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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, January 15, 1909.

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A good floor and the best of

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THE BOY

PONY EXPRESS RIDER

BY BUFFALO BILL

FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS"

Copyright, 1908, by WILLIAM F. CODY



I WAS fourteen when I became a pony express rider. I had one or two adventures in that pursuit which may prove interesting to read. They were certainly interesting enough to me at the time. The job was worth \$125 a month and meant ceaseless danger.

The importance of the pony express has to a certain extent been lost sight of, but it might be well to impress on the reader the fact of its value at that time in connection with the great trouble occurring shortly after its inception between the sections of our country—the civil war of 1861. The difficulties of communicating with the newly acquired empire on the Pacific through the route via Panama or the passage around Cape Horn, would have left effective information stale and unprofitable on account of the time, and the fact that the southwest section was not open for communication to the Union authorities at Washington emphasized its necessity.

The pony express, by giving the government facilities for quick communication—quick for those days—was enabled to keep in touch with every movement and counterfeited in an effective manner what might have resulted in a separation from us of our grand Pacific possessions.

The service had been repeatedly suggested to congress, but after several years of agitation it failed of government assistance through the then disunited aims of many congressional leaders, and eventually it was undertaken by Messrs. Russell, Majors, Waddell & Co. at their own risk and responsibility. Reliable, paid, patriotic action for which they never received proper financial recognition.

This was the great government freighting firm under whom I had served as courier between its overland wagon trains. Its object was to cover the vast telegraphic gap between New York and San Francisco, which began at St. Joe, Mo., and ended at Sacramento, Cal., with greater speed, a distance of more than 3,000 miles through a country totally uninhabited, bar savage Indians. At that time it took months for congressmen and government officials to reach the Golden Gate or to arrive at Washington, and it took from twenty-two to twenty-five days to send a message from New York to San Francisco across the continent. It had taken stagecoaches three weeks or more to go from the Missouri river to Sacramento. By means of relay stations, 200 in number, employing 600 hardy pioneers, from eight to a hundred expert riders, my employers made it possible.

The buffalo was not fifteen yards from the child when I brought my ride instinctively to my shoulder. I wouldn't give myself time to think what must happen if I should miss. It was one of those times when a man must not flinch.

I found the rider of the next division had been killed the night before, and he was called on to make the extra trip until another rider could be procured. This was a request the compliance with which would involve the most taxing labor and an endurance few persons are capable of. Nevertheless young Cody was promptly on hand for the additional journey and reached Rocky Ridge, the limit of the second division, on time. This round trip of 321 miles was made without a stop, except for meals and to change horses, and every station on the route was entered on time. This is one of the longest and best known pony express journeys ever made, the entire distance, 321 miles, being covered in 21 hours and 30 minutes.

"Remember, you who have gold in your teeth," she said in closing, "that the poor working girl hasn't any."

Needs All of It.
"I never saw anybody so cool, self possessed and quick to act in time of imminent danger as that man Globbo."

"Chaffeur?"
"No; just a common pedestrian."

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

hardened took the longer trips, which naturally brought them larger pay. This was not an easy job for a four-year-old boy, but I stuck to it in spite of aching bones and a tired head. For the first three months I had no mishaps. I began to think the talk of danger was all bluff. Then as I was riding around a curve on a hillside trail one day I rode dash up to a levelled pistol. The man behind it told me to throw up my hands—I obeyed. There is no use arguing with a loaded pistol. I was in a predicament. The little horse's plunge knocked the man off his feet, and a stray kick from one of the iron shoe hoofs grazed the fellow's head, knocking him senseless. I raised the horse's interest in him. I was glad enough to make my escape.

Here is a further adventure of importance. One day I galloped up to a relay station and found no relief pony waiting. Not a sign of a pony in sight. But I heard men yelling and shooting. Down by the corral back of the station I jumped off, rifle in one hand and my twenty pound pouches in the other, and made for the trees that hid the corral from the trail. I thought from the noise that there must be an Indian raid there at least.

I reached the little clearing above the corral in time to see a gigantic buffalo bull charge through a bunch of cattle and rush on toward the corral yard of the station. Four or five men were yelling at the top of their lungs and blazing away at him with guns and revolvers. But if any of the shots had hit the buffalo he would not have maddened him all the more. It was no business of mine, so I stood there laughing at their excitement. But all at once I stopped laughing and turned sick at heart.

There, near the door of the cabin, playing with a big wooden doll, sat a little girl perhaps three years old. She wore a little red cloak, and the bright bit of color had caught the mad buffalo's attention. Baby looked up at the unconscious playing baby charged the great, furious brute. The men saw her peril just when I did, and they fired wildly and came forward at a dead run. But they were too far away.

A woman ran screaming out of the house and rushed toward the child. She had no weapon of any kind and probably couldn't have used one if she had had. But I suppose mother love made her forget the horrible peril and she wanted to die with her little girl. Women are sometimes braver, I think, than men, especially where their children are concerned.

The buffalo was not fifteen yards from the child when I brought my ride instinctively to my shoulder. I wouldn't give myself time to think what must happen if I should miss. It was one of those times when a man must not flinch.

I found the rider of the next division had been killed the night before, and he was called on to make the extra trip until another rider could be procured. This was a request the compliance with which would involve the most taxing labor and an endurance few persons are capable of. Nevertheless young Cody was promptly on hand for the additional journey and reached Rocky Ridge, the limit of the second division, on time. This round trip of 321 miles was made without a stop, except for meals and to change horses, and every station on the route was entered on time. This is one of the longest and best known pony express journeys ever made, the entire distance, 321 miles, being covered in 21 hours and 30 minutes.

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The reader can imagine that it was lonely. It demanded endurance above the ordinary to defy the summer's heat and winter's snowstorms and blizzards, skill in crossing temporary bridges and dangerous streams with shifting foot and treacherous quicksands, which had to be often got over at night, sometimes swollen torrents, and horses and riders had to swim, momentarily liable to ambush by the ever alert savages, then the monarchs of the prairies. The reader will understand that the Indian was master of all the country outside the rifle range of a station or fort. This gave to the very atmosphere a sense of continual peril, making possible a death so horrible that its possibility was as trying to the imagination as capture made its decree a certainty, with all the horrors of torture.

That many riders met this fate and died miserably, while other escapees were simply miraculously. Those who came out alive on the arrival at a station often found that one of the riders had fallen a victim to the savage foe and had to take up his burden, and in such cases he had to pound the saddle over the stiff country for another hundred miles. The fact that the dead body was often somewhere along the trail, of course, did not add pleasant thoughts to the journey. Nothing but a quick perception and rapidity of action



"The buffalo was almost upon the child."

and seemingly intuitive knowledge when danger threatened and the angel of good luck assisted me to escape many a close call. Several times I had bullets through my buckskins, twice through my saddle, and on one occasion my sturdy mount received a bad flesh wound. On two occasions my good marksmanship saved me at the expense of the roster of the Sioux braves by sending two at different times to their happy hunting grounds. On several occasions I had to resume the route of slaughtered couriers, notably on one occasion which stands as possibly a record in the story of this dangerous duty.

While riding between the Red Buttes of the Platte and the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater I had what was considered a most difficult and lonely route. On reaching Three Crossings the rider of the next division had been killed the night before, and he was called on to make the extra trip until another rider could be procured. This was a request the compliance with which would involve the most taxing labor and an endurance few persons are capable of. Nevertheless young Cody was promptly on hand for the additional journey and reached Rocky Ridge, the limit of the second division, on time. This round trip of 321 miles was made without a stop, except for meals and to change horses, and every station on the route was entered on time. This is one of the longest and best known pony express journeys ever made, the entire distance, 321 miles, being covered in 21 hours and 30 minutes.

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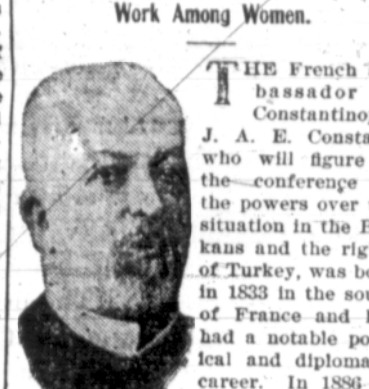
Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Tribune.

Figures In the Public Eye.

M. Constans, French Ambassador to Turkey.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster and Her Campaign Work Among Women.



M. CONSTANS.

THE French ambassador to Constantinople, J. A. E. Constans, who will figure in the conference of the powers over the situation in the Balkans and the rights of Turkey, was born in 1833 in the south of France and has had a notable political and diplomatic career. In 1888 he was appointed French ambassador to China, where he obtained for his country several modifications of the treaty of Tientsin. Returning to France in the following year, he secured the post of governor general of French Indo-China, but a difference of opinion with the colonial office speedily brought about his resignation. General Boulanger was the next object of his attack, and after a prolonged struggle the general was forced to fly the country a defeated man. Three years later, after a violent scene in the chamber, M. Constans resigned and lived in retirement till called upon to represent France at Constantinople in 1890. M. Constans believes that there are but four notes in the human keyboard—namely, vanity, timidity, sentiment and interest. To his skill in finding which note to play M. Constans largely owes his success. When he made war against Boulanger he was not without success. He smiled, "That is the first remark I have ever made," he said.

Women have been prominent in the 1908 campaign, and all the parties have utilized their services. In the Republic



MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER.

lean camp the work of organizing clubs and crystallizing sentiment for the benefit of Judge Taft's candidacy has been in charge of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, whose career as a political speaker extends over a period of a quarter of a century. She was born in Massachusetts, and her father, a Methodist minister, was prominent in the anti-slavery movement. Her husband, E. C. Foster, was a lawyer, and under his direction she studied law and was admitted to the bar, being the first woman admitted to practice in the supreme court of the state of Iowa where her residence was at that time. She first became prominent as a speaker in the temperance work conducted by the W. C. T. U. In 1892 she was active in the campaign of President Benjamin Harrison for re-election.

In 1900 Mrs. Foster was appointed by Secretary of State John Hay to represent the United States at the International Red Cross conference at St. Petersburg. In 1905 she accompanied the Taft party to the Philippines and made a special report to President Roosevelt on the condition of women and children there.

Mrs. Foster then made a trip around the world, in the course of which she studied the condition of women and children in China and India. As a speaker she is possessed of much argumentative power and of a very ready wit. Once she was arguing in behalf of the industrial interests of women before a congressional committee.

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The Popularity Of Pushball.

It Is Coming In Vogue as a Substitute for Some Colleges for the Cane Rush.

Excitement of the Contest.

FOOTBALL is not the only diversion of students that the colleges are trying to reform. Another recreation or sport or custom, or whatever it may be termed is the cane rush or spree, which has been handed down from one generation of students to another as a tradition to be upheld at all costs, decrees of faculties or other powers to the contrary notwithstanding. The cane rush is not usually as bad as it is painted. The degree of roughness which it assumes depends a good deal on the institution where it is in vogue and the number of students participating. The rules observed or not observed, etc.—usually it is the custom of the upper class men to dwell on the dangerous character of the encounter in order to inspire the freshmen with more or less terror and give them a chance to show what kind of stuff they are made. Many a mamma's boy has lost his timidity and maidenliness by participating in a scrimmage of this kind and in jumping into the thick of the fray and getting a taste of what it feels like to be in a real battle.

Nevertheless the old fashioned cane rush is open to criticism in some particulars as a college custom. There is now a movement to substitute for it what is called pushball. This is a sport which can be regulated better than a cane rush. It affords an interesting spectacle and gives the contending classes the chance to exhibit their mettle. It is exciting without being especially dangerous. It seems to be finding favor this year at a number of the colleges and universities of the land.

Recently about 400 students of the sophomore and freshman classes of the University of Pennsylvania engaged in a pushball contest on the athletic grounds known as Franklin field. The participants wore appropriate costumes, and some were stripped to the waist.



SCENES AT A PUSHBALL CONTEST.

waist. The classes fought to a goal with a monster globe seven feet in diameter. Then with a rush it floated along, impelled by eager sophomore hands, just like a big soap bubble. In less than five minutes the sophomores made the goal. The freshmen were unable to score, so the record was 1-0 at the end of a twenty minute contest. The battle was a grueling one and was halted several times by the referee to give fallen combatants opportunity to rise. The mishap on the outside of the fray kept a lookout to reader all to the injured and the sport on the whole was well supervised. The contest drew a big crowd, which evinced its interest in the success of the respective classes by cheers and college cries.

There is more fairness in a contest in the open under specific rules and with referees to enforce the regulations than in an unregulated cane rush or in episodes like those of last year, where the students may go to extremes in having their fun or carrying out their ideas as to what college traditions require. The college boy spends all his time poring over his books does not get all out of his student life that he might. A little fun and a little rough sport now and then do him no harm, but in the past customs prevailing have sometimes given the fun-loving spirits rather too much chance, and the results have often been harmful to them and their fellow students.

Felt Smaller Than That.
"You must have felt like 30 cents when her father turned you down."

"Thirty cents? I should say not. Why, a half dime was sold the other day for \$715!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

How He Learns.
"A man learns to do by doing," remarked the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and also by being done."—Chicago News.