Four Dollars Reward
much as that living, pushing, throbbing, singing, swearing, moving line of humanity squirming across our state from 1847 to 1867, that I have sought to visualize. It is that there shall be added to the common heritage of our state's traditions of valor, of honor and of zeal, also that of the semblance of a crusade for home and wealth; of the once existent mild, wild horde that melted away into the Railroad era without leaving in our song or story its tavern terms or campfire tales; its homeseeking and homesick impulses; its tough fibred standards; its throes of anxiety and thrills of achievement.

The greater, more tragic era of the Civil War deposited its relics and recollections upon the last of the old Wagon days in Iowa. The railroad relegated the customs and the language of the long wagon journey. The automobile retrieved the cross-country tour without restoring its route or poetry. The recent war annihilated all the other thoughts and throbs. But may not these markers serve forever at least as texts on which our children shall preach sermons of that almost lost and quite romantic age?

FOUR DOLLARS REWARD

Taken from me the subscriber (living in Salem) on Friday the 14th instant, a light grey mare, about seven years old and thirteen or fourteen hands high, with her mane and tail cropt, and is natural to a hand gallop, had on russet saddle and housing: the man who took her called himself Kent, he appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, was dressed in a cloth coloured coat, blue jacket, and a pair of deer skin breeches, grey hose and leather strings in his shoes. Whoever will take up and secure said man and mare, or either, so that the subscriber may have them, shall be paid the above reward with all necessary charges.

BENJAMIN COATS.

—From The Boston Chronicle, July 4, 1768. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)