

thought, one purpose, one motive—a home at whatever risk. For the time being self was forgotten, and the thought of being killed in the mad race was never considered. At the place from which I started about 500 horsemen were assembled. We were directly south of some remarkably fine country, and in order to get to this country we were compelled to pass through a narrow gap, since this pass was the key to the entire country north. Our party of nine intended riding and locating five miles from the line, but on account of a lot of “sooners” starting before twelve o'clock and locating on the land we had picked out, we were compelled to go for the north. I will now describe the run. We left Stillwater on Friday night, Sept. 15, and camped on the line. We did this to prevent a lot of people from following us. We spent the time in an uneasy sort of a way, until about a half hour before starting when we saddled our horses and rode them around for exercise preparatory to the big run. As the hour of twelve approached we became quite anxious, and one could see all along the line, men consulting their watches. A young man from Huntingdon, Pa., and I were to lead our party. At last the time is up, and the signal is given. We are off! What a dreadful mob!

“In order to get through the narrow pass, already mentioned the riders had to close in considerably. What if a horse should fall! No one thought of this. Before we had gone far we could see that the land we had intended locating upon had been taken up by the “sooners,” and the point was now to take care of the horses for a long run. Of course the horses were all excited, and most of the men were in the same frame of mind. During the first two miles of my run, it was all I could do to keep my pony from running away with me.”

“Great care had to be taken to avoid running into rough places and ditches, also to avoid other horses. All these elements contributed to the general entertainment. After three miles had been run and the narrow pass gone through, it became a question of man and animal holding

out for a given number of miles. All hands were now down to a good solid long run, at the same time taking the best possible care of the horses. Within five miles one horse of our party gave out and two men located, leaving six of us for the longer run. At the end of seven miles we got off the horses for *twenty seconds* by the watch to let the poor things rest, again mounted and rode on. As far as we could see, our party was safely in the lead, and our horses being yet in good “wind,” were capable of better speed if necessary. In order to give us more time to look around when we got out of the rough country through which we were then traveling, the speed was increased to something above a three minute rate, and thus we go up hill and down, through woods, bushes and over prairie. When we have travelled  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles, we come to some beautifully located land, and when ten miles have been run I am off my horse and located. On consulting my watch I find that I have ridden the ten miles in thirty-three minutes, with my pony now as wet as water can make him, but otherwise just as good as new.”

“This is all an experience I shall never forget. I staid on my claim a couple of hours, and then went after the wagon which was coming in with our ‘chuck.’ The driver did not understand the directions and was not where he should have been. I looked for him until nine o'clock that night and being tired and sleepy, I dismounted took the saddle off the pony, tied the pony to the saddle, wrapped myself in the saddle blanket, laid down on the prairie and slept the sleep of the innocent and just.”

“I talked with an old soldier who was in the stampede at Bull Run, and he said it was not half the rush or the mad run that we had here in the strip. I do not see how anything could be wilder, and it is remarkable that as few were hurt.”

Prof. Holter at the close of his interesting letter, alludes to the repulsive reputation of Perry, the land office town, saying it is worse than any mining town ever established in the west.

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