

ON THE TRACKLESS PRAIRIE AND A RACE FOR LIFE BY BUFFALO BILL

FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS"



In the fall of 1865 General Sherman and the Indian commissioners who were to make a treaty with the Arapahoes and Comanches in southwestern Kansas came to Fort Zarah, on the Arkansas river. From there they were to go to what was known as Council Springs, a distance of sixty-five miles from Zarah. Between Zarah and the Springs is a flat, level country, but no water is to be had. Consequently there was no water carried save for drinking purposes, which was carried in canteens in the ambulances, for the general's orders were that he would leave Fort Zarah at 2 a. m. so as to get a good start over this dry country.

Our chief of scouts and guide at that time was Dick Curtis. The outfit was composed of three ambulances, with saddle horses for the general and Indian commissioners, and when the general and commissioners were riding in the ambulances their saddle horses were led by orderlies. The general had three or four staff officers, a company of cavalry as an escort and about thirty scouts and messengers well mounted. These scouts' and messengers' duty was that whenever the general wished to send any quick dispatches back to Fort Riley, at that time the nearest telegraph point, these men were to carry them. I was at the time a young scout employed for this purpose.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, after leaving the fort, that a young officer, one of the general's aids, was riding along talking to me and asking me about when I thought we were going to get to Council Springs, where the Indians were. I told him that if we kept on in the direction we were going we would never get there.

He asked, "Why not?" I replied that we were not going in the direction of the Springs; that we were bearing too far to the west.

He said: "Why don't you tell the general this? He is up there in the ambulance." I told him (the officer) that I was not guiding General Sherman; that Mr. Curtis was the guide and that I had no right to interfere with him whatever, nor did I intend to do so. This young officer (I have forgotten his name) tumbled to the situation, and, galloping ahead, he rode alongside the ambulance and told the general what I had said and explained to him my reasons for not mentioning the situation. The general appreciated it at once and called a halt, climbed out of the ambulance, sent for Mr. Curtis to come back to him, and also for the scouts to come up, of whom I was one. He laid out a large map on the ground, and when we all got near him he said to Mr. Curtis:

"I wish you would show me on this map just where we are."

Mr. Curtis told him, which was perfectly true, that the maps were all so incorrect that it was impossible to go by them.

The general remarked: "Well, then, Mr. Curtis, how far are we from the Springs? From the distance we have traveled since leaving Zarah at 2 o'clock this morning we should be very near them."

Mr. Curtis replied: "General, this is a very level country, as you can see. There are no landmarks, and there are so many thousands of buffaloes all over the prairie that it is pretty hard to tell just where we are and how far we are from the Springs. Furthermore, I have not been over to the Springs for several years, and when I last went there I was not acting as guide. Consequently I feel that I am rather lost myself."

The general, looking at the other scouts, said, "Do any of you know where the Springs are?" The young officer had pointed me out to the general, and he was looking straight at me when he asked the question.

I said, "Yes, general; I know where the Springs are."

"How far are we from them?" asked the general. I told him about eight miles.

He asked in what direction, and I answered, saying they were due south from us now and we were headed dead west. Dick Curtis spoke up and said, "Billy, when were you ever out to the Springs?"

I told him I had been there on two or three different occasions with Charlie Rath, the Indian trader, and had killed many buffaloes all over this country. The general called for his horse, mounted it and said: "Young man, you come and show me the Springs. I will ride with you. Mr. Curtis, come along. No disrespect to you, sir. I appreciate how hard it is for one to find his way in a country where there are no landmarks, level as the sea and covered with buffaloes."

I headed due south, the general riding by my side, and during this ride the general asked me many questions—how I came to know this country so well, etc. I told him that my father had been killed in the border ruffian war of bleeding Kansas and that since his death I had grown up on the plains with the freighters, trappers, buffalo hunters, Indian traders and others and I was quite familiar with all the country lying between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains. We

rode on in this way until, approaching a little rise in the prairie, I said, "General, when you get to that small ridge up there you will look down into a low depression of the prairie and see Council Springs and the Indians." The Springs rise in this vast plain, and they run for only about four or five miles, when it becomes a small stream of water sinking into the sand. When we gained this ridge, there before the general's eyes were hundreds and hundreds of horses and a large Indian village.

I said: "There you are, general. There are your Indians, camped



"General Sherman, riding by my side, asked me many questions."

around the Springs." He patted me on the back in a fatherly way and said, "My boy, I am going to know you better."

The general and the peace commissioners counseled here for three days, and in the evening of the third day an orderly came to me and told me the general wished me to report to him at his tent. The general kindly invited me in and said: "Billy, I want to go from here now to Fort Kearny, on the Platte river, in Nebraska. How far is it?" I told him the way that he would have to go to have good camping places and that it would be about 300 miles. He asked, "Can you guide me there?" I told him I could, and he said: "All right. We will start tomorrow for Fort Zarah and from there to Fort Riley, and from Fort Riley I want you to guide me to Fort Kearny." Which I did, and on arriving at Fort Kearny the general complimented me and said: "From here I am going to Fort Leavenworth. I wish you to guide me there." I told him that would be easy, for there was a big wagon road from Kearny to Fort Leavenworth. He said: "That is all right. It will make it easier for you. You have guided me safely for over 300 miles where there were no wagon roads, and I am not afraid to trust myself with you on a big wagon road." On arriving at Leavenworth I parted with the general, and he said General Sheridan was coming out to take command in a short time and that he would tell him of me. This was the last time I saw the dear old general for several years. He was one of the loveliest men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.

One day in the spring of 1868 I mounted Brigham and started for Smoky Hill river. After galloping about twenty miles I reached the top of a small hill overlooking the valley of that beautiful stream. As I was gazing down on the landscape I suddenly saw a band of about thirty Indians nearly half a mile distant. I knew by the way they jumped on their horses that they had seen me as soon as I came in sight.

The only chance I had for my life was to make a run for it, and I immediately wheeled and started back toward the railroad. Brigham seemed to understand what was up, and he struck out as if he comprehended that it was to be a run for life. He crossed a ravine in a few jumps, and on reaching a bridge beyond I drew rein, looked back and saw the Indians coming for me at full speed and evidently well mounted. I would have had little or no fear of being overtaken if Brigham had been fresh. But as he was not I felt uncertain as to how he would stand a long chase.

My pursuers seemed to be gaining on me a little, and I let Brigham shoot ahead again. When we had run about three miles farther some eight or nine of the Indians were not over 200 yards behind, and five or six of these seemed to be shortening the gap at every jump. Brigham now exerted himself more than ever, and for the next three or four miles he got right down to business and did some of the prettiest running I ever saw. But the Indians were about as well mounted

as I was, and one of their horses in particular, a spotted animal, was gaining on me all the time. Nearly all the other horses were strung out behind for a distance of two miles, but still chasing after me.

The Indian who was riding the spotted horse was armed with a rifle and would occasionally send a bullet whistling along, sometimes striking the ground ahead of me. I saw that this fellow must be checked or a stray bullet from his gun might hit me or my horse, so, suddenly stopping Brigham and quickly wheeling him around, I raised old "Lucretia" to my shoulder, took deliberate aim at the Indian and his horse, hoping to hit one or the other, and fired. He was not over eighty yards from me at this time, and at the crack of my rifle down went his horse. Not waiting to see if he recovered, I turned Brigham, and in a moment we were again fairly flying toward our destination. We had urgent business about that time and were in a hurry to get there.

The other Indians had gained on us while I was engaged in shooting at their leader, and they sent several shots whizzing past me, but fortunately none of them hit the intended mark. To return their compliment I occasionally wheeled myself in the saddle and fired back at them, and one of my shots broke the leg of one of their horses, which left its rider (horse) de combat, as the French would say.

Only seven or eight Indians now remained in dangerous proximity to me, and as their horses were beginning to lag somewhat I checked my faithful old steed a little to allow him an opportunity to draw an extra breath or two. I had determined, if it should come to the worst, to drop into a buffalo wallow, where I could stand the Indians off for awhile, but I was not compelled to do this, as Brigham carried me through most nobly.

The chase was kept up until we came within three miles of the end of the railroad track, where two companies of soldiers were stationed for the purpose of protecting the workmen from the Indians. One of the outposts saw the Indians chasing me across the prairie and gave the alarm. In a few minutes I saw, greatly to my delight, men coming on foot, and cavalrymen, too, galloping to our rescue as soon as they could mount their horses. When the Indians saw this they turned and ran in the direction from which they had come. In a very few minutes I was met by some of the infantrymen and trackmen, and, jumping to the ground and pulling the blanket and saddle off Brigham, I told them what he had done for me. They at once took him in charge, led him around and rubbed him down so vigorously that I thought they would rub him to death.

Captain Nolan of the Tenth cavalry now came up with forty of his men, and upon learning what had happened he determined to pursue the Indians. He kindly offered me one of his cavalry horses, and after putting my own saddle and bridle on the animal we started out after the flying Indians, who only a few minutes before had been making it so uncomfortably lively for me. Our horses were all fresh and of excellent stock, and we soon began shortening the distance between ourselves and the redskins. Before they had gone five miles we overtook and killed eight of their number. The



"At the crack of my rifle down went his horse."

others succeeded in making their escape. On coming up to the place where I had killed the first horse—the spotted one—on my "home run" I found that my bullet had struck him in the forehead and killed him instantly. He was a noble animal and ought to have been engaged in better business.

When we got back to camp I found old Brigham grazing quietly and contentedly on the grass. He looked up at me as if to ask if we had got away with any of those fellows who had chased us. I believe he read the answer in my eyes.

NEXT WEEK—: "HOW I WON MY TITLE"

The Meekest Woman.
Sunday School Teacher—William, can you tell me who was the meekest man? William—Yes, ma'am; Moses. Sunday School Teacher—That's right. Now, Tommy, can you tell me the name of the meekest woman? Tommy—No, ma'am; there never was no meekest woman.—Chicago News.

The Scrap Book

He Let It Pass.

At a leading hotel in Boston a delegation of ministers were having a dinner at which a few lawyers were present, among them General Benjamin F. Butler. "Father" Taylor and Butler were indulging in some spicy repartee. Taylor asked the general if lawyers ever made mistakes. "Oh, certainly," was the reply. "To err is human." "Well," said his questioner, "what do you do when you make a mistake?" "If it is a big one," said Butler, "I try to rectify it, but if it is a small one I let it pass unnoticed. By the way," he added, "do ministers ever make mistakes?" "Certainly. To err is human," was Father Taylor's reply. "Well, what do you do when you make a mistake?" asked Butler. "If the mistake is a big one I try to rectify it, but if a small one I let it pass unnoticed. For example, I was preaching last Sunday to my sailors and in my sermon made the statement that the devil was father to all lawyers. I meant liars, but it being a small mistake I let it pass by."

HONOR AND LOVE.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind;
That from the numerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I flee,
True, a new mistress now I chase—
The first foe in the field—
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield,
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore,
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.
—Sir Richard Lovelace.

The Early Bird.

A very steady and serious country gentleman had joined a newly established metropolitan club which offered the usual advantage of bedrooms for country members temporarily in town. When next the country gentleman came to town he put up for the night at the club, which had in the meantime become extremely fashionable and its hours correspondingly irregular. The visitor went to bed at an early hour when all was orderly and the other members decorous and quiet. The next morning he came down for breakfast at his usual hour, 8 o'clock, but was surprised to find the room in the middle of the dusting process and not a cloth on the tables. While he was gazing helplessly around a sleepy-eyed waiter came up to him. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said apologetically, "but no suppers can be served after half past 7."—Harper's Weekly.

A Bad Habit.

"Mother," said little Mary, "all the time in school I keep crossing my eyes."
"Why, Mary?" her mother cried out in horror. "You mustn't do that."
"But I forget and do it all the time."
"My dear, your eyes will grow so. If you ever do it again I'll have to punish you."
"I can't help it," sobbed little Mary. "All the time I forget and cross my eyes and dot my t's"—Lippincott's.

Hereditary Habit.

Even if there had not been kernels of rice on her hat and a glad light of love in her eye any bachelor could have told that she was a bride. And the manner in which she spoke to her husband showed they had not been married long. A man in the passing crowd spied the couple and rushed over to greet the bride.
"Well, well, Agnes," he cried, extending his hand, "you don't mean to say that you're married?"
"Why—why, yes," the girl stammered, vivid color mounting to her cheeks as she tried to defend her novel situation. "You—you know, it runs in the family. Mother was married too."

Of Course She Knew.

"Shortly after I was ordained," said a Kansas City minister, "I met an old lady who asked me numerous questions. After being informed where I had studied she asked:

Doctors

say take Cod Liver Oil—they undoubtedly mean Scott's Emulsion.

It would be just as sensible for them to prescribe Quinine in its crude form as to prescribe Cod Liver Oil in its natural state. In

Scott's Emulsion

the oil is emulsified and made easy to take—easy to digest and easy to be absorbed in to the body—and is the most natural and useful fatty food to feed and nourish the wasted body that is known in medicine today.

Nothing can be found to take its place. If you are run-down you should take it.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World." SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

"Did you know the Rev. Mr. Nameless there?"
"Very well," I replied.
"Well, isn't he just the finest ever?" she exclaimed enthusiastically.
"It happened that my relations with Mr. Nameless had been exceedingly unpleasant, and with a young man's radicalism I felt tempted to say so. The eagerness of my questioner was appealing, however, and Mr. Nameless was a brilliant young man, so without hurting my conscience I said:
"Unquestionably he is unusually gifted."
"I knew you'd say so!" she cried. "I knew it. I'm his mother!"

What's My Thought Like?

A variation of the old guessing game, "What's my thought like?" may be arranged with the moralists. To play it the leader begins by saying, "I am thinking of a proverb which illustrates," for example, "the tendency of inferior characters to take advantage of any relation of authority." The other players are allowed to ask questions concerning it thus:

- A—How many words does this proverb contain?
- Answer—Nine.
- B—Is it a familiar saying?
- Answer—Among the most familiar.
- C—How many times does the word "the" occur in it?
- Answer—Twice.
- D—Does it begin with the word "when"?
- Answer—Yes.
- E—And end with the word "play"?
- Answer—It does.
- F—Is there a mention of certain animals in it?
- Answer—There is.
- G—Is it "When the cat's away the mice will play"?
- Answer—That is it.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty.

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2 1/2 times as much in \$1.00 as 50c. size. Is Not a Dye. \$1 and 50c. bottles, at druggists

Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Hair." Write Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

Hay's Hair Soap cures Pimples, red, rough and chapped hands, and all skin diseases. Keeps skin fine and soft. 25c. Druggists. Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Skin."

Is it Ruberoid Roofing?

Is it Ruberoid Roofing? BELLEFONTE LUMBER CO.

Fresh Groceries

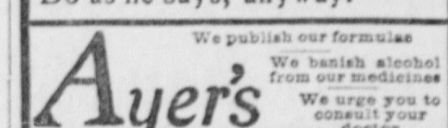
Are just as essential for good health as a well-filled pocketbook is to happiness. We aim to see that our customers have both. Why do so many persons economize to meet their bills? It is because they pay too much for their groceries. You can save money by dealing with us and then you are dealing at a store where prices are the same every day in the week to everybody.

—AT—
Sechler & Company's
BELLEFONTE

Bearing Others' Burdens.
This is the paradox of experience—that the way to bear one's burdens is to add to them the bearing of some one else's. The way out of your own trial is by entering into the trials of others. The introspective and self-absorbed sorrow grows heavier the longer you watch it, and the self-forgetting service of another lightens the burden which you yourself have to bear. The more you shirk the more you have to bear. The more you add of others' responsibilities the more you subtract from your own.—Professor F. G. Peabody, Harvard University.

When You Take Cold

One way is to pay no attention to it; at least not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway.



When the bowels are constipated, poisonous substances are absorbed into the blood instead of being daily removed from the body as nature intended. Knowing this danger, doctors always inquire about the condition of the bowels. Ayer's Pills.

SEEDS
BUCKBEE'S SEEDS SUCCEED!
SPECIAL OFFER:
Made to Build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.
Prize Collection: Radish, 17 varieties; Lettuce, 10 varieties; Spinach, 12 kinds; Tomatoes, 11 kinds; Peas, 10 varieties; Onions, 8 best varieties; 10 Spring-Summer Radishes—60 varieties in all.
GUARANTEED TO PLEASE.
Write to-day. Mention this Paper.
SEND 10 CENTS
to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my new Instructional, Beautiful Seed and Plant Book, with all about the best varieties of seeds. Free.
H. W. Buckbee
707 BUCKBEE STREET
ROCKFORD, ILL.