

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



FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS" COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILLIAM F. CODY

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 or ten miles.

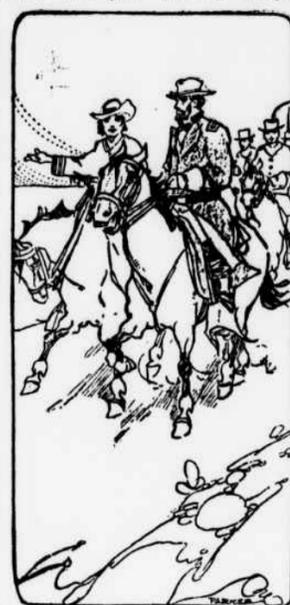
He asked in what direction, and I answered, saying they were due south from us now and we were headed dead west. Dick Curtis spoke up and said, "Billy, when were you ever out to the Springs?"

I told him I had been there on two or three different occasions with Charle 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



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(s) do 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



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.

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.

OLDEN DAY SURGEONS

They Were Exempt From Jury Duty in Capital Cases.

IN A CLASS WITH BUTCHERS

Thought to Be Too Bloodthirsty to Calmly Pass on the Taking of Human Life—Executioners Performed Operations and Acted as Doctors.

When Great Britain's statute book was still in the Draconian state from which it was redeemed by Sir Samuel Romilly and the penalty of death was inflicted for the most trivial offenses, surgeons were exempted from serving on juries in capital cases. It must not be supposed, however, that this was because their profession was believed to make them too humane for such work as was then imposed on jurymen. We are sorry to say it was for the opposite reason. They were exempted on the same ground as butchers, whose occupation, it was thought, tended to make them too bloodthirsty.

This ought not perhaps surprise us, since two or three centuries ago executioners not infrequently performed surgical operations. This seems to have been particularly the case in Denmark. At any rate, we have more knowledge on this point in regard to that country than any other.

In Janus some time ago Dr. K. Caroe of Copenhagen published a number of documents bearing on the subject. The most ancient of these bears date July 24, 1579, and is a license issued by Frederick II. to Anders Freimut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds. He was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1600 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four rigsdalers for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary.

In 1638 Christian IV. summoned the executioner of Gluckstadt, in Holstein, to examine the diseased foot of the crown prince. In a letter addressed to Ole Worm, a leading Danish physician of the day, Henry Koster, physician in ordinary to the king, complains bitterly of the slight thus put upon him. He says that, for two whole months the hangman, "who is as fit to treat the case as an ass is to play the lyre," had the case in hand, and the doctor was not asked for advice, and, although the case went steadily from bad to worse, the executioner received a fee of 200 rigsdalers and a large silver goblet—"rewards," says the doctor plaintively, "which the greatest among us would not have received had he succeeded in curing the prince according to the rules of art."

Again, in 1681, Christian V. gave a fee of 200 rigsdalers to the Copenhagen hangman for curing the leg of a page. In 1695 Andreas Liebknecht, the Copenhagen executioner, was in such repute for his treatment of disease that he wrote a book on the subject "in the name of the holy and ever blessed Trinity." In 1732 Bergen, an executioner in Norway, was authorized by royal decree to practice surgery.

Even up to the early years of the nineteenth century this extraordinary association of surgery with the penalty of the law continued. Erik Peterson, who was appointed public executioner at Trondhjem in 1796, served as surgeon to an infantry regiment in the war with Sweden and retired in 1814 with the rank of surgeon major. Frederick I. of Prussia chose his favorite hangman, Coblenz, to be his physician in ordinary. It might be suspected that this peculiar combination of functions had its origin in a satirical view of the art of healing, but in the records we have quoted we can trace nothing of the kind. Perhaps the executioner drove a trade in human fat and other things supposed to possess marvelous healing properties. He may thus have come to be credited with skill in healing, though the association surely represents the lowest degree to which the surgeon has ever fallen in public esteem and social position. Compared with the hangman, a gladiator and even an undertaker may be considered respectable.—British Medical Journal.

"Painting the Town Red." "That expression, 'painting the town red,' is not," writes a correspondent, "the creation of some unknown cockney genius, as some would seem to infer. Its birth has been traced to 'The Divine Comedy.' Dante, led by Virgil, comes to the cavernous depths of the place swept by a mighty wind where those are confined who have been the prey of their passions. Two faces arise from the mist—the faces of Francesca and Paolo. 'Who are ye?' cries Dante in alarm, and Francesca replies sadly, 'We are those who have painted the world red with our sins.'—London News.

Development. "Remember," said the earnest inventor, "it isn't so many years since the telephone caused laughter." "That's true," answered the man who has trouble with central. "At first it caused laughter; now it causes profanity."—Washington Star.

Proof. Mrs. Shobop—Hiram, some o' them there hobos hev stole the wash often the line ag'in! Farmer Shellpod—How dew you know they wuz hobos? Mrs. Shellpod—Becuz they tuk everything but th' towels.—Chicago News.

If better were within, better would come out.—German Proverb.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

Is the Habit a Legacy From the Old Sun Worshipers?

The halfback, about to be tackled, stopped, then darted in a long curve toward the right. He was soon downed.

"The other side knew he would turn from left to right," said a veteran. "We all turn from left to right. To turn from right to left seems wrong, seems like reversing. We wind a watch from left to right, we turn a screw so, and so we write, and so we read.

"It all comes down to us from prehistoric times, from the sun worshipers. The sun moves from left to right, and its worshipers believed that all human actions must proceed accordingly. Well, they still do so.

"Churning is done as the sun moves, and there's a superstition that one reverse turn of the handle will spoil the butter.

"Cooks stir batter from left to right. A reversal, they say, would make the batter coarse and heavy.

"Shut your eyes and turn thrice. Don't you naturally instinctively turn from left to right?" "Whalers put back again if the ship's first movement at the beginning of the voyage is not from left to right. "In a subconscious way, you see, sun worship is still the religion of man."—Exchange.

THE CANNON ROARED.

How an Ovation by a Youthful Demosthenes Was Spoiled.

While campaigning in his home state Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But hush, hark," declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?" The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But, hark!" (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more. And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! Arm! It is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when Uncle Joe chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children. I won't shoot any more."—Success Magazine.

The Division of Time.

The division of time into hours was practiced among the Babylonians from remote antiquity, but it was Hipparchus, the philosopher, who introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. The sexagesimal system of notation was chosen by that ancient people because there is no number having so many divisions as sixty. The Babylonians divided the daily journey of the sun, the ruler of the day, into twenty-four parasangs. Each parasang, or hour, was subdivided into sixty minutes, and that again into sixty seconds. They compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker in the same period of time, both covering one parasang, and the course of the sun during the full equinoctial day was fixed at twenty-four parasangs.

Kissing the Hands.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Caesars the custom was kept up, but only for a time. These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of condescension or distinction for officers of high rank. Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing of so delicate a nature that they never kissed their daughters in the presence of their daughters.

What She Inherited.

"Of course I can do manicuring just as well with my left hand," said the left handed manicurist—"better, if anything. You don't know the difference if you've been born that way, if you have inherited it.

"Didn't know it was a matter of inheritance? Why, certainly it is. No, left handedness, not manicuring. My father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all left handed, and so were ten cousins of mine."—Exchange.

Happy Hunting Ground.

She—When a woman wants a husband, you don't suppose she goes and looks in a club for one, do you? He—Well, if she's a married woman the chances are that she does.—Yonkers Statesman.

Not a Free Agent.

Asked when he was married, the colored citizen replied, "All I know, sis, is dat it wuz des w'en she 'lowed she'd git me—ter de minute."—Atlanta Constitution.

Upholstered.

Knicker—The fashionable woman's figure is like a slat. Bocker—"Lile the mattress, bolster and pillows are worn on the head."—New York Sun.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.—Lavater.

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

How a Dream Rescued a Woman From a Terrible Death.

Mr. Jones was a popular young business man in the city of B. His wife was a woman of strong emotion and most delicate perceptions. Between them there existed a rare sympathy which extended to all the faculties.

Mrs. Jones fell ill, and after a few weeks' agony, during which her husband waited on her with a constancy not often seen, she died—that is, she appeared to be dead. There was no question about it in the doctors' mind. A certificate was issued and an undertaker called in. But for the fortunate circumstance that Mr. Jones was opposed to embalming there would be no story to tell unless it were of another person apparently dead who was revived for a moment under the lunge of the embalmer's knife.

Saved from that fate, Mrs. Jones was laid out in her burial robe, placed in a coffin and on the third day was buried in a cemetery some distance away.

Her husband was greatly affected, so much that his relatives feared an attack of melancholia. His uncle, wishing to arouse his spirits and divert his attention, remained in the house the night after the funeral and was a valuable witness, as it proved, of an event so astounding as to be almost beyond belief.

For an hour or two that evening they talked chiefly about the dead and then went to bed. Mr. Jones, after tossing upon his pillow for a long time, fell into a troubled sleep. In the middle of the night he heard a voice calling his name, "George, George!" The tones were not familiar to him; they did not recall the voice of his wife.

Still conceiving himself the victim of a dream, he again went to sleep. It was daybreak before the voice was heard again, and this time it could not be ignored. He recognized it at last as the voice of his wife in sore distress calling upon him. She cried: "George! Save me! Save me, George!"

He sprang out of bed, trembling all over. That despairing cry still rang in his ears. So real was it that, although he was awake and remembered perfectly the death, the funeral and all that happened in the preceding four days, he searched the room for her who had thrice called him by name.

Finding that he was alone, he rushed into his uncle's room crying: "Get up! Get up! We must go to the cemetery! She is alive! She is calling me!"

The uncle, skeptical as he was by nature, was carried away by Jones' impetuosity. Both men threw on some clothing, and, while one harnessed a horse to a light buggy, the other procured spades. Thus equipped, they drove to the cemetery at a gallop. The sun rose as they leaped out at the grave and began to dig.

Mrs. Jones had been buried the previous afternoon. Her husband shoveled away the earth in a frenzy of energy. It was firmly fixed in his mind that she had been buried alive and that he might yet be in time to save her. Inspired by his nephew's excitement, the uncle dug with a vigor almost as great as Jones'.

Begrimed and disheveled, they at last reached the coffin and wrenched off the lid. Jones shrieked. His wife was moving. She was trying feebly to turn over in her narrow bed. She gazed at him with eyes that saw not. She was unconscious of her situation.

He passed his arms about her and lifted her out. The two men removed her from the grave, placed her in the buggy and drove home. Physicians were called in. Under close medical care she slowly recovered. Every precaution was taken to guard her from the knowledge of what had happened, and all who were in the secret pledged themselves to silence lest the shock of that revelation might prove fatal to her, but the story leaked out later, when Mrs. Jones got about again.—Baltimore Sun.

She Got a New Pair.

Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the theater. "Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. S.

"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sallied away and soon returned, putting on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer."

He took the hint.—Pearson's Weekly.

When a President Resigns.

The method by which a president may resign is provided for in section 151 of the revised statutes, reading as follows: "The only evidence of a refusal to accept or of a resignation of the office of president or vice president shall be an instrument in writing declaring the same and subscribed by the person refusing to accept or resigning, as the case may be, and delivered into the office of the secretary of state."—Washington Post.

Coming Events Cast Shadows Before.

Barber (looking for business)—Excuse me, sir, but your hair is going to come out soon by the handful. Jaggs (who was out all night and is just going home to face his wife)—You (hic) shoose I don't know (hic) that?—Bohemian Magazine.

Becoming.

Mrs. Grumpus (suggestively)—Don't you think, dear, that his season's hats are becoming? Mr. Grumpus—Yes; they're becoming so expensive that I'm afraid we'll have to get along without one for you this time.—Pathfinder.