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Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, January 8, 1909.

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HOW I KILLED MY FIRST INDIAN BY BUFFALO BILL FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS" ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM F. COOY

IN 1857 I was barely eleven when I shot my first Indian. He was a chief. I know that from his address. His name I never learned. Here is the story: My parents, with their seven children, had moved from Iowa to Kansas three years earlier. My father had taken up a claim in Salt Creek valley and built a comfortable home. But he was not to enjoy the good days that seemed to be dawning for us.

When I was thirteen my mother was building a hotel for the use of passing gold hunters, for this was late in 1859, when the gold fever swept America and all roads led to Pike's peak. Our Salt Creek valley home lay on one of the most traveled routes.

Two hands of Indians were galloping toward us. One hand stamped and ran off our cattle, while the other "rushed" us. Our men gave them warm welcomes as they came back on the line. But the fight was not over. The "braves" only centered out of range. They were joined by others. They outnumbered us eight to ten. We could not stand against such a multitude. We fled for the South Platte river with the savages at our heels and drove the following redskins once more out of range.

Frank McCarthy, our boss, said our one chance was to follow the Platte river to Fort Kearny, keeping out of sight under its banks. So the thirty-five mile march began through knee deep water and quaked sand. Half a day we kept it up. I was dead tired, but it was no time for rest or complaining. Just the same, by nightfall my short legs wouldn't keep up with the procession. I dropped back, little by little, still plodding on as fast as my aching feet could move. We thought we had given the Indians the slip, but I still lagged my short, heavy ride. It was a muzzle loading "Mississippi Jaeger" and carried a slug and two buckshot to each charge.

The moon had risen, and I was trying to catch up with the rest. Suddenly, in front of me and at the top of the high bank I saw against the moon the head and shoulders of an Indian. He was a chief. He was bent double. The men ahead could not see him, but he had his gun leveled at them. I knew if he fired he could send me to the other side of the river. I had hated at sight of him, and he didn't see me. I had no time to think out the situation. I brought up my rifle and took a moonlight shot. When my sights were just below the war bonnet's feathers I

"Tell you what I think I'd better do," said he. "The nearest settlement is some eighty miles away, and I can get there and back in twenty days. Suppose I make the trip, get a team for our wagon and come back for you?" The idea of being left alone and well nigh helpless struck dismay to my heart, but there was no help for it, and I assented. Dave put matters into shipshape, piled wood in our dugout, cooked a quantity of food and put it where I could reach it without rising and fetched several days' supply of water. Mother, ever mindful of my education, had put some school books in the wagon, and Dave placed these beside the food and water. When Phillips finally set out, driving the surviving ox before him, he left behind a very lonely and homesick boy.



"A bullet from my rifle entered the mouth of the bear." I had a brief period of enforced idleness, when it was my sole means of making the dragging hours endure. A fortnight passed. And one day, weary with my studies, I fell asleep over my books. Some one roused me, and, looking up, I saw an Indian in war paint and feathers. "How!" said I, with a show of friendliness, though I knew the brave was on the warpath. "I was the bear of the first, sneaking into the little dugout until there was barely room for them to sit down."

With stinking breath I saw them enter almost, bare of supplies, but I was thankful enough to see the back of the last of them. Two days later a blizzard set in. I took an inventory and found that, economy considered, I had food for the week, but as the storm would surely delay Dave I put myself on half rations.

Three weeks were now gone, and I looked for Dave momentarily, but a night followed day and day grew into night again. I was given over to keen anxiety. Had Phillips lost his way? Had he failed to locate the snow covered dugout? Had he perished in the storm? Had he fallen victim to the Indians? The twenty-eighth day dawned. Starvation stalked into the dugout. The wood, too, was well nigh gone. But great as was my physical suffering, the mental distress was greater. I sat before a handful of fire, shivering and hungry, wretched and despondent. "Hark! Was that my name? Choking with emotion, unable to articulate, I listened intently. Yes, it was my name. Dave's familiar voice, and with all my remaining energy, I made an answering call. My voice enabled Phillips to locate the dugout, and a message was cleared through the snow. And when I saw Dave's familiar face, I was glad to see a couple of my friends and let them enjoy the laugh with me. She put on her hat. Then she halted. The laugh had died away. Could there be anything in it? Was it possible that Harry was deceiving her? No, never! She would tear up the letter and sever

THEIR ANONYMOUS LETTERS. BY C. B. LEWIS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Associated Literary Press. Everybody, including themselves, said it was a love match between Kitty Rayne and Harry Smedley and that such love, trust and confidence were seldom to be found. It did not all end with the honeymoon, as a certain crusty old bachelor predicted, but when they had been married a whole year the doves were still cooing. Then one evening Mrs. Smedley had a lawn party, and as half a dozen people sat together it was announced that the writer of an anonymous letter had succeeded in separating a certain man and his wife. All expressed their sorrow and indignation, but host and hostess felt called upon to go further. The husband who will pay the slightest attention to an anonymous letter should be tabooed from association with all sensible people," was the observation of the husband as he placed his arm around his wife's waist. "No one but a coward writes these letters, and no one but a coward would act upon them."



"If I should get a hundred anonymous letters concerning Harry I should only laugh at them," added the wife as she kissed him before them all. "Three mornings later at his office Mr. Smedley received a letter. As it was addressed in the handwriting of a woman he felt quite a bit of curiosity about it. He opened the envelope and found it contained an anonymous letter—no data, no signature, just the words: "Watch your wife and you will discover..."

The young husband laughed and started to tear up the missive. Then he restrained his hand, and his lips faded to a grin. It was a good joke to send him such a missive. He would carry it home at noon and laugh over it with his little wife. When the coward picked him up to receive such a letter he took the letter in his pocket and began his work. It was funny. It would raise a laugh. They would show it to their circle, and others would laugh with them. Five minutes later he was saying to himself: "Watch your wife and you will discover..."

"Discover what?" he mentally kicked himself for asking, and yet the query kept bobbing up. A contemptible coward of a woman wrote that unfinished sentence and wrote it to make trouble. If he could find her out she should suffer for it. Discover anything wrong on the part of his pure hearted little wife? The idea was villainous. He put it aside again and again and felt himself almost as mean as the writer when it bobbed up again. The forenoon was so long that he left the office half an hour before 12 and started for home. He wanted to show the letter to his wife and have a laugh over it, but something occurred to change his plan. He was within a block of the house when a man came out, gave a look up and down the street and hurried away. Then, too, as he entered the door his wife exclaimed in surprise and almost demanded to know why he was half an hour ahead of his time. He kissed her, but it was a perfunctory kiss. She nestled up to him, but he thought he could feel her trembling. "Watch your wife and you will discover..."

refer to it. No, she would not. She would keep it, and they would have a great laugh over it at noon. She held to this last resolve for half an hour, and then the missive was hid den away, and she was going about the house with pale cheeks and compressed lips. At 11 o'clock the door-bell rang, and a traveling clock tinker asked if she had anything in his line to do. He set an obstinate clock going and collected a quarter for his skill. He was the man whom the husband saw glide furtively away. You will always read furtiveness in a clock tinker's movements if the sun happens to shine on him just right. So it happened that neither letter was produced to be laughed over. There was constraint, and both husband and wife felt it. They were no longer natural in their behavior, and that very fact aroused suspicions. "She is deceiving me" and "He is deceiving me" were what they were saying to themselves. They even suspected that Kitty's old lover was writing to her, seeing her secretly, persuading her that he could never, never love another and suggesting an elopement to a faraway land.

The letter carrier was questioned as to what letter he delivered at the house. A private detective was paid \$5 a day to search the town for the old lover. The boy that mowed the lawn was instructed to keep watch on all life insurance and sewing machine agents calling at the house, and the husband began to feel himself a Sherlock Holmes. Something was also done on the other hand. Night after night as the husband lay sleeping for even jealous husbands do sleep a form clad in white might have been seen going through his pockets in search of damaging evidence. His weekly visits to his Masonic lodge had to be discontinued. If he went out in the evening to order soap at the grocery he was followed. Of course he must in some way be in communication with his old love and have abundant money to drive her. Just what she might do if he ran away he should be brought back in chains. If he applied for a divorce she would fight the case to the last court in the land. Naturally their set noticed that something was afoot, but as the couple might before company, but no one knew just what was the trouble, and for once the mutual friend did not interfere and make matters worse.

A more miserable couple did not exist, but no explanations were asked for or volunteered. Anything of the sort would have been taken for falsehood. "Watch your wife" and "Watch your husband" were watchwords ever after their separation, at least, but have been the ultimate result had no the jokers finally decided to show their hands. One morning as the young husband reached his desk another letter awaited him. It was a good joke to send him such a missive. He would carry it home at noon and laugh over it with his little wife. When the coward picked him up to receive such a letter he took the letter in his pocket and began his work. It was funny. It would raise a laugh. They would show it to their circle, and others would laugh with them. Five minutes later he was saying to himself: "Watch your wife and you will discover..."

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