

1889 was the Big Flood, said to have been two feet higher than that of 1883, and in consequence the railroad was moved to higher ground all down the Nemaha valley. These "freshets" were continued with more or less frequency until it was decided to straighten the Nemaha but that was after my days in Bunker Hill.

The folks used to tell of Indians coming through the country once in a while, and I remember some of them, but they were peaceful begging visits from the Indians from the reservation down beyond Falls City. However I remember one visit to our house which has seemed more and more remarkable as I think back over it. I was a small child, not more than five or six, for I was young enough to hold fast to my mother's skirts. That would make it about 1877. One day mother was alone with ~~two~~ us children for father had gone somewhere and taken the dog with him. We saw a man coming up across the lawn and as he came nearer saw he was an Indian wrapped in a blanket. I do not know the time of year, but it was warm and the doors stood open. He asked for a drink of water and when mother had given it to him asked if he might rest. Mother gave him a chair by the west door and sat down herself across the room by the east door and I stood behind her. He was an old man, eighty years old he told mother, a Pawnee who had come back from Oklahoma to visit the scenes of his earlier days. He was alone and on foot. Mother offered him food but he refused it saying he carried his own food. He spoke very slowly and brokenly, with long silences. Said he had hunted all over the prairies when a young man and had wanted to see it again before he died. Not much left as he knew it. He called me "papoose" and said I must not be afraid. Though I was shy enough to stay behind my mother I was not afraid so know my mother was not. He stayed a long time-- two or three hours it seemed to me-- and when he left Mother gave him another drink, whether coffee or milk or water I do not know. He thanked her very gravely and said goodbye with great dignity. He made a deep impression on my mother and I presume my memory is mostly from hearing her talk of it, but I can still ~~see~~ distinctly see him sitting across the lawn to the road. Our house set as he went slowly down across the road and I have since wondered why he passed back rather far from the road and I have since without stopping and came Mr. Dobson's and Uncle Wesley Shaw's houses because our dog was gone. I have never found to ours. Perhaps it was because our dog was gone. He left an impression of profound sadness with my mother which as I grew in understanding has remained with me. If my memory serves me right another Pawnee Indian from Oklahoma visited Pawnee County in recent years to see the land of his fathers", but there was none of the poissiance of this earlier visit in the later one as reported by the papers. Rather it was a sightseeing expedition such as you or I might take, but that earlier visit was a remembering and a farewell.

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