteen head of cattle which he added

to mine. He loaded a wagon with provisions and each of us hired a man to drive our team, and with this arrangement made we were ready to start.

We remained at Salt Lake until Turner had finished his business. His entire outfit at St. Joseph cost him about seven thousand dollars. He paid about two thousand dollars in wages to the men who assisted him. He received twenty-five thousand six hundred dollars for his cargo. I saw him get the money and put it in a bank. I realized then what a loss it would have been to him had he failed to get his train across, and he often told me if I had not been along he might never have succeeded. I gave Turner my note for four thousand dollars for the cattle and he took the stage for home. The next day Curl and I left for Boulder Valley.

For seventy-five miles or more out of Salt Lake we had to pass through the Mormon settlements and we had great difficulty in keeping the cattle out of the fields and gardens. We crossed Bear River just above the point where it empties into Salt Lake and, after crossing a range of mountains, found Hedgepeth's cutoff, a road I had traveled in 1854. A short distance farther on, and from the top of a high divide, I could see Snake River valley near Fort Hall, my old trail in 1849. When we got down to the river and crossed the deep worn trail, the scene was quite familiar to me, although it had been a good many years since I had viewed it the last time. After crossing Snake River we set out across the mountains for our destination. I can't remember the names of many points on this trip. In fact the road was comparatively new and but few places had names. I remember passing over a broad, sandy desert, where our cattle nearly famished for water, and then down a long grade over almost solid rock. Near the bottom of this grade I saw a small

stream some distance away, and rode down to see if I could find a way by which the cattle could reach water. I recall this distinctly because while hunting a path to the water I saw two queer looking animals, the like of which I had never seen before. I learned afterwards that they were lynx.

Next day we passed into a beautiful valley where we had plenty of water and grass, but it snowed most of the day—a wet snow that soon melted and did not interfere much with grazing. Passing on we reached Black Tail Creek, (so named after the black tail deer), which we followed down to Nelson River. After crossing Nelson River we passed over a low range of mountains and down into Boulder Valley, the place we set out to reach. In spite of the high recommendation given this valley as a place to winter cattle, I did not like it, and we moved on up the river about fifty miles, and reached a place where the grass was abundant, but the frost had killed it. Curl thought this was the place to stop, but I was not satisfied. I saw no bunch grass, and my experience with cattle in California told me that we would not be safe unless we found a place where bunch grass grew on the mountain sides. However, we camped at this point and remained a few days to look about. Just above our camp a small creek, which seemed to come down from a big mountain in the distance, put into Boulder River. Curl and I passed up this creek toward the mountain, which was covered with snow. Some miles up we found the finest bunch grass I ever saw growing upon the low hills which surrounded the high peak. We spent the whole day looking over the place and went so far as to select the site for our cabin. Returning to camp, entirely satisfied with our day's work, we planned for the winter. Next morning early we were on our way to the mountain home we had

selected. The grade was steep, our wagons were heavy and there was no road. We had to circle about the hills and wind and twist in order to get along at all. It was nearly night when we arrived at the spot selected.

I had expected, from reports given me, to find a white settlement in Boulder Valley, but there was none, and if there was a white person within fifty miles of our camp that night we did not know it. Virginia City and Helena were mining towns about a hundred miles apart, and we were half way between them. I could hardly have found a place in the whole western country where the chance of meeting a white man was so small. It was, by good fortune, the very spot I set out to find when I left Missouri. I told my friends when I left that I was going out among the savage Indians for protection against the "yard dog" militia, who had not been in the war, and who only commenced fighting after the war was over and returning Confederate soldiers were at their mercy.

A hurried camp, such as we were accustomed to make when traveling, was all we did the night of our arrival. Next morning we were up bright and early and, after attention to the cattle to see that none of them had strayed, we began building our winter home. We had but one axe and one shovel—one implement for each of us. Abundance of pine and cedar grew near. I took the axe and began cutting the logs while Curl with the shovel leveled the earth upon the site selected for the cabin. Curl's task was soon done, but not until I had a number of logs ready to be taken in. The oxen were then yoked and as fast as the logs were cut they were dragged in. When we decided logs enough were upon the ground, building began. It was slow work and hard work. Each log had to be raised and laid in its place and notched carefully so that it would hold

firm and leave as little space as possible to be "chinked." When the proper height for the eaves had been reached, we elevated one side by adding logs to give slant to the roof. Stout poles were then laid side by side, over which we spread a thick layer of cedar branches and covered the whole with gravel. We chinked the spaces between the logs and plastered over the chinking with mortar made of mud. We then cut out a door, over which we hung a heavy blanket, and with such stones as we could select, suitable to be used, built a fire-place, laying the stones in the same kind of mortar used in the chinking. Thus we had a house without a nail or a piece of iron about it.

Before I left Salt Lake, I bought two fine greyhounds. I trained them to sleep just inside our door. I told Curl they must serve as a lock to our door. They were faithful and obedient and I knew no Indian could get near us without warning. I felt more secure when I lay down to sleep with those dogs by my door than if I had had a puncheon door, barred and locked.

We moved into our cabin late in October, and I felt for the first time in more than four years that I was at home. I was glad also to get a rest. I had left Red River, fifty miles above Shreveport, in April, walked the seven hundred miles to Buchanan County, fighting, running and hiding—much of the time without food, as I have related; then twelve hundred miles to Salt Lake, with a week's rest, then six hundred miles to Boulder Valley—six months of trial and hardship which few men are called upon to endure. In view of this I looked upon my winter in the cabin, in spite of its loneliness, with a good deal of pleasure.

There was an abundance of game all about us. Elk, deer, antelope, bear, moose, and smaller game, grouse, pheasants and sage hens plentiful. Elk was my

favorite meat, and, while we had great variety, I always kept as much as one hind quarter of elk hanging upon the corner of our cabin. Any day I chose I could take my gun and go out upon the mountain side among the cattle and bring back just such meat as my appetite fancied.

We lived thus until near the first of the year 1866, without once seeing a human face—either white man or Indian. One morning about the time mentioned, Curl and I went out to get our ponies when we saw a dozen buck Indians chasing an antelope down the valley. Some were on foot and some on ponies. We hurriedly climbed up the side of a mountain which gave us an extended view of the whole plain, and to our astonishment we saw, about three miles away, a perfect village of wigwams. We were no longer without neighbors. Curl was considerably alarmed, but I told him we had nothing to fear, except that our game would not be so plentiful and so easily procured. He asked me how I knew we were in no danger. I pointed to the squaws, and papposes which we could see about the village, and told him that my experience with Indians was that they were always peaceable when they had their families along. I told him, however, that we must be discreet and make friends with them, and assured him that I knew how to do that and that he must follow my advice.

Out of extra caution we went back to the cabin and immediately put all our guns in good condition. We had hardly finished our task, when about noon, two Indians ran upon our cabin, to their utter astonishment. They stopped and looked in consternation. Our dogs went after them and I had hard work to make the dogs understand that they must not harm them. When the dogs were quiet I went up to them, showing my friendli-

ness in every way I could. They answered me with signs showing that they too were friendly. When I had convinced them I meant no harm, I had them come into the cabin, and there I tried to find out what their plans were in the valley. I could understand but little they said, but I felt perfectly sure that by proper cultivation we should soon become quite friendly.

I then set food before them. I had a kettle of thoroughly cooked navy beans simmering over our fire. I filled a couple of pans from the kettle, set them out and provided bread and meat. They went in on the beans and ate them ravenously. I tried to induce them to eat bread and meat, but not a morsel would they touch, but kept calling for beans. I told Curl we must find some way to stop them if possible, as so many beans in their starved stomachs might make them sick and the tribe would think we had poisoned them. We both then began to make all manner of signs toward the bread and meat, but it was useless. The two ate the entire kettle of beans and looked around for more. When they saw the beans were gone, they ate large quantities of bread and meat, and made signs that they were much pleased with their meal. When they left they made us understand that we were invited to see them. They pointed to their camp and said "wakee up." We made them understand that we would come and when they were gone I told Curl we must keep our promise.

Next day we saddled our horses, buckled our navies on the outside of our clothes and each with a rifle in front across the horn of the saddle, rode down. The dogs followed us. When we rode up the squaws and papposes ran for the tents like chickens that have seen a hawk in the air. But few bucks were in camp, the majority of them being out hunting. Fortunately for us

one of the bucks who had dined with us so heartily on beans the day before was lying in his tent (perfectly well, to our surprise), and when the alarm was given he came out and recognized us. He came up and bade us welcome, and invited us into his tent. I was surprised to see how comfortably he was fixed. The poles of his tent were probably twenty feet long and tied together at the top. The lower ends of the poles were set in a wide circle, making a room twelve or fourteen feet across. It was a cold, winter day and a small stick fire was burning in the center directly beneath an opening at the top of the tent. The draft was such that the smoke all arose and escaped from the tent. They had gathered pine needles and packed them upon the floor around the fire and over them had spread dressed buffalo robes, making as fine a carpet as I ever set foot upon.

We sat down by the fire and talked as much as we could to our host, making him understand that we were entirely friendly. Our dogs, seeing the good feeling between the Indians and ourselves, accepted the situation and throughout the entire winter made no hostile demonstrations toward them except when they came about the cabin. From this visit the whole tribe became aware that we were friendly, and within a very short time the very best feeling prevailed.

Their only means of subsistence was the game they killed, and as they had no weapons but bows and arrows it required almost constant effort upon the part of the bucks to keep the tribe supplied with food. They were very clever in their methods and would bring in game when white men under such circumstances would have failed entirely. One of their favorite plans was this: Fifty or more would mount their ponies and make a wide circle, driving always toward Cottonwood

Creek. The banks of this stream were very steep and there were but few crossing places. The antelope on becoming alarmed would start for these crossings, and as they passed down the narrow gulches, other Indians with bows and arrows waylaid them from behind rocks and brush, and shot them down. They did wonders with their bows and arrows, but many antelope passed through without being touched. Others, though wounded, escaped.

We soon began to join in these hunts, and I have from my station behind a rock at one of these crossings killed as many as fifteen antelope in a single hunt. I was an expert with the navy in those days and rarely missed a shot. I always gave them every one to the Indians, as neither Curl nor I cared for antelope meat, and they were, of course, greatly pleased and regarded us both with our skill and navies as fortunate acquisitions, and we lost nothing by our kindness to them.

We had a hundred and sixteen head of cattle and four horses. The Indians had about two hundred ponies. All herded and grazed together in that valley for four months. When the Indians left in the spring we rounded up our cattle and found every one of them.

About the first of May, 1866, we moved our cattle over on Indian Creek, about forty miles north. There was a little mining town near and we set up a butcher shop, furnishing our own beeves to it. The town was not large enough to enable us to do much business and, after two months, we moved to Helena, another mining town, but larger than the first. At that time Virginia City was the capital of the territory. By the first of September we had disposed of all our cattle one way or another and were ready for something else.

While we were deciding what next to do, Brother William and his family arrived in Helena. I had not seen him for six years—since he and Brother Zack left me at home in 1860 to care for father while they went back to California to look after the cattle. I had heard little from our ranch and our cattle in California, but was hardly prepared to learn that war times had been so bad there. From William I learned that great lawlessness prevailed in California and that our cattle had been shot and driven away and that long before the war was over William and Zack had nothing left but their families. They went to Idaho and mined a while, and then on to Montana. While in Idaho, Brother James, who had escaped from prison in St. Louis—and a death sentence also—had managed to join them with his family. James and Zack had bought a drove of cattle and had them in another portion of Montana, so William, Curl and I decided to come home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Return to Missouri.

It was too late in the fall when this decision was reached to make the trip by land, and we began to look about for an opportunity to go by the river. Two men were fitting up a flat boat at Fort Benton, a hundred miles down the river from Helena. We all—William, his wife and little daughter, Curl and myself got in William's two-horse wagon and made our way over to Fort Benton. There were no white people living between the two places, and we were told that it was not safe to attempt the journey, as the Indians had killed and robbed many persons on that road. We were too well acquainted with Indians to be much afraid of them, so we decided to go. We saw no Indians, but I was robbed one night. William and his family slept in the wagon, Curl and I under it. One night a coyote slipped up and stole a sack of venison from under the back part of my pillow. That was the second experience of that kind. The other, which I think I have related, happened years before in California.

When I left with Turner at St. Joseph I was on the west side of the Missouri River. When I reached Fort Benton I was on the east side, and that was the first time I had seen the river since I had left it at St. Joseph. I had gone entirely around it.

The boat that was being rigged out was a curious affair. It had no steam, no sails and no oars—just a flat bottomed scow with a rudder—designed to float with the current. The only equipment for navigation besides the rudder was a number of long poles to be used in aiding the boat off of sand bars. About two-

thirds of the floor space of the boat was housed in by stretching dry raw hides two deep over a heavy frame work, leaving port holes at convenient places through which our guns could be directed at the Indians in case of attack. The boat was built by Sloan and Parcell, two men from Iowa, and they were very proud of their craft.

When everything was ready, fifty passengers got aboard, including two families, and the cable was cut. The current was swift and we went down at a gait so rapid that it was almost alarming, but we soon grew accustomed to it. While in the mountains we frequently came to shoals and riffles over which the boat dashed at a speed that turned us dizzy, but we had to stay with it and trust to the man at the rudder to keep her straight ahead.

At the mouth of the Yellowstone, we passed a tribe of Indians in camp. The boat drifted around a little curve and up within forty yards of the bank on which the camp was situated before we noticed them. They were more surprised, I think, than we, for they stood looking until we passed entirely out of sight. It snowed all that day, and next morning we were drifting through mushy ice which sometimes threatened to squeeze our boat. We were in constant fear of a gorge and tried several times to reach the shore and land, but could not get through the ice. Had our boat encountered a gorge it is probable that the whole crew would have been drowned. Late in the afternoon a south wind began to blow and in a few hours the river was nearly clear. This was a great relief.

We had calculated on reaching St. Joseph in a month and had laid in provisions accordingly. When we struck the Bad Lands the current of the river became so sluggish that we could scarcely perceive that we were traveling. We had plenty of flour, but no

meat, so every now and then, slow as we were going, we had to tie up and get out and kill a deer or an antelope. Sometimes this required a good deal of time, as our luck in hunting was bad. The current got so slow and the prospects of getting into swifter water looked so bad, that we rigged up a set of oars out of long cottonwood poles cut on the banks and flattened. With these we set the men at work by turns, two to each oar, night and day and made much better progress. I think if we had waited for the current we should not have reached home before June of the next year. When we reached Yankton we got additional supplies and finally reached Sioux City, where we found an opportunity to take the stage to Omaha, and did so. At Omaha we got a steamboat to St. Joseph, and reached home late in October, two months and a half out of Fort Benton.

I found conditions in Missouri much better than when I left. The war was really over. The militia had all been discharged and there was now no longer any excuse for killing and robbing men. After such a long period of lawlessness it required some time, of course, to reduce everything to order and to secure a rigid enforcement of the law, but I was surprised and gratified at the progress that had been made. I passed a very pleasant winter with relatives and friends, and it began to look like I would be able to settle down and live in peace. There were those in the community who were disappointed with the results of the war to themselves because they had expected to get possession of the land belonging to Confederate soldiers. In fact, our negroes told me during the war that certain men had said the Gibson boys could never come back to this country, and they intended to get their land. Of course, my presence at home with every prospect of remaining naturally displeased those who had designs upon

my land and that which belonged to my brothers, and I could hardly hope to remain unmolested—especially as all the public officials were ready to give willing ear to every report against me.

About the first of March, after I had lived publicly and peaceably in my home community and in St. Joseph all winter, a man named Joe Lemons, who was the tool of other men whom I knew, swore out a warrant charging me with stealing his horse during the war. As soon as I heard the warrant was out my blood went up to the old war heat, but I said nothing. I made no attempt to escape or to conceal myself, but went about my business. A few days later I had business in St. Joseph and went up as usual, determined to have no trouble if I could avoid it. I was standing in front of Nave and McCord's wholesale grocery house, talking to my brother Isaac, when Phelps, a deputy sheriff, came up and asked me if my name was Jim Gibson. I told him my name was John Gibson. He then said, "I guess I have got a writ for you." I said, "Have you? Let's hear it." He had a heavy shawl or blanket around his shoulders, such as men wore in those days. His hands were both concealed beneath the shawl, and when I asked to hear the writ he drew his left hand with the writ in it from under his shawl and in so doing moved the shawl from over his right hand and I saw that he held a six-shooter with that hand. I did not move or make any attempt to resist him, but stood until he, trembling like a leaf, had read the writ. When he had finished, I waited for him to say what should be done next, but he stood some moments greatly embarrassed, and said nothing. Finally I said, "Well, what about it?" His courage then came to him sufficiently for him to say: "You will have to go to the court house with me." I said, "all right," and turned and asked brother Isaac

to go along with me. We started to the court house and just then old Fish, the sheriff, came galloping up with his big spurs on his heels and jumped off his horse. He blustered up and slapped me on the shoulder and said, "you d—d horse thief — give up your arms." I put my hand on his breast and shoved him off the sidewalk, and in stepping off the curbstone he fell. He got up and he and Phelps stood looking at me. I did not say "what about it" any more, but started on toward the court house. When I had got about ten steps away Fish said to Phelps, "Why don't you shoot him?" Phelps said he did not want to kill anybody and Fish then said, "Give me the gun, I will shoot him." With that he snatched the gun from Phelps and pointed it at me. I jerked my gun from my side and leveled it at him. He lowered his gun instantly and I turned and walked on. Fish then began to yell, "Catch him! Catch him!" keeping all the time a good, safe distance behind. He followed me to Edmond Street, all the time keeping up his yell and by that time he had raised half the town, it seemed to me. Everybody, policemen and all, ran out to see what was the trouble with old Fish. I passed on up Edmond Street and came to a man with a stick of wood in his hand. He raised it and told me to stop. I told him to drop his stick and not to bother me. He obeyed and I walked on. I turned on Fourth Street and went into a feed stable, and through it to an alley, and then around to the south side of the stable. No one was near me and I stopped. I had stood but an instant when a brother of Phelps, the deputy sheriff, came running toward me. I drew my gun and asked him what he wanted. He turned and ran. There was a board fence about five feet high in front of him. He sprang up on it on his breast and turned a somersault over it into the alley and struck the ground flat on his back. I had

to laugh at the frightened fool and that put me in a better humor. I went to Fourth Street and went into the back door of a barber shop. The front door was closed, but there was a great throng standing outside and Fish was still yelling. The crowd was quiet and orderly. I had been in the shop a few minutes when I heard some one say, "Don't go in there, that man will shoot you!" Another man said, "If you will go in I will go with you?" At that time I did not intend to hurt anyone and if Fish had let me alone I would have been at the court house, for I knew there was no case against me. But just as the conversation I have related took place Fish and his man jumped in at the back door, Fish with his navy cocked and pointed at my breast. He called out in a loud voice, "Now, you d—d horse thief — give up your arms!" That was too much for me to take a second time. The last word was not out of his mouth until the muzzle of my six-shooter was against his neck and hell was blazing inside of me. I pulled the trigger, the cap burst with loud noise but the gun, for the first time in my experience with it, failed to go. Fish thought he was shot and fell backward out at the door. Three policemen entering by the front door came up behind and grabbed me and took my guns away from me. By this time Fish had come to himself and jumped back in the back door and shot at me. I knocked the muzzle of the gun up and the ball went into the ceiling. My little finger hit the end of the gun just as it was discharged and the ball grazed the flesh off down to the bone. A policeman caught Fish and pushed him back and said, "Nobody but a d—d coward would shoot a prisoner."

Fish and his brave deputies then formed a procession and started me off to the court house. Phelps, to whom I had really surrendered on the reading of the

writ, and who I think understood all along that there would have been no trouble but for Fish's insulting bluster, led me by the arm. Fish walked behind with my two navies—one in each hand, and one other deputy loaded down with guns rode Fish's horse by my side. Another deputy, whose name I will not mention, an old school mate of mine, remained far behind, thinking, I suppose, that I had not seen him. I had met him on Felix Street a half hour before Phelps presented the writ to me and as soon as Phelps came up I knew where he had received information that I was in town. This deputy knew that I would not resist arrest if treated with anything like decency, and might have had me go with him to the court house upon his request even without a writ, but this method did not suit the bragging, make-believe methods of the men who were vainly trying to convince the community of their bravery.

As the procession moved with the desperate man up Fifth Street, attracting the attention of everybody, greatly to the satisfaction of the brave fellows who had made the capture, I said to Phelps, that he need not hold my arm as I would not attempt to run. Fish, who heard the remark, said to Phelps, "Turn him loose and let him run." I halted and turned to Fish and said, "If you will give me one of my navies I will run!" I would have done exactly what I said, and Fish knew it, I think, for he would not give me the gun. I had no idea he would accept my challenge, but I stopped his pretense at bravery and showed him to be exactly the coward that he was.

When we reached the office, Fish, who was an old-timer at the business, went through my pockets. He knew just where to lay his hand to get my money and took from my inside vest pocket eighty dollars in

greenbacks, but before he did this he made my brother leave the office so he could not see how much money he took from me. After getting my money he turned me into the jail and locked me in a cold cell without fire or blankets. I lay on the cold rocks and shivered all night with my finger bleeding on me.

Next day was a busy one for Fish. My friends came in by the dozen to see me and Fish would not let them talk to me through the hole in the wall out of his presence, so they kept him standing by most of the day to hear what was said. My old friend Curl came in. He asked me if I wanted to get out. I told him I thought I would get out in a short time. Curl said, "If you want out today I will go and get enough men to take you out." Fish did not open his mouth, but I told Curl I thought I had better wait and give bond. Shortly after that Judge Parker, who stood in with Fish, fixed my bond at twenty thousand dollars, thinking, I suppose, that I could not give it and that I would have to lie in jail until my trial came off. They were mistaken in this. I gave the twenty thousand bond—and could have given a hundred thousand as well—and was released. I walked down town and presently met Fish. He ran up and shook hands with me as though he was greatly pleased to see me, and said, "I thought you had gone." I said, "No, this is my home and I intend to remain here." I never saw Fish after that that he did not go out of his way to speak to me and shake hands with me. I knew his object was to make fair weather with me, but he had nothing to fear. I was over my anger and would not have harmed a hair of his head so long as he did not provoke me as he had done on the day of my arrest.

After meeting Fish I went on, and on Third Street I met two policemen. They asked me to go into a saloon and have a drink. I went in and took a toddy and while there one of them slipped a Colt's navy in my hand and told me to protect myself. I felt much safer with such an old acquaintance with me, for I did not know when some of my old war enemies might undertake to make trouble for me.

Two indictments were pending against me—one for horse stealing and one for an assault upon Fish with intent to kill. I went about my affairs until court convened. On the morning the case was called Fish and Lemons were both present. I went in and sat down very close to them and where I could look directly in their faces. Neither of them would look at me, but kept their eyes upon the floor or wandering about the court room. My counsel, Judge Tutt, took a change of venue and the cases were sent to Platte City.

Judge Parker gave me an order upon Fish for my money and my guns. Brother William, who had returned from the west, went with me to get them. We got the money and one gun. Fish said the other gun had been taken to Easton by one of his deputies and that he would get it for us later. In a few days William and I went back for the other gun and on our way to the court house met Fish, hurrying away to catch a train, so he said. When we asked him about the gun he said he would not stop to talk to us as he was in a great hurry. William told him he would stop, that he came for that gun and intended to have it. Fish insisted that he did not have time to get it for us. William said, "time or no time, we will have that gun and have it now!" So we turned him round and marched him to the court house and got the navy and told him he might then go to his train.

Court convened in Platte City in May. I felt sure that neither Fish nor Lemons would appear against me. Fish had said that he had found a man that would shoot and that he had taken desperate chances in attempting to arrest me. I knew he was afraid of his shadow and that Platte County was the scene of many of his misdeeds during the war. As for Lemons, and the horse stealing charge, I felt equally sure there would be no prosecution, but on the day court convened I went down prepared for trial. I reached Platte City the day before the case was to be called. I met the sheriff of that county and told him about my case. He asked me who the sheriff of Buchanan County was, and when I told him he said Fish would never come to Platte County; that he had done too much mischief there during the war, hanging and robbing gray-haired men.

Next morning when court opened I walked inside the bar and directly in front of the judge. No one knew me. The judge opened his docket and commenced calling over the cases. In a few moments he called my case and no one answered. He called the second time and I arose and said, "the defendant is present and ready for trial." "Where is he?" asked the judge. "I am the man," said I. The judge then asked where my counsel was. I told him I had none; that Judge Tutt of St. Joseph had promised to look after my cases, but he had not yet arrived. The judge then told the sheriff to go to the front door and call the prosecuting witnesses three times. The sheriff did so but no one answered. The cases were dismissed and I was released from my heavy bonds and went out of the court room a free man, much to the satisfaction of my good friends, Matt Evans, Bennett Reece, Ham Ray, Tom Finch and others who had gone along as witnesses.

The cases were dismissed in May, 1867. I came home from Platte City and from that day to this have never heard of them. Lemons said his horse was taken from the stable at twelve o'clock, broad daylight. The truth is that at ten o'clock the night before he claimed his horse was taken, and while I was not in the country, that same man, with others, led away from my place eleven head of horses and mules and no member of my family ever saw them again. I never thought of calling them to account for it. It was war times, and, after the war was over, I felt too thankful to have escaped with my life ever to attempt to hold the conduct of any man during that period against him.

I went to work at whatever I could find to do to make an honest living. All my toil and hardship on the plains, by which I had accumulated a comfortable fortune before the war, had been spent in vain, and I had to begin anew and under very trying conditions. I asked nothing but to be let alone, and it now looked as if this wish of my heart might be gratified.

In a short time my prospects were much improved, and on the 25th day of August, 1868, I was married. Since that time I have, aside from a few months spent in Colorado during the early eighties, farmed and dealt in cattle in Missouri and Nebraska. I own the farm on which I live, have reared my children to maturity, and educated them as best I could, and, though often lonely when I think of my brothers and companions of earlier years, I am, in spite of my eighty-three years, enjoying good health and the added blessing of many friends.

THE END.