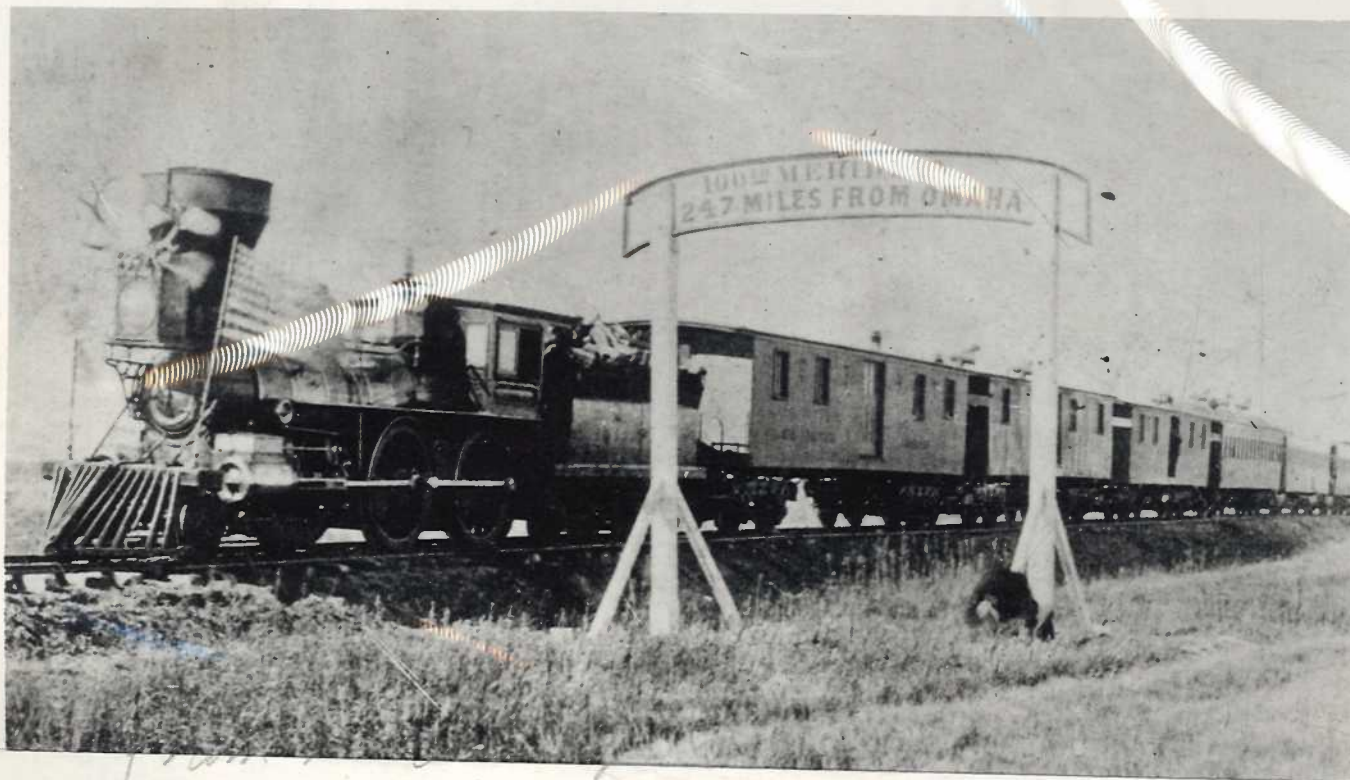




Photograph of group of excursionists to the 100th. Meridian, October 26, 1866, guests of the Union Pacific Railroad, railroad officials, United States senators and Representatives and other distinguished personalities. This excursion was a close follow up of the construction crews which only a few days before had laid the rails up to this point proceeding with the construction of the road at the unprecedented rate of one and a half miles per day under the protection of United States soldiers through a wilderness of hostile indians and herds of buffalo.



advised

This photograph of the first passenger train to run in Nebraska Territory was taken on October 26, 1866 as it stood at the sign of the 100th. Meridian on the site of the present city of Cozad seven years previous to its founding.



The above oil portrait of John J. Cozad was done by Robert Henri and completed January 17, 1903. It is considered to be one of Henri's finest portraits since it has the quality of "great personal feeling." It is presently hanging in a gallery in New York City.





Geneology Of Cozad Family Proves To Be An Interesting Document

Charles Albert Cozad, Route 2, Norcatur, Kansas, has a copy of a book of the "Genealogy and Brief History of the Descendants of Job and Hannah (Winmans) Cozad of Branchville, Sussex County, New Jersey," printed in Ohio, June 1900. It is from this book that the following data regarding the immediate family of John J. Cozad has been obtained.

All of the Cozads, Cosats, Cozarts, etc. in the United States stem from one source, the persons of Jacques Cossart and Rachel Gelton of Liege Belgium, 1595, of French Huguenot origin.

A son, Jacques Cossart II arrived with his family in New Amsterdam in 1662 and settled in and owned what is now a large part of downtown Brooklyn. The family multiplied and prospered and spread over the land.

They have given their name to towns and contributed to the building of the nation.

Reverend Job and Hannah migrated from New Jersey, to Upshire County, Virginia, where Henry Cozad, father of John J. Cozad, was born in 1792. In 1800 the family moved to Ross county, Ohio, and settled some six miles south of the present village of Hallsville. Reverend Job and his two sons Henry and Daniel served in the war of 1812 and were surrendered by General Hull at Fort Detroit. After the war Henry married and settled near Allensville. He married Jane Law to whom were born William, Elizabeth Daniel and Catherine. After her death he married Margaret Clark who was the mother of Abraham, Job and John. Margaret died when John was still very young. Again his father married, this time to Mary Gregg who also shortly after died and his father finally

married Sytha Frye, John's second stepmother. There is evidence that John's life was not an easy one.

John Jackson Cozad was born on his father's farm near Allensville, Vinton County, Ohio, November 9, 1830. His story really begins when he was twelve years old, in the year 1842. According to the legend, John was in his father's hay meadow raking timothy and clover hay. Hay was raked in those days with wooden hand rakes, light in weight and easily handled by any good sized boy. The hay was heavy and the sun hot. Suddenly John decided that he could earn his living in some easier way, threw down his rake, and became "a wanderer on the face of the earth," as stated in the book of genealogy.

About This Story..

By Harry B. Allen

For seventy-four years the people of this community have been plagued by the fact that no one knew what became of the man who founded our town which bears his name. After a harrowing incident which occurred on a day late in the fall of 1882, John J. Cozad secretly slipped away. His wife Theresa Gatewood Cozad with their two sons John and Robert also disappeared shortly after. Although Mr. Cozad returned for a day in the early nineties he did not reveal his secret and ever since the blackout has been complete. There has been a persistent rumor that one of the Cozad boys became famous as a writer but the mystery was never cleared.

On September 28th, of last year, 1955, our search began to track down a few leads in an attempt to solve this riddle. It led from Beaver City and McCook, Nebraska to Kansas, Iowa, Massachusetts and New York. We have gone direct to authoritative sources for our information. No fiction or fantasy have been employed.

Briefly, John J. Cozad, after his departure lived in Atlantic City and New York as Richard Lee.

His older son, John A. Cozad became a physician in Philadelphia, marrying a daughter of the Clarks, of Clark thread.

Robert Henry Cozad was the world famous artist Robert Henri.

PORTRAIT Of John J. Cozad

What kind of a man was John J. Cozad? What did he look like? Ever since their sudden departure seventy four years ago Cozad and his family were the subject of rumor and hearsay but nothing definite had ever been revealed, not even an old photograph to remind us of the man who founded our town. When it was learned that the celebrated artist Robert Henri was actually Robert Cozad it was deemed possible that Henri might at some time have painted a portrait of his father and a search was made for the Henri paintings. In Time magazine, May 1955 it was announced that an exhibition of Henri paintings had been held in April of last year. On inquiry at the Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, New Jersey where the exhibition had been held the custodian of the Henri paintings was found to be Miss Violet Organ of New York City. On December 5, 1955 Miss Organ wrote as follows:

"Robert Henri did paint John

J. Cozad, his father, who died in New York in 1906. The portrait was painted in 1903 and is signed and dated. At present the portrait, size 32 x 26 is in the hands of Hirschl and Adler, 270 Park Avenue, New York."

Mr. Norman Hirschl forthwith wrote:

"I am very happy to advise you that in the collection of paintings of the estate of Robert Henri there is a marvelous portrait of John J. Cozad by Henri signed and dated January 17, 1903. I would say that it is one of his finest portraits, since it has the specific quality of a portrait painted with great personal feeling. The portrait is presently in our gallery. A photograph is being sent to you under separate cover."

It is also thought possible that Miss Organ who was heir to the Henri estate might actually have in her possession a photograph of John J. Cozad. This proved to be true and on February 15, 1956, she graciously mailed not only a photograph of Robert Henri but also a number of photographs of his paintings together with two rare old family photographs of Mr. Cozad, the only two that are known to exist. They were not only rare but priceless. Negatives have been made of the original photographs of Mr. Cozad.

Miss Organ has given permission for the publication of these photographs in the Local as well as the portrait of John J. Cozad, on the back cover of the Cozad

Telephone Directory. This picture which appears on the cover of the directory was evidently taken in his early years, a handsome likeness of a young man in his prime and might even have been his wedding picture. The coat appears to be of smooth texture like "broad cloth" evidently with velvet collar. The other photograph was a "Brady" picture taken by the celebrated Civil War Photographer M. B. Brady at No. 352 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington D. C. It shows Mr. Cozad in middle age taken possibly in the 1870's.

The portrait painted by Robert Henri (Robert Cozad) shows Mr. Cozad at the age of seventy-two, just three years before his death. It has a distinguished air, a gentle reserve, revealing little of the turbulent years that were past. He was then known as Mr. Richard Lee, the retired gentleman and not even his closest associates guessed his real identity.

JOHN JACKSON COZAD

By Harry B. Allen

The publication of the "Early History of Cozad," which originally appeared in the Cozad Local and recently in book form, has prompted Dr. Robert H. Gatewood to tell the true story of John J. Cozad and his family in a thrilling narrative of the old west now for the first time given to the public in this issue of the Local.

Dr. Gatewood, a practicing dentist now living in Las Vegas, Nevada, is a native of Cozad and last of the "next of kin" who knows the story in detail and is able to give all the essential facts. In a recent letter Dr. Gatewood writes:

"I have read the "Early History of Cozad" and have gone over it with much interest. Cozad is to be congratulated on the efforts made in compiling this history which provides an unus-

ual picture of a breed of men and women now extinct.

"Inasmuch as I lived with my family in Cozad from my birth in 1885, until 1900 I was naturally familiar with many of the names mentioned in the book and I might say that it has instilled a desire on my part to some day return for a short stay and go over the territory that I knew as a youngster. My grandparents are buried there, Robert

and Julia Ann Gatewood, and I am quite sure that Sam Schooley saw to it that their graves were to receive perpetual care. . . After Mr. Cozad left, my father, A. T. (Traber) Gatewood, was the only person with whom he communicated to keep in touch and not even my mother knew. However, many years later he gave me the story when I visited the Cozads in New York. We decided that it was best to respect their desire of secrecy until the

last member of the family was gone. I think that now they would be happy that these things are being done."

"It might be of interest to note that O. O. McIntyre, the famous columnist, has written in his column and in "The Cosmopolitan" magazine at times of his family going to western Nebraska in the early days. His father, Henry McIntyre and wife came to Cozad but did not stay long. It was a bit too rugged I suppose. O. O. McIntyre's grand mother was a sister of my grand mother, Mrs. Julia Ann Gatewood. She raised O. O. in Gallipolis, Ohio.

"I have a letter from O. O. McIntyre which he wrote me many years ago in discussing this venture of his family, and he closed this letter with the statement, quote: 'If there is anything worthy in sturdy pioneer stock you and I are to be congratulated.'"

TELLS TRUE STORY OF JOHN J. COZAD

Dr. Robert H. Gatewood, a Las Vegas, Nevada, Dentist, was prompted by the publication of "The Early History of Cozad," published by The Local, to tell the true story of John J. Cozad and his son, Robert Henri.

Dr. Gatewood was born in Cozad in 1885 and moved in 1900 to Arapahoe, Nebraska, and later to McCook, Nebraska. Dr. Gatewood is closely related to the Cozad family.

by
Dr. Robert H. Gatewood
Las Vegas, Nevada

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I was perhaps eight years of age when I first met my uncle John J. Cozad. He had returned to Cozad, Nebraska, where we were living, after some years of absence, to attend to legal matters pertaining to property rights. This was his first and only appearance in Cozad since his rather sudden and complete disappearance in 1882, the result of a dramatic, though unfortunate incident of great importance which culminated in a complete change for himself and his family of environment, locale and identity.

On this visit, Mr. Cozad stopped at my Grandmother Gatewood's (his mother - in - law) house and remained there during the time he was in Cozad.

The house was situated on a rather large plot of ground and enclosed with a high fence which provided considerable seclusion. As previously mentioned, the purpose of this visit was to attempt repossession of property hurriedly disposed of during time of great stress, when actuated by a personal feeling that he should absent himself permanently from the town which he had founded.

The following statements concerning John J. Cozad are based on information given me by my father, A. T. (Traber) Gatewood, and members of the Cozad family with whom I kept up an active correspondence in later years. In some instances things may be somewhat sketchy, but nevertheless true and accurate facts.

John Jackson Cozad was born in Vinton County, Ohio, probably about 1830. His mother died while he was very young, and as a result of a second marriage, conditions were such that he left home at about the age of twelve years. From this time forward his life was at once most intriguing and romantic. During his lifetime he belonged to a type now vanished.

He was a frail youth physically, but he went out into the world with a determination to work out his own destiny. He made his way into Cincinnati, Ohio, where he obtained employment on a river boat plying between that point and New Orleans. As was the custom of those days, gamblers traveled on these boats regularly. Confidence sharks preyed upon the passengers, and it was all the regular business of the day and sanctioned by the owners.

Through his experience and association in the atmosphere and environment into which he was thrown, he struck upon the



idea of gambling as a career. He studied the different games profoundly, and with this foundation he was later to be known as one of the most shrewd Faro players of his day, this being his favorite game.

Later, as a matter of health, he decided to go to sea feeling that a life on the ocean and the invigorating salt air would be beneficial. During this period he visited South American countries and engaged in his profession as a gambler, mastering the game of Faro Bank with uncanny success.

During the Gold Rush he went to California and his gambling partner at that time was later to become a governor of that State. He remained until such a time he became barred from all games where he was known. The climate was very beneficial for him and he relates how he used to take extended walks holding his cane back of his shoulders and practicing deep breathing. He developed a marked erect posture, which he maintained throughout life and was a man of handsome proportions.

On his return from California while stopping at a hotel at Malden, Virginia (later West Virginia), he met Theresa Gatewood, daughter of Robert and Julia Ann Jones Gatewood and sister of A. T. (Traber) Gatewood. A love affair developed, their courtship and marriage being a picturesque affair of the old South. Mrs. Cozad used to relate amusing incidents of their courtship portraying the conventions of the times and the rigid discipline enforced.

They were married in about 1858. Mr. Cozad appeared at the ceremony dressed in grey striped trousers, frock coat with blue lapels and lapel flower, grey beaver hat and such accoutrements and folbles as were customary among the well dressed men of that day. They took the stage for their honeymoon at "Hawks Nest", Sulphur Springs, Virginia. From there they journeyed to Cincinnati where Mr. Cozad engaged in different promotion projects along with his gambling.

While there he founded the town of Cozaddale, Ohio, and lived in this town for a time, later returning to Cincinnati. It was here their sons, John and Robert were born.

About 1868 the Union Pacific Railroad was being pushed westward opening a vast area for settlement. Mr. Cozad became interested and decided to investigate with the idea of a colonization project. He went to Omaha, Nebraska, and over the Union Pacific to Kearney, Nebraska. He secured a horse at this point and rode on the north side of the Platte River to Fort Mc-

Pherson, thence on the south side back to Kearney. He carefully observed the country over which he passed. He was much impressed with what he saw, visualizing great possibilities in the future of this territory. He therefore selected in his mind a point about forty miles east of Fort McPherson where the valley is widened for several miles as an ideal spot for a town site surrounded by an excellent potential farming and stock raising territory. His imagination did not stop there, for he had visions of a pretentious industrial city there in the future, it being favorably located.

This territory at this time was the hunting grounds of the Pawnee and Sioux Indians, a vast expanse of prairies, abundant with wild game. Great herds of cattle were driven north from Texas and grazed over the range. Mr. Cozad sensed that with the coming of a great railroad, this great empire was to be claimed, and with developments, enormous fortunes were to be made.

So he returned at once to Cincinnati with his mind made up to start on a colonization project. He negotiated with the Union Pacific Railroad and purchased about 40,000 acres of land. The first colony he brought out in 1873. His cars were set out on a siding at Willow Island, and the final decision for the townsite was made from there.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gatewood and son A. T. (Traber) Gatewood were members of this first colony. Sam W. Schooley arrived soon after the first colony and became a devoted friend of John J. Cozad. Generally known for his aloofness, yet Mr. Cozad admired and made of Mr. Schooley a real confidant. Through the years Mr. Schooley proved his devotion in many ways. It is fitting that tribute be paid to Mr. Sam Schooley for the part he contributed to the success of the community.

Soon the little colony was thriving, joined by other colonies at regular intervals.

During one of Mr. Cozad's trips east the town was named in his honor.

The settlers were a sturdy home loving and home making stock who were here as pioneers each doing his part in opening and developing the Great West. Their coming was not met without opposition, and much difficulty for the settlers was almost constantly experienced in various ways. The big cattle barons were not to sit idle and see their ranges obliterated; therefore, from the start when crops were up and flourishing, they would allow their cattle to move in, thus destroying them. Little or no considerations or respect was given the settlers by the cattlemen, but rather they set up a feeling of fear by their threatening attitude.

In conjunction with this came the severe winters, then the grasshopper plague. Buffalo meat would be rolled off the trains as they passed through and later dispensed by the local merchants.

At one time the community became desperate for fuel, and much suffering was imminent. Trainloads of coal were hauled through but all pleas to have a supply set out were unavailing, so one day a committee headed by Traber Gatewood armed themselves and held up a train and compelled the crew to set out a carload. They then weighed the coal, sold it out and turned the proceeds over to the railroad company. The committee gave in their names along with the information that the thing would be repeated unless provision was made to supply adequate fuel for the community. Nothing was done about this episode, and no further trouble was encountered.

It was not long before a count seat fight was in full progress. Mr. Cozad felt that he was building an important community and that the county seat should be transferred to Cozad. This action embittered the citizens of Plum Creek and their supporters against him to a point where it was unsafe for him. John A. Cozad, the older son, was in Plum Creek one day on business for his father. It became necessary for him to stay overnight. The hotel at which he was staying burned. He was at once accused of setting the hotel afire and it was given out that his father had sent him there for that purpose.

The boy was arrested and lodged in jail and it was feared that he would be lynched. There was real feeling abroad at that effect. Mrs. Cozad was frantic through fear for her son's safety. Her brother, Traber Gatewood, was advised of the situation and he at once hastened to Johnnie's assistance. Traber was friendly with the sheriff — he went to him and he was advised that it might be wise if he kept out of sight. Rather than jeopardize the boy as well as himself, he secreted himself near the jail. At night he would hide in some weed near the jail where he could observe anything that transpired. He was well armed, and determined that the boy should not be harmed. After two or three days, through his efforts, he succeeded in having the lad released and spirited him away from town and back to his home.

Some time later the Cozad home burned to the ground, destroying much personal property, currency and Mrs. Cozad's diamonds. It occurred at night and the family escaped only their night clothing. They later built a brick building, quite pretentious for the time and place which they used for a home and operated as a hotel.

There being great expanses of hay land in the valley, Mr. Cozad started putting up large quantities of hay, baling and shipping it to different markets. He developed and enlarged the enterprise until it became an important hay market employing many people.

Mr. Cozad's project in building a sod bridge across the Platte river was to serve two purposes. One, to provide employment for a hard pressed lot of people in the community; and second, to provide a means of communication with the south side. He spent some fifty thousand dollars of his own money on this project before it was given up.

The final incident occurred later when Mr. Cozad was preparing to go to Denver on some business. He was upstairs over his mother-in-law's store dressing when a Mr. Pearson entered Mrs. Gatewood's store. He was in a violent rage and demanded to see Mr. Cozad. Mrs. Gatewood was very much frightened as she was alone, and he told her in his rage that he had come to kill Cozad. She ran upstairs and told Mr. Cozad what had happened. He told her to tell Pearson that he would be down presently. Pearson and Cozad had had some serious trouble a few days before when Cozad had ordered him to keep his cattle off his land. He finally came down, and Pearson proceeded to abuse and threaten him. He ordered him out but Pearson attacked him with a knife. Cozad, having on a heavy overcoat, was handicapped and Pearson knocked him down among some boxes and was on him attempting to finish him when Cozad succeeded in getting at his pistol and shot him. He died sometime later. After the encounter which was witnessed by Gatewood, Cozad went upstairs, arranged his clothing, left the house, and instead of taking the train to Denver, proceeded on foot across the country south to the Burlington Railroad some fifty miles distant.

At some point midway he came upon an individual driving a horse and buckboard, whom he got to take him the balance of the way to the railroad. When he came on to this person he stuck his silk hat in a badger hole, disposing of it in order not to excite too much attention.

He never stood trial. His identity or whereabouts were never known to the public from that time on. He was not heard from for about seven months, except that he was in secret communication with my father, Traber Gatewood. At about this time arrangements were made with Traber to have Cozad's son John join him at a point decided upon in the east. This was satisfactorily accomplished, and Mrs. Cozad and son Robert remained with instructions to dispose of

property. Mrs. Cozad sold their holdings to a Mr. Hendee from Illinois. The payment was made in cash - gold and currency - thus avoiding handling checks or drafts.

The time was set for the departure of Mrs. Cozad and son Robert. Mrs. Cozad and her mother, Mrs. Gatewood, worked for many hours lining Mrs. Cozad's undershirts with currency and sewing gold pieces in the lining of Robert's jacket and underjacket. They got together all personal belongings they wished to take, leaving the rest, and quietly left Cozad and were all reunited in the east.

It was with genuine regret that Mr. Cozad gave up this project so dear to his heart - but his activities were so beset with difficulties and tragic interference, the final act, that of being compelled to kill this man. He was now in grave fear for the safety of his family and overwhelmed with determination to be away from it all forever, so he proceeded to change the family

identity completely. They started into their new world as Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Lee. It was understood that their two sons, John and Robert, were in the future to be known as adopted children and foster brothers, each retaining his own name; thus Robert H. Cozad was henceforth known as Robert Henri, and his brother, John A. Cozad, as Frank Sothern. The boys were educated according to their respective desires. John (Frank Sothern) received his degree in medicine at Jefferson College. Robert, (Robert Henri) whose genius in art became apparent at an early age, was given every opportunity to develop himself along those lines.

Traber Gatewood spent much time, effort and money in clearing Mr. Cozad of the charge against him, which after a few years he was able to do. His perseverance and determination and the exercise of such influence as he was able to muster finally resulted in the erasure from the docket of all charges against Mr. Cozad. As far as any legal difficulties were concerned, he was now entirely relieved. However, their new status apparently so complicated things that they evidenced the determination to continue their hidden identity, which has been maintained until this time. It was so arranged that all communications should be carried on between Robert Henri and Traber Gatewood. They always avoided dates and places in their letters unless there was some very good reason to do otherwise. Letters, when possible, were mailed on trains and always destroyed after being read.

Mr. Cozad seldom went any place unless he was armed. He habitually carried a pistol on his person and never retired unless he had one under his pillow or

within easy reach. It is probable that the enemies he acquired during his gambling days and later in his trouble in Nebraska necessitated his feeling for self protection.

A number of years later, after Mr. Cozad had been relieved of legal responsibility in connection with his shooting of Pearson, he returned to Cozad with the idea of recovering his property. As stated before, this was the first time I ever saw my uncle John

A legal battle resulted between himself and Hendee and the Union Pacific Railroad. Traber Gatewood and S. W. Schooley who had looked after his affairs with thoroughness and patience, felt that although the titles given in conveying the property was clouded, yet there was little that could be done about it at this time.

His trial was a stormy one, but was eventually lost for him and he returned to Atlantic City, N. J., where he and Mrs. Cozad had settled after leaving Cozad in 1882. Here with the vision he displayed in selecting the site of Cozad, he foresaw the great resort it has since become. Under the name of Richard Lee, he acquired extensive property. He lived in Atlantic City until the early nineteen hundreds, when he sold his holdings and moved to New York where he died of pneumonia late in 1906.

The property he owned is now worth millions. After leaving Cozad in 1882, he never again engaged in gambling.

Mrs. Cozad remained in New York, where she could be close to her son Robert Henri, and she

remained there until her death in 1923.

While this appears in the form of a narrative of the life of John J. Cozad setting forth as it does the associated events which culminated in the tragic affair that was so abruptly to end his career as John J. Cozad, loving and thoughtful tribute should at all times be accorded his wife, Theresa Gatewood Cozad, whose life, while sheltered, was none the less a formative and forceful influence in the life of her sons, as well as that of her husband.

Mrs. Cozad was a woman of rare and unusual charm, grace and beauty. A deep love and pride in her son abided with her always, and one in whom affectionate family ties were of paramount importance. Her last days can be set down as little short of tragic. The mother of five children, three of whom died in infancy, and denied in her late years the solace and comfort of merging her life and identity with that of the two remaining sons, was the fate of this proud and sensitive woman. Living within the shadow of these two sons, yet unable to acknowledge them as the flesh and blood so dear to her, must have brought anguish of mind

and suffering of her proud spirit upon whom the world should no gaze lightly.

To the end of her life, she maintained this all absorbing, and almost overwhelming desire to see herself and family reunited in the true sense of the word and returned to their rightful status in life.

This was the oft repeated desire of Robert Henri - who expressed himself upon many occasions. "To live my life as myself - that is what I most desire."

Mrs. Cozad's last years were spent in semi-seclusion, apart from those social contacts which she loved; provided, it is true with all material comforts and luxuries, yet never for an instant relaxing guard over her closely guarded secret, haunted and harassed with the fear that it might become known, and deeply unhappy because she could not ac-

knowledge to the world her sons' Love and resignation - such was her life.

As for John J. Cozad, his was a life of romance, glamour and action, the nature of which is seldom ever to be found in the category of the life of any one man. How unfortunate that so important a part of this colorful career should be hidden by a veil of great secrecy: that his

dreams of a new western empire should for him be unfulfilled and that his imagination and genius be forever lost to the world. Even for one so iron willed and with such a formidable determination, his last years must have held some portion of sorrow and heartbreak, frustrated hopes, lost identity, and at last the insurmountable barrier of broken family ties - for he could never properly recognize and enjoy the successes of his son, Robert Henri, of whom he was inordinately proud.

What more fitting tribute than that these lives linked in death by a common desire, should be at last happily reunited in its fulfilment.

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APPENDIX

FRANK SOTHERN (John A. Cozad) studied medicine at Jefferson College. He became very prominent in his profession during his active career. He practiced in Philadelphia.

He married into a very prominent Philadelphia family. There was one child, a daughter, who died at the age of 22.

They spent much time in travel in their later years.

ROBERT HENRI (Robert Henry Cozad) Chronology

1865 - Born in Cincinnati, Ohio.

1886 - Entered the school of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, studying under Thomas Anshutz.

1888 - 89 - Studied in Paris at the Julian Academy and at the Beaux Arts.

1890 - Traveled in Italy.

1891 - Returned to Philadelphia teaching at the Woman's School of Design.

1894 - 95 - Lived in Paris.

1898 - Settled in New York.

1898 - 1929 - At various times connected with the New York School of Art and the Art Students League. Founded the Henri School. Painted in various parts of America as well as in Spain, Holland, France and Ireland.

1929 - Died in New York.

Robert Henri became famous as the leader of the group that broke away from the Old School and the Academy. They were dubbed "The Eight" or the "Ash Can" Group because they believed in painting life, and life is not always beautiful.

His book "The Art Spirit" is the Bible of art students and art lovers. They created the American type of Art. Robert Henri

was the leader of his group which included John Sloan, William J. Glackens, Ernest R. Lawson, Arthur B. Davis, Maurice B. Prendergast, George B. Luks, Everett Shinn. One of his great pupils was George Bellows.

Following his death a Memorial Exhibition of his work was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

His paintings hang in the principal galleries of the world.

seey ocean front to condemn and buy beach land. Still, the city was not ready to erect a 60-foot "Walk" met anywhere. In 1896, a new Boardwalk was erected. 40 feet wide, from Rhode Island to Bellevue but there was not enough business west of that to warrant any greater width. Thus, the section west of Bellevue was left at the old width of 20 feet until Richard Henry Lee could be bought out.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHN J. COZAD ???

Story From Atlantic City Reveals Final Story In The Life of John J. Cozad

Mr. Cozad, Alias Richard Henry Lee, Had A Most Interesting History On Atlantic City Boardwalk

This is the story of Richard Henry Lee.

The story of John Jackson Cozad has already been told, having been printed in the Cozad Local in a special edition, November 27, 1956; it was copied in newspapers from coast to coast.

Richard Henry Lee was the name assumed by Cozad when he mysteriously disappeared in 1882. Only once after that did he appear as John J. Cozad; that was when he returned to Cozad in November, 1894 to stay two days. John Jackson Cozad was never seen again. His counterpart or alias Richard Henry Lee, was, however, quite alive and active. And thanks to Frank M. Butler, historian, author and World's Fair promoter we have a very good picture of the inimitable Lee. When the Associated Press wanted factual information on Lee to supplement the story which had already been published in the Local they called on Mr. Butler of Atlantic City, author of "The Book of the Board Walk," "History of Atlantic City and County" and "History of Southern New Jersey." Mr. Butler is also president of the New York-New Jersey Tricentennial Association, which is planning a six month world's fair in 1964.

Mr. Butler in his letter writes: "The local Associated Press man got the Atlantic City end from me. Thanks for the special edition. I will use some of that information in a story here. You are entirely welcome to use my story and letter in your paper as it is . . . You will receive under separate cover a copy of my Atlantic City history with the compliments of the City Commission who appreciate the fact that the story on Associated Press gave this resort some good publicity.

"Frank Laughlin Sr. of this city, whose father ran the bar for Lee on the pier, recalls that it took ten bartenders along the 150 foot front. He remembers Lee as always wearing a swallow-tail coat and big western hat. When Lee decided to prevent the city from widening the Boardwalk along his property, he set up two six inch soil pipes mounted on wheels to look like artillery overlooking the approach both ways and patrolled the property day and night wearing two six guns. That caused

the place to be named "fort Lee".

"The city has no tax records going back far enough to tell

when Lee bought this property; but it has changed hands fifteen times or more since. The city owned it from 1908 to 1954 and sold it for \$65,500. You can see by that it was never so very valuable because it was too far west of the busiest section. Boardwalk frontage ten blocks further east than Texas Avenue brings as much as \$20,000 per front foot; but there isn't much business even today as you get nearer Texas. People won't walk far from the center of activity nowadays

"The fire insurance map of 1896 shows that the Texas corner was in the name of Robert Henri then, so probably Lee had bought in Robert's name in the beginning, probably making it appear that the boy had inherited the money from a relative. Made a good cover. Lee could make all the fireworks he pleased, but had no financial responsibility that way. That is probably why he got away with it so long."

Mr. Butler has sent a map of Atlantic City and the famous Boardwalk which extended over a mile. "Fort Lee" was located on the Boardwalk between Texas and Bellevue Avenues very close to the present Convention Hall. It is easy to imagine that all Lee's bluff was done for advertising. It made good business. His return to the old home town was probably done at the height of his career. He was important, prosperous and at ease. The little town which he had left twelve years before had not changed much. In fact there was a falling off. In 1893 it had been dry and little had been raised, but in 1894, there was nothing. It was wind and dust and people were leaving because there was nothing to eat.

Mr. Charles E. Allen has given permission to print the contract given and signed by John J. Cozad on the twenty-first day of November 1894. At that time Mr. Allen was a young man newly engaged in business in the village of Cozad. He and his wife Sue had recently purchased property the title of which was not clear. Mr. Cozad, thru his agents was contesting the validity of title on property dis-

posed during his absence. He had suddenly arrived in town and was stopping at Mrs. Gatewood's then living in the house now occupied by Mrs. M. S. Kleinhans located at that time on the present corner of Eighth and F street where the Davis station now stands. Cozad had evidently been informed of Mr. Allen's recent purchase in good faith and had decided that he should be given a "break." Forthwith he summoned the surprised young man to appear before him.

A suave gentleman greeted young Allen at the Gatewood residence, a man of the southern colonel type, tall and of medium build, wearing a slight mustache and robed in a silk dressing gown. He was affable and generous and gave the amazed guest a clear title to his newly acquired property.

The date of the contract is quite important as it fixes without question the day, month and year of John J. Cozad's brief return.

LEE'S STORY FILLS GAP IN THIS RESORT'S PAST

By Frank Butler
Authority on Local History
Atlantic City, New Jersey

An Associated Press story in the April 28 issue of the Sunday Press gave the resort a valuable bit of history to fill our local records. It cleared up the 70-year-old mystery of Richard Henry Lee, who once held City Council at bay when it tried to widen the old Boardwalk from 20 to 24 feet. But the reason the 'Walk never widened to 60 feet later had nothing whatever to do with Lee or his opposition.

In fact, when the present Boardwalk was widened only to 40 feet, the city already owned the beachfront and could have made it 60 feet wide at Texas, as well as 40 feet. The reason it is only 40 feet wide goes back much farther than the story of "Fort Lee" and its cantankerous owner. And the basic reason is the city had no desire to continue the 60-foot width it started down from Rhode Island Avenue and stopped at Bellevue, a half-block east of Texas.

Original Boardwalk

When the original Boardwalk was laid, in 1870, it was planned to go no further than Georgia Avenue, two blocks short of Texas. The reason for that, in 1870, was the built-up portion of the resort extended only to Geor-

gia — all west of that was devoid of buildings of any sort. Georgia Ave., was the limit of visitor interest; and even Mississippi Ave., a block further east, was the boundary of the amusement district.

The reason the original Boardwalk extended to Mississippi, was because a year previously the Sea View Excursion House, where railroad excursions unloaded, had been erected on the block between Missouri and Mississippi.

The second Boardwalk, built in 1880, was no longer. But by that time the new West Jersey and Atlantic Railroad had put up that excursion house at Georgia Ave., and by 1884, home-building had begun between Brighton and Montpelier Aves.

Bought Short Stretch

The city did buy the short

stretch of Boardwalk erected by the Chelsea Beach Co., in 1887; and connected it to the existing 'Walk with only one new block because the 1884 Boardwalk ran down to Iowa Ave., two blocks west of Texas. This was in anticipation of running it all the way along the beachfront to the city limits at Jackson Ave., 20 blocks west of Iowa, when money could be found.

Richard Henry Lee, as he was known here, had bought the corner of Texas Ave., and the beach somewhere around 1888. He erected a boarding house there, and in the hurricane of 1889, this structure was destroyed by a fire that started in the hurricane and could not be put out because the beach-front at that point was flooded six feet deep and fire engines could not reach it.

That hurricane, which lasted three days, wrecked the beachfront and Boardwalk and made a new Boardwalk necessary. It was opened June 1, 1890. By that time, Lee had built a small pier, extending from back of the 'Walk to about 15 feet over the beach. On the inside of the 'Walk, he had a saloon, on the outside, an amusement pier of sorts. His son, Henry, then known as his nephew, Robert Henri, was made proprietor of a sort of railway on which tricycles ran in grooves 600 feet into the ocean.

Owned No Beach Land

The Boardwalk was only 20 feet wide its full length before the 1889 hurricane. The city wanted to build the new 'Walk 24 feet wide all the way down. At this time, the city owned not a foot of beach. A right-of-way was laid out in theory to be 60 feet; but the city could not condemn. Lee saw that a 60-foot Boardwalk, if it ever came, would wipe out his profitable enterprise, especially as the city announced that thereafter no buildings would be allowed outside the 'Walk.

In 1894, the legislature passed the Beachfront Park Act to allow municipalities along the Jer-



He agreed in 1898 to sell for \$9,500 the strip he owned, 150 feet along the 'Walk but the city by that time decided it wouldn't play ball. When it finally decided to buy the Texas Ave. corner, it had been sold by Lee and the new owner wanted \$75,000. The only reason the city did buy at that time, 1908, was because it wanted to erect a convention hall, and this was the cheapest site available then.

Familial Section

As late as 1894, when the Beachfront Park Act was passed, there were no buildings west of Texas Ave., along the Boardwalk and only a few that far west on Atlantic and Arctic. The writer knows that because he had an uncle who lived just west of Texas on Arctic. This uncle was a member of the Beach Patrol, organized as a paid body in 1892, and the home each summer.

When people went down Texas Ave., to the Boardwalk, it was necessary to climb over the barricade erected by Lee to get on the 'Walk. At that time there were no houses on the west side of Texas. The first thing east of Lee's Pier was the old Whaler Stafford, which had been placed just back of the Boardwalk on what is now known as Bellevue Avenue.

Up to the time of the 1889 hurricane, beachfront property owners could build on both sides of the 'Walk; and until the Beach Park Act of 1894, after the 1890 Boardwalk had been erected, they still could build on the ocean side. This led to grave abuses. In some places, shops, stands and amusements stood outside the 'Walk for blocks, and some owners even roofed the 'Walk over, shutting off any view of the ocean and even air and light. City Council decided to do

something about this, and so the Beach Park Act was introduced in the Legislature and passed

In News 20 Years

Defiance of the city by the so called Richard Henry Lee, who really was John Jackson Cozad, a refugee from justice in Nebraska where he had founded the town of Cozad years before, was a newspaper story here for 20 years, off and on; but more recently he had been entirely forgotten by all but a few old timers. The story of his escapades was unknown here until the Associated Press picked up the facts largely from a nephew of his who lives in Las Vegas, Nev. Even the town he found

ed in Nebraska had lost sight of its first settler for more than a half-century.

Lee-Cozad, however, was not the only Boardwalk owner that disagreed with the city over the

proposal to widen the Boardwalk from 20 feet to 24 in 1890. William Bowker, who conducted a hotel at Mississippi Ave., also objected to having his land taken for more Boardwalk. He also had a small pier outside the 'Walk on which he had a merry-go-round and some other business.

Bowker was even a little more slick than Lee. He got into politics more deeply. Lee's oldest son, whom he had introduced as his brother-in-law Dr. Frank L. Southern — no 'e' in it — was elected to City Council for three years, 1895-6-7. But Bowker came into City Council in 1900 and stayed until 1906, fighting the city from the inside all the while. It was 1908 before the city finally settled accounts with him.

That was the year in which Council made Boardwalk an official street name, capitalizing it. —Atlantic City, N. J. Press, Sun-

CONTRACT FOR DEED

This agreement made this 21st day of November 1894 by and between John J. Cozad and Sue L. Allen and Charles Allen her husband. Witnesseth whereas said Allen is now in possession of the following described real estate to-wit: Lots Seven (7) and Eight (8) in Block Two (2) in original town of Cozad, Dawson County,

Nebraska, and that said Allen also claims the legal title to said real estate through a certain conveyance or conveyances purporting to have been made by said Cozad and wife. Now whereas the legal title of said Allen is disputed and denied by said Cozad and that suits of law have been commenced and others will be instituted which involve the legality of said purported conveyances and the ownership of said land as well as other lands set forth in said purported deeds and the said Cozad desiring that said Allen shall not be made to suffer pecuniary loss, by the results of said litigation, the said Cozad for and in consideration of one dollar in hand paid and for the fulfillment of another contract made between said parties bearing even date with these present and for the purpose of carrying into effect the intention of said Cozad as set forth herein agrees with said Allen to make and deliver to her a good and sufficient deed to the real estate herein before mentioned in the event that the said Cozad recovers said real estate in said litigation and in case no suit is instituted to recover the same said deed shall be made and delivered as aforesaid provided the purported conveyances aforesaid be adjudged null and void and of no effect. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand the day and year first above written.

JOHN J. COZAD

In presence of:
SAM W. SCHOOLEY
DAVID CLAYPOOL

Famed Artist Robert Henri Was Really Robert Henry Cozad Who Grew Up Here

Robert Henry Cozad was seventeen years old in 1882 when he left here in that secret and hectic departure from which he never returned. To conceal his identity he dropped the name, Cozad, and altered the Henry to the French spelling and was henceforth known as Robert Henri (Pronounced Hen-rye.)

We now know that the famous painter Robert Henri was indeed our own Robert Cozad who lived and worked here. His distinguished career adds luster to the name Cozad.

Robert Henri won distinction not only as an artist but as a teacher of art. He has been called the founder of the American school of art and led in the revolt against the stilted and hide-bound tradition of American painting which predominated at that time. He brought into being a new American art, free and spontaneous. The eminent painter George Bellows besides a score of other prominent artists were his pupils.

John Sloan, who called him "My Father in Art" and added "Henri could make anyone want to be an artist." Like his father Robert Henri possessed a certain reserve which set him apart. Forbes Watson called him "an inspired teacher . . . with the personality and prophetic fire that transformed pupils into idolators . . . to Henri the man and teacher, the debt that America owes is inestimable. . . no other American painter drew unto himself such a large ardently personal group of followers as Rob-

ert Henri whose death July 12, 1929, brought to an end a life of uncontaminated devotion to art."

The Art Spirit

Robert Henri was the author of one book "The Art Spirit" called "Observations about life and art by an inspired teacher."

"The Song In Us." By Robert Henri. Copied from a reprint in the PEO Record, August 1956.

"There are moments in our lives, there are moments in a day when we seem to see beyond the usual— become clairvoyant. We reach then into reality. Such are the moments of our greatest happiness. Such are the moments of our greatest wisdom.

"It is the nature of the people to have these experiences; but in our time and under the conditions of our lives it is only a rare few who are able to continue in the experience and find expression for it.

"At such times there is a song going on within us, a song to which we listen. It fills us with surprise. We marvel at it. We would continue to hear it. But few are able to hold themselves in the state of listening to their own song. Intellectual steps in and as the song within us is of the utmost sensitiveness, it retires in the presence of the cold, material intellect. It is aristocratic and will not associate itself with the commonplace — and we fall back and become our ordinary selves. Yet we live in the memory of these songs which in moments of intellectual inadvertance have been pos-

sible to us. They are the pinnacles of our experience and it is the desire to express these intimate sensations, this song

from within, which motivates the masters of all art."

From the Art Spirit

Art when really understood is the province of every human being.

It is simply a question of doing things, anything well.

When the artist is alive in any person, whatever his kind of work may be, he becomes an inventive, searching, daring self-expressing creature . . . The world would stagnate without him . . . He does not have to be a painter or a sculptor to be an artist . . .

Beauty is no material thing.

Beauty cannot be copied.

Beauty is the sensation of pleasure on the mind of the seer.

No thing is beautiful. But all things await the sensitive and imaginative mind that may be aroused to pleasurable emotion at sight of them. This is beauty.

There are mighty few people who think what they think they think.

If you want to know about people watch their gestures. The tongue is a greater liar than the body.

There are hand shakes of great variety. Some are warm and mean that you are cared for.

Here Are Some Of Robert Henri's Paintings Now Hanging In Museums

Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore, Maryland
 Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts
 Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, Buffalo, New York
 Canajoharie Art Gallery, New York
 Carolina Art Association, Charleston, South Carolina
 Cincinnati Museum Association, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts, Columbus, Ohio
 Art Association, Dallas, Texas.
 Des Moines Association of Fine Arts, Des Moines, Iowa
 Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Michigan
 Kansas City Art Institute, Kansas City, Missouri
 Los Angeles Museum of History, Science and Art, Los Angeles, California
 Memphis Art Association, Memphis, Tennessee.
 Milwaukee Art Institute, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
 Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minneapolis, Minnesota
 Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, New Jersey
 Art Association of New Orleans, Louisiana
 Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, New York
 National Arts Club, New York, New York

Newark Museum Association, Newark, New Jersey.
 Oberlin Art Association, Oberlin College, Oberlin Ohio
 Luxembourg Galleries, Paris
 Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
 Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
 Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester, New York
 City Art Museum of St. Louis, St. Louis Missouri
 San Francisco Institute of Art, San Francisco, California
 Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe, New Mexico
 Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences, Savannah, Georgia
 Spartanburg Art Club, Spartanburg, South Carolina
 Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio
 Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
 Wilmington Society Of Fine Arts, Wilmington, Delaware.
 Butler Art Institute, Youngstown, Ohio
 Painting "La Neige" purchased from the Salon in 1899 by the French government for the Luxembourg Gallery.
 "His is one of the finest voices which express the philosophy of modern men in painting."
 George Bellows

Robert Cozad's Diary

May 1st

I did not get up very early on account of there being no work on the bridge and rode back to town on Darby and Nimrod. At town Johnnie got an old pair of martingales from Grandpa to make his neck bow.

Our First Swim in the Platte — Bridge

After dinner we returned to the river with Jerry Gibson and as it was a very nice warm day we thought we would try a swim in the Platte River. We found the water pleasant enough and we enjoyed a half hour swimming through the 1st gap — marked 4 on map of bridge, page 161, Vol. 1. We afterwards returned to town and at night we were at the river again.

Notes

The bridge is getting along well — note map on page 151, Vol. V. No. 1 is being enlarged in height and width. No. 2 is made wider & higher — completed. No. 3 still remains as it stated on the map list. No. 4 — Bridged

and finished all to the fancy work. No. 5 — is enlarged in height and width. No. 6 is larger than ever. 7 is thick with budding willow and green grass. 8 is larger than ever. 9 is doing finely. 10 is getting higher. 11 is fine and all done but the fancy work. 12 is fixed up a little, brick chimneys at each end and a hump east of house close up — 13 is all right same as ever. 14 is same as on map account on page 161, Vol. 1.

Notes — Stallion

Business & Amusements

There is a large stallion in town that is about 17 hands high and weigh pretty near 1600. — nice horse shoes" in front of Grandma's & the Post Office.
 All the writing in this Volume has been done off hand at nights at the river.

Everybody playing "pitching horse shoes" in front of Grandma's & the Post Office everywhere. A heavy hail storm the other day. Hails as big as and dry goods at Grandmas — a hen egg — or rather a ginne Grocery & Dry goods at Peets egg. It done no harm, only t Grocery at Mrs. Graves, Drug a few window lights which broke.

Merrils, Hotel at Riggses, Coal lumber and baled hay at Spinners, boarding house at Hewits

Skip of 27 Days

Business men in town (and ladies) "Wholesale" business men. "Pa" lawyer — Uncle A & Mr. Nesbett, Druggists, Dr. Merril, & Dr. Ogden. Storers — Grandma, Peet and Mrs. Graves. Doctors — Dr. Merril. Dentists — Uncle Traber. Well borer, Mr. Owens, Land Agents, Schooley &

Owens, Editor — Schooley & Dneglected my notes for the length Claypool of "Meridian." Sheepof nearly a month.
 men — Uncle Traber. Lumbe & Coal Spinner, Baled hey — Spinner & Claypool, Hotel — Riggs, Boarding House — Hewit Livery stables — Riggs, Assess or D. Claypool.

Lazy Days

May 27th 1880 — On Thursday It has been a long time since I have done any writing on my book. I am now seated in ma' room at Riggs Hotel. It is a fine day a gentle breeze is blowing, and it is just such a day as would make a person lazy. And I don't believe that I ever was so lazy before in all my life. I get up at about 7 o'clock, eat my breakfast, bring up my por — I am keeping him up here now — feed, and water him and picket him out again. The rest of the forenoon I am at a loss to know what to do.

I eat my dinner and loaf again till supper, after supper I soon go to bed. I have been boarding at grandmas for a week. I played out at Riggses meales and had to quit on him. I pay my own board bill.

A few days back I got poisoned by wild ivie vine, and had a pretty hard time of it. I put on "Sgar of Lead" first but it did not do much good. Then I put on "Campfire" and that only did little more than the first — then tried Sweet Spirits of Nite and put in with it about the same amount of water as nite so as to slacken the strength

Notes — the Stores — Bridge — and Rains

Mr. Peet has sold out his store to Mr. Winchel, a new come. Mr. Peet has gone on his claim. Grandma has got oranges and lemons for sale at 5 cents each. Dr. Ogden is selling fine cigars and cigarettes. Dr. Merril beat him on cigars though.

The Spile driver blew over in the river the other day but nothing was hurt.
 Bridge work is progressing finely — work done on the south side of the river. The river is high. Lots of bathing done, by us boys.

Heavy rains falling, splendid for crops. Grass is up green everywhere. A heavy hail storm the other day. Hails as big as and dry goods at Grandmas — a hen egg — or rather a ginne Grocery & Dry goods at Peets egg. It done no harm, only t Grocery at Mrs. Graves, Drug a few window lights which broke.

Considerable excitement about Mike McCone and others. — I will give an account later.
 I have had made by Gervy Gibson a fine bull whip. It has a hair handle and is composed of the very best oil tanned leather. It is 9 feet long.

Description 1 — Spanish knot. 2. Fine 12 plat hair handle-black 3. Fine spanish knot. 4. Blue leather tossol. 5. 6 plait oil tanned leather-buck skin cracker. June 21, 1880 — Again I have neglected my notes for the length

Our House

I am well, and healthy as ever, We, Pa, Ma, Johnnie and I are boarding at Grandmas and sleeping at the hotel building.
 Pa had Mr. Riggs to leave the house. He is now keeping Hotel on the opposite side of the street to us in the old Goodyear house. The last few days we have been arranging the house. We are now occupying the whole east part of the house.

Plan of the House

The rooms colored yellow in the above plat are used by us. the other parts of the house — on the first floor — are used as storing rooms. Upstairs in the house — over the parlor is ma's and pa's room. Over the office of pa and Johnnie is Johnnie's and my room. Over my office is a spare room for Johnnie and I. One small room over the dining room is our wash room. The other parts of the upstairs are store rooms.

In my office is my desk, and printing press.
 In Pa's and Johnnie's office they have their desk and other things in the business line.

Otherwise the rooms are furnished neatly.
 June 22nd 1880 — During the day Johnnie went out to Buffalo creek goose-berry hunting. He brought about a peck of green ones home. John Robert and I went for them.

In the evening Johnnie R. and "Owens" young Owens, and I played around for some time together.

June 23rd 1880 turned out to be a nice day. I spent most of my time in my office in the morning.

(The above was written June 23rd, 1880 — time about 12 o'clock in the day — that is in green ink. It is a sample of some ink Dr. Ogden Ph.D made for me. I got 3 bottles, green, brown, and blue, cost 20 cts. the following is a sample of the blue.

My Inks and My Birthday

June 24th, 1880 — time of writing — about 2 p. m.
 Today is a great day for me — it is my 15th birthday.
 Robert Henry Cozad
 Cozad City, Dawson Co. Nebr.
 My 15th birthday
 June 24th, 1880.

8. "General Grant, a 18 hand 1600 pound stallion of Norman and Sampson blood, steel gray in color owned by Mr. Norsworthy of Cozad.

[illegible]

9. "Prince Edward" a snepard dog of good training owned by Robert Gatewood.

10. "Bob Tail" an old bony pony of very small size with all the blemishes that is known to horse, I believe, as well as no tail, at all except a small bunch of hair about six inches long, owned by Mr. Buckley of Cozad.

11. "Old Frizzy" not an animal — an old frizzy hen that its owner has learned to sing etc. etc. owned by Mrs. Gatewood.

12. "Booker & Abby", calves owned by Mr. Gatewood "Abby" after Ab. Gilbert.

and here I can think of no more of the odd named animals.

No. 1 was named by Grandpa, as was No's 2, 3, 6, 9, & 12. 4 was named by John Robert, 5, by R. H. C. 7 by Pierce Brock, 8 by its master I suppose. 10 by everybody that called it at all. 11 by grandma

A Heavy Rain

June 30 1880 — about 10 o'clock A. M. — In the evening of the 29th I went down to grandmas and played croquet. There is an expert at croquet playing here looking at the land. We played some with him but he always beat us bad, — excepting once, and then "Norsworthy" and I played against the good players & Johnnie Gatewood. I was the first to be a rover and I soon helped my partner through. We came near whitewashing them. I went to bed early and got up on the 30th early. My poison is pretty bad. Mollie Claypool is also poisoned. I did not do much during the morning.

June 30th, 1880, about half past one o'clock — after I had finished the above writing at 10 o'clock, it began to rain, and we had a good heavy soaking rain which kept up till about twelve o'clock when it slackened, and after noon it began again and now it is sprinkling heavy. Everybody expects good crops this year it is a great boom for this place.

Errands, etc.

July 2nd, 1880, about half past nine, A. M.

On the evening, or rather in the afternoon of June 30th, it partially cleared off and we had several games of croquet, but before dark an immense black crowd rose in the west. We took our croquet set in the house when it began to sprinkle, but there was no rain. It only drizzled and after it was over we resumed our croquet. I do not know whether it rained or not during the night, on the morning of the first of July 1880 I woke up to find it to be a very pleasant sunny day — most too sunny. Pa had told me to go on some errands for him on the 1st. And I at once saddled Darby — who is now getting fat — and put out for Mr. Graham's, about 2½ or 3 miles from town — east. — On the way I passed Lon Swabston's farm, the near end of it being about three quarters of a mile from town. Lon's corn and

potatoes are looking as good as the best in the country I believe. Dr. Merrill says he never saw corn in the east do as well as Lons. I talked with Lon for a while over various subjects — his corn-potatoes the rain, Johnnie's danger at the river, etc.

Then I passed on and soon after arrived at Mr. Grahams where I found Mr. Graham himself, and his son Watson plowing their corn. I told Mr. Graham my errand — that he must keep his heard of cattle off of our land as we want to cut the grass for hey.

Then I returned home and took a lunch and a rest, for it was very hot.

I then struck out for the river where I spent some time oiling a crosscut saw. I then took a view of the bridge to see how things were and then away I went for home. When I got there I tended to darby, picketed him, and took a lunch and a rest as the poison & the hot sun troubled me in riding. After all this, Johnnie and I spent half an hour rolling up tin that had blown off the Hotel roof some time before, and putting it in the attic above the kitchen.

In the west it looked like rain, and I prophecied rain during the night.

A Singing Party

We did not play much at croquet. In the evening quite a party came to grandinas to practice singing for the 4th, rather the 3rd. Soon after they arrived it began to show signs of quickly falling rain. The party knew that they could not get home before the rain so they sang and played until about 12 o'clock, while the rain outside was just pouring down. At last everybody began to get sleepy, and Pa and Ma invited Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Nesbett to stay at our house all night. They excepted and so we all went to bed, Johnnie and I with John Robert.

In the morning of the Second of July 1880 there was lots of standing water over the prairie, but unlike Ohio and Indiana, there was no mud and the water was fastly disappearing. I got up at a reasonable time and ate my breakfast and soon after came down to my Den where I am now.

The Fourth of July 1880

Sunday, July 4th, 1880 about 10 o'clock in the morning — On the 2nd I spent a poor evening, — and on July 3rd 1880 I got up, dressed in my best. It was the celebration day here. I ate my breakfast, and ma fixed a lunch and we all got onto the grounds. — It was to be a Sunday School basket picnic. A shade had been erected about 60 feet long and 15 or 18 feet wide, with benches under it. It was at the west side of the school house.

When we arrived there, there was quite a lot of wagons standing about, and a small heard of

horses picketed near by. The shade was crowded and they were all taking dinner for it was late. Johnny Gatewood and I were together. We put our dinner in with the rest. The tables were made of every other three benches set close together and covered with table cloths. We ate a harty dinner of cake, pie and all kinds of dainty's, may be called "hearty."

Mr. Mosher was the leading spirit of the party. He kept them all laughing during dinner.

After dinner was over Ed Young commenced the speaking by a 4 of July speech, he did very well. After him and before there was singing by Mr. Nesbett & wife, Mr. C. Smith, Ed Young himself and several others. — playing on Uncle Trabers Organ by Mrs. Nesbett.

Mr. Nesbett spoke next, then Prof. Coontz, of Indiana, who is here looking at the country with Mr. Wentz, who is a tree man. They are at Mr. Owen's — gave us a very intelligent and suiting speech.

About that time Lewis Owens appeared with a bucket of Lemonade that grandma had given him to sell — he was to have all that he could drink for doing so.

John Robert and I helped him, and we sold it out fast at 5c a glass.

After Prof. Coontz, there was a good deal of speaking followed by singing. After the speaking was over, the party enjoyed themselves in many ways, while John R. Owens, and I sold lemonade-figs & cigars. — grandma had sent down a box of cigars and figs — We had no success at all with our cigars, and did not sell even one. The figs did pretty well.

We soon sold out the lemonade, and we then got another bucket full, that went faster than ever, and still another, and when we had sold that out we had \$4.00 lacking 10 cents. There was only a few figs left in the box.

When we paid over to grandma she was well pleased and she said that it was much more than she expected. The picnic broke up about four o'clock, as most of the pic-nicers had from 5 to ten miles to go home.

On an evening train Uncle Traber came home. he has been off on a Dental trip. — traveling over the country fixing teeth. he is called here (in fun) the "tramping Dentist". He seems to have done well, and gives a glowing account of the country he has traveled over.

About dusk a terrible wind arose, and with it came pretty heavy rain.

We went to bed late and did not get up extra early. In the morning we made rules about staying in the offices. We are to stay 5 hours during the day & study or write. I commenced this morning at half past nine.

(Continued on next page)

An Advertisement

After the above writing I took up the "House-Hold Magazine" a paper or book that I have been taking and read an advertisement given by Geo. Stinston & Co, proprietors of the book. The advertisement is as follows it may be some good to me.

1. 6 sheets of note paper
2. 6 sheets of note paper
3. 6 sheets of note paper
4. 6 sheets of note paper
5. 6 white commercial envelopes
6. 6 tinted envelopes
7. 6 rose tinted envelopes
8. 6 white envelopes
9. 1 pen holder
10. 1 lead pencil
11. 1 package of steel pens

All of these things at the very lowest prices. would amount to 40c. That is, if they give what they claim to. The first 4 bunches are all of different fine styles given in the book etc. etc. — for 25c post paid.

Preaching

June 5th, 1880, — Monday, nine o'clock — after I had stayed in my office about five hours yesterday I went to church with ma & John R. It was the first time I had been to church for some time. Mr. Dressler the Methodist preacher is a small man with an intelligent looking head. He is a mixture of several nations with both Scotch and German blood in him I believe. He looks like Prof. or Capt. Von Stratz. He is a poor man, very poor. His family is now in Plum Creek. He is a good speaker in all ways and is liked by all his congregation.

Spile-Driver. The Duck Reading etc.

After preaching we took a late dinner. Johnnie then went to the river to look at the spile driver. Pa had been down during the day & found that the masts or uprights of the spile driver were broken off close to the boat. It was of course done in the storm. We all suspect that there is some villianny going on — that Plum Creek has hired some rascals in this neighborhood to destroy the bridge if possible. We intend to watch after this.

When Johnnie returned he had a young duck that he had caught down to the river. We made a coop for it & put it in it.

I spent the evening in ma's room while she read aloud a story entitled "A Sleep Walker" in the New York Ledger.

On the morning of the 5th I got up pretty early, ate my breakfast, tended to Darby, who is getting fat, and then came down to my office where I am now.

In My Office

July 6th 1880 about 10 o'clock a. m. — I stayed in the office on the 5th nearly all the time during the day. I made several comic pictures for to put in my "Runty Papers" when I re-wrote it. In the evening I played cro-

quiet with Norworthy, the score was 5 to 3 in favor of me. — one whitewash on my side On the 5th we began keeping house in the hotel. On the morning of the 6th I ate a late breakfast & when I enquired for mail I was surprised to find a package for me. it was the blank book I had sent for to write the "Runty Papers" in. I did not expect it so soon. I at once prepared to begin on the story

July 8th — about 11 o'clock in the fore noon — Well, I have neglected my notes some, but I have not neglected my pen. On the morning of the 6th I commenced re-writing my "Runty Papers" I headed the story with a picture of a minstrel troupe. I made it with all care possible there is a bones, banjo, tambowrine, and a fiddle, the bones & fiddle on the right of the centar man, and the Banjo and tambowrine on the left. The "bones nigger" and the tambowrinist are "cutting shimes." and the others presenting a funny appearance. The picture is 2 x 5 in. in size and is colored with yellow, red, green and blue — their seats blue, coat yellow, vests green, pants, red.

Runty Papers

The name I gave:

RUNTY PAPERS

by

R. H. COZAD

1. Etc. Etc.

The upper half of the letters are red and lower green. I opened the story in the same style that it is in the original. On page 3 I gave a 2 3/4 by 2 in picture of "Bones" one of the principal characters in the story.

On Page 5 I gave a portrait of "Dutchy" of about the same size as "Bones," the picture was a poor one and I intend to draw a better one and paste over the one I have already.

On page 13 came Runty's picture. It was the best I ever made of him.

My Writeings

I wrote off and on all day, but it was slow work, as I had to read and correct, etc., etc.

On the 7th I wrote more; but I did not have much time to do so. So I made but little headway. I commenced late on the 8th and finished Chapter One. Only 27 pages like this, four pictures, and a "scrip" or emblem for the wind up dash of Chap. 1. It was a crown and a cross, highly colored, etc., etc.

I now intend to hunt up a picture for paper no. 2 I have no suitable one to copy from.

Notes

The 7th was a scorching hot day.

Rain the night of the 6th. Rain nearly every night now. plenty of it.

The 8th Hot as ever. Flies everywhere.

A good party of Germans are going to settle here. A shoemaker is preparing to put up a good, nice looking house and shop here. A saloon is talked of.

Johnnies Pony

June (the old mistake) July 9th 1880 in the fore noon just before dinner—On July 8th I did not do much writing. It was a terrible hot. In the fore noon I stayed some in the printing office.

I wrote a letter and re-wrote it in the after noon. it was too Uncle Abe. I mailed it.

In the evening just before dusk Johnnie, Owens and I went to the river and took a swim. it was the warmest swim I have ever had in Nebraska.

We returned and soon went to bed.

On the ninth it was hotter than ever. Johnnie & I went to the river on an errand in the morning and we had a terrible time of it. When Johnnie hitched up or saddled & bridled Forked Lightning, the pony commence bucking, and busted the back girth straps. they were mended, and then Johnnie got on the pony. it bucked hard, and busted the girth again. Johnnie stuck him, the scinch was layed aside and we went on.

Rong Dates — Bad Feelings Wind — The Ledger

Somehow or other I have got behind in the dates. anyway today is the 12th of July 1880. on the tenth before, which I have dated the 9th Owens and I took a swim in the River in the eve.

On the eleventh, Johnnie, John, Robert, and I rode to the river on an errand for pa. I had a disagreeable time of it, and spent a very bad day of it. In the evening the strongest wind I ever experienced in Neb. came up. it was only in one long, steady gust, and then it was all over.

On the morning of the 12th of July 1880 — Sunday. I got up at a correct time and spent the morning reading the Ledger. The "Ledger" is a paper that Pa & Ma have been reading for some time, but I have never taken any interest in it until the other day ma started me on a story called "A Sleep Walker" by Paul Gerard, I believe the others name is. I got interested and have kept the story up.

The ledger is a very good story paper, with the best of language used in it. It is a very old paper.

We are having "awful" hot weather here now.

Grandma's Store

On the 13th of July 1880 I spent a good deal of my time at grandmas. Grandma is constantly receiving new goods and is now flourishing high above all other stores. The others commenced

their stores with from three to five hundred dollars and grand ma commenced with much less than 100 dollars, in a room with a low bench for a counter — about 1 1/2 feet high, 10 feet 1 long, and 1 ft. wide. She would sit in here store, behind this counter, with one shelf, made by herself out of rough boards and boxes extending all around her.

From this place she removed to a smaller room in the house she is now living in. here she remained till she was crowded out. There was hardly standing room for her when she left the room to take the seemingly too large store room she now has. but now it is over packed. The ceiling is ornamented with brooms, buckets, hams, etc. etc. The shelves are loaded down. The floor is all most covered, and again she is near crowded out. She is now thinking of doubling her store room — making it twice as long.

Swimming

I spent some of the day in my office.

In the evening Owens and I went swimming. we had a nice time. though the mosquitoes came near carrying us off and would have I suppose had we not cut a couple of little willows which we kept busy all the time driving the little blood-suckers away. I went to bed early.

Notes

On the 14th of July 1880 I commenced my morning in the office.

We are having an abundance of rain. Buffalo Creek 7 miles north of town is flooded nearly to the top of the the banks. All of the big slews north of town are in the same condition.

Several people have had accidents in the newly formed creeks, but no one has been any more than very badly scared, and wet. But it is all falling. The Platte is pretty low. Warm weather always.

The Shoe makers house is going up — Mr. Funk, builder.

Every body is well satisfied with their crops.

Again I got the dates rong. Yesterday I dated the 14th but today is the 14th of July 1880. Yesterday in the afternoon Johnnie, Owens and I had a grand swim.

We got home late and were pretty well tired out. but we spent the evening in playing croquet.

On the 14th Today, — I got up early and opened the day in the office. Dates all rong above (except the above 2 lines)

July 16th I woke up this morning to find it to be a very pleasant day. though most too warm to do much out-door work. The other evening Misses Lula Chase and Minnie Graves were up here. I was not present — they made up a Phantom Party to be held in our house on Friday eve. The

16th and so this evening we are to have it.

Yesterday, the 15th I spent most of the day at the river with Grandpa. It was a very nice but hot day.

The river was about as low as it ever is. This is good for us. I ate dinner with Grandpa, who is living down there on his homestead. He did not have much variety but what he did have was good, and it suited my appetite very well. He makes better coffee than ma does. While we ate dinner He told me "California Stories" for he was the captain of a waggon train that crossed past this very town — or its site — twenty five years ago.

Rattle Snake Rattles

When I came home Lewis Owens presented me with a rattle snake's rattles. the button had not been taken off the snake. so the rattles were not complete. the age, I think was about 9 1/2 years old. I went to bed pretty early and was not quite as early to get up as usual.

Johnnie received a letter from Frank Bently, the young fellow that came out here with us last fall. Frank intends to come out here again. In the morning ma kept me pretty busy running errands, but in the afternoon Lewis Owens and I went down to the river and had a good long swim. when we returned it was about four o'clock and I had to keep a'going all the evening.

Our Phantom Party

At about eight o'clock the party began to assemble. and in stalked the ghosts, or phantoms, there was a good deal of laughing made of them, and guessing who they were.

Mr. Wolf's little boy, who is about twelve years old played some nice pieces on the Organ, and Mr. Curtiss or "Little Cigarette" played on the guitar.

Later — about nine o'clock Ma sent me down to grandmas after Uncle Traber who had just went down there with Mr. Owens.

When I got there I was about

to enter the half open door into room where I heard them when the door was instantly slammed in my face.

I called out to uncle Traber, who finding it was me, opened the door, and in I stepped. When I got in, such a comical sight I never saw. There was Owens rapped in a sheat with an enor-

mous body. It looked like half a dozen pillows strapped on him for a pussy stumoc. He had the sheet drawn over his head and his eyes shown through a couple of ragged holes. He looked to be about seven feet high instead of 6 ft. 4 in.

Uncle Traber was robed in an old dress with a sun-bonnet, and over all this he had his sheet drawn, so that during the evening he could throw off the "ghost" and appear in the dress

and bonnet.

All this put me in the notion of dressing myself up at grandmas, and so when Uncle Traber and Owens were gone, I got grandma to get me an old faded calico dress, which I put on. Grandma put an immense bussel on me, and then I got a flour sack for my hood, and a long white strip of cloth for a shall. And so fixed with five cents worth of chewing gum in my mouth for a disguise, I started for the house.

Dancing

I entered the dining room with a swagger of a negro wench and took a seat after promenaded the length of the room. I was afterwards invited to dance in a quadrille with some other ghosts of the male sex, I afterwards discovered. I took the ladies part and as we were all nearly blinded by our hoods being out of fix, we made quite a 'stag' dance of it. Never-the-less there was lots of fun.

I was not known — only a few excepted — but I did not know this and I was about to go up stairs and take off my costume when I was stopped and requested to go back and dance with Johnnie.

We waltzed ma said, better than she had ever seen us waltz before. I soon after took off my costume.

The dancing proceeded, and there was quite a lot of fun. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe waltzed and schotticed. They danced like they do at Spillses in Cin.

The End of the Party

The party went on very nicely. Curtiss played the guitar, and Ertel, Wat., Graham, Char. Smith, took turns with the violin.

The party of 'ghosts' took off their disguises during the dancing and all wound up as pleasantly as could be.

At about half past two o'clock the party broke up and we all retired to bed.

We didn't get up very early on the morning of the seventeenth of July, 1880.

But there is no need of saying that, because it is always expected from me.

We ate a late breakfast and spent a good long time cleaning up after the party.

The 17th turned out a pretty nice, but breezy day with signs of rain.

I have begun to keep the Hundredth Meridians. I expect to get back numbers. I now have No's. 4 & 5 of Vol. 5 — July 8th & July 15th, 1880. I intend to keep the papers as a portion of my 'notes' so that I will have the History of Cozad along with that of mine. I also intend to criticise each paper, as I think it will learn me something.

At the River Rancho

On Sunday the 18th of July, 1880. I spent a good part of the

mile from town.

fore noon listening to Mr. Curtiss play the guitar in the afternoon Owens, Lon Swebston and I went swimming in the Platte. I went down to the river at night to stay with John R. and Grandpa. After a hearty supper Johnnie R. and I went out on the dam to fish by moonlight. We had no luck, and did not stay out there very long but returned after setting our line — we had only one — I being the fisherman — we went to the house and went to bed and were soon wandering in the land of nod.

Night Fishing, Up Early, A Runaway, All Night at the River, In Swimming

We were up with the sun on Monday, July 19th and after eating breakfast and seeing to the fish line — it had nothing on it — we started for town. We made a quick trip of it. I watered Darby when I got to town and stayed about grandmas about 15 minutes and then I went down home. I found ma just preparing to get breakfast.

I did not do much during the day.

In the evening Johnnie and I went down to the river, and took a swim. from some cause or other the water was cold, and we did not stay in long. When we were about to start home Johnnie's pony ran off and went to town. I followed on Darby and soon caught the pony and kept him till Johnnie came from the river.

On the morning of the 20th, 1880 — July, we got up rather late and ate a late breakfast. The day was not very profitably spent.

Mr. Erwin — cattle man — is in town today.

The work on the shoe shop is progressing very fastly. The house will be a splendid addition to the town.

— Note — I had the Shoe Maker — Mr. Wolf to put a double cinch on my saddle. he did a good neat job. it is a very strong one cost — \$1.25

— A good rain on the afternoon of the 20th of July. Good for the crops.

After Johnnie's Cattle

Some Advertizements

'Put Through' Or Dr.

Merrill's Story

July 21, 1880 — In the morning Johnnie and I started out to drive his cow & heifer to the bull out at Drews. We had an awful time though Johnnie succeeded in driving the cow out. They are the wildest cattle I ever drove.

Last night while looking over the 'Agents Herald' I found the following advertizements, all of which I expect to make use of.

Visiting Cards. 50 no 2 alike or 30 chromo 10c. 20 Gem Mot-toes, or 25 Gilt Edge 10c, Samples 3c. Outfit 10c. B. E. Strong Gerry, N. Y.

INKS FREE! Receipts for making writing, copying and invisible inks. (all colors) sent free, with catalogue of agents' goods upon receipt of your address on a postal card. P. O. Box 2455, Philadelphia, Pa.

400 Per Cent Profit — QUICK! SURE! EASY!! Agents wanted all over the U. S. to sell the magnificent Crayon Portraits on tinted plate paper. Heroic size (22x28) of the Republican Nominees, GARFIELD & ARTHUR. Will sell everywhere, in City and Country, both for only 25c each during the biggest profits ever made by agents. Sample with terms only 10c. Address Shipman & Co., 8 Reade St., New York, N. Y. Wholesale by all News Companies.

I spend very dull days now. In the evening pa sent me over to Dr. Merrills Drug Store on an errand, and while I was over there the Doctor gave me a story that he had bought on a rail road and it was 'Bricktop', a comic writer. I have read a good many of his pieces — the story was intitled 'Put Through; or Freemasonry and Odd Fellowship exposed.' It was very funny and I enjoyed it for a good time last night and this morning reading it. but now I have 'seen them through' and I have nothing more to do

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Fishing Fun

July 24, 1880

It is a nice warm day. There is considerable talk about the walking race. John Robert & I went fishing in the evening. for I had went down to stay all night with Grandpa and John Robt. I caught ten nice chubs and two catfish and John R. caught 1 nice cat fish. We then set our lines and went to the house for it was long after dark. We went to bed and slept soundly. In the upstairs of the house.

Sunday, 25th of July 1880

We got up early and Johnnie and Grandpa began to get breakfast, while I went out to my fish line to see if some little four inch cat fish or chub was not hooked. — I had about 6 or 9 hooks on my line. — when I first came up to where my line was, I found the pole nearly out of the crack in the sod, and the line jerking away with a good deal of force.

'A big cat fish!' was my first thought, and I caught the pole and raised it.

My 6 lb. 4 oz. Cat Fish

When I did so the line shot outward and gave me a hard pull I brought him in though, and after a few minutes I brought out a nice big cat fish. I had him hooked in the mouth, and in the tail, for the fish had jerked around so that one of the hooks had took him in the tail. I took the fish over to the house and received the praise of Grandpa and Johnnie.

What did it weigh? was the question.

It was 2 ft. 4 in. long. 'I say,' said I 'That it weighs 4 lbs., 8 oz. And if it does, I am the champion again!' for Dr. Merrill had had it between us all this fish season. I had caught a 3 lb. 4 oz fish and the Dr. had soon after come up with a 3 lb. 14 oz one. 'I say it weighs 5 lbs.' said Grandpa holding it up.

We soon after started for home. We stopped and weighed the fish at Dr. Merrills and it turned out to weigh 6 lbs. 4 oz! I was the champion fisher of the town!

Fish. The Walk! Suits

We took the fish up, and it made a big mess for all of us. That day John R. and I fished a good deal, but had but little luck. And at night we went to bed impatiently waiting for the walking race. I had a bad night of it. 'I had snakes' or rather drempt of snakes.

Monday, July 26, 1880

The day of the walk had come off!

Johnnie and I were up with the sun. We rushed things thru and 'pedestrained it' to town. The grounds were all fixed. A large tent was used for an ice cream and Lemonade stand, the proceeds from this was to be given to the walkers, Mr Stevens, was the stand keeper. Two other tents were placed by the track, one for Uncle Traber and the other for Curtiss. Uncle Traber was dressed in a fancy but cool suit consisting of a brown velvet cap, a gold fringed shirt, a pair of red knee breeches, also trimmed with gold fringe, a pair of stockens and a pair of regular base-ball, or walking shoes.

The Start of the Race

Curtiss' dress was like Uncle Trabers, except in the color, his cap was blue, shirt like Uncle Trabers, his pants, blue other wise he was just about the same.

— For short I will call the walkers according to their color of dress. Uncle Traber, 'Red' Curtis 'Blue' —

The walkers started out side by side and made several quick rounds. Then they parted and went in different directions, till they had made a little distance apart, and then they followed each other.

Red took the lead. At noon he was two miles and a half ahead. The first five miles was made in 55 minutes by Red and 60 min. by Blue.

After noon they began to change, and Blue came up and soon got ahead. All the afternoon Blue seemed as lively and active as he was when he started. he kept ahead nearly

(Several pages missing)

The Stand of Refreshments Owens as Curtis Backer

The Boys Races the Crowd

and lemonade. I spent 75 cents

with him, and had all the ice Cream I could eat, besides treating the boys. the cream was sold very cheap. All the money goes to the 'trampers.'

Owens was Curtis second and backer. He was all in a stew. Curtis he knew would beat but he wasn't going to have Uncle Traber to take one advantage. He kept up a continual grumble. all the time. he was sweating worse than the walkers. but everything was going on right and his complaints were not heeded by the Judges.

There were several 'outside' races made. the best run was made by Ab. Gilbert. he ran around the ring $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 45 seconds at the rate of a mile in 3 minutes

The crowd at the race was very large for Nebraska.

After the Race

Tuesday, July 27th, 1880

I wasn't in any hurry to get up. Uncle Trabers feet were about worn out. otherwise he was all-right. Curtis was in a pretty bad fix yet.

The two, when I saw them last were laying in the Dining room at Grandmas, talking. As for my say in walking, I say that I never want any relation or friend of mine to walk again.

I went to river in the evening, but before doing so I asked Uncle Traber if he wanted to sell his walking shoes. He said that he would sell for \$1.50 — he had got them at reduced rates for \$2.00. I bought them and liked them very much. They are so easy. John R. and I fished a little at night, but we had a nice little mess stolen from us by a mink. I slept well, and got up a little after sunup, to find that we were to have a pretty breezy day on.

At the River, Fishing, Rain

Wednesday, July 28 1880

I fished a little in the morning, and then came up to town. I did not go to the river at night, as pa did not want me to go.

Thursday, July 29, 1880

I went to the river during the fore-noon and stayed there the greater part of the day with Johnnie, John R. and Owens. We had poor luck fishing. I went to the river after supper with Grandpa and John R. and after fishing at night we went to bed to have a miserable night of it.

The day was breezy and clouded. In the morning we had light rain, and through the day a few drizzles. I think that they got a good rain on the crops north.

I was very glad of it, for the crops needed it. I was up early on

Friday 30, 1880 of July

The morning was foggy. I 'O-Learyed,' it to town, and was there. and had a fire made before ma was up. I fished some during the day and went swimming with Uncle Traber. Big

Owens, Lewis Owens, John, and Lon Swebston.

Swimming

We had lots of fun, and I managed to come up, and some times get ahead of the others. pranks and feats in the water such as swimming across a swift current to a spiling, directly opposite to the starting place — I beat in this — Diving, turning summersalts in the water, fast swimming, different kinds of swimming.

Some of the feats I have learned is to swim in the steady, easy, but fast 'sailor fashion' dive further than I have ever seen any body else do, tread, throwing my body out of the water as I tread up to my breast, tread without having my hands in the water at all, swim without the use of feet, then without hands, swim on my back, swim dog and over-hand fashion, swim backwards, tread backwards, etc. etc.

Dull Times & Feelings Reading "Andersonville"

July 31, 1880 — Saturday

Did not go to the river to stay with grandpa and J. R. fished some, swam. high winds.

July 32, 1880

I will not scratch out the above. I can hardly say that is my fault.

August 1st 1880 — Sunday

Spent the day in house, reading mostly, had and have no feeling for writing. Almost feeling like neglecting notes, but won't had a splendid dinner — Chicken, new potatoes and peas, splendid gravy, pickles etc. altogether new to what we have been having.

August 2nd 1880 Monday

The day was a cool breezy day from the start. I spent a great part of the day reading the sufferings of the Union soldiers as described in the "Rebel Military Story" called 'Andersonville.' I felt more like writing during the day. There is no news, and nothing going on. I have resolved to 'note' some of the doings of that I have not gotted down during my last writings, in the latter part of July.

NOTES

In Cozad Town

Notes taken on and before July 22nd, 1880

Dr. Merrill has been continually advertizing for skunk oil.

There are lots of skunks about. Mrs Dr. Merrill has been very sick — she has recovered Aug 2. Dr. Chase was here about the 17th of July he has not been here since.

Mrs. Hensil is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Claypool in this town.

Mrs. Hensil & family formally lived here. they now live at Sutton, Nebraska.

Born — a boy, son of Mr. Huff of this place — about the 15 of July.

Born, a girl, daughter of Mr. Howk, 6th of July

The hundredth Meridian editors have got up a grand scheme! They advertize that they will give their paper for one year to the person who brings them the largest watermelon or musk melon during the coming season.

Grandmas Store, Shoe Shop Hay

July 31st and Aug 1 & 2nd — Mrs. Gatewood has had store painted and it presents a much finer apperance than before. She has it well decorated with large, black lettered signs and it shows like a business place of some little importance. On the west side of the building is 'DRY GOODS!' on the south 'GROCERY!' and on the east side over the door, extending from one end to the other of the house, is the sign of POST OFFICE! by the side of the door is a small sign of 'CIGARS & TOBACCO.'

The new shoe-shop is not making much headway as it started to make, though it will soon be completed.

Pa is having all the hay cut on our lands. We will soon commence pressing it ready for the Gold Country markets. We have the finest and largest hay country in this part of the state I expect.

Squibs — Population P. T. Barnum General News Notes

General Grant is said to weigh 183 lbs.

Wheat crops in Minnesota are short.

Mexico talks of another revolution over the election of Gen Gonzales.

The population of St. Joe is 35,000 Leavenworth, 16,000, Topeka 15,000 Deadwood has a population of 4,258.

P. T. Barnum with his great show, showed in Omaha on the 30th of July. he will be in Keryn for one day — the 4th of Aug. 1880. He advertizes big, and shows big, as well. I would like very much to see his great show once more, as it is always changing for the better.

Note — I received a postal card from the Turner card Co, telling me to send 20c for postage on my cards — all right—

Bridge Work, Fast Notes

August 15th 1880

I have to make lightening notes now during the past days not written up. I have spent a good deal of time fishing. I was stoped though by the work beginning on bridge, and I went to help — on other side river — on about the 9th or 10th Johnny got a bad kick from a horse and was layd up in bed. I took his place. found it hard work.

August Tuesday, 1880

I got up at 5 o'clock as usual, tended to and fed Darby and Nimrod, saddles ate breakfast and started for river. went to work, about 18 hands — ten of whome had teams — bridge work going on very fast - very hot day

— eat dinner at the 'hotel' or resteraunt, started up in a tent, for the bridge workers by two brothers by name of Freeman — splendid meals — work afternoon — I got very tired — quit after sun down — crossed river — got home after dark, fed & tended to horses. feed them corn & new hay — very tired at night after work all over — sold 25 Cromo cards — not printed — to Charlie Graves 10c — cheap. Not much time to write — am poisoned — most all the hands are — some very bad — I go to bed almost right off — tired — fixed up old sheep stable back of hotel to put horses into. Keep them there now — at nights — we commence work at 7 a. m. at river spend $\frac{1}{2}$ hour for noon — quit $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 p. m. Riggs dog got run over by team crost river. killed I believe — did not see it. — good dog to learn — though not learnt—lots of small fish in river. Mr. Wolf's boys catch many—good night— can't tell how soon will have time to write again.

Bridge Work, River Hay baling & Loading

August Wednesday 1880

Up at 5 o'clock, fed & saddled horses, ate, and started for the river. We had to wait $\frac{1}{2}$ hour after time. had an awful dull hot day. quit at 5 o'clock on account of the few teams. there were only 5 teams on — Bundy, the two Freemans, Mr. Lofgreen and Cotton. I went in swimming when I crossed the river. went to bed early.

August 1880

Up at 5 saddled & fed horses — ate — pa told me to cross river and tell men that we would not work today did so — got in deep water nearly over Darby's back — he went through without any trouble — river high — hay press at work — stayed at home all time till three o'clock then went cross river to meet men, that want to contract building part of sod dam. Went in swimming while over there.

August 24 1880

Up at 5 — had some counting to do — counting up weight of bales in the cars. Have been working at hay press — getting along well — about 12 or 13 ton baled every day. We commenced Saturday the 21st Aug 1880 loading cars. loaded and sent off 2 cars that day — loaded 1 and about 2-3 of one on Monday — commenced working double team of men — night and day — everything working fine — I am busy all time — nice day — all right.

Fast Notes, Going to Denver

August 31st

Since the 24th of August considerable changes have been made. Up to about the 26th the baling run on. During the work pa told me that it was his intention to take me up to Denver with him a short time and see about the prices of hay, etc. with one shell, made by nerse

Afterwards he said that he would take both Johnnie and I up and station Johnnie at Denver, and me at Leadville to sell the hay—still later he told me that before doing so he was going to make a trip without me and was going to take Johnnie up and leave him and return after me—I was to stay here and see to things—Mr. Claypool was to go up with them—the time came and we waded through water and rain to the depot, and when we got there—I helped carry the trunk—and when we got there we found that the tickets had been sent for were not there. Pa said that he would go on and Johnnie and Mr. Claypool would wait for the tickets which would be cheaper than going without.

Troublesome Accidents Trouble About Hay Press

Meanwhile it was raining fearfully and the lightning—attracted by the depot telegraphing apparatuses was all in a flame around the house. Pa went on and Johnnie, Mr. Claypool and I waded back home. We had a fearful rain and the next morning we had reports that a portion of the railroad had been washed out up west, and that night Pa was back home again—he had been stopped by the flood and the train had to back to Plum Creek for supper, as those that had no lunches had had no meals all day. Pa was among the best. He got off here and ate supper and did not get off till the next day at noon when all of them went.

Pa stated that up where the flood was he could see nothing but water from bluff to bluff. The valley is very narrow up where he was, though—. While he was gone I was to tend to things, some of the men, Bill Claypool at the head were going to start the press to see if it would work right, et. etc. (it had been a little out of order before it was stopped) I had some trouble to stop this. Uncle Traber and I had sharp words about it, as he said he had orders to do so and so, but I was left sole boss of the hay business while he was away and so I kept everything straight.

August (past)

September 2

Lack of time causes me to write very fast and take but little pains, so that my bad writing and apparent carelessness is not an account of true carelessness. I have spent this day at home reading—mostly—having little to do. it is a nice day.—after this I intend to put down the names of the books and stories that I read so that I may now what kind of reading I have done.

Stories, Hay Camp, Platte River

Sometime ago I read a story of Andersonville Prison by McElroy

I am now reading "Nicholas Nickleby" by Dickens.

"A Sleep Walker" from the Ledger

"The Forest Champion" from the Ledger—by S. Cobb, Jr.

"The Last Move in the Game" from the Ledger.

Sept. 3rd, 1880

I did not get up very early—having no one to wake me. I spent most of my time at the "Hay Camp". It was a nice day. We went in swimming.

Sept. 4th 1880

Up late Tended to horses. Read all fore noon—spend my time poorly.

Everybody are going and have been 'plumming.' I have had plenty of them—but plumming, I nor Lon Swepson cannot go, for we are both tied down to the hay press.—Lon is hired to stay at the press to see that nothing is stolen or distrubed.

—I read, 'The Noble Rescue' a short story today.—The day is a warm, breezy day, But as I have nothing to do, it is a lazy one to me.

The Hundredth Meridian

As I looked at the paper this week I saw quite a change in it. Instead of seeing 'D Claypool, Editor,' in the upper left hand corner, I saw the name of Elijah Mosher filling the place of Claypool. I had previously heard that he had eather bought out or leased the paper. When I opened the paper I was surprised to see the advertizements regulated in neat shape, with an abundance of reading matter in it.

I selected all the news that had anything of importance to me, or the town of Cozad—in it, and shall paste in and write them.

On the second page is a piece about Pa, which I have 'clipped'

(This and all the following pieces are by Mr. Mosher himself)

"The amount of labor that is now going on in this immediate vicinity is wonderful. John J Cozad is now furnishing employ-

(Continued) ment to scores of people, many of whom would be compelled to leave their claims, to hunt employment to get a means of support, during the coming winter; besides the bridge work, he is letting out hay contracts; so all that will work, may and at a fair price; a ride over the hay fields would satisfy any one that there are a great many manifesting their willingness to work. Mr. Goodyear from Custer County, has the largest contract and is now running four mowers and expects to add two more in a few days he is stacking from thirty to thirty five tons a day; and will be kept busy on his job about three weeks; he finds employment for about fifteen hands; and is doing work with a vim, that few will surpass. Mr. Stonecipher, is working on a 150 ton contract. Whipple & Chapin have a 200 ton contract; several others have contracts but we have failed to learn their names.

A hay press is being run day and night to prepare the hay for the western market; the press occupies the attention of 16 to 18 hands and bales from ten to twelve tons in ten hours; the press is run by steam power. Will Claypool is Capt. of the 'Little Injun' which runs as steady as a top. Will knows just how to make the little fellow get up and clatter, as if it was the little folks at home."

The next piece of importance was a retort to a sarcastic piece about Mr. Mosher, published in the Dawson County Pioneer, a Plum Creek Paper, run, I think by the rascals of that town, who have been opposing us ever since the town was founded. The next piece is about the terrible rain storm that caused Pa and John and Mr. Claypool to be delayed from going to Denver. Mr. Mosher & a party were out plumming at about the time of the rain.—this piece is as it was in the Plum region.

I was very glad to see that the dramatic club had commenced again. I had heard nothing of it till I saw it in the paper.

The last clipping is about the storm up the road where Pa was. Pa was the reporter they speak of.

—Note—Mr. Mosher & Sam Schooley have started up a real estate agency.

I will now give a few locals as they are given in the paper.

Clippings

'Last weeks Pioneer gave considerable space to a portion of the book of chronicles signed "More Anon" and had the head of a buffalo on it, couldn't say whether it was the old "bull" or not but presume it was as the chap was very conspicuous last fall in Platte Precinct working hard for a "bite" in the pie, and came home disgusted because there was nothing but the crust left in the shape of the Plum Creek bridge, which was a very expensive crust, put there at \$60,000 with no "filling" or seasoning in it, and the Court House put down to him at \$30,000; also with nothing but a thin crust there without the embodiment of shortning to make it even palatable. As he was raised in one of the northern cities of the State of Brains; nigh to the place where Garfield displayed such enormous talent as a canal boatman, he did next Sunday after Garfield's nomination at a Sunday School in a sod building on Buffalo Creek portray the ability and excellence, of the great Statesman. He did expect to be honored with a seat on his right hand, and had drawn for the "little Joker" and lo! when he looked at his hand, he found he had only the deuce. We prefer the 'bloody knife' to the 'bloody shirt' for our insignia. We prefer shaking hands with our neighbors, rather than pass them by with a gaudy

look. We do not accept the law of the Medes, and Persians for our course, and truly believe that the Republican egg of Dawson Co., should be broke, and fried. And we will willingly let "More Anon" eat the rotten stuff."

"One of the most severe rain storms of the season past over Custar and this county last Thursday afternoon and night. We were in the storm in Custar Co., pouring down" loses its significance for a name; it came in fleets, and waves; one could see the water in the cannons raise; it came so fast. The cloud at first appeared in the west and north west, passed over us the doors were opened the contents dropped, and we were as wet as though it had rained for a week, the wind shifted to the east. The cloud came back the doors were still ajar, cloud passed off to the west again, as we thought perfectly satisfied with the ducking it had given us; but lo! we had miscalculated our host, it wheeled about in full view of us, and divided one division taking a right flank movement moved in the direction of Warren on the railroad, the other came directly over us again, and it opened up as though it had received a new supply of water, as we had failed to see any marked difference in the amount that came down upon us. We acknowledge that we have seen storms that lasted for half an hour or an hour its equal but to commence at three in the afternoon and last until midnight, we never saw its equal."

'The Home Dramatic Club are going to give us an entertainment each month during the fall and winter. They are now preparing the Drama of five acts, entitled 'Led Astray' The club will give their first entertainment October the 5th."

'The water spout that dropped its contents upon the railroad last Thursday night about midnight near Warren station, was very severe. The water came down in floods. The Platte Valley at that point (15 miles west of this place) is quite narrow, and from the glare of lightning, the valley had all the appearance of an ocean. The water put out the fire of the engine of the west bound express, and stopped the train (being more bold than the brave and daring highway robber) The water raised up almost to the platform of the coaches. About six hundred yards of the track was completely washed away. Our reporter says there was a great deal of complaint by the passengers against the railroad company, on account of being detained; such complaints are all wrong, the railroad has already enough charges against them, without carrying an unavoidable load."

Cozad Town Locals

We had a fresh rain last Monday night—No material damage has been done to the soc-

bridge by the heavy rains. A great many of the people of this and other places were out in the big rain — in the bluffs one man had serious trouble and lost some of their things — O. H. Tony & family have returned to the land of their adoption. We welcome them. — G. S. Gerald is a guest of Dr. Merrills (he is a cousin to the doctor, R. H. C.) Mrs. Gatewood has put down a new pump in front of her store for the benefit of her customers. — Over 700 tons of hay is now in stack around Cozad, about 3,000 tons are under contract, and will be baled at this point and sent to Leadville, Denver and other points for market. Plum Creek is to have a military company (a witticism) a savings bank is a place where you can put your money today and get it out tomorrow by giving 30 days notice.

I have spent all of the 4th of Sept. in the house, ate the best watermelon I have had this year, read the ledger — wrote.

Death of Thomas Stevenson

September, Sunday 5, 1880 ... A very nice pleasant day, I was up at about 8 o'clock. I spent the fore-noon at home — the time flies — though I do not have very pleasant or exciting times either — Pa and Mr. Claypool was to be home on about the 2nd. We have not heard from them yet.

Note — Some time back I gave 1000 cromo & Floral cards to grandma to sell for me. She sells 13- a banker's dozen for 10c. I make an enormous profit — without printing. They do not go very fast, but it is better than having them laying on my hands.

About noon Sunday, the 5th of Sept. 1880 Mr. Thomas Stevenson died in his room above the printing office of typhoid fever. He has a family in the east and one grown up son here. he has been a citizen of Cozad for five or six years. His business has been in thrashing. last year he baled hay with Claypool. His son John was very much grieved. Mr. Stevenson was born in Ireland. he was a jolly jovial man much liked by all who knew him. I could not find the meridian so I do not know the full account of his death

Pa's Return From Denver My Prospects, Denver City

Sept. 6, 1880 Monday

When I woke up Monday morning I was surprised by finding that pa had come home during the night. He had left Johnnie in Denver to take care of the Hay business there. He said that he had rented a house for a store place for the hay. He said that the city was a larger one than he expected to see and livelier & better. Instead of putting up haisty shacks of houses they were building very fine buildings, every house in town was occupied and there was a host

of people in covered wagons & tents. Of course one of my most important questions was "When am I to go to Denver?" Pa told me that he did not intend to station me at Leadville, for there was no need of any one there at present, but that he might, if there was a good school in Denver, send me to it. this pleased me. He also said that Johnnie proposed that I should come out there with the horses, ride them through. I jumped at the

Sept. 21, 1880 — Tuesday supposed that he would let me go that way. so I was contented — He did not say exactly when I was to go. I then asked him if I was right in what I had done while he was away. He said as I knew he would that I was right.

Funeral of Mr. Thomas Stevenson

At 10 o'clock we went to the funeral of Mr. Stevenson. There was a large assembly and it was carried on in a very solemn way. Poor John Stevenson took it very bad. There was many who shed tears. I did not look at the corpse I never feel like doing so. I do not like even to go to funerals at all. I would rather keep away from having such bad feelings.

Hay Baling Again Cool Weather

Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1880

Tuesday at eleven o'clock the Hay Press started up to run day and night. At six o'clock 240 bales had been run out 12 ton of hay. The day was a very cold one — a winter day — and at night we stayed all night at the press. — we nearly froze but it was fun to me.

Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1880

Wednesday was cool and cloudy till about 8 o'clock a. m. when the sun came out and the clouds cleared away. but about twelve o'clock it clouded up and steadily grew colder all day. At night pa and I — Much again st my wish went home and had a good nights sleep.

Hay Baling

Thursday, September 9, 1880

Thursday started out cold and windy but changed its mind gradually and by noon had softened down to a sunny, pleasant day. The Press was moved to some fine green hay.

Friday, September 10, 1880

Press at work. running out fine bales of green hay. Five cars left on the track to be filled with Hay in the afternoon. started loading cars. Press moved in the night.

Saturday, September 11, 1880

Run Hay Press — all right — loaded cars — I did considerable riding — am kept busy — nice days now.

Sunday, September 12, 1880

On account of being behind we were obliged to load cars on Sunday. Pa discharged C. Campbell, J. Beardsley & wife — Mrs. Beardsley was the cook

Hay press, Heavy Rain

September 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 1880

During this week I have kept no notes. It has been a very unlucky Hay Pressing week. There was a good deal of moving done, and the press was broken several times. Friday at ½ past 4 o'clock a big rain cloud appeared in the south west, and in a few minutes swept over us bringing down a heavy rain which stopped work and drove us all to shelter. After dark most of us started in Mr. Wagoner's wagon for town before we got to the house I was wet through & through, and was shivering, as the cold drops rolled down my sides. But I take all hardship as fun and did not grumble. The rain stopped the work for rest of week. This week I have kept books, bought provisions. I being the only person having the right — besides pa — to try anything for the Press — I have been kept busy all the time. But I hate to see Sunday come. I enjoy my work. I don't know how soon I shall go to Denver yet. Pa says that he can't do without me here. I stay with the press all the time. See that everything is tight. The men have grown to consider me to be one of the bosses.

It revives me up and makes me feel like I am somebody to have a responsible position and

be depended on. The men I have often heard say, when they did not know that I was hearing? — "If Bobby keeps the accounts it will be correct. he never neglects his business" or something like this.

No one knows how much good this does me. it makes me want to do something, so I always do just exactly as pa wishes. take his place when he is away, and do everything that he could wish, as far as I can see. My work, I make it fun. It was always in me to make any hardship fun, and to enjoy excitement."

I never was livelier than I was time of the "Wall War." Danger I like. I am in the best of spirits now, and can do more in one minute now than I could in five three months ago. Three months ago I never felt so miserable and lazy and it was very hard for me to get out of it. But one day I set my mind on it and have regained spirits. till now I feel twice as hearty and strong as I really am. I have great pleasure in the horses I have grown to love Darby he is as knowing and loving to me as if he knew as much as any man. When I go to him where he is pickexted & he always comes to the end of his rope to meet me and nickers at me. And is so friendly that I would not sell him for three times his worth — but long ago I ceased to see the lines and now it is so dark that I can't see what I have written so I will have to close till "next time."

Cattle, The Boss Herder

September 20, 1880

I was up and ready for to go to the press soon Monday morning. We — pa and I — had hardly got started when we noticed a large herd of cattle bearing down on the Hay Fields from the west. Go and tell them that your father is the owner of this land between the river and the railroad and that we intend to cut the grass on it, so please go up and drive the cattle along the railroad" said pa to me.

I at once struck off and came upon the herd. At the east end of the herd I met one of the cow-boys — a rough, bad looking fellow. "Where is the boss of this herd?" I asked of him. The cow-boy pointed the boss out to me.

I wrote up to where he was. He rode a black pony and a California — I believe — saddle. He was rough looking, wore cow-boy leggins and clothes of the same style. His hat was about a three inch rimmed, white hat that had seen long and rough service. He was sandy complected — wore a heavy beard.

I told him what pa had told me to say.

The Boss Herder appeared very polite and oily tongued. he said that he would do as I directed. and then I went down to the camp.

Trouble With the Cattle Men

I have been in Nebraska long enough to know that these cattle men will promise to move off premises immediately, in a most polite manner and then never make a move to do it.

When I had got to the press they had shone no signs of leaving, so pa, who had just arrived struck off to the herd. When I saw him going I struck off after him. Prince, seeing the cattle, and seeing that pa was going toward them, struck off ahead, and stopped when he had come within a few steps of the cattle and the cow-boy I had first seen — there was about a dozen cow-boys in all — When Pa rode up he told the man that these cattle must be drove off. The man acted impudent and then the Boss Herder rode up and pa told him that he must move off immediately. The Boss said that he was going to do so but showed no signs of doing it.

A Little Excitement

Pa then commenced driving the cattle himself, and Prince, thinking it time to commence darted at the cattle and drove them about a quarter of a mile. meanwhile the herders yelled swore and darted after the herd.

"Kill the dog!" cried the Boss. Don't dare to kill that dog — he is my dog — he is on my lands!" yelled Pa several times.

The herders dashed after the herd and the 1st herder — or the one I had first seen drew is revolver and fired — not at Prince but to make a show of bravo. As we afterwards came

to the conclusion — It was a breathless moment to us till we saw Prince unhurt running to us. Pa and I had remained where we were while all this was going on.

The Herder, and the Boss

After the herders had prevented the cattle from making a stampede the 1st herder came toward us as we thought to make a fuss.

He rode up by us and said something — in a serly manner — about his bosses being a gentleman, and then commenced in a bullying talk. Pa told him that he wanted nothing to say to him, but if his boss had anything to say let him come on and say it. The man grumbled and muttered, and acted very bad. he got a coat from the ground near us and putting it on started away muttering. Pa told him that his words had no bearing on him and the texan rode off after the herd. They went up along the road, but not off the hay field. Pa sent me to tell them to go along the road. The Boss was as oily and polite as ever, and did as I told him.

Later pa saw him in town and he was the same way. Pa told me that if he gave him any trouble he would prosecute him or shooting at the dog. The man gave us no further trouble.

R. H. C.

The Hay Press & Camp was moved S. E. of town in the forenoon, work began in afternoon, to work at night.

Rain— very heavy in fore noon — and a disagreeable drizzling all the time. Work on press stopped at 9 o'clock in the morning — could not run while it is raining.

A note — lately I have been signing papers where only initials were needed, and always before on little occasions where had any signing to do — school papers etc. I have signed R. H. C. the three initials joined together. Many a person would know this to be my signature even if it were seen in California or some other distant place — all on account of my always signing it in that special way.

Books, Stories, & Authors

Book & Story Note — I have finished reading Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby" & Cobbs' "Forrest Champion" I think them both splendid stories. I am now reading "The Sleep Walker" "The Last Move in the Game" & "A Terrible Agony" by S. Cobb. — all N. Y. Ledger stories. The first I call good enough, but not a story to my fancy. The second is a good story, and the third, I think will turn out to be a splendid one. Cobb is a good lively writer. There are very few love story writers that I like, and the cause is that they spend too much time on describing, etc. and cause the points of the story to be so far apart that I get tired out before I get to them. I think that their main objects in

this is to fill up" and make a long story out of a short one. S. Cobb, Jr. makes such a nice descriptions that I like all of his writings. He is a great describer of scenery. Charles Dickens is a great describer of characters, but in some of his stories, it is all "fill up." I enjoy "Pickwick Papers" "Nicholas Nickleby" and one or two other of his stories — "Oliver Twist".

Some of my favorite writers are: Dickens, Cobb Jr., J. Verne Mrs. Holmes, Mark Twain.

Hay Camp, Pa's Start for Omaha Skip Spur

Sept. 22, 1880 on Wednesday there was no Hay Press work. it was a cool cloudy day. I spent most of my time in house.

Sept. 23, 1880

On Thursday it cleared up about noon — Pa and I went to Hay Camp in fore noon. — moved the press in afternoon preparatory to go to work next day. Pa is going to Omaha tonight. I write to Johnnie about every day & we receive a letter about every day.

Sept. 24, 1880

Friday, I can't say what was done on the 24th as it has been some days since I have taken notes. So I will skip from Friday, 24th Sep. 1880 to Saturday the second day of October 1880. Between these dates pa has been to Omaha and back. The Union Pacific Railroad Co., have built a business track or Spur at this station — on the following page I give a card.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF MY 'NOTE BOOK.'

September, Thursday, 23, 1880
At Cozad
Dawson Co. R. H. Cozad
Nebraska

Intensions. Rainy Loading Cars. Move

We have run the press most of the time. We talk of bringing the Press to Station build large warehouse, and have hay hauled to Press, and then try and get UPRR Co., to run an extra spur out into the Ware House so that we can load the bales as fast as baled.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1880

Bad rainy damp day.

I was up at about five o'clock down to the press. had all the men to come up to Station, and load the Pressed Hay that was piled near track into cars. Rain soon commenced. not very hard, but dis-agreeable. I stay at home all day. Moved "Shanties" to town.

Sunday, Oct. 2nd, 1880

Not much done. Good day.

Monday, Oct. 4th, 1880

Moved Hay Press & Engine up to town. did not do much work. Nice day Pa thinking of going to Denver. me not going.

Pa going to settle business there bring Johnnie back. Do all bus-

ness here.

Pa Off For Denver

Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1880

Started out — Pa, D. Claypool, & I to island — Willow Island — Goodyear & Men moved to island to cut hay. spent day up there. Pretty tired. Rode lots. nice day. Pa started for Denver at 4 o'clock a. m. in the night.

Island, My Stable

Wednesday, Oct. 6, 1880

Pa gone — No one at work, except Mr. Wagner. We had him to hawl baled hay that had been rained on several times and spoilt. or that is, it was bleached — and a little molded so that it would not do to sell — some of it, none but cattle would eat. We — Mr. Claypool & I being bosses while Pa is gone. Had the bales divided between us, and hawled to our houses. I built a stable out of my share, big enough for the three horses. it is solid and as warm or warmer than brick. I have slept in baled hay my self on some cold nights.

The Fair

Thursday, October 7, 1880

This was the day that the 'Dawson County Agricultural Society' was to hold their Fair. The place appointed was at the School house in this place.

All the time since last spring the Society have been "firing away" with their tongues about the fair.

At first they were to have a regular fair grounds, a fine, graded race track and buildings put up for the shelter from the rain & sun for the lady attendants at the fair.

They were to keep it up for several days — have a resturant, and a pedestrian race for a \$25.00 belt, etc. etc.

The Agricultural Society

The Society fought and fought and at last the fair time had come. but they could agree on nothing, and at last the report came out — not from the Society but from outsiders — that the fair was to come off October the 5th — There had been a notice of a play, that was to come off on this day, in the meridian see page 97. but I neither saw play nor Fair on that day, nor did any body else — Next. The fair was to come off Thursday the 7th of October. On the 5th two furrows were run along by the school house — no on the regular fair grounds, but at the school house. — On the 6th Pres. (of the Society) Spinner was to lead and "boss" the work on the race track and fill up the grounds. Every body was willing to commence and put in a days work on the 'grounds'. The 6th came — but Pres. J. W. Spinner did not. and so there was nothing done till the evening the President all in a sweat began — and did nothing.

Thursday morning came. A. T. Gatewood the secretary and J.

W. Spinner the president was not on hands. A. T. Gatewood had got "mad" at the president and secretary of the fair and wouldn't have anything to do with it. Pres. Spinner had 'business to attend to.' Some of the outsiders — mostly Ladies — started up the fair and carried it on. After it had got fairly started, Pres. Spinner and Sect. Gatewood put in their appearance. The secretary played off on his duties and Mr. D. Claypool took his place.

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A Dance

Grandpa Takes Control

Later in the evening there was to be a ball in the Odd Fellows Hall — above the school room.

I ate supper with Grandpa & John Robert & went up to the "hall" to see what was going on there was two or three couples there and a number of the 'boys' also Mr. Erwin, Mr. Goodyear, and Mr. W.

Half an hour passed and the couples, getting discouraged, left the hall to the boys of the town.

At once a stag dance was proposed and Smith Ertel started up with this fiddle. The boys commenced making a big racket, yelling, swearing and stomping. Grandpa being in one of his

cross childish moods, at once jumped up and ordered the boys to stop their noise and dance right or not at all.

A Riotous Ball

Of course, they should have done this, but "then again" it was none of grandpa's business. If he did not like it, he should have reported to those who had care of the hall, or lift it and went home. The boys' did not pay much attention to him and all of them being a little "tight," they went on with the "ball" or "jamberee", and danced out a quadrille — or what they called a quadrille — then they got noisy again and this made grandpa mad, and then some of them got saucy, and grandpa got furious. I did not like the affair much I can say, and was wishing for it to come to a stop when three of the boys, the two Finch boys & Oscar Ertel came up the steps making a terrible racket, swearing, and stomping The Finches went up to the end of the room on each side and Oscar Ertel went up center making a worse noise than ever. When Os. Ertel had got the center of the crowd he gave a couple of loud, wild yells.

Oscar Ertel Shows Himself To be A Coward

This made grandpa furious. he commenced on Ertel and he — Ertel — sauced back in a very bad manner. a few more words were passed and Grandpa called Ertel a "Liar!" and Ertel returned "Your Anothern."

About this time I got mad also and rushed into the crowd. — I had been one of the outside observers. I raised my voice above the rest and succeeded in hushing up Ertel. That is, in taking all the talking or doing it all myself, and telling him that he was acting the coward in making such a fuss to a man as old as grandpa. After a while grandpa left for home and with many curses the hall was deserted. I saw it all out, and as I had been roused when Os. Ertel began talking about shooting I told him he was a fool for thinking of shooting with grandpa. After it was all over I went home feeling bad over it

The First Cold Weather Alls Over

On Friday after thinking I decided that the actions of the Ertel bros. had been "put up" before hand and was a plan for to pay grandpa for a grudge they had against him.

Saturday, Oct. 9, 1880

It was a cold day — the first of the year — or rather the coming winter — not much done. Ma was sick.

Sunday, Oct. 10, 1880

Another cold day. Instead of saturday being cold, as above stated it was warm — and Sunday was the first cold day. Noth-

ing going on. Ma unwell.

Monday, Oct 11, 1880

Cold again. Pa was expected home — with John but did not come. No excitement. Ma unwell.

Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1880

"Rain! Rain! Rain!" with considerable "drizzle! drizzle! drizzle!" mixed in. Pa did not come. all day an all night Monday it rained and now it bids fair to rain all night tonight.

Rain, Snow, Geese, Politics

Wednesday, Oct. 13th, 1880

It rained all Tuesday night and all day today — two days and two nights. there was no wind today, and it kept up a continual "rain-drizzle-rain-drizzle" all day. We only saw the sun for a short time in the evening when it cleared up for about a third of an hour to make room for a new out-fit of "dirty black" clouds to come in and show signs of more rain.

There has been some heavy snowing out west. The loud quack and croak of the Geese, Ducks Cranes (cranes) is to be heard — they are thick. There are a great many Republican Democratic meetings going on, and the papers are full of it. From the portraits of the candidates I like the looks of the Republican Candidate for president James A. Garfield the best. I think Hancock is fine looking,

but I think there is too much "meat on his chops." He looks very much like Jim Fisk to me. For the ex-presidents. I like the looks of English the Democrat. I do not like the looks of Arthur at all.

Sneak Thieves

A train of 10 cars loaded with stock ran off the track near a town called Clarksville on this road — by telegraph.

Last Thursday — Fair-Day — in the eve. after the fair, shortly after Mr. Claypool & I sampled the watermelon. Two quilts, belonging to Ida Schooley, and two sheets belonging to Mrs. Riggs, were stolen from the school house, where they had been on exhibition at the fair. The things have not been recovered yet. The thieves are unknown. The same night — I believe — a quantity of meat and provisions was stolen from Mr. Goodyears Hay Ranche. I would rather have a Dock Middleton than a lot of sneak thieves.

I intended to paste in the Meridian's account of the fair, but in the account Mr. Mosher fell a dozen "notches" in my estimation as an editor. So instead of "pasting in" (I would do it to save space in my book) I will write it to suit myself, taking notes from the piece in the paper I will only give the price list.

The Fair

The Preium List

Number of entries — 88

—Saddle Horses—

1st Prem. W. Graham, Iron Grey Pony

2nd Young, large cow pony

—Match Ponies—

1st Prem. J. W. Rose, young ponies

—Horse Colts—

1st Prem. W. A. Love, yearling (bay) colt

—Fine Blood Colts—

1st Prem. W. A. Love, 3 year old filly

—Driving Teams—

1st Prem. A. J. Arnold, so el & Bay work horses

2nd Prem. W. T. Griffith Gray & Dark Ponies

—Cattle—

—Stock Cow—

S. Grayham 1st Prem.

—Milch & Stock Cow—

1st Prem S. Graham

—Beef Cow—

1st Prem. S. Graham

—Hogs—

1st Prem. W. A. Love, 12 Pounds China pigs

—Poultry—

1st Prem. W. A. Love, Plymouth Rock

2nd Prem. W. A. Love, Plymouth Roc

1st, Prem. W. A. Love, Brown Leghorn

—Farm Products—

1st Prem. A Buckley corn,

2nd, Prem. J. M. Funk, corn

1st Prem. C. W. Smith, Flax Seed

1st. Prem. Potatoes, S. Grayham

1st. Prem S. Grayham cabbage

1st Prem. S. Graham, pumpkins

1st Prem. S. Graham, Radishes

1st Prem. S. Graham, Rutabagas

1st Prem. Mrs. Hanly, Squashes

1st Prem. Buckleys Citrons

1st Prem. Water Melon-L. D. House

—Farm Products—

1st Prem on Onion, S. W. Schooley

—Sewing Machine—

1st Prem. — "The White."

—Culinary—

1. Prem. Butter, Mrs. Grayham

2. Prem. Butter, Mrs. E. Claypool

1. Prem. — Cake Ethel Riggs

2. Prem. Cake, Mrs Tony

1 Prem. Pound Cake — Miss Mollie Claypool

1 Prem. Bread, Mrs. E. Claypool

2. Prem. Bread, Mrs. Tony

—Preserves, etc.—

1. Prem. Plum Pickles Mrs. Riggs

1 Prem. Lemon pickles, Mrs. Gatewood

1st Prem. Cucumber pickles Mrs. Gatewood

1. Prem. Plum Jelly Mrs. Gatewood

2. Prem. Plum Jelly, Mrs. D. Claypool

1. Preserves, Mrs. D. Claypool

1 Prem. Canned Plums — Mrs. Riggs

1. Prem. Plum Butter, Mrs. Riggs

—Needle Work—

1. Prem. Quilt, Miss Graham

1 Prem. Log Cabin quilt-Miss Graham

1. Prem. Peony quilt Mrs. Hanly

2. Prem. Peony Quilt, Mrs. Burnham

1. Prem Patch work Mrs. E. Claypool

2. Prem. Patch work, Mrs. Hanly

1. Prem. Quilt, Miss J. Owens

1. Prem. Quilt, Mollie Claypool

2. Prem. Quilt — Ida Schooley

1. Prem. Zephyr shall Mrs Cozad

2. Prem. Knit socks, Mrs. E. Claypool

1 prem. Tidy Mrs. Griffith

1. Prem. Open Needle work, Miss Graham

1 Prem. Fancy hang. basket, Miss Mol. Claypool

1 Prem. Card receiver, Mrs. Tony

2. Prem. Card receiver, Mollie Claypool

2. Prem. pin cushion, Mrs. Tony

1 prem. Pin cushion, Mrs. Cozad

1 Prem. Hair work, Ida Schooley

1 Prem. Pottery Vases, Mrs. Cozad

1. Prem. Bic-a-brac Mrs. Cozad

1 Prem Childs Colar, Mrs. D. Claypool

1 Prem. Zephyr Scarf Mrs. D. Claypool

1 Prem. Lamp Mat Mrs. D. Claypool

—Floral—

1. Prem. Flowers, Mrs. Smith

Crystalized flower 1st Prem. E. D. Owens

—Miscellaneous—

1 Prem. Dental outfit — A T. Gatewood

1. Prem. Birds, Mrs. Cozad

1. Prem. Bull Whip Gerva Gibson

1. Prem. Pictures, Mrs. Cozad

Bull whip belonging to me made by Gerva Gibson.

Map of the Fair Grounds Pa's & Johnnie's Return

From Denver

Well, now I will go back to the regular notes for Wednesday, Octo. 13, 1880. It was such a bad day that I turned the horses out of my uncovered stable so that they could go around and warm up — I did not turn Darby out — he being a stallion. I stayed around home all day. We expect Pa on the 4 o'clock train Thursday morning.

to the conclusion — It was — this is to fill up" and make a

W. Spinner the pres

Note— A black smith by the name of Ogden has located here, and arranged a shop and will commence business tomorrow. —good.

On Tuesday Hank left a pup of the Shepard breed here and I think I will keep it to train with Prince. it is a pretty one. Good Night.

Sinch, Comb, Cold, Cattle

Thursday, October 14th 1880

Early in the morning I was aroused by a big noise at the door. 'It's pa' was my first thought and I hastened down to open the door and in came pa and Johnnie. after greeting them, pa and ma went to bed and Johny presented me with a splendid Cheyenne (?) spelt) Bridle. He was too restless to go to bed and so after a talk we went out to see Johnnies friends and to carry up his trunk, which he opened, displaying a fine 24 strand hair sinch, and a pair of rains about 8 feet long each. He also made me the present of a maine and tail horse comb. We went around and saw the folks and then took a ride, which lasted all the morning. in all we spent a splendid day.

Oct. Friday 15th 1880

Friday turned out to be a bitter cold, windy day. there was some signs of snow We spent the day at home.

Oct. Saturday 16, 1880

Saturday turned out to be a much better day. In the forenoon Johnnie John Robert & I started out after our — or Johnnies Cow and Hefer, that we supposed had been in a herd of Texas cattle that the storm had drove down onto our land above town. We drove the cattle away — not finding the cow & calf and returned to town.

(Pages missing)

Printing Again, Handling Cash

The job was to print the election Tickets for the country around. Mosher was to set the type and furnish ink, paper, and fire and pay me 20 cents per hundred for the printing. I spent the day in the office though they did not get ready for me before 4 o'clock, P. M. I run the press four hours from 4 till 9 spending 1 hr. for supper. I printed 11 tickets — and quit tired for I had done pretty fair work.

Friday, Oct. 29, 1880

In the morning, Mrs Mosher returned my press to the house, and during the day I received my pay for my printing work, \$2.20.

We worked the press loaded cars.

Note — On the 28th we —or pa commenced having a ware house built, but on account of a letter he received from a hay man he continued pressing.

— Note — During the past two weeks I have been handling the money to buy provisions and lay off hands, etc. I have spent about \$75.00 during the time. Oct. 29 pa bot barrel apples.

Nov. 1st 1880 This morning I expected to receive the book that is to continue this small history but it did not come. I will open up the book when I get it with this date Nov. 1, 1880. Ma received Harper's Monthly Magazine which she is going to take for a year, good book Nice day No work, I have been counting up Hay Bales as put in cars. We have pressed in eight days or a fraction less over 100 tons and have loaded nearly 90 ton.

Note. This is the 326 page written in my note book.

Nov. 2, 1880 Looks like Garfield is to be President by reports. Work on Press — it is a little stormy in the eve and night.

Nov. 4, 1880 Cold, no work, no bustle at all.

Nov. 5, 1880, Warmer, nothing going on.

Nov. 6 to Nov. 7 ditto

Nov. 8, Nice day.

think that their main objects in bring Johnnie back. Do all bus- Gatewood the secretary and J.