

when they remembered to—The first spring the new colts were Prince and Queen, then followed Cleopatra, Empress, Lightning, Romeo and Sunbeam. There were others but these stand out in memory, because of special beauty and intelligence.

The horses were loving and beloved—really members of the family.

Twice in the ten years, Minnie and Bird brought the little mother home, the last ten miles from Larned, when storms covered tracks and she did not know her way—Once with the old grandfather they tied up the lines and gave the horses their heads—They encouraged the horses by calling their names and urging them on, but finally covered up warmly and said little more. Another time when the west had its worst storm, the little mother and a young neighbor, Claude Hullett, were brought home by the horses when all directions were alike and roads obliterated by blinding snow. About five miles from the ranch was a treacherous creek crossing, but both times the horses made it without brakes and stopped with their faithful feet on the door stone.

It was a beautiful door stone; smooth and white as snow, measuring about 30 x 36 inches. It seemed made by nature for their door stone—A little corner rounded off a trifle, made it even more attractive. Being about six inches thick and embedded slightly, it was as solid as Gibraltar.

The little mother said the door and step were the indication of what one found within, so that door stone was always white and shining.

Our pioneers soon learned there was insufficient rain for some crops so they raised sugar cane, broom corn, millet, kaffir corn, pie melons, water melons, and canteloupe, that did not require much rain. They fed and watered birds that nested near them and became so tame they took crumbs from childish fingers—There were other cows bought to keep "the old white cow" company.

Kansans know how to be friends and in Kansas like every other spot, one meets just enough of the other kind, to recognize and appreciate fully the genuine article.

Our pioneers knew numbers of families of sterling worth and character, whose friendship they enjoyed. This friendship continued thru the following generation.

The Choates, Eakins, Macks, C. E. Wilsons, Cunninghams, Cattle Wilsons, Ruffs, Rouns, and Heimers all belonged to the old regime in their part of the county while the Roughtons, Kenyons, Hauns and many more at Jetmore belong to the first old years.

During the first summer before the children learned to ride the horses, the eldest little girl would walk to the post office at Duncan's Ranch carrying a hoe over her shoulder, as the law of the land was that a rattlesnake must never be allowed to get away. Small arms could not strike heavy blows but also rattlers cannot jump unless coiled. By hitting hard and fast when they straightened out after jumping at you, and jumping backward when they coil again, it did not take but a few minutes to end the battle.

After the first summer the children could ride, even the littlest sister at five would mount a colt when it was lying down, then urge it to get up and ride home guiding with two small hands on its neck.

When our pioneers went to Kansas, Dutch Henry, a horse and cattle thief was the terror of the settlers—He was said to operate out of Dodge, then a wild border town.

Everyone predicted that the rapidly increasing group of fine horses would be stolen but even Dutch Henry was not sufficiently hardened to steal from a widow with five little ones and an aged father. The little mother's refinement and kindness were her only protection.

The door was never locked. It is doubtful if there ever were a key. The only lock on the barn was a