

The White Horse Mine of the Pluck and Luck of the Pioneer Boys



The first 50 miles out of Leavenworth a halt was made and the leader called the men around him and said: "We are now in the Indian country, and a vigilant watch must be kept. The same must travel two abreast, and I will then direct you how to fight. At night I shall keep as many as six sentinels

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"SMALL PARTIES OF INDIANS BEGAN TO BE SEEN."

around the camp, and any of them found asleep on his post will be shot. We have a fierce and cunning foe to deal with, and not for a single hour, day or night, can we safely relax our vigilance."

The caravan took the Arkansas River route, so as to have water constantly on hand. Other caravans bore away to the right or left, and after the fourth day out small parties of Indians began to be seen. They would circle around the caravan, as if to count its strength, and now and then some daring warrior would ride within rifle-shot and defy the pioneers to fire on him. Many of them would have done so but for the orders of the leader. He kept the wagons closed up and forbade the firing of a single shot. By and by, seeing that they could not throw a caravan into confusion, the Indians would become discouraged and disappear. What the white men had most to fear was trickery. The Indians never made an open attack on the white men unless they numbered ten to one, and even then hesitated. They knew something of the deadly rifle, and they would resort to trickery instead of open attack.

Sharpe understood the tactics of the red men very well. This was one of his reasons for keeping close to the river. It made the journey long, but the stream protected one of his flanks. Day by day the caravan pushed on, Indians always in sight, but nothing like an attack was drinking and quarrelsome man, and had made trouble from the start. He had a wife and four children, and he was constantly sneering at Sharpe and hinting at cowardice because the leader took so many precautions for the safety of all. Tomlinson declared that he alone could drive away 20 Indians, and he won over three other men to his way of thinking. They had reached a good farming country and did not want to go further. Sharpe warned them that if they cut loose from the caravan that the Indians would surely have their scalps within a day, but it was useless to talk to them. They decided to go, and one morning at sunrise the four teams pulled out of camp. As it was threatening to rain the others did not move. The men, women and children with the four wagons numbered 30 souls altogether, but there were only four men to defend the 26.

How Gritty Got His Freedom

G RITTY wagged his long bushy tail and waved his paw in a cordial manner. The small boy at the other end of his chain gave it a jerk, and Gritty covered as if expecting a blow.

"Nobody's going to beat you, Gritty. Get up and come to me." I took a seat in a veranda chair, and he came slowly, head to earth and still distrustful.

not want to go off and leave me. Look me in the eye now." Gritty lifted his head and took one look out of his honest, fearless eyes. Then he rose and with slow wailing tail placed his forepaws on my shoulders and ran out a long, delicate tongue which I had to dodge diligently. Then he dropped again as if ashamed of so much demonstration.



SO WE WERE FRIENDS, AND HIS TRUST GREW LIKE A MUSHROOM.

"Well, boy, what did your father say he would take for the dog?" "Six dollars, sir. Here, you cut, stop that!" The boy rapped the dog sharply on the head. "If he don't mind, sir, you jest cuff him." "I'll take him. Here, boy, here's your money, and be off." I took the chain and down went Gritty in the dust.

My room opened onto the veranda through a French door. After midnight I was awakened by a soft thump outside the door. I lifted my head and looked out, but saw nothing, so fell asleep again. An hour later I awoke again to hear the same noise. I called softly: "Who's there?" A series of thumps gave answer. They had a familiar sound. I stole to the door and looked through the screen. There, on the sill, lay Gritty—now did you get out of the burn?"

now. How do you think you will like the change? Gritty looked up out of his deep brown eyes and thumped his tail on the ground till the dust rose in clouds. He was still prostrate. I took his nose in my hand.

"Gritty," I said, as I sat on the floor beside him, "listen to me. You are my dog now, and you must learn not to be afraid of me. Next you must learn to love me, and after that no more chains. Because then you'll stay with me and

But from that time my Scotch collie was a different dog. No more abject cowering. A fine and perfect trust grew between us, and he learned to respond to my friendship with an implicit obedience, born not of terror, but of an honest, fearless love. God bless him!

The Curlew's Captain in the Storm

THE flag on the signal station down at the wharf told the people of Gloucester that the fleet was in. The fifty or more craft that had been out on the Banks for weeks were following each other in, and the signal was made that the catch had been good. No flag flew at half-mast and that meant the crew of Gloucester had escaped the perils of the deep. It was a double rejoicing.

mother as she faced her with hands on hips. "So Tom Howells says, 'I know just how you feel. Wait 'till to-morrow.' The morrow brought confirmation of the story. It was agreed on all sides that young Captain Hoover had shrouded the white feather. He had the craft to lead the fleet, but he had taken a look at the weather and run for shelter. He might continue to sail and fish and to be a captain, but his prestige was gone. He would even find hard work to ship a crew.

Hoover. Not one of the passengers was lost. The work of rescue was witnessed by the laggards of the fleet. Their crews cheered and cheered, but the sounds were swallowed up by the gale almost before they had time to cheer. "Call Captain Hoover a coward!" exclaimed the oldest captain of the fleet when he reached the fishing grounds and told of the rescue. "Well, I guess not, and I want to see the man who said he got cold feet over a cupful of wind. We



THE SEA FLUNG EACH AND EVERY ONE STRAIGHT DOWN UPON THE SCHOONER.

mother as she entered the house looking very white-faced. "Nothing." "Didn't know but you'd seen a ghost out there. Where's Captain Will?" "He can't for shelter because there was a blow. He stayed behind with the Nova Scotians." "Gal, do you mean it?" asked the

As the lighter craft drifted by her their crews shook their heads and muttered words of pity. The yacht's captain had lashed himself on deck, but there was so little hope that he did not even raise a hand to signal. "I believe it can be done, and I'll do it," exclaimed Captain Hoover to the clinging men around him on the swept decks after he had taken a long look at the helpless yacht. The men shook their heads, but at the same time stood ready to obey orders. It was madness to make sail on the schooner in that gale, but she must be put under cover. Hardly more than a yard of cloth was exposed, and when her head paid off and she hung in the trough of the sea for a moment every man prayed. She was hoisted and kept from stern to stern, but she came through it. Then she ran to leeward of the helpless yacht. The man on the latter understood and waved his arm. Then he routed out the terror-stricken sailors from the deck-house, and the sobbing men and women from the cabin and lashed them where he could. He was a man with four men's hearts in his bosom.

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Raven Boy and the Halibut People

R AVENBOY was hopping along the beach, thinking what mischief he could do, when he saw a big spider-crab basking in the sun. "Hello, comrade," he said, "why don't you know me? We used to play together as children."

He said down to the water and to the bow of the waiting canoe, as if he had been robbed of an article. As he reached the canoe the birds and the halibut all joined together and hoisted him in. When Southeast-wind caught his breath he asked what they had done this thing to him for.

So they let him go, and he went ashore with a rash and hid himself in his home. While Raven-Boy sailed away with the great dancing hat with the clouds on it. This is the reason that up in Alaska the Southeast-wind in these days does not blow nearly as long as it used to. Raven-Boy landed the halibut people their town and sent the birds back the wood.

Two Handkerchief Dancers. Fasten two pins or tacks in the casing above doorway. Thread a medium sized handkerchief, and holding it by the center, tie a very fine black thread around it about an inch below the center. This forms a head and skirts. Do not break this thread from the spool, but draw it up over one of the pins or tacks, so that the figure will just touch the floor. Be sure that the pins are very firm, or there will be a failure.

Up, up it went, spinning around as it ascended high into the air.

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