

Real Buffalo Hunting Out West Back in the Sixties Toronto Man Knows Old Days of the Covered Wagon

The Buffalo Hunter Was Likely to Be Hunted By Indians Who Thought More Highly of a White Man's Scalp Than of a Buffalo Pelt.

This is a story of hunting the buffalo in the old covered wagon days of the West. It is not bunk, nor fiction. It is a true story by a Toronto man who actually hunted buffalo on horseback with a revolver and every word of it rings true. In addition to being a corking good yarn it is a valuable document of the buffalo and Indian days in the great West.

By HOWARD WILLIAMS

IN real buffalo hunting the Indians did not drive the buffalo around so you could shoot them from a pit or behind a clump of bushes as in the hunt recently filmed at Wainwright Park, Alberta.

First you had to find the buffalo. Most always where you found buffalo you were also liable to find Indians. They were not tame ones either and the hunter for buffalo was very liable to be hunted by Indians as they considered a white man's scalp more valuable than a buffalo pelt.

In 1865 I was stationed on the western frontier of Kansas at Salina as a lieutenant in the 6th U. S. Volunteer Infantry and was in command of B company. We were ordered to Salina from Fort Leavenworth because of Indian trouble.

A stage line called the Butterfield Despatch ran over the Smoky Hill route from Fort Leavenworth to Denver. This stage route passed through Salina, which is situated on the Smoky Hill river.

When we came out from the Fort the stage line had been cut by the Indians. For two hundred miles west of Salina Indians had stolen all the stock and burned all the stations. At that time all the merchandise from Leavenworth was transported by mule team and oxcart to Denver. Usually two or three trains traveled together to better protect themselves against the Indians. Our duties were to furnish escorts to the trains.

I remember the supper on our arrival in Salina to relieve the company stationed there and how good the buffalo hump steak tasted. It was a fine supper with the other officers were relieving. Nothing ever tasted as good as that buffalo hump steak after a hard day's march.

At that time the buffalo roamed in thousands only twenty-five miles west of our camp. It being summer, we could not get fresh meat and resorted to buffalo meat.

A hunting party consisted of two or three men on horseback who did the actual hunting and an escort of four or five men and mule team and wagon. We would start early in the morning and ride twenty-five miles to the hunting ground, reaching it late in the afternoon. We would then make camp, feed the animals, and get lunch. Then start out on the hunt possibly an hour before sundown.

After going about a mile we would discover a buffalo some distance away. Owing to the rolling nature of the country you would not usually see the herd. But the sentinel, a bull, stood on the high ground while the cows and calves fed in the valley or basin, the bulls surrounding the herd.

On approaching the herd you would see the sentinels all around. As you ride up the bulls see you and become quite uneasy. When you get near a sentinel bull he makes a break down into the herd, giving the alarm. When he goes the excitement starts.

You put your horse into a run and follow the bull, but he always gets to the herd before you and gives the alarm. Then the whole herd of five hundred to a thousand start on the run with heads down and tails up and you after them as fast as your horse can run.

Revolver the Weapon

IN one hand you hold your Colt's Navy revolver and guide your horse with the other. All of a sudden the entire herd stops dead still and faces you to see if you are still coming, and if you are, they start and do not stop or look back again. Now the time for action has arrived.

You still ride fast, as the buffalo are not swift runners, and you are soon in with them, select one while on the run, ride up beside it and shoot it, if possible, behind the forehead and low down. As you shoot you turn your horse sharply away and turn around for safety and then come up again. If you wound a buffalo badly



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he will plunge his forefeet into the ground suddenly and turn and gore your horse. If your shot is effective you can select another. Usually, in chasing a herd they scatter as they are chased and killed and when you stop you may not be able to see a buffalo, horse or hunter. All have disappeared.

By this time the sun is down and owing to the rolling country you are liable to lose your bearings. I had that experience on my first hunt. After chasing the buffalo on looking around I could not tell which way to go as the country looked alike in every direction. I started back the way I thought I had come but soon found I was going in the wrong direction. For as I came on to a rise of ground I saw feeding down in the valley a large herd that had not been disturbed and owing to it getting dark I did not molest them.

I came back in the opposite direction and was fortunate enough to find some of the buffalo that had been killed. I soon joined the rest of our party. One of the men did not show up and remained out all night on the plains. We did not see him until the next day when we arrived back in Salina.

We were fortunate enough to kill thirteen on this hunt. We usually took the quarters. As it was summer the hides were of no value. Hunting buffalo on horseback may not seem

hazardous at first glance. But it could be. On one hunt a colonel came out from Washington on an inspection. The colonel rode in from Fort Riley, fifty miles, on horseback. He was very anxious to go buffalo hunting; so we formed a party.

He rode a large, strong horse, and rode this horse on the hunt. It was evident his horse had never been on a hunt or seen a buffalo or heard a gun fired. When the hunt started and the firing commenced his horse became so excited he bolted into the midst of the running buffalo herd. The colonel expected to be pitched off his horse and under the hooves of the herd. He was so busy holding his horse he did not get a single shot at the buffalo. All the time he was in danger of his horse putting a hoof into a gopher hole and going down, rider and all.

It is doubtful whether the colonel enjoyed that hunt very much, as that same night, after the hunt, when we were in camp his horse got loose from being hitched to one of the wagons, and

started back to Fort Riley, seventy-five miles away. My horse followed, as I never tied him when in camp. Those horses made the seventy-five miles in seven or eight hours, as I learned when I went after them later.

About four o'clock in the morning, after finding our horses gone, I got up and went out to the road, and just then a horse and mule came along, dragging a long rope. It did not take me long to get hold of the rope and lead them into camp. The colonel and I had transportation back to Salina.

During that summer I hunted buffalo several times. On one hunt I became separated from the rest of the party and came on a herd of two or three hundred. They started on the run as soon as they saw me. One of the characteristics of buffalo is that when they start in a certain direction they keep that course regardless of the consequences.

There was a steep ravine in the course the buffalo took. Instead of stopping or turn-

ing they ran into the ravine. As the bank was quite steep, on coming out, they could not get out as fast as they went in. They filled up the ravine and those going in last went over the top of the others. I succeeded in getting across just as the last buffalo came up the bank. I think he was the largest bull I ever saw.

As he came even with me I fired from my horse. Evidently I hit him near the spine, for he suddenly lost the power in his hind legs and settled back on them, but kept on his forelegs. As I tried to get around for a side shot he twisted around, keeping his head facing me so that I could not shoot except in his forehead.

I had been told that a revolver bullet would not penetrate the thick mat of hair and the thick skull of a buffalo, so I did not try a shot straight on, but still tried to get a side shot. In the meantime the buffalo had gained strength enough to get up on his four legs, and then the battle began. He still persisted in keeping his head toward me, and I kept circulating around him,

trying to get a shot. Eventually he would start to walk away, and I after him. Then he would turn and chase me. So we had it back and forth for some time, and I could not kill him. As my ammunition was getting short I let him walk away.

After that, on my way to find our party, I came across an old bull walking slowly along, with a wolf following him waiting for his opportunity. I am told that when a buffalo becomes old and feeble it is driven from the herd, and the one I saw was an outcast. Being in an Indian country and short of ammunition, I let the buffalo and wolf go on their way, and soon joined my party.

By that time it had become dark. We had lost our way, but kept on until about ten or eleven o'clock, when we could go no further, due to a deep ravine. We went into camp for the night after putting on a guard.

A doctor and myself left camp to find the road. We found it after riding three or four hours, and arrived back in camp at three in the morning. I considered I had put in a full day, but my experience and pleasure paid me in full.

In the fall of 1865 my company was ordered to Denver, Colorado. As there were no railroads we marched through Nebraska to the Platt river, and then to Denver, where we remained during the summer of 1866. The district was in command of General Upton.

During this summer we hunted antelope. On the fourth of July a party of four of us left Denver on horseback to ride into the antelope range. Antelope hunting is very different from hunting buffalo. Antelope do not go in herds, and were not very numerous. You seldom find more than three or four together.

You cannot hunt them from horseback either, as they can outrun any horse, and you would not, as a rule, be able to get close enough for a shot.

After arriving in the antelope country we fed our horses and ate lunch. It was about noon. After a rest we started out to find our game. I, as usual, got separated from the party, and after riding some time saw an antelope over half a mile away standing on quite an elevation and evidently watching me. Now the question was how was I going to get it. There was no use trying to run it down, as it could run faster than my horse.

I adopted the plan of having the antelope come to me instead of going after it. An antelope has a large bump of curiosity. Anything unusual he sees brings out that bump. So I put my horse out of sight in some bushes and hid in the long grass.

Then I took the ramrod out of my gun and hid my handkerchief to the end. I raised this up. The antelope soon saw it and commenced to move toward me in a roundabout way. It came closer all the time until it was within a few rods of where I lay. I fired at it, but it did not fall nor move.

I loaded and fired again, with the same result, and could not figure out why I did not hit it or why the antelope did not run. The third shot brought it down. It was hit in the head and dropped in its tracks. Curiosity had held it there.

I was shooting a needle gun, and being so near the antelope I had overshot. That was why my last shot hit it in the head. I cut off the hindquarters, strapped them to my saddle, and started for the ranch where we were camping. We all had antelope for supper. I was the only one that had shot a pronghorn. Next day we rode back to Denver. There were only three or four thousand people in Denver and the nearest railway station was over a hundred miles away.

H-e-a-d-s
By T. W. J.

FRENCH surgeon cut the heads off a boy beetle and a girl beetle. Then he stuck the heads back on the wrong bodies. When Old Man Beetle came out he saw his daughter trying to kick a football, and his boy powdering his nose. Visiting scientists were as pleased as a kid with a taffy apple, but Mr. Beetle's blood pressure went up several hundred pounds. The poor innocent bugs.

Surgeon is now anxious to play his little trick on a couple of human beetles, but up to the present he has found no volunteers. Brains may be all right, but Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost show no signs of wanting to change heads with Lloyd George and Bernard Shaw. And beauty is all right, too, but so far Rudyard Kipling hasn't offered to switch domes of thought with one of the Polities girls.

It hardly seems fair that the boy who plays hooky to see the six-legged calf in the side show should be spanked, while scientists can go all the way to Paris to look at a lady beetle wearing her brother's pants and no one even says "Naughty boy."

Shows the inferiority of beetles. Takes an operation to get a beetle into pants, whereas many a wife wears the trousers without any encouragement at all.

Still it will be a pretty serious thing if a man can't be sure of waking up with his own head. Think of getting up in the morning, making ready to shave, and then seeing some other person's face in the glass. A man gets a kind of liking for his own head, even if he loses it every once in a while. There's a mutual attachment that it hurts him a lot to break. He has to get it in the neck, in fact, before he'll part with his old head.

Curious thing. Man feels quite flattered by your interest if you tell him he should go to the doctor and have his heart or lungs examined. But tell him he should have his head examined.....

A head's great object in life is to support a hat and a barber. Many a head continues to support a hat years after it has ceased to interest a barber.

To return to the realm of pure science. Great thing to change the heads of a horse and an alligator. Talk about winning a race by a nose. And how pleased the savants would be to feast their eyes on an alligator eating hay. The horse, by the way, after winning a race, could reach around and eat his jockey for dessert.

A pin is no good without a head. Neither is a cabbage. That's where man has it over pins and cabbages.

Every Age Has Exploded Cures, Millions Have Imaginary Diseases

Once a Cure Falls Into Disrepute It Cannot Cure Anyone—Faith Required for Its Magic Influence

DR. JAMES J. WALSH, in his interesting new book, "The Cures That Fail," emphasizes two points. One is that anything will cure the patient when nothing is the matter with him; the other is that the longer a physician practices medicine the shorter becomes his list of drugs. His thesis is based upon a fact that has gained general recognition, namely, that the vast majority of the ills and complaints of mankind are fostered by the mental attitude of the sufferers, and the symptoms complained of are aggravated by anxiety. The remedy, then, is the popular "cure" of the hour to which human kind accords temporary allegiance. Once that blindly confiding faith is shattered the "cure" becomes ineffective for the individual; if lost en masse, the "cure" falls into disrepute and can no more cure anyone.

The author's premises are sound and he has carried his argument to its logical conclusion. But we note that he says:

"Why should not human nature have its delusions when they add to the happiness of men? It is not with the idea of eradicating the delusions that this book is written, but so that we may all together laugh a little quietly at this human nature of ours and its humorous ways."

If millions of persons are "cured" of their ills and thus restored to happiness through belief in their delusions, it is open to question whether it is a good thing to broadcast these delusions to the world. An adequate reply to such an argument might be that he who labors under belief in a cure for imagined ills is going to persist in that delusion in spite of the assertions of a hundred wise physicians. Doubtless it is well that it is so.

Dr. Walsh is peculiarly well equipped to deal with his subject. He has attained eminence as a medical historian, in the pursuit of science, and as a forceful and pleasing writer. And right here it appears opportune to say that too little attention is paid to the history of medicine and surgery in modern medical colleges. A young physician who is well grounded in the known history of his profession has an advantage over his fellows who have had no instruction in it that will stand him in good stead, not only in critical emergencies, but in dealing with those patients whose sufferings depend for the most part on an attitude of mind. This class of patients is the bane of the conscientious doctor and a blessing to the quack. Their wretchedness is the reason for the latter's existence.

THE two main points of Dr. Walsh's argument are well illustrated by these incidents—which are not in the book. On the occasion of the return of Chauncey Depew from one of his frequent trips abroad, many years ago, the present writer asked him: "Senator, did you have any unusual experiences abroad?" "Yes, I did—in Paris," he replied. "I became lame from rheumatism over there and was recommended to a physician. He treated me by means of what he called an electric battery. I took a handle in each hand and he turned a crank. I didn't feel anything, but I began to improve with the first treatment. After two weeks of this I was cured. Then I was informed that I had had no electricity, and that the handles I held were not connected with anything." The second point is corroborated by this statement made publicly by the most eminent and successful New York physician of

his day, after thirty years of practice: "I can practise medicine successfully with three therapeutic agents—opium, mercury and quinine."

It makes no difference what agent is used, says Dr. Walsh. Create a belief in it, promulgate it, and the rest is easy. Thousands will be "cured" by it. But, he adds, a time will come, sooner or later, when no one will be cured by it any more; it will fall into disuse, and even into disrepute, until at last it is relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. And so he takes up these "magic cures" one by one, tells how they originated, what they did, and what became of them. He discusses some that had a great vogue several centuries ago and continues down to present-day psychoanalysis and Couéism. He deals rather gently with Coué; it is to be remembered that the little Frenchman does not proclaim himself as a healer; he asserts that his patients cure themselves by suggesting to their subconscious minds that they are getting better. Psychoanalysis, says the author, will pass; it is on the wane even now, he declares.

Typical of the "personal healers" was Valentine Greatrakes, who was born in Ireland in the generation after Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood. At the age of 40 Greatrakes announced that he could cure the "King's evil" by touching those afflicted with it. This disease was tuberculosis of the glands of the neck. From the time of Edward the Confessor the kings of England were popularly believed to have inherited the power of curing the malady. Along came Greatrakes, laid claim to the magic power, and "cured" thousands suffering from this and other complaints. He practised on the theory that diseases represented diabolic possessions and that the devils were driven out under his hands. His success depended upon his ability to inspire others with the belief that the Holy Ghost had commissioned him to oust devils. Dr. Walsh says that practically all religious healers have accomplished their results in the same way. Schlatter and Dowie are examples of this type of healer in this country in the present century.

The author hails Phineas Quimby of Portland, Me., as a great pioneer among personal healers. He it was, says Dr. Walsh, who inspired Mrs. Eddy, founder of the Christian Science Church, in her career of healing. Quimby began to "cure" through hypnotism in the middle of the last century. His method was to tell patients to fix their minds on some other part of their bodies than that which harbored the pain. If their toes hurt, Quimby told them to think of their fingers; then he rubbed their fingers and banished their pains. Mrs. Eddy, says the author, was treated and cured by Quimby of "spinal nervousness" resulting from a fall. Thereafter she returned to him a number of times to have her cure confirmed, "and gradually elaborated her own method of healing."

Among drug cures the most famous for several centuries up to the middle of the nineteenth was

theriacum, or "the theriac," often spoken of as the "calendar" prescription because it contained as many ingredients as there are days in a month. It was taken for everything. At drug stores it was kept in a jug, and it got so that all spoiled prescriptions or anything left over after compounding was dumped into the theriac jug. All sorts of persons gave testimonials to the effect that they had been cured by it.

BISHOP BERKELEY'S tar water deserves a high place in the list of popular remedies. The bishop was a famous English philosopher who lived for two years near Newport, R.I. He wrote a celebrated essay on the virtues of his tar water, by which, he discovered, he could cure himself and his friends of anything and everything. Here is the great recipe: Stir a quart of tar in a gallon of water. Let it stand forty-eight hours. Pour off the water and drink it. It is impossible to obtain any chemical substance from tar by mixing it with water, but the odor of tar remains, so that Bishop Berkeley readily persuaded himself that he was taking medicine. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of the famous tar water essay: "He begins with the recipe for his favorite fluid and slides by gentle gradations into an examination of the sublime doctrines of Plato."

In his chapter on "Cures With a Punch" the author calls attention to the virtue that was firmly believed to reside in moss scraped from a dead man's skull or mandrake gathered in a graveyard in the dark of the moon at the midnight hour when ghosts walk. "Cures" effected by these have been reported five ancient times. And, of course, remedies compounded of the tissues of mummies commanded great respect. It was not so long ago that it was possible to buy "mummy" in apothecary shops; but, alas for human frailty, such mummy was usually ordinary meat soaked in preservatives. Nevertheless, it frequently cured pain and headaches which had persisted for months and with which ordinary medical practitioners had proved themselves powerless to cope. The moss from skulls of criminals who had been hanged in chains so that their bodies could not be removed frequently proved to be a strangely powerful therapeutic agent.

The author points out a fact known to every seasoned physician, namely, that many aches, pains and ills are fostered by the element of hysteria and that by gaining a patient's confidence in the efficacy of a prescribed form of treatment wonderful cures are effected.

Take the case of Dr. Elisha Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., and his marvelous tractors, more than a hundred years ago. Contemporary historians agree that he was a splendid American and a devoted, hard-working physician. In 1796 he became convinced that he had observed striking beneficial results when the affected parts of patients were touched by certain metals. Accordingly, he fused several metals and made a pair

of short rods, tapering to a blunt point. They contained a little gold. With these he "stroked" his patients. The curative results were amazing. "Tractorization" became the fad of the hour. "Pains in the head, face, teeth, breast, side, stomach, back, rheumatism and all joint and muscle pains" were cured by the tractors, according to Dr. Perkins' announcement. The bent straightened up and walked erect. All maladies yielded to twenty minutes' downward stroking with the magic tractors. Patents were taken out here and in England. They were supplied to clergymen free; other professional men paid £5 a pair for them, while the price to the less fortunate was £10.

PERKINS became famous; he had proved himself a benefactor of mankind, and his fortune was made. A magnificent hospital, called the Perkinsian Institution, was erected in London. Lord Rivers was president and Sir William Barker vice-president. Perkins' son was in charge, and at the end of three years he published the details of 5,000 cases treated there, although it was estimated that fully 1,500,000 persons had been "cured" in all by the tractors.

Finally, some hard-headed English doctors proceeded to test their theory that the cures were the work of the imagination. They made some "tractors" of wood, painted them to look like the Perkins invention, obtained the same results from using them, published these—and the bottom promptly fell out of the tractor market. The "cure" went the way of all baseless "cures" that had had their day and failed.

Andrew Jackson Davis, later famous as "The Seer of Poughkeepsie," was a Poughkeepsie shoemaker's apprentice when he heard "Professor" Grimes' lecture on "magnetism," and allowed himself to be "magnetized." He formed a partnership with a tailor, and in 1844 announced that he had received a Divine commission to heal by magnetism. Later he abandoned the tailor and took up with a physician. Then began a long series of "cures." Davis became all the rage. He lectured here on something he called "Clairmagnetism" and wrote interminable jumbles of words which were hailed as the elements of a great new philosophy. His "Revelations" ran into thirty-four editions, and he came near being appointed physician to the United States Senate.

Dr. Walsh deals with the magnet fad; the rise and fall of Mesmer and mesmerism; the vogue and decline of hypnotism, which, he says, is now recognized as being harmful because of the deleterious effect of its practise on character. Absent treatment comes in for a chapter. Under "Appliance Cures" the futility of treatment by means of rubber plaasters, liver pads, chest protectors, electric belts, electric metal batteries, electric rings, electric insoles, magic shoes and the blue-glaze craze is discussed.

DUBLIN'S MYSTERY VAULT

A VISIT to the vault of St. Michael's Church, Dublin, is an eerie experience. It is a death chamber in which bodies laid to rest hundreds of years ago may still be seen. Some are in open coffins, some laid out on the stones; and all are in a state of perfect preservation. The atmosphere of the vault is fresh and sweet, and absolutely dry. The only living organisms to be found are huge spiders; no other form of animal life can exist in the vault for more than a short time. No one knows how the spiders subsist, or on what they feed, but the webs they have spun through the centuries are left untouched.

No attempt is made to exclude the outer air, and visitors are admitted freely to view the bodies. Scientists have experimented by air analysis and other tests but no satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon is forthcoming. It is clear that the vault contains some property which is destructive to the germs of decay; but what that property is remains a secret.

That it is possible to introduce such germs is proved by the fact that a bunch of flowers, placed by a visitor on one of the coffins, resulted in the decay of the body it contained. —Tit-Bits.