

**BLUE EYE: A STORY
OF THE PEOPLE OF
THE PLAINS**

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Blue Eye: a story of the people of the plains by Ogal Alla

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BY
OGAL ALLA



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To My Wife.

INTRODUCTION.

"Ef it's clippin' kewpons er mules' tails yer choosin' fer a perfession, clip th' kewpons; it's more prof'table an' not so dangerous."

There is no place in America where the early settlers met with greater difficulties than did "The people of the plains." The country between the Rocky mountains and the Missouri, the Arkansas and the Platte rivers might be called a great battlefield. The Indians never fought harder to hold a territory than they did for this great plain. This was the hunting ground for tribes from north and south, and many a rancher gave up his life while trying to build a home. But as a great general once said, "They were born for that; the foundations of states are always laid on aching hearts." But it has ever been American to take chances; "th' shore things air all roped an' branded."

The people who settled along the streams of this great plain dreamed of herds of cattle as numerous as the buffalo—it was the almighty dollar that led them on. Some called it adventure, but "the dollar mark is about the crookedest thing I ever saw."

The stockmen drove the Indians and buffalo from these plains, but settlers came, and now cattle kings and cowboys are of the past—three

great changes in forty years. Who can look into the future and tell what changes the next forty years will bring?

To the old time cowboys with whom I rode for fifteen years, whose cultus corries are now ended, I bid a fond Klahowya.

CHAPTER I.

I was only a lad when I made my way into Colorado and went to work on the range. During the first three years of my cowboy life I cut four sets of eye teeth, and saw many things that were not on the level—for instance, the Rocky mountains. But I did not get real busy until I commenced work for the Three Bar cattle company, in the seventies, and at once commenced to see things.

It was a lovely spring day when I rode up to the home ranch on the Arickaree, and was greeted by a kindly fellow I had known as Tobc. He extended his hand, told me to unsaddle my pony, turn him into the pasture, and come in.

"Had anything t' eat t'day?" he asked, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and patted my horse on the neck.

"Not since morning," I replied.

"Then come right in."

I followed as he led the way, for it was three o'clock, and I had ridden fifty miles that day, and, as he remarked when I had finished the lunch, "brought my appetite with me."

"Whar'd ye come from," he asked, after I had refused "something more."

From Los Animas. Been on the trail three days. Stopped over on the Beaver last night, with old Uncle Zach Foiley.