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THE OREGON TRAIL

By Francis Parkman



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THE OREGON TRAIL

by FRANCIS PARKMAN

Illustrated by HENRY C. DEER
 Adapted by JOHN A. DEWANE



FRANCIS PARKMAN SET OUT TO SEE WHAT IT WAS LIKE IN THE WILD, TEEN WILDERNESS. YOUNG JUST OUT OF COLLEGE, I BEGAN MY JOURNEY INTO WYOMING, JOINING A BAND OF WAG-LIKE DACOTAH INDIANS LED BY...



THE WAG-LIKE, A FAMOUS CHIEF'S SON, THEN CONDUCTING WAS AN ANG WHO HAD SAVED HIS SON FROM HIS SON. IT WAS DURING MY STAY WITH THE DACOTAH THAT I LEARNED HOW IMPORTANT...



OF THE AMERICAN BUFFALO WAS TO THE INDIANS DEER. THIS WILD ANIMAL, ON THE PLAINS, THEY OBTAIN THEIR FOOD, CLOTHING, SHELTER, MEAT, WOM-STRINGS, BLUE, THREAD. IN FACT, ALL THE ESSENTIALS OF THEIR BOVING LIVES....



COLONEL BRADY WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MAINTAINING PEACE ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER AND SUCCEEDED IN SUBDUING THE AGGRESSIVE ENEMIES OF THE DACOTAH UNTIL THE WARFARE HAD CEASED. BRADY WAS A FORTIFIED LEGISLATOR FOR WEAKNESS.



THE DACOTAH WAS ONE OF THE FRIENDLYST INDIAN TRIBES. I MET IN THE DACOTAH CAMP FROM THE JEALOUSY, SLEEDITION AND CUNNING OF HIS PEOPLE. HE TAUGHT ME THE DACOTAH LANGUAGE.



THE SUMMER OF 1848 WAS A SEASON OF HARSHES AND DEATHS AMONG ALL THE WESTERN BANDS OF THE DACOTAS.



A FEW WARRIORS HAD BEEN SENT OUT TO SEE IF THEY HAD BEEN KILLED OR OTHERS HAD RETURNED SOONER AND DISHEARTENED.



BY WARRIORS LED BY THE SON OF THE WHISPERING, A FAMOUS DAKOTA CHIEFTAIN, HAD GONE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE SHAGS THEY WERE SURROUNDED BY THE ENEMIES AND KILLED TO THE LAST MAN.



OF THE SHAGS BECAME ALARMED WHEN THEY SAW THAT THE SON OF THE DAKOTA CHIEFTAIN, THE WHISPERING, WAS AMONG THEIR VICTIMS. THEY DEAGED THE REVENGE OF THE DAKOTA.
"TWO DAD OF TWO SON OF A CHIEFTAIN
TWO SON OF THE SHAGS."

THE SNAKES EMPLOYED A TRICKER NAMED WARRIOR TO ACT AS THEIR MESSENGER AS THEY LED FOR PEACE WITH THE DACOTAS. "WARRIOR" THOUGHT WARRIOR, "THE ONLY MESSASGER DOY! ITS ONE WAY TO KEEP MY SCALP DRY!"



WARRIOR ARRIVED BEFORE THE TEXT OF THE MESSAGE WITH A PARCEL OF TOBACCO SIGNIFYING THAT THE SNAKES DESIRED PEACE BUT THE WARRIOR SAID "THE TRICKER SNAKE SNAKES ARE WELL-KNOWN & REFUSE THIS OFFER."



THE WARRIOR WAS DETERMINED ON REVENGE. HE SENT MESSENGERS TO ALL THE DACOTA TRIBES WITHIN 300 MILES, PROPOSING A GRAND CAMPAIGN TO CHASTISE THE SNAKES AND NAME THE PLACE OF BENDZEVIOUS.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, MANY VILLAGES, COMPRISING FIVE THOUSAND WARRIORS, WERE SLOWLY CREEPING OVER THE PRAIRIES TOWARD THE MEETING PLACE ON THE PLATTE RIVER.





WITH MY COMPANION, I HAD COME INTO THE COUNTRY WITH A VIEW OF OBSERVING INDIAN CHARACTER AND CUSTOMS. TO ACCOMPLISH MY PURPOSE, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO BECOME ONE OF THEM.



"YOU ARE TAKING A VERY GOOD VIEW FROM HERE, TO LEARN THEIR CUSTOMS AND CHARACTER." I REPLIED.
 "YOU CAN'T LEAVE ANYTHING UNLESS YOU DO LIVE WITH THEM."
 THE DACTOH, KNOWN ALSO AS THE SOON, RANGED OVER A VAST TERRITORY, FROM THE ST. PETER LAKE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



THE DACTOH WERE BENT ON REVENGE AGAINST THE SNAKES AT THE TIME I JOINED THEM. WAR COUNCILS WERE HELD FREQUENTLY ALTHOUGH I NOTICED THERE WAS NO CENTRAL GOVERNMENT AND NO ACKNOWLEDGED HEAD OF THE TRIBE.



THE SAME LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS BOUND THEM TOGETHER. THE SOLE BOND BETWEEN THE MANY DACTOH TRIBES, THEY DO NOT ALWAYS UNITE, EVEN IN THEIR NAME.



I BECAME A RESIDENT OF THE NORTHERN VILLAGE WHEN I CONVINCED HIM THAT MY INTEREST IN HIS TRIBE WAS A FRIENDLY ONE. "I WOULD BECOME ONE OF YOUR PEOPLE," I SAID TO HIM. "WE ARE BROTHERS," WHISLAK WROU REPLIED.



THE BUFFALO SUPPLIES THE DACKOTAN WITH ALL NECESSITIES OF LIFE WITH HABITATION, FOOD, CLOTHING, BEES, AND FUEL...



ALSO WITH SKINS FOR HIS BOYS...



ROPES FOR THEIR HORSES, BLUE THREAD, CORNAGE, VESSELS FOR THE DRINKING WATER, COATS TO CROSS STREAMS AND THE MEANS OF PURCHASING WHAT THEY WANT FROM THE TRADERS.



WHEN THE BUFFALO ARE EXTINCT, THE DACKOTAN MUST DRIBBLE AWAY.

WAR IS THE BIRTH OF THEM NOT ONLY AGAINST MOST OF THE NEIGHBORING TRIBES, THE SACSOTAN, CHEYENNE & SANGREDOUS HATED TRANSMITTED FROM FATHER TO SON AND INFLAMED BY CONSTANT AGGRESSION AND RETALIATION



THE WINDWIND
DO NOT REST EASY
UNTIL THE MURDER
OF HIS SON WAS
AVENGED BY A
DESTRUCTIVE RAID
ON THE BRACE
VILLAGE



THEY SMOKED A
 PIPE OF BARK
 AND TOBACCO. THE
 SMOKE INSIDE THE
 TENT WAS THICK AND
 BLACK. SUDDENLY,
 A BOY APPEARED
 AND SUMMONED
 US TO EAT.



THEY WERE FOREVER EATING IN THIS
 VILLAGE. TWENTY TIMES A DAY, A
 CHILD WOULD SUMMON US TO A MEAL.



THESE SAME KIND HOSTS, LEFT ON
 THE PLAINS, WOULD SELL YOUR HORSE
 AND GIFT YOU AN ARROW ON YOUR BECKON.



LA SQUITO-TATCHA WAS THE BEST OF ALL THE
 INDIAN FRIENDS. HE WAS REGARDED AS
 CHRISTIAN MATERIAL. ONE OF THIRTY BROTHERS
 AND HALF BROTHERS, HE HAD STOLEN MORE
 HORSES AND EQUINES THAN ANY OTHER YOUNG
 MAN IN THE VILLAGE.

ONCE THE WARRIOR SAID, "IF THE AMERICANS LIKED THE PIPE, WHY DOES HE NOT KEEP IT?" THEN I THOUGHT, "I MUST GIVE HIM A GIFT IN RETURN THAT IS EQUAL IN VALUE TO THE PIPE, OR HE WILL DEMAND ITS RETURN!"



I ARRANGED UPON A SAUCY CALICO HANKERCHIEF AN ASSORTMENT OF TRADE GOODS AND ASKED THE CHIEF TO ACCEPT THEM.



THE CHIEF DID ME THE HONOR OF ACCEPTING A GIFT IN RETURN FOR THE PIPE, SAYING, "WOW! WOW!"

THE WARRIORS AND HIS
WIVES DETERMINED TO
MOVE. THEY RESOLVED TO
GO THROUGH THE BLACK
HILLS AND SPEND A
SEW WEEKS HUNTING
BUFFALO. THE BUFFALO
WOULD FURNISH THEM
WITH A STOCK OF
PROVISIONS AND WITH
HIDES TO MAKE THEIR
LODGES NEXT SEASON.

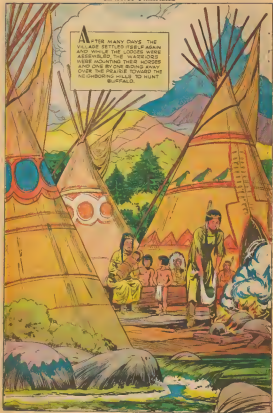


A DECISION WAS ALSO MADE TO
SEND OUT A SMALL WAR PARTY TO
BE LED BY MAHTO-TATONKA.

THE COLUMN OF SAVAGES WAS A MILE
AND A HALF LONG AS IT BEGAN TO MOVE.
AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN WERE
THE SLENDER TEENAGE, HEAVILY
LADEN PACK HORSES, SAUNT OLD
WOMEN ON FOOT, SLY YOUNG
SQUABS ON HORSEBACK, RESTLESS
YOUNG CHILDREN.



AFTER MANY DAYS THE VILLAGE SETTLED ITSELF AGAIN AND WHILE THE LODGES WERE ASSEMBLED THE WARRIORS WERE MOUNTING THEIR HORSES AND ONE BY ONE RIDING AWAY OVER THE PRairie TOWARD THE NEIGHBORING HILLS TO HUNT BUFFALO.





HAVING GAINED MY FRIENDSHIP WITH THE PEACE INDIANS, I SOON JOINED IN THEIR WAY OF LIFE.



IN THE BUFFALO HUNT, ARROW WAS SKILLFULLY PLACED IN THE BUFFALO'S HORN BODY AND FINALLY THE RAGING BEAST WOULD BE TOPPLED TO THE EARTH.



THOSE WHO WERE WATCHING THE HUNT, AND EVEN THOSE WHO HAD PART DOLL UPON THE BUFFALO AT ONCE, CUTTING CHOICE PIECES TO BE EATEN AWAY.



ONE LITTLE BOY WAS VERY BUSY WITH HIS KNIFE ABOUT THE JAWB AND THROAT, THE CHILDREN LEARN VERY YOUNG HOW TO USE THEIR KNIVES.





THAT NIGHT, A COUNCIL WAS HELD TO DECIDE WHICH DIRECTION SHOULD BE TAKEN TO FOLLOW THE BUFFALO NEXT DAY.



ONE OLD MAN PICKED UP A CRICKET, ONE OF A SPECIES WHICH THE INDIANS BELIEVED FOLLOWED THE BUFFALO.



"TELL ME, MY FATHER, WOULD NOT WE GO TOMORROW TO FIND THE BUFFALO?" HE ASKED.



THE OLD MAN REPLACED THE CRICKET ON THE GROUND, SAYING, "WE MUST GO TO FIND THE BUFFALO." SINCE THE CRICKET'S FEELERS WERE POINTING WESTWARD, HE BELIEVED THAT THE CRICKET WAS POINTING THE WAY IN WHICH TO FIND THE BUFFALO!

ONE DAY WE RECEIVED WORD THAT THE AGENTS HAD AWAYED SEVERAL OF THE DANCE-MASTERS WHO WERE ON THE WARPATH AGAINST THE WHITE MAN, HAVING KILLED TWO WHITE TRAVELERS.



IN THE EVENING BRUCE OF THE CO. NEARBY LEFT FOOT OF SANDHILLS WITH SEVERAL COMPANY MEN. BRUCE HE RUBBED ALONG THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN TO BRUCE'S POST.



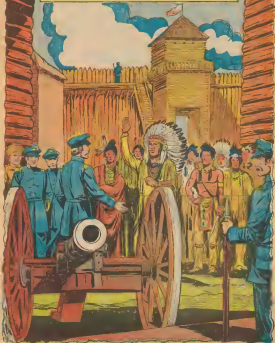
CO. NEARBY DISPATCHED MEN SENTINEL TO THE SURROUNDING TREES SURROUNDING THE LEADERS TO A COUNCIL AT THE FORT.



THE MESSAGE THAT THE COLONEL SENT WAS THE WHITE CHIEF, COLONEL NEARBY, WANTED AND HIS ADDRESS TO ATTEND A GRAND COUNCIL, NEARBY.

The TRIBES WERE LOST IN ASTONISHMENT AT THE GAY ATTITUDE OF THE SOLDIERS, THE COMPLETENESS OF THEIR MATERIAL EQUIPMENT, AND THE SIZE AND STRENGTH OF THEIR HORSES.

COLONEL NEARNEY TOLD THEM, "WE WISH PEACE WITH ALL OF OUR BROTHERS, BUT I SAY TO THE APPLAUNDED, IF YOU KILL ANY MORE WHITE MEN, I WILL TURN LOOSE MY GUNS UPON YOU AND ANNHILATE YOUR NATION!"



IN THE EVENING COL. KEARNEY ORDERED
A MOUNTAIN TO BE FIRED AND A ROCKET
THROWN UP. MANY OF THE APACHEES TELL
PLAY ON THE GROUND, WHILE OTHERS CAN
SCREAMING WITH TERROR AND AMAZEMENT.



ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE APACHEES
WITHDREW TO THEIR MOUNTAINS AT THE
BIG GUN AND THE FERRY MESSAGES
WHICH HAD BEEN SENT UP TO THE
GREAT SPIRIT.



FOR MANY MONTHS THE
APACHEES REMAINED
QUIET, THEN SUDDENLY,
TWO WHITE MEN WERE
KILLED.





SO SOONER WAS THE MURDER COMPLETED THAN THE WHOLE TRIBE WAS IN CONSPIRATION



THEY EXPECTED EVERY DAY THAT THE WINGING DEACONS WOULD COME. LITTLE THINGING THAT A DE-SECT OF NINE HUNDRED MALES LAY BETWEEN THEM.



A LARGE DEPUTATION OF ARAPAHOES CAME TO FLANNERS BRINGING A VALUABLE PRESENT OF HORSES IN ATONEMENT FOR THE MURDER. THE OFFICER IN CHARGE, BORDENBAUM, REPLIED THEM SAYING, "I CANNOT ACCEPT ANY PRESENTS TO MAKE UP FOR MURDER."



THE ARAPAHOES, THEREUPON, THOUGHT THAT THE DEACONS WOULD BE TURNED AGAINST THEM, OFFERED UP THE HORSEBONES, BUT BORDENBAUM REFUSED EVEN THIS OFFER.



THE ARAPAHOES WENT BACK MORE TERRIFIED THAN EVER THEY EXPECTED THAT THEIR MARCH WOULD BE OBSTRUCTED BY THE WHITE SOLDIERS.

“CYRUS RAGED AND STILL NO DRAGONS APPEARED. THE ARAPACHOS SAID THE WHITE SOLDIERS ARE COURAGEOUS, FEAR AND HONORED THEM GREAT ACCEPTING OUR GIFTS.”



“WOULD THESE GIVE US—
CLAMORS
“WILL IRRIGATE
WHITE SOIL
YOU WANT?
THEY ARE
CO-OPERATING
AND OK TO
WORKING!”



FROM THERE THE ARAPACHOS ROSE TO THE HEIGHT OF INSOLENCE AND A MILITARY OFFICER ACCEPTED THE OFFER TO DRIVE UP THE MOUNTAINS AND OBLIGED THEM TO BE LED OUT AND SHOT IN THE PRESENCE OF US TROOPS THE ARAPACHOS WOULD HAVE BEEN WIPED INTO TEARDROPS.

“ESSENTIALLY, A TEST OF ARMS BEHIND AND THE ARAPACHOS LEARNED TO THEIR SURPRISE THAT THE WHITE SOLDIERS WERE NEITHER CO-RDERS FOR OLD WOMEN AS THEIR CHIEFS HAD PROCLAIMED.”



7 HE CHEASTER TO THEIR ENEMIES, THE ARAPAHOS, FILLED THE SQUATON WITH GREAT JOY. ALL WAS NOT HARMONY IN THE CAMP, HOWEVER, FOR THE MAD WOLF DESIRED THE HORSE OF TALL BEAR.



8 THE MAD WOLF, FOLLOWING CUSTOM, MADE TALL BEAR A PRESENT OF HIS HORSE, EXPECTING IN RETURN THAT HE WOULD RECEIVE THE HORSE HE WANTED.



9 TALL BEAR ACCEPTED THE PRESENT WITHOUT HEAVING AND LET HIM GO AFTER ONE FEW DAYS WITHOUT HEAVING TO RETURN THE MAD WOLF EXPECTED.



10 EVERY ONE IN THE VILLAGE WAS TERRIBLY NOT KNOWING WHAT TO EXPECT FROM THE MAD WOLF OR TALL BEAR.

FINALLY, THE MAD WOLF GREW IMPATIENT, SEEING THAT HIS PRESENT WAS NOT LIKELY TO WIN HIM THE HORSE HE WANTED. HE RECLAIMED HIS OWN HORSE.



TALL BEAR BROKE INTO A FIT OF BULLY MAD AS HE SAW THE HORSE BEING LED AWAY.



LIKE AN LIGHTNING, THE MAD WOLF GREW HIS BOW TO ITS STRAIGHT TENSION AND HELD THE ARROW DOWNWARD CLOSE TO THE BREAST OF HIS GOVERNOR.



FRAMES JOINED FRAMES AND THE BOW BETWEEN TALL BEAR AND THE MAD WOLF BECAME GENERAL.



ONE OF THE VILLAGE MEN CALLED ON THE OTHERS TO GO TO DISPERSE, AND THE MEN WAS APPARENTLY WELCOMED. BOTH BOYS BEGAN TO WITHDRAW TO THEIR LOGS.



IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR ALL WAS
 QUIET. A GROUP OF WARRIORS PASSED
 THE BRASS PIPE FROM LEFT HAND TO
 THE RIGHT, A SIGN THAT A "WARRIOR
 SMOKE" OF ASSOCIATION WAS GO-
 ING FORWARD.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A HUNT WAS
 ORGANIZED.



AFTER BEING OUT A SHORT
 WHILE HE CAME FROM A
 HERD OF BIGHORNS.



THERE WERE SOME FIFTY OR SIX-
 TY SHEEP CLATTERING UPWARDS
 AMONG THE ROCKS AND SEEKING
 TO REACH THE HIGHEST PEAK THE
 HUNTERS BOUNCED UP LIGHTLY IN
 PURSUIT.

ALTHOUGH SIXTY
MEN WERE IN
PURSUIT ON THE
MOUNTAIN SLOPE,
NOT MORE THAN
HALF A DOZEN
ANIMALS WERE
KILLED BY
THE 33 ONLY
ONE HAD A FULL
GROWN HIDE



THROUGH THE WHOLE OF
THE NEXT MORNING, WE
WERE MOVING FORWARD
AMONG THE HILLS



WE SET FORWARD IN COMPANY
WITH THE EAGLE-FEATHER, HIS
SON, BLUE CLOUD, AND ANOTHER
INDIAN NAMED THE PANTHER



LATER A WHILE EAGLE FEATHER AND HIS
SON DISCOVERED SOME ANIMALS OF LEAD
IN THE DISTANCE AND SET OFF IN PURSUIT OF
IT. I WENT ALONG WITH THE PANTHER.



THE PANTHER WAS A NOBLE INDIAN. HE HAS
BEEN SEEN BY THE JEALOUSY SUSPICIOUS AND
MALIGNANT COUNSELORS OF HIS PEOPLE. HE ESCAPED
EXCELLENT FRIENDS AND HE OCCUPIED HIMSELF
TEACHING ME THE MOUNTAIN LANGUAGE.



I SAID, "LET US CAMP THERE," BUT THE INDIAN REFUSED. "NO, GHOSTS OF TWO HAPEERS ARE ALWAYS AROUND THOSE TREES."



"IF WE CAMP IN THAT SPOT, GHOSTS WILL SCREAM AND THROW STONES AT US ALL NIGHT, AND PERHAPS STEAL OUR HORSES." I THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL REMIND HIM, IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD TO RIDICULE HIS STORY.



SOON WE CAME IN SIGHT OF THE POPLAR SAPPLINGS THAT GREW ABOUT THE MOUTH OF THE LITTLE STREAM. "SURE IT A GOOD PLACE," SAID THE INDIAN, "BUT WE WILL NEED A HOLE, FOR IT IS GOING TO RAIN."



WE TURNED OUR HORSES LOOSE AND DRAPING OUR KNIVES BEGAN TO SLASH AMONG THE BRUSH TO GO TWICE AND SEARCHED FOR MAKING A SHELTER.





WE BENT THE TALL-
ER SAPLING TO
THE GROUND.



NEXT WE PILED THE YOUNG
SHOTS UPON THEM, AND
THUS MADE A CONVENIENT
PENT-HOUSE



PLUS, WHEN THE
STORM CAME, IT
SCARCELY TOUCHED
US AND SITTING
UNDER OUR
LEAFY CANOPY,
WE PROCEEDED
TO EAT.



THE INDIAN HAD
BROUGHT WITH
HIM HIS PIPE
AND A BAG OF
SHONGSANA,
SO BEFORE LY-
ING DOWN TO
SLEEP WE SAT
FOR SOME TIME
SMOKING TO-
GETHER.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING WE WERE JOINED BY AN INDIAN WE KNEW WHO HAD BEEN ON THE ARKANSAS WHEN HE HAD SEEN SIX GREAT WAR PARTIES OF WHITES.



FROM OUR VISITOR'S ACCOUNT, IT WAS PLAIN HE HAD SEEN DRAGOONS OR COMPANIES OF VOLUNTEER CAVALRY PASSING UP THE ARKANSAS.



WE SAW ALSO MANY OF THE WHITE LODGES OF THE WHITE MEN BURN BY LONG HORNED BUFFALO.



WE WENT COVERED ON WAGONS HAULING SUPPLIES FOR THE TROOPS.



OUR VISITOR TOLD US HE HAD MET A MEMBER OF THE COMANCHES WHO HAD TOLD HIM THAT THE MEXICANS AND THE AMERICANS WERE AT WAR



SOME WEEKS LATER I WAS TO LEARN THAT THE MOJAN WAS DESCRIBING THE MARCH OF GENERAL ARAGUAY UP THE ARIZONA, AND GENERAL TAYLOR'S VICTORIES AT APOLOCANO.



SHORTLY AFTER OUR JOURNEY, WE ARRIVED AT A PLACE NOT FAR FROM THE FOOT WHERE A CROWD HAD GATHERED TO TEST THE SPEED OF THEIR HORSES.



THE HORSES WERE OF EVERY SHAPE, SIZE AND COLOR. SOME CAME FROM CALIFORNIA, SOME FROM THE STATES, AND SOME FROM AMONG THE MOUNTAINS AND THE WILD BANDS OF THE PRAIRIE.



THESE MOST NOTED WERE SWIFTEST AND SPIRIT WERE DECORATED WITH EAGLE FEATHERS DANGLING FROM THEIR MANES AND TAILS.



ABOUT SIXTY DACTOH WERE PRESENT, WRAPPED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN THEIR HEAVY BONNS OF WHITTENED HIDES. THE CHEYENNES WERE GAUPEY MEXICAN PONCHOS SWATHED AROUND THEIR SHOULDERS, THE RIGHT ARM BARE.



BESIDES THESE THERE WERE A FEW HALF-BREDS, A RACE OF EXTRAORDINARY COMPOSITION, SOME, ACCORDING TO THE COMMON SAYING, HALF-INDIAN, HALF-WHITE MAN, AND HALF-DEVIL.



AS
DARK NIGHT CAME, MANY OF THE
INDIANS HAD DEPARTED. IT HAD
BEEN A DAY OF BUYING AND SELL-
ING AND TRADING HORSES.



THE
JEFF JOHNSON USED ME TO JOIN
HIM IN SEEING AN UNUSUAL SIGHT,
SAYING, "YOU COME, SEE 'BEYOND
HEARTS' DANCE!"



THE
THE SOCIETY OF "STRONG HEARTS"
WAS A WARLIKE ASSOCIATION COM-
POSING MEN OF BOTH THE OJIBWA
AND CHEYENNE NATIONS THEY WERE
WARRIORS, COMMITTED TO THE PRIN-
CIPLE OF NEVER SURRENDERING!

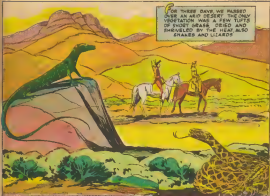


THE
THE STRONG HEARTS HAD A
ADOPTED THE BOY AS THEIR TU-
TELARY SPIRIT HIS SUBTLE
CHARACTER AGREED WELL
WITH THE INDIANS' NOTION
OF WHAT WAS HONORABLE IN
WARFARE.



THE
THE NEXT MORNING,
I SET OUT ON A
JOURNEY FOR THE
PURSUE A DISTANCE
OF THREE HUNDRED
MILES, I SUPPOSED
THE JOURNEY WOULD
TAKE ABOUT A MONTH
RIGHT.

FOR THREE DAYS WE PASSED OVER AN ARID DESERT THE ONLY VEGETATION WAS A FEW TUFTS OF SHORT GRASS, CEDAR AND SHRUBS BY THE RIVER ALSO SNAKES AND LIZARDS



THE NUMBER OF PRairie DOGS WAS ABUNDANT FREQUENTLY THE PLAIN WAS COVERED FOR MILES WITH THE LITTLE MOUNDS WHICH THEY MAKE AT THE MOUTH OF THEIR BURROWS.



THE SNAKES ARE THE PRairie DOGS' WORST ENEMIES THE SNAKES MAY BE SEEN AT ALL TIMES BARKING AMONG THEIR HOLES INTO WHICH THEY ALWAYS RETREAT WHEN DISTURBED.



SMALL OWLS ALSO MADE THEIR ABODE WITH THE PRairie DOGS, ALTHOUGH ON WHAT TERMS THEY LIVE TOGETHER, I COULD NEVER ASCERTAIN.



RUSHING ON, I ARRIVED WITH MY COMPANION AT THE GATE OF THE PUEBLO IT WAS A WOODEN SPECIES OF FORT BEING NOTHING MORE THAN A LARGE SQUARE ENCLOSURE SURROUNDED BY A WALL OF ADOB HERE I MET AN OLD FRIEND FROM FORT LARAMIE.



"HELLO, RICHARD" I SAID, "WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE PUEBLO?" RICHARD ASKED.



"THESE ARE MY HORSES I WAS ON MY WAY TO TRADE IN SIOUX, BUT SOME HAZARD BY THE ROAD - "HOW IS THE WARE COMING?" I INQUIRED.



"GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY HAS MARCHED TO SANTA FE - HAVE YOU NO PROTECTION AGAINST THE APACHEES?" I ASKED.



"OUR COUNTRY IS OUR PROTECTION."





MC CHASE EXPLAINED THAT THE ADVANTAGE TO THE NUMBER OF SEVERAL THOUSANDS, COME AND ENCLAMP AROUND THE PUEBLO WHEN THE CORN BEGINS TO RIPEN.

"THE SHORT CORN IS STIFF AND UNPLEASANT TO EAT, BUT WE CAN GET BY WITH IT IF NECESSARY."



THE GERRONS HELPED THEMSELVES MOST LIBERALLY AND USUALLY THREW THESE HORSES INTO THE CORNFIELDS AFTERWARDS.



MC CHASE TOLD ME THAT THEY HAVE THE FORESIGHT TO LEAVE ENOUGH OF THE CROPS UNTOUCHED TO SERVE AS AN INCUBENT FOR PLANTING THE FIELDS AGAIN FOR THE BENEFIT IN THE SPRING.

"I DECIDED TO THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE CORN FAILED," I REPLIED.





I SEPARATED FROM MY INDIAN COMPANION, "THE PARTNER," AND TRAVELLED IN COMPANY OF SEVERAL TEXANS TOWARD AN ARAPAHOE VILLAGE.



AS SOON AS I SAW A SANTA FE WAGON TRAIN, TURNING TO MY COMPANION, I SAID, "LET'S TALK TO THEM. THEY MAY HAVE NEWS OF THE INDIANS."



THE WAGON MEN TOLD US THAT THEY HAD BEEN ATTACKED SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE, ONE OF THEM TOLD US, "WE BELIEVE THEY WERE ARAPAHOES."
I REPLIED, "I DON'T THINK YOU'LL ENCOUNTER ANY HOSTILE INDIANS BETWEEN HERE AND THE FORT."



AS THEY PASSED US BY, I COULDN'T HELP BUT REMARK, "LOOK AT THEM, THE INDIANS WHO ARE OPENING THE FORT NOW!"

THE OREGON TRAIL

ONE OF THE TRAILERS
STEED INTO THE GRASS
SAID: "A WATTLE?
THAT'LL DO FOR HIM."



THE BRAID WAS AS
THICK AS A STOUT
PINE BARK WITH
FOURTEEN WATTLES,
BUT THE END OF
HIS TAIL WAS
BLUNTED AS IF HE
HAD ONCE BOASTED
MANY MORE.

FROM THIS
DAY UNTIL
WE REACHED
THE RIVER,
WE KILLED
AT LEAST
FOUR GRAND-
EYED CAT-
TLES EVERY
DAY.



WE FORDED THE SOUTH FORK OF THE PLATTE ON ITS PARTNER
LINK. WERE THE TRACES OF A VERY LARGE CAMP OF ARAPAHOES.
ONE OF MY COMPANIONS REMARKED: "I'D JUST AS SOON NOT
MEET UP WITH THE ARAPAHOES."



WE CAME UPON A DESERTED CAMP OF THE ARAPAHOES. THE AGES OF SOME THREE HUNDRED FEET WERE VISIBLE AMONG THE SCATTERED TREES TOGETHER WITH THE REMAINS OF BURNING LOGS. MY COMPANION OBSERVED: "THERE WAS PLenty OF DEVELPY PLANNED AROUND THOSE TREES. THIS CAMP HAS BEEN DESERTED QUITE SOME TIME."

I REPLIED: "I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANY DANGER IF WE DO MEET THE ARAPAHOES. THEY W'LD TAUGHT A LESSON BY THE TROOPS THEY WONT FORGET!"



"THE FOLLOWING DAY OUR PATH CROSSED THAT OF A PARTY OF INDIANS. MY COMPANION OBSERVED 'THEY WOULD HAVE NOT BEEN GONE LONG' THERE ARE WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE PARTY ACCORDING TO THE TRACKS 'THEY ARE PROBABLY ON THEIR WAY TO THE APPROACH TO THE MOUNTAIN' I ANSWERED.



"SUPPOSING WE MEET THEM AGAIN?"



"MEETING A PARTY OF THE PLAINS IT WOULD BE WISE TO HOLD OUT OUR HANDS AND GIVE THEM EVERYTHING WE'RE GOT IF WE SEE THEM FIRST WE MAY BE ABLE TO ESCAPE OTHER WAYS WE'LL FIGHT THEM."



"I PUSHED ON AND CROSSED THE HIGH DIVIDING RIDGE WHICH SEPARATES THE WATERS OF THE PLATTS FROM THOSE OF THE ARKANSAS FROM THERE WE COULD SEE PICE'S PEAK AS IT TOWERS ABOVE THE WILDERNESS.



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SOMETIME LATER, WE CAME UPON A LONE BUFFALO AND I WOUNDED HIM WITH A SHOT.



THE WOUNDED BUFFALO FOAMING WITH RAGE AND PAIN, CHARGED UPON US AS WE FIRED OUR PISTOLS INTO HIM.



BEHIND THE HUGE, GAUNT BEAST, LARGER AND HEAVIER THAN ANY ONE I HUNDED US. THEN SUDDENLY HE FELL AND IN AN INSTANT WAS LYING ON HIS SIDE.

UPON EXAMINATION, WE FOUND THE MEAT TOO RARE AND TOUGH TO EAT. WE WOULD HAVE TO LEAVE THE CARCASS TO THE WOLVES. "MISSING WHITE MEN AND HORSES ALL LIVE ON THE BUFFALO. HOW LONG CAN THE BUFFALO SURVIVE?" I WONDERED.





REACHING THE TOP OF THE NEXT HILL WE WERE CONFRONTED BY AN INDIAN VILLAGE BELOW US. ADVANCING, WE STARTED TO HURRY AWAY BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. WE HAD BEEN SEEN AND WE DECIDED IT BEST TO SHOW THAT WE EXPECTED NOTHING BUT FRIENDLINESS FROM THEM.



UNFORTUNATELY NONE OF US, IN FACT NO WHITE MAN AT ALL, COULD SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE. AS WE APPROACHED WE NOTED THAT THEIR LODGES RESEMBLED THOSE OF THE SIOUX IN EVERYTHING BUT CLEANLINESS.



FROM STORIES WE HAD HEARD WE KNEW THAT WE WERE EXPECTED TO HAVE PRESENTS FOR THESE SAVAGE HUMAN BEASTS. THEY WERE AS MEAN, WOLVISH AND SINISTER-LOOKING A BUNCH AS I'D EVER SEEN, EVEN THE CHILDREN LOOKED BAD.



AS WE GOT CLOSE TO THEM, I CALLED OUT "WE HAVE SEVERAL PRESENTS FOR OUR BROTHERS THE APACHES."



THE CHIEF OF THE VILLAGE GREETED US AND INVITED US TO EAT WITH HIM.



WE TASTED THE MEAT SET BEFORE US AS A MATTER OF COURSE. TO OUR SURPRISE NO PEACE PIPE WAS OFFERED. I THOUGHT TO MYSELF THAT WE HAD BETTER SHOW THEM THE PRESENTS RIGHT AWAY.



WE WERE SHUT IN BY A DENSE WALL OF SMOKE FACED. WHEN I BEGAN TO OPEN THE PRESENTS—TOBACCO KNIVES, VERMILION AND OTHER ARTICLES, THERE WAS A GRIN ON EVERY COUNTENANCE.



I ASKED TO MEET THE WOMEN OF THE VILLAGE AS I HAD PRESENTS FOR THEM. THE CHIEF CALLED AS IF HE WERE CALLING A PACK OF HOUNDS TOGETHER.



THE WOMEN AND YOUNG GIRLS CAME RUNNING WITH SCREAMS AND LAUGHTER OUT OF THE LODGE.



GANDLES AND RIBBONS WON THE DAY WITH THE LADIES AND WE FELT REASONABLY SAFE WHILE THE MEMORY OF OUR GIFTS LASTED.

AS WE WERE ABOUT TO LEAVE THE CAMP ONE OF MY COMPANIONS SAID: "MAYBE IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA TO LET THEM KNOW THAT PARRINE'S ARE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD IF THEY SPOT A WOLF PARTY TO HEAD OFF THE PARRINE'S. HE COULD REMAIN BEHIND AND HUNT BUFFALO AND BE SAFE!"

I ANSWERED: "IF WE MET THE ADVANCED SQUAD FROM THIS CAMP THEY'D BE AS SCARED AS THE PARRINE'S NO WOLF KEEP GOING!"



WE LUGGED OUR HORSES RAPIDLY THROUGH THE TALL GRASS WHICH ROSE TO THEIR NECKS.



IN THE EVENING, WE COULD SEE THE WOLVES HOWLING ABOUT THE PRAIRIE WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF OUR CAMP FIRE. HOWEVER, I FELT MORE AT EASE WITH THESE WOLVES THAN THE HUMAN WOLVES NEARBY.



THE COUNTRY BEFORE US WAS NOW THROTTLED WITH BUFFALO THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO HUNT BUFFALO THE 'RUNNING' METHOD AND THE 'APPROACHING' METHOD A SKILLFUL HUNTER WILL SOMETIMES KILL FIVE OR SIX COWS IN A SINGLE CHASE IN THE 'RUNNING' METHOD WHICH IS MORE DANGEROUS. THERE IS LESS DANGER AND EXCITEMENT IN 'APPROACHING' A HERD AND SELECTING A SINGLE ANIMAL.



BUFFALO ARE SO STUBBORN SOMETIMES THAT THERE IS LITTLE SPORT IN KILLING THEM.



WITH A BOLD AND WELL-TRAINED HORSE THE HUNTER MAY SIDE SO CLOSE TO THE BUFFALO THAT AS THEY GALLOP SIDE BY SIDE, HE MAY TOUCH HIM WITH HIS HAND.



FOR IS THERE MUCH DANGER IN THIS AS LONG AS THE BUFFALO'S STRENGTH HOLDS OUT BUT WHEN HE BECOMES TIRED THE DISTRESSED SMUTY MAY TURN ON THE HUNTER AT ANY INSTANT.



WHEN THE HUNTER FIRES HIS GUN, AND THE HORSE LEAPS ASIDE, THE SIDE HAS BETTER HOLD HIS SPIES OR THE BUFFALO WILL CRUSH OUT HIS LIFE.

SOMETIME LATER WE SAW A BODY OF HORSEMEN APPROACHING. FORTUNATELY FOR US, THEY WERE SOLDIERS AND NOT INDIANS.



THE HORSEMEN WERE FROM GENERAL PRICE'S MISCCELLANEOUS REGIMENT. THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO MEET THE ARMY. THERE WAS LITTLE DISCIPLINE IN THE COMPANY, BUT THESE WERE BRAWNY FIGHTERS.



THE SOLDIERS CHEERFULLY GAVE THESE BRAWNY FIGHTERS ALL THAT WE COULD SPARE OF OUR BUFFALO MEAT. THEY REALLY ENJOYED A FINE MEAL.



FREE AND EASY CONVERSATION PREVAILED OVER DISCIPLINE IN THIS COMPANY. THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE OFFICERS AND MEN WAS THE CONVERSATION OF GOOD FRIENDS. THE NEXT MORNING, THE CAPTAIN MOUNTED HIS HORSE AND SAID, "WELL, MEN, I RECALY WOULD BETTER BE MOVING." HE WAS ANSWERED WITH, "DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY, CAPTAIN!"



FROM LONG THROUGH THE HILLSIDE OF THE
WAGLER REGIMENT TOOK THEIR LEAVE OF US
WE WERE GLAD TO SEE THEM GO AFTER A WHILE
I REMARKED TO MY COMPANIONS, "GIVE US
AND AHEAD WE'LL BE TOLD ABOUT HIM!"



WE WERE NOW TO COME TO A PART OF THE
COUNTRY WHERE WE WERE BOUND IN CON-
JON PRESENCE TO MOUNT GUARD EVERY
NIGHT IT WAS AROUND HERE THAT A
WHITE MAN HAD BEEN MURDERED BY
COVANCHES



THE FOLLOWING DAY WE PICKED UP
THREE HORSES NEAR A STREAM ONE
WAS EQUIPPED WITH A SADDLE AND
BRICK PISTOLS AT THE FOREHEAD AND
A CARBINE WAS SLUNG AT ITS SIDE.
THESE WERE DEFINITELY NOT INDIAN
HORSES BUT ARMY HORSES WE COULDN'T
FIGURE OUT HOW THESE HORSES
CAME TO BE SO FREE AND LOOSE.



FOR SEVERAL DAYS WE TRAVELLED
WITH OUR NEW-BOUND
PRIZES.

THE NEXT DAY, WE CAME UPON NINE MORE ARMY HORSES



MANY QUESTIONS ENTERED MY MIND. WHILE GATHERING UP THESE HORSES WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE OWNERS HAD BEEN ATTACKED? YET THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF A FIGHT. BUT HOW COULD THEY LOSE TWELVE HORSES ANYBE MORE? YET IF INDIANS WERE INVOLVED, THEY WOULD CERTAINLY WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE HORSES.



AFTER BEING A WHILE, WE SAW SOME MORE CHANGES TOWARD US FROM ONE BEAR. ONE OF MY COMPANIONS SAID, "WE ARE BEING PURSUED!" AT IT'S CLOSING, THEY'LL BE AFTER US WHEN THEY SEE THESE HORSES! I REPLIED, "GOOD LUCK, CAVALRY TO ME!"



AS I THOUGHT IT WAS SEVERAL CAVALRY MEN WHO CAUGHT UP WITH US, THEY ABRUPTLY CLAIMED THE HORSES AS THEIRS AND I SAID, "TAKE THEM AWAY YOU, OF COURSE, GLAD WE COULD BE OF SERVICE!"



WE LEARNED THAT IT HADN'T BEEN INDIANS BUT WOLVES WHO HAD BEAVED THROUGH THE TRAIL, RIPPED AND LET THE HORSES WANDER OFF. THE SOLDIERS TOOK THESE HORSES, THANKED US, AND ROPE OFF.



SOME TIME LATER, WE MET UP WITH A WAGON TRAIN BEING LED BY A CAVALRY OFFICER. HE TOLD US THAT THESE WERE PEOPLE IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE BEING ESCORTED TO CALIFORNIA.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WE ARRIVED AT FORT LEAVENWORTH. DAY AFTER DAY WE SAW WAGON TRAINS HEADING WESTWARD. EVER WESTWARD. ONE OF MY TRAIL COMPANIONS REMARKED, "THE INDIANS WILL BE ASKING THEMSELVES WHERE ALL THE WHITES ARE COMING FROM!"

I OBSERVED "THE DAYS OF THE INDIAN AND BUFFALO AS USELESS ON THE WEST ARE NUMBERED. WE ARE SEEING HISTORY MADE."



UPON COMPLETING MY NOTES ON MY JOURNEY INTO THE WILD WEST I TOOK PAS- SAGE ON A STEAMBOAT TO ST. LOUIS. THE WILD WEST WAS BEING TAMED. THE OLD SON TRAIL, WAS BEING BROADENED TO A GREAT ROAD HIGHWAY BY THE THOUSANDS OF PIONEERS WHO WOULD NOT BE CON- QUERED BY SAVAGES OR THE PERI- LATIONS OF THIS DESPERATE JOURNEY.



NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS *Illustrated* EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

FRANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston on September 16, 1813. As a boy, he spent long hours reading the stories of early history on our continent. He dreamed the dreams of every young American boy of that time—of adventure on the frontier, mingling with the Indians, learning their customs. To young Francis, the great lands of the far northwest beckoned invitingly and he determined that one day he would make his way along the Oregon trail. Therefore, it was not strange that Francis Parkman found his greatest interest in history. While other youngsters played games, Francis used his own imagination to visualize the story of French power in America as it might have been. He studied the struggles between the French and English and while yet a youth, became an authority on the subject.

As an undergraduate student Francis determined to write the history of French power in America. Therefore, when other young men returned to their homes at vacation time, Francis employed his vacations in studying the history of the French occupation. In 1841, he was twenty-two at the time, Parkman visited the west and the northwest, going as far as St. Louis. He was interested at that time in getting all the facts on Pontiac's conspiracy. The following year, 1842, Parkman explored the historical sites of western Pennsylvania and visited Washington. It was at that time that he undertook his most difficult journey—on the overland route from Western Missouri to Oregon. Francis Parkman had just completed college when he began the journey that was to realize his boyhood plans, and to establish him as the foremost historian of his era.

Parkman was unsatisfied by the accounts of Indian life that he learned from pioneers and Indian scouts and the periodicals of the



time. He determined to actually make his home with the Indians, to live with them in their encampments and on the trail, to learn their language, so that he could faithfully describe them in his works. *The Oregon Trail* is a factual account of his journey and his life with the warlike Dakotas, or as Parkman calls them, Dacotahs. The reader of *The Oregon Trail* is impressed with the author's complete objectivity regarding the Indians. Parkman sustains many of the common impressions regarding the red warriors that were taught us, but many more he destroys, and gives us, on the whole a new and broader understanding of the American Indian and his way of life.

In 1849, *The Oregon Trail* made its appearance and was an immediate success. It was followed by *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851); *The Powers of France in the New World* (1865); *Jesuits in North America* (1867); *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* (1868); *The Old Regime* (1874); *Court Frontiers and New France under Louis XIV* (1877); *Montcalm and Walla* (1884); and *A Half-Century of Conflict*, his last work which appeared in 1892.

Thus it is seen that Parkman's early interest in French power in America became the subject of many of his fine historical works. To this day, he is regarded as an authoritative source of early history.

Parkman's scholarship rested upon a thorough first-hand acquaintance with the sources, printed and manuscript, and a detailed personal knowledge of the topography of the regions whose history he described; and it is these qualities, joined to imagination, sympathy, a true sense of proportion and a fascinating style, that won for him in his lifetime cordial recognition as the foremost American historian.

He died in 1893.



FAMOUS OPERAS

LA BOHEME

by Giacomo Puccini

IT IS PARIS IN 1830 In the garret home of the inseparable quartet—Rudolph, poet, Marcel painter, Colline, philosopher, Schausend, musician—Marcel, trying to warm himself, takes a script and throws it into the fire while Rudolph is trying to write. Colline enters followed by Schausend, with food, wine, wood and money.

The four merrily start their celebration when they are interrupted by the landlord who is after his rent. Seeing the money on the table, he joins the festivities.

Finally, three of them leave for the Cafe Momus while Rudolph remains. No sooner has he settled down, when he hears a timid knock on his door. It is a young girl, Mimi, a neighbor seeking a light for her candle. As she enters, she is seized by a fit of coughing and faints. Rudolph revives her. She leaves but realizes that she has lost her key. Returning to retrieve it, her candle blows out as does Rudolph's. Rudolph finds the key and slips it into his pocket pretending to continue the search. Groping in the dark, they meet each other and Rudolph tells her his name. He encourages Mimi to speak about herself. She tells him how she would prefer to be in the country where flowers grow. Rudolph, touched by her innocence, is completely entranced with her beauty and charm.

She begs to join him with his friends. Together they go to the Cafe Momus where they meet the other three companions.

Suddenly, three come excited ones from the shop-women along the street. "It is Musetta," they say. "Some old stammering dandy is with her." Musetta was once Marcel's sweetheart. She is now with the old and wealthy Alcindoro. Musetta begins to flirt with Marcel. Pretending that her lost heart, she wishes Alcindoro to have

her shoe repaired. She then runs to Marcel and the two are reunited. The group hearing the distant sound of music goes off, gaily bearing the shoeless Musetta on their shoulders.

Later, Marcel and Musetta are at a tavern. He has deserted his art for that of sign painting. Musetta gives singing lessons in the meantime. Rudolph is making Mimi unhappy with his jealousies and their quarrels. Mimi comes to Marcel for help. Telling him of her troubles, she hears Rudolph approaching. Not wanting him to see her, she hides. Rudolph tells Marcel that he wants to give Mimi up because of their frequent quarrels. A fit of coughing reveals Mimi's hiding place. Rudolph, seeing her beauty, relents and rushes to her. But she breaks away.

Later, Marcel catches Musetta flirting with another man and they part. Marcel and Rudolph return home. They are both pining away—Rudolph for Mimi, Marcel for Musetta.

Some time later, Musetta appears bringing Mimi, who is very ill, with her. Rudolph embraces his Mimi but, having no money, can't do anything for her. Musetta pulls off her earrings and decides to sell them. She also runs off to get a mail to warn Mimi. Schausend, touched by Musetta's unselfish act, goes to sell his coat in order to buy Mimi some delicacies. The two lovers are left alone.

The friends return with the medicine and other comforts for Mimi, revivifying her that they were from Rudolph. Mimi closes her eyes and appears to be sleeping.

Marcel goes to look at her and sees that she is dead. He turns away in grief. Rudolph, realising what has happened, rushes to the bed and throws himself desperately across it and utters, "Mimi, Mimi."



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

EDWARD LIVINGSTONE TRUDEAU

Isolator of the Tuberculosis Germ



ALTHOUGH tuberculosis, the White Plague, is still a dangerous killer, it has been brought under comparative control by the courage and research work of a nineteenth century American doctor, Edward Livingstone Trudeau.

Born in New York in 1848, of French parents (his father was a doctor), Edward had a normal, happy childhood. His ambition was to become an officer in the United States Navy.

However, when he received his appointment to Annapolis, he declined in order to help nurse his brother Frank, who had become stricken with tuberculosis. His brother Frank died and Trudeau himself, unknowingly, had contracted the dreaded disease.

This was due to the lack of knowledge about tuberculosis at the time. It was considered non-contagious, and the accepted treatment was extreme heat. Both were wrong.

Trudeau, not knowing he had become tubercular, married and then studied medicine. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City in 1871.

Trudeau was establishing a good private practice, when two years later, the ravaging disease began taking its toll of his body. He was forced to give up his practice and, taking his wife and two children, he went south for the accepted heat treatment.

But his condition became worse instead of better. In the following spring he decided to go to a camp in the Adirondacks. Here his condition improved, but he returned to the city for the winter.

The New York City winter nearly killed him, and robbed him of all the health he had gained in the mountains. The following spring he took his family back to the Adirondacks. Here his condition immedi-

ately improved, and he resolved to remain there permanently.

Trudeau became a practicing mountaineer doctor, often riding horseback all day in a blizzard to answer a call. But in what little spare time he had, Trudeau advanced his study of the disease of tuberculosis. In his makeshift laboratory in his mountain cabin, he was the first American doctor to isolate the germ, or bacillus, which caused tuberculosis.

He advocated a change in treatment for tuberculous patients, using his own case as an example. The doctors were wrong in prescribing heat and dark confinement. The patient should have plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

But the majority of doctors were stubborn and considered Trudeau a quack and a sensationist. To prove to the medical profession that it was wrong in its treatment of the disease, Trudeau decided to build a sanitarium for patients who were willing to undergo his treatments.

Having very little money, and donating his services free, Trudeau built his first cottage at Saranac, New York. Patients came quickly, and additional shelter for them had to be found.

Tragedy stalked Trudeau all his life, but he grimly looked for a drug that might cure the disease. His own daughter died of tuberculosis, his laboratory, with many of his records buried down, and his son, a young doctor about to join his staff, died of pneumonia.

But to the end of his hard life, Trudeau showed courage and fight. Today, throughout the country there are many sanitariums taking care of tubercular patients, who undergo Trudeau's treatments. The fact that every year thousands of them are able to take their

place again in society is an everlasting monument to the courageous mountain doctor who was the greatest enemy of the disease that finally killed him.



DOG HEROES

"DUKE"

The Seeing-Eye Cop

IT WAS midnight in a poor section of Manhattan. Two young toughs huddled in a doorway and conversed in whispers as they kept watch on a deserted street.

"Hey, Shag, what's keeping this guy?" asked the smaller of the two.

"Shut up!" said Shag. "That's the trouble with you, Blackie, no patience!"

"Yeah, but me feet's cold!"

"That's right, you got cold feet," said Shag sarcastically. "You're afraid of the matt."

"I was just wonderin' what's keepin' the guy."

"It's Christmas week," scolded Shag. "Dat means the people downtown is on the streets longer. It means he stays out later, collects more dough. Now keep quiet. You got that matt for the matt?"

"Yeah!"

"Listen! That's his cane tapping the sidewalk. They're comin'! Now remember what I told you to do!"

John Church walked with unseeing eyes but unflinching steps toward his home. At his side was his constant companion Duke, the seeing-eye dog that guided the blind man through the daily maze of New York's traffic. They had been constant companions for five years. The German shepherd and his blind master lived in a walk-up flat on New York's lower east side.

As he approached the doorway of the house in which he lived, John Church heard voices. He paused momentarily, holding tightly to the harness of his dog. Duke growled, and then was silent at his master's signal. John Church had recognized the voices.

"Hello, Mr. Church." It was Shag.

"Hello," said Church. "You are the new tenant in the building."

"That's right. You got a good memory for voices, Mr. Church. I got my brother set on tonight. We call him Blackie. Blackie is crazy about dogs, Mr. Church, and I was telling

him how smart Duke is and how he takes you all over."

"That's right."

Blackie held out his hand to Duke. On his hand was a ball of raw meat. Duke gulped it down.

"Don't feed the dog!" said the blind man.

"We ain't feedin' him, Mr. Church," said Shag. "Good night, Mr. Church, we'll be seein' ya."

As they walked up the street, Blackie said, "How could he tell I gave the matt something to eat?"

"Shut up," said Shag. "We got to get a cuppa coffee. When we get back the matt oughta be dead!"

Blackie laughed. "He thinks we live in the house with him."

Blackie and Shag waited an hour for the poisoned meat to take effect, then made their way back to John Church's flat. They got an unexpected reception from an accused shepherd dog which held them at bay until the awakened neighbor arrived.

When the good and honest neighbors saw what the two thieves were about—robbing a blind man and poisoning his dog—Shag and Blackie were thoroughly beaten before police were called.

Duke's master had wisely and quickly taken precautions against the poisoned meat given him by Blackie. Immediately upon reaching his flat, John Church had given his dog an emetic which had caused Duke to rid himself of the poisoned meat, before its effects were felt. As Church said later, "It was the sneaky way the food was given to Duke that aroused my suspicion and made me take precautions. Duke was hungry, no doubt of that, for usually he takes food from no one but myself. I could tell by the way he jerked his head forward and downward that something was being offered him."

The New York police say that Duke gets credit for making the arrest of the two meanest thieves on the city's police blotter.



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