

RESCUING A CAPTIVE AND SAVING A HERD BY BUFFALO BILL FROM TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS

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JUNE 15, 1869, under General Eugene A. Carr, saw us hunting for a band of Indian "dog soldiers" who were, like the Irishman's flea, here, there and at times everywhere.

Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas were all excited over the depredations of these renegades. They had murdered right and left, had captured several hundred mules and horses and destroyed wagon trains, as we could tell by the trail of some shod animals. What intensified our desire to punish or capture them was the fact that they had some white captives—Mrs. Alderdice, whose husband and children they had killed, and Mrs. Weigel, whose husband and family had also been massacred, and these two women were known to be still alive and with them.

At last we got on their trail and had almost daily skirmishes, and General Carr decided to use some stratagem to see if we could not get them in a tight place. He consulted with me, and after a day of continual skirmishing and a night attack he ordered a retrograde movement, which created a good deal of discussion between the officers and men at the time. Apparently abandoning the pursuit, he retired as if going back to the fort, and in two or three days, as he surmised, the Indians were nowhere to be seen, having come to the conclusion that they could with impunity take a little repose themselves. This was exactly what our wily commander desired, as he intended to retrace his steps and catch them sleeping. So, being sure that there were no Indians in sight, he packed all the grub possible on the mules, burned the wagons and impediments and immediately started to make forced marches in their direction.

As I had surmised, they were heading for Summit Springs, a few miles south of the Platte river and among the sand hills, which formed a beautiful little oasis, as it were, for a camp ground. Striking their trail by judging from their daily campfires, we made in one day the same distance that they made in three, but when near the Springs, as we saw the trail getting fresher, we covered four of their day's journeyings, with all their impediments and village outfit, in one day and landed at the opportune moment ready for business, while the enemy had been thrown off their guard and gave us an opening that resulted so gloriously that this battle is recognized as having been one of the most effective in the early breaking of the power of the red man on the plains.

In "Carr's Campaigns" General Carr writes: "On Sunday, July 11, 1869, I was thinking of going to the river to water my horses when 'Buffalo Bill' came



"I shot him off his horse and got the animal."

back and said: 'I have seen the village. It is over a ridge, away from the river valley.' We had not seen the trail for some time. They had followed an old custom of trailing along the ridge where we had dismounted to cross it and going over the high ground, so that any one following them would be visible from camp. Cody's idea was to get around, beyond and between them and the river. He changed horses quickly and went on, and I took to the gallop for several miles through the deep sand and got to the top of a sand hill or mound. Some Pawnees away off to the left on the bluff beckoned me, and I went. The Pawnees pointed over the ridge and said, 'Hoss, hoss.' I saw what looked like a band of ponies, but said, 'No, buffalo.' They said, 'No, no; hoss, hoss.' They took my glasses and looked and said, 'Yes, hoss.' I looked, and, sure enough, they were ponies grazing, and the camp no doubt was below. I permitted the Pawnees, as

was their custom, to strip and take off their saddles and all their uniforms, but to keep on their drawers, so as to be recognized as friendly. I had sent word to Colonel Royal, and he sent up Major Walker's company and came on with the rest. I placed the Pawnees on the left and two companies of the Fifth Cavalry in the center and one of Captain Price's on the right. I told Major Eugene Crittenden to take command of the center and I would take the reserve and send up reinforcements as required.

"When we all got started I told the bugler behind me to sound 'the charge,' and we were among the enemy before they had any idea that we were within a thousand miles. Then I heard the rattling of rifles on the right and left, plainly distinguishing the basso sound of 'Buffalo Bill's' trusty rifle, old 'Lucretia Borgla.'

"Buffalo Bill" got pretty well around the village when he went in on Captain Price's right. As he advanced he saw a chief on a horse charging about and haranguing his men. He and his party laid for him, and as he came nearer 'Buffalo Bill' shot him off his horse and got the animal. This was the celebrated race horse Tall Bull, which he (Cody) rode for a long time and with it won many exciting races. When he came into camp Mrs. Tall Bull said that it was her husband's horse, leaving no doubt about the fact that 'Buffalo Bill' had killed the chief.

"On this occasion the Indians had two white captives—Mrs. Alderdice of Missouri, whom they killed during the fight, and Mrs. Weigel of Kansas, who had been shot in the back with a pistol bullet, which broke a rib, but was deflected and passed around and lodged below her left breast. Fifteen hundred dollars in gold, silver and greenbacks, which was gathered in the camps, was given her, and she went back, remarried and 'proved up' her claim. Next morning we dug a grave on a hill above the village and buried Mrs. Alderdice, the surgeon reading the service.

"I detailed a board of officers to count the dead Indians, and notwithstanding that it is their custom to carry away the wounded and to hide or bury the dead we found sixty-eight dead bodies on the field."

As chief of scouts under General Phil Sheridan, I and the men were resting at Fort McPherson after a hazardous expedition and a long and successful chase. It was a quiet June evening, and we were enjoying refreshing breezes. A detail had left the fort to water the government herd of horses and mules in the nearby Platte river when shots were heard. Every one was on his feet in a moment, for it was learned that a party of Sioux Indians had dashed from the cottonwood trees, shouting, shouting and waving blankets, and had stamped a herd of about 400 animals. The Indians had killed two of the herders and wounded another. Some of the herd ran for the corral, where they were accustomed to go for the night, but the Indians got away with about 200 and started for the bluffs south of the fort. All was excitement, but, as was my custom, I had my war horse, "Old Buckskin Joe," near at hand and was mounted in time to make a reconnaissance and note the direction in which the Indians had disappeared with the government stock.

General William H. Emory had his bugler sound the "boots and saddles," and by the time I returned for instructions five troops of cavalry were busy saddling up, getting their arms, ammunition and some supplies. One company—1, Fifth United States Cavalry—were the first troops saddled and ready for the chase. Their officer, a young lieutenant by the name of Earl D. Thomas, now Brigadier General Thomas and in command of the department of Colorado, was just out from West Point, full of ambition and delighted to be in command in the absence of his superiors. General Emory and myself agreed on the necessity of quick action, and, to the delight of young Thomas, he was ordered with his troop to follow me, while the other troops as soon as ready would follow.

"Fours right! Trot! Gallop!" And we dashed off. We followed at a gallop until dark, but did not get a sight of the Indians, and the tracks showed that they were whooping it up on the run. A halt was called to give the puffing horses a rest, and Thomas consulted me. His orders were to follow and recapture the animals. I told Thomas I could follow the trail at night if necessary and awaited his answer. "I will follow you, Mr. Cody, as I was told to do so, and I will go wherever you propose." After a short rest, "Mount and forward!" was the order, and the chase was continued. During the night the Indians repeatedly doubled on their trail. We did not reach Medicine creek, where we got water for men and horses, until 11 o'clock the next day.

The trail showed that the Indians were headed southwest, in the direction of Red Willow Springs. Knowing that there was no water between Medicine creek and the Red Willow, I was sure that the Indians would make a

stop there, as it was many miles from there to the next water. We decided it was best to keep continuously on the job and as the Indians must make some stop to rest and eat we could overlap them. When the horses were rested, and as we had nothing on hand to eat to delay us and had had nothing since dinner the day before, our best possibility for a meal was to overtake the Indians, surprise them, whip them and capture what dried meat they had.

After leaving the creek the Indians began their old tricks in trying to hide their trail by devices well known to me, but I paid no attention to this, knowing what must be their next stopping place, and I was as familiar with that part of the country as they were. Straight on we kept to the Springs, except that occasionally we went out of the direct line to keep in low places between the sand hills so as not to be seen. At 9 o'clock that night we halted four miles from the Springs. Advancing Thomas to allow the men to unsaddle and unbride, letting each second man hold two horses by their halter, and so let them feed on the grass, changing the men every two hours so they could get some sleep, I disguised myself as an Indian and started off to locate the hostiles and be back in time so as to attack them at daylight. No fires were to be lighted, and all were



The one bullet went through both Indians.

to be silent until my return. Before I left, half of the tired men of the little band were slumbering. One hour later I had seen the camp, just as I expected, in fancied security, believing that we could not be within a day's march of them.

Crawling back till I could hoof it on the run, I found the boys as I had left them. Quietly they were called to saddle up, instructions were given, men were detailed to pay particular attention to recapturing and rounding up the herd, and others were instructed as to the attack on the camp. I estimated the Indians to number about thirty, and there were forty-two of us. Ten were to creep up to the sleeping Indians on foot and be ready to work in open order. Twenty, besides the lieutenant and myself, were to charge on horseback. The rest were to bring up the remaining horses, attack the herders and round up the entire herd. We attacked at break of day, and the whole scheme worked well. The tired lot were surprised when awakened to meet their foes. Nine of them were sent to sleep forever. Many had kept their war horses near them, and, hastily mounting, they escaped with several picked horses from our band. Among them was one of my favorite war horses, Powder Face, which one of them who probably knew him had appropriated for his own use.

As soon as the fight was over and I saw that we had captured some of their herd as well as our own I saw that Powder Face was not with them, but I recognized him half a mile away, his rider heading for the hills. This made me hot, and, knowing that the Indians would think others were following me, I dashed after them. Old Buckskin Joe soon began to gain, and I got near enough for a shot. My first shot killed the horse that an Indian was riding alongside of Powder Face, and his rider was soon up behind in the usual manner they try to save a warrior, riding backward, shooting at me with his revolver. Powder Face was as swift as Joe. Being in the rough sand hills and having a double weight to carry, Joe in a few minutes got me near enough for a good shot. I kept closing on them, as I did not want to hit my old friend Powder Face. When I thought it sure as they were riding up over a mound I fired. The Indians fell, the one bullet going through both, and when Powder Face heard my voice he ran toward me whinnying, and, with two of the boys who had been ordered to follow close behind me by the lieutenant, we returned to the camp in high glee. They found a lot of dried buffalo and deer meat and some fresh antelope and deer, with accompanying pepper and salt and copious drafts of spring water, so a few minutes' rejoicing was had. A detail was quickly made up to bury the dead, and as we had but three slightly wounded and five horses knocked out the enthusiasm can hardly be described.

NEXT WEEK — "THE PLAINS GREATEST HUNT"

"INCURABLE" DROPSY CURED

\$3.70 Worth of a New and Remarkable Personal Treatment Will be Given Free to Any Afflicted Reader As a Trial

By the Well Known Heart and Dropsy Specialist, Fanklin Miles M. D., L. L. B.

Death from dropsy is like drowning in the water of one's own blood. That every dropsical person may test the wonderful curative powers of his Special Treatments for Dropsy, swollen feet, ankles, limbs or body and, in bad cases, complicated with cough, nausea, constipation, short breath, smothering spells, etc., Dr. Miles will send a special trial course free.

His three remarkable treatments for the different kinds and complications of dropsy are the result of twenty-eight years, of profound research and great success in treating diseases of the heart, liver, kidneys and dropsy which often complicate each case. So wonderful are the cures by these treatments that the Doctor will give a free trial to all who write for it.

Mrs. Elvina Sonders, Decatur, Feb. 7, 1897, suffered thirty years, cured after ten physicians failed. Mr. John Betz, Ft. Recovery, Ohio "Friends had given up hope." Relieved at once and cured. Mrs. L. Vogel, Saginaw, Mich., "Given up by physicians. Thought my last hour was near." Quickly cured. Mrs. W. Bertwell, Willis, Kans., suffered 25 years. Cured, in four months. Mr. C. A. Killinger, Shippensburg, Pa. Cured after four physicians failed to relieve. Says, "Your Special Treatment did wonders." Mrs. M. S. Nibarger, Anderson, Cal., suffered for years. Cured after local physicians failed. Hundreds of patients have been cured who were pronounced incurable by many physicians. Many remarkable cures from your state sent upon request.

Dr. Miles' Grand Dropsy Treatments are much superior to any others and to obtain the best results they are especially prescribed for each patient. Every afflicted person should send for his Dropsy Book and \$3.75 treatment free. Describe your disease. Address, Dr. Franklin Miles, Dept. D, 475 to 485 Main Street, Elkhart, Ind.

No Liquor Advertisements.

The Lewistown Democrat Sentinel says that already, as a result of the refusal of liquor licenses by our court, application for space in the advertising columns of The Sentinel is being made by outside liquor dealers. The publishers of The Sentinel have decided, however, notwithstanding the business of the outside dealers, that out of deference to the action of the court and the pronounced public sentiment, and with a desire to aid the efforts to promote temperance in this community they will hereafter accept no advertisements of alcoholic drinks of any kind. Under all the circumstances we believe this action to be proper and that it will be generally approved, the approval of the people being preferable to the financial gain that would be possible. The editors of the Sentinel are to be highly commended for the stand they have taken in the matter.

Molasses To Bathe In.

The steward of the Berks county poorhouse presented a bill to County Controller A. L. Rhoads on Friday for 165 gallons of molasses consumed during the month of February. The controller announced that he would hold up the bill until a thorough investigation was made. In speaking of the matter Rhoads said: "This is enough molasses for the inmates of the almshouse to take a bath in every day and still have enough left for table use."

Rube Waddell Seeks Divorce.

A petition for divorce has been filed at St. Louis, Mo., by George Edward (Rube) Waddell, the famous ball pitcher. The document charges that Mrs. Waddell showed "a violent and ungovernable temper" at various times and defendant caused plaintiff to be attacked by a pair of vicious dogs and seriously wounded and lacerated. It will be remembered that several years ago "Rube" appeared in Garman's opera house before a large audience.

Man Refuses to Die.

You can't blame a man for desiring to live and you can't blame a man if he takes Seline Pills, when he knows they will help him live longer. They are the greatest tonic in the world for both men and women. Price \$1 a box guaranteed. Address or call on C. M. Parrish, druggist, Bellefonte, where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

Nomination Primaries.

The primaries for nomination of candidates for county offices and delegates to State convention will be held this year on Saturday June 5th.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:

- First—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.
- Second—Because, if the children are delicate and sickly, it will make them strong and well.
- Third—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.
- Fourth—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.

No household should be without 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

Standing by His Convictions.

Much agitation is being made just now all over the State with reference to the granting of licenses for the sale of liquor. The action of Judge Woods, in cutting out the license entirely from Mifflin county has created considerable comment pro and con. There is a large class of people who think he was right, and have complimented him on the nerve that prompted him to make a clean breast of things.

Judge Telford, of Indiana, was even more radical than Judge Woods from the fact that he rendered a decision which directly affected his own interests. The Indiana Brewing Co., the only brewery in Indiana county, without a single wholesale license in the county, asked for a license. It was refused, notwithstanding it is alleged that his wife held stock in it through an estate. A remonstrance of 2000 voters and 3000 women was filed against the granting of this license and Judge Taylor insisted that he had no right to ignore the wishes of 2000 voters. The action of Judge Telford, therefore, came from the very best motives, realizing that he was under moral obligation to the people, notwithstanding it directly affected him. The world would be better if there were more Woods and Telfords.

An Old Story

A certain preacher said the following words in his farewell sermon: He was almost starved to death and received such a little salary, that he decided to leave. "Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandana handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem to want you. And you don't seem to love each other, for I never married any of you, and I don't think you love me, for you don't pay me my salary; you donate mouldy fruits and wormy apples. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain to the penitentiary. "Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you."

Huntingdon License.

In license court at Huntingdon liquor licenses were re-granted to all the old applicants. There were remonstrances against but one application, that for the Hotel Clarendon at Mapleton, and the license was refused.

A request was made for an order closing the bars during Huntingdon's Old Home Week, but the decision of the court was held over until May term. Complaint was made from Mount Union that men went to Huntingdon and returned with "booze" in bottles, the hotels disobeying their instructions in selling by the bottle. Judge Woods reminded the hotel keepers that if they did not consider the recommendations of the court, these matters would be taken up in the granting of the next licenses. If the people of Huntingdon county had backed up Judge Woods as they did in Mifflin county things would have been different.

Hay's Hair Health

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

No matter how long it has been gray eradicated. 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," by H. W. Buckhoe, Co., Newark, N. J.

Hay's Hairina 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,"

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.

Get Busy

and have that inside Painting and Papering done now, before the rush, which is almost now at hand. We still have some Big Bargains in Wall Paper, in the Remnant Sale of one and two-room lots, these papers reduced one-third and one-half off for cash. Our line of Wall Paper was never as complete as it is now, ranging in price from 5c Per single roll to \$1.50. Give us a call and be convinced.

E. J. ECKENROTH'S,

BUSH ARCADE.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnish, Glass, Wall Paper, etc.
Picture Framing a specialty.

AN AUTOMOBILE FREE.

Also an Upright Piano and \$150 in Gold to Readers of This Paper.

The Pittsburgh "Sun" announces that it will give away absolutely free an automobile, an upright piano and \$150 in cash as prizes to those who solve the Booklovers contest. The total value of the prizes is \$1,350.

The publishers of the Pittsburgh "Sun" invite every person to enter this contest, which begins soon, and which will be conducted along the fairest lines. No matter where you live, you have the same opportunity as the resident of Pittsburgh.

For full particulars get the Pittsburgh "Sun" of March 12 or write the Contest Editor of the Pittsburgh "Sun," Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rifle Practice.

The Pennsylvania National Guard rifle practice for this year will open on May 1st, and end on October 31st. Practice will be required by all the members for the purpose of qualification. An allowance of \$100 is given each company for the maintenance of a range and incidental expenses; 7,200 rounds of ammunition will be allowed each company.

The Family Physician

The best medicines in the world cannot take the place of the family physician. Consult him early when taken ill. If the trouble is with your throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs, ask him about taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it or not, as he says.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol
from our medicines.
We urge you to
consult your
doctor.

Bilious attacks, sick-headaches, indigestion, constipation, dizzy spells—these are some of the results of an inactive liver. Ask your doctor if he endorses Ayer's Pills in these cases. The dose is small, one pill at bedtime.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

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BUCKBEE'S SEEDS SUCCEED!

SPECIAL OFFER!

Made to Build New Resolutions. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

Prize Collection: Radish, 17 varieties; Lettuce, 12 kinds; Tomatoes, 10 to 15; Cucumber, 10 to 15; Eggplant, 8; but varieties 10; Spring-onion, 10; all varieties in all.

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Write to-day! Mention this Paper.

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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 Meat, Pork Sausage, etc. If YOU want a nice juicy Steak, go to PHILIP BEEZER