A Pioneer Story [Iowa pastures and cow grazing]
Van Arsdale, to whom I was married on May 16, 1866. In March, 1872, we came to Iowa and settled on a farm near Chariton, and this town has been our home ever since. Now I have led you back to the state where I started. My mother dropped dead in her garden here in 1879 and my father passed away a couple of years later. I have passed my golden wedding anniversary and still have the kind husband and four of my dear children, who grew to maturity and are married and living near in Iowa, to comfort me in my seventy-third year. I also have three grandchildren and I feel that God has been very good to me.

In thinking this over I see I have left out about my being stolen by an Indian in Sacramento. But fortunately I was rescued by a posse of men before he reached his tribe.

The editor of the Prairie Farmer, in noticing the gratifying fact that Illinois beef stands A No. 1, in the New York market, both in quantity and quality, would be inclined to boast, were it not that he thinks too much encouragement is given to the improvement of beef, instead of the improvement of brains—that the mental, moral and physical powers of the children are sacrificed to make them good herders of cattle, instead of intelligent and cultivated cattle breeders. We fear that both brains and beef are too much neglected in Iowa.—Iowa Farmer and Horticulturist, June, 1856. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)

A correspondent in the Prairie Farmer asks the question, what are cattle raisers to do for a range for their stock, when the wild prairie is shut out from them. It would be well for the farmers of Iowa to think of this also, and prepare in time pastures of their own.—Iowa Farmer and Horticulturist, June, 1856. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)