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BUFFALO BILL'S LAST INTERVIEW

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To write anything new of Buffalo Bill is almost impossible. The world has known him for sixty years, three generations have admired him, three generations of children have loved and imitated him the world around, and there is probably not a civilized language in the world that does not contain his name. He was the most famous American. Not only the most famous American of our day, but the most famous American that has ever lived. Lincoln, Washington, Edison, Roosevelt, Rockefeller, Morgan—all these are known far and wide among those who read, but where is there another American known to the children of the earth? And Buffalo Bill is so known. The boys of Asia, of Africa, Europe and the two Americas, and of the islands of the seven seas, all "play Buffalo Bill." And the most lasting fame is that passed from one child to another.

The greatest thing Buffalo Bill ever did, a thing that few men thruout the ages have ever equaled, was to give a new game to the children of the world. And in that his fame will probably outlive Cæsar's, for when Cæsar and Napoleon have faded into oblivion, Buffalo Bill will have become a legendary hero, known in the literature and the legends and the chil-

dren's games of civilizations yet to come. At one time Cinderella, Sinbad, Robinson Crusoe, Friday, and their kind undoubtedly lived in the flesh, but so long ago that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. What Robin Hood was and is to England, so Buffalo Bill will probably be to America.

But let us turn from the children to lesser things. Every great movement in history in the end clusters around one man, his name becomes a symbol. The migration of the white race across the North American continent has few parallels in history. We have to go back, far back beyond recorded history, to find the like, and that was when certain shadowy races came into Europe from Asia—so we believe but are not certain—about 20,000 years ago. In time to come another swarming of humans may take place in South America, or over Africa. No one knows. But we do know of the extinction of one race by another here in America almost within our own time, and of the covering of a wilderness by the white man.

Even today that movement of mankind is centering around the name of Buffalo Bill, and as time goes on he will stand as its symbolic character. So stands Leonidas for Sparta, Peri-

cles for Athens, Moses for the Hebrews, Cœur de Leon for the Knighthood of Old England, Cortez for the Conquest of Mexico, Montezuma for the Aztecs—and Buffalo Bill for the Wild West of America. The Wild West, the taming of the wilderness by the Anglo-Saxon, will never be forgotten as long as written history remains, and the symbolic figure of that age of American romance is Buffalo Bill.

Lest all this be thought to be merely the ideas of one man, just the overstatements of eulogy, let us turn to an old scrap-book, now open before me. In it are clippings from dozens of the most famous publications of Europe; the dates begin in the early '60s, and extend at intervals down for two score of years. "Giant of the Frontier," says the London Times over

forty years ago. "King of the West," "Chief of Scouts," "The Great White Chief," "Most Picturesque American," "Leader of Frontiersmen," "Greatest Hunter in the World," "The Pilot of the Plains"—such are some of the titles given to this man by the greatest publications of their time in various languages—English, German, French, Spanish and lesser tongues—throughout three generations of mankind. And so planted, such things live. From these pages in time come those assortments that we call histories.

No. Nothing but a local jealousy, an indifference to the romance of the West, or unread ignorance can deny to Buffalo Bill his fame, or his high and permanent place in history.

Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Kit Carson and Colonel Cody—each was

the frontier leader of his time, and each in the order named came on the scene of American history as his predecessor was going off. And the reputation of Buffalo Bill is greater than that of not only the other three, but of all other Western pioneers and frontiersmen put together. Jim Bridger, Charlie Comstock, Bill Williams, W. J. Carney, Jack Sumner, and a hundred others like them, while good men and true, had only local reputations, and are now almost forgotten except by a few old timers. None of them today has a national name, and none of them ever had an international reputation. Buffalo Bill is the only one who is world-renowned.

And to Buffalo Bill, and to him alone, America, and especially the West, owes an unpayable debt for making our frontier life and history



WILLIAM FREDERICK CODY.

The man himself in private. A splendid example of the highest type of American manhood.

known to the world. Many men have written of such things, from Cooper to Remington, and to those few alive today who know that life and can, or do, write of it, but reading is not seeing.

Buffalo Bill took the American frontier around the world. London, Paris, Berlin, people by the million the earth around, saw with their own eyes, not an imitation, not a mere stage or theatrical effect, but the real thing. Here, before their own eyes, were the actual men, red and white, who rode the Western plains of America. No other man has ever done that, no other man now can do that. Buffalo Bill benefited, the West benefited, the whole world benefited by it, and no one lost. That our outdoor West is known all over the earth as is no other country, we owe to Buffalo Bill, and to no one else.

Is the life of Africa, of Asia, of Russia, Australia or China known personally to millions as is the life of Western America? The most famous savage who ever lived, the American Indian, is known to the men and women, and especially to the children, of every civilized land—thanks to Buffalo Bill. As the moving pictures have brought the living world to us, so Buffalo Bill took the American frontier across the seas and showed it to the world.

In one way Buffalo Bill was a showman, but in a larger way he was an educator. In one way he was an actor, but in a greater way he was a historian. Like Booth, Salvini, Irving, Shakespeare, he dressed and did his part, but like such men he did more, he made the past live before our eyes.



SISTERS OF BUFFALO BILL.

Top row, left to right—Mrs. May Cody Decker, Mrs. Helen ("Nellie") Cody Wetmore (dead), Mrs. Lidia Cody Myers (dead), Mrs. Julia Cody Goodman.

And just as a curious coincidence, it falls to my lot to write not only the last picture of Buffalo Bill, but I also saw the last exhibition of his Wild West.

But print not another word of him, leave his name out of every book and paper in the world for the years to come; yet, as I have said, his fame rests on something still more secure—the name of Buffalo Bill is on the lips of the children of the world as they play—and that is fame few men can even hope to achieve.

I thought of all these things as I sat silently in that little room and looked at that knightly figure, and listened to the last talk that Buffalo



CODY AS SCOUT—1869.

This was before he became famous, or while he was just earning his reputation as a scout. Taken 1869 at Fort McPherson. The costume is probably Mexican, as there was no standard of dress on the Plains in the Early Days, and the cowboy attire had not yet been invented. Army uniforms, Indian blankets and feathers, buckskin, Mexican, Hudson Bay clothing and linen dusters all mingled, and were worn as one pleased.

Bill was to give to the world. It was just a family group. The great scout, the friend and intimate of kings and emperors, had laid all that quietly aside and calmly was waiting for the End. It was only a matter of days at

the most, perhaps of hours.

But his last days were as quiet, calm and peaceful as his life had been active and brilliant. Mrs. May Cody Decker, in whose home he died, gave her brother every care and attention that love and admiration could bestow. May Cody was his youngest sister and he often used to take her with him on the Plains in the early days. Between the two was a life-long bond that few sisters know, and when his death drew near Buffalo Bill went to her home.

When the doctors told him that he would never see another sunset, Buffalo Bill dropped his head on his breast for a moment, a long, still moment, then raised it, fearless and serene. Those eagle eyes, keen and kindly as ever they were, looked long at the mountains, snowy in the distance, then he quietly gave a few directions about his funeral, and then again became the knightly, genial man he had always been. The man was majestic.

In the room were his two sisters, Mrs. May Cody Decker and Mrs. Julia Cody Goodman, and another relative, Miss Hazel Olive Bennet—who made this story possible, and to whose kindly in-

fluence and intelligent co-operation the world is indebted for this last interview—myself, and that white, calm figure, William Frederick Cody.

It was the End, and we all knew it. We talked at random, as all do, per-

haps, at such times. I can make no attempt to put down here what was said, as if this were a stenographic report. The Grand Old American talked of this and of that, now of the early days on the Great Plains, now of the boyhood of the present King of England—and in the room was a personal message from that King, and another from the President of the United States, and from others of equal rank thruout the world. Buffalo Bill, Colonel Cody, Pahaska, they came and went, but the center of that last group was "Brother Will."

When he was lacking for a date, or some childhood incident, it was supplied by the sister that raised him, the woman who had been a mother to him, Mrs. Goodman, for their parents died when Buffalo Bill was a child. And right here I want to pay what tribute words will pay to this woman of the frontier. Her kind, like that of her noted brother, is almost gone, and will never be seen again, for that splendid type of womanhood was bred on the frontier, and nowhere else. And much that Buffalo Bill was, he owed to his sister-mother, Julia Cody.

And much was said, there in that family group, that is not for the printed line, so I have sorted and arranged it all into what is written here. But such as it is, it is new, and little if any of it has ever been in print before. And I have selected the things I do speak of, just because they are new.

Buffalo Bill was weary of the big things of the world, and was bored, and often irritated, when they were mentioned.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But his mind went eagerly back to the minor details of his earlier life and to the names of those he used to know, who long ago passed beyond the Great White Range. We talked of many of the old friends of my father's, W. R. Thomas, like Reno, Custer, Benteen, Captain Mix, Grant, Sheridan, Carr,

Crook, and Sherman, and the few I had known when a boy—the soldiers, stage drivers and scouts of the early days.

Then I spoke of guns. "Which gun was his favorite?"

"Lucretia Borgia," he smiled. That was the name of his favorite buffalo gun.

"The old fifty caliber Springfield needle-gun?" I asked.

"No, forty-eight caliber. The muzzle loaders of the Civil War were fifty-two caliber, you remember"—I didn't, because I was not born till after the war and he laughed—"but they made the



CODY AS A BOY.

This picture is very rare, and so far as known has never before been published. It was taken about the time he won his frontier title of "Buffalo Bill" by killing 4,250 buffalo in one year for meat for the first railroad builders across the plains.



PAHASKA AND SITTING BULL.

"Pahaska" was Cody's Indian name. It means "Long-Haired Scout." The Indians feared, admired and trusted Cody because of his bravery, ability and honesty in all his dealings with the red man.

breech-loading Springfield forty-eight caliber. I liked it better than the Sharps, and with it I killed 4,250 buffalo one year—or 4,862 in eighteen months, besides deer and antelope—for the Union Pacific builders."

"Did you always use the same gun?"

"Practically so. The barrel of Lucretia Borgia is now on the elk horns at the ranch, with the knife with which I killed Yellow Hand. I don't know where the stock is"—and here the white head drooped wearily, and some one took up the talk for a while.

"Yes," he began again, "I have killed over 40,000 buffalo, and most of them with that old gun. But not

all of them, of course."

"That was your favorite gun, then?"

"It is now, but our term of service on the Plains covered so many years, and so many different kinds of guns came into use that we tried out this one, then that one. The '73 Winchester was well liked, as was the Spencer carbine, especially on horseback, but they could not shoot alongside of the .48-caliber needle-gun. That carried 70 grains of powder and 470 grains of lead. 'Shoot today—kill tomorrow!' was what the Indians called it."

That was my father's rifle, and I love that gun.

I asked him about the old buffalo Sharps rifle, the .45-120-550 gun that weighed from sixteen to eighteen pounds, or the .44-caliber, bottle-neck, eleven-pound Sharps, like the one I own, my first rifle, and that were the usual favorites with the buffalo-killers, but he did not say much about them.

To my surprise he did not seem interested in them at all. I presume the reason was that he usually hunted buffalo from horseback, and so did not use these heavy rifles, as did the men who killed from the ground.

Then I learned how he killed his buffalo and how he got his name. He used to ride on the right-hand side of a herd as near to the front as he could get, and always shot to the left hand, as a rifleman on horseback naturally would do. This method usually caused the herd soon to run in a solid circle, or to "mill," as the cattlemen call it, and this kept the herd in one place, running round and round and round like a wheel. Thus one could kill as many

as were needed for that day, and have them all in the same spot, convenient for the skinners and the meat wagons.

The other method—one he did not use so much as did others—was to “get a stand” on a small herd and shoot down the animals that were inclined to break away and lead the herd out of range. From this method comes, I have no doubt, our present purely American word, “to buffalo,” meaning to have someone confused, intimidated, bluffed and outgeneraled.

But he did not consider this so much hunting as it was railroad building, opening the wilderness to civilization, and that the buffalo had to go as the first step in subduing the Indian. Also because cattle raising and farming, as every old-timer knows, was impossible where the buffalo were. The wild cattle (the buffalo), savage and untamable as the wolves that followed them, ruined fences and crops and killed all domestic cattle, for it is death for the domestic cow—due to the hump on the calf—to breed with the buffalo bull, and the buffalo bulls could easily run down and kill any domestic bull.

The elimination of the buffalo was not wanton; it was necessary. In their place today are domestic cattle, less picturesque but far more valuable to mankind. I speak of this somewhat at length out of justice to Buffalo Bill. He never killed for slaughter's own sake. The more than 40,000 that fell to his rifle were killed for food, just as we kill today. He fed with wild meat the men who laid the first iron trail across the plains, who first linked the two oceans with a path of steel.

“Who was the best revolver shot you ever knew?” I asked.

“Frank North, white chief of the Pawnees. He was the best revolver shot, standing still, in the air, from horseback, or at running animals or men, that I have ever seen,” and again those dark eagle eyes of the Old Scout lit up like an excited boy's. Then came his sister's lifted hand of caution behind his shoulder, and I changed the subject, for that great heart was liable

to stop at any instant, and we had to avoid anything tending to excite him. But after a time I came back to the same subject.

“Was Wild Bill one of the quickest shots?” I ventured.

“Fair,” smiled Cody, and I too smiled to hear a man say that Wild Bill was a “fair” shot. But this was Buffalo Bill speaking, and he spoke as one with authority.

“‘Bill’ was only a nickname we gave him, you know?” I didn't know, but nodded. “His real name was James B. Hiecox, and we got to calling him ‘Wild Bill’ because when we were all boys together there were four ‘Bills’ in the wagon train, and we had to sort them out somehow. Jim Hiecox was always popping away at everything he saw move when on guard at



CODY—THE AMERICAN.

As he appeared when received and entertained as a personal equal by the rulers and royalty of foreign countries. The pin he is wearing was a gift from King Edward VII, and the present King of England, George V, knew Buffalo Bill intimately all his life, and valued the great scout as one of his closest personal friends.

night over the stock, so we sort of got to calling him 'Wild' Bill, and that is how the name came to him. They called me 'Buffalo' Bill because I had that buffalo contract with the U. P. and got down over 4,250 for meat. I have forgotten what became of the other two 'Bills.'"

"How did Hichox get so many men?" I asked.

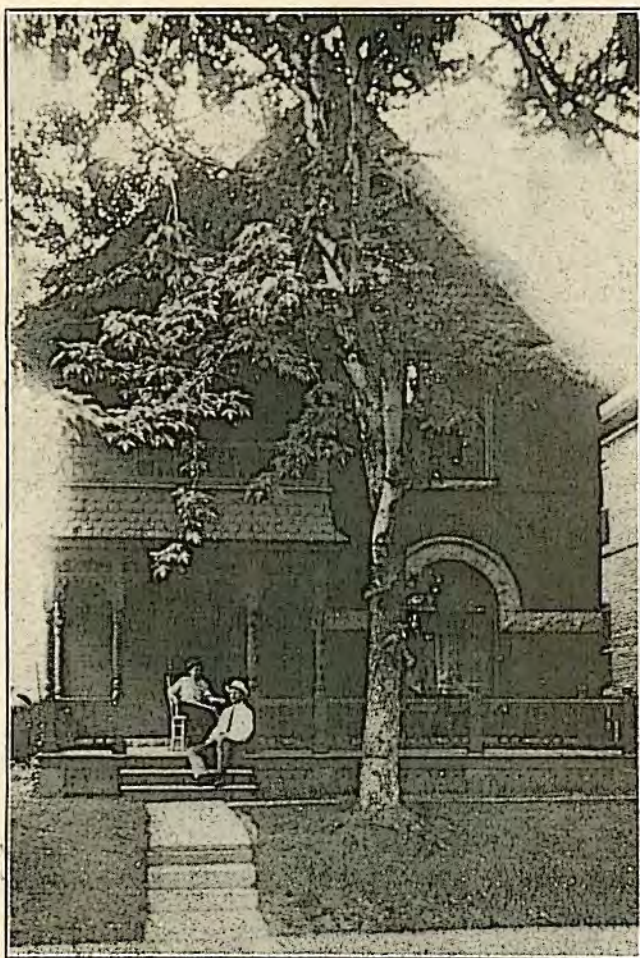
"Well, Bill was a pretty good shot, but he could not shoot as quick as half a dozen men we all knew in those days. Nor as straight, either. But Bill was

cool, and the men he went up against were rattled, I guess. Bill beat them to it. He made up his mind to kill the other man before the other man had finished thinking, and so Bill would just quietly pull his gun and give it to him. That was all there was to it. It is easy enough to beat the other man if you start first. Bill always shot as he raised his gun. That is, he was never in a hurry about it; he just pulled the gun from his hip and let it go as he was raising it; shoot on the up-raise, you might call it. Most men

lifted the gun higher, then threw it down to cock it before firing. Bill cocked it with his thumb, I guess, as it was coming up into line with his man. That's how he did it. But he was not the quickest man by any means. He was just cool and quiet, and started first. Bill Hichox was not a bad man, as is so often pictured. But he was a bad man to tackle. Always cool, kinda cheerful, almost, about it. And he never killed a man unless that man was trying to kill him. That's fair." It was, and I so agreed.

"Was any particular revolver, size, or caliber the favorite in the early days?"

"No, not particularly. Like the rifles, new kinds and sizes came in and put other kinds out. So we used all kinds, and sometimes any kind we could get. It was the cap-and-ball Colt, then the metallic cartridge six-guns came on the plains, and they saved us a lot of trouble, especially in wet weather, or on horseback. The only way we could load a cap-and-ball on horseback was to have ex-



WHERE CODY DIED.

This is the home of Buffalo Bill's youngest sister, Mrs. May Cody Decker, at 2932 Lafayette Street, Denver, Colorado. The house faces West, or toward the Rockies. The front room upstairs over the porch is where Col. Cody died.

tra cylinders, and change from an empty to a loaded one, and then reload all the empty cylinders when we had a chance. But with wet clothes, wet hands, and everything wet, that was often hard to do, and sometimes we could not reload at all. A muzzle-loading rifle or shotgun was different, because we could keep the muzzle and the loading things covered better. So the metal cartridges were a great thing."

"Was the .45 Colt or the .44-caliber preferred by most men?"

"It didn't make any difference. Just what we happened to have."

"Was any kind of knife a special favorite on the plains?"

"No. Any kind that the owner liked, or could get. Such things as guns, revolvers and knives were just like any other kind of fashion, or tools. Some kinds were favorites, maybe, in one place or at one time here and there, then other kinds. I used all of them, I guess. But for buffalo I liked best the .48-caliber Springfield. 'Shoot today; kill tomorrow.'"

"What kind of a knife did you kill Yellowhand with?"

"Just a big heavy bowie blade. For skinning and cutting up meat, of course, we used common butcher knives; no particular kind. Whatever we had or could get. Often we had to make such things for ourselves. We were not particular, just so such things did their work."

"Could the old-timers shoot better than the men of today?"

"No," and a shadow of injured pride or regret, it seemed like, crossed the Old Scout's face. "No, we could not shoot as good as you do today. We did not have as accurate guns, either in rifles or revolvers, or loads. And we could not afford the ammunition with which to practice. I never saw such revolver shooting as Captain Hardy did one night over at his house, in that private shooting place he has down cellar."

But Hardy, one of the world's best shots, says that Buffalo Bill was the

best shot from horseback that the world has ever seen.

"No. None of us, not even Frank North, could do such things. C. M. McCutchen can shoot a revolver far faster than any man I ever knew on the frontier, five hits on a man at ten yards in three-fifths of one second is more than twice as fast as we could do. He is probably the fastest man with a revolver who ever lived. All of them today—the best shots, I mean—can beat us old-timers every time. But we did the work, all the same. We had to."

The voice was tired now, and the doctor came.

"Brother Will, it is time for him to go," said Mrs. Goodman gently, and I arose. The Old Scout was in pajamas and slippers, and over them had been drawn a house coat. Instantly Buffalo Bill was on his feet, straight as an Indian, head up, as in days of old. The man recalled the Spanish cavalier, courtly as the prince he was in his kindly grace, all unaided by gorgeous trappings or picturesque surroundings, just the Man Himself standing there, waxen pale, his silver hair flowing down over his straight, square shoulders, his hand out in the last farewell. He asked for me afterwards, but the doctors said "No." But as we all stood up in that little home room a silence fell. It was the last time. I knew it, he knew it, we all knew it. But on the surface not a sign.

"Goodbye."

I took his hand, looked into those clear, calm eyes for a moment—I must not keep him standing—said "Goodbye," and turned from one of the finest, truest, grandest men on this earth. That was the last time I ever talked with Buffalo Bill.

A few days later I saw him again, but he was asleep, never to awake. He lay like a statue, magnificent in the majesty of death. I stood alone beside his bier, save for the presence of his sister-mother, Mrs. Goodman, and silently looked at the Man.

"The friend of kings and the king of friends," I said. Tears started, but

with the same calm iron that made Cody what he was, she stopped them, quietly nodded, and I turned away, never to see the Grand Old American again.

Later she told me many things about Buffalo Bill's childhood—things never before given to the world—and many of them that never will be given.

"Cody" is an Irish name, but also Spanish, I understand. It apparently came into Ireland when the Armada was wrecked on that coast, and thou-



This snapshot was pronounced by Buffalo Bill to be the best picture of a bucking horse that he had ever seen—and of such matters there is not a better judge in the world than is Buffalo Bill.

sands of Spanish men, the best of Spain, remained to wed Irish maidens. For Buffalo Bill was part Irish, some Spanish, and traced his blood back to other nationalities, as do practically all the Old Americans. And by "Old Americans," as I have written elsewhere, I mean those who have had no great-grandparents born elsewhere than in America, or those rare few

late-comers who are like them in mind and body. It takes more than a splash of ink to make an American like Buffalo Bill. Such men are born, not made.

Womanlike, the feminine side of the family love to tell what a Gipsy woman said to Buffalo Bill's mother before she was married. It seems, so the family legend runs, that the future Mrs. Cody, long before she met the father of Buffalo Bill, was one day at a country fair, and with her was a married woman. Just for amusement the two agreed to change names for the moment, and thus test out the Gipsy's fortune-telling powers. But the Gipsy woman rejected the matron's hand at once. Then taking up the girl's, she said:

"You will bear sons. The first you will give to God; the second you will give to the world; he will not become President of the United States, but he will be greater." And that was all she would—or could?—say.

The first son died, which his mother translated as "giving him to God," and the second son was Buffalo Bill.

Buffalo Bill understood the public; none knew it better. Like all great men, he had his public side and his private side. Fame is but advertising—a simple thing understood but by few. Napoleon, Caesar and such famous men understood the public mind, and none better than Buffalo Bill. Even P. T. Barnum did not know human nature better than did Cody. That was his public life, his business.

But in private Buffalo Bill was the humorous, ever amused, always generous man of simple habits, and no boasting. The man was sincere, modest, intelligent and honest. I have never heard of anyone who ever accused Buffalo Bill of making a dishonest cent, nor of any public or private trickery. And of many a lauded name this cannot be said—but Buffalo Bill was clean.

He was born with his knowledge of human nature. When 5 years old

"Willie," as his big sister called him, was playing on the banks of the Mississippi River with a dozen other youngsters, all older than himself. This was in 1850, the year after the discovery of gold in California, and that golden find was the talk of the day. Little Bill's mother had a five-franc silver piece, something like our silver dollar, that she kept in her work basket and valued highly as a keepsake. Now, this reads like Mark Twain, but it is true, told to me and vouched for by Mrs. Goodman, who was there at the time and saw the whole thing.

The 5-year-old Buffalo Bill was standing on a plank walk that ran out into the river about forty feet, a walk made so that from the end clear, fresh running water could be lifted in a bucket for household needs. The other boys were playing and wading. The future leader of men began searching his pockets, and somehow silently attracted attention to his actions.

"I guess it must have dropped in the river," he suggested.

"What dropped?" was the chorus.

"That five-franc piece. Let's see if we can find it." So under the personal direction of 5-year-old Buffalo Bill, standing on the plank walk, a score of older boys waded and groped into the shallow water, and searched in the sand with fingers and toes for that piece of money.

Someone, of course, ran to report the loss to his mother, and she came down to the bank, switch in hand.

"Willie! I told you not to touch that five-franc piece, didn't I? And now you have gone and lost it in the river. Come here. I want to see you. . . ."

"Aw, ma. It ain't lost. Here it is. I was just learnin' 'em how to dig for gold in California." And Buffalo Bill to come handed over the five-franc piece safe and dry.

Which is not bad for a 5-year-old to work on a dozen or two boys twice his age. It was Tom Sawyer painting the fence, and the same traits that years later made Cody friend of wilderness

Indians and of European royalty alike.

The same fearless spirit of adventure that in later years took Buffalo Bill into the danger places of the frontier and brought him safely out, this cool daring one day made the boy at the age of 5 or 6 drag an old leaky dugout canoe into the water and start down the river to meet his favorite steamboat. His father overtook him, miles downstream, calmly paddling down the middle of the river. And this was a bit of a boy in the middle of the Mississippi River in Indian days. But that boy was Buffalo Bill.

Few boys would have dared it, and still fewer would have had the cool intelligence to carry it thru or come out of it alive—but Buffalo Bill as boy and man was far above the average of mankind, and could do what others could not.

I never knew a more kingly man. Put the four words, "knight," "gentleman," "superman" and "cavalier," all into one word, and that one word is "Cody." Women on the plains have prayed for him, have called that name as the one thing between them and suicide; the silent Indians have used that name as one they could trust; the rulers of half the millions of Europe have used that name in the familiar friendship of man to man—for they received him as the equal he was—but the dashing hero of the children has but one name—"Buffalo Bill."

The affairs of the world are but the larger plays of children; the boy of today is the man of tomorrow; and when the statue of bronze and the tomb of granite at the base of the Rockies have crumbled and disappeared from off the face of the earth, still will live in the hearts of the children, and by them be handed on down the years, the spirit, fine and good and clean, of Buffalo Bill—Chief of Scouts, symbol of the Old West, and the most typical of that vanishing type, the Old American.

In past years as a writer I have met and have known many prominent and



BUFFALO BILL BY ROSA BONHEUR.

Reproduction of a painting by the most famous animal painter in the world. This is the only picture of a man on horseback she ever painted. Worth \$10,000 when done, and now valued at \$40,000.

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even famous men, from Presidents up and down, but in blend of body, mind and character I have never met a more splendid specimen of man than William Frederick Cody. International and inter-racial millions, in history, legend and literature, love and honor Buffalo Bill.

Note.—I regret that it is impossible to publish in this issue a picture of the knife with which Col. Cody killed the Indian chief, Yellowhand, or the picture of his famous buffalo gun. During the time this article was being written, fifty-six railroad trains were stalled in the snow in Wyoming. The knife and gun were fifty miles from the railroad, and under these conditions it was impossible to get the pictures here. I shall endeavor to publish pictures of these two famous weapons at the earliest opportunity in this magazine.—C. T.

Buffalo Bill's Last Trail.

In troublous days 'ere yet the empire star
 Had reached the border on its westward flight,
 When red men fiercely chanted songs of war
 And danced in frenzy in the warfire's light,
 He fearlessly set forth upon the trails
 Of hostile bands on vengeful slaughter bent;
 O'er barren plains and through the grassy vales,
 Keen as the hound dog follows wild game scent,
 He with undaunted courage, unafraid,
 Trailed them into their hidden ambushade.

When came the final call and he drew near
 The trail that into death's deep darkness led,
 His brave, heroic spirit knew no fear
 Of unseen mysteries that might lie ahead.
 As fearlessly as when he started out
 Upon the trail of savage Indian band
 Who sought rapine and murder, the old scout
 Faced the inevitable summons, and
 With smile upon the face, pain drawn and pale,
 Passed into the dark shadows of the trail.

In shadow of the lofty peaks he'll sleep
 In peace within the narrow tomb's confines,
 His lullaby the breezes as they sweep
 Above him through the aspens and the pines.
 Transcontinental tourists passing through
 May strew wild flowers above his silent clay,
 And pards of days of peril may bedew
 His grave with tears, while memory speeds away
 To days when they as fearless pioneers
 With him rode trails now dimmed by passing years.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

