

1872 - They say that marriage is a lottery, and a man is fortunate if he draws a prize. Well, on the first day of the year I cast my lot with Emma, and now after all these years as I write these lines I am well satisfied with the prize. We were married in the New Methodist Church by the Rev. R.D. Wilkins. After staying a few days at Pa's we went to housekeeping, and as houses were very scarce we only got two rooms where another family lived.

One very cold day in January I took a short hunt for rabbits early in the morning. I had not overshoes and I could not get any down town. So I went without them, not even wrapping my feet up with anything. I had not been out long before my feet felt very cold. I tried in every way to get them warm, and at last I thot I had succeeded, but here I was badly deceived. They were not any warmer, but were really freezing harder all the time. I got home about nine o'clock AM; when I took my boots off I found the bottom of my feet and toes were frozen stiff. Emma sent for her mother and the two worked with my feet all day, but it was late in the day before the pain abated in the least. It seems to me that I suffered more in those few hours than I have at any other time of my life. It was several weeks before my feet got over the injury. The toe nails dropped off and the ends of both big toes ulcerated for some time. If I had taken just a little precaution such as wrapping my feet up in pieces of old cloth of any kind I could have walked just as well and would have prevented my feet from freezing. But like all young folks we have to learn so many of the lessons of life at a very dear price.

In my boyhood days I was very fond of hunting, and the same could be said of Jerome, George, and Eleazer. John and Will did not care quite so much for sport. I being the youngest of the boys I could not but notice as they came to manhood they cared less and less for hunting as for sporting but liked it more as a means of recreation. Then I wondered if that could possibly be the case with me, and sure enough I found out that I was like the rest only more so. Now I would not shoot a squirrel for 100 times its value for food. I would far rather see them as they play thro the tree tops as they look down and scold me. I love bird and animal life now better than ever before.

Water was very scarce this winter, and I had to carry all of our house water

from the store, about three blocks. Drish and Richmond was to give me \$700 per year first year, after that \$720. In the spring we moved into the Wabash home where Lola<sup>18</sup> was born, 4th of September, premature birth. She was a frail little creature, only weighed 5# when 3 weeks old; but with good care Emma and Lola soon began to mend; inside of a year Lola weighed 21# and Emma was soon stronger than she ever was.

I took a deep interest in all church work, worked very hard in the store, in fact too hard.

My beloved brother George Mulford Burnett died July 12th, 1872, aged 36 years, 11 mo and 7 days<sup>19</sup>; killed while getting onto a train while in motion; 68 miles northeast of St Louis, Mo. The first great sorrow after Father's death. The evening George was killed, a strange nervous feeling came over; it consisted of fear, nervousness, and anxiety. After I got home from the store, it was about time to go to bed, so I carefully looked thro the house to see if anything was wrong, and carefully locked all the doors.

Some time after we went to bed, I was awakened by Emma's crying. I said, "Emma, what is the matter?" "Why," she said, "you act so strange." This made me more uneasy than ever. Again I looked thro out the house, and then went to bed nervous, and had a restless night. By nature I am not a coward and never was, so I could not account for my strange feelings. As soon as I reached the store in the morning, there was a telegram telling me, "Geo. was killed by accident at Taylorville. Josie" This explained the shadow and chill.

Brave, fearless brother, went thro the dangers of army and prison life and then died by accident. His last words were, "Josie, Josie, Josie." His great anxiety for his beloved wife, and his life went out too soon so far as we can see, and yet in that great day, we may see things different from now. We now can see only from the standpoint of time.

Brave Noble Brother, early in life he liked to take me with him on some of

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18 - Lola Henrietta Burnett

19 He was buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, Terre Haute, IN.

his hunting trips. These I will always remember. He was quick tempered, very active in body and mind, a fine penman and a good scholar [sic], very precise in his grammar and in all of his studies. In early life he loved to go hunting, was very fond of nature; but after his army days he cared less and less for field sports and more for the things of home. In fact, he was given too much to pottering around home instead of looking after his business, but I am sure had he lived longer he would have developed into a fine carefull business man, and with his abounding health and strength would have lived to ripe old age.

*Indianapolis, 18 Dec 1872*

*Dear Lew,*

*I have carried in my pocket for a long time one of the small crystals I found either in Middle Park or at the ranch. This afternoon I had it in my hand and by the merest accident found quite a flake of gold in a crevice at the base. Now isn't it funny that we should, by accident, have discovered gold and didn't know it? One of the crystals I had I sent to New York and had it cut to set in a ring. Come to find out it is a white topaz and worth sixty-five dollars. It is set, and is I think the prettiest ring I ever saw. I have had pretty good luck in getting that memento of our trip. Another stone I gave to a Hatter here and he had it cut and set in New York, and it is beautiful. One of the editors of the Journal also had one cut and set, a piece of striped chalcedony, but unfortunately broke it on the snoot of a horse. You had better look over some of your nicest small specimens, and sometime have some of them cut.*

*We are all well - will spend Christmas at Terre Haute. I go back into the Auditor's office in January.*

*John's<sup>20</sup> little child was buried last Saturday.<sup>21</sup>*

*In haste, Jerome*

1873 - Nothing special note this year. Hard times had settled down on the country and it was the first year of tramps that I can remember off. A common topic of conversation this year was hard times, especially of the past. One day I was telling of the hard times of 1858 to 1860 when an old man spoke up saying, "I can tell of still harder. In the early 30's money was so scarce that a person could only earn \$0.50 by cradling oats or wheat all day. One day a letter came for me on which there was postage of 25¢. Having no money I worked for my neighbor in the harvest field till noon to earn enough

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20 - John was a brick contractor ; that is, he built brick buildings.

21 - Of John and Mary Burnett's eleven children only four survived early childhood. This little one was Rosseau Burnett, died in Indianapolis, IN aged about 2.

to get my letter from the PO." Postage was then 25¢ per letter. Another said it took a bushel of wheat where he lived to get 1# of sugar. Another said his father sold dressed hogs and beef to the mines at Galena, Ill for 1½¢ per pound, and in selling wheat, if the roads were good his father would haul wheat to Chicago and get home with some money, but if the roads were bad it would use up the whole value of wheat to pay expenses to and from Chicago. One old man gave his experience of first hard times of the 30's. He said he had worn his shoes till they were full of holes; one night as he went to bed, he took the shoes and threw them as far from the cabin as possible. But he said the next morning he was glad to walk barefoot thro the snow and get his old shoes again, as they were much better than no shoes. It was the hard times of 1837 that drove Father out of the grocery business at Newark, NJ, but he did not fail. During the year of 1873 the first tramps appeared and have been with us ever since. In winter of 1870 I strained my back very badly while lifting a stove at the store, and one day this year I restrained it and from that day to this it has been a weak spot. The constant hard work and close confinement was telling on my health, and I began to think I would have to quit the hardware store tho I was well liked.

1874 - During the winter of 1873 and 1874 our church, under the care and preaching of W.R. Goodwin experienced a wonderful revival. It lasted ten weeks. Pa Berry and I worked for the cause to the best of our ability. There was over 600 conversions and over 300 accessions to our church, but many joined other churches. This was the last really great revival that I have witnessed.

I kept at my work faithfully, tho I felt that I would have to give it up. I began thinking about going to California or Washington.

This winter we lived in the property on Wabash Ave. near Pa Berry's home, across from Judge Steel's home. We built our first little home this year. We had Mr.\_\_\_\_\_ to put up just the frame work, weatherboard it &c. After we moved in I finished it myself working evenings and mornings early. Lola was quite sick one time this year; she was just growing into a sweet, lovely little darling, the joy and comfort of

our lives.

During this winter I quit working for Drish and Richmond and started for California. I first went to Lincoln, Nebraska, and visited with Addie and Tom McCulloch. Mother was also there. They lived on the little farm out near Antelope Creek. I had a very enjoyable time as there were lots of prairie chickens. I killed all we wanted to eat. After a delightful visit I went to Cal. taking the emigrant train; it was exceedingly uncomfortable and we were about a week getting there, fare \$48. I was in Cal. about 3 months; soon after getting there I procured a pony and travelled thro most of the Sacramento Valley, Colusa, Napa and Russian River Valley. I did not like the state. While traveling, I had not heard from Emma for some time, so I was exceedingly anxious about her and Lola. Being on the go all the time, they would get my letters, but I would miss theirs. As night came on I gathered some grass together to make my bed, so after a very frugal supper, before lieing down, I knelt in deep earnest prayer for God to in some way make known to me that all was well at home. In a few moments a deep sense of satisfaction came to me, that all was well. Tho for six weeks after I did not hear from Emma, yet I was perfectly satisfied that all was well at home. This I call an answer to prayer or telepathy. I prefer the former answer.

I bought a ticket for Nebraska and sent for Emma to come on to Syracuse, Neb, where Addie and Tom were living. This was the great grasshopper year. Before they began flying they ate most everything up, but in June they left in time for the farmers to raise a crop of corn and potatoes. This was a very stormy and wet year. Early in Sept. Emma and I and our dear Lola left again for Mattoon and I began working for Bro. Will buying hides at \$50 per month. During this month I helped Tom build their new little home. Soon we were settled in our own home again, where we lived till we moved to Champaign, Ill. spring of 1877, where we lived till July 1878.

1876 - A rather uneventful year; I was travelling most of the time. One day when I came home I was talking to Lola as she sat on my lap. All at once she looked up and exclaimed, "Papa, are you going to stay all night at our house?" I hated to be away

from home so much, but Emma was so brave and cheerful all the time.

*Little acts of kindness, little deeds of love,  
make this world an Eden like to that above.  
Little drops of water, little grains of sand,  
make the mighty ocean, and the beautiful land.*

The above was the first piece Lola learned to speak when she was 3 years old. Tom McCulloch and Addie moved to Champaign this fall.



*Harriet Compton Burnett  
about 1875*

1877 - In the spring we moved to Champaign, Ill. Lewie<sup>23</sup> was born here and thus another joy had entered our lives, as we had a dear daughter and wanted a boy. Emma was soon up and got along so nicely. Mother and Addie were with her to lend a helping hand.

Brother John visited us on his way to Montana, where he has lived ever since<sup>24</sup>.

Lola had so taught her little Trip that she could hitch him up to the little wagon and run all around with it. This same little Trip was brot to Nebraska next year in an old valisse [sic]. Good faithful little dog, I hardly ever returned from the store that he did not welcome me with his cheerful barking.

Addie was very sick this year.

1878 - During winter business was very quiet, so Emma and I went down to Mattoon to visit [Ma and Pa Berry](#) as well as the rest. Marcellus, Emma's oldest brother<sup>25</sup>, and I went hunting quite a good deal. One day I killed 33 rabbits and Selly 18, total 51. Oh, my, but they were heavy to carry home, but we did, tho we were most dead with fatigue.

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23 - Lewis Chester Burnett

24 - John Burnett built the Indiana pavilion at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. While there he was approached by a mining contractor from Montana who persuaded John to come to that state.

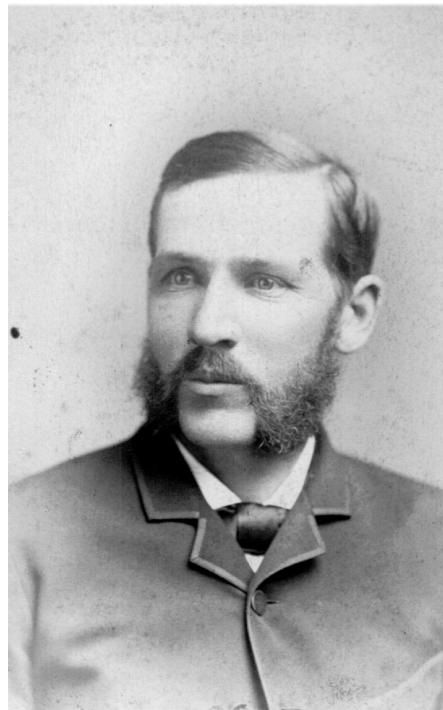
25 - David Marcellus Berry, born 1859; he was a farmer near Mattoon for most of his life. He was actually 7 years younger than Emma, but the first Berry son to survive

The spring of '78 was exceedingly wet and corn was not planted until very late.

Thos. McCulloch and I concluded to go west, so we packed up our goods and landed in Nebraska City 18th of July, and started the firm of McCulloch and Burnett, wholesale hides and leather, which partnership lasted until summer of 1895. Our business succeeded from the first. We did very well first five years, clearing \$5000 each.



*Emma Berry Burnett about 1880*



*Lewis Burnett about 1880*

1879 - Shortly after we moved to Neb. City, two Negroes killed an old man called by the common name "Apple Charlie." He made his living peddling apples, peanuts, &c. The people were so enraged they took the two negroes and hung them to the limb of an oak tree about 100 yards west of 11th St. bridge south side of the creek.

I drove down the next morning to see the poor wretches hanging there; it was a gruesome sight. Their necks had stretched unusually long, and as there was a slight wind, the bodies would turn around, first one way, then the other. It was sickening

to hear the light jesting remarks made by some persons; it was disgusting to me and I soon saw enough.

We bought our organ this year and Lola began taking lessons.

I travelled a good deal with our ponies this year, selling goods and taking orders. York, Nebr. was the end of the B & M RR at this time.

About 1879 when we were in our first business building we had a stuffed wolf, which seemed to be frightful to most dogs. One of our neighbors had a very brave dog. Selly asked the owner if he cared if he frightened the dog. "No," he said, "that dog is not one of the scaring kind." The man was working in a large empty store room, and the dog was with him. Selly took the mounted wolf on his hands and began walking toward the dog, pulling the wolf's nose up and down and shaking its tail, and also imitating the whine of a dog. The dog was worried from the start, and began to bark and back out. He kept this up until he had reached the back of the room, then he began \_\_\_\_ [LCB's blank], and started for the front door, leaping entirely across the side walk, and would never come near the store again.

Lola was feeling very poorly from having the whooping cough and scarlet fever, so I persuaded Emma to let me take her on a two weeks trip. It did her a great deal of good. Mama could hardly believe it would make such a change.

At this time most of the houses west of Lincoln, Nebr. were built of sod.

1880 - We built our first home in Nebraska City this year, corner of 20th & 1st Ave, where we lived till 1887 when we sold it for \$2,600 to John Teten who lives there yet, 1905. After we moved into our new home I began to meet Mr J.S. Morton who remained my friend and a friend of the family till his death.

Thos. McCulloch built his first home, the property just behind the Lutheran Church on 9th St, where they lived till they moved to Lincoln 1897. We moved into our new home November 19th. Tom and Addie moved into theirs about Dec. 15th.

Our second dear little girl was born Nov. 22nd 1880; first Lola, a girl, then



Lewie, a boy, now Octavia, another girl.<sup>26</sup> Surely God was good to us. The river froze about same day Tavie was born & staid frozen all winter till March 9th or 10th. This was known as the hard winter of 1880 & 81. We could walk over our front fence on the snow, and the snow drifted 4 feet deep all over our blackberry patch. Mother's last brother George Compton died this month, Dec<sup>27</sup>. Mother was with him.

*[Diary pages] Flora, Emma's sister<sup>28</sup>, is with us now. Got here about Nov 12th. There has been a good deal of sickness in town this winter, quite a number having died of the diphtheria. Addie is not feeling well. Sellie quit work for us May 12th. Theo Embkey is boarding with ... They are both working at the Rip Raps across the river. Mother and Addie are not feeling very well of late. Have not heard from John since last November. It rained so last week that I could not go out.*

*Dec 28th 1880; Flora is still with us. My health is quite poor, and I am weaker than anytime since we came out here, but I hope for the best that I will yet be a well man. Emma and the children are all very well. Lola weighs 53#, Lewis \_\_, Tavy \_\_, Emma \_\_, myself 150#.*

*This year will always be remembered as the Cold Winter of 1881. Ice froze 3½ feet thick on the river. It was this spring that the high water occurred, we could stand on the bluffs north of town and see water all over the bottoms to the hills 12 miles off in Iowa.*

*On Wednesday March 2nd 1881 I wrote in my diary - there is not much else to write about but storms. Another fearful one is raging tonight but not near so cold as the one on the 12th of Feb'y. We have had but two thawing days during the last two weeks and but a little then. Most of the snow and ice is still on the ground. This is hard weather for poor folks. We are exceedingly glad that we have such a comfortable home.*

*I took great interest in the YMCA and was for some time its President. My class meetings have been well attended considering so much bad weather. The last three were unusually good. My soul does rejoice that I can do a little good. May the Blessed Lord make me a complete soldier. I am striving to be a better Sabbath school teacher.*

*Lewie shows a splendid disposition, so tenderhearted. Lola is as nice as she can be, Maud [i.e. Tavie] grows fast, but is a little cross.*

On Sunday, March 13th, 1881 I wrote that death has again entered our family, this time to take brother Eleazer. We got a letter last night from Will that after a short illness he passed away Tuesday morning, March 9th 4 AM. He was aged 40 years, 1 mo and 22 days. His last hours were spent much in prayer and his moments were happy and full of faith in Christ. I went to Indianapolis to find out all that I could about his sickness and death, and to say the least what the doctors said did not correspond with what Vadie told me. But now I draw the vail [sic] of oblivion over the sad event.

I did not associate much in childhood with 'Leazer. He learned to paint<sup>29</sup> early in life, and so was away from home quite a good deal. Of strong quick temper, but

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26 - Octavia Maud Burnett

27 - George Compton died in Newark, NJ Dec 8 1879 or 1880.

28 - Flora Temple Berry, born 1861. She was a school teacher.

29 - Eleazer was a house painter, and lead was often used as a pigment in paints at that time. Lead also made paints waterproof and densely opaque.

a loving, forgiving disposition, deeply honest in all of his dealings, he was conscientious and carefull. It would seem as though a great shadow is thrown across some lives; 'Leazer was unfortunate in choosing an occupation early in life that was beneath him. Then his marriage to Vadie Woods was unfortunate to both parties, and led to ten years of unhappy married life, and his last months and days were full of the disappointments of life. Dieing from the effects of lead poisoning in the prime and vigor of manhood; had he followed some other calling he might have lived a good long life. But he died in the fullness of faith in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Had a fine mind, was a good talker, well posted on the great questions of the day, beloved by his neighbors and friends. This is a beautiful Sabbath morning but when that eternal Sabbath comes I expect to meet dear brother again. Then we can walk on that Golden Strand and talk and think of Him. Glory to God for the hope that is within me and the Faith I have in Christ.

During the winter of 1881, one evening as I was going home rather early I passed a man with a load of wood. He stopped me and said, "Mr., won't you please buy my wood?" He asked me so beseechingly that I said I would, but it was quite a good distance to haul it, about a mile; but he gladly came with me. While unloading it, I thot he looked hungry, so I went to the house and got him a large piece of pie and some apples. He was very thankful for them, saying, "This is the first time I have eaten since 4 o'clock this morning"--- and he had brot the wood from his home, 20 miles over in Iowa. About one year later I met him again, and as I spoke to him saying "Can't you sell your wood?" he looked at me and grasped my hand, saying "Oh, you are the man that gave me the piece of pie," and seemed so glad to see me.

I thot surely the way to a man's heart is thro his stomach, yet not that either. It was a thankfullness for a little at the right time. Surely oftentimes it is more blessed to give than to receive.

*The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,  
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind.*

These were years of very hard work. I was doing all I could to improve our new home and there was lots of work to do at the store. And here is where I did very

wrong to accomplish as much as possible; I got to using coffee to force my strength to its highest- this did well for a time, but it soon began to tell on me, especially 1885 & '86.

October 9th - the comet looked very fine. November 19th - Arthur McCullough, Austin's twin brother, down with the diphtheria; in fact diphtheria was all over town. A Mr. Hammond, not far from our home, lost 3 children in one week. November 26 - Artie very sick.<sup>30</sup>

1882 - This was a hard year in competing with our new hide man that tried to run us out of business. But he failed at the effort and had to quit himself after 10 months effort and losing \$2500.

Emma went home on a visit with Lola and Lewie and Tavie the baby; then I met her at Will's home in Chicago on her way home.

It was this spring, early in April, when a small cyclone went thro our yard tearing up the side walk and doing other damage. This year I spanked Lewie pretty hard for plugging several green watermelons. He remembered it for several years, often saying, "Papa, remember when you spanked me for cutting the mellons?"

1883 - On Tuesday Feby 6th Mr. Rector died; a very great loss to our church. A good man gone, and strange as it seems, his own boys never followed in the footsteps of their father, but at this writing have made a bad job out of their lives. On March 19th Halladay Pratt began working for us. He is now sleeping in the church yard.



Nebraska Hide & Leather, says "Cadwallader" - from LCB Journal

His boys turned out very bad. All Phelps began working for us April 2nd. He turned out to be a bad man morally.

Bought our new store building May 15th; cost \$100, cor. 5th & Central.

On July 30th Ma Berry was in a sad

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30 - Thomas Arthur McCulloch did in fact die Dec 1, 1882

accident at Mattoon. Cora<sup>31</sup> was instantly killed and Ma so injured that it took her some time to get over [it]. Pa and Ma were going to move to Neb. City but Cora's death changed their plans for life.

On Saturday, August 11th, our Dear Leslie<sup>32</sup> was born. Now we had 2 boys and 2 girls. Mother and boy doing well.

Double murder- Ezra Douglass is killed by his wife, who then kills herself; it was a sad sight to see them, and they children of Christian parents. Aug 14th.

1884 - First week in Jan'y was very cold; on 5th went to 30 below zero.

Oct 14th - Ed Scott<sup>33</sup> came west on a visit and I took several short trips with him. Brother Will came to Neb. City on a visit Oct 22nd. Jerome and brother Will left for home on the 29th; Jerome was with us two weeks. [Ma Berry](#) and Gertie<sup>34</sup> came out to Neb. City and gave us a good visit.



*Lola Burnett about 1886*

1885 - In January Emma's brother-in-law and sister Lillie<sup>35</sup> were visiting us. We were used to sleeping in the front room<sup>36</sup> where we had a stove. This Emma gave up to them, a very sad mistake which almost cost us the lives of Tavie and Leslie. Both went down with the Peneumonia [sic] and for several days we had but little hopes of saving Tavie, but by good care and *God's great help* she was left for us.

I started a branch harness shop at Syracuse this spring to work off a lot of shelf hardware, as Tom was bound to get out of that

31 - Cora Ethel Berry (1875-1883) was Benjamin & Indiana's youngest child.

32 - Leslie Berry Burnett

33 - He was married to Mary Arabel "Belle" Berry.

34 - Eva Gertrude Berry (1872- 1948)

35 - Lillie May Berry (1866-1951) married Clifton Harvey in 1882.

36 - This was a common winter custom where it was very cold before there was central heating.

part of our business. Henry Thorp working for us now; proved to be a good man. Oh, it pays to be a Christian.

It was this year that I was so badly poisoned in my leg: had lots of trouble with it.

One day I took Austin McCulloch down to swim in the river and almost lost my life in so doing. While carrying him on my back, he got frightened and crawled higher on my back and neck, this forcing me under the water.

1887 - This year began with a month of hard snows and storms; snow 2 feet deep on a level.

On February 15th brother John and Will were with us on a visit. This was the last time that John visited us. Lola made it so pleasant for them that they never forgot it.

Geo. Bader, a YMCA boy, began working for us; he proved to be a good man every way. He after quit working for us, went as a missionary to China or India, I forget which.

Addie's health was very poor this year, so they took an overland trip to Denver and back; it did Addie a great deal of good and I doubt very much if she would have lived till now, 1906, if it had not been for this trip. They got home first week in October, were gone about three months.

Building of the M.P.R.R. through this section. Sold our old store property on Central Ave for \$1300. There has never been a time since it would bring near that much.

There was a good strong religious feeling in our church, and YMCA work was prospering. Evangelist Dean had a very successful meeting, creating a very good feeling in all of the churches. I took an active part and at one meeting read a full report of the YMCA work.

I sold our home property corner of 20th and 2 Ave to John Teten for \$2600. Property all over town was on a boom, but the boom soon busted and has staid busted

for 20 years now.

On May 11th we started on our trip to the Yellowstone Park. Frank Burnett<sup>37</sup> met us at Ogalalla.<sup>38</sup>

The night we camped at Chimney Rock the mosquitoes were so bad I staid up all night and kept up a constant smuge [sic] to keep the mosquitoes off of the horses and out of the wagon so the others could sleep. One evening while in camp near the North Platte River the 'skeeters were going for us good and hard, and along in the night Tave was scratching the bites hard, when Lola exclaimed, "Tave, for Mercy sakes, keep still." She quickly retorted, "I can't help it, and don't you forget it."

We reached Independence Rock Saturday evening. This rock is near the junction of the Platte River and the Sweetwater. We had an ideal place to camp over Sunday, and as I had killed an antelope the day before we had plenty of meat. The Rock was on the direct route of travel for the emigrants going to Cal and Oregon, called the Oregon Trail. Thousands of names are cut into this granite rock, mostly from 1850 to 1870; from that date on the names grow less and less. We cut our names on the south west corner.

On the western end of the rock is a fine illustration of the Glacial Drift period. The marks all run from the north east to south west, or between these points and north and south.

Sunday morning it was clear and warm, but there had been a rain during the night, and on top of the rock were some natural basins holding a tub or more of water. When we saw these we concluded to take a bath, which we did, and enjoyed it very much. It was certainly the highest bath tub we ever got into.

The children enjoyed seeing the little rock rabbits scamper up the sloping surface of the great rock and hide in the cracks. Emma was feeling a little unwell while we were in camp here.

While we were traveling along the Sweetwater River in Wyoming we noticed a very large buck antelope on the hills to the south of us. I told the others to

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37 - Frank Burnett (b 1866) was the son of George Mulford Burnett.

38 - They were also in company with the Ogles much of the time.

drive a little slower while I went up the dry bed of a creek and see if I could get near enough to shoot it. They made fun of me, saying I couldn't get near enough to get it. I went out about half a mile, crawled to the top of a small hill and it was not long before I located him. But he was moving away so I had to do some good running behind the next hill to get closer, and as the wind was in my favor, as long as I kept out of sight I was all right. Finally I came up to the brow of another hill, and there right ahead of me about 350 yards stood the antelope on another hill top. It was a long shot but I thought I would risk it, so dropping to the ground I took a very deliberate aim, and I at once heard the terrible thud of the ball, but the antelope did not fall but continued to walk slowly away. I ran fully a hundred yards towards it, but it continued to walk away, so I quickly took another shot, only to overshoot it. I shot quickly again, this time too low. Then I took a more deliberate aim and it fell dead instantly. When I reached it I found that both balls had entered very close together, passing thro the lungs. Either shot meant certain death, and that was the reason it could not run. We can always tell of the many hits we have made, but the misses have long since been forgotten... at least most of them.

*A hit is history; a miss is mystery*

When we started on our trip to Yellowstone Park I promised Lola I would buy her a pony at the first opportunity. Well, when we reached Fort Washakie we had a chance to buy a nice-looking pony for \$25. A true indian pony - lazy. Nice looking mouse colored with a line down his back; he was a good pony and when I gave him to Lola she was indeed proud of him. We named him Washakie in honor of old Chief Washakie, and so we called him for the next eighteen years. Lola rode him most of the way into the park and all the way home, I suppose 800 or more miles. And the years afterwards Lola used him to go to and from school with and upon all errands [sic]. Many remarks there were made of what a beautiful rider she was. There was no motion of her body but what was in unison with the pony.

After dear Lola's death I broke him to work in the harness, and here again he was slow but very faithfull till the fall of 1905, when his labors for us were ended. He bore with patience the labors he had to do; faithfull to the last. Would never pick a


quarrel but would fight to the death for his share, but would always share his meals with the others if they would behave themselves; would fight for his own little herd against all odds and generally win out. During our trip to Yellowstone Park we had three horses to start with; Dandy, Billy and Fanny, and afterwards Washakie. All were good and faithful, each in his way. Dandy was the boss, and after we had been out a few weeks he became very much attached to the wagon - it was his home. He would have followed it anywhere thro thick or thin. If the wagon got out of his sight he would set up a fearful neighing, and keep it up untill he saw the wagon again. He was so attached to the wagon we never had to lariat him. His one fault was if I rode him out two or three miles from camp if I gave him the least chance he would leave me and run for the wagon. But his good horse sense would not let him leave Lewie. Lewie would ride him a mile or two from the wagon, get off and hunt for curios. Good faithful horse would never leave the boy. He loved children and would carry as many as would fit on his back. Billy, true as steel, knew what you wanted and was quick to obey, and as long as his strength lasted did his best. It was his quick obedience while going up Bald Mountain that likely saved us from a smashup of the worst kind. Good noble animal. Fanny was four years old when we began our trip. A little lazy, slow but sure, did not walk so fast in the morning but held her own with any of them at the day's end. Hard to teach, slow to learn just like lots of people yet real good folks. The old world must have all kinds to break up its monotony. Good faithful Fannie.

On our trip our meat consisted largely of what we killed from day to day. I killed our first antelope near the head waters of Blue Creek that empties into the North Platte River north and west of Ogalalla, Neb. This was the first camp that we had to use buffalo chips for fuel. While Emma was getting breakfast, she saw two buck antelopes on the range of hills west of the creek. She called my attention to them, and I soon had my rifle and overtook them about a mile from camp. As the wind was in my favor, I managed to get within 75 yards of them. I took a good aim but missed, and they turned to run. However, I caught one of them on the run, hitting him well back toward the hind quarters; as he was below me at the foot of a sand hill, the ball went in high on the flank



and came out low. They continued to run, however, and were for a few minutes out of sight. When I next saw them they were standing on a small sand hill about 100 yards distant. I made a quick shot, killing the unwounded one instantly. The other continued to run, but our dog overtook it about 1/2 mile farther, and held it till I came up. After bleeding it I noticed that its entrals [sic] were gone; as I carried it back, about 1/4 back I found its paunch, and 1/4 mile farther on its entrals was on the ground. It seemed so strange that it could keep going so long and almost outran the dog. We enjoyed having plenty of meat to eat.

When we were in camp on Bald Mountain, not far from where Dead Indian Creek empties into Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone<sup>39</sup>, I determined to get a deer, elk or antelope, as we were out of meat. So Mr. Ogle took his pony and went around the head of the canyons while I crossed them directly. I soon saw the tracks of an elk, then of a bear, just as fresh, going the same direction; but as it was at the bottom of a narrow canyon, I concluded that I did not want any bear that day. After crossing the last canyon, and reaching the plateau beyond, I saw two yearling antelope. I made two remarkable shots, killing both at over 300 yards. When Mr. Ogle came up we tied the antelopes onto the pony; as soon as they were securely tied we started, and so did the pony, but he went up and down mostly; such bucking it was a delight to see. But Mr. Ogle was a big man, and the pony was small, so he succeeded in keeping his hold on the reins, but could not stop the bucking; in mean time I was dieing with laughter. Finally the larriet fell from the saddle horn, and as it fell one end formed a loop around the pony's hind leg. Seeing my advantage, I grabbed the rope and anchored him aft while Ogle took care of the other end; the pony soon gave up the fight and carried the antelope safe to camp. Frank, in the mean time, had killed one so we had plenty of meat again.

 We were in camp several days resting up our horses, for they needed it badly, and also replenishing our meat supply. While in camp here Emma and Mrs. Ogle, while out hunting for spruce gum<sup>40</sup>, ran across a very large buffalo bull's head with hide and hair still on. It was so very large that they both could hardly bring it into camp to

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39 - This is about 10 miles outside the northeast corner of Yellowstone National Park near the old freight road into the park.

40 - This may have been used as an accelerant to start fires.

show us their trophy. How foolish we were not to save it; such a specimen now would bring a great deal. On the third day we broke camp and in a few hours reached the real going down part of the mountain, and as we came to the edge and looked down toward Indian Creek, Emma exclaimed, "Oh my, do we have to go down there?" The trees down in the valley looked like bushes. We all walked except for those driving the teams, when part way down the descent I heard Tavie cry out with fear, and looking back, I saw she was on Dandie horse having a wild ride down the mountain. The horse wanted to catch up with the other horses. Tavie held on good; soon Mama came into view badly frightened, but as no one was hurt we were soon laughing at the occurrence. We crossed Indian Creek at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and we were all tired enough to go into camp; after dinner we put in some time gathering wild currants and gooseberries.

We camped for dinner just at the foot of Owl Mountains in full view of the wagon road up the mountain side. After dinner was over and as we were starting we did not notice that dog Carlo was lying near the wagon wheel, so when we started the wheel partially ran over his foot. He set up quite a howl but soon got over it, and we thought he was only slightly injured, and in our excitement going up the mountain we did not miss Carlo till we stopped for the night. Just as we were preparing supper, Emma exclaimed, "Where is poor Carlo?" No one had seen him; we all felt pretty bad about his being lost, and Emma said, "I am afraid he was badly injured and we have left him back there to die." Emma could not eat any supper, and the rest did not enjoy it over much. Just before bed time, as we sat about the camp fire, up came poor Carlo; lame, somewhat, but all right. He certainly was petted by all, and Emma's appetite came to her very suddenly again. For the next day or two Carlo did not have to walk any. The next year after we got home, our hired man was mowing hay, and Carlo, with his usual carelessness laid down in front of the mowing machine, and when it started up, he lost one leg, so we had to kill him.

On Aug. 4th we were in a very cold storm just east of Index and Pilot Peaks north west Wyo. when us men folks set up in the forward end of the wagon all night.

Aug 18-20th - When we first arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs we said we

were well repaid for our trip to the park if we saw no more. And yet there were far greater sights to see than we could possibly have anticipated. We all visited the Old Faithfull and saw it in all of its grandior [sic]. L.C. Burnett, Emma C Burnett, Lola H Burnett, Lewie C " age 10, Octavia M age 6, Leslie C age 4, nephew Frank E Burnett. At Hell's Half Acre I climbed down to near the water's edge. The wind shifted, bringing the hot steam into my face and so I was glad to climb out as quickly as possible. Emma and the rest were standing just on the edge of the upper \_\_\_\_\_. The Morning Glory spring was one of the most beautiful of all. The Castle Geyser went off about noon and as it was not far from our camp we were soon there to see it in all of its glory. Why will men and women travel to the old world to see sights not near so grand as are to be seen in our own country. Our camp was just a short distance from Splendid Geyser. We had a fine view of it by moonlight. We had just gone to bed when we heard its premonitions of eruptions.

While we were near the headwaters of Gooseberry Creek in Big Horn Valley, Emma all at once exclaimed, "Why, some one has been walking along here bare foot." "Yes," I exclaimed, "it is a bear foot track for sure, and a large one at that." It would have been a fine sight if we could only have seen the old fellow himself.

There also I saw 14 dead buffaloes. They had been wantonly shot down, their hides on yet. Such sportsmanship has been a disgrace to our day and age. I hate any man that will kill any of God's creatures just for fun.

On our return from Yellowstone Park, we passed near the Custer battlefield. We went into camp middle of the afternoon near the bend of the Little Horn River. Mr. & Mrs. Ogle and I went over to the battle ground just around where the monument now is. We saw some bones sticking out of the ground and found a number of empty rifle shells, but we got a poor idea of the battlefield. The next time [1896] when Leslie, Lewie, and I were there we went all over the field, noting where the different commands had fallen. It would seem as tho a great mistake had been made. Some one had blundered, but as none were left to tell the story it must remain untold.

On our travels thro Wyoming we passed many historic places; Fort

Laramie, Fetterman, Old Fort Reno, Fort Custer, old Fort Phil Kearney, where Col Fetterman and his command was killed in 1866 by Red Cloud's band of Indians. Another place where an Illinois regiment was whipped by the indians. We camped over night by a spring a short distance from which was a pile of rocks under which 80 emigrants were burried, killed by the Indians. But these are events of the past. Buffalo gone; antelope, mountain sheep, deer and elk will soon be gone as well as the Indians. Indian, child of nature, quick to take up white man's vices and not his virtues must give way to a higher order of humanity. Soon there will be no "Poor Lo." Then they will all be good indians in their new happy hunting grounds.

We stopped on the east side of Powder River several miles to get an antelope. Frank (Frank E. Burnett) succeeded in killing one. We were some time in dressing it; in the mean time Mr. Ogle got considerable ahead of us. We tried to overtake them, but could not, but we were to camp at a certain spring on the divide. We thot we would catch up with them there. We got to the camping place a little before dark, but in our haste we did not find the spring, so we pushed on, and about 4 miles on came up with the Ogle's in camp. But they had made a dry camp, so we had to push on 5 miles more to the Stage Station Well, which we reached about 10 o'clock, tired and disgusted with Mr. Ogle's actions in leaving us as he did, as we had befriended them far more than they had us. The next morning they came up, but we were now satisfied to go it alone. We told them we were going to stay there and hunt antelope for one day; so they pushed on and we saw them no more, tho we had journeyed together for most three months.

After a good rest we went west of the stage station about ten miles. Antelope at this time were very pleantiful, and I soon got several good shots, but did not hit any. After dinner our water gave out and we started on our return to the station. On our way back I saw a nice band of antelope off to our right. I took Lewie and Dandy and went over to see if I could get one. I left Lewie in a hollow and crawled as close to the antelope as possible. I got a very fine shot at about 150 yards. I shot, but none fell again and again. By this time they were running away as fast as they could; again I shot but to no purpose. The fifth shot strike behind the antelope; then for a final shot I aimed for

600 yards when to my great surprise one fell, then another, and another till there lay six on the ground at once. I had been hitting them all the time, but there had not been a mortal shot. We walked up to near them and I shot one in the head. Just then Dandy jerked loose from Lewie and ran back to the wagon. This caused so much delay that we only secured three antelope, but with the one we had and the one Lewie killed the next day we had an abundance anyhow. When we reached Douglass, Wyo, Lewie sold the hind quarters of one for a tooth brush. Pretty cheap meat. Most of the meat we salt cured as we did not expect to see any more antelope on our trip, and we did not. On this trip we could find plenty of antelope almost anywhere from Ogallalla to Billings, Montana; ten years later when we went over the same ground we found them only between Douglass and Powder River Crossing. They had been killed off so rapidly and fear they will become extinct if more protection is not given them soon.

There were often nights when the rain fell in torrents and most everything got wet or damp. Often we would have to drive later in the evening or even as late as ten o'clock at night to find water and grass, such as we had at the stage station well. Got home from our trip on November 6th, gone nearly 6 months. I do not say much about the trip here as there is not room enough, but everything worth mentioning I tell in my Book of Trips. Tom held the hides most all summer and lost badly on them; at one time we had in the cellar 6 car loads.

While we were on our trip west Joe Lee Shellenberger was taken out of the jail and hung to a tree. He had very cruelly killed his own daughter by cutting her throat; the crime was most revolting. I don't like to speak, or rather write of such events, and do it only as a matter of history. Taken law into their own hands is an injury to any community, and I am certain the above event never did any good to Nebraska City, and I pray such things may never happen again.

On our return we moved into the little house near the rail road on Eight Street where we lived till the next spring. We bought the farm of J. Sterling Morton; 50 acres for \$2500.

1888 - The first event to note this winter was the cold wave. It had been quite warm and the horses were wet with the soft snow. I was down to the depot getting some hides. In just a few moments the wintry blast was something fierce; I could hardly make the horses face the wind. This was one of the most sudden changes I ever saw.

In the spring we built our "Little Red Barn on the Hill," and moved into it in May. Corn, hay and potatoes this spring were very dear; corn \$0.50, potatoes \$1 per bu, hay \$6 to \$7 pr ton. In the spring we set out our first orchard of 150 apple trees, besides a lot of small fruit. We lived in the barn for next 18 months, as so much money had been lost in the hide business we just could not build. I was travelling most of the winter buying hides.



*Tavie Burnett*

1889 - Bent Altman worked for us this year. The most notable event to us of this year was the amount of money lost in the hide business from April till fall. Tom held the hides and tallow and by so doing lost nearly \$4000. My little capital in

the store was all gone. I quit my farm work first of October; we moved to town and I went on the road after discharging our poorest hide buyer, Mr. Never. I just worked terrible hard all winter, and it hurt me, but I had the satisfaction of making the \$4000 back in little over 4 months. Everything seemed to come my way, but the effort was too much for me to ever repeat it.

I had the first severe Grip [sic] spell this winter. Lewie killed his first rabbit last winter running with his rifle. Good shot for a boy.

1890 - After our very successful winter's business we determined [to build our house?]. But we had to wait until our summer's work was over as we had a good many berries to care for, I think about 8000 quarts.

Flora was here while Emma was away. India Fisher also gave us a visit - Emma's niece.<sup>41</sup>

Late in the summer brother Jerome came on a visit to Neb. City for the last time. We all enjoyed his visit ever so much, especially Mother and Lola. Jerome just thot she was the nicest girl in all the land, and Lola thot just as much of him; and this affection last until Jerome's death. They corresponded all the time. There was such a sweet calm loving way in all Jerome did.



Leslie Berry Burnett

This was the first or second letter Jerome wrote to Lola after his return to Washington, DC.

*14 Sep 1890 Washington, DC Sunday evening-*

*My Dear Niece,*

*This has been a cold, dreary, disappointing day, just such a one as ought to be ashamed of itself, especially as I had planned to take a long bicycle ride up the river road and out into the ever-beautiful, that is the country.*

*Several times when I was reading the thrilling columns of the newspapers, or trying to teach the guitar a new piece of music, I thought I had better be writing to that niece of mine out next to the sunset somewhere; and so, in the gloom of the drizzling evening, that brooding hour betwixt twilight and universal darkness, I caught this pen and tablet, and sat me down to do so. Somehow I don't like to write at home, where I am this blessed minute, because I never have a pen to suit, or the kind of ink I want, or the paper I like best, all of which I do have at the office.*

*That was a nice letter of yours, and every word was a pleasure to me. I love to hear of your going and coming, your enterprises and anticipations, of your dear father and mother and that other girl, and the boys, and the folks in town. My visit, short and fleeting as it was, fixed you all in my mind, new and present, so to speak; clear and distinct again, and the impressions, the renewed feelings of love and interest, will never die.*

*Of course I was sorry to hear that your father was miserable with the hay fever. That remedy enables me to skip most of the wear and tear of the sneezes, though I have the asthma some, enough to remind me of my mortality. See? It wouldn't do to be too awfully recklessly healthy, you know, and I am not, not by a good deal. Still, I do love to be so well that I don't care whether it is cold, or wet, or sticky or anything. I like to be so well that I can eat anything that can be had in market, from a pumpkin to an oyster, and never think what I have eaten after the deed is done. Hard to please, you think? Well, yes, tolerable! Raised that way, you know. How I would love to ramble with a ferocious appetite through that grape arbor at its best. There wouldn't be enough to remember it by. To have been there when the strawberries were taking the tint of the evening sky would have been a section of paradise regained. I could have taken the substance from that asparagus bed at one sitting, and then felt hungry. And here I have to worry along on beefsteak and potatoes, pig-beans, tomatoes,*

<sup>41</sup> - Her exact relationship to Emma Burnett is unknown, but I think she was a grandchild of Emma's aunt Ezelia/ Celia Caroline Berry Coon.

*store pies and occasionally some discouraged fruit.*

*Speaking of the evening sky up there reminds me that I would have enjoyed holding down the front doorstep and helping you watch that sunset. It was a nice one and no mistake, a regular Nebraska exhibition for those that have eyes to see, and hearts that are touched to a glow with the beautiful in nature. With a guitar accompaniment we could have sung "Oh, the Danube River" to the setting sun, or "Marguerite," or something appropriate, and added some of those beautiful songs in No. 2, after "the night fell heavy and dark." Singularly enough, I was reminded of a sunset I once saw in Colorado, and your father saw it with me. It was beautiful beyond description, but the foreground, the scene just about us, was grim enough; a dozen Mexicans, with five or six wagons and a dozen yoke of cattle stalled in the mud of the road, the men swearing in their greaser lingo, whips cracking like pistols, bulls bellowing, and bedlam broke loose generally. Next time I come out, the house will be built, and we will seek a perch on the roof when the glow is on, and see your sunset all over again.*

*It is good that I concluded to write you this evening, and at home, for I am so rushed at the office that I could not get time for a month. The fear of a money panic, and the great desire of the Secretary of the Treasury to do all that can be done by the Government to prevent it, make it necessary for me to work early and late, and the work is the stamping of several millions of dollars of bonds, on which the interest is being paid in advance. I like to work, but not too hard; and come to think of it, I'd rather not work any, except just as I feel inclined. When you have to do anything and can't help yourself, when it is a task that you must do, then I feel like kicking, don't you? I have often wondered why it is that a person who is well-qualified to rest and really enjoys resting, should ever have to work. And why is it that one who can just naturally use money to great advantage, and thoroughly enjoy having it, must usually be poor. It is too many for me; questions we may be able to solve in the beautiful beyond.*

*We are all well, barring an occasional twinge of the rheumatiz ... The weather cannot be bad always, and just as soon as the firmament is clear again I shall take my revenge for today's disappointment, and make the bicycle hum. The last bright days, a week or more ago, I saw a dozen ladies out on their bicycles and they certainly did look nice.*

*Hoping you will write soon again, and with lots of love and best wishes for those you love most.*

*Your uncle, Jerome.*

During this year I travelled during the fall quite a good deal with my team, and generally my dog went with me. The October evening I reached Sterling, Nebr, after I had put up for the night, Jack persisted in staying by the hotel door and growling at others as they came in, so I took him down to the livery stable, but this insulted his highness. Next morning Jack was gone, and I saw him no more till I reached home, where Jack was ready to greet me. The folks said that he got home some time after midnight the night he left Sterling. As I had reached the latter place by a very roundabout way it would be impossible for him to have reached home that way, so he must have travelled directly towards home, making 40 miles in about 4 hours or less, and this over a road that he had never been on before as far as I knew. It showed the instinct of knowing where home was, and that he did not propose to be punished for



trying to be as close to me as possible. I don't blame boys for loving a dog. So faithful, so companionable, so kind - ever on the watch to protect his master. As long as mankind endures, the dog will be his companion.



Burnett home - from LCB Journal

We built our house and had it ready to move into first day after Christmas. Oh, how we did enjoy it as we had lived in the barn so long.

1891 - Each year brings its joys and sorrows. On April 5th at 7 AM another dear little boy<sup>42</sup> came to bless our home and a

blessing he has been to us ever since. Our baby boy; but the one who gave us so much to think about in the hours of affliction the next year when dear Lola was taken from us so suddenly.

My eldest brother, my beloved, kind, generous, noble elder brother, Jerome Clark Burnett, died in Washington, DC May 3rd 1891 3:30 AM, aged not quite 58 years; he was stricken down with paralysis of the brain and never spoke again.<sup>43</sup>



*Lola Henrietta Burnett*

He was the very soul of honor, honesty and truth. Faithful not only over the small affairs of life, but in the great trust imposed upon him by his native state of Indiana as deputy auditor of Indiana for about 12 years, and Chief of the Department of National Banks W.D.C. for 17 years. He was appointed to the above position under

42 - Jerome Benjamin Burnett (1891-1953)

43 - undated (Washington, DC) newspaper clipping - The funeral of Mr. Jerome C. Burnett, 1505 R St yesterday, was attended by a very large number of the deceased gentleman's friends. The services were in the parlors, which were crowded to their fullest capacity. The black casket was hidden beneath the mass of floral tributes. Mr. Burnett's fellow officials in the Treasury Department sent a magnificent garland of roses that completely encircled the coffin. His aged mother sent from Nebraska a magnificent bouquet of white roses, and a bouquet of Catherine Mermet roses was also sent from the Treasury Department. The Episcopal services were impressively conducted by Rev. Dr. J.H. Elliott, rector of the Church of the Ascension. The remains were taken to Terre Haute, Indiana for burial

Grant's last term of office by Sec. New, and served faithfully thro Hays' Garfield's, Arthur's and Cleveland's and into Harrison's terms of office, and when he was last with us on a visit to the west in 1890, he said, "I have given an accurate account of three hundred and fifty thousand millions of dollars."

When brother Jerome was a little boy he sometimes wet the bed, and for which Mother punished him pretty hard several times. One morning Mother heard him calling from the head of the stairs, "Mama, come. Mama, come." She soon answered his call. As she opened the stairway door, she saw Jerome standing at the head of the stairs. "Mama," he said, "Come, the bed peed. Mama come, the bed peed." Dear Children, how often they are punished for things that they cannot help.

When Jerome visited us last in 1890 he was so thoughtful, loving and kind; his life seemed to be a benediction, and I can now see him as he sat in our door looking at a beautiful sunset, lightly running his fingers over the guitar strings. His life had reached the quiet waters time; all the storms seemed to have past [sic], and he was only waiting for the shadows to grow a little longer. I went to Terre Haute to see Jerome burried [sic]; so far I have seen every one of the family laid away in their last resting place; it is the last act of kindness I could do for them. Jerome was my ideal of a perfect gentleman; kindly, forgiving, loving, generous and absolutely honest in all of his dealings. As Chief of the Department of National Banks he gave perfect satisfaction for 17 years. Jerome was my dear oldest brother, and Jerome our dear youngest son; may the latter grow up and be an honor to his very dear uncle. Lola had great love for her baby brother.

*obituary of Jerome Clark Burnett who d 5/3/1891 Washington, DC.*

Jerome C Burnett - A Journalist Who Filled the Requirements of the Definition of Gentleman To The Full

Washington, June 11- At the last meeting of the Indiana Republican Association, Captain Allen, editor of Public Opinion, read the following brief but beautiful eulogy of the late Jerome C Burnett, well known in Indiana journalism.

"As gentle as a woman and as manly as a man"- that is the best description I have ever seen of a gentleman. That gentleness which is the natural expression of innate kindness of heart, and that manliness that comes of strong opinions and virile courage were characteristics of Jerome Burnett, whose friendship was my high pleasure to enjoy for almost a quarter of a century without a single interruption by shadow or cloud. I do not know what were his religious beliefs, for religion was never discussed between us, but I do know that in his words and acts he came as near fulfilling the golden rule as any man I have ever known. While he did not hesitate to condemn that which he thought wrong - to condemn, often, in strong terms - he was charitable in his judgements, taking into account all the circumstances bearing on the case under consideration, and uttering censure, not as if he liked to pick flaws, but as if he felt compelled to be true to himself.

I had made the acquaintance of our departed friend at Indianapolis in 1867. A few months later - early in 1868 - I became editor of the Terre Haute Express, then the leading daily in that part of the state, and "J.C.B." became its Indianapolis correspondent, commissioned to write "staff" letters, giving opinions and forecasts as well as the news of the day. This position he held for several years and filled it in a manner that left nothing to be desired. His style was graceful, often displaying rare elegance of diction, and his statements of fact were always reliable. No correction, no apology, no retraction was ever demanded by any of the hundreds of public men whose public acts or utterances he criticised. Occasionally he laid on the lash in lacerating style, but he never struck an unmerited blow. It was one of his many good

habits to see that the mechanical execution of his literary work was all that the most exacting editor or printer could expect. In a journalistic experience covering thirty years or more, I have never handled such excellent copy as J.C.B.'s. In fact, it was a rule of his life to do good work in every thing in which he engaged. For 25 years he was a contributor to the press, writing for magazines, weekly and daily newspapers. He wrote political essays, financial articles, sketches of travel, personal recollections and anecdotes, and they were all creditable, all excellent. But the work he best loved was poetry, and he wrote verses that will live in their purity and sweetness when all of his heavier efforts are forgotten. He was a devout lover of nature and his pen was apt in descriptions of natural scenery. It has often seemed to me a strange incongruity that a man so full of sentiment as Jerome Burnett, with a heart beating with sentiment for every cause that ever appealed to sentiment, should have for the actual business of his life the keeping and counting of state and national securities, that a man whose feelings found fitting, graceful and natural expression in verse, should give his time to columns of figures - the least sentimental of all work. But our friend distinction for great capacity and fidelity in the Auditor's Office in Indianapolis and in the Treasury Department in Washington. Neither our good state of Indiana nor the United States has ever had a more faithful servant, and we who enjoyed his friendship will never have nor lose a truer friend.

In the beautiful valley of the Wabash and near the city of Terre Haute where many of his happiest days were passed and where his memory is held dear, the mortal part of our friend and brother will molder back to kindred dust. But the influence of his example of his fidelity in every way will remain to make the world happier and better.

I consider it an honor to have a brother that died poor, but with clean hands and a clean heart. Dear Brother, some time, somewhere, far out on the fields of the New Jerusalem, or down by the river of life we shall meet again.

Big berry crop this year; Lewie was 14 years old and sold most of them for me. Henrietta and Austin visited Nebraska City. Lillie, Nina and Grace Scott with us. I needed help so much this year that I built a little home down in the woods and hired George Mayweather (colored) to work for me.

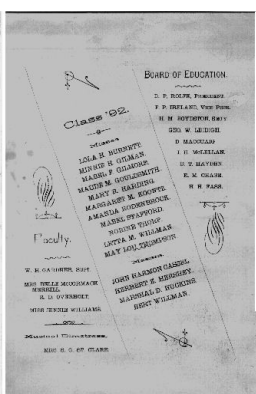
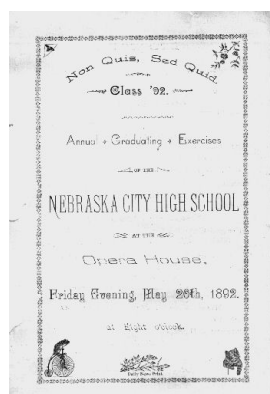


*Lola Burnett 1892*

1892 - The New Year came to us as well as we could ask. But too soon dark clouds began to gather; Emma was not feeling as well as she might. Jerome soon had a severe spell of sickness. During the winter, in Jan'y 1892 I made a business trip as far as Crawford, Nebr, and while there I got the grip very badly; I tried to wear it out, but it was too severe for that, so I had to come home. I was so full of pains I could not sleep any. I got home in the afternoon, third day, and soon was in a hot bath, which gave me considerable relief; but the grip pains soon came back with renewed energy, and I spent a most miserable night. Dear loving Lola and Mama just hung about me; again I see her bending over me as I suffered the terrible grip pains. I saw the tears drop fast as she said, "Papa, let me go after the doctor." Then I sank into unconsciousness - but towards morning Lola could not stand it any longer seeing me suffer, and she made her cold ride in the midnight hours. She faced a north-west wind, below zero, in the coldest hours of the night; three, yes six long miles over a rough road for the doctor. When next aroused I saw the doctor and Lola standing over me. I said, "Doctor, how did you get here?" "Why, that noble brave girl of yours came after me." Noble daughter, brave little woman. The doctor gave me medicine that gave me so much relief that I slept for the next 24 hours almost constantly; the longest sleep I ever

had. In a day or so all of the balance had the grip, and we had a home full of sickness. Jerome was so sick we had to have the doctor, and Emma was very poorly from that on to spring time, and in fact most of that winter.

Lola graduated from the high school with honors; she delivered the class oration and did it well, winning the approbation of all. Deeply religious and the songster of our home, when she would come home from school if Jerome was crying or Mama worried, how quickly she would take Jerome on her lap and play some sweet song; soon Jerome would be quiet, enjoying every motion of her features.



Program, Nebraska City High School Graduation, 1892

I had a good potato crop this year and got \$0.80 per bushel for most of them. Lesle Diffendorf worked for us.

Late in the fall Lola said to Mama, "Mama, this winter will not be so hard on us. Papa is feeling so much better and we are all so well." She was teaching her first school

[Rosedale School]. When I started on my last trip before Lola's sad accident, she was unusual in her actions about my going away, and I can see her now as she stood by me with her head on my shoulder weeping. I see the tear drops running down her cheeks as she repeated, "Papa, I don't want you to go this time."

On Thanksgiving Day the first great storm of sorrow came to us. Lola and Allen<sup>41</sup> both drowned. Lola had been reading *Evangeline*, and she had repeated the story to Mama of the meeting and then the death of Gabriel; "and his life went out like a candle at the window's casement." She commented on the sad death, in less than five hours her death and Allen's was far more tragic and sudden.

Only those who have alike suffered can tell what and awful loss came to us that day. It was to be one of the most sorrowful winters of our lives, especially for Emma, for for months the mere mention of Lola's name would throw her into a hard crying spell. Our sweet singer, our brave noble dear girl snatched from us without a

41 - Allen Kennicott, her fiance. They planned to marry at Christmas and then move west to Red Cloud Co., NE. He had attended Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

moment's notice, leaving our hearts wounded and scarred; and not in this life will the would ever be healed. When we meet on the Golden Shore; not till then will we be satisfied.

They got word to me at Johnson the next morning to come home. O, it was a troubled ride. I knew not of any thing seriously wrong at home, but suddenly an old song came into my mind; "They are going down the Valley, the deep dark Valley. Their faces never more we shall see till we pass down the valley and meet them on the other shore." And so it was. A great shadow had fallen across my path. My anxiety about home came over me the evening before while I was at Tecumseh and I went so far as to put my team up at the livery stable and go to the train and even stepped up onto the platform. Then I turned around saying, "No, I won't go for I will be at home in two days any how." I don't know what that cost me, only God alone can answer, but to my belief I refused a call from Lola. This was the evening before Thanksgiving.

1893- Chicago's Columbian World's Fair; I can not remember much of this year. The most eventful incident of the year was that Emma, Leslie and baby Jerome went to the fair. Jerome was very cross most of the time. We stopped with Aunt Josie Burnett, 61 Bowen Ave. I bought my first fur coat this year and I have the same yet (1906). It cost \$20. We enjoyed the fair very much, and came home well tired out. Addie was there at same time. Mother did not want to go. Leslie and I went to the fair alone several times.



*Octavia "Tavie" Burnett*

Hide prices were very low. I think it was this year we bought them for 2½ ¢; a full car of them would only bring \$800, a vast difference from this year of 1906, when I sold a car to Bolles and Rodgers thro Leslie for \$3,400. 13¢ for no. 1 hides here is a full advance from 1893 of 10¢ per pound. These two prices were the highest and lowest ever known in the business.



*Jerome Burnett aged about 2.*

This year was really the beginning of hard times that lasted until 1897.

1894 - There had been a series of dry years with almost a failure of crops throughout the western and central counties from 1890 till 1894. One year, 1893 I think, the people came here from Lincoln and places south and west to buy potatoes. Fall of 1895 I sold all I had for good prices. Fall of 1890 & 91 I think it was potatoes sold here on the farm for 90 cents per bushel. I had one patch where the pine tree grove is now that brot me \$100.

It was during these hard time years that so many hide men failed, and it was all McCulloch and Burnett could do to keep from giving up. But it was only thro carefull living that we weathered the hard times, but they cost us several thousand dollars.

Edward McCulloch and I rented the 35 acres south of us, and put it into mostly corn. It had been in sod for several years. It just looked fine until the middle of July. Then the hot winds came and we got but very little moisture till first of Sept, and the corn was almost a complete failure. We cut it up and used it mostly for fodder. This is the worst crop failure I have ever seen in Nebraska for past 28 years, 1878 to 1906.

Farmers all thro the middle and western part of the state were constantly moving eastward, and the common expression we used as we saw the movers' wagons going eastward was "They are going back to their wife's people." When Lewie and I came down the Loup Valley [Western Nebraska] fall of 1894, there were empty houses to be seen in every direction; of course most of them were sod houses, but there were some good ones here and there. Up till these years there were jack rabbits in this section, but the dry years seemed to drive even them eastward, for there have been quite a good many about here ever since.

In the early fall I conceived the idea of advertising among the Ranchmen of the west part of the state to save their beef and fallen hides and ship them to us. So

Lewie and I got our spring wagon in good shape and started west. Feed was very scarce, and a good deal of the time we fed wheat to the horses. Going out we went by Broken Bow, Dunning, Mullen, Whitman, and Hyannis. From the latter place we went due north till we reached Mr. Overton's ranch. We had some very fine duck shooting; Lewie killed all we could use. While at Mr. Overton's a very bad prairie fire passed thro south, burning over a large scope of country and killed two men. After two weeks we started home via Pulman and from there down the North Loup river, were gone 48 days, drove about 1000 miles, but our little horses were pretty well worn out when we got home. This fall very best 1200# horse could be bot for \$40. We were offered one 1000# and one 1200# for \$25 for the two. A farmer at Burwell had some very nice draft horses. He offered the pick for \$40. We reach home feeling much better for the trip.

1895 - This year opened with very poor prospects for us. I was [sick] the store and crop a complete failure for the year before. I again rented the 35 acres south of us and gave \$175 cash rent for it. I had a good crop on it, but corn was so low that I held it over till next year and sold it for 15 to 18 cents per bu, rye for 20 cents. My cane was fine but it only brot about \$2 a ton.

I had very good potatos and got good prices for them. For once I tried to see how many I could plow out and pick up in one day. I succeeded in gathering and put in the cellar 75 bushels.

Lewie started to the school at Crete at the fall term, but his health was so poor he did not go back after Christmas.

In the early winter I made a trip for the store up to Sheridan, Billings and as far west as Livingston, Montana. Bought hides at most of the places. I got back home just before the hollidays [sic] and was worried very much by Lewie's bad cough; he was feeling so poorly that he did not go back to school. This determined me to take a good long trip with him and Leslie in the fall.

1896 - The year began with low prices for most everything. The farmers



were terribly discouraged. I sold my corn for \$0.14 per bushel; hay almost nothing; rye \$0.20 per bushel, oats \$0.18. The prices of hides went to the lowest figures ever known; 3 3/4 for #1 buffs<sup>42</sup> delivered to the tannery. Quite a difference from last fall's prices (1905) of 13 3/4, an advance of 10 cents per pound. Wool went down to 8 cents per pound, butter 8 to 10 cents, eggs 6 to 8. I saw corn sold at the towns beyond Lincoln for 10 cents per bu. A great deal was sold as fuel as it was cheaper than coal. The prices of cattle were equally as low; cows sold for \$12 to \$15. Many farmers had to go without everything excepting the barest of necessities. I knew of some and they could only afford to wear overalls for winter and summer. No wonder the times got harder and harder. The people had but little to buy with.

I set out my last orchard this year - the trees in North west and south east corners, also plum and peach trees.

When Henrietta and Austin last visited us here Fall of 1896 I was on a trip up in Wyoming and Montana. When I was at Livingston I got word that they were here. I felt very bad that I was not at home to see them, and then there came over me the feeling that I would never see Austin again. Even when they were coming west the next time and got as far as Chicago, I could not thro off my fears, and I never did see him as they returned home from there.

I had determined to take Lewie and Leslie on a long trip west... We left home first week in September. Emma, Tavie & Jerome went to Mattoon. We bot Bess and Kit for \$100; both big fine horses. Then we had Dandy and Nellie, making an extra strong outfit, and our wagon, especially the top, was able to take any kind of weather.

One night we dined at Brownlee, and then pushed west with the intention of staying over Sunday at a Mr. Campbell's ranch. As we neared the ranch house, we gathered up enough hay to last over Sunday, and also for bedding. As we came up to the ranch house, I met Mr. Campbell and asked him if we could camp near by. He seemed to be very angry, and told us to go on. I answered him that we certainly would, but I wanted to know his reason for requesting us to move on. His answer was

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42 - That is, buffalo hides.

that we had been in his corn field and had taken some corn. I soon explained to his satisfaction that we had not, and offered to pay for the hay, which he refused.

Sunday morning it was warm and nice, and during the morning Lewie played his guitar and Herman the violin. The music soon attracted the attention of the older children of the family, and a young man and his sister came over to our camp, and we had a very pleasant chat with them, and they afterwards invited us to dinner. This we declined, but said we would come over in the evening, which we did. Herman Peterson and Lewie played a number of their best pieces, which Mr. Campbell enjoyed immensely, especially when they played "*Down On The Farm*." This just took the old man's heart; as we bid them goodbye that night, Mr. Campbell said, "Boys, if you ever come this way again, don't fail to call on Campbell; now remember." Surely music is the key to many hearts.

By the first of Oct. we were at Crawford. We went into camp one day about seventy five miles north and west of Douglass, Wyo. We wanted an antelope for meat, and as this was the first good opportunity to get one we camped for the day.

Lewie went out early in the morning and got back about noon, saying that he had killed two, and that Leslie better go back with him with an extra horse to bring them in. They took our old saddle horse Dandy and pony horse Nellie. They left shortly after noon and should have been back by night fall or sooner, but darkness settled down and no boys; to a person not used to that country it is easy to get lost, as after night all hills look alike.

As the moments passed I grew more and more anxious, then my anxiety became cruel. I fired the rifle off time and again, but got no response. I would walk out in their direction and call as loud as I could, and finally at nine o'clock I heard Lewie's answer, and oh, such a burden rolled off my heart. I felt like scolding them, but I was too happy for that. They had heard my rifle fire and at last my calling, but the wind was blowing from me to them. They could hear my rifle reports and it was a good guide to them, but I could not hear their answers. Well, they had one antelope and I soon had a good supper for them. Then they explained what kept them so long. It took them some

time to locate the antelope, but they could not find the second one. This all took considerable time. They did not follow my instructions in securing the antelope so as to carry it in safely, but tied the antelope onto Nellie's saddle, then both of them got onto Dandy and led Nellie with a long larriet. All went well for a few moments when the circus began. Nellie came to the conclusion that some monster was on her back and must be gotten off. She began to buck and squeel and run. The larriet being securely fastened to Dandy's saddle it held, so this made Nellie describe a circle around Dandy. This set him in motion in good earnest. The boys never knew just how they got off of Dandy, but off they got for sure. By this time the saddle on Nellie had turned over and was under her belly, antelope and all. Lewie managed to get up to Nellie and cut the saddle girths so the saddle came off. Now all they could do was to tie the larriet rope to the antelope and drag it into camp, which was very tedious work. They laughed and laughed at their circus performance, but felt sorry that they had to cut the saddle girths. Dear good boys, how I can yet hear them laugh.

Cheerful, brave, happy generous unselfish Lewie; precious boy, how many happy hours we had together, whether in rain or sunshine, in storm or shelter, ahungered or filled, allways cheerfull and uncomplaining. There may have been a better son and boy to some other Father, but I don't see how they could be any better than he was.

By the first of Nov. we were at Sheridan. We put in a month from Sheridan to Fort Custer; at both places I bought a car load of hides besides minor lots.

While Leslie, Lewie and I were at the Agency in November we went over to the slaughter house to see the indians kill their beeves and issue the meat rations. About 15 steers were killed at once and drawn into the house from the knock down shute. After dragging the beeves all in, each indian took a beef and began skinning it, after it was done bleeding of course. By this time the floor was covered 1/2 in or more with blood. They first skinned the head and cut it off, pulling it to one side. They split the head open and ate a handfull of brains. Then they would skin the hide off one shoulder and cut it off with an ax or heavy knife, drag it thro the blood and dirt, and cut it into pieces like you would cut up stove wood. (I should have mentioned they first took

out the entrails and threw them out where the squaws could get at them. They picked them up and took them down to the river to wash them a little and then carried them away in their aprons or a gunny sack.) They continued so to cut up the animal until nothing was left. We were standing near one old Indian who seemed to have a hard time of it. Finally in pulling the animal up onto its back his foot slipped from under him and he sat down promptly in the blood. We could not keep from laughing heartily at him, and soon the other Indians joined in the laugh, but the old fellow never cracked even a smile.

Indians have their own way of naming a person. The milk man that furnished milk for the Agency had seven cows. So always after that this mild-mannered Sweed [sic] went by the name of Seven-Cows.

A very cold spell last of November made us decide to start home-ward, which we did by way of Clearmount, Arvada, & Gillette and Newcastle, but our Kit horse began to give out, which made us lots of trouble. We reached Crawford last of Dec. Our trip from Sheridan to Gillette was fraught [sic] with many dangers and hardships, but we got through all safely, for which we rejoiced.

We were in camp a week on Tongue River near Dayton, Wyoming. I had a lot of hides to buy at the tie camp<sup>43</sup> about 20 miles up in the mountains. We spent one night with the man that attended to the hides, and it was a most disagreeable night; a miserable supper of "sinkers and pups" fried and boiled biscuits and meat and after the social chat of the evening went to bed, and a bed that was the worst I ever slept on... a pole bed with only one blanket on the poles. By morning I felt as though I had turned into poles and ridges. But day came at last and ended the night of misery. I asked the man where we could find some grouse to kill on our way home. He said, "When you come to the flume you look across the valley and to the south you will see a game trail along the mountain side." After we reached the flume, sure enough we could see the dim outline of the mountain path, and after a most arduous [sic] climb found it, and with a half hour more climbing along the trail (it was so steep and dangerous our horses were frightened

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43 - Apparently a logging camp where they cut wood for railroad ties.

all the time) we reached the top. Lewie was in the advance, and he had only got into the woods when he began shooting, and soon 8 large Blue Grouse were ours. From the mountain top I saw that a storm was threatening, so without any loss of time we hurried homeward. After passing out of the timber, with our field glasses we could see our camp ten miles away. Now it was all down hill, and we made good time campward, reaching there about three o'clock. Soon one grouse for each of us was cleaned and ready for the frying pan. First we put in strips of good breakfast bacon over which we laid the grouse. Then we made some biscuits as delicious as any one could wish for. In about one hour we sat down to a repast that only the tired and hungry mortal can appreciate. Fit for a King. "Yes" No. For a King deserves no better things than any good worthy man. Well, we just ate to our glorious satisfaction. After dinner I looked back at the mountain, and it was white with snow. We were just out of reach of the storm in time. As the shades of the evening gathered around us we sat by our camp fire and talked over the events of the past two days, but tired bodies want to go to bed early, so we turned in, and on our bed of soft prairie hay between good blankets we waited the coming of the "sand man;" listening to the restful swish and roar of Tongue River we passed into the land of sweet slumber. I have told this story many times, and it is very dear to me yet, and as long as I live and memory holds good I shall remember it, and when I reach the "Golden Shore" after the greeting of my dear boy, and as we walk along the river of life, I think I shall say, "Lewie, do you remember the dinner down on the banks of Tongue River?"

The following night we attended an Indian War Dance. We heard that the dance was to take place while we were at the Agency, so we made it a point to reach there in time; but we were a little late, as we heard the tom-toms drumming while we were yet two miles away. We were soon there, however. Hastily feeding our animals and eating a light supper, we went over to the large war tent. It was full of Indians and many standing outside. We edged our way up to the doorway and for the next four hours enjoyed the sightseeing. I was well known to several of the Indians; consequently we were allowed a little more privilege than we otherwise have been allowed. As near as I can remember now, there were five different kinds of dancers; one set was dressed and

painted white, another wore huge feather head and back ornaments, some with bells &c on their legs and ankles. When the leader was ready he would call for a certain kind of dancers, which would at once move to the center and then around; then the others would join in, and soon all would be dancing. Then they would stop and sit down, when some Indian would step to the center and relate some stirring event of Indian life... fights, raids for stealing horses, battles &c &c. Finally we grew tired and cold, and about midnight we hid deeply under our good blankets, and listening to the steady beat of the Indians' drums and jingle of bells we passed into By Lo Land.

We were on our return from Fort Custer and Crow Agency. As we were nearly out of hay, we were anxious to reach the first farms, just out of the reservation, but as one of our horses was failing we could not push along very fast; but we reached the first Ranch some time before night-fall. We quickly put up our tent, and while I was getting hay and looking after the horses, Lewie was preparing supper. All at once a severe wind storm set in. Fortunately I had anchored the wagon securely on the right side by a good 3/4 inch Manilla rope and stout wooden stake, and it only took a few moments more to secure the wagon with four more strong guy ropes, and they were fastened none too soon. Soon the wind-storm became very severe. Our good stout tent was split into two pieces. The camp stove, pans, buckets and supper went sailing over the prairie. The hay that we had bought was soon gone. Our faces were soon smarting with the sand, pebbles and trash of all kinds hitting us. There was nothing to do but rope down our strong duple [sic] wagon cover, put our horses on the quiet side, and then to bed. All night long the wagon was forced back and forth, and for hours I laid awake, as we were in direct line of a large cattle shed. I was afraid it would go to pieces and the flying boards strike us, but it held. The dear boys were soon asleep, and the morrow brot us a better day, so with a hearty breakfast we pursued our journey.

Some day I trust that these incidents will be interesting reading. I certainly enjoy putting them here. Some men like money so well as to give their whole life to its gathering. But I have loved some of the other good things of life, and I don't know but I will be happier here and hereafter than any old money getter.

The first week in Dec. we were coming up Wild Horse Creek; we had left Arvada early in the morning, and fording Powder River we pushed along as fast as we could, for we well knew that just so many miles had to be made that day before we could reach another watering place. We had miles of good road, but our course was up the Wild Horse Creek; part of the time we would be on the table lands, from which we would have to descend into creeks in the valley, crossing and recrossing time and again. The snow only averaged 4 or 5 in deep, but the wind had packed every draw and gully full and hard, and down those cuts we had to go. We would drive into them as far as we could go with our horses, and when they could not go any farther we would take our shovels and dig open the way thro. Once our wagon fell onto its side, but we soon had it arighted. During the day Lewie killed 8 very large sage hens, and this was a welcome [addition] to our meat supply.

We labored faithfully all day and our horses did their best, but the hours passed away all too soon. About 4 or 5 o'clock a dark ugly-looking cloud loomed up in the west. That boded no good for us. In a few moments great drops of snow began to fall. Finding right there a very sheltered spot from the northwest wind behind a deep curve in the creek bank, a most elegant [sic] place to camp. Soon our horses were unharnessed and their noses deep in their feed bags. There was an abundant amount of fuel all around, so we quickly gathered a large pile, built a roaring fire, and soon we were satisfying the inner man with the fried sage hens and mutton. But water our horses had to have, so hour after hour I melted snow for them, and it seemed as tho I could never give them enough. By nine o'clock I had melted 9 buckets full, but as there was a deep snow drift close by in which the snow was packed very hard, the effort to get water was not so bad as it might have been. But what worried me the most was being caught in such a spot by another storm. I could hardly think of the results. But like many of life's forebodings the storm soon abated, the stars shone forth in all their beauty. I looked for the Dipper and the Pole Star. There they were in their right place; we had our right course at any rate. Soon the wind died down, and that great stillness was over the land. The cares and labors of the day were over. The heart was cheered that on the morrow we

could get out of the dangers [sic] part of our journey. It was music to listen to the hoot of the owls, the short sharp bark of the coyottes [sic], and the long sullen growl of the grey wolf. We talked for a while of the dangers of the day, and I can yet hear Lewie's hearty laughs at our mishaps. Leslie was soon sound asleep, then Lewie ceased to answer me, and then I was gone into dream land. "The cares of the day like the Aribes [sic], and folded their tents and as silently stolen away."

The second day after we left Sheridan on our homeward trip our real troubles began. Every cut and draw was packed full of hard snow. Into these, as before, we would drive as far as we could and when the horses could not go any farther we would take our shovels and dig our way through. This was very tedious, and took lots of time... Half an hour before nightfall we were still 7 miles from Clearmount and a bad cut just ahead of us to get thro. It would take at least an hour's hard work just to get thro it. I sounded the depth of snow at several places and found at one place by going over a bank about 4 ft high or rather a jump off into the ditch of 4 ft. If nothing broke we could get thro all right, for by the time the wheel horses were over the bank the lead horses would have their front feet on solid ground. The chances were desperate, but as the ditch was packed full of snow I knew it would brake the fall of the horses and wagon. We made the jump and got thro all right but the wagon bed lurched forward so it bent the bolster pin over, and we had to rope our wagon so it would not get [in] any worse fix. By this time it was dark and seven miles more ahead. Lantern in hand one guided while the others drove. About five miles made, Leslie exclaimed, with all the earnestness of his heart, "I see a light! I see a light!" A most welcome light. Soon we were near some sheep herders' wagon. They gave us some wood to cook our suppers, but we had to melt snow for water; but the labors of the day were over and our weary bodies were soon resting, and we had forgotten our dangers and troubles.

The second day out from Sheridan an extra engine passed just ahead of us (we were travelling near the RR) and ran into a large bunch of sheep, killing and injuring about 100. As there were quite a number that were only slightly injured, such as having their feet cut off, and as they were only hurt for a few moments, we decided to lay in a



supply of meat. We killed 6 nice yearlings and dressed them. As the meat was very nice and our appetites were voracious, being out in so much cold weather, we ate a good deal, and the result was that we all had the \_\_\_\_\_. [LCB's blank] Get up all times of the night - get behind a sage brush and wish we could be in a hurry. But we could only think of the words, "When a fellow wakes up in the middle of the night, there's no place like home." But we were out doors and 900 miles from home. From that time till the present Leslie don't hanker after any more mutton. While I was writing this Emma said, "What are you smiling about?" Well, how hard are some things to go thro, but afterwards we enjoy thinking about them. Someday when Leslie is an old man, he will enjoy this page and think of his first winter trip to the west.

The night before we reached Clearmount, Wyo, and for the next week from Clearmount to Gillette we heard and saw more coyottes and gray wolves that at any other time of our travels. The long drawn-out howl of the gray wolf is very different from the short choppy bark of the coyotte, about the same difference between the bark of a small dog and the howl of a mastiff. We got so we rather enjoyed the answering howls of coyottes and wolves as the shades of night was coming on, and often we could see them running along the hills just out of rifle shot. Lewie tried to kill one the evening we reached our camp just west of Clearmount, but as it was getting late he did not have enough time to hunt, and we had several more miles to travel before reaching camp. In all of my travels I have seen but very few gray wolves. They are very scarce and shy; a great many wild and untruthful stories are told about wolves and other wild animals. The truth is you could travel and camp out all over the US winter and summer with but very little danger from any wild animal; I might say they will never molest man if he leaves them alone. When wounded or cornered they will turn and fight for their lives, but only then. A person is in far more danger on the streets of any city even during daylight hours, and very far more after night hours set in than he is in the wildest portion of North America.

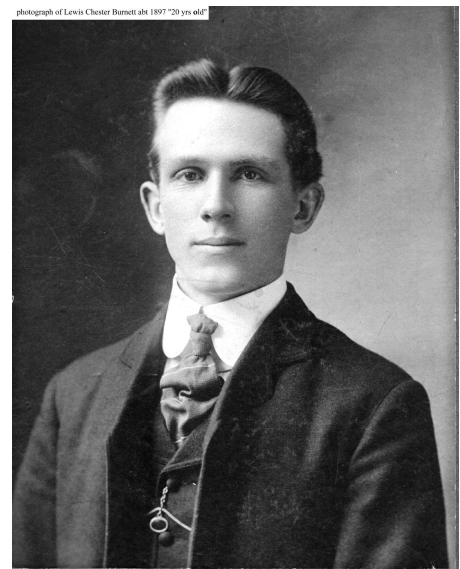
On our return from Sheridan and Fort Custer, our horse Kit began to give out, and the day we reached Ardmore, S.D. we had to stop and rest up. So we went into

camp near a Mr. Golden's, where we staid for several days. One night Lewie was invited out to an entertainment, and Leslie and I went to bed. About midnight there came a very hard wind from the south, and the first thing we knew we were gazing up directly at the stars. The tent was still standing as the center guy rope held firm, but the south side had blown loose. Well, there was nothing to do but hike right out of our good warm bed and fix the tent again. In our bare feet and tho the wind was hunting for every corner of our night clothes, but our troubles were soon over and we were again in our bed as snug as a bug in a rug and having a hearty laugh over our night adventure. Soon we heard Lewie's happy laugh and when we told him our scrape he had to laugh good and hard at us. Leslie and I were talking about this little bit of unpleasantness but it was not any more so than summer, and of the two I believe I would prefer the winter.

New Year's Day, 1897, found our little family widely scattered. Emma, Tavie and Jerome at Mattoon; Lewie, Leslie and I in our camp at Crawford, Nebr. While in camp at Big Horn it was 30 degrees below zero and snowed and blowed very hard. So we concluded to begin our journey homeward in earnest. We were in camp at Crawford, Neb. during the holidays, spending the time as best we could. We put in several

days hunting for specimens in the bad lands. After New Year's I left the boys here and returned to Crow Agency to take up a car of hides. I was gone about a week.

While at Crow Agency early one morning I walked over toward the Little Horn River. Seeing an Indian leaving his tepee barefoot and only a blanket thrown around him, I knew he had something out of the ordinary on his mind. It was cold enough for me to have on my heavy fur



*Lewis Chester Burnett*



*Leslie Berry Burnett*

overcoat, but here was this Indian walking thro the snow very deliberately and slowly at that. When he reached the riverbank he laid his blanket on the bank and walked down into a hole cut thro the ice (about 6 ft square), sat down in the cold, swiftly running water, and took a good long wash off. After he was done, he just as slowly put on his blanket and went back to his tent. That was the coldest and longest cold bath I ever saw anyone take. It made me cold to see him.

On my return from Crow Agency I found Leslie with quite a fever, which caused me considerable anxiety, for surely there is no place like home in sickness. The next day we broke camp and started for Alliance. I got some medicine for Leslie and the doctor said he guessed he only had the grip. He soon got better but while in camp at Alliance the Grip got hold of me in good shape and I felt as tho I better get home as soon as possible for fear Leslie would get worse and I was suffering fearfully. Lewie soon sold the wagon and the stuff we did not want to ship; the balance we shipped home and Leslie and I left Lewie to come on with the horses and took the train for home. We wired Mama to leave Mattoon and come home, which she was glad enough to do.

We left Lewie at Alliance to come home with the horses. It was 20 below zero when he left there the day after we did. I left my fur coat and plenty of robes to keep warm, but it was a very long and severe ride to be made in the dead of winter. After leaving Alliance, where it was possible he kept to the rail road or near it. In a few days Kit gave out entirely and he left her. Then he traded Nellie and Dandy off for other horses and of course got beat. A good many nights he had to stop with ranch men and one place they had the measles very bad, but Lewie did not know it till he put up for the night. He caught them good and hard but they did not develop untill after he had reached home.

After a few days of Grip I left home again to make a business trip for Tom; I met Lewie at Lincoln and then he said he felt real well considering the long severe (500 mile) ride, but he said, "Papa, I was exposed to the measles." I cautioned him about changing his clothes before he went into the house at home, which he did, but the day after getting home he went down to bed a very sick boy, and it was only the best of care

and good doctoring that brot him thro. All of them had the measles; for a time our home was a regular hospital. For three weeks Mama did not go to bed, and tho I was very weak from my second attack from grip, on my return I did not take off my clothes for ten days. This was one of our most severe spells of sickness.

In July I bought Thos. McCulloch out and they moved to Lincoln. I took into partnership W. W. Cadwallader, and this to my lasting sorrow, as he proved far from right.

During the last of the year there was great excitement about the gold find in Alaskia [sic], and Lewie could not think of anything else for a time. But the end of the year found us all at home once more and as good health as ordinary.