

NEBRASKA STATE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Brooklyn N.Y.

Dec 2nd/11

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My dear Mr Pease.

Please dont attribute the delay in answering your esteemed favor of Nov 18<sup>th</sup> to neglect. I waited for Mr Clandence's letter, and after sending both letters West, have received them.

I shall enroll as a Pioneer, and as my sister, in Ohio, was a little three-year-old Pioneer at the time, I have written her to join me.

Unfortunately a large portion of my Fathers law library, and about all of his private papers and correspondence were destroyed by fire in Nebraska City, while in storage waiting to be shipped East by boat.

My Mother, Flora Hopkins Miller, passed away last year (June 11<sup>th</sup>) in her 89<sup>th</sup> year. She was a writer of some note for years. In fact was correcting an article for the Cincinnati papers at the time the heart stopped beating.

Your letter and Mr C's has awakened a flood of reminiscences

I verily believe some of them would interest the Nebraska Society of N.Y. if there was one - and there should be. I remember the "Steamboats" we came up the Missouri River on the "Asa Wilgus", and returned on the "Gus O'Lynn". The Wilgus, up stream was slower than the wrath of God. A three weeks monotonous journey - but not to me. Every thing interested me. I really became fond of sand bars. The Peake Family Bell Ringers were on board bound for Omaha. As business Manager I formed a troupe of Harry Peake (14 yrs old) and myself. He was the artist and musician. We started a Cigar and Candy Stand up on Deck where the passengers were trying to while away the time. When we sold a dollar worth we would give a performance. Harry had a good voice and played the Bells. My musical repertoire was confined to Sunday School songs Harry would play and sing that soul-stirring jig "Mary Ann Kehoe"

3 and I would provide an income with "I want to be an Angel" but the Angel was not in it with Mary Ann. But Oh the cigars that we sold. First we bought them down below of the Bar Keeper - bought all his 5¢ cigars and took them up on deck and sold them for 10¢. We made such inroads in the business down below that we could buy no more supplies. After that we depended on the landings. The Smokers declared the toughest cigars came from Brownsville. They nearly started a riot. However we put the smokers in a good humor by labeling one box the "Undertakers Friend", and the other "The Bride of the Brewer". On our return East the "Asa Wilgus" was a specialist in mid-stream. I took a New Found-land Puppy from Ohio to Nebraska in a wicker basket. When he went back from Nebraska to Ohio he was only 6 inches lower than my Sioux Pony. What an indulgent Father must have been mine to let me take that dog such a journey. But the Family circle would have been shattered without him.

I remember the Indians that came  
to town on Saturdays. If the squaw  
would carry the 75 lb bag of flour  
he would consent to carry the jug.  
When my father located in Neb. City  
several citizens presented him  
with ten City lots, in honor of his  
coming. It was decided I was to  
have them. The deed was put in  
Allen Blackers law safe. All was  
lost sight of when my father became  
ill and we came East years after  
I asked about my lots. A Lawyer  
friend investigated and found  
that for 5 years of delinquent taxes  
they had reverted to the Territory.  
But I shall go through life believing  
myself one of Nebraska's Millionaires.  
But the kind letters from you and  
Mr C. has caused a long letter -  
Kindly ask Mr C. if the history  
would be an addition to  
libraries here - from a New Yorkers  
stand point. Some years ago I  
assisted in <sup>in the library</sup> ~~the library~~ 84 sets of a  
literary publication at 40<sup>00</sup> per set -

Believe me

Yours truly sincerely  
Will H. Miller

515-8th St -

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