

Little Blue and before the week had drawn to a close we arrived at the Big Blue. A beautiful stream winding its way through the rich rolling meadows. Leisurely we traveled through this beautiful country, until we came to Beaver Creek when we advanced to the Platte and thence to Valley City.

After a several days journey, we came to Fort Kearny, from here the emigrant trains from various parts of the country concentrated.

The green literally dotted with white wagon covers, and the rich pasture numbered thousands of horses, and cattle, resting in the lovely valley, before attempting the passage of the plains, and penetrating the unknown heights of the rocky peaks that rise beyond. From this place hundreds of persons with their teams, and herds, sometimes traveled together, considering that it was prudent to be in large companies, while others were seen in small companies or alone.

Kearney City was about three miles west from Fort Kearney, it was then in pristine glory, but is now remembered as a town of the past.

Our road lay along the Platte River for about one hundred and eighty miles. But this river, when in season of high water, assumes a beautiful appearance. Its broad bosom is dotted with islands of the richest verdure, and adorned with gorgeous hued flowers, and delicate vining vegetation. These islands are of the height of the adjacent shores, having been formed by the action of the changing currents that have forced their way around them. Some are miles in length, while others are mere dots of verdure on the breast of the broad water. The Platte is subject to great variations, however now fearfully