

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



### CHAPTER I.

Forty years ago there was living in the town of Paris, in Eastern Illinois, a family by the name of Chudleigh, consisting of father and mother and two boys, the latter being named Jose and Samuel. Jose, who was always called Joe, was fifteen years old when my story opens, and Samuel, who of course was called Sam, was two years younger.

Mr. Chudleigh was a middle-aged man, and had been in poor health for a long time. He owned the house he lived in, but as he had no trade or work at hand, he was obliged to take up and become a farmer.

One day there arrived in Paris a man who had traveled much in the far West. He had traveled the overland route to California twice, and he knew all about the climate and soil of Kansas, Colorado and the country beyond.

People had been rushing West for a good many years to find new homes, but there was room left for hundreds of thousands more. The stranger talked to a crowd of men at the village store, and among them was Mr. Chudleigh. He made many inquiries, and later, when he went home, he said to the family: "Well, wife and boys, I am going to sell the house and lot and go West, and take up land and become a farmer."

Of course the three were much surprised and had a great many questions to ask, but when matters had been thoroughly talked over all were satisfied that it was the best thing to be done.

Next day the stranger was invited to the house for dinner, and he took maps from his pocket and showed them the route they would have to take and told them much worth listening to. He told them what sort of a wagon they must have, what to take along, where to settle, what sort of people to make friends with and whom to avoid, and the talk lasted quite half a day. They must expect to encounter many hardships and dangers, but if they were on the watch they would pull through as safely as others had done.

The Chudleighs had quite settled it before the stranger left the town that they would go West. Three or four other families were also enthusiastic, but when the time came to set out they gave up the idea. A cow house and lot were sold for \$600, and with the money in hand Mr. Chudleigh began preparing for the move.

He first bought a span of heavy horses, and next followed the wagon. This vehicle was as heavy and strong as an iron wagon and had a canvas top. In those they were called "prairie schooners." The wagon was roomy enough to hold all the household goods and the family besides, though the plan was for all to make camp every night when the weather allowed. They had crossed the States of Illinois and Missouri and reached the Kansas line. Mr. Chudleigh would buy farming utensils and seeds.

Each of the boys had a rifle which he had paid for in work, and the father bought one for himself. A cow was tied behind the wagon to make the long journey with them, and one morning at sunrise the big wagon moved out of the village and a hundred people were up to cheer it and to shout good-by to those who had lived among them for so many years. Mr. Chudleigh struck due west on almost a straight line, and in following this route he passed through Quincy, Hannibal, St. Joe, Leavenworth and many other places which we now see mentioned in the papers almost daily, but which were then

hardly more than villages, and some of them were without railroad connection.

They had only one adventure worth recording until they reached the Kansas line. As they were making their way across Missouri they were joined one day by two hard-looking men on horseback. The men claimed to be trying to find certain lands they had bought, but Mr. Chudleigh had his opinion of them from the first. They asked where he came from, whether he was going, how much he sold his home for, and many other impertinent questions. They were with the wagon for two hours and then rode on ahead.

It was a lonely road, with the farm-houses far apart, and after the men had disappeared Joe turned to his father and said: "I don't believe those men are honest. They asked too many questions, and I believe we shall have trouble with them."

"I believe myself they are a bad lot," replied the father. "Neither



"SMALL PARTIES OF INDIANS BEGAN TO BE SEEN."

one of them had a rifle, but I have no doubt they had pistols in their belts. We must have our rifles ready to shoot in case they stop us anywhere."

Mrs. Chudleigh was very much alarmed, and though the boys were a little shaky the father could see that they meant to stand by him in case of attack. For the next ten miles after the men rode on ahead, the wagon passed only one house, and Mr. Chudleigh expected to see the men stop out of the woods at any moment. Nothing of the kind happened, however, and they finally reached a good spot to make camp and the horses were unhitched.

It was hoped that the strangers had gone on for good, but as supper was being prepared the two suddenly came into camp, and one of them asked if they could not purchase a meal. Sam and his father were busy gathering fuel for the night, but Joe sat with rifle in hand. He saw that the man who spoke had a pistol in his hand, though trying to conceal it, and he at once cried out to his father and brother. Then bringing up his rifle to cover the man with the pistol he said to him: "Drop that or I will put a bullet through you!"

Mr. Chudleigh and Sam had their guns ready a moment later, and the strangers were taken by surprise and rendered helpless. The pistols were taken from both, and they were then

driven out of camp and warned that if they were found hanging around they would be fired on.

### CHAPTER II.

At the time of which I write the highways of the Western States were in poor condition. The start of the Chudleigh family had been made from Illinois about the middle of March. They not only had had roads to contend with, but the weather was bad much of the time. Now and then they made twenty miles a day, but far oftener only fifteen. At times, owing to rain they did not break camp at all. It was therefore almost six weeks before they reached the muddy Missouri River at St. Joseph and knew that not over half their long journey had been completed.

At St. Joseph the pioneers rested for a week. The wagon needed to be repaired, the horses rested, and Mr. Chudleigh had to make many purchases. He speedily learned, also, that he could no longer go on alone. Kansas was overrun by the Indians at that time, and the pioneers had to band together to protect themselves. It was not considered in the least safe for less than thirty families to make up a caravan to cross the plains. In fact, thirty families there would be from thirty-five to forty men and boys who could handle a rifle. Such caravans were considered strong enough to repulse any attack from the Indians, who were then armed mostly with bows and arrows. There were several caravans making up and the Chudleighs joined one composed of thirty families. The number of men capable of handling a rifle was forty. Both Joe and Sam were included in the list. A captain was elected by ballot. His name was

Sharpe, and he was a man who had led several caravans across the plains. He was to have supreme command, and any one disobeying his orders was to be punished. He told the people what to buy for the long trip across, and he saw to it before the start that every animal and vehicle was in proper shape to make the journey.

Some of the families in the Sharpe caravan had mules, and some oxen. These could not travel as fast as the horses, and it was agreed that the distance should not be over fifteen 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 teams must travel two abreast, and I will then direct you how to fight. At night I shall keep as many as six sentinels 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 the 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 not making an attack until the pioneers were half-way across the State. Then trouble came from within and without at the same time. One of the members of the caravan was named Tomlinson. He was a drinking and quarrelsome man, and like an attack 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 twenty Indians, and he was over the way to 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 In-

## RAVEN-BOY AND HALIBUT PEOPLE.

BY H. IRVING KING.

Raven-boy 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."

"I really have forgotten you," replied Spider-crab, who was a very old creature, "but since you say we are old friends I am glad to see you again."

"Oh, yes," said Raven, "and this is the way we used to play." And he began thrusting one of his wings into Spider-crab's mouth and taking it out quickly.

"Oh, please stop that," said Spider-crab, "you annoy me. I am sure I never played in that rude manner."

"Yes you did! Yes you did!" cried Raven laughing, and again he thrust his wing into the mouth of

spider-crab. This angered Spider-crab. This angered Spider-crab, and shutting his jaws together quickly he made off to the water, dragging Raven with him.

"Oh, stop! stop!" cried Raven. "Let us play together in some other way." But Spider-crab kept pulling him down the beach.

"Dear Spider-crab," begged Raven when he felt the salt water on him, "when we used to play together this way you always used to let me go when you looked at me with your eyes partly closed—as you are doing now." But Spider-crab kept on dragging him into the water and did not let him go until he had given Raven a good ducking. When Spider-crab released him Raven came spluttering and fluttering up out of the water and flew to a tree-branch, where he sat drying himself in the sun.

"Altogether," said he to himself, "I don't think my joke on Spider-crab was much of a success."

When his feathers were dried Raven-boy saw a canoe on the beach, which some fisherman had left there. He flew down to it and called for the birds to come and go sailing with him.

At the sound of his voice Blue-jay flew out of the forest and said: "Oh, you are too old," replied Raven. But as Blue-jay insisted Raven grabbed him by the top of his head and hauled him into the canoe, saying: "Come along, then." But he pulled Blue-jay into the canoe with such force that the top of his head is flat to this day.

Then out of the woods came trooping the other birds and tumbled into the canoe, and off they all went. They sailed and they sailed until finally they came to the Halibut people's town. The Halibut-people came down to the beach in crowds.

"Raven is going to war!" they all cried. "Oh, let us go, too," Raven covered the bottom of the canoe with halibut. They lay along the canoe bottom like skids.

At daylight the next morning they came to the town of Southeast-wind and landed. The halibut laid them great blow Raven-boy knew all this and, miles and miles away, before the town of Southeast-wind, he chuckled as he thought how he was going to fool them.

After a while the door of the house opened and Southeast-wind came out with his dancing hat on. It was a big hat, with a wide brim, and around the brim and around the crown of it clouds were constantly revolving—red clouds and blue clouds, and clouds of white, and dark clouds with thunder in them. As Southeast-wind stepped out he put his foot on one of the slippery halibut and the halibut immediately flapped him with his tail—a good hard knock. Down went Southeast-wind, and as he fell another halibut hit him another clip with his tail and sent him sliding along. And so each halibut in turn hit him with its tail and he slid down to the water and to the bow of the waiting canoe as if he had been rolled along on skids.

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.

"Because you blow too long," answered Raven-boy. "You are like some people I know—when you get to blowing you never know when to stop."

At that time Southeast-wind never did know when to stop. When he had his dancing hat on, with the clouds circling around it he used to blow sometimes for a month at a time and made people weary.

"Well," said Southeast-wind, "you seem to hate me. If you let me go I will promise not to blow more than one week at a time hereafter."

"Well," said Raven-boy, "we will let you go on those conditions; but you must give us your dancing hat."

"Never," replied the captive. "What could I do without my hat?" But at this the birds began to peck at him with their bills, and the halibut began to beat him with their tails, until he cried out: "All right! Take the hat. Only let me go."

So they let him go and he went ashore with a rush and hid himself in his house, 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.

Then he changed himself into a boy and put on Southeast-wind's dancing hat. But the circling clouds made a great noise in his ears and the force with which they rushed about made him sway from side to side.

"Watch," cried he, "I can't stand this!" And he threw the hat from him.

Up, up it went, spinning around as it ascended high into the air and away from earth forever. The next morning Southeast-wind, looking from his doorway saw it lying on the far horizon.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "I shall never wear my dancing hat again, but when I blow I shall see it—and all people will see its clouds in the sky."

(To be Continued.)

## THE CURLEW'S CAPTAIN

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 men of Gloucester had escaped the perils of the deep. It was a double rejoicing.

Among the girls who watched was Abigail Whitman. She was a fisherman's daughter, and she was waiting for Will Hoover, who had just taken out his own craft and was the youngest captain in the fleet. People said that Will Hoover would have one of the nicest wives in Gloucester, and that Abigail Whitman would have a fisherman-husband, who had worked his way to the top of the ladder and was in a fair way to become rich.

While she stood at the gate waiting for Will, along came Tom Howells, one of her old admirers. He chuckled as he saw her.

"Maybe it's Will you were expecting along instead of me?" he queried in a chaffing way.

"Oh, I can wait," replied the girl with a laugh.

"Then you may have to wait for three or four days. The Curlew didn't come in with the fleet." "She didn't? Why, what has happened to her?"

"Well, some of the boys are calling it a case of scare. We were heaving up to start for home when it began to blow great guns. All of us except Captain Hoover and a few Blue Noses came right along just the same, but they ran for shelter. We had green water running over us most of the trip home, and I believe a few sails were carried away and a few yards sprung, but nobody minded that."

In Gloucester, when they speak of a man's courage it is altogether in connection with sailing. If he has "carried on" until his craft was sailing on her side and threatening every moment to turn turtle, he is spoken of as a man who has "sailed."

If he has "hung on" to all sails while other crafts had to strip and driven her through and over it, other skippers tip their hats to him. If he has run to sea to fight it out with a howling gale when he could have lain snug in harbor his courage is no longer doubted. When Abigail heard that Captain Will had sought shelter from a capful of wind instead of leading the fleet home with his fast "Curlew," she turned red and then pale. She realized what it would mean to him, and she realized just as strongly what it would mean to her.

"What's the matter, Abby?" asked

she had boarded her and disabled two of his men; that a slat of the mainboom had cracked the stick and that it must be "fished." All these things had happened in a moment, as it were, and just as she was ready as it were, and just as she was ready to point her nose for home. Had he put forward these excuses his fellow captains would have restored him. Abigail would have believed in him again, but she had cut him dead.

When the fleet went to sea again, the Curlew led all the other craft, but there was no rejoicing among those on board. They felt as a landsman would if he knew that he was under suspicion. Fifteen miles out and then the favoring wind whipped about and piped up into a fierce gale, and even the bravest and hardest had to round to and lie head to the mountainous seas and the howling winds.

Ten-fifteen—twenty hours passed and the gale was still howling. The fleet was driving to leeward when it encountered a dimasted yacht out of Boston. Crew and passengers, there were thirty people aboard, five of them women. She was in the trough of the sea and perfectly helpless. There was not one chance in a thousand of a single soul being saved.

As the lighter craft drifted by her crew shook their heads and muttered words of pity. The yacht was a chip. The people aboard of mourned for.

her were already dead and being come up with her. 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. She must be put under control. 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 boarded and swept from stem to stern, but she came through it. Then she ran to leeward of the helpless yacht. The men on the latter understood and waved their arms. 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.

When the Curlew had got her position she emptied overboard all the oil she had aboard. After a few minutes it smoothed a path between



THE SEA FLUNG EACH AND EVERYONE STRAIGHT DOWN UPON THE SCHOONER.

her 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 Willy?"

"He ran for shelter because there was a blow. He stayed behind with the Nova Scotians."

"Gee, do you mean it?" asked the mother as she faced her with hands on hips.

"So Tom Howells says, I—I—"

"Don't say nothing more. 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 shown 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 so be a captain, but his prestige was gone. He would even find hard work to ship a crew.

The Curlew came in three days after the fleet. She had no sooner reached the wharf than Captain Tom knew how it was. He had been cowed, and he knew it. No one had made none for himself. He now made none for himself. He forbade his crew to say a word in extenuation. Hoping against hope, he passed the Whitman cottage that evening. He saw Abigail sitting on the porch, and for a few seconds he looked squarely at him. Then she turned her head away. He had been in hopes that she would hear his side of the story before condemning. He could have told her that a dangling anchor had stove in the bows of the Curlew; that a huge

wreck and schooner. That path would not last fifteen minutes, but it would last long enough.

The Curlew's crew had scarcely provided themselves with ropes and taken their stations along the rail when the captain of the yacht began tossing the women aboard. There was not a shriek from any of them. Then he threatened and menaced the men and made them leap after.

The send of the sea flung each and every one straight down upon the schooner along that oily path, and hands were grasped and ropes were caught. Out of the thirty twenty-seven gained the schooner's decks and choked and gasped and sank down on their knees and thanked God and Captain Hoover. Not one of the passengers was lost.

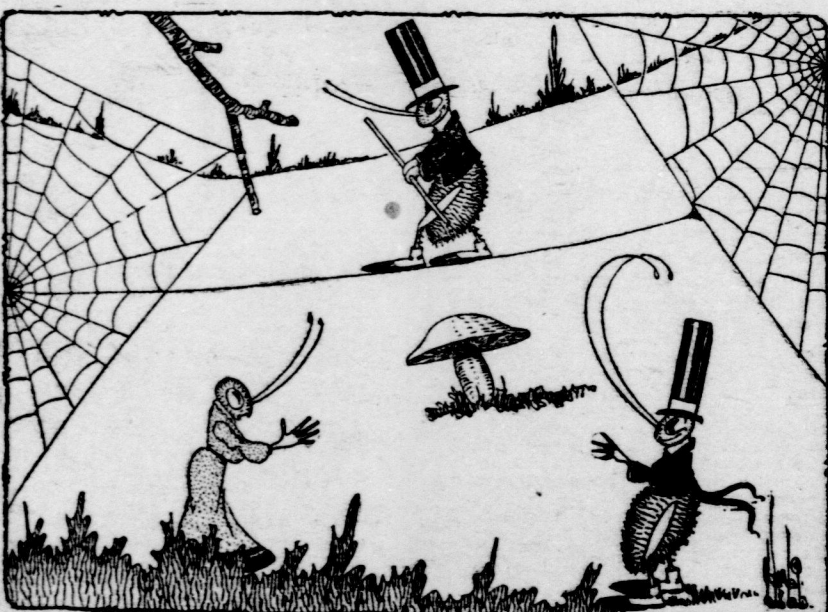
The work of rescue was witnessed by the laggards of the fleet. Their crews cheered and cheered, but the sounds were swallowed up by the gale almost before they had left the lips of the men.

"Call Captain Hoover a coward!" exclaimed the oldest captain of the fleet when he reached the fishing wharves and told of the rescue. "Wells, I guess not, and I want to see the man who said he got cold feet over a cupful of wind. We have got to do some apologizing, fellow sinners."

And weeks later, when the Curlew led the fleet home, there was a boy on the wharf with a note for Captain Hoover. It read:

"Dear Will—I want to see you just as soon as you can get here. Abby. And 'Dear Will' was there within an hour.

## THE ACROBATIC BUG.



Mr. Bug, the acrobat, was feeling fine one day. He was upon a tight-rope when a widow came his way.

She looked at him with joy and pride

And said, "How I love you!" And Parson Beetle came just then And said, "Oh, wed him, do!"

The acrobatic Bug said "Yes!" But ere he could descend, An angry spider jumped on him And that was the sad end.