

1898 - Each year brings its cares and its sorrows. Towards spring Lewie got more restless and wanted to be going - he read a great deal about Alaska. Finally in April he and Herman Peterson rigged up an outfit and started for California - three horses and our spring wagon. So we fixed up a real good outfit including a covered spring wagon and three horses.

While in camp one evening near North Platte, they were playing on their guitar and violin when a ranchman drove up; after listening for a few moments he said, "Boys, I want you to go home with me," and would not take no for an answer. So they quickly knocked down their tent and loaded up and was soon at the ranch. Soon a hearty supper was ready for them and till the small hours of the night the pleasant hours rapidly passed, and for four days they were the guests of this big-hearted ranchman.

On this ranch was located old Fort McPherson<sup>44</sup>. In one of the old buildings, among a lot of old, rat-eaten, musty letters he found this letter of Lieut. Schwatka.<sup>45</sup>

*Julesburg, Nov 30<sup>th</sup> 1873*  
*Mr Haight*

*Dear Sir,*

*Yours rec'd & in reply would state that the understanding was that I was to ship to Mr Aust, & only put the meat on the cars at any station of NPRR not west of Julesburg, and then concern myself no further with it. The railroad however demands prepayment (or guarantee from me of payment of freight). As I do not know Mr Aust in any way whatever, I do not wish to guarantee anything for him. I did do it, however, on the first shipment (1535 lbs) rather than have the trouble of waiting on your reply.*

*In the future, as you request, I will ship to you and guarantee the payment of freight, as I know then with whom I am dealing, but Mr Aust being an entire stranger, you can perceive yourself that I would not like to render myself liable to the extent of freight on 5000 lbs meat to Omaha.*

*All my shipments to you of buffalo hams will be in sacks as compensation for not having the hair on, & I will not send any meat that I do not consider worth skinning for the robes - as old bulls - and if there are any doubts I will show my robes on arriving at North Platte.*

*Further, any arrangements in regard to the meat, freight, &c you may make with Col. Mills of the Post, I will abide by, as the hunt is purely for the benefit of the*

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44 - Fort McPherson is now a National Cemetery.

45 - Frederick Schwatka was born in 1849 in Illinois and raised in Oregon where he finished a University course before he was 18. He obtained a commission from West Point in 1871; while in the Army he studied law and medicine. In addition to being a lawyer and physician he was an arctic explorer, finding relics of the Franklin Expedition; he explored the Yukon River. He was also a prolific writer of travel articles and books.

*company in robes and meat.*

*I ship to you today some meat & I think enough with the amount sent to Mr. Aust & another equal shipment to fill my contract 5200 lbs.*

*Yours Very Respectfully,*

*Fredr. Schwatka*

*Lieut 3rd Cavalry*

I consider this letter very valuable from the fact that at this time buffalo were still very abundant, and yet 14 years later when we took our trip to the Yellowstone Park the Buffalo were practically extinct so far as the wild herds were concerned. We saw 14 lying as they had been shot down, near the headwaters of Gooseberry Creek, Wyo. in the year of 1886. Not even their hides had been taken off. And this was done by men calling themselves sportsmen. It is said, "Man's inhumanity to man make countless millions mourn," but man's inhumanity to God's creatures has almost exterminated [them] from the face of the earth.



*Burnetts on the front porch about 1898*

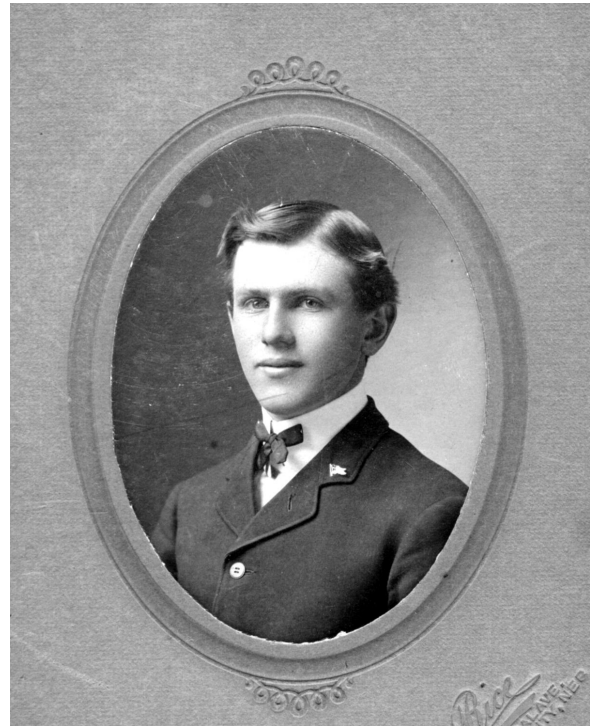
Everything went well with them until they left Cheyenne for Laramie City. In crossing over the mountains west of Cheyenne they were caught in a terrible snow storm and were snow bound for four days and had but little to eat. One horse had to be left to perish, but they finally reached Laramie City.

During two of these days while they were suffering and in so much danger I was in perfect misery. I felt as tho the boys were in trouble of some kind, and the morning of the last day I told Emma when I left home if I did not hear from Lewie that day I would go at once to Cheyenne and find out what was the matter. About noon I got a message from Lewie saying they had been in a bad storm on the mountains but were now safe. I have always felt that this was a positive [sic] case of telepathy as I had no reason to think that they were in trouble. Of

course it is easy to say it was a coincidence but I can not think so now.

They finally got through to Laramie City. Here they sold their outfit and joined [Torry's Rough Riders](#). Emma and I went to Omaha and saw him as the regiment passed thro there. He was in the terrible wreck at Tupelo, Mississippi. On account of this wreck the regiment did not get to Cuba in time to see service, but went into camp at Panama Park, Fla.

In October of this year Leslie was carrying some corn to Washakie in a basket; he had his head down in the manger and did not see Leslie, so when he felt the basket hit his hind leg he kicked very viciously two or three times, breaking Leslie's leg so severely as to make his leg dangle halfway between his knee and ankle. He crawled to the stable door and called Mama till she heard him. We soon had Dr. Carriker out and he handled and set the limb very successfully, and in due course of time the leg was well again. Washakie was never a mean pony, and yet he injured us more



*Leslie Burnett about 1900*

than any other horse we have had. Once he threw me down and badly injured my right shoulder and cracked a couple of ribs. The effects of this injury remains with me to this day. I can not easilly raise my right arm. These are better experiences that come to us thro life. Surely we are in a world [of] danger, sickness, and death, and how many times as we look back over our lives we can well remember the very narrow escapes we have had.

We bought our new store building this fall, and fixed it up and moved into it late in the fall. It cost with all improvements \$2000 - first cost \$1000. Lewie got back from the Army in the fall, and started to school at Lincoln, where he was most of the fall

and winter, but his health was not good after his army life for some time.

1899 - Another eventful year - During the winter [Lewie?] was at the school at Lincoln, but came home toward spring.

First week of July we started on our trip to the mountains; Mama, Tavie, Leslie, Jerome and I. Out on our way west we stopped and visited Aunt Addie and had a very pleasant time. One day we were getting dinner in Torrington, Wyo. when the wind came up so strong in spite of all we could do dirt and dust drifted in everywhere. We were gone three months, getting back first of October.

Sept 1st - Lewie left for his [trip around the world](#), of which I speak more in other places.

Business at the store had been fairly good, but my partner was giving me lots of concern. He was far from being what he should have been. While I was gone he had increased our debt to the bank \$1000, yet I could not see where the money all went.

We were overjoyed to get good letters from Lewie in the Phillipines.

We bott Julia horse for \$75; such horses now would be worth at least \$140, such has been the advance in horse flesh.

My first brother-in-law, George Austin Beardsley, died in Newark N.J. this year.

1900 - The year began with Lewie far from home. He left Hong Kong, China by a sailing vessel for New York. Oh, how anxious we were that our dear boy would get home all right. In April we received a most welcome

dispatch from Lewie; "New York. O.K. Lewie." It was short, but oh, how good it

this is a discharge certificate for Lewis Burnett's son Lewis Jr (Lewie) when he ended his 'trip around the world.'

FORM 1619

Ship's Name and Official Number: <i>Mary Cushing</i>	Seaman's Name: <i>Lewis C. Burnett Jr</i>
Port of Registry: <i>New York</i>	I hereby certify that the particulars herein stated are correct, and that the above-named seaman was discharged accordingly.
Tonnage: <i>1575</i>	
Description of Voyage: <i>Hong Kong</i>	Dated at <i>New York</i>
Seaman's Age: <i>22</i>	this <i>27th</i> day of <i>April</i> , 18 <i>99</i> .
Place of Birth: <i>Chicago</i>	<i>Edmund</i> Master. <i>Lewis C. Burnett Jr</i> Seaman.
Character: <i>U.S.</i>	
Ability: <i>U.S.</i>	Given to the above-named seaman in my presence, this <i>27th</i> day of <i>April</i> , 18 <i>99</i> .
Capacity: <i>U.S.</i>	
Seamanship: <i>U.S.</i>	<i>Joe Spahn</i> U. S. Shipping Commissioner.
Date of Entry: <i>Jan 1st 1900</i>	
Date of Discharge: <i>April 18th 1900</i>	
Place of Discharge: <i>New York</i>	



sounded to us. He visited Henrietta for two weeks, then started home via Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, stopping at Mattoon for several days. Then to St Louis and home, dead broke; but he had made good his trip around the world on nothing. He helped me in the store in the fall after I got rid of the Cadwalladers. Cadwallader left the firm Aug 15; I could not stand him any longer).



*Lewis and Emma Burnett about 1900*

In the fall when we moved the little house up to the main house I took one of the Jack Screws into the cellar to level the floor under the chimney. When I was pulling the iron bar of the Jack Screw it slipped out and I fell several feet backward falling onto the corner of a box. I

badly broke two ribs on my right side and injured the back of my right lung. Now to say that it hurt and that right well is to say lightly. For a week I could not sneeze, cough, snore, get up or get down without pains and very severe ones at that. But the dear good wife was ever present with hot or cold water, pillows to soften this place or that. We never know the true value of loved ones or of true friends till the hour of need comes; then we find them sure and are made to realize there is more love and kindness in the world than we thought for. We truly need adversity as well as the sunshine of prosperity.

The dear old year closed with us all at home. When Lewie got home from his trip he had so much to tell us that evening after evening we would sit a long time about the supper table listening to his stories and experiences.

1901 - At the beginning of the year all were at home; Leslie was going to school, and Lewie was helping me at the store.

I went often as I could up to Lincoln as Dear Mother was failing very fast, and finally passed to her great reward about noon 29th day of April, 94 years old. The morning before she died, as I came into the room, she seemed to know me and said, "My dear boy, is that you?" If she did know me, I was the last person she recognized. As I sat by her bed side during those last hours with her dear old hand in mine, my mind swept back over that noble, self-sacrificing life of 93 years, of the numberless good deeds, years of untiring energy and labors of love, not alone at home, but for every one in need of her care. She passed away as I held her hand. Mother had property at her death of about \$4,700, most of which amount Addie received for care of Mother in her later years.

*Mrs. H.S. Burnett, mother of Mrs. Thomas McCulloch, died at the residence of her daughter, 3024 J St, Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, aged 94 years. A short funeral service will be held at the residence Tuesday and the remains will be sent to Terre Haute, Ind. The deceased was formerly a resident of this city, and had a large circle of friends. The bereaved relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of all in the loss of one so dear.*

The next day I took her to her last resting place, and laid her down by the side of dear father in Terre Haute, as was her request. I could not sorrow for Mother's death; death to her was a sweet release; her summer had ended and the harvest time had arrived. While I was in Terre Haute, I visited the old home place. The house had been fixed over some, but the little brick house that John built was just the same, also the little long house between it and the rail road. Now this rail road runs just where the canal used to be, on 5th Street a little over a block south of the I & St. L RR. As I stood there by the rail road memory flew backward. I was again a boy. Happily Addie and I were walking and running along the "toe path" with Father, as he often went walking with us down to the canal locks and the basin. Again I see the men drag the body of the suicide Mrs.

Clayton from the canal. I can see Mrs. Moore as she wrings her hands and cries as they bring her little boy home from his watery grave. Then I see the drunken German as he commits suicide by drowning. I drop my head on my hands and think this old world is full of sorrow along with its joys.

The bridge nearest our house was a pivot bridge, and whenever a canal boat passed it would turn half around to admit the boat passing; if we saw a boat coming we would run to the bridge so as to get a ride, and also to see the boat pass. On the south side of the canal was a large dock; here the canal boats would tie up to load and unload. Many a time on spring and summer evenings we would go over to this dock and turn up sideways the little push carts and sit in them and fish, or as warm weather came on to swim in the canal and dive off the bridges or the docks. When winter came oh, what fine skating we had to and fro over its glassy surface. But sad events also came to mind - how in jumping onto one of the boats I ran a large nail almost thro my foot. Oh, how frightened Mother was when I came home limping on my bleeding foot.

Again I hear the steady tramp tramp of troops as they pass over the bridges going toward the center of town. What does it mean? The troops are not leaving this time in the evening. But we did not have to wait long for the cause; the soldiers were destroying certain houses down town. And so one event after another came to my mind. Just over there was Mrs. Teal's house. Then there was my play mate's home, Geo. Hebb. All of the old folks are gone and now I too am getting along in years. Oh, how much sorrow we can suffer, and how much joy we can stand. There were ten in the dear old family. The Father, Mother, Jerome, George and Eleazer have passed to the great Majority and five of us are yet here. But only a few more years, and we too will be gone. We are in a world of change, and happy is he or her that play their part nobly and well. In this respect I now have no regrets. I have done the best I could, made many mistakes, but it has always been my heart's desire to do and say what was right.

Lewie was helping me in the store, but he was so ambitious to learn short hand that he studied too hard, and that with his close confinement brot on a severe spell

of sickness in May just after I got back from Terre Haute. [When he felt better?] he fixed up a boat, and he and Will Smith started down the river for St Louis. During this trip he took a good many pictures which we now have. He was in St Louis for a short time, then went to Chicago and soon got work with Addler and Obendorrf, but did not like them and came home in the fall and staid with me until Feby 1902.



*Tavie Burnett about 1900*

Mama and Tavie were going back to Mattoon on a visit. They were to start on July 23rd. In the afternoon [of the 22nd] Emma poured out some gasoline in a saucer to clean a tie with, and set it down on the stove hearth. She thot of the danger of so doing tho there had [been] no fire in the stove since breakfast. But there were a few coals yet in the stove; the vapor from the gasoline passed into the stove and as Emma reached for the saucer there was an explosion. Her clothes were on fire all over as she jumped into the sitting room where Tavie was. Tavie, with regular presence of mind, pushed her to the floor instantly, rolling her up in a heavy rug. This put out the fire, but it had already done a great deal of harm, burning off 350 in of skin from her arms and left lower limb. For days she suffered the most intense suffering, as the burn in places was deeper than the outer skin, and it being a very hot summer it made her suffering still more. One or two days it was only a question whether we would lose Mama or not. She was very low for 6 weeks and the shock to her nervous system was fearfull, but thanks be unto the Father of Love, we were spared this terrible affliction if it had come to us. It would seem as tho we were fated to go thro a little more than our share the first 15 years lived on the farm. The first 20 years of our married life we certainly had but little trouble, but since we have had rather more than our share; and yet many have suffered more, so we can be thankfull in some degree.

This was a hot dry summer and a big peach year, and our best apple crop.

Sold for \$2.10 per bbl on the trees.

Oct 1st Merwin began work for us.

*Sat afternoon, 12/28/1901 to Miss Octavia Burnett, 917 Q St, % Thomas McCulloch  
Lincoln, NE from Emma B Burnett*

*I don't expect you can read this letter there is so much repetition in it, and to cap the climax  
I have turned over the bottle of milk.*

*Dear Tavy*

*I got your letter this AM although I have not got my Saturday's work done yet - I will try  
and begin a letter anyway - you say I don't write anything but notes. There is absolutely  
nothing to write that you would be interested in.*

*Well, here goes. I will try and write every thing I know and every thing I don't know, and  
that is not much, especially the first part of it.*

*I don't understand about your not getting the money - you surely must have it by this time,  
Papa sent a check for \$10 to Uncle Tom Tuesday morning or rather evening when the five  
o'clock train went out. By the way, I see your letter is dated 25th so of course you have got  
the money by this time. You know we do not get the mail untill one day later than if we lived  
in town.*

*The Christmas presents came all right, and we thank you all very much. Papa's brush is a  
very nice one. Lewie and Papa gave me a nice table for the sitting room. We have not got it  
home yet. Leslie gave me a little stand for the front room to stand by the big window. Aunt  
Flora sent me two hkfs [handkerchiefs?]. Aunt Gertie sent me a nice one also, and Lizzie  
Ganthos made me a nice hand made lace one. I am very proud of it of course. The boys  
were very proud of their rings, or rather Lewie was proud of his ring. Leslie did not get any,  
all on account of a mistake made by Bazzel - I sent the order that you made out - you  
remember I told you that was not quite plain so they sent but one ring, and kept the rest of  
the cash on hand, so I wrote to them to send me another ring of the same number, so I  
suppose Leslie will have his ring before long. The ring is very beautiful. And Leslie will be  
delighted with it. You know how Leslie is, the most unselfish mortal that ever breathed, he  
said by all means give the ring to Lewie and he would wait. Lewie is at home now writing  
some of his travels for publication. You know if he ever does anything in that line he will  
have to keep trying. He lost his position but he said he expected to lose it, for every one told  
him he would not keep it very long with that firm. He has a type-writer rented and he keeps  
it clicking all day. He wrote a story for "The Black Cat" and entered it as a prize story, I do  
not know how it will come out - and he will not know whether they will accept it or not for  
two or three months. It's a "dandy," I tell you, a story of the most ridiculous kind, about him*

*[a page is missing from the letter]*

*folks New Years. I think I will invite Clara also. I gave Mrs Kennicott some gold fish for  
Christmas. I sent Aunt Belle and Aunt Maggie a tie each and Uncle Sellie a pair of fur  
mittens. I threw in with the rest of the family and we got Grandma a ring. I sent Aunt Flora  
"Physical Culture." I sent John Bridges' children a box. I got some dolls and dressed them  
up for the three little ones. Gave Rita a hair ribbon, Roy a toy watch and Della a tie made  
of illusion on net. I have not seen Miss McC yet - I do not know what she thought of your  
gift - she could not help from like it. Jerome is all right - he helps me wash the dishes most*



*every day and feels it his Christian duty to keep the papers picked up from the floor. Leslie makes the beds occasionally and helps whenever he can. He went in this afternoon to help dispose of a lot of hides. Papa telephoned out for him to come in immediately so he went. I tell you, the telephone is all right. Hueston [?] and Merle are keeping house in their own home and have a telephone also. They did not stay on a wedding trip long. I have an idea that they married and settled down by the advice of her physician. Now don't tell that as a fact, but that is my idea.*

*Now about the cakes - the trade has been quite brisk since you went away. The week you went away I made nineteen, I think I have made forty-five or fifty since you went away, but the holidays are about over and there won't be many to make after. I am going to paint some after New Year's. The hurry and rush will be over.*

*They butchered the old cow the other day and we don't have anything but meat to eat.*

*I have not seen Ethel for some time. There is little or nothing going on. They are trying to eke out a literary but it is a "slow go."*

*Josie stayed with us last night - I was so sorry she could not have stayed over New Year's. I fully expected her too.*

*I sent your things all away in good season to their rightful owners. I forgot to make the cocoanut candy this year - I think I will make it the first of next week if nothing happens.*

*Well it is after five o'clock and I have to scrub the kitchen yet before supper. I had to iron today for I did not wash untill after Christmas, so I will not have that job to do next week. Now say I have not told you every thing I know? and bejabbers if I don't thump you if you say I have not. Give my love to all. Tell Aunt Addie I will answer her before long.*

*Mama*

1902 - The year of 1902 began with all at home; Lewie was helping me in the store, and Leslie was in school part of the time, but towards spring went to Minneapolis and worked for his uncle Will for a few weeks. Lewie began working for H. Elkan & Co. in Feby.



"Tom & Addie Burnett McCulloch 1902 - taken by LCBjr"

Thos McCulloch visited us the last time of his life some time in June, but was very poorly.

Aunt Bell, Flora & Gladys visited us this summer, then Geo. Berry & family, (Emma's brother); then Albert Burnett and his young wife Joan; we had lots of company this year. Emma, Tavie and Jerome went to Mattoon in July. In

August I went to Minneapolis, leaving Leslie and Herman to run the store. Mama came home from Mattoon not feeling very well. Tavie went to Salt Lake with Flora Estes, her aunt.

*Nebraska City 9/05/1902*

*Dear Tavie*

*I am going to begin a letter to you today although you need not expect such a long letter as you write. For you [know?] I never could do it honey. I have been real busy since I came home for there was plenty to do. The weeds had grown up fearfull and the place looked "wild and wooly." Papa has been away since the fifteenth of August and just got home yesterday. I tell you I was glad to see him once a-gain and hear him "blow" some. Yes he is a good blower and his wind amounts to something too. It is not just nonsense. Don't you think so?*

*Well about that letter being posted at Lincoln, I wrote the letter at home and did not get to mail it, then Aunt Addie wanted me to come up to Lincoln and I went and mailed it while there. Uncle Tom is very much better and he may live a good while yet. They changed doctors and he does not think it is Bright's Disease, but says he cannot say just what it is. So there they stand, it is strange that two good physicians should so differ in diagnosis. But Drs Merriman and Carriker both said that it was Bright's Disease. But if he gets up that is all that is necessary and I hope he will. I stayed up there a week and helped them out as best I could. I was not feeling at all well and did not set up with him so much as I could have done if I had felt better. Aunt Addie is feeling a great deal better too, and if Uncle Tom continues to improve, I think she will be all right. It will be three weeks next Tuesday since I came home. I have not finished up the house cleaning yet - but have got the matting up off the dining room and will get some new as soon as I get to go down town, the surrey is all in pieces and being painted and I cannot go very well. It will soon be done however and then I will go.*

*I have not seen a soul that belongs to Nebraska City yet but Mrs Swift and Mabel and Mrs Thorp. Lydia is back to "Neb City, Neb" again, she could not stand it away any longer. I have not seen her. I saw in the Tribune that she had secured a clerk-ship at Auburn.*

*Annie Harrison is married and has returned from her wedding trip.*

*We had a letter from Lewie today and he wanted your address so that he could write to you. I am going to write to him as soon as I finish this letter. I expected to make some grape jelly this afternoon but it has rained and made the weeds so wet that I think I will let it go untill tomorrow. I am sorry you are having trouble with your stomach. BE SURE AND CHEW YOUR FOOD TO A PULP before swallowing and you will have no trouble in that line. Benark McFadden [sic] Now you do that and I know you will be all right: food well chewed is half digested. I am very sorry Aunt Flora is so poorly. I hoped when she got back home she would be better, I wish they would move to California. I think it would do her a world of good to be near the sea shore, either that or go back to Mattoon. Such an engineer could get work anywhere, there would be no doubt about that. I am glad you like the girls there and hope you may continue to like them as long as you stay.*

*I think your white dress has a little extra up in the band which could be let down but I am not sure. Well, I expect the more you ride your bicycle the more you will get used to it.*

*Will Pullen did not have any work when I came away. Grandpa says he could have his position back right now if he could only go and apologize to the superintendant - but he says he won't do it. I don't think he amounts to much, or he would do it for his family's sake. Yes, Jerome got the postal, it is real cute.*

*I saw Harry K the other day, he called as he was going to the train, he looks well. You ought to have written to Frank a plain frank letter and settled the question at once. He may think that you are holding off to answer later.*

*Overton's folks are well. They will not move untill next spring. They have just bought them a new carriage, double seated. They sold six hundred dollars of milk and cream this summer.*

*We think Leslie will go somewhere to school this winter but have not decided yet.*

*I suppose Aunt Flora has your little room furnished by this time. She told me she was going to get a single bed and a new carpet for your room. I know you will be quite contented if you have a room of your own where you can keep your belongings and write stories. I will send you some of the papers, I mean Neb. City papers, occasionally so that you can keep up with the news.*

*Write as often as you can and give my love to Aunt Flora and the rest.*

*Your loving Mama*

Tom<sup>46</sup> was very sick in August, then got some better; but grew gradually worse till he died in November. Tavie stopped in Lincoln a few days on her return from Salt Lake. She was just overjoyed to get home.

When I went to Minneapolis I met Lewie at Albert Lea, Minnesota, and staid with him at the hotel. He was so glad to see me. We had such a nice visit together while at M. He was just as good to me as he could be [in] every way.

Lewie and Leslie had a very successful hunt after ducks in October, brot home almost a wagon load.

My second brother-in-law and business associate for 18 years, who was born at Terre Haute, Ind., died at Lincoln, Nebr. in November.<sup>47</sup>

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46 - Thomas McCulloch, LCB's brother-in-law. He had Bright's disease, caused by a systemic *Staphylococcus* infection..

47 - Tom McCulloch

## Death of Thomas McColloch.

*An Old Citizen of Nebraska City Passes Away At His Home at Lincoln*

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*L.C. Burnett last evening received a message from Lincoln announcing the death, at 3:15 yesterday afternoon, of Thomas McColloch, formerly a resident of Nebraska City, but for the past five years one of the leading leather men of Lincoln. Mr. McColloch was born on a farm near Terre Haute, Ind. about fiftyseven years ago and lived there during his boyhood. He received his education there and at the Green Castle high school, at Green Castle, Ind, where he was graduated with honors. Soon after leaving school he came west and landed in Nebraska City in the summer of 1865. He worked for a number of people here and was for a while connected with one of the newspapers. He was married on Thanksgiving Day, 1869, to Miss Adalade Burnett, and to this union four children were born.*

*In 1877 Mr. McColloch*

*moved to Champaign, Ill., where he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, L.C. Burnett. They remained in Champaign but one year when they moved to Nebraska City and opened a hide and leather store. Mr. McColloch moved to Lincoln five years ago and started a similar establishment there.*

*His health has been very good up to within the last year when he was attacked by Bright's disease and since last April he has been seriously ill all the time. For the past two months he has been very sick and at no time has he been able to lie down. His death will come as a shock to his many friends here who had known him in the past. He leaves a wife and three sons, Edward and Herbert McColloch of Lincoln and Austin McColloch of Edgar, Neb. The arrangements for the funeral have not been completed and the time of its occurrence will be announced later.*

Christmas 1902 was a very joyful occasion. Tavy had returned from Salt Lake<sup>48</sup>, and Lewie came home to spend Christmas. Oh, what an enjoyable time we had - one of the happiest I ever had. Little did I know it was soon to be followed by one of the severest blows that falls to the lot of parents to bear.

1903 - Oft when a child I wished I could look into the future and to know what events were going to take place. But the experiences of life have taught me differently. Now I don't want to know one day ahead.

Lewie was home again on Feby 15th and 16th. So cheerful and happy. He left on the afternoon train for Des Moines and Cedar Rapids, reaching Cedar Rapids the evening of 18th and stopping at the fateful Clifton Hotel. At 3 o'clock next morning was

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48 - Her aunt Flora Estes, Emma's sister, died of cancer Feb 18 1903 in Salt Lake City.

heard the fearful cry, "The hotel is on fire!" Lewie was among the first to [be] called. He hastily dressed and rushed into the hallway to meet the panic-stricken guests and help, fleeing for their lives. Forgetful of self, brave boy he was, he helped others, got one woman to the window and let her down, then returned to assist others. But his last effort cost him his life; he managed to reach the office, but his clothes were nearly all burned off him. Yet in this awful injured condition he threw himself against the plate glass window and fell on the side walk, exclaiming to those that came to his help, "Boys, it is all up with me. Send for my father." Thro the long hours of awful agony, he patiently awaited my coming. I could not get there before 10 PM next evening. Oh, how happy he was to feel I was near and to talk to me. His first words were, "Now, Papa, don't feel bad. I will get well. I know I will be scarred, but I can still buy hides." Dear boy, he knew his days were numbered, but he did not want me to feel bad. One of his regrets was that he could not help others more than he did, not one complaint as to his own suffering. His words to me and the nurses were always cheerful and thankful. When one of the nurses gave him a drink of water he said, "Sister, you are very kind to me. That water is delicious. It is like nectar. Thank you, sister, thank you."

*FUNERAL OF LOUIS C BURNETT, Jr.*

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*Many Indications That He Gave Up  
His Chances For Safety to Assist  
Others to Safety*

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*Beautiful Floral Tributes*

*The funeral services for Louis C Burnett, Jr. were held this afternoon from the First Methodist Episcopal church at 2 o'clock and were attended by hundreds who had known, loved and respected him during his lifetime. Mr. L.C. Burnett, father of the unfortunate young man, was able to reach his bedside at the Mercy Hospital, Cedar Rapids IA. before death claimed him and to give him a father's loving care during the last sad*

*hours. From information received from various sources there is little doubt that Louis Burnett was an unassuming hero, that he sacrificed his life in a noble effort to assist others less able to care for themselves and that the delay resulting cut off his own chances of escape and made him one of the victims of the terrible disaster. His room was but sixteen feet above the street level, he was awakened among the first, and there is no doubt that*



*an immediate effort to save himself would have resulted in his escape with at least but slight injury.*

*The exact facts will never be known for those he tried to aid are no doubt among the victims of the fire who today are cold in death. It seems that at the alarm he partially dressed in haste and placed the funds and valuable business papers of his firm in his inside pocket and passed into the hall toward the stairway. It is known that he encountered others in the hall, overcome by smoke and in all degrees of suffocation. From his good physical condition it is reasonable that he was not at once prostrated by the smoke and his courage and manhood prompted him to forget himself and attempt the rescue of the more unfortunate that surrounded him. Whatever he was able to accomplish will probably never be known, but it undoubtedly cost him his life. When finally forced to attempt his own escape the stairway was a blinding sheet of flame from top to bottom, glowing with the heat of a*

*furnace. With the same inherent courage he dashed down the stairway through the blinding flames into the office, was confused, blinded, and missed the location of the office door, coming to the front at one of the large plate glass windows with which the office was enclosed. He dashed his entire weight against the window, breaking it and falling out himself upon the sidewalk. He was immediately assisted by bystanders to whom he remarked the probable fatal character of his injuries and delivering to them the funds and papers of his employers for keeping, gave his father's address and requested that he be sent for. He was removed to Mercy Hospital, an institution conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, where everything that medical skill or tender nursing could accomplish was done for him, but without avail. He was badly burned about the head and arms and lower limbs, the extent of the injury being sufficient to preclude the possibility of recovery.*

He was so brave when the doctor was dressing his wounds. He exclaimed, "Well, doctor, I am pretty well fried all over." During the following day he requested them to read to him about the fire, and was solicitous of the welfare of others. Then he said, "Papa, you know I never take on much, but you will never know how much I love you," About half past four the next morning I thought Lewie was going to sleep. He was gently saying "Turn up the light, turn up the light," uttering still more gently, "Mama, Mama" so I went down to the hotel for a few moments. Soon I was called up by phone to hasten back. But my dear good boy, my first born son, my big-hearted, kind loving boy was gone. In my thots I can see Lola and Lewie just waiting to welcome Mama and Papa at the landing on the Golden Shore. Brave, lovely, good children, I long to see them not as Mortals, but clothed upon with immortality.

The Doctor said to me, "I am well along in years, and have seen many men die, but that was the bravest man I ever saw." The nurses said, "In all our hospital

experience he was the bravest man we ever saw."

1903 was welcomed with its mild winter weather, and so the winter continued till spring. The spring was very cold and wet, and finally we had a very hard frost and freeze on April 30th, killing most of the fruit, and what was left was badly affected with the apple scab. The peach crop was only fair. The corn crop was tolerably good, only ours went 50 bushels to the acre.



Jerome Burnett about 1903 - Nebraska City, NE  
from Jerome Burnett's photo album

On August the 20th, Jerome and I went to Minneapolis for a visit, and I wanted to get away from my hay fever some. I helped Will with his state fair exhibit, after the fair was over he suggested that we should go out to Missoula and visit John's folks, which we did. We had a very enjoyable time, was there one week. Went up to Hamilton [Montana] and visited my niece Olla Iddings & family, and nephew James Burnett and family. I like them all very much. And now as I write this I am so very thankful that I visited John and Mary at the time I did, for undoubtedly it is the last time I will see him alive. Poor dear brother, his life has been one of hard toil and very little recompense. After I came home middle of Sept. I was very busy getting ready for my winter's work.

During the January meeting of the Agricultural meeting at Lincoln I delivered an address of soil saving, and it was well received and commented on far and wide. The loss of our surface soils by washing and bad farming will certainly injure the land beyond all calculation. See my article on this subject.

1904 - This year began with a mild winter. Peaches were not injured much, but the spring was cold and rainy, so much so that the fruit was badly injured, the apples

becoming very scabby and was a very poor crop at the harvesting. The early fall apples such as Wealthy was were very fine, but the corn crop was fair and prices good, \$0.35 to \$0.40 per bushel.

Early in the year I made up my mind to go on a visit to Henrietta's, as I had never been east. I took advantage of the G.A.R. rates to Boston. And as I never like to go alone on a trip, I concluded to take Jerome and Olin Overton<sup>49</sup> with me. We bought our tickets via Chicago, Detroit, Lake Erie, Buffalo to Albany, N.Y. &c. We left home in the evening, arrived in Chicago next morning, visited there during the day, then took evening train to Detroit, arriving there next morning, visited there during the day, seeing what we could. In the evening we took the beautiful boat *Western States* for Buffalo. I had a very pleasant ride out of Detroit; it was very interesting to all of us, especially Jerome, to see the shipping, especially the boats as we passed them out on the lake. Arrived at Buffalo about 7 AM; took first train out for Albany, arriving there in time to take the *Surch Light* [sic] boat *C.W. Morse* for New York. Had a very pleasant evening ride down the Hudson, arriving early in the morning in New York. Sunday morn we put in the day visiting Central Park and other places. In the evening we took the steamer *Priscilla* for Fall River, Mass. It was a beautiful ride out N.Y. Harbor, passing the various places of interest, especially where the steamer *Gen. Slocum* had burned at North Brother's Island and over 1000 lives lost. We could see the remains of the boat.

It was a delightful ride thro Long Island Sound. But our boat was fearfully crowded and only a favored few had berths. Fully half or more had to sit up or lie down as best they could. Olin O., Jerome and I had lots of fun watching others as they tried to get some sleep; finally at 2 AM we took to the floor to get some rest.

We arrived early at Fall River and took train to Boston. We were there three days visiting all places of interest that we could, especially Charleston Navy Yard. This interested Jerome very much. We were on quite a number of war ships and battleship *Minneapolis*, and the *Old Ironsides* or *Constitution*, and *Wabash*. The latter was built in

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49 - Olin Overton later married LCB's daughter Tavie.

the early 1850's. Evening of third day we took train for New York. On arriving there we at once went to J.W. Beardsley Sons where we met Geo. Beardsley and Mr. Whittaker<sup>50</sup>. In the afternoon we went out to Henrietta's, just out of Madison, NJ. We visited sister for three weeks, enjoying ourselves very much.

It was while visiting Henrietta that I got interested in our family history and geneology. And I do not suppose this condensed history of my life would ever have been written had I not taken this trip. While at Madison I visited all the important places relating to the history of our family: Madison, Morristown, Washington's headquarters, Hanover, Caldwell, Chatham; about which I speak in other places.

When Jerome and I were in Boston, there was a large crowd awaiting their turn to get their turn to get their tickets attended to. The above lady kept the crowd laughing with her witty remarks. Finally she said, "I have often eaten Boston Baked Beans, but never did I have Boston jam before, and it is not very sweet either;" it created uproarious laughter. It was with reluctance that we turned our steps homeward, going back via we came visiting the St. Louis Exposition two days, arriving back home after an absence of 5 weeks. Well repaid for our time and expense. A trip that Jerome will never forget.

Emma's oldest brother died at Mattoon 17 of July, 1904<sup>51</sup>

There is not much more to be said of this year; Leslie left for his work the day we got home. He began travelling for J.S. Smith & Co, Chicago, buying hides &c. I was full of work after getting home. What with getting up my advertising matter, attending to the work, and finishing the farm work, my hands were too full. After feeling quite poorly for some time I began to feel a good deal better, but in latter part of Dec. I over worked myself and brot on quite a bad nervous spell tho I never left my work an hour.

Leslie came home for Christmas and we had a very enjoyable time, each one receiving a nice present, and I about the best of all, as I had none since Lewie's

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50 - These were the son and son-in-law of Henrietta Burnett Beardsley

51 - David Marcellus Berry, he had a cancer of the face of some ten years duration.

return from the Phillipines. Our health was very fair during the whole year. Emma gained in strength and flesh. Jerome has grown well and feels good. Tavia's health about as usual. Leslie is stronger and will make a fine looking man.

Money matters did not improve any. Times are more quiet than last year. I voted for Roosevelt for President and believe he will make a good President. I hope so, we need a strong man at the helm of our Ship of State to steer our craft thro the brakars [sic] of Trusts and Combines. Lawson's articles in *Everybody's Magazine* is creating quite a stir as well as Lincoln Steffen's and Ida Tarbell's in *McClures*.

Good bye old year 1904. It brought not much of sorrow as other years, for which I can return thanks to our heavenly father.

1905 - Another new year is ushered in, and with it all its joys and pleasures. Whatever the future months have in store for us we know not.

I received a letter from my niece Olla Iddings of Hamilton, Mon. Brother John is no better; his health is failing<sup>52</sup>, his life's work is done, he will only linger in pain a few more weeks or months, and then go home to rest. May the Savior of all comfort be his stay and comfort is my prayer.

I worked too hard last month, and now I feel the worse for it. It seems to effect my nervous system more than anything else. Too much work and worry gets the best of me sometimes; it is pretty hard to run a store and farm at the same time unless you have plenty of money and out of debt.

2/15/05 - It has snowed about 30 in since first of Jan'y; for past week it has been from 14 to 18 in. deep on the level. The RR are having a good deal of trouble to keep the trains moving. Leslie says it is hard taking up hides in such cold weather. He was home three days last of January; his visit was so short, too short. Jerome and Tavia went to the entertainment at the school house this evening. Emma has been feeling quite poorly this week, but is better now. She was very sick for an hour Sunday evening. On

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52 - John had epilepsy, but lived until Mar 7 1916, dying in Hamilton, Ravalli Co., MT.



Saturday I delivered an address to the Farmer's Institute in the Court House on soil fertility. It was well-received.

I sold this car of hides to J.S. Smith & Co, Chicago for 9¾ cents for no. 1.

I received a letter from Henrietta today. She said that my visit last summer was a great treat for her; it has done her so much good. I am glad of it.

Feb 28- This month came in bitterly cold, but the last days of the month were fine; snow about all gone, some in drifts yet.

The first days of March were unseasonably warm; one day the thermometer went up to 80, but now on the 12th it is somewhat cool again, a little below freezing.

Sunday, March 12th 1905 - Leslie came home for a visit Friday evening, staid untill Sunday noon, then left for his business route again. The news from the seat of war is so interesting, it is hard to give my business my best thots. It looks now as tho Japan is going to win out in the fight with Russia. Every body sympathizes with Japan. I hope that the coming years will prove that this sympathy is not to be in vain; may great good come out of this awful conflict; may it mean greater liberty to the great mass of Russians.

Sunday, April 2nd - Rained a little this morning so we did not go to church, but Emma and I went to the cemetery in the afternoon. The weather during the whole of March was exceedingly good; good roads, good weather, all that could be asked for. Now as we look back over the fall and winter and so far this spring, it has been ideal. I have planted part of the potatoes; the first about 22nd of March. Radishes and lettuce is up and growing finely.

Received a letter from Henrietta and one from Will this week, also Edward McCulloch<sup>53</sup>. Will's business has been extra good this winter.

May 14th- I have been very busy with the farm work since first of April, spraying trees &c&c. The weather during most of the time has been very cold; the wind has blown almost steadily from the north. The whole month was dry, more so than usual.

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53 - This was LCB's nephew.

Sunday May 14 1905... We had two very hard rains this week, about 2½ inches; practically the first real rains for the season. And this week is the first real growing weather we have had. The fruit (apples) promises well. I am about 1/2 thro spraying for this season. Leslie got home today; he is now working for Bolles & Rodgers at \$65 per month.



*Tavie Burnett about  
1905*

Sunday, Sept 17, 1905... on Friday night we had one of the hardest rains I remember off, from in the evening till eight o'clock in the morning. It rained 8 inches; this makes a rain fall of about 13 inches for the week. Streams all out of their channels and estimated loss of \$50,000 to the bridges of this county.

Sunday, Oct 15th- We had our first frost this week on the night of the 11th and again harder on the 13th, yet our tomatoe vines are only partially killed.

Edward McCulloch and family were with us last two weeks of September on their way to Minneapolis. Emma, Tavie and I were at Lincoln visiting Edward during the fair time.

Another rainfall last evening; so far this has been an unusually wet fall. But the corn crop is very fine, and the crops of all kinds are above the average. I am most thro picking the apple crop; about 850 bushels counting wind falls and hand picked. What I sold to the canning factory brot 12½ cents to 25 cents per bushel. The best wind falls sold to the stores at 50 cents. I find now my spraying paid me well, as our orchard is the only one in the neighborhood that has born any to speak of.

Sunday, October 29 - We had our first real killing frost forepart of last week. Three inches of rainfall week of 28th.

Sold hides to Bolles and Rodgers of Chicago this week for 12 3/4 cents for #1 salt cured, highest I ever sold hides for in 30 years of handling them. Merwin left for Oregon; worked for us for 4 years.

Yesterday, October 28th was an eventful day - the unvailing [sic] of the J.

Sterling Morton Monument; author of Arbor Day and great lover of tree planting. It was an eventful time and we heard addresses from Gov. Mickey of Nebr.; Ex- President S. Grover Cleveland; H.A. Herbert, Sec. of Navy under Cleveland; David R. Francis, both of Cleveland's cabinet; Adlai Stevenson. John W. Steinheart introduced the speakers, and it was mainly thro his efforts that the monument was erected. The day was cloudy and cool, but otherwise not bad.

Mr. Morton took great interest in young and deserving young men and women, and would often encourage them. His love of home was intense, and he encouraged all to get a home, be it ever so humble, as early in life as possible. He would often say, "The perpetuity of our government rests upon our homes, on the farms, and in the hamlets and villages. Cities were places of corruption."



*Leslie, Emma and Lewis Burnett  
at home about 1905*

One day while talking to Mr. Morton about Lewie's education, I told him I thot I ought to send him to college. He at once answered firmly, "No. Send him to college, and in three years he will come home a dude or a 'baseballest'." "Why," he said, "it took ten years of the best of my life to get out of my head the nonsense that the professors put in." His great hobby was the school of experience.

One day while in his office, he showed me a letter from Lincoln asking him to contribute \$50 towards securing an organ, for the Chapel, I think. He said, "I looked over the list of subscriptions, and do you think I could find even one from the many young men that had graduated from our State University? Yes," he said, "if they want any money, they have to go out to the business men to get it, men who have learned in the hard school of experience.

I can agree with Mr. Morton in regard to the above in one respect. If a

young man wants higher education earnestly enough to work and pay his own way, well and good, but I question very much if it pays for Father or Mother to pay their way. I am very sorry I could not have gone to school a little longer, as I have always been deficient in spelling and Grammar. But ill health and the need of money forbid it. My ill health from 15 to 18 did me more harm than anything else.

I am glad that I had the friendship and intimate acquaintance of Mr. Morton for the past 25 years. In his later years we had frequent talks on the live questions of the day. On many points I could not agree with him, but in the main we did. His ideas in regard to home life and surrounding were always good. He loved the growing young men and women, and he liked to encourage them. He took a deep interest in Lola after her first effort in delivering her address "The Planting of the Apple Tree" at the first real celebration of Arbor Day. From that day till her sad death he was a fast friend. And ten years after her death he met me in the store one day, and in our conversation he said, "I have just been thinking of your Lola; what a noble girl, what a great loss. I considered her one of the brightest young women of Nebraska." He always took a deep interest in Lewie, and it was thro his efforts that Lewie wrote his account of his trip, "[Around the World On Nothing.](#)"

Gen. Lewis Cass took a deep interest in Mr. Morton when he was a young man, and it was for Gen. Lewis Cass that Father named me, but after I got to be a good-sized boy I objected so to the name Cass, he changed it to Lewis Compton Burnett.

We bought our farm of Mr. Morton and he took much interest in our place untill his death. In my last visit to Arbor Lodge we went thro his pine grove to the north of his house, and from there over to his son's farm, where he had set out another planting of pines. He took pride in old things; for instance he brot to me one day the frame of an old Spanish saddle that he had bought from a returning Californian in the early 60's. I had it recovered as it originally was, which pleased him very much. In his last years, he was more tender, especially after his son Carl died, and I now think this hastened his death.

Frequently persons get the whole credit for something more than ordinary or great; this is the case in regard to Arbor Day. I knew Mr. Morton for 25 years, and still longer have I known more of J.H. Masters, who was among the very first, if not the first, to plant and sell fruit trees in Nebr, and he knew very much more about trees of all kinds and their care than Mr. Morton. At the first Territorial Fair held at this place on the land just east of the present Wyuka Cemetery, they were making up a list of premiums, and most of these premiums were for fast horses. Mr. Masters spoke up and said, "Mr. Morton, I am not willing to give all premiums for fast horses. Say we give some for best yoke of work steers, and to the person planting the most trees this year." Mr. Morton's answer was, "Masters, you are right. We will do this." And this thot of Mr. Masters, put into the mind of Mr. Morton, was undoubtedly the eventual cause of the Arbor Day.

In that great day over beyond the silent shore, these things will be made plain; each man will receive his just rewards from Him that makes no mistakes.

J.J. Hochstetler - this year my beloved friend also died. He and Mr. Morton were life-long friends, both having come to Nebraska about the same year, 1856, 22 years before we moved here. C.W. Sherfey - last year another dear friend, especially in church work, Bro. Sherfey, died from cancer on the hand. Dear friends, one after another, pass to their reward, and blessed assurance we shall meet them again.

Dec., 7th 1905 - Mr. Edgar Clayton, one of our oldest settlers, told me today that he loaned Mr. Morton his first twenty dollars to build his first log cabin. He also thot as I did that J.H. Masters knew and advocated tree planting long before Mr. Morton, but Mr. Morton got all of the credit. This does not detract any from Mr. Morton's labors in advocating tree planting and his Authorship of Arbor Day. He loved any man that had a genuine love for tree planting. But he was not at any time as well posted as Mr. Masters. They were life long friends, and Mr. Masters was at the dedication of Morton's Monument, tho very feeble. Mr. Masters is now in his 86th year.

In my study and practice of soil saving, this year's experience convinces me more and more that I am on the right track; the draws and low places are levelling up



more and more.

I have not dug my potatoes yet, but must this coming week.

Olin Overton and Tavie and Leslie and Helen [Koop](#)<sup>54</sup> are spending the evening in the parlor. Some day they or their children may be reading these short notes. May our dear heavenly father bless and keep you faithful to right living up to true Christian lives is my earnest prayer.

Saturday, November 11th, 1905- Finished digging the potatoes today; this has been a very favorable week for work; also got the corn all out, it went 50 bu to the acre.

Sunday Nov 12th 1905 This is a beautiful day - so still, clear and warm; so spring-like, yet the trees are mostly brown and bare. The willow tree at the back door still holds its foliage as tho refusing to bid the summer days and autumn goodbye. I have walked around the farm, but its beauty is gone, the birds have left for their winter homes. A flock of quails cheered me with their presence, and as I called to Jerome's geese, they answered me like a school boy. Yet this is the harvest time of the year, and we should be glad and rejoice. The crib is full of corn, and the cellar with its abundance of potatoes, apples and canned fruit; enough wood sawed up to last two years. So the cold winds can blow- we have an abundance and to spare.

Leslie and Helen, Tavie and Olin are out riding.

Got a letter from E.B. McCulloch from Minneapolis. He is having some trouble with blood poisoning on both hands.

11/13/05 Sister Addie got here today from Lincoln. We are more than glad to have her here with us for a while. 11/12/05 I have been sad and lonely today, and yet I don't know why. The past week's work has been hard on me, and I need rest- rest which I can not take now. In my sadness I turn to the beloved poet, Longfellow, and read that sweet poem, *The Day Is Done*.

*I see the lights of the village*

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<sup>54</sup> - The Koops were a Nebraska City family, but lived in town. Helen Koop married Leslie Burnett, but aside from 3 fine sons the marriage was not successful.

*Gleam through the rain and the mist  
And a feeling of sadness comes over me  
That my soul can not resist.*

*A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain  
And resembles sorrow only  
As mist resembles rain.*

As I walked about the place I thot of Lewie - dear, brave, happy cheerful boy. I looked at the pond site where he used to skate and swim, but like my boy the swimming hole is gone. The willows are now growing just where Lola and Allen gave up their lives. Oh, those sorrows, how they sweep across the years. We reach out for a dear hand that we cannot touch, we listen to catch the voice that is silent.

*Come, read to me some poem  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling  
And banish the thought of day.*

How dearly Lola loved Longfellow's poems. The very last she read was closing verses of *Evangeline*; a few hours before she went skating she told Mama the story and quoted the sorrowful words,

*Sweet was the light of his eyes,  
But it suddenly sank into darkness  
As when a lamp is blown out  
By a gust of wind at a casement.*

As she told the story the tear drops fell, yet only a few hours later her and Allen's death was so sudden and sad. Well might the sweet singer say:

*Read from some humbler poet  
Whose songs gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start.*

*Who thro long days of labor  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.*

It seems as tho some have more burdens to bear than others. Our losses were so sudden, like a stroke from a clear sky the blow fell, and left us stunned, with no words to describe our feelings.

*Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care  
And comes like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.*

*Then read some treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.*

Dear old letters; as I sit and read them tonight, sweet memories of years that are gone come back, beloved faces look smiling at me again. Here is a letter from dear Jerome, written to me when I was going to school in Chicago, May 9th, 1867. Nearly 40 years have gone, yet I like to look at his beautiful hand writing; such encouraging words are yet a comfort, dear eldest brother. We camped and slept together, memory of these events are sweet; many a hunting trip we had when we were young. The Reaper came too soon, but we shall meet again sometime, somewhere far out on the plains of New Jerusalem, or down by the river of life. A letter from George June 13th 1872, St Louis, Mo. Again I see him as he moves quickly from point to point, whether when out hunting or at his work. How George loved to take me with him on his trips, even when I was a little boy. Surely death loves a shining mark. And here is another letter from dear Eleazer, Denver Col Dec 5 1871 - I can in memory hear him sing *By the Sad Sea Waves* to the music of his guitar. He loved his guitar; it was his comfort at all times. Earnest, faithful, hardworking brother, high-tempered but quick to forget and forgive.

Sunday, Nov 19th 1905 - Tavie and Leslie went to church at Down's Chapell, and from there to dinner at Mr. Nelson [Overton's](#)<sup>55</sup>. This is a lovely day, quiet, clear and warm; more like a spring day, but the trees are bare and all nature awaits the coming winter. The year has been kindly to all; an abundant crop of corn, wheat, oats and potatoes, and an unusually good year for all kinds of crops with the exception of crops planted on low ground. There it was too wet, and it was too wet for a good hay crop; the latter is selling now for \$9 per ton.

This year's prices: corn, new, 36 cents; old, 48 cents; wheat, 70 cents; oats, 25 cents; potatoes 35 cents; apples, summer 50 cents; winter, first sale, 50 cents, then 60 cents & 65 cents, now Nov 18th 75 cents to the stores; eggs in the summer 12 to 15 cents; young chickens \_\_\_ and old now 7 cents per lb.

Thanksgiving Day 1905 -- Olin and Helen eat dinner with us. It is a very beautiful day, clear, cold and quiet, but the past two days have been very blustry.

I am still feeling very poorly, and I sometimes fear that these feelings forebode coming events. My nervous system is in bad shape, and it will take a good deal of care and watchfulness to over come it. This day commemorates our first great loss when our dear Lola left us, and only the Good Lord knows how much more we have suffered thro these years.

Thursday, Dec 8th We are having such a very enjoyable time with Addie visiting us. We do not like to have her mention of going away, tho she feels as tho she ought to reach Henrietta's before Christmas. It is so sweet to welcome a loved one, but oh, these partings, how they wrench the heart strings, especially when we fear the parting may be for a long time or the last. I am yet feeling poorly. It seems so hard this year to get over the effects of hay fever. Dear Emma is not as strong as I would like to see her. But she is so patient, quiet and good.

Olin Overton ate supper with us last evening, and of course spent the

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<sup>55</sup> - This family weaves in and out of Lewis Burnett's narrative; Ernest was one of Jerome's closest 'chums,' Olin married Tavie, and so on. The Overtons for many years centered south of the Burnetts (who were about 4 miles south of Nebraska City)

evening with Tavia.

Mon, Dec 25, 1905 - Christmas has come again with its good cheer. Leslie was at home and his friend John Dorence is visiting with him. It hardly seems like Christmas it is so warm; only a little below freezing. Clear quiet day. I was well remembered with a nice watch chain, Leslie got a nice plush robe, Jerome a camera and some other articles, Tavia a fine chafing dish from Olin and coal oil stove for warming her bedroom when needed. Mama received a nice silk waist<sup>56</sup>, bed spread and fine comb, &c &c. I could not enjoy myself like I did three years ago when Lewie was with us. Oh, these sorrows, how they cling to our aching hearts.

Addie, after a most pleasant stay with us for 5 weeks, left Wednesday for Newark, New Jersey to visit Henrietta. We did hate to see her go, as we did have such a nice time while here. I would have enjoyed her visit so much more, but I have been so unwell so much of the time, and I am far from being well yet. So much pain in my back, and short of breath.

I sold a car of hides to Leslie for Bolles and Rodgers the past week for the highest prices I ever sold for before; 13 cents for #1, 12 cents for #2, and so on - the car came to \$3393. This is fully four times as high as the same hides would have sold for in 1893 when we lost so much money.

Dec 30th - Another remarkable week of fine winter weather has passed, and today I could walk about the farm without an overcoat, the thermometer standing at 38 at four o'clock. Clayton Ross of Orchard, Neb. is here today visiting Leslie. Leslie and Helen, Tavia and Olin are now in the parlor, also Clayton Ross.

New Year's thots, 1906 - During Pres. Roosevelt's recent visit thro the south, one Texas editor said of his, "That man could be elected constable of any town in Texas. He campaigns close to the ground." Ah, this is the secret of all true greatness, a secret that is hard for the world to learn.

Jan'y 7th 1906 - Another week of very pleasant winter weather early part of

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<sup>56</sup> - a shirtwaist - i.e. a blouse.

the week we had a snowfall of 3 or 4 inches followed by warmer weather Friday and Saturday. This so far has been one of the mildest winters we have had since the winter we moved into our new house, Dec 26, 1890, next day after Christmas. I have been feeling poorly again past week, but I am much better today.

When I was between 20 and 21 I gave myself fully into God's hands, and during that and the following year I persuaded as many of my boy associates to do likewise. Some of them did, but others would not; of my most intimate associates all accepted the reasonable service of the Dear Master, and are today the living examples of right sowing, and as I write I think most all of them are yet alive. But now for the others; one was a school mate, bright, good parents, but he early took to card playing and then gambling and finally killed a fellow being and was sent to the penitentiary. Another bright associate, vain, ambitious, everything had to give way to money making. He was caught [sic] in some questionable transactions and went to Texas and then Kansas, but the hard times of early '80's swept his money away. Three of his children sickened and died in a few days. In his last extremity he turned to his mother's God and found relief. A few more years was granted him; he ran for Governor of Kansas, but was defeated and one year later passed to his eternal reward. If Wm. Craddock had accepted Christ when young, how much suffering it might have saved him. He sowed seeds of sin, and many of them he harvested even in this life, and died in the fullness of his manhood and power when he should have lived much longer, capable of doing much good in the world.

Sunday, Jan'y 14th 1906 - Mrs. Kennicott and Mrs. McCriles, Frank K. and Harry K. was with us for dinner today, had a very pleasant afternoon with them. Harry and Miss McC. are going to California to spend the balance of the winter.

Another week of fine mild winter weather; it stays just a little below or above freezing.

Tavia and Olin went over to their house this evening. Leslie is down to Helen's. Just now Mama is resting on the lounge and Jerome is sitting by her.

Monday, Jan'y 15th 1906 - About 4 in of snow fall today. Leslie went west

on a trip to be gone three or more weeks.

Sunday morn, Jan'y 21, 1906 - Yet another week of very mild weather for this time of year; nearly all of the snow is now gone.

I have written much in this book this week of the incidents of life; as I have recalled these events back to memory, it has sweetened the labors of the week. Once more I was walking and talking to Lewie. I could hear his happy cheerful laugh. Again I could see his "eagle eyes" and stern set features. Again I was in our tent with him when the "Storm King" was howling thro the pines and over the prairies. Again I could see him coming in from the hunt laden with game, first holding up a poor little duck and exclaiming, "Just see what I got this time," then afterwards bringing in a great back load. Brave, loyal, cheerful noble son and brother, he gave his life that others may live.

Sunday, Jan 21 - Lola, our first and dearly beloved daughter. Memory, precious memory, bringing down to present the form, the looks of the loved ones gone on before. Once more Lola is seated side by side as we ride over the new prairies of Nebr. in 1879 and 1880; how she enjoyed the trips as the color came into her cheeks after a long spell of sickness of scarlet fever and whooping cough. Once more I hear her deliver her address, "The Planting of the Apple Tree," and win the lasting good will of Mr. Morton and others. I see her again as she delivers her masterly address and wins the silver and then the gold medal for oratory; again I feel the deathly silence pass over the audience as she speaks. Once more I hear her say,

*Turn, turn, my wheel all life is brief,  
What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon decay.*

*The wind blows east, the wind blows west,  
The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings, and beak and breast  
And flutter and fly away-*

*Tomorrow the hot furnace flame  
Will search the heart and try the frame,  
And stamp with honor or with shame  
These vessels made of clay-*

*Stop, stop my wheel. Too soon, too soon  
The noon will be the afternoon-*

Too soon, dear Lola, your afternoon came; just budding into lovely womanhood, in life's beautiful springtime. Again I see her as she leans on my shoulder

as the tears start while she says, "Papa, don't go this time, don't go this time." I fear that she had a premonition that she would never see me again. Dear one, it was her last caress; when home again it was only to enter a home sorely stricken. The sweet voice was stilled. "Strange we never prize the music till the sweet voiced bird is gone." Once more I stand by the grave of our dear one and see the two lovers lowered into their quiet abode, and we go home wounded and stricken.

Jan'y 28th 1906 - Another beautiful winter day; about 60 at 5 o'clock. The past week has been very even and pleasant, a most glorious winter spell.

Went to church this morning and heard a very profitable sermon. After dinner I visited old Mr. Sims for a while; had a very interesting time. He is 85 years old and not strong. He is just waiting for the summons to come up higher. Oh, it pays to be a Christian, not only that we may enjoy the great hereafter, but it helps us over the rough places here in this world.

Feby 4th 1906 - The wind spring [sic] from the North last evening and blew very hard all day, and now it is quite cold, 10 above zero, about the same as this morning. We did not go to church this morning on account of the cold, and we were invited to dinner to Mrs. Nelson Overton's. Mrs. John Overton was also there. We did enjoy meeting her very much, and our visit with them was exceedingly pleasant. We got home about five o'clock, and now as I write Leslie and Helen are sitting on the lounge, Tavie and Olin and Ethel and Walker Neeley sitting and chatting. Past week was exceedingly mild, so another week has passed away, and not much winter yet. This will pass into history as a very mild winter unless it should get very severe from this on.

Sunday evening, Feby 11th, 1906 - Well, it is quiet in our home this evening. Tavie went to Mattoon Thursday, to be gone a month or two. Leslie went to town as he has to go on the road; so it is only Papa, Mama and Jerome.

We had some cold weather this week, but with all it has been nice, and today it is very pleasant with a south wind blowing. I am much stronger now than I was in the early part of the winter.



I wrote to Bro. Will, Edward McCulloch and Austin McCulloch and sister Addie this month or rather past week.

Tuesday morning February 13th - It rained most all last night and about daylight the wind changed to the north and now it is snowing hard.

Wednesday 14th - This is about the coldest day we have had this winter. Received a letter from Tavie; she surprised them for sure at Mattoon; they did not expect her.

Sunday, Feb'y 18th, 1906 - Again it is warm, and the snow is melting; considerable of ice was put up this week. I went to Mr. Taylor's funeral today, but the roads were so bad I did not go out to the cemetery.

Flock of wild geese going north this evening.

Sunday, Feby 1906 - Another beautiful winter day; clear and pleasant. Leslie got home Friday eve. Mama and Leslie went to church while Jerome and I staid home. Mama had a very nice dinner today; oysters, nice beef stake, cake and pie, everything very nice and good too.

Monday Morning, 26th - It rained during the latter part of the night, but towards daylight it turned into a snow storm, and now at half past seven it is snowing very hard, wind coming from the northeast.

I was born a Hoosier and so lived one till I was 15 years old. Mother then moved to Charleston, Ill, living there for two years, then moved to Mattoon in 1866 where we lived till Mother broke up housekeeping. I staid there till 1877 barring the time I was on my trips. Then we moved to Champaign, where we lived from the spring of 1877 till the summer of 1878. Then Thos. McCulloch and family, Mother and our family moved to Ne City. This up to date makes 15 years for Indiana, 15 for Illinois, and 28 for Nebraska. Ten years we lived in town and 18 out on the farm. And here we are this cold stormy March morning of 1906, and it is likely we will stay there for the balance of our lives.

Sunday, March 4th- Last Friday evening there was a sudden change of the

weather again. The storm came from the west; at first the snow fall was very gentle, but then it changed to a hard wind, snowing most of the night. The boys, Leslie, Olin & Jerome went over the river duck hunting Friday, stayed all night, but did not get anything.

Jerome is learning to use his camera real well now.

March 11th - It began snowing last evening and continued all night and into the morning, and there is about 1 foot of snow now on the ground, but it has cleared up, and now, noon, it is shining bright but it is quite cold as yet and the wind from the north.

Leslie is quite sick today; a severe case of indigestion I think.

Tuesday morning, Mar 13th, 1906 - Leslie had not been well for the past two days; been suffering severely with his stomach and bowels. Mama sat up with him both nights. It is snowing again this morning; yesterday it was very cold and damp for this time of year, and the worst spell we have had past winter. Surely winter is lingering in the lap of spring.

March 14th - More snow today. There has been good sleighing since evening of the 10th; this is remarkable for the time of year. Leslie is much better today, but quite weak.

Saturday 17th - This has been an unusual week for this time of year; six days of good sleighing, steady cold weather. Water froze in the kitchen last night.

Leslie is taking up our car of hides this week (Fri & Sat) 11 cents for #1, 10 cents for #2 --- 10 below zero Saturday morning.

Sunday morning, March 18th - Snow fell to the depth of 2 to 3 in last night, and this morning it is cold and cloudy again. I got up at a little before five and have been writing ever since. Mama and the boys are yet asleep 6 AM.

Sunday evening - It has snowed lightly several times today and now at 4:30 is is snowing quite hard. Just think of it, 8 days of cold and snow and good sleighing.

Thursday 22nd - The snow melted some yesterday but there is plenty on the ground yet and the sleighs were out all day.

Wrote Tavie to go to Indianapolis, sent her \$15.

I have done well in writing in this book- written so far most of the first 150 pages. I take lots of hard thinking tho to call to mind all of these old incidents, and I could not do it if I did not enjoy it.



*Jerome Burnett, 1906*

Sunday March 25 - It is a dark morning, heavy fog, some rain falling. The past two weeks will be remembered on account of the unusual weather; 11 days of sleighing. Snow is still on the ground that fell two weeks ago yesterday. All of the snow as it has melted has gone into the ground as there was no frost in the ground when the snow began to fall.

I have been looking over some of Lewie's old letters; one from Crow Agency 1896 and one from Hong Kong, China just three years later. Dear boy, how anxious he was to succeed in all he undertook, how reading these letters bring

back to me his loving acts. I know of no punishment that could be so severe as the eternal separation from those we love. Some day, some glorious day, we shall all meet again.

Sunday, April 1st - We went to church today, first time in 4 weeks. Roads are getting good and yesterday and today it is springlike.

Wednesday - We planted our first potatoes today.

June 19th 1906 - Well here is quite a jump from April 1st to June 19th. I have had weeks of pain and suffering thro April and May. I managed to do some work spraying the trees &c. Leslie quit travelling first of May and has taken charge of the store work and most of the farm work since then. Four weeks ago I had to give up all work and go to doctoring in dead earnest. I have suffered so much with my lungs and

nervious system. Emma has packed me with hot and cold packs every day since first of June and still my lungs are very sore.

We have had a very dry spring; oats and wheat in bad shape. I don't think we had over 2 to 2½ in of rain fall in this past 2½ mos. But Sunday evening 17th there came up a most beautiful rain; rained most of the night and Monday- all told about 3½ to 4 in.

Monday, July 2nd - Another pretty heavy rain last night. This makes 4 heavy rains since the 17th; rain, hail as large as hen's eggs, only a few.

We went down to Mr. Kennicot's for dinner yesterday.

Our apples still promise well. I am feeling quite a good deal stronger.

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Papa died December twenty-sixth, nineteen six.

Octavia Burnett Overton

newspaper of December 27, 1906

### **Death of L.C. Burnett**

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#### **Esteemed Citizen Answers the Last Call Yesterday Evening**

Lewis C Burnett, a long time and most respected resident of this community, died late yesterday afternoon at his home two miles south of the city, following an operation for abcess of the lungs. Mr. Burnett's health had not been the best since last spring and the last few weeks he had failed rapidly, although with persistent determination he had kept up and had refused to be confined to his home. Shortly after dinner yesterday the operation was performed by Drs. Wilson and Ginn as a last hope for his recovery, following

which he continued to fail until he passed away at 5:50 o'clock, surrounded by the members of his family.

Lewis C Burnett was born in Terre Haute, Ind, on October 31st, 1848 and lived to the age of 58 years, 1 month and 26 days. In his boyhood he removed to Mattoon, Ill, where he was for a time employed as clerk in a hardware store, and where he was united in marriage to Miss Emma Caroline Berry in 1871, to which union five children were born. Four years after his marriage he went to Champaign, Ill, where he engaged in the hide

and leather business, an occupation which he successfully pursued for the balance of his life. In 1878 he removed to this city and in partnership with the late Thomas McCulloch established the hide and leather store, which at Mr. McCulloch's death some four years ago, he continued under the firm name of the Nebraska Hide & Leather Co. In 1888 he settled on his farm two miles south of the city, where he resided up to the date of his death. In May last he retired from active business, leaving the management of his mercantile interests to his son, Leslie Burnett, and in July he, in company with his wife, left for the mountains in Wyoming, in the hope that the mountain air would be of benefit to his health, which had been sadly impaired, but returning in the latter days of September, his decline was rapid, culminating in his death last evening.

Mr. Burnett was a life long and conscientious member of the Methodist church and was superintendent of the Sunday School of that denomination in this city for a number of years. Of kindly disposition and exceptional capabilities, he had gained an enviable place in

both the social and business life of this community, and leaves a countless number of friends to sincerely mourn his demise. He is survived by his widow, two sons, Leslie and Jerome, and one daughter, Mrs. Olin Overton, recently a bride. His elder daughter, Lola, and son, Lewis C, Jr., died some years ago, both having been the victims of distressing and unforeseen accidents.

L.C. Burnett was among the well known and most respected residents of this community. Of sterling integrity, unimpeachable character and well-grounded Christian manhood he was held in highest estimation by all who came in contact with him. Of a genial and neighborly disposition his most predominating traits of character were his unfailing kindness, cheerful personality and companionable friendliness which drew to him a universal friendship. A Christian gentleman in all the associations of his daily life he will be sadly missed by all who claimed the honor of his friendship.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon from the family home south of the city, Rev. C.A. Mastin, pastor of the First Methodist church officiating.

### A'Stumblin' Onto Things

There's something in old Chance's way,  
In stumblin' on to things,  
Of money found, as people say,  
And fortune's made on wings.

Kind fate may not smile on you  
In stumblin' on to things,  
Or tell us what we ought to do,  
When pullin' on the strings.

Life's like a mighty game of chance,  
In stumblin' on to things,

Lewis C Burnett, Jr

Some gather wealth, while others dance,  
A'waitin' for the things.

And when it come to dyin' young  
That's stumblin' on to things,  
When life to one has scarce begun,  
and hope in gladness sings.

But after all, I do not know,  
This stumblin' on to things,  
Down with us mortals here below,  
If peace or joy it brings.

During the winter of 1904<sup>55</sup> Lewie was home quite a good deal. One day, having tired of writing, he picked up his gun and went out to get a little exercise or kill a few rabbits. He had only been a few moments when he really stumbled onto a rabbit and got it. Not expecting to find the little bunny so soon, it set in motion the thots as here put down by him.

Tho not much as a poem, but knowing Lewie as only a fond parent can, it meant much to us, especially the fourth verse, which was in line with what seemed to be premonitions of his coming death.

As I look back over the nearly three score years of my life, I think I have done a good bit of stumbling and it is many a hard fall I have had. And yet, I have long since realized that more great lasting lessons of life are learned better from the falls of life than from what the world calls success, and I am inclined to think that in that great day of accounts, the events of life will appear very differently than they do now.

### **Captain Compton and Marquis de Lafayette about 1824**

During the Revolution Mother's uncle was one of Gen'l Lafayette's Aids. When the latter visited the U.S., as he passed up Broad Street, Newark, Cap. Compton was standing in the crowd. Lafayette recognized him, stopped his carriage, and called out, "Cap. Compton, is that you? Come here." And there [they] embraced.

This was a remarkable occurance, in that Lafayette should remember Cap. Compton after a lapse of 41 years, especially as they were now grey haired. It is the hard struggles, the hard knocks of life that tie hearts together.

I have no doubt Mother saw Lafayette when he visited this country in 1824, and father too must have seen him when he visited Newark as Father was then 15 years old.

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55 - This probably should read 1902.

Uncle Steve [Steven G. Burnett] served in the war of 1812-1814 under Gen'l Scott.

Henrietta and Austin met and was on friendly terms with Rudyard Kipling; and last Sterling Morton has been my friend for years till his death.

### **Mr. John Overton and the Good Breakfast**

In the early days when cattle were driven from Texas northward and to eastern Nebr, John and Nelson Overton were bringing a large drove one year. During the drive they stopped at a frontier hotel for lodging and breakfast.

Many years later Mr. Overton was eating his dinner at a hotel in Valentine, Nebr., while opposite him sat a man eyeing him rather closely. At last he spoke up, saying "Ain't your name Overton?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I thot so Mr. Overton; I met you when I was a boy. One morning when you came for your breakfast at a frontier hotel, there was seated in the waiting room, or rather office, two very hungry boys. They had been up all night and had no money to pay for lodging or breakfast. As you and your men came out of the dining room, you spoke to the boys, saying 'Boys, have you had your breakfast yet?' They said no. 'Well, go in and eat your fill, and I will pay the bill.' Mr. Overton, I want to tell you I was one of those boys, and that it was the best meal I ever ate, and I am glad I can thank you again for it."

What a lesson in this incident for all of us; here was a little act of kindness costing but a small amount. Yet it had been sweetly remembered and treasured up for over half a lifetime. Who knows how many acts of kindness this little incident has been the cause? Surely it was "bread cast upon the waters."

## **A Peculiar Courtship and Marriage**

Albert Lange, a political exile from Germany, came to the United States, and in his travels came to Iowa about 1835. One night his companion and himself stopped at a backwoods log house and asked for accomodation for the night, which was given, One of the members of the family was a bright healthy-looking young lady of 16<sup>56</sup>. Mr. Lange took a fancy to her, and in the morning as he was about to leave said to her, "I like your looks. Will you marry me?" She quickly said yes. He said, "Then you be ready, and in six weeks, when I return, we will be married," and they were. Mr. Lange was about 30 years of age. Soon afterwards they moved to Terre Haute, Ind.

He was afterwards elected County Auditor, and while in office Jerome became acquainted with his daughter Elizabeth and married her. Mr. Lange was elected Auditor of Ind, 1860 or 61, and he made Jerome his deputy, which place he filled till we took our trip to Col. in 1871; after which trip Brother Jerome was called to take the office again, which he held untill he was appointed by Sect'y of Treasury Mr. New [or Nero?] under Grant's administration as Chief of the Department of National Banks, which position he held till his death. Mr. Lange died in Terre Haute about 1869. Mrs. Lange smoked with a pipe till her last years. A good woman, but very plain.

## **Mr. J Cassel and an Incident During the Freighting Days of the '60's**

As their outfit was small, about 1/2 their number would have to stand guard each night in case of danger from the Indians or the cattle being stampeded from any cause. He said that very often he would lie down against the back of a big steer in his blanket, and so to get a little sleep or a good rest, for if any thing should happen out of the way, the big steer was sure to know it, and would jump to his feet, which would arouse Mr. Cassel at once.

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56 - He married Clarinda Orcutt in Marion Co., Illinois.



Job Cassel's youngest son John and Lola graduated from the high school the same year, but Lola gave up her life early, while John has become a successful artist.

Nov 1905 - Mr. Job Cassel just sold his farm of 80 acres for \$10,000 and will move away, so another link of friendship is broken, but we have the fond assurance that after a few more years we shall meet each other again beyond the "Great Divide."

### Inheritance

Lo! What am I? A patch of things  
Mere odds and ends of lives flung by.  
From age-long rag-bags gatherings  
Pieced up by Fate full thriftily;  
Somebody's worn out will and wit,  
Somebody's habit and his hair,  
Discarded conscience, faith once fair  
Ere time, the moth, had eaten it;  
My great-grandfather's chin and nose,  
The eyes my great-grandfather wore,  
And hands from remote ... who knows?...  
Perchance prehensile ancestor;  
Somebody's style, somebody's gait.  
Another body's wrist and waist,  
With this one's temper, that one's trait,  
One's taste, another's lack of taste;  
Feeling I never chose to feel

Grace Ellery Channing

Revealing where I would conceal.  
Rude impulses without a choice;  
Faults which this forefather or that  
Unkindly fostered, to my ill,  
With others someone else begat  
And made the matter worse still.  
They chose, these masters of my fate,  
To please themselves, bequeathing me  
Out of the ashes of their fires,  
Out of the fashion of their bone,  
They fashioned me, my mighty sires,  
And shall I call my soul my own?  
Ay, borrowed husk, head, heart and hand,  
Slave on and serve me till we die!  
I am your Lord and your Command!  
But only God knows... what am I.

This was one of Lewie's favorite poems, and tells how his thought ran before his death.

Only an open Grave, somewhere  
Ready to close when he gets there  
Turfs and grasses and flowers sweet  
Ready to press him neath their feet.

Only a band of friends at home  
Waiting to see the traveller come  
Naught will he tell of distant lands  
He cannot even press their hands.

Yet they will softly him await  
And he will move about in state  
They will give when he appears  
Love and pity and tender tears.

Only a box secure and strong  
Rough and wooden and six feet long  
Angels guide that soulless breast  
Into a long and peaceful rest.

### **Lewis C. Burnett Jr. and his Marksmanship**

All thro my life I have been a fair shot with shot gun or rifle. But Lewie was extra good. The year he was ten years old, when we were returning from Yellowstone Park, he killed an antelope running at 175 yards by resting the rifle on my knee. The following winter he killed several rabbits running with his 22 rifle. His greatest pleasure was to practice shooting. By the time we took our trip to the Sand Hills fall of 1894 he was a fine shot, and we never lacked for game to eat if it was to be had. Two years later when we started on our winter trip to Montana he was almost an expert. One day he said, "Papa, I can kill a rabbit running with a revolver." I laughed at him, saying, "No, you cannot." He took our dog and went into an adjoining field, and soon up jumped a rabbit (Jack rabbit). At 75 yards at the third shot it fell, but it would be hard to tell which shot killed the animal as all seemed so close. During most of this trip he killed a great deal of game with his revolver. He went out with a soldier at Fort Custer and killed six rabbits with his revolver to the soldier's one with his fine shotgun. He was considered one of the best shots of his regiment (the 2nd Rough Riders, Col. Torrey's). After his return from the Phillipines he went into a shooting gallery in New York and made a record 83 out of 86 bulls eye shots. I might relate many more incidents of his marksmanship, but this now will suffice.

### **Nelson Overton, Col. Chivington of Sand Creek Massacre Fame; in 1862 or 1863**

Col. Chivington owed Mr. Overton \$12,000. While Nelse Overton was at Denver he heard that Chivington was at Fort Laramie. So he and a companion, a Mr. Putnam, started for Fort Laramie. They almost reached there without any mishap. They camped near Chugwater Creek south of Fort Laramie. They picketed their horses out some distance from where they slept; they found a secluded spot and laid down in a small narrow washout where they would not be seen from any direction. When they awoke in the morning they found their horses were gone, but they could see them about a mile further on a hillside in plain view. But they knew this an indian stratagem to draw them on, so they laid very still all day, not

daring to show themselves. The next night they started for the fort, which took them about 2 1/2 days to make. They became very hungry on the second day, so Mr. Overton said, "Indians or no indians, I must have something to eat." He succeeded in killing an antelope and cooked all they wanted without being seen. Evening of the 3rd day they reached the river opposite the fort. Mr. Putnam declared he could not ford the river, and Nelson was afraid to leave him for fear he would freeze, so he said, "Put, get onto my back and I will carry you across." The river was running thick with slush ice, but they got thro all right, but when Mr. Overton emerged from the water, his clothes were soon frozen stiff and as it was about an hour before they got into the fort, he suffered a good deal. The next day they found to their bitter disappointment that Col. Chivington had left the day before by stage for Omaha. So he wired John Overton, who was at Omaha at the time, to look out for the Col, which he did. He managed to get \$2,000 from him, but that was all they ever did get.

### **An Indian Scare That Did Not Materialize**

One day Mr. Overton saw at a distance a herd of buffalo. At first they thot they were indians, so they quickly drew their wagon into a circle and prepaired [sic] for defense. But they soon found it was buffalos instead of indians, so they made ready to start, but missed one of their men. After a good deal of looking they found him down under a pile of blankets in one of the wagons. It made the men so angry that Mr. Overton could hardly keep his men from doing him great injury.

How many, yes very many very interesting incidents happen in the lives of men than are ever recorded. Deeds of bravery or devotion that go unrecorded. I am so glad that it occurred to me to leave on record a few noteworthy events, and if my life is spaired [sic] a few years more I will write as many as I can.

### **Jim Bridger... First White Man to see Salt Lake; Master Trapper and Trail Maker**

He was also a guide for Albert Sidney Johnson's army against the Mormons about 185-. It was at this time that Geo. A Beardsley met him. Austin was in the government employ after he met Johnson's Army in winter quarters at Fort Washakie and went next spring with them to Salt Lake.

When John and Nelse Overton were freighting in the '60's they had to pass Fort Bridger every trip. During one trip they were about out of flour when they reached Fort Bridger. Nelse asked Bridger if he could furnish him with any flour. "Yes, at \$100 per 100 #." It was pay or go without, so Mr Overton took 2 sacks.

The very next year Mr Overton reached Fort Bridger again. Mr Bridger asked him if he had any bacon to spare, and was answered, "Yes, 3 to 4 hundred pounds." "What is it worth?" "\$1.00 per pound." "All right, I will take it." Mr Overton told me he thot that this evened up on the flour deal. Both got their own price and were satisfied.

I mention such facts as such things can never happen in the U.S. again, and possibly in the world. Things are changing so fast. There can be no more Dan'l Boones, Kit Carsons, Jim Bridger, Francis Parkmans, Fremont "The Pathfinder." Freighting Days, Pony Express, Indian Scares and War, the Great American Desert is gone, and the hand of man is making a thousand blades of grass grow where one grew before. First the trapper, then the trader and freighter, then the emigrant and at last the settled farmer and his irrigating ditches.

### **The Man On His Way To California and the Balky Mule**

During the early '60's a young man was working his way to California; he got in with a party of freighters from Kansas City. After they had been on the way a few days, he noticed that there was one mule that was never used, so he asked the wagon master what was the matter. He said that he was a thoroughly balky animal. "Well," he said, "if I ride him will you let me use him some?" Answered yes. The young man, being

a good hand at handling such animals, he soon had him so he could ride, but he would balk in season and out; yet he rode him a good deal.

One day, he and three others were loitering a mile or two behind the outfit, when they noticed a band of Indians were trying to get between them and their outfit. They at once started in great haste, but this did not suit his mule highness, so without further ado began balking, and the young man gave himself up as lost. All at once the mule made a terrific jump, almost throwing the rider off. He soon overtook and passed the other three; the mule never stopped till he struck the horses hitched to the outfit, and the sudden stop threw the rider over the other horses. After picking himself [up] and looking at the mule, he discovered the cause of the mule's sudden change of mind. An arrow had pierced the mule's hip to the depth of six inches; and the best of all, the mule never balked again.

### **Uncle William and the Deer**

Uncle just got home from Terre Haute with a new suit of jeans clothes, which were considered very valuable in the early 1840's. He saw a buck deer just across the road from his home. He hurried into his house, got his rifle, and shot the deer; it seemingly fell dead. He hurried to it, threw back its head to bleed it, when it jumped to its feet. But Uncle held on and rode it several rods thro the thicket of blackberries, &c. He managed to kill it, but when the battle was over, his new suit of jeans was badly demoralized.

### **Be Original**

During my life I have read a great deal and I think too much. But I love it. It is so nice after the day's labor and the body is so tired to sit down in a comfortable chair and pick up the magazine or book you love best and read and rest. And yet we can go too far with it; we become selfish as to the pleasures of others. But yet I have tried to do some good hard thinking as well as reading, and I have originated some very good ideas. In the hide business

it was thro my suggestions that we began buying hides direct from the farmers and ranchmen, avoiding the middle men. It was with this idea in view that I and Lewie took our advertising trip to the Sand Hill country and Mr. Overton's ranch in northwest Cherry Co. Fall of 1894. At that time there was not a ranch man shipping his beef or fallen hides direct to the dealers. I advised Bro. Will to do the same, and being in a better location to get trade he has reaped a rich reward, and now every hide house in the west is doing the same. Our poor location here as a shipping point has prevented my reaping much of a reward for my efforts. I originated the way to prevent our soil being washed entirely away, by building dams of dirt across all the draws and ditches and catch the dirt lost from the fields on all of the lower levels and so create fine level meadow or pasture lands. See my article on this subject delivered before the institute at Lincoln &c &c.

It was thro my efforts that the great damage that was being done to our apple trees was first brot to the attention of our neighborhood, and I never heard of the name of Cedar Rust till after I had coined the word in a conversation with Mr. Cassel. I said, "We can call this Cedar Rust till we know better." I was called a fool for cutting down my cedars, but the past two years 1904 and 1905 have proved my correct judgement. Spraying might have saved the apples from the Cedar Rust injury, but I preferred to exterminate the pest root and branch. It was doing great injury to my mulberry trees also, and it would be worth more to spray the trees every year to save them also from injury than the cedars were worth. They make good fence posts, so I will use them that way. Then again they cannot compare for beauty to White Pine, Scotch and other pines and spruces.

### **My Predictions if Cleveland was Elected**

During the campaign for the election of Grover Cleveland I made the prediction time and again if Cleveland was elected the monied men of the Republican party would cause a panic in the money circles and that the hard times would follow and would last all thro the Democratic administration and at least half thro the next administration, which would undoubtedly be Republican. Then times would begin to get

better and increase till we reached the top of good times.

This did happen as I thot and in this section it was helped along very much by the partial or wholly crop failures of 1892-93 and the worst 1894. Then these years of poor crops were followed by several years of the lowest prices we had seen for years. The prices the farmers received for the produce during these years were ruinous, and as they had but little to spend, others higher up soon felt the pressure equal to the farmers. You can not make the foundations of the country suffer without all feeling the [?] before it is over. The past eight years have been the most prosperous the farmers especially have ever seen, and we see the effects on farm values going from \$50 to \$100 per acre about here, and in varying advances all over the land. But there will be hard times again, and it is necessary for them to come too, to teach mankind the great lessons of economy, sobriety, truth and honesty.

This piece of tooth reminds me of the badlands of N.W. Nebraska, found 1897. This piece of obsidian takes me back to our trip in Col, 1872. This volcanic glass to Lake Co., California 1875. This big piece of obsidian to Obsidian Cliffs, Yellowstone Park, 1887. This piece of petrified wood to Platte Canyon, Col. 1872. This photograph rock to Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods, and Manitou [sic] Springs 1872. This petrified pine tree cone high up on the mountains west of the Yellowstone River. And these buffalo horns from Big Horn Basin 1887 and so I might mention memento after memento. They have a history to me and I love to look at them, but likely their history will die with me and may be it is well. Man only values that that has cost an effort.

### **Why I am a Roosevelt Republican and a Bryan Democrat**

When Father was a member of the Indiana Legislature about 50 years ago or more, he signed himself a fusion Democrat. The years from 1850 to 1860 were years of transition, old parties were breaking up. The Democratic party stood for slavery or organized greed. The Republican Party was coming, good and true men were thinking and thinking hard, and in 1856 the Rep. party was born, born to do a great work, and

1860-61 saw it in power, and then four years of terrible war. But this very war gave birth to organized greed in the Rep. party. Very many men grew rich off of the Government contracts. The worthy, the honest, the brave loving men of the nation went forth to fight and if needs be to die for their country, but the greedy staid at home and grew fat off of Gov. contracts. There were not so many of these to be noticed very much at first, men growing rich off of their countries necessities. But like vultures coming to the decaying carcass, more and more came, and what do we see today; a majority of this class of men in the Rep. party, organized for greed and greed alone. Their love of country is second all the time to their own selfish welfare. I firmly believe Roosevelt is working for a "square deal" and just as truly is Bryan doing the same. Hence I am a fusion Rep; Roosevelt Republican and Bryan Democrat.

### **My Predictions as to Roosevelt if McKinley Should Die**

When the news was flashed across the country that McKinley would die I said I regretted it very much and that his life should be cut short by the villain that he was. Yet I felt assured if Roosevelt got to be President we would have a President in the fullest sense of the word, not one dictated to by the dishonest element of the Rep. party like McKinley was.

And so far I have not been disappointed in my ideas of our most popular President. I believe he's doing all in his power to get a "Square Deal" for every body, of course the moneyed sharks of the nation don't like this. They have been reaping so long their ungodly gains they do not like to be checked in the least. One thing is sure, if they are not checked first by lawful means and corporations continue to hold themselves above the laws of man and of God the day will come when the seed they have sown will be reaped in a whirlwind of anarchy. These rich men that over ride law and bribe our law makers and judges are the real anarchists, and not the poor devils that rant from the street corners, or kill a President or ruler now and then. Of a truth Roosevelt has said, "A successful rascal is far more dangerous than the failures."



## **Nebraska City - A Potato Patch & The First Murder**

Mr. Keyser, now living over by Percival, Iowa (1906) told me the other day that he sold 100 bushels of potatoes for \$250 when he was a boy to a man to plant about where the court house now stands. After the man planted the potatoes he got into a quarrel over the fence line near the patch of potatoes, and killed the man. This was certainly a bad beginning for the present Neb. City. At the time of this incident the main part of town was located where the B.& M. round house is, and to the south of there. When we first came here the block between 5th and 6th St was about as good as any for business, but trade gradually moved farther up town, and at present writing from 6th to 10th Streets are the best and from 6 to 8 the very best.

## **Land Values**

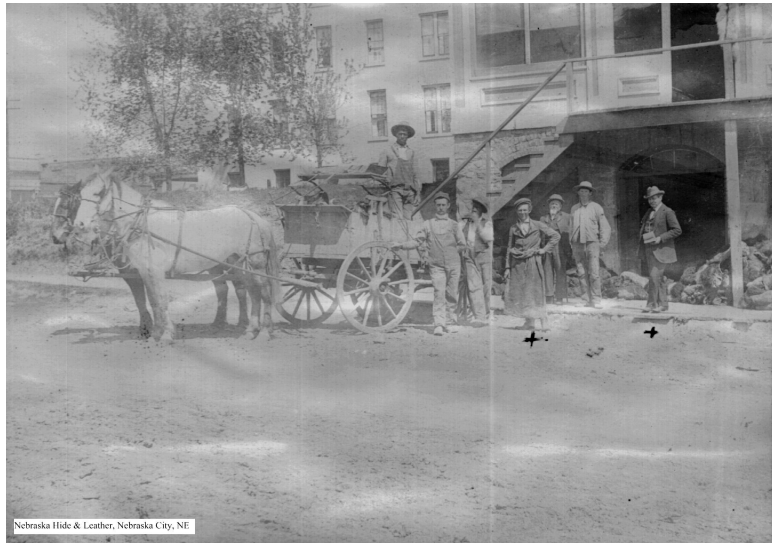
In 1875 good farms could be had in south of Syracuse for \$800 per 160 acres. 1878 for \$2000; 1890 to 1900 about \$6000-\$8000, and now 1906, very few quarters can be had for less than \$12,000. When we moved onto our farm, good land about here could be bot for \$50 per acre; now it is worth \$85 to \$100 but lands fluctuate in value as we have good or bad years, so values may go back again some day.

## **Why These Camping Trips And Other Journeys Here & There**

I have always loved outdoor life, and after my severe sick spell fall of '67 I was still more determined to regain my health if possible, and so I took the trip to Minnesota the next year, and the various other trips since, I have always felt that I needed these resting spells. All my life I have been an intense worker at whatever my hands found to do, and from these trips whether of a month or more duration I have

always come back stronger in every way. And I can now say what very few men can say; tho I never was a strong man at any time of my life, yet by taking good care of myself as best I knew for 38 years, this year of 1906 I have not been in bed but one or two times during day light hours, and I have not missed many meals unless I wanted to. The days I was in bed was mostly from broken bones or coming home exhausted from the grip when I had been up all the preceeding night.

This first picture of the second store building that McCulloch and Burnett owned in Nebraska City. We bought it and repaired it for to do our hide and leather business in 1881 and used it continuously until 1895 when I sold my interest to Tom. He owned it two years longer, then traded it for Lincoln property 1897.



We did a great deal of business while occupying this building, but it was not profitable. These pictures were taken by Jerome with his camera. Just learning.



Nebraska Hide & Leather - from LCB Journal  
Lewis Burnett in center

The second picture is of our present store building which we bot fall 1898 and still occupy 1906.

A Dutchman went to buy a clock. The cleark was showing the good qualities, especially the 8-day clocks, saying "These clocks will run 8 days without winding." "My golly!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "If he run 8 days mitout winding, my, my! How long will he run if you wind him?"

**Lola Henrietta Burnett** - born Sept 4th, 1872; died November 24th, 1892; only twenty years, two months and twenty days did she tarry with us.

Our first one, our dearly beloved daughter; born before her allotted time, but with great care she lived and developed into lovely womanhood. Twenty beautiful years. The pride of our hearts, bright intellectual, the leader in her class and winning honors at every opportunity. 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 sit down at the organ and play some sweet song; soon Jerome would be quiet, enjoying every motion of her features. During early November she said, "Mama, this will not be such a hard winter on us. Last winter Papa was so poorly with the grip and you was so sick and Jerome not well. Now we are all feeling well." But coming events seemed to cast their shadows before them another premonition. I can hear her say, "Papa, don't go on a trip this time." I see the tears as they drop from her eyes. It was her last look at me, and that one look burned its way into my soul. When next I saw her, the casket was empty, the jewel was gone. The voice of the sweet singer was stilled. The first great sorrow had entered our hearts. We followed the two to their last resting place; Lola and Allen, united in life, and in death not seperated [sic]. Heaven seems a little nearer now than before, for we know a dear one is waiting just over there to welcome us.

**Harriet Stackhouse Burnett**; born August 10th, 1807 at Amboy, New Jersey, died at Lincoln, Nebr April 1901 aged nearly 94 years.

My beloved mother. As often as I could I ran up to Lincoln to be with her in her last hours. The morning before she died, as I entered her room there seemed to be a moment that she recognized me, for she said, "My dear boy, is that you?" Hour after hour I sat by her bedside with her hand in mine, and well I knew that life was slipping away, but her great hold on life seemed to be determined to not let go. But the hour soon came, and I gently laid her hand down on her breast. Again I stood by an empty casket; a jewel of rare value was gone, a noble mother.

When I mentioned the name of our dear Saviour, her dear old features would brighten up. I can now hear her say, "Be a good man, Lew. Be a good man."

The next day I took her to her last resting place, and laid her down by the side of dear father, as was her request. For forty-three years she was seperated from Father, but what a reunion, a happy meeting for them. Forty-three years seem long as we look ahead, but not so long as we look backward. I could not sorrow for Mother's death; death to her was a sweet release, her summer had ended and the harvest time had arrived. The Reaper that day garnered in a very precious sheaf. Mother did her whole duty in every way she knew. One by one we shall enter the pearly gates.

Circular from Nebraska Hide and Leather, also an article labeled;

"My first article on soil saving was written in July; I was plowing a meadow a patch of rye and the team as well as myself would get pretty warm, I would come in the house to rest. It was while resting that I wrote the within.