

# HOW I WON MY TITLE BY BUFFALO BILL FROM TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILLIAM F. CODY



ONE of my favorite buffalo hunting horses was a small roan or large Indian pony which I got from a Ute Indian. As this horse came from Utah, I named him Brigham, after the prophet. During the construction of the Kansas Pacific railroad, now the Union Pacific, in 1867 the construction of the end of the track got into the great buffalo country, and at that time the Indians—the Sioux, Cheyennes, Comanches and Arapahoes—were all on the warpath. It was before the refrigerator car was in use, and the contractors had no fresh meat to feed their employees. The men were grumbling considerably for fresh meat, for they could see fresh meat—that is, the buffalo, deer and antelope—in every direction, and they would growl because the contractors did not kill the buffaloes so that they could have fresh meat to eat. This was a little more difficult job than they thought, as the Indians were contesting every mile of railroad that was being built into their country. Besides having military escorts to guard the graders, every man from the boss down who went to work on the grading of the road carried a rifle with him as well as a pick and shovel, and when he was using them his gun lay on the ground near him, as the Indians would daily attack them.

The construction of that road in 1867 was nearly a continuous fight, and it was dangerous for a man to venture any distance away from the troops and the graders to hunt the buffalo. They tried several hunters who claimed that they could kill buffalo and bring it into camp so that they could have fresh meat for their men. One or two of these men were killed by Indians while doing so, and the others gave up the job.

At that time I was guide and scout at Fort Hays, Kan., and had quite a reputation as a buffalo hunter. Some one told the main contractor that if he could get me I would be able to kill all the buffaloes he would require. He came to Fort Hays to see me. Of course I could not accept, although he made me a very tempting financial offer, without permission of the military department commander, General Sheridan.

The subject was even discussed at headquarters in Washington, and after considerable delay evidence was presented that it would solve one of the main labor problems in the great work of constructing the great transcontinental railroad and facilitate matters greatly. Leave of absence for the purpose was given me with the understanding that in case of an important outbreak I should resume the duties of my position. As roving Indians generally followed the herds of buffaloes, I was really in a certain sense performing scouting duty also.

I started in killing buffaloes for the Union Pacific railroad. I had a wagon with four mules, one driver and two butchers, all brave, well armed men, myself riding my horse Brigham. We would leave the end of the con-

struction work to go out after buffaloes and had an understanding with the commanding officer who had charge of the troops guarding the construction that should a smoke signal be seen in the direction in which I had gone they would know I was in trouble and would send mounted men to my assistance.

I had to keep a close and careful lookout for Indians before making my run into a herd of buffaloes. It was my custom in those days to pick out a herd that seemed to have the fattest cows and young heifers. I would then rush my horse into them, picking out the fattest ones and shooting them down while my horse would be running alongside of them. I had a happy faculty in knowing how to shoot down the leaders and get the herd to run in a circle. I have killed from twenty-five to forty buffaloes while the herd was circling, and they would all be dropped very close together—that is to say, in a space covering about five acres.

When I had the number I wanted I would stop shooting and allow the balance of the herd to get away. The wagon would drive up, and my men would instantly begin to secure the hams, the tenderloins, the tongues and the choicest meat of each buffalo, including the heads, which were afterward mounted and used for an advertisement for the said road, loading the wagon until it was full. We would then drive back to our camp or to the end of the track where the men were at work, and when the men would see me coming with a load of fresh meat they would say, "Ah, here comes Bill with a lot of nice buffalo!" For awhile they were delighted with the fresh, tender meat, but after a time they tired of it and, seeing me come, would say, "Here comes this old Bill with more buffalo," and finally they connected the name buffalo and Bill together, and that is where the foundation was laid to the name of "Buffalo Bill," which afterward I defended as a title with Comstock before the officers at Fort Wallace with success.

I killed buffaloes for the railroad company for twelve months, and during that time the number I brought into camp was kept account of, and at the end of that period I had killed 4,280 buffaloes on old Brigham. This was all accomplished with one needle gun, or breechloader, which I named "Lucretia Borgia."

During those twelve months I had many fights with the Indians. On several occasions they jumped myself and little party while several miles from the end of the grade. We would always prefer to have them jump us after our wagon was loaded with buffalo hams, for we had rehearsed our little stockade so often that it did not take more than a few minutes from the time we saw them coming until the mules were unhitched from the wagon and tied to the wheels. We would make our breastworks around the wheels of the wagon by throwing out the meat and would protect ourselves by getting behind the buffalo hams. In this manner we held off from forty to sixty Indians on one or two occasions until we received assistance. I would make my smoke signals at once, which the soldiers would instantly see and rush to our rescue. I had five men killed during my connection with the Union Pacific railroad, three drivers and the others butchers.

Shortly after the adventures just recited I had my celebrated hunt with Billy Comstock, a noted scout guide and interpreter, who was then chief of scouts at Fort Wallace, Kansas. Comstock had had the reputation for a long time of being a most successful buffalo hunter, and the officers in particular, who had seen him kill buffaloes, were very desirous of backing him in a match against me. It was accordingly arranged that I should shoot him a buffalo killing match, and the preliminaries were easily and satisfactorily agreed upon. We were to hunt one day of eight hours, beginning at 8 o'clock in the morning and closing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The wager was \$500 a side, and the man who should kill the greater number of buffaloes from horseback was to be declared the winner.

The hunt took place about twenty miles east of Sheridan, and as it had been pretty well advertised and noised abroad a large crowd witnessed the interesting and exciting scene. An excursion party, mostly from St. Louis, consisting of about a hundred gentlemen and ladies, came out on a special train to view the sport, and among the number was my wife, with little Baby Arta, who had come to remain with me for awhile.

The buffaloes were quite plenty, and it was agreed that we should go into the same herd at the same time and "make a run," as we called it, each one killing as many as possible. A referee was to follow each of us on horseback when we entered the herd and count the buffaloes killed by each man. The St. Louis excursionists, as well as other spectators, rode out to the vicinity of the hunting grounds in wagons and on horseback, keeping well out of sight of the buffaloes, so as not to frighten them until the time came for us to dash into the herd, when they were to come up as near as they pleased to witness the chase.

We were fortunate in the first run in getting good ground. Comstock was mounted on one of his favorite horses, while I rode old Brigham. I felt confident that I had the advantage of Comstock in two things—first, I had the best buffalo horse that ever made a track; the second, I was using what was known at that time as the needle gun, a breechloading Springfield rifle, caliber 50—it was my favorite old "Lucretia," which has already been introduced to the notice of the reader—while Comstock was armed with a Henry rifle, and, although he could fire a few shots quicker than I could, yet I was pretty certain that it did not

carry powder and lead enough to do execution equal to my caliber 50.

At last the time came to begin the match. Comstock and I dashed into a herd, followed by the referees. The buffaloes separated. Comstock took the left bunch and I the right. My great forte in killing buffaloes from horseback was to get them circling by riding my horse at the head of the herd, shooting the leaders, thus crowding their followers to the left till they would finally circle round and round.

On this morning the buffaloes were very accommodating, and I soon had them running in a beautiful circle, when I dropped them thick and fast until I had killed thirty-eight, which finished my run.

Comstock began shooting at the rear of the herd, which he was chasing, and they kept straight on. He succeeded, however, in killing twenty-three, but they were scattered over a distance of three miles, while mine lay close together. I had nursed my buffaloes as a billiard player does the balls when he makes a big run.

After the result of the first run had been duly announced our St. Louis excursion friends—who had approached to the place where we had stopped—



"It frightened the ladies to see the buffalo coming at full speed."

set out a lot of champagne which they had brought with them and which proved a good drink on a Kansas prairie, and a buffalo hunter was a good man to get away with it.

While taking a short rest we suddenly spied another herd of buffaloes coming toward us. It was only a small drove, and we at once prepared to give the animals a lively reception. They proved to be a herd of cows and calves, which, by the way, are quicker in their movements than the bulls. We charged in among them, and I concluded my run with a score of eighteen, while Comstock killed fourteen. The score was now fifty-six to thirty-seven in my favor.

Again the excursion party approached, and once more the champagne was tapped. After we had eaten a lunch which was spread for us we resumed the hunt. Striking out for a distance of three miles, we came up close to another herd. As I was so far ahead of my competitor in the number killed, I thought I could afford to give an extra exhibition of my skill. I had told the ladies that I would on the next run ride my horse without any saddle or bridle. This had raised the excitement to fever heat among the excursionists, and I remember one fair lady who endeavored to prevail upon me not to do it.

"That's nothing at all," said I. "I have done it many a time, and old Brigham knows as well as I what I am doing and sometimes a great deal better."

So leaving my saddle and bridle with the wagons we rode to the windward of the buffaloes, as usual, and when within a few hundred yards of them we dashed into the herd. I soon had thirteen laid out on the ground, the last one of which I had driven down close to the wagons, where the ladies were. It frightened some of the tender creatures to see a buffalo coming at full speed directly toward them, but when he had got within fifty yards of one of the wagons I had shot him dead in his tracks. This made my thirty-ninth buffalo and finished my first and last run, Comstock having killed forty-six.

As it was now late in the afternoon Comstock and his backers gave up the idea that he could beat me, and thereupon the referees declared me the winner of the match as well as the champion buffalo hunter of the plains.

## NEXT WEEK—"CAMPAIGNING ON THE PLAINS"

### The Seat on the Horse.

Why does a man seated near the neck of a horse travel faster than one seated near his tail? For it has been proved in very striking fashion that he does. But why? The reason is really very simple, and yet when little Tod Sionne, the jockey, came forward with practical proof nobody seemed to be able to explain it. A horse to move forward at all must thrust at the earth and the chief force of this forward thrust comes from his hind legs. If the chief weight is just over or close to the thrusting power, naturally it diminishes its efficiency; instead of thrusting the horse forward a portion of it is wasted in lifting the weight of the jockey at every stride. — Strand Magazine.

### To Afer a Child's Skirt.

In making garments for girls it is always important to arrange for lengthening the same.

First.—One of the usual methods is to have a series of tucks at the hem. This is somewhat of a trimming and later proves convenient by letting out the tucks, one or more, as is required.

Second.—If the dress or skirt is plain, the hem may be let down and a facing put under.

Third.—If No. 2 does not give sufficient length, then, instead of facing when letting out the hem, add an extension hem that will give the necessary length, being careful to match the design, if there is any in the material. A row of featherstitching may be made over the joining, or a finishing braid may be placed over it.

Fourth.—Several rows of insertion may be set in near the bottom of the skirt.

Fifth.—For girls a little older a circular or pointed yoke may be put in at the top of the skirt.

### New Bridge Prizes.

Sachets are now given as bridge prizes, so that the hostess who possesses more of the virtue of hospitality than money may entertain correctly if only she has a large number of fresh looking silk pieces at hand. Such little bags are of all sizes, as they are used to drop among the handkerchiefs, the neckwear, the gloves and the lingerie. They are mounted over little fine white linen sacks, which hold the powder, and their ends may be fringed and tied together with baby ribbon or they may be faced or sribred into a sort of rose effect. Sachets are especially acceptable these days, when only vague suggestions of perfume are permissible.

### Becoming Furs.

It is the easiest thing in the world to fall into the mistake of thinking that any fur is becoming to any woman. Nothing should be selected with greater care than the fur. For instance, a sallow skinned, dark eyed, dark haired woman will look the very worst in sealskin. She should wear the lighter shades of mink, red fox, yellow fox and silver gray fox. Red haired blonds can wear sealskin, but the genuine brunette with dark hair and eyes may wear golden and light brown shades, such as mink, marten, brown or yellow fox and chin-chilla.

### Posting the Duke.

When Grand Duke Alexis of Russia was in Kansas in 1872 he was entertained at a great banquet in Topeka. This was served at the old Fifth Avenue hotel, then the town's swiftest hostelry, and it was gorgeously decorated. A noted politician of those days was showing the distinguished guest around. Alexis saw a big sign in the banquet room, on which was emblazoned the motto of Kansas, "Ad Astra Per Aspera." The duke was looking at it closely when the politician, swelling with importance and waving his fat hand toward the inscription, blurted out, "Them's Latin your highness—them words is Latin!"

## How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

## Beezer's Meat Market

HIGH ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.  
We keep none but the best quality of BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, SLICED HAM, All kinds of Smoked Meats, Pork Sausage, etc. If YOU want a nice Juicy Steak, go to PHILIP BEEZER

## W. H. MUSSER,

General Insurance Agent  
Notary Public and Pension Attorney  
BELLEFONTE, PA.

WE CAN PRINT YOUR  
**SALE BILLS**  
AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

### His Mind Was Made Up.

It was during a trial in an Alabama city more than twenty years ago that one of the Jurors suddenly rose from his seat and precipitately fled from the courtroom. He was arrested in his flight before he had left the building and brought back.

"What do you mean by running off in that way?" asked the judge, who knew the man to be a simple, honest farmer.

"It's like this, your honor," said the man earnestly. "When Mr. Hobbs finished talking my mind was all clear, but when Mr. Clayton began I was all confused again, and I said to myself, 'I'd better leave at once and stay away till he's done,' for to tell the truth I didn't like the way the argument was going, your honor."

### The Old Hen's Yardstick.

A little boy and his sister were allowed to collect eggs from the hen-coops, but were told that they must never take away the nest egg. The little girl, however, did so one morning by mistake, and her brother told her she must take it right back "because that was what the old hen measured by."

Some men who own automobiles are apt to run into things—especially debt.

## Tonsiline Cures Sore Throat

The throat is one of the most delicate parts of the body. It is also one of the most important, and should be given the best possible care. The throat is the gateway to the body. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the liquids we drink, all pass through it. It is very easily affected by cold, strain, exposure, etc., and Sore Throat is therefore one of our most common ailments. Strangely enough, it is also one of the most neglected.

Sore Throat is a very serious matter, for the whole system is in danger in consequence of it.

Every Sore Throat patient is a candidate for Tonsilitis, Quinsy, Diphtheria and other serious or fatal diseases, all of which can be prevented by the timely cure of the Sore Throat by the use of TONSILINE.

If taken in time a dose or two will do it. TONSILINE is made to cure throat diseases and nothing else. It is the one remedy for this purpose sold largely in the United States. Every user endorses it; every physician, knowing its virtues, commends it.

The one most important thing to remember about TONSILINE is the fact that it really does cure Sore Throat.

All druggists, 25c and 50c bottles. The Tonsiline Co., Canton, Ohio.

**FLORIDA WINTER TOURS**  
VIA  
**PENNSYLVANIA R. R.**  
February 9 and 23, and March 9, 1909.  
ROUND \$49.60 TRIP  
FROM BELLEFONTE  
Special Pullman Trains  
Independent Travel in Florida  
For detailed itineraries and full information, consult nearest Ticket Agent.

**A. E. Schad**  
FINE  
**SANITARY PLUMBING**  
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.  
Eagle Bock, Bellefonte, Pa.

- Gas Fitting,
- Furnace, Steam and Hot Water Heating,
- Slatting,
- Tin Roofing,
- Spouting,
- All kinds of Tinware made to order.

**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

**MINGLE'S**

Our Great SHOE SALE Closed Saturday Evening.

We've still a Lot of---

**Bargains Left**

See Our BARGAIN TABLES.

AT

**MINGLE'S SHOE STORE,**  
BELLEFONTE, PA.



"I would rush my horse into them and shoot them down."

struction work to go out after buffaloes and had an understanding with the commanding officer who had charge of the troops guarding the construction that should a smoke signal be seen in the direction in which I had gone they would know I was in trouble and would send mounted men to my assistance.

I had to keep a close and careful lookout for Indians before making my run into a herd of buffaloes. It was my custom in those days to pick out a herd that seemed to have the fattest cows and young heifers. I would then rush my horse into them, picking out the fattest ones and shooting them down while my horse would be running alongside of them. I had a happy faculty in knowing how to shoot down