

Hopkinsville Kentucky.

18 AND 20 NORTH STREET,
HOPKINSVILLE, - KENTUCKY

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WHAT I AM.

I have no feet, and yet, with hands,
I never cease my tireless run;
I work in all the cities and lands,
In Arctic zone and tropic sun.
I have no feet, and yet, with hands,
I never cease my tireless run;
I work in all the cities and lands,
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I have no feet, and yet, with hands,
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I work in all the cities and lands,
In Arctic zone and tropic sun.

BRAVE BUCKSKIN JOE.

A Few Incidents in the Life of a Noted Pioneer.

He Covered His Hundred Indian Wh...
How Contented Under Try-
ing Circumstances.

The probable opening of the great
Sioux reservation for settlement of the
hardy old pioneers living heretofore to
vagrancy, and, as a consequence, some
interesting and hitherto unwritten
gossip of the early history of this
section is coming to light.

There are many noted charac-
ters living in the West. Collected
Indian chiefs occasionally come to this
point. Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, John
Grass, Little Crow, Bull Ghost and
many other equally noted Indians are
well known here.

Colonel Reed is one of the most
celebrated characters now living in
Dakota. He had led the most exciting
life. For upwards of thirty years he
was by turns a scout, trapper, guide
and "bull-whacker." For several years
he was employed by Paxton, the mil-
lionaire Okla. man, who had the govern-
ment contract for furnishing cattle to
the Indians.

Colonel Reed was a man of a
grand river twenty years ago. The
"loss farmer" is the representative
of the Indians as well as of the
Government in the matter of receiving
and furnishing cattle to the reds at
the different agencies. Dillon was a
notorious drunkard. He made life
a dreary waste for Paxton's men
every time the cattle were brought to
the Grand river section for slaughter.

He always made it a point to brow-
beat the chief "bull-whacker" if he
did not knock him out in the fashion
in order to get the upper hand. He
had the Indians at his back, so that
in time he had every thing pretty much
his own way in that section. He
cheated his contractors in weights, and
in some instances stole their cattle
outright, and the agents went into
his pockets. He was never more
successful in "trading" the blue men
than when they finally came to such
a pass that Paxton could not get any
man to assume command of his cattle
for the Grand river territory. Colonel
Reed had been in command of other
expeditions, but was finally asked to
take charge of the Grand river main.

"I don't want to change my terri-
tory," he said to Paxton, "unless it is
absolutely necessary."
"Well, it is necessary," returned
Paxton. "That man Dillon has got to
be cleaned out, and you are the only
man I've got that is capable of doing it."
Colonel Reed reached the principal
point in the Grand river district about
three weeks later.

Dillon was drunk that day, and at
once opened up Reed.
The latter, with two or three of his
men, had slipped into the Government
store at the agency, and they were
closely followed by Dillon.
"Say, will you have a drink?" was
the first greeting received from the
Irish giant.
"No, thanks," was Reed's quiet re-
ply.
"Well, he jabs you, you'll drink with
me or fight," shouted the whiskey-
crazed brute.
Reed made no reply. Dillon glared
at him an instant and then reached
out his immense arms to grasp Reed
by the neck. His reach was short. A
moment later he raised his head from
the hard floor in a semi-dazed condi-
tion. Reed's immense fist had "put
him to sleep." The blue man sat
squarely between the big bully's eyes.
Dillon sprang to his feet and attempt-
ed to pull his revolver. Reed's sledge-
hammer fist shot out again and the
Irishman took a long nap. When he
awoke he was the soberest white man
on the reservation. He extended his
hand to Reed when he came to him-
self, simply saying: "In time, you're
a better man than I thought. Let's be
friends."

wait supply. One night Reed had to
visit another agency. He returned the
next morning to find Bull Ghost and
his tribe encamped around the spring
and his cattle driven out of the valley.
"What's the matter?" he asked of
his assistant, a young man named
Frank.
"Bull Ghost has issued an order that
the cattle must be kept out of the val-
ley away from the springs," said
Frank.
"He says his ponies must have the
grass. Dillon is back of this, you can
gamble on that."
Reed found that Bull Ghost had sta-
tioned guards along the valley with
orders to shoot any of the cattle that
came back on the grass plain. Reed
rode up to the first guard. The young
buck ordered him to halt. Reed had
a row with the buck, and ended the
parley by knocking him down. Then
he dispatched the redskin to Bull
Ghost's camp with instructions to tell
the chief that he would see him at
Reed's camp within an hour, or there
would be trouble. He sent the re-
maining sentries back to camp without
difficulty, with the same instructions
to Bull Ghost. Tom Reed went
back to camp and told his men that
he had made a big bluff
intended to win by it or lose his scalp.
There was a dare-devil colored cook
with him who could talk the Indian
language, and Reed appointed him in-
terpreter. An hour later Bull Ghost,
together with all the Indian fiery
from his tepee village, appeared with
his five hundred warriors. They came
in the "pow wow," which lasted for half
a day. The young buck who had been
knocked down by Reed returned with
a rifle, having previously threatened
that he would shoot Reed. Reed kept
a close eye upon the Indian, and made
up his mind that he would begin his
bulldozing tactics upon the Indians
with this young buck.

"Go in to shoot me with that long
gun, are ye?" said Reed, and without
a word he sidled up to the Indian.
The buck glared sullenly at the white
man, and made a move as if to bring
the gun to his shoulder. This was
enough for Reed. His right fist shot
out, and he landed a blow against the
Indian's left ear. The buck groveled on
the green sward for some time amid
the derisive yells of his five hundred
brother bucks. Then Reed opened up
his parley with Bull Ghost. He called
the Indians all the vile names in
the border category; he offered
to fight the chief and five of
his best braves, and handed without
weapons; he suggested the utter anni-
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must move his tepee village at once,
as (Reed) proposed to water his
cattle at the spring in question before
sun-down. Then he strode through the
crowd of Indians, brushing aside sick
like flies, and returned to his camp.
Bull Ghost and his five hundred war-
riors watched Reed's departure with
open-mouthed wonder. The Indians
repeated their camp that afternoon. They
said that Bull Ghost considered it a
favor to be taken by the hand for a
longer shake, muttering the while,
"Buckskin Joe heep brave white chief,
like like 'im."

The sobriquet given Reed by Bull
Ghost still sticks to the border veter-
an. He wore a handsomely-decorated
buckskin suit at the time of his blood-
less encounter with the old Indian.
Colonel Reed had a very lively man-
ner in the way of the Cheyenne Indians at
the agency near Fort Sully about two years
later. It was upon a certain rainy
day. The cattle were driven into an
immense corral, where they were
slaughtered. Colonel Reed was super-
intending affairs for the contractors.
The cattle had all been shot by Indian
men, and the Cheyenne Indians at the
heads of bucks with rifles in their
hands sat upon the railing around the
stockade watching the slaughter. One
steer had not been killed, and he raised
his head up and bellowed loudly.
"You've got your gun, Reed," re-
marked the boss farmer, who stood by
Reed's side, "or flicker at that steer
and fish him."
Reed raised his gun to his shoulder.
Bang!
The bull crashed into the steer and
his head fell back. At this instant
there was an ear-splitting yell from
the stockade railing. A piece of bone
from the steer's skull had been thrown
by the bullet and it glanced up-
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There was a rapid flow of blood from
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"Shoot white skunk! Kill the white
skunk chief!" came from a hundred
Indian throats. The Indians leveled
their rifles at Reed, who stood his
ground coolly with his repeating rifle
cocked and swung across his arm ready
for use.
"They're in an ugly mood, Reed.
You'd better light out if you can get
out," observed the boss farmer.
"Not by a good deal," returned
Reed. "If they shoot I'll have the
satisfaction of making one or two
good Indians before they lay me out."
The tableau continued for several
minutes. The interpreter was called
into the stockade, and he mounted a
box and attempted to explain the situa-
tion to the angry Indians. They would
have none of it and choked him
with all kinds of yells. An old and
dignified-looking Indian had been
closely watching Reed the while. He
never took his head off from the
white man's face. After a painful wait
of more than ten minutes, the old chief
motioned to the buck on the stockade
and mounted a horse and began to
harangue their excitedly. They did
not attempt to cry the old warrior
down. Evidently he was a chief of
some importance in the tribe. He was
most imperative in his advice of his
fellows Indians. He called them
"quans anan" and other Indian epith-
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treatment of the "heep brave
white chief," as he termed Reed.
The old Indian intimated with his
advice the explanation that Reed had
not shot the Indian, but had shot at
him the steer, and that a boss had
glanced and cut the buck's face. The
old warrior changed the tide in favor
of the white man. The Indians lowered
their weapons, and they forgot the
shooting incident in their greedy rush
for the meat rations. Later the old
Indian came up to Reed and heartily
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"Indians squaw men," he grunted.
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Sunset Cox and the Bear.

When Mrs. Cox and I were at an inn
in Yellowstone Park they told us of a
big bear that came down every evening
just before sunset to eat the wheat
that was thrown out to the hogs. The
hog pen was about a mile back of the
house in the woods, and this bear would
come down every day to eat and, and
would go away content without eating
any of the little pigs. As he did not
leave much food for them, perhaps
they never got fat enough for his taste.
While we were at dinner they told us
that the girl who was waiting on table
had met the bear in the path near the
pen. She was carrying a basket of
clothes from the wash, and had the
clothes on her head. She said she
was not afraid, but she supposed she was
made a bit, for she dropped her clothes
and ran. Mrs. Cox and I had a
suspicion that they were fooling us,
but if there was a bear we wanted to
see it. So my wife and I went out to
the hog pen to see the bear. Sure
enough we met him in the woods—a
great big fellow. He gave a side
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