

rapid and broad inundating the ancient valley then sinking into an insignificant stream. The Platte is a very shallow stream would be fordable at almost any place if it were not for the quick sand, which renders it extremely dangerous.

We continued to pass ranches at intervals of ten or fifteen miles. These ranchmen were clever, energetic men, who dared to live a frontier life, and often proved themselves to be of the bravest, and most generous. Some of them aspired, to comfort and even luxury. As a general thing their houses were built one story high of sod, and large enough to accomodate quite a number of guests.

In the winter the ranchmen offer accomodations for the travelers, and their teams, but in the season in which we made their acquaintance their hospitality was not so much required, as we slept in our wagons, and our animals were turned loose to find pasture.

The most popular of these ranch men was Mr. Jack Marrow, He disregarded the prevailing custom and built his house two stories high and having given his attention to its completion produced a residence in the far west that would have done honor to an eastern farm of pretentious extent. Mr. Marrow, was an Indian trader. He was first married to a squaw, but after her death, he was married to a white woman of whom I was personally acquainted.

Our next objective point was Box Elder Station. Here we saw three outlaws, which were strapped to this tree, and shot for stealing live stock. One of these men was seventy five years of age. This would be to any observer a heart thrilling scene.

About one mile from this tree we decided to camp for the