

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 22, 1901.

Reminiscences of Perilous Days  
and Nights in the Saddle in the  
Service of the Government.

THE STORIES OF A SCOUT

Jack Hart Relates His Personal Experiences on the Frontier.

Thrilling Adventures in Kansas  
and the Southwest Following  
the Quantrell Raid.

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The following series of sketches from life on the plains in the early sixties are personal reminiscences of "one who was there."

Only three of the scouts of those days are known to be alive. One is Buffalo Bill, another is in Mr. Cody's employ in Wyoming. The third is now living in Minnesota and it is to him, that we are indebted for this series of stories.

He is the youngest of the three. Going west when but a child, he became a government scout at the age of 16 years, serving first under General Sully and A. J. Smith. Later he became Colonel Luman's favorite scout and crossed the plains in company with Kit Carson. He carried dispatches between headquarters and General Custer.

He was also a rider in the famous "Pony Express," and was removed from general duty to ride as special courier with important dispatches in emergencies. One of the most urgent was the news of Lincoln's assassination which he carried from Fort Harker to Denver, making the trip of 417 miles, including delays and time for sleep in 72 hours.

One of his duties in this special service was to obtain authentic information concerning the whereabouts and movements of Indians. This he was well qualified to do not only on account of his knowledge of the Indians themselves, but also for his coolness and nerve, and quickness of decision in action.

These articles will be of interest to both young and old, for they began with his boyhood experiences and are unique, as no other men began the life of a scout so young as he did.

It was during the civil war that I found myself in Lawrence, Kan., poorly clothed and nearly "dead broke." The town showed the effects of the recent raid of Quantrell's Bushwhackers. Many buildings had been burned, others partly demolished and up on the hill near where now stands the university, was the fort with its big guns pointing over what had until so lately been a prosperous town. Nearby was a trench, which had been hastily filled. This contained the bodies of those who awakened that awful morning to be shot down by as wicked a lot of murderers as ever were bunched together, thus leaving many families without protection, homeless and destitute.

This was my first realization of what war meant. I walked over the ground with a feeling of horror; now and then a sentinel would halt me and tell me to go some other way. This order I readily obeyed for the guns, with bayonets on them, were calculated to command great respect from a boy.

After a thorough exploration of the fort and surroundings I returned to the town, in quest of something to satisfy the healthy appetite which my walk, even amid all this desolation, had served to enhance. At a baker's shop I bought a large slice of something they called "Lincoln Pie," but why I cannot imagine, for it was more like stiff pudding, and I do not believe that Mr. Lincoln would have been willing to have his name attached to such a mixture had he been consulted in the matter.

The price of the meal, "two bits," consumed my entire exchequer, and feeling far from satisfied I walked

down the street looking for something to do, by which I might replenish it.

LOOKING FOR WORK

I applied to a man who was superintending the removal of the remains of what had once been an express and stage office. He looked at me rather contemptuously and said in reply to my request, "You can't work, you are not a man." I asked him if he had any objections to my growing up. This seemed to amuse rather than to anger him, as I had intended it should, for I felt hurt at his refusal to try me; it was my first experience of anxiety about a place to sleep or where to get a meal, but now I felt somewhat uneasy over my prospects for either. He took a good look at me which I returned with what might have been taken for impudence, but was in reality the desperation of a hungry boy. Finally he said:

"Did you ever have anything to do with horses? Can you ride?"

This fortunately happened to be an accomplishment in which I was more than ordinary expert, so I replied with great confidence that I thought I could. He then inquired if I knew the way to Kansas City. I told him I had never been there, but knew that it was straight down the river. After looking at me very closely for a short time and apparently considering some matter very carefully he said:

"My boy, do you think you could take the mail through there to-morrow with one change of horses. That's all we've got. The 'Rebs' have taken all the others." I could scarcely speak for surprise. Was it possible I was about to become a United States mail carrier? As soon as I could catch my breath I told him I was sure I could. It never occurred to me to ask what my pay would be, I did not care, for I could not imagine anyone refusing the man who carried the United States mails anything he wanted. I had always looked upon those servants of the government with an admiration only just short of that with which I would have regarded the president himself and had the choice of the two positions been offered me, unless the latter included a good mount I should certainly have chosen that of mail carrier. I could scarcely sleep that night, in the stable which was my lodging, for thinking of what the folks at home would say when they found out that I had become so important a government official; and when I did sleep I dreamed of the people pointing at me as I rode by and saying, "There goes the United States mail."

Next morning I was up bright and early, had my horse saddled, and waiting for the mail bag long before it was time to start, feeling fully assured in my own mind that I had at last met with a man of sufficient discernment to recognize the unusual ability I felt that I possessed, but which others had hitherto failed to discover. I afterwards came to realize that I owed my position to the fact that they were very short of horses and that my weight could be more easily carried, than that of a man's over the long distance I had to ride. At last the mail bag was ready and as soon as it was given me I rode, assuming an air which I felt sure would impress the bystanders with the importance of my duties.

AT THE HALF-WAY STATION

I made my way all right and found a fresh horse at the half-way station, twenty-five miles down the river. By this time I began to wish myself at the end of my journey, for I was getting sore and lame; but I carried the United States mail and it must go through without delay. I stopped only long enough for a hurried meal and rode on at a rapid pace.

SHOT AT BY RAIDERS

I had reached a point which I afterwards learned was about six miles above Kansas City, when I heard several shots, and the ping, ping of the bullets near my head, altogether too near for comfort. I looked backward and saw a party of men on horseback, evidently after me. As this was my first experience in acting as a target I became somewhat excited over it. I did not propose to be caught if I could help it and away I went and they after me. Now and then a bullet would whistle by, but fortunately none hit me. I soon came to a wide river and in my excitement I could think of no way to escape but to swim across it, so into it I plunged. The horse proved a good swimmer and we were far out in the river by the time my pursuers arrived on the bank. They contented themselves with sending a few shots after me. Being a good swimmer myself I slipped off my horse and swam with him until we arrived safely on the other side.

Now judge of my surprise when I looked back across the river and on the one hand saw Wyandotte with the stars and stripes flying over a large camp of Union troops, while on the other I could see Kansas City, my destination.

A CLOSE CALL FOR THE MAIL

I had followed the Kansas or Kaw river, named after the Kaw Indians, down from Lawrence to the bend of the Missouri, where their waters join and in my excitement I had run away from both camp and city and put the Missouri river between us.

There was nothing to do but to swim back again so I drove the horse in. The mail being fast to the saddle, I took hold of his tail and swam with him. I soon found that I had taxed the poor beast too severely, for as we neared the shore he showed signs of giving out.

Here the current was swift and the bank steep and slippery, and while he made a brave attempt at landing, I had just time to snatch the saddle pockets containing the mail, when he fell back into the river and disappeared.

By this time several men had seen us and they helped me up the bank as I was nearly exhausted myself. I delivered the mail; thought not in very good condition, and when I told my story they had the laugh on me, but it subsequently proved that I had escaped from a band of rebel bushwhackers, who were laying in wait for the mail, so I was not censured for losing the horse and saddle.

ANOTHER TRIP IN VIEW

The postmaster told me he would not send the mail out to Lawrence again until it was safe to do so, but that he had important letters for Fort Scott and Fort Gibson which he wished to forward in a few days, and advised me to go to a hotel and wait until he sent for me. I hesitated for it suddenly dawned upon me that I could not afford such luxury; when I explained to him the state of my finances, he gave me an order on the Gillis house, the best hotel in the city at that time.

Three days afterwards he sent for me and in due time I was on my way to Fort Scott, then headquarters for the army in that section. I made that point without any trouble and there received orders to go on to Fort Gibson in the Indian territory. My route lay over what was now entirely new country to me. After fairly getting into the territory I was in a part of the country which was badly divided politically, in fact it was father against son and brother against brother. Some sympathized with the south and some with the north, while the population consisted of whites, Indians and negroes all mixed together, so I did not know who was to be trusted except those to whom I had been directed for a change of horses. But I safely reached my destination and delivered the mail to the commanding officer of the post. When I had rested he gave me some return mail and some rations and I started back for Fort Scott.

BACK FROM FORT GIBSON

I rode all the afternoon of that day and far into the night, getting a change of horses about midnight where I was told that General Blunt was encamped further on with a big outfit of teams and a large body of troops. As I had mail for him I determined to push on to his camp before I slept. I arrived there about two o'clock in the morning and after satisfying the sentinel as to who I was and delivering the mail to the adjutant, I went to the wagon corral for a feed of corn for my horse. I took off his bridle so he could eat, but left the saddle on, then lay down under a wagon to sleep.

AWOKE IN A BATTLE

I was awakened just at daybreak by a big "boom" and then heard something so screeching over the camp, then another and another, then smaller shots in quick succession.

I hastily jumped onto my horse without putting the bridle on although it hung from the saddle. I made a half hitch with the lariat around his nose, and by that time bedlam had broken loose. Six mule teams partially hitched to the wagons were running around promiscuously, I had all I could do to keep from being run over by them. Bullets were flying everywhere. I saw several dead or wounded men lying on the ground, and finally I found myself, I cannot tell how, mixed up with a cavalry regiment, and the next thing, heard the command to charge!

I charged with the rest of the men, and when the order came to fire drew my revolver and emptied it at the opposing line. I tried to reload, but before I could do

so something fell across my horse's neck, I tried to throw it off and as my horse jumped I found it was a flag that had caught in some way to my saddle.

In my efforts to loosen it I tore it from the staff and as I looked back I saw the color sergeant stretched upon the ground holding the staff in a death grip. I do not know to this day, and never will, why I held fast to that flag, and I was too badly scared to remember when I tucked it into my saddle pocket. The sergeant's horse was side by side with me and in the holsters on the saddle were his six-shooters. I reached for them and lifting the holsters from his saddle I placed them on mine.

They were loaded and I started to use them, when to my surprise I saw we were running away from the rebels. We rushed through a patch of timber and as we came out into the open ground I heard a yell and knew that the "rebs" were close behind us. Soon the shots increased and my horse gave a plunge and threw me headlong into a hole or washout with tall grass all around it.

PUT OUT OF ACTION

I became unconscious from the fall and must have lain there in that condition all the rest of the day, for when I recovered consciousness the sun was nearly down. Hearing talking and laughing I raised my head up cautiously and looked about. There lay my poor horse, dead just where he had fallen and a little way off I could see about a dozen men riding by. They were rebels I knew by their uniforms, so I quickly dodged down again. They did not see me but passed on into the timber where they dismantled and went into camp for the night, feeling perfectly safe I am sure, for I heard them say they had run the union troops clear out of the country.

I could smell their supper as they cooked it and I was hungry. After dark I crawled to my horse and got some hardtack and bacon. I did not dare to build a fire so I ate the bacon as it was, smoked but raw. How I did want some of their coffee.

A RAID ON THE HORSES

I was badly bruised and very lame, but no bones were broken and after I had eaten I carefully considered what would be best to do. I saw they had hobbled some of their horses and others were turned loose to graze, dragging a rope from their necks.

The idea struck me that if I could manage to steal one of their horses I might get away with it. I carefully took the saddle from my dead horse and carried it a short distance away, then I crawled over near to the grazing horses, where after waiting a long time and feeling scared half to death I finally managed to get hold of a rope with a horse on the other end of it. I gave a snort and for a minute it thought it was all up with me. But soon he became accustomed to my presence and I gradually crawled and led him to where my outfit was. I put it on him, mail and all, for I had that still safely fastened to my saddle, and you can judge with what pleasure, and also with what pain on account of my bruises I at last found myself astride of him.

FOLLOWED BY THE HORSES

I rode very slowly at first, then faster, and finally put him to his best speed; but my satisfaction was soon overcome by fear, for I realized I was being followed. Taking out one of the revolvers I held it ready to return any shot that might be fired at me, but none came and yet I could just see, in the darkness that something was close behind me. What could it be? The more I thought about it the more frightened I became. My horse showed plainly that he could not hold out much longer at the speed we were going. Why did they not call out or shoot or do something to end that dreadful suspense. I was riding over a rolling country and knew I was going in the right direction, by the north star. Now as I looked back over the rise of one of these elevations in the prairie, I could see against the horizon, as each one of my followers came over the roll behind me, that they were riderless horses. I slowed up and they came along side of my horse and rubbed their noses against him as much as to say, you thought you could run away from us, did you not? It dawned upon me at once that I had stolen eight horses instead of one by inadvertently selecting the leader.

A CAMP IN THE BRUSH

I stopped at once and changing my saddle to a fresh horse rode until daylight when I came to a shallow stream of water. I rode in the water up stream a long distance, all the horses following me, then got out

into some thick brush and made the horses fast so they could eat. They were soon giving all their attention to the luxuriant grass which grew there. I then built a fire, made coffee and cooked some bacon which I ate with such a relish as only hunger can bring. Here I spent the day resting my bruises and changing the horses about so they could eat their fill. At dark I saddled up and rode all night changing now and then to a fresh horse and in the morning stopped again to rest and feed.

SAFE AT FORT SCOTT

On the following day about 10 o'clock I rode into Fort Scott, delivered the mail, told my story and proved it by turning the horses over to the quartermaster's department. I was sent to the soldiers' mess room for food and I spent the balance of the day and the following night in the soldiers' quarters. Next morning while at breakfast I heard shouting outside and someone asked, "Where in hell is he?"

"Immediately a big fellow came in and asked if that was my saddle out there. I replied:

"Yes, sir; it is the one I rode in here."

"Where did you get those colors?"

I said, "What colors?"

He looked at me and said, "Young fellow, don't you fool with me. You're a good one, but I don't want any more nonsense now. Tell me how and where you got those colors."

I followed him out to see what he meant and there were a lot of soldiers looking at that bunting I had torn from that flag staff when the sergeant wanted to know how I got it. I told my story just as clearly as I could to them, then they took me to the regimental headquarters where I had to tell it again to the officers.

THE FACTS AND THE FICTION

When I told how frightened I had been they laughed at me and said, "That was too thin."

I protested to the colonel that it was the truth, but neither then nor in all the following years that I served under him could I convince him that I had no right to the heroism with which all seemed to credit me. The story spread among the ranks and it was soon reported that I fought like a veteran, that the "Rebs" captured the regimental colors and that I had been inside the rebel lines two days recapturing them; that I had killed eight rebels and brought their horses into camp with me; that I was not a soldier but just a United States mail carrier, who happened to get into the fight by accident and was too patriotic to allow the "Rebs" to keep the flag. Now as you can see this was nearly all a lie. But the more I protested that I did nothing of the kind and instead of doing any such heroic deeds I was scared half to death and wished I was with my mother, the more they said, "Oh, come now, don't try to be so modest." Nothing I could every say would convince them of the truth, though for a time I tried hard to do so for I felt uncomfortable resting under the weight of so much glory. But at last I gave it up and enjoyed all the credit awarded me; still there was always a feeling of disappointment, that did not really do all the brave deeds placed to my credit.

Years afterward during a Grand Army celebration in the east I was called upon to tell the story of a campaign. I told it truthfully just as I have here, but there were several present, among them Colonel Henry Inman, who remembered the circumstances, and all insisted upon correcting my version and attributing to me an amount of modesty I had not been endowed with by nature and once more I rested under laurels I felt I had not earned.

SEQUEL OF THE ADVENTURE

The sequel to this little adventure did not overtake me until 1886 when I met in Arizona an ex-sheriff of Yuma county, named Andy Tynes. We became close friends and in relating our past experiences he told me he had served in the rebel army and had seen how his party lost their horses at that time and place in the same unaccountable manner and I was undoubtedly the thief who stole the team. We had a good laugh over it and up to the time of his death it used to cause people to look for trouble when we met for he would salute me with "Hello, you old horse thief," and I would call him an "Old Reb." It was amusing to watch "tenderfoot" look at us and see their disappointment when a cordial hand shake was the result instead of "gun play," as might have been expected in that country.

—Jack Hart.

SNAPSHOTS AT EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

'L' Affaire Dreyfus' Again—A Visit to Ibsen—The Trouble in the Balkans—An Anti-Clerical Play in Spain Is Popular.

Correspondence of the Journal.

London, June 16.—Paris is again in a ferment over the everlasting Dreyfus business. There has been a revolution in the office of the Figaro because the editor and manager could not agree about the affaire. M. de Rodays, the editor, and M. Perivier—the manager, are reported to have argued the point to the length of whipping out pistols. Perivier comes out top-dog, as he has the weight of money behind him. The Figaro is owned by a company, and the shareholders, being good Frenchmen, are naturally convinced of Dreyfus' guilt. Tout Paris has been in a ferment over the affair, and the Boulevards have been ringing with rumors that the Figaro has been bought by a syndicate of German Jews and is to be run with a view to undoing the la Republique. Anything more silly it would be hard to concoct, but nothing too silly for the boulevardiers. Perivier goes on quietly managing the paper, but there is no doubt it has had a severe blow. In fact, the split may tend to the Figaro's undoing, which would be a great pity, as it is the only paper in France which commands respect. The Temps has gone down greatly of late years.

By the way, talking of Perivier, few men have had more luck than this quiet, shrewd Gaston. Some years ago he was through his last dollar. By some means or other he managed to raise fifteen thousand pieces, and with this capital went to Monte Carlo. Knowing nothing about gaming, he could do nothing wrong and rose after three nights' play with some £15,000. He determined to stay in Monte Carlo, but not to play any more. Instead he invested his winnings in land, and after three or four years had quadrupled his fortune. Then he migrated to Paris and became a power in the land. What he is worth now no one knows. French journalists have ways of making money. The late Queen of England once wanted to rent a chateau at Nice, but the owner would not part with it. She asked what he was doing and was told he scribbled on the boulevards in Paris. Why, these men must have the power of Croesus," was her reply.

The group of American millionaires who are at present representing the New York Chamber of Commerce in London are putting in a fast amount of convivial feeding and speculating. They have visited King Edward VII. yesterday, and were shown all the historic treasures of the palace, which interested them hugely. The story is told that the king himself had a slight dig at his visitors by suggesting that they would be specially impressed with what they saw because nothing was "purchasable." Mr. Terry, the octogenarian vice president and Morris Jecup seem to have vied with each other in saying complimentary things at a special banquet given to the guests by the London chamber. Foster Higgins waxed facetious upon the idea that the states could ever men up British trade. "Stop up your trade," he laughed, "why, you might as well try to mop up ours." There were the usual adjectival sentences about "one blood, one language, one civilization," and the rest. Unfortunately,

flowery sentences delivered when the valiantist is expanded with good cheer and good fellowship do not stand reproduction in unemotional print well. The British manufacturer sees American imports increasing with every month's trade returns, and knows he is up against a hard proposition. The rich, unctuous interchange of rhetorical fat things when representatives of the New York and London chambers eat dinner together is not going to help him any.

The British Queen Mary (of bloody

memory) was the victim of a similar hallucination to that which has made Queen Draga of Serbia the butt of all—and they are many—who hate the Obrenovich dynasty. But Queen Draga's delusion is likely to be much farther reaching in its effect. For if no heir is born to King Alexander it seems probable that King Alexander will have to go, and when he goes, we may look for grave happenings in the Balkans. Count Goluchowski's speech reveals that the fears of Austria-Hungary are very real. Notwithstanding the success with which she has governed her Balkan provinces, it is only those of her subjects there who are Mahometan who are indifferent whether their ruler be Austrian or Slav. The rest look forward eagerly to the establishment of a great Slav nation. Among them there are in Bosnia those who favor the Obrenovich dynasty, but the fond dream of the mass of them is to become one people under the rule of a Petrovich. It is Russia who will decide. While King Alexander keeps on the throne, the status quo is not likely to be disturbed, and Austria, therefore, will remain content. But who-over be the nominal ruler of Serbia, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, Prince Kara-georgovich or King Alexander, he will and must be Russia's nominee and creature. Should either of the first two be placed on the throne, Austria's Balkan provinces will be threatened. It is not easy even to guess what Russia's immediate policy will be. But meanwhile comes the significant rumor from Vienna that the emperor's government has received the gracious permission of Prince Ferdinand to establish a naval station at Varna, thus commanding Constantinople.

That Italy is bitterly disappointed at Queen Helena's giving birth to a daughter instead of the hoped-for son goes without saying. The Italian monarchy inherits a throne that is not yet

secured to the direct succession. The clerical party at making much capital out of the incident. All Italians are superstitious, and it is probably true that the mass of the people sincerely believe what the priests are openly saying—that the curse of high Heaven rests on a dynasty which the founder, Victor Emmanuel, was excommunicated by the pope. Why the Sicilian law fingers at all in Europe is hard to say, and it may be that the present generation will see the restriction broken in at least one royal family. In Russia, Italy and Serbia, crowns hang on the sex of expected infants. By the way, is it not curious that all states, republics without a single exception, and monarchies with but one, debar women from headships, in theory if not in practice. And yet a very short while ago the human race was governed by two women—Queen Victoria and the Dowager Empress of China?

Visitors to Norway this summer will find Christiania shorn of one of its chief attractions, for they visit the old Norwegian capital not so much for its own sake but that they may see its most distinguished citizen. But now Henrik Ibsen lies sick, almost unto death, and the Grand hotel no more receives his daily visits. It is easy enough to see him as a rule, for he is a man of regular habits. The more curious lie in wait for him in Christiania, and he is seldom more accounted than in the morning when his eyes are fixed on him. Sometimes, but rarely, he is moved to let them to get out of his room, and go into the country, if they want to know who Norway is.

All his neighbors know his life and are proud to impart their knowledge of him to strangers. But his knowledge does not imply intimacy, for Ibsen has but few friends. Rather does his sharp tongue make him enemies. He has, indeed, few social qualities, and they say of him that he loves money more than men, so much so that he has raised his play to a new level. It is in hated Sweden rather than in his native land, if such an arrangement is more suitable to his purse. The malicious will tell you that he would rather be the storthing for not appointing his son Sigurd professor of natural science was because it was thus left to provide something for Sigurd. However, Sigurd has now an honorable public position as director of the new theater at Christiania, opened last year, and on the facade of which are inscribed the names of Norway's three great dramatists, Ibsen, Holberg and Bjornson. It is the last named's daughter who is Sigurd Ibsen's wife. Thus there are ties binding together the two poets, who differ greatly in character. Bjornson is a lover of society, a democratic, communicative even to garrulity and beloved of his countrymen. Ibsen is reserved, an anarchist and individualist and certainly not loved. But his countrymen are proud of him and of his fifty years of work from the time "Catilina" appeared in 1850 to last year when his last play, "When We Dead Awaken," was put forward to puzzle the solvers of riddles. They venerate him, and on Norway's great day, May 17, when under the act of Eldsvold in 1814 they gained their constitution, they remember amidst their festivities to assemble outside the Grand Hotel and to acclaim him with wild cheers.

If there be any force in episcopal sentences, the place unmentionable is likely to be overcrowded with the souls of departed Spanish. For the Bishop of Pamplona has forbidden, under pain of excommunication, any of his flock to wear a representation of Galdos' great play, "Electra," and it seems the threat is of no effect. "Electra," with its denunciations of ecclesiastical tyranny and its revelations of clerical intrigue, is exactly suited to the present temper of the Spanish people, and, for the nonce, Galdos is the national hero. The "electra" hate him and denounce him as agnostic, atheist and wild revolutionary. But he is none of these things. As a fact, he is a Catholic and a deeply religious one, who is appalled by the machinations and impurity of the ultra clerical party, and in politics he certainly belongs to no advanced party, but is rather a conservative than anything else. He seeks only purity of government in church and state; and he must be a sanguine man indeed if he have hopes of getting it.

—Sidney Lamert.

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