

# The Overland Trail

By M. QUAD

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In the old days of the Overland trail, the pony express and the lumbering stagecoach stage stations had been erected at a distance of fifteen miles apart throughout the length of the whole trail. After the first thirty miles from the Missouri river no coach was safe from attack until it reached San Francisco. The Indians could use fire as a weapon, nor could they carry a station by assault, but they captured many of them by trickery or siege. In no case was the life of a company employee spared.

Never was greater hardihood and bravery exhibited than by the men selected to drive the coaches.

As the stage rolled through the heavy sand of some deserts or met several miles of stony and uphill trail a band of a hundred yelling warriors would suddenly appear. The driver must fight as well as guide his excited team. It was when the Overland company finally appealed to the government to clear its route through Kansas that General Custer was sent out with a brigade of troopers. Custer couldn't hope to strike a telling blow against the hordes in the field, but he laid his plans to open the route and drive the Indians back from it.

As we followed the trail to the west we picked up station after station, showing gruesome sights.

Custer's whole command witnessed the arrival of the last stage from the west—the last for several weeks. From a hilltop three miles from the trail, with impassable gulches between, we saw the coach come up the trail with 100 Indians pursuing it. It was a running fight, which aroused every man to the highest pitch of excitement, but we were helpless to extend aid. Through the clear air of a summer afternoon we saw the stage horses shot down and the coach overturned. The passengers made a brave fight to the last, but none of them escaped. It was night before we had made our detour and reached the station, and the Indians had departed long before. They had captured the station two hours before they attacked the stage.

If this station had failed to hold out how would it be with Pawnee Flat, the next station to the west, and with White Horse, the next after that? The first was a four man station and the next a relay of eight. As we rode away through the night not a man had the slightest hope of Pawnee, though we knew it would have been defended as long as one of the four could lift a gun. We reached it at about 11 o'clock. It was as we had feared. Over 200 Indians had swarmed down out of the hills at daybreak the morning before, and though they had lost a score of men, the dugout had been carried by assault and its defenders butchered. We waited here half an hour to give the poor corpses burial and then pushed on toward White Horse. It was not until we got within two miles of the station that our fears were relieved. Then we heard the reports of rifles and knew that the place was still holding out.

The station was situated about midway of a long, bare hill. To the west of it was a coulee, or dry ravine, with banks twenty feet high. We had with us a couple of scouts, who knew every rod of the Overland trail, and when within a mile of the station these men were sent forward to spy out the station. They returned after awhile to report that Spotted Horse and about 150 of his "dog soldiers," as the Cheyennes were called, were laying siege to the station and had evidently occupied the ground for two or three days. The ground around the dugout was so open that the Indians dared not "rush" the place, nor was there any show to use a keg of powder without reckless exposure. With their allies holding the trail to the east, the Cheyennes had entered upon a siege in hopes to starve the defenders out. Their war ponies and most of the band were lying up in the dry ravine for the night. This ravine had no opening to the south and was therefore a cul de sac.

The first signs of dawn were in the sky when we saddled up, mounted, and the whole of us pushed forward, led by the scouts, for the mouth of the ravine. We had the Spencer carbines, each with a full magazine, and as we got the order to charge each man began shooting. When a carbine was empty it was thrown away and a revolver used in its place. When the revolver was empty it was cast aside for the saber. Extended from bank to bank, we swept up the ravine, and we had nothing to do but kill. Taken by surprise, the Cheyennes thought only of getting away. The fight did not last above thirty minutes, and our loss was only three men wounded.

Down in the ravine we harvested seventy-eight dead Indians, and on the banks above the stage men counted up, twenty-two more. We got upward of 100 rifles, about 60 pistols, 130 ponies and a wagon load of miscellaneous stuff. Every Indian lying there was a dead one. Custer had said, "Shoot to kill!" and there was no wounded or prisoner. Among the killed were Spotted Horse, Big Moon and White Bird, and that fight broke the backbone of the Cheyennes. Their part in the war was to capture all the stations west of Burning Hill, but they had taken only Pawnee Flat. Within a week they were suing for peace, and they were the first to be gathered on a reservation.

## WHAT "SHOCK" MEANS.

How It May Affect the Physical and Mental Systems.

In medical language "shock" means the depression of the vital forces, both mental and physical. The condition may result from many causes and may vary from a faintness and pallor that soon disappear to a state so desperate that the sufferer dies of it, as in the case of serious accident or difficult surgical operations.

Shock may also be the result of an overpowering emotion, like great terror. That kind of shock is often seen in the survivors of any terrible accident. Many who have not got so much as a scratch suffer for a long time from a state of impaired health. Sometimes their nervous systems are so badly shattered that they never entirely recover. That is one of the many reasons why foolish practical jokes are wrong. It is not funny to dress up like a ghost, to jump out on timid children from behind doors, to play "jokes" with dead mice or snakes. And such pranks are dangerous as well as stupid. Many an unfortunate child has been made the slave of fear all his life by reason of a shock that some playmate gave him in his youth. The remedies that the physician uses are those which will restore the blood to its normal flow and stimulate the vital functions. For shock associated with great loss of blood the best thing is to inject salt solution. For shock without hemorrhage, a stimulant of some kind is generally given.—Youth's Companion.

## KITCHEN SINKS.

They Are Low Yet Because They Had to Be Low Originally.

In a recent issue of the Survey the question why kitchen sinks have been made so low was discussed. No one seemed able to explain. Finally a certain maker discovered that the original sinks were made when the washing of dishes and other sink work was done in wooden tubs with high sides. Such a tub when used in a high sink came up too far, so the sink was made low. Furthermore, as running water and fixed faucets had not long been made, the tub had to be lifted out of the sink and the lower the sink the lighter the lift.

Through improvements in faucets, dishpans and other accessories of kitchen sinks have been made no one has seemed to realize that the sink could be improved by raising. So women were—and are—compelled to endure discomfort when doing their ordinary household work.

"There may be a certain percentage of inconvincence to be reached before the human mind grasps the fact that something must be altered," remarks the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"The wise inventor attains a reputation for brilliancy by making his invention before the need becomes obvious to others."

## London's Mooted House.

The bishop of London inhabits the only mooted house in London. The grounds of Fulham palace, thirty-five acres in extent, are entirely surrounded by a moat constructed by the Danish army which encamped here in 870. According to a local historian, "the Danes as winter came on found the high tides encroaching seriously on their position, and—not liking to leave the river and run the risk of being cut off from their ships they threw up a bank with a ditch along the river flank of their army and further fortified their position by carrying the ditch round the whole camp. The Danish army-gene... it was not likely that any bishop would go to the expense of filling up the moat." The water is now regulated by sluice gates built during the episcopacy of Bishop King, who was appointed in 1611.—London Chronicle.

## Sacred Shells.

The clever priests of China often insert tiny images of Buddha within the shells of a living oyster, which are left undisturbed for about a year. At the expiration of that time the images are covered with mother of pearl to such an extent that they appear to have grown in this natural manner. The Chinese people hold these shells in great reverence, believing that Buddha dwells within them. However, should a Christian chance to look upon one of the shells it has no further value to them, as its charm is supposed to have left it.—Scientific American.

## Irish Wit.

Even little children in Ireland, according to Hugh O'Donnell, have the true Irish sense of humor. He was standing before Nelson's statue, he said, when he asked a youngster, "Was Nelson really Irish?" "That he was," replied the child. "That's why he is what he was."

## A Deceived Man.

Bix—That lawyer you recommended is not a man of his word. Dix—Why not? Bix—He told me I could talk freely to him, and look at the bill he's sent me!—St. James' Spokesman Review.

## Sharpening Scissors.

To sharpen scissors take a bottle and cut with the scissors as if you had cut the neck off the bottle. This is effective.—Woman's Home Companion.

## A Misnomer.

"How did your farewell tour turn out?" "We didn't fare well"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nature is full of concord; humanity of discord.

## ART TREASURES OF FRANCE.

Precautions That Guard Them at the Louvre, in Paris.

Those who visit the Louvre do not suspect the labor that is necessary in keeping the building in order. It must be protected at night against fire and burglars by watchmen, who, with revolvers at hip and dark lanterns in hand, make their rounds, accompanied by police dogs.

Upstairs and downstairs and along the corridors, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Sun, the distance they travel amounts to four miles, and in every room the watchmen must "punch" the clock that shows whether the rooms have been inspected and how often.

During the night the most valuable works of art are kept under lock and key. When the galleries are closed to the public a clever piece of mechanism is set in motion that carries the royal jewels, worth millions of dollars, into a special burglar proof chamber. The Venus de Milo, too, has her own special bedroom. An iron shutter rises from the ground in front of her and hides the marble features of the goddess.

In the early morning an army of custodians pours through the rooms and the process of cleaning begins. A force of 150 men sets to work with brooms, dusters and floor polishers. The custodians exceed the strength of a company of soldiers on a war footing. There are one chief custodian, three underchiefs, twenty-seven superior and 148 inferior custodians. These must be added the Louvre's artists, for the great place has its own works department and almost its own factory.

## RADIUM AND LIGHTNING.

And the Better Protection of Homes.

During thunderstorms lightning rods have been discovered vastly to improve lightning rods in their protection of buildings during thunderstorms. Of course the enormous cost of radium prevents any practical use of the fact as yet. But there is a very fair possibility that the information gained in this way will lead to a new form of lightning rod which will be more efficient or that further experiments will show that a tiny quantity of radium at a reasonable cost will improve the protection.

The purpose of lightning rods, of course, is to catch the electrical currents in the air during a storm and lead them safely into the ground instead of allowing the lightning to pick its own course down through a house or church steeple, and their use is based on the principle that a metal rod will give the electricity a smoother path of less resistance than ordinary building material.

The whole trouble with lightning rods now is that, though they can be made to do the trick if the electrical discharge is near them, there is no way to lead electricity through the air to the rod. Radium will do this part of the work, as has been demonstrated in scientific experiments. Two milligrams of radium on the end of a rod made the air a considerable distance away a vastly better conductor. Thus any electrical discharge within several yards of the rod had a path open for it along the radium rays to the rod and then down the rod to the earth.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Out of the Mouths of Babies.

Sunday School Teacher—Can you tell me who dwelt in the Garden of Eden? Little May—Yes, ma'am; the Adamses.

"What is an amateur, Bobby?" queried his small sister. "An amateur," replied Bobby, "is anything that isn't nature." "Mamma," queried little Myra, "do you think grandpa has really gone to heaven?" "Yes, dear," was the reply.

"Well, continued Myra, "I'll bet he sneaks outside once in awhile to smoke his pipe." In the lesson mention had been made of the cantbook that is used in rolling logs.

"Can you tell me what a cantbook is, Tommy?" asked the teacher. "Sure," replied Tommy. "It's a cow that hasn't any horns."—Detroit Free Press.

## What Bobwhite Eats.

Fifteen per cent of the food of the bobwhite is composed of insects, including several of the most serious pests of agriculture. Half of its food consists of weed seeds, one-fourth of grain and about one-sixteenth of wild fruits. Taken in all the bobwhite is very useful to the farmer, and while it may not be necessary to remove it from the list of game birds every farmer should see that his own farm is not depleted by sportsmen.

## Father Foots the Bill.

Father (having just accepted cigar from son)—And what do you pay for these? Son—Two for a quarter. Father—What! And I content myself with two for a dime! Son—Well, you know, dad, our cases are different. If I had as large a family as you to support I shouldn't smoke at all.—Boston Transcript.

## Watch and Watch.

First Pickpocket—Here he comes, now! Second Pickpocket—All right, you keep a watch on 'im while I take a watch off 'im.—London Answers.

## Where to Find It.

Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as B Jones. He is always looking for trouble. Henpeckke—Then why doesn't he get married?

# The Wooden Soldier

How He Drew the Enemy's Fire by Lighting His Pipe.

By CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL.

In Virginia in 1862 a Federal captain was standing on a rise in the ground looking down a traplike which extended through a depression and, rising again, entered a small town half a mile away. Hearing horses' hoofs behind him, he turned and saw his general, attended by his staff, riding toward him. "Turn out the guard, the general commanding!" cried the captain. "Never mind the guard," said the general and, riding to the point where the captain had been standing, looked at the town beyond with wistful eyes, then said to his subordinate: "Captain, how many men are there in your picket post?" "There are thirty under my command distributed over a quarter of a mile. But right here I have eight men and a sergeant."

"Have you seen any indications of the enemy in the town?" "None whatever."

The general turned away with evident reluctance. "I wish you," he said, "to keep a sharp lookout for the Confederates there. The place is of great strategic importance to us in this campaign. By tomorrow morning General Da's brigade will come up and, provided the enemy has not already done so, will occupy the town. I am hoping that he will be in time, for the fate of this campaign rests with that position. If the enemy comes in there tonight he will destroy it and we shall not be able to drive him out without a hard fight, which in our present condition would not be practicable. Keep a sharp lookout and keep me advised."

"May I not advance my post to the town, general?" "No; that would involve an advance of the entire picket line."

The general rode away. Private Tom Bixby, who had been standing at attention beside the road and had heard what had been said, dropped the butt of his musket on the ground and resumed the position of a picket on the lookout. The rest of the afternoon his mind was on the town and the question which side would get there first. At sunset he was relieved and ate his supper. Then, lighting his pipe, he sat down on the ridge and smoked and looked for signs of soldiers in the town on the other side of the valley. When it was dark he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, went to his captain and, saluting respectfully, said: "Captain, it seems to me that, considering we can't see what's going on in the dark, some one should reconnoiter."

"You may go if you choose."

"All right. I'll just walk down the road and up the other side of the valley, near enough to see if there is any stir, and if there is I'll come back and let you know."

Tom sauntered away into the darkness. On reaching the edge of the town he saw citizens moving about, but no soldiers. The people went to bed early, and when everything was quiet Tom made an airy, passing a shop under a sign "Otto Schmitt, Tobacconist." Tom, thinking it a good opportunity to replenish his stock of tobacco, went inside. After buying what he wanted he fell into conversation with the proprietor, who, being a German, had no special affiliation with the Confederate cause. Before the shop stood the figure of a man lighting his pipe. Schmitt, who was an ingenious mechanic, had made it himself for a sign. With one hand the figure held the pipe, while in the other was a match. In the pipe bowl was tobacco. A rubber tube led from the pipestem into the store. Schmitt, by pulling on a wire could light the match and smoke from the shop. Tom noticed the mechanism near the shop window and asked what it was. Schmitt not only explained it to him, but put it in operation.

An idea popped into Tom's brain. If he had that figure and connections on the side of the town from which the Confederates would approach possibly he might make them believe that the Federals had got ahead of them and had occupied the town. He took Schmitt into his confidence and told him that if he would lend him his sign and help him carry it to a new location he thought the Federal general might pay him very handsomely—that is, if the ruse succeeded.

The German hesitated. Most of the citizens of the place were Confederate sympathizers, and he feared that if his act became known he would suffer for it. But Tom assured him that if the town was unoccupied by the Confederates at daylight the Federals would surely enter it in force, and the hope of profit won him over. He shut up his shop, put out the lights, and an hour later, when not a footstep was to be heard on the street, he and Tom carried the figure to the road by which the Confederates would be likely to advance. Reaching an eminence on which a picket could be seen from a distance, they set up the dummy in the middle of the road. Tom could not take off his Confederate uniform, but he could put his own over it, which he did, and rested his musket in the hollow of the arm holding the pipe.

## A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

When Totality Occurs, Nature Takes on a Mysterious Aspect.

A total eclipse of the sun is a wonderful sight. Where the eclipse is total the disk of the sun is completely covered by the moon, but will never completely cover the sun. The sun's rays, however, are so refracted that a thin layer of light is seen around the sun at the moment of totality. This light is completely shut off from a portion of the world and passes that off from a much larger portion of the world.

Great waves of excitement go through the minds of millions of people reaching out from the sun to the other side of the world. The moon's side will take on a mysterious, weird, and deathly aspect. The moon's rays will be dimmed, the stars will be visible, and the moon will appear as a glowing orb. The moon's rays will be dimmed, the stars will be visible, and the moon will appear as a glowing orb.

## A BILLION DOLLARS.

The Three It Would Take to Buy the Union Picket Post.

I wonder if you realize that you have a billion dollars what an enormous sum of money it means! We all know how rapidly an amount of money will disappear when you can see it. You can see it in the bank, but when you see it in the bank, you can see it in the bank, but when you see it in the bank, you can see it in the bank.

What does not always go down with the sun, but may blow from the west after sunset. If wind comes from the west, it is likely to be a high pressure area behind it. It is likely to be a high pressure area behind it. It is likely to be a high pressure area behind it.

## Sometimes Happens So.

The family had gone off for their holiday in a taxi. Twenty minutes later the taxi racketed back up the road. "Forgotten the tickets?" cried a neighbor. "No," said the late householder, "but my wife's first remembered that she's left a kettle boiling on the gas stove." He dived into the house and came back the next moment with a gas can in his hand. "All right now!" said the neighbor cheerily. "Right! I'd forgotten that I'd turned the gas off at the meter, and now we've two hours and a half to wait for the next train."—Glasgow Dispatch.

## Father of the Dreadnought.

To the late Admiral Cunnibert, member of the Italian naval engineering staff, is due the credit of having suggested the modern Dreadnought. It was he, also, who suggested the modern type of scout, and he was one of the first to study the question of the application of liquid fuel to marine boilers. It was his influence which led to the adoption of this fuel in the Italian torpedo boat service.

## Making Sure of Her Sleep.

"I knew you were coming tonight to call on my sister," said dear little Jimmy. "How did you know?" inquired Mr. Newberg. "Because she has been asleep all the afternoon."

## Encouraging.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her? Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but he says the first fellow that comes can have her.

## Love is Inevitable.

Love is inevitable. It may be a marriage or a divorce, but it is inevitable. It may be a marriage or a divorce, but it is inevitable. It may be a marriage or a divorce, but it is inevitable.

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