

The Free Press' Short Story

PAWNEE MEDICINE

DENNIS H. STOVALL

It was near sundown of a cloudless day in 1848. Purple shadows had settled among the leafy cottonwoods and alders that fringed the prairie stream, near whose south bank Lute Benton left his saddle horse and pack mule while he cautiously advanced through the tangle of underbrush. He had come thirty miles that day so as to make an overnight camp here by the "medicine spring." He had been warned by a pair of trappers back on Beaver River, however, to keep a watchful eye for Pawnees.

Lute had been just a small boy when White Thunder last saw him. The chief, or Beaver Tail, his son, might not again recognize him. Two, both armed with rifles, at least could show more formidable power than one. "I'll go with you," Lute decided. "We'll start on once!" Getting under way soon after sunrise, Lute and old Buck rode through most of that day, with only a brief halt at noon. Lute led the plains man take the lead. Buck's keen eyes seemed seldom to move; yet Lute knew they missed nothing. At times the trail dimmed and every track vanished from the wind-blown ground. The plainsman, bending from the saddle, after a brief reconnoiter, would pick it up again.

long distance, but without effect. One of the five, more gallantly decorated and more daring than the rest, rode out alone, indicating by a signal that this was to be a combat between him and the lone white. The others straightway withdrew, to watch from the shadow of the cottonwoods. Again Lute dropped to his right knee and leveled his rifle. The Pawnee, peeling a war cry, rode his horse full speed into the open, passing within a few yards of the white man. With the skill and daring of an Indian rider, he hung far over the opposite side of his mount. As he swept past the white youth, he discharged his bow from under the pony's neck with such good aim that the arrow struck the stock of Lute's gun, and glanced off without doing injury.

FIRST FLYER HONORED



Orville Wright, who with his brother, Wilbur, was the first to fly a heavier-than-air machine at Kitty Hawk, N.C., on December 17th, 1903. He is shown in the flying world honored him in New York on the 34th anniversary of the first flight. Lestmen waited six hours to get this picture.

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'SALADA' TEA is delicious

SLAT'S DIARY OLIVER N. WARREN Sunday: Went—or was rather taken—to church & S. S. The preacher failed to make no hit with me as he preached about our country's great acts of learning & war school are starting again tomorrow. Made me about 1/2 sore.

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ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN

Rubb—"Fine weather to-day, isn't it?" Dubb—"Yes, but I expect it will rain. I've washed my car, shined my shoes and put on my new suit."

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