BLUE EYE. A STORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649713981

Blue Eye. A Story of the People of the Plains by Ogal Alla

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

OGAL ALLA

BLUE EYE. A STORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS



BLUE EYE,

A STORY OF

THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS

BY

OGAL ALLA



Portland, Oregon
THE IRWIN-HODSON COMPANY
Printers and!Binders
1905

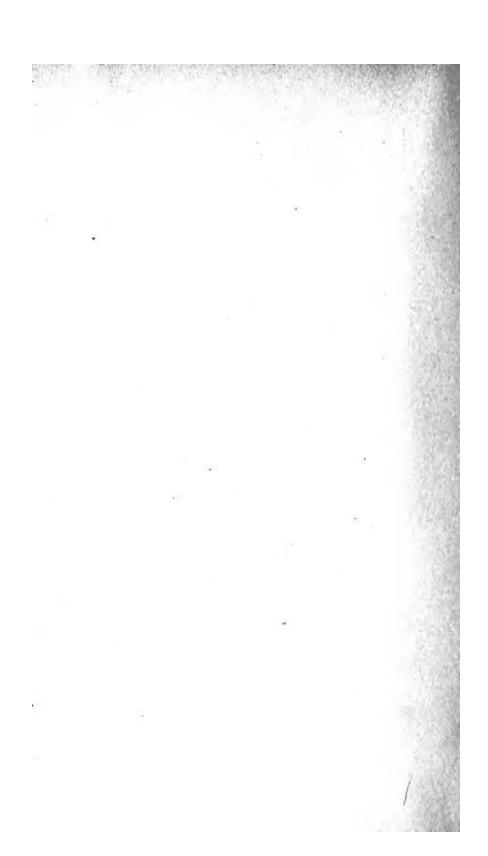
F596 . 1 . M 75

> Copyright 1905. MOCK, HICKEY & CO. Nampa, Idaho.

All rights in this book, including the rights of publication of extracts, translation, dramatization and recitation are reserved.

q rot: Licrary

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 Tobe. 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.