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BY BUFFALO BILL

FROM TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS

N the fall of 1865 General Sherman and the Indian commissioners a little rise in the prairie, I said, "Genwho were to make a treaty with eral, when you get to that small ridge the Arapahoes and Comanches in up there you will look down into a outhwestern Kansan came to Fort low depression of the prairie and see if he recovered, I turned Brigham. Zarrah, on the Arkansas river. From Council Springs and the Indians." The and in a moment we were again fairhere they were to go to what was Springs rise in this vast plain, and nown as Council Springs, a distance they run for only about four or five of sixty-five miles from Zarrah. Beween Zarrah and the Springs is a flat, evel country, but no water is to be When we gained this ridge, there beand. Consequently there was no water fore the general's eyes were hundreds carried save for drinking purposes, and hundreds of horses and a large which was carried in canteens in the Indian village. ambulances, for the general's orders

over this dry country. 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. The general had three or four staff officers, a company of cavalry as an escort and about thirty scouts and messengers well nounted. These scouts' and messengers' duty was that whenever the general wished to send any quick dispatches back to Fort Riley, at that time the nearest telegraph point, these men were to carry them. I was at the time a young scout employed for this

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, after leaving the fort, that a young officer, one of the general's aids, were going to get to Council Springs, where the Indians were. I told bim that if we kept on in the direction we were going we would never get there.

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. This young officer (I have forgotten his name) tumbled to the situation, and, galloping ahead, he rode alongside the ambulance and told the general what I had said and explained to him my reasons for not mentioning the situation. The general appreciated it at once and called a halt, climbed out of the ambulance, sent for Mr. Curtis to come back to him, and also for the scouts to come up, of whom I was one. He laid out a large map on the ground, and when we all got near him he said to Mr. Curtis:

"I wish you would show me on this map just where we are."

incorrect that it was impossible to go did, and on arriving at Fort Kearny The general remarked: "Well, then,

Mr. Curtis, how far are we from the Springs? From the distance we have traveled since leaving Zarrah 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. Furthermore, I have not been over to the Springs for several years, and when I last went there I was not acting as guide. Consequently I feel that I am rather lost myself."

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-

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 Charlle 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 No disrespect to you, sir. I appreclate how hard it is for one to find his way in a country where there are no landmarks, level as the sea and cov-

ered with buffaloes." I headed due south, the general riding by my side, and during this ride the general asked me many questionshow 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

rode on in this way until, approaching mtles, when it becomes a small stream of water sinking into the sand.

I said: "There you are, general. were that he would leave Fort Zarruh There are your Indians, camped



General Sherman, riding by my side. asked me many questions. and the Springs." He patted me

on the back in a fatherly way and said, "My boy, I am going to know you bet-

The general and the peace commisright. We will start tomorrow for and killed eight of their number. The Fort Zarrah and from there to Fort Mr. Curils told him, which was per-fectly true, that the maps were all so to guide me to Fort Kearny." Which I the general comp "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 mfles 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 lovellest men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.

. One day in the spring of 1868 1 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 country lying between the Missouri prettiest running I ever saw. But the river and the Rocky mountains, We Indians were about as well mounted

as I was, and one of their borses 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 alm 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 walting to see ly 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 whinzing 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 hors(e) de 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 eavalrymen, 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 Noian of the Tenth cavalry now came up with forty of his men, sioners counseled here for three days, and upon learning what had happened and in the evening of the third day an he determined to pursue the Indians. orderly came to me and told me the He kindly offered me one of his cavgeneral wished me'to report to him at | alry horses, and after putting my own his tent. The general kindly invited saddle and bridle on the animal we me in and said: "Billy, I want to go started out after the flying Indians, from here now to Fort Kearny, on the , who only a few minutes before had Platte river, in Nebraska. How far is been making it so uncomfortably liveit?" I told him the way that he would ly for me. Our horses were all fresh have to go to have good camping places and of excellent stock, and we soon and that it would be about 300 miles. began shortening the distance between He asked, "Can you guide me there?" ourselves and the redskins. Before I told him I could, and he said; "All they had gone five miles we overtook



others succeeded in making their es-On coming up to the place where I had killed the first horse-the spotted one-on my "home run" 1 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 buil-

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 be rec. the nuswer 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.

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