Although the rain-fall of 1868 marked about 30 inches and last year, (1869) 20 inches, it is believed by the medical officer and the testimony of men whose occupations have made them familiar with these frontiers, and especially cattle drovers to whom a supply of water is a vital pecuniary question, that the two years recorded have been exceptional, and even with the abundance recorded for the former year, the North Concho, instead of a running stream, has been standing in shallow pools, while the water in the Main Concho was so impregnated with putrifying animal matter as to be offensive to both smell and taste. The waters of both streams are slightly impregnated with lime. In very dry seasons, when the half famished buffalo arrive at their banks, they crowd into it in such numbers that many are drowned—so many as to affect the purity of the stream in the manner just referred to. These rivers in the vicinity of the post and above it vary from fifteen to forty feet in width, have a gravel or rock bottom, and are fordable at almost any point.

In anticipation of this deficient supply of water the post surgeon earnestly urged that suitable cisterns might be attached to each of the buildings, and his application so far has met with favorable consderation as to have one, intended then to be one of a series, started.

Three or four severe storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning have been experienced during the existence of the post, the flashes being vivid, near and rapid. Considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of the hospital building, standing as it does on an elevated plain and being itself higher than any building or tree for many miles. One unusually severe hail-storm occurred in June, 1868, arising without warning, and from the weight and accumulation of the masses of ice, breaking in the tents, (the garrison were not inquarters then), the troop horses were stampeded, and most of the poultry about the post killed. In fifteen minutes from the beginning of the storm, the parade ground was covered with hail-stones to the depth of more than two inches. Several were measured and found to exceed an inch and a half transversely by three-fourths of an inch in thickness. The belt of the storm-cloud was very narrow, not quite a mile in width, and was traveling due southeast.

Supply is a vital question to the post. No means of transportation from the coast except by wagons. Indianola is 550 miles distant; San Antonio, the commissary and quartermaster depot, about 230 miles. When the rainy season sets in, communication almost entirely ceases. Two or three days rain upon the light soil of the prairie so loosens it that an ordinary ladened wagon will sink to the hubs and the mule to, his girth. The winter of 1868 and 1869 were specially marked as wet, and no supplies were received. The succeeding winter has been unusually favorable. Rising rivers frequently delay even the mail for several days.

The post is entirely dependent, the soil having no natural products of any utility to a resident. For prevention of scurvy, the post surgeon was fortunate enough to find some "lamb's quarter" (chenopodium) for the use of the troops while awaiting the arrival of supplies last spring. The nearest village is Fredericksburg, a German settlement upon the Perdenalis river, 160 miles from the post. The nearest neighbors are the mail station, (Ben Ficklin) three miles, and the Bismarck farm, seven miles. Those are both companies and not actual settlers. The nearest actual resident (Frank Tankersley) is 18 miles and his nearest neighbor 11 miles beyond him. The vicinity of the post is abundantly supplied with game. Buffalo exist in countless herds during the winter and spring, and deer and antelope at all seasons. The large gray wolf and the coyote are abundant, and the fox, the badger, and peccary can easily be found when desired. The prairie for miles in every direction being one vast "dog town," the prairie dog holes interfere somewhat with the pursuit of the chase. Water fowl of every kind, from the large white swan to the green-winged teal, abound upon the rivers. Wild turkey and quail, both the brown of Virginia and the blue tufted quail of New Mexico, can be found anywhere upon the streams. Immense catfish, weighing as much as 75 pounds, with eels of proportionate

a bass, with smaller fish, reward the angler for very little exertion. It may be some drawback that a country supplied so lavishly with game is equally generously furnished with venomous reptiles and insects. A prairie dog town is the well-known habitat of the rattlesnake, as also the rocky borders of the streams; his kindred, the water-moccasin, in this country attains a giant development. Tarantulas and lesser spiders lurk under every cactus shrub, and the centipede brings forth its interesting brood in every pile of chips or lumber about one's quarters. The post surgeon having been bitten on the hand, while taking hold of a towel in which the insect was coiled, by a centiepede, afterwards measured it and found it to be seven and a half inches long, enters so much testimony against the special virulence either of their jaws or claws. The bite was painful for an hour or two, but no other trouble resulted, neither ulceration or swelling.

Indians, believed to be chiefly Comanches and Kiowas, commit frequent depredations in the vicinity. Horses have been repeatedly stolen within the post lines, and as late as the middle of last February a citizen was killed and scalped within a mile of the adjutant's office.

The situation of the post is a most healthy one, and it is thought under some precaution, such as guarding against the sudden change of temperature, especially in winter, a desirable one for the treatment of tubercular cases.

Some Recollections of Early Days

Mrs. Lulu Taylor, now a resident of Canadian, Texas, has many recollections of early days in Texas. She was born in St. Louis Mo., and came to Texas in 1855 in a covered wagon, with her parents, living for awhile in Cooke county, then on the extreme border of civilization. Later they moved to Young county and lived there fifteen years. In 1869 she was married to J. W. Taylor, a Texas ranger, at Waco, and went to McClellan county where Mr. Taylor successfully engaged in the stock business. In 1872 he sold his ranch and engaged in the manufacture of chairs, at Little River, establishing a large and money-making business, but suffered a heavy loss by fire. Mr. Taylor was engaged in a fight with Indians in Jack couty in 1871, in what is now known as the Warren Train Indian fight. A wagon train, heavily loaded with supplies for Fort Belnnap, was attacked and only a few of the teamsters escaped.

Within fifteen miles of the Taylor home the Russell family was massacred by Indians, in 1868, and in the same year a negress on the Taylor farm was killed at the "wash place."

On one occasion, while Mr. Taylor was a member of Company B, he, in company with a Mr. Hamilton and some cowboys, engaged in a desperate fight with Indians, in which quite a number were killed. Mrs. Taylor's father carried one of the dead cowboys on horseback six miles to his ranch, made a rude coffin, and with early day ceremony, buried him at old Veal Station, where two famous old Indian fighters, Captain Tackett and Peter Holden, were buried.

One time, during an Indian "scare," Mrs. Taylor hurried to the rescue of a neighbor woman and her two little children. She carried one of the children and the mother carried the other and they started to the Taylor ranch on horseback. When within a few miles of home, Mrs. Taylor's horse began to act queer, she told the other woman to run for her life, and when they reached home they found that the Indians had already been there, and had killed a number of the servants of the Taylor household. During the great Indian fight at the Loving ranch among those killed was a young man named Heat, who was buritd at the Taylor ranch, and there stands a monument today to his memory. She says Mr. Taylor was present in the battle in which Charlie Rivers was killed. Mr. Taylor died at Gem, Texas, May 16, 1917.

From Major Green.

Editor Frontier Times:

I will ask you, in justice to my friend and myself, to correct a mistake that occurred in your highly appreciated magazine of October, 1925, in which I am made to say that I claimed the distinction of making the first arrest in Eastland county. I was not interviewed by a newspaper reporter while at Ranger, but remember having a talk with school boys and mentioned an incident just as ridiculous as it was amusing, which occurred in our company about the last of June, 1874. Our captain was at Comanche with about twenty-five of our company. We got a late start for Carter's Ranch in Stephens county, and camped near Vawnson's Ranch north of Comanche with just enough meat for supper and breakfast, so the Captain detailed Stoudenmire, Aycock, Bush and myself to scout for beef. We got no meat but got lost and were out all night. We struck the trail early the next morning and soon came to where the scout had camped the night before, and saw from the bones lying round the camp fire that they had killed a beef. Taylor, one of the best boys we had in Company A, had walked out a short distance from the camp and done just what we were instructed to do—killed a beef. As we were pretty lank by this time we hurried on and reached Carter's Ranch about 1 o'clock p. m. and found all had been feasting on a fat calf, including the captain. But for some reasons known only to the captain, he had Taylor under guard for stealing the calf. He was dishonorably discharged and instructed not to come to camp any more. However, Taylor had some money due him and later came to camp to collect it late one evening. The captain ordered his arrest and started a guard with him to Fanagan's Ranch in Eastland county, thirty-five miles distant. They had not gone far until Taylor expressed a desire to have John Gross and myself along. We were sent for and when we came up the captain instructed me to take charge of Taylor, saying that he would hold me responsible for him. We arrived at the ranch about 1:30 on Sunday. On Monday Taylor was given a preliminary trial and bound over to the Eastland county grand jury. Four of us boys went on his bond. Some time that fall Eastland county held her first district court and empanelled her first grand jury. So I suggested that Taylor must have been the first man to be bound over to the Eastland county jury. Will state that soon after this the captain quit us, and Taylor was reinstated without any loss of time. Taylor was a credit to our company and there was not a man in Company A but that regretted the action of the captain.

Yours truly,
W. M. GREEN
Meridian, Texas.

Fifty-Nine Years Ago.

Folks boiled coffee and settled it with an egg.

Ladies rode side saddles.

Little Johnnie wore brass toe boots and daddy wore brogans.

When the preacher told the truth the people said amen.

Left-over noon vituals were finished at supper time.

Neighbors asked about your family and meant it.

Merry-go-rounds were called flying jennies.

It took twenty minutes to shine shoes with Mason's blacking.

Ladies' dresses reached from their neck to their heels.

People served pot licker instead of canned soup.

Only crooks on records were lightning rod agents.

Indigestion was called plain bellyache.

The neighbors got fresh meat at hog killing time.

Cotton was considered good fertilizer.

And men made the same wife do a life time.

We expect to publish in the next issue of Frontier Times a highly interesting sketch of Bill Longley, the noted desperado who was hung at Giddings, Texas. This article is now being prepared by T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering of the University of Texas. Dean Taylor has a splendid article on the "Lee-Peacock Feud" in this issue. We are sure our readers will appreciate his contributions to this little magazine.

Big Foot Wallace's Fight on the Nueces

The folowing account of Big Foot Wallace's battle with Indians on the Nueces, in 1850, as related by himself, will bear reproduction:

In 1850, I was in command of some twenty Rangers and was attached temporarily to Colonel Hardee's force, at that time operating on the Nueces river and between that stream and the Rio Grande. Colonel Hardee had received orders from General Brooks to make a thorough scout for Indians on both sides of the Nueces. He therefore proceeded down the east side of the river with his main force, whilst I and my Rangers were ordered to scout the country down the west side. We left camp and went to Carrizo Springs, where we found some Indian sign, but none recently made. There was an Indian trail, evidently several weeks old, leading down the country from the springs, and we followed it for about thirty miles to where it crossed the river to the east side. My orders were to keep on the west side, and in consequence I did not cross but continued my route down the river until I came to the coast near Corpus Christi without seeing any more sign of Indians. There I received an express form Colonel Kinney, stating that the Indians had been seen very recently in that vicinity. I requested him to send me a guide who could show me Indian sign; and I stated if he failed to do so and carried us off on a wild goose chase, that I would hang him to a live oak limb and let the buzzards play seven-up on his carcass. The guide was sent, and he conducted us to an Indian camp, where we found they had killed a Mexican, and taken his caballada of mustang horses and gone up the river with them. We followed the trail, but soon came to so many mustang trails leading off in every direction that we could not follow the one on which we had started. Where we lost the trail was at the Agua Dulce creek, and we went from there to Fort Merrill, at which place we were joined by Colonel Hardee and his men. Soon afterwards Colonel Hardee ordered me to go up the Nueces and to follow any fresh Indian trail I might find. When I had gone about twenty miles above the old Laredo road I found a fresh Indian trail and followed it across the river. There were but few Indians in the party, and after crossing we came to where they had pitched camp on the east side. We camped at the same place, and I went out to look for deer, as we had no fresh meat. In passing over a sandy locality on my way, I noticed a number of moccasin tracks, and found a bunch of mesquite beans hanging on a limb, which I knew had been placed there as a signal to other Indians, and I therefore concluded it would be prudent to return to camp. After dinner, we saddled up, and went to the mesquite tree where the bunch of beans was placed, and near by we found the fresh trail of three horses. We followed this trail until it crossed the "Black Hills," which are seven or eight miles from the river where we struck a valley running east and west. We went down this valley and came to an old Indian camp near what had been a water hole but it had dried up. There we camped all night without water. At this camp we found a United States infantry soldier's coat, a Mexican soldier's coat and a bridle. We left this camp very early the next morning, and after traveling three or four miles we came to where there was a great deal of fresh "sign"—trails leading off in every direction. Following one of these, we came to a place where the Indians had killed several mustangs. One of them was scalped but not otherwise mutilated. "What does that mean?" inquired one of my men. "It is intended," said I, "to let us know if we follow this trail any further, that our scalps will be taken." However, that threat did not scare us "worth a cent," and we continued to follow the trail for about four miles beyond the locality where we had fund the scalped horses. At that point, on the top of a ridge several hundred yards distant, we discovered an Indian sitting on his horse and holding his lance in his hand. He made signs to us and called

out in Spanish: "If you want to fight, come over this way." He was riding a fine sorrel horse, and after he had shaken his lance at us several times he went off at a gallop. Some of the boys gave a yell and started in pursuit of him, and I had great difficulty in stopping them, but I finally succeeded and told them to go back to the pack mules and get all the ammunition we had as I was satisfied we would need it very shortly. In a few minutes the Indian showed himself again on the top of the ridge, and I ordered the men to stay where they were until I could go to a knoll near by and make a reconnoisance, for I was sure the lone Indian we saw had been stationed there to draw us into an ambuscade. When I reached the knoll I could see eleven other Indians below the point where the first one had made his appearance, and still further down, their entire force of more than a hundred warriors. Just at this moment Sergeant Murphy came up, and asked me what I saw. "Indians," said I. "Where?" he asked. "Over yonder," I replied, pointing in the direction. "My God!" he exclaimed, as he turned to go back, "There's a thousand of them!" At that instant an Indian whom I took to be the chief, sounded a whistle, and the eleven Indians we had first seen advanced and rode around us, but some distance away. I ordered my men not to fire upon them, as I understood very well the object of this maneuver. After they had rode around us, finding we would not fire upon them, they galloped off toward the main body of Indians lower down the valley. We followed them slowly, as I had no intention of being lured into a trap. The chief again whistled, and immediately twenty-five Indians left the main body and took their position in the rear, so as to act as a reserve force. There were about one hundred Indians in the main body, and the moment the chief sounded his whistle again, they charged upon us in double file, but when they reached a certain point within about one hundred yards, the files turned right and left, circling around us, firing as they ran—but those who carried rifles dismounted, and taking their positions behind trees, began to pour hot shot into us in a way that was anything but pleasant. We were not idle ourselves, and returned the fire so effectively that we killed several warriors, wounded a number, and killed and wounded many horses. Such a warm reception compelled them to draw off for a time, but they returned to their camp, mounted fresh horses, and charged upon us again more vigorously than before. My men, however, were all experienced frontiersmen and good shots, and we dropped them from their saddles so rapidly, and wounded so many others, that they hastily fell back again to their camp. There they reformed, and being joined by the reserve, which as yet had taken no part in the fight, they charged us for the third time in the most determined manner. But it was the same old thing—we pitched the rifle bullets into them so rapidly they could not stand the racket, and once more retreated toward their camp.

In this charge upon us the big "medicine man" made himself very conspicuous—not by fighting, for he had no arms at all—but by circling round us in advance of the rest and waving a bunch of roots, he held in his hands, backwards and forwards. I saw he was doing us more harm by encouraging the others than if he had been armed, and I told several of the boys who were near me to stop his "conjuring." A number of shots were fired at him without effect, and it really seemed as if his roots in some way protected him from our bullets. Finally, however, one took him squarely in the breast, and he pitched headforemost from his horse—roots and all—but he had hardly struck the ground when half a dozen Indians rushed forward and bore him off out of sight; consequently, we did not know at the time whether we had killed him or not. Before the Indians made the fourth and final charge upon us, the chief rode up and down the line, urging his men, as we plainly perceived, to come to close quarters and use the bow and arrow. "Now, boys," said I, "prepare yourselves; for we are going to smell the patching." The next moment they charged upon us in a body, not dividing their force as they had previously done. The chief led this charge and I and

several of the boys nearest me leveled our guns upon him. "Shoot at his legs," I shouted "and kill his horse, and I will then bust his hulk!" He came yelling, straight for us, and within about thirty yards three men cut down on him. His horse turned a somersault, and the chief, who was some distance in advance of his men, jumped and tried to break back toward his crowd, when I fired on him and shot him through the hip. He fell yelling like a catamount, but rose up on his left leg, when several Indians rushed up nd bore him off the field, going back to their encampment near the water hole. We had been so long without water ourselves that we were suffering terribly for it. We therefore mounted our horses and made for their old camp, where we expected to find it. When we got within about one hundred and fifty yards of the camp I took ten men afoot, leaving the rest to bring on the horses and two of our men who had been wounded, I knew very well there were some Indians in camp, but I determined to drive them from that camp at all hazards, and get possession of the water hole. As I charged up, I ordered my men not to run in a straight line, but zig-zag fashion to prevent the Indians hitting us. They did so, and although the Indians gave us a volley as we approached, no one was hurt. We returned their fire and Billy Johnson killed one dead, I shot another and Jim Brown a third. We would have killed all, but a party of the main body of the Indians at that moment came to their rescue, and we were compelled to fall back toward the men and horses we had left with our wounded. This ended the fight, which had lasted several hours. When the rest of my men came up, I went back to the water hole, but in the meantime the Indians had retreated out of sight and we saw nothing more of them. The Indian killed by Johnson had two plugs of tobacco in his shot-pouch, which was a god-send to us, as we had all been without a "chaw" for several days. We found plenty of water at the camp, but it was horrible stuff, for the Indians had been there for some time, and it was literally covered with filth of all kinds. We were so nearly famished, however, for water that we were not very squeamish as to quality, and bad as it was, it quenched our terrible thirst.

In this fight we killed twenty-two Indians, left dead on the ground, and fifteen wounded, besides killing many horses. Three of my men only were wounded; Rose, Louis Oge and Rufe Hinyard. As some of our horses were badly wounded also, we were unable to follow the Indians further.

Among those who were with me in this fight, and whose names I have not mentioned, were Jack Tannehill, Edward Westfall, Sergeant Jim Brown, William Rice, Bib Miller, a German by the name of Frei and Thomas Rife, who was in after years custodian of the Alamo. The names of the balance I can not remember.

In looking over the battle ground next morning we found a saddle hanging on a limb of a tree and beneath it a pile of brush. I knew that some "good Indian" was stowed away there and told the boys to uncover him and see what he looked like. They did so and there lay the body of the great "Medicine Man," with his bunch of roots still held in his hand and one partially chewed, sticking in his mouth. I supposed, unlike the majority of medicine men, he had great faith in his own remedies, and had tried to cure himself when wounded by chewing one of his roots, but it was no use, and in fact, I don't believe the root has ever been found that will save a fellow when he has had a half ounce ball through his lights.

Captain B. F. Sullivan of Rockwood, Texas, writes: "I notice a few lines from Curley Hatcher in a recent issue of Frontier Times. I was with him at one time chasing a bad man, whom we got. This, Coleman county, was then under jurisdiction of Brown county. The county was organized in 1875. I helped to organize the county, and will write you about it some time. I have been working for Uncle Sam about thirty-five years, and he keeps a fellow busy."
