## The Free Press Short Story

## PAWNEE MEDICINE

DENNIS H. STOVALL

prairie stream, near whose south back 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 that day, with only a brief halt at noon. "medicine spring." He had been warned Lute let the plains man take the lead. by a pair of trappers back on Beaver

one, similarly restrained, fed on the suc- it up again. whether their owner was white or red. within sight of the rock basin, from whose centre bubbled the "medicine spring." He drew down discreetly when he discovered a lone individual sitting, cross-legged, at the brink of the bowl.

for Pawnes.

Laste noted at a glance that he was a white man, garbed in the deerskin jacket, braided leather breeches, and soft moccasins of a prairie hunter. His coonskin lost, "They went on south-jest as I cap lay on the rock near by.

"Howgh!" he greeted, when Lute appeared. "Howgh!" answered Late, walking

is Benton. I intend to make camp here for the night." The shaggy hunter rose to his feet

"So you be simple enough to make camp by the medicine spring, huh?" he said "Have you questions to ask the sperits?" but this is a safe place to camp. Being alone and in Pawnee country, I find it morning dusk they beheld the lights of

well to use caution." "Wah!" snorted Buck Hatcher, "Redskins are as likely to come here as anywhere. Glad to have your company. though, boy. Fetch your outfit closer."

The two made supper over a common camp fire, built close to the stream. The meal finished, they spread their buffalo robes at the rim of the rock basin. Buck grew moody and silent. Lute guessed he was here to "ask questions of the sperits." Inquiry proved this to be true.

"The Pawnees, under old White Thunder, stole my pack mule," complained we got to have our mules." Buck. "I blame the trick mostly on t young Beaver Tail, the chief's son. Al-

bubbling water. To Lufe Benton it was time o' mornin' they'll be sleepy." Buck Hatcher. He had lived so long only and make a demand. Old Buck ob-

them in heart and habit, Lute, with quiet pride. "He saved Benver Thunder." Tail's life, and was a friend to the

with a shake of his head.

with the plainsman. He rose and strolled out into the dark, leaving Buck to meditate. The young man had the feel- "The Indians will be less likely to see ing that their animals should be brought | me, as I am smaller than you. I'll cut the hushed quietude overruled his fears, hill. Once we get them here, we can

Indians words of cabalistic import. Ap- mules. Neither was hobbled, but a trio parently he received his "answer" for he of dusky guards squatted in a huddle went at once to his blankets and in a few out on the open clearing. minutes was sound askep. What the They jumped up when a pony whinoracle had revealed, and what course nied. Lute dropped flat and remained Buck Hatcher intended to pursue Lute motionless, hoping he would not be diswould not know until morning came | cevered. The pony neighed again how-

pallet, at dawn, Lute made a discovery at their ropes the creek told the story.

the good of your father's friendship, and his tetreat! of white man's medicine? We'll hit the | Lute jumped out of the raving and trail together, if you say, and fetch back | ran a short distance toward, a clump of

Lute needed a little time to consider, to the trees, he kneeled on the grass and His plan was to go on north and east kielled his rifle. Not one of the six to Fremont's camp on the Platte. He in the ravine showed his head. must have his mule, however. Just now He spared his powder and made anthe Pawnees were in conflict with the other swift dash farther across the clear-Obsymbos and to approach their camp ing. This brought him within range of alone involved a hazard. Over two years | the five mounted braves, who started gal-

T was near sundown of a cloudless, Lute had been just a small boy when day in 1840. Purple shadows White Thunder last saw him. The chief had settled among the leafy cot- or Beaver Tail, his son, might not again tonwoods and alders that fringed the recognize him. Two, both armed with

Getting under way soon after sunrise, Lute and old Buck rode through most of Buck's keen eyes seemed soldom to move; River, however, to keep a watchful eye yet Lute knew they missed nothing. times the trail dimmed and every track He raised up when halfway through vanished from the wind-blown ground. the thicket, and saw a pony hobbled in The plainsman, bending from the sad-"the clearing. Just beyond it, hnother die, after a brief reconnoiter, would pick flung his arms and yelled. In sudden

able power than one. "T'll go with you."

Lute decided. "We'll start on once!"

"There be six of 'em now, with as many ponies and the pack mulei" he He made another quiet advance and came muttered, more to himself than to Lute. "The main camp we'll strike somewhar along the Black Jack." The fatigue of their horses compelled

the trailers to camp near the head of a bowlder-strewn gulch where they luckily found a water hole. Crossing the ravine at this point was a hard beaten Indian trail into which the line of tracks was calkilated they would," said Buck. "Other Injuns jined 'em here. All are paced forward and shouted, "Beaver

The fagged and hungry ponies made down and offering his hand. "My name the best of the tall grass. Long before daylight the riders were in the saddle again. Old Buck knew of a grove, with more water, in a vale five miles farther south. It was there he expected to find the main camp of the Indians.

Lute smiled and-shook his head. 'No, the hills while darkness stil covered the bonnet and white buffalo mantle. He | many fires, with shadowy figures moving! When he had grasped Lute's hand, be

> below. Lute came alongside. Behind | friends! White Thunder offers peace and them a few yards, Buck's one remaining begs his pardon. Good Medicine's mule | in pack animal, a scrawny beast, burdened of the hunter, will be returned." with their combined duffle, stood with

a big bunch o' Pawnee braves are camp- bringing the missing mules. ed in the grove. Some odds, boy! But Lute smiled a pleased acknowledgment

He sat a while longer, saying nothing; chief gratefully. "He was my tather's then he unfolded his plan. "We'll light friend, and he does not forget!" ways the tribe has befriended me, but a here an' hide our hosses behind the "Good Medicine," spoke the Pawner mule is a mule. I want to know if I sand hills. Our only chance is to sneak leader again, "go in peace! White Thun am to go to White Thunder's camp and down and crop out old Jenny an' your der's heart is made glad!" With a sweep demand its return. I've come to find mule. I'm certain the stolen beasts are of his brown arm, he turned and strode feedin' with the Injun ponies out on the toward his lodge, at the border of the The "medicine spring" was for the red clearin', quite a distance from the main cottonwoods. Lute took the halter ropes men an oracle that gave mysterious and camp. Not more than two or three of the two mules and went up to the place swer to those who communed with its | braves will be watchin' 'em, and at this where Buck Hatcher waited in mingled

nothing more than a natural fount. Lute knew the peril of attempting to not forgotten to show gratitude. strongly impregnated with soda. It would recover the stolen animals by stealth. do little good, however, to explain this to He preferred to approach White Thunder among the Indians he had become like jected, however, when Lute offered this Rubb - 'Fine weather to-day, isn't !! ' medal) was won by Earl K. Wade. proposal. "It wouldn't do, boy! Some Dubb-"Yes, but I expect it will rain. University of Wisconsin, and the second "My father was a doctor and a mis. brave would get you long before you had I've washed my car, shined my shoes prize (silver medal) by Joe B. Pearensionary among the Pawnees," announced a chance to reach Beaver Tail or White, and put on my new suit."

The light was growing. Cone-shaped lodges took form at the border of the "Injuns, boy, are not to be trusted," cuttonwoods. Dogs, yelped and pobles the grizzled hunter solemnly averted winnled. "You keep watch up here, near our hosses, whilst I crawl down through Lute realised the futility of arguing the brush to the edge of the clearing"

"No! I'll go down!" declared Lute. closer to camp; yet the peacefulness and the mules loose and drive them up the Buck Hatcher still sat cross-legged at | tinke our escape by following the ravine." the rim of the rock bowl when Late | Buck muttered, but agreed to this returned. Without a word, the youth They led their animals behind the sand pulled off his boots and stretched him- ridge and crept back to the crest. After self between his buffalo robes, placing a few more low-spoken words, Lute sliphis long rifle under the edge of the furry ped away, crawling down a deep wash covering. He dosed several times, and as that made a gash in the hillside. His often as he opened his eyes, he observed objective was the troop of Indian ponics the humped figure of the hunter, sitting that were closely tethered less than fifty motioniess by the "medicine spring." yards from the stream. Closer to the At last Lute heard him mumble a few cottonwoods, so he observed were the two

When he slipped out of his warm ever, and the two mules started hauling

that immediately altered his intended. He raised his head enough to look route His pack mule had been stolen out over the clearing. It was now quite during the night! Moccasin tracks, and light. ' He saw the three braves run the prints of pony hoofs farther down around the bunch of ponies and wave tectr arms. They were signalling! Hear-"Pawnees!" old Buck at once surmised that a slight noise behind him, Lute turn-He gave Lute a reminding glance, ed his gaze. He gasped when he dis-"Didn't I tell yuh? Redskins ain't to be covered aix paint-streaked Pawnees trusted. I am guessin' it was Beaver creeping down the gulch. Five more Tail, or some of White Thunder's braves, rode out from the camp to the conder of who made off with your mule. What was the clearing. The savages had cut off

close-grown cedars. Putting his back

gone by since his father had died. loping about, discharging their bows at

long distance, but without effect. One of the five, more enudily 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 levelled his rifle. The Pawnee, yelling 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.

rifles, at least could show more formid-Lute could have shot the Indian's horse, but refrained. The rider presented no other mark except a left foot. The white youth had a plan in mind, a desperate chance, but his only hope,

> Again the whooping rider whirled and returned, passing closer. He drew his arrow to the head. Lute watched the Pawnee's aiming hand and drawn bow. Just at the instant of release, he leaped straight toward the racing pony. He fright, the pony reared and swerved.

That unexpected side leap threw the Pawnee off guard. The discharged arrow missed its mark, and the rider lost his hold. His hand alloped from the withers of his mount, and he fell to the ground. Having lost both his horse and his bow. the Indian sprang upright and faced the white man. He struck his hand on his chest and threw his arms wide.

Lute raised the long rifle. As he took deliberate airm at the young warrior, he recognized the Pawnee. The musket fell at once to the hollow of his arm. He

Surprise, smothered by a red man's guarded emotion, brought only a slight | than-air machine at Kitty Hawk NC change of expression to the Pawnee's on December 17th, 1903, is shown as the paint-streaked face. "Good Medicine!" he ejaculated, offering his hand,

At once the Pawnee warriors gathered in an observing circle. Chief White They rode through a narrow gap in Thunder strode into the open in war, this pi ture bottoms of the gulches. In the early repeated the other's greeting. "Good

added gravely, "Good Medicine has a Buck reined in his horse and peered strong heart. The Pawnees are ids

Lute shifted his gaze to the distant

slope. He saw old Buck riding cautiously "That they be!" announced the plains- toward the vale, leading I ute's saidle man, pointing a gnarled finger. "White horse. Closer by, coming in response to Thunder's camp it is. Beaver Tall and the chie's command, two braves were

"White Thunder is kind," he told the

ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN

FIRST FLYER HONORED



Wilbur was the first to fly a heavier flying world honored him in New York on the 34th anniversary of the first flight Lensmen waited six hour-

O.A.C. STUDENT WINS

Among the many agricultural students notably high honor. The contest is held Canadian export trade every year by the Saddle and Birloin Club of Chicago for the purpose of en couraging writing on live stock topics and is open to all undergraduates of agricultural colleges in the United States and Canada." As in former years, there were many contestants in the 1937 com-

The subject selected for this year's contest was "The Character Contributions of the Live Stock Club." In the best twenty essays selected by the judges. loy and astonishment. The Pawnees had Robert S. Procunter, Ontario Agricultural \ College, ranked third, and thereby gained the bronze medal 'L. T. Sonley, also of Ontario Agricultural College, was placed ninth The first prize (gold bacher, University of Illinois

GOOD COOKERS WHITE

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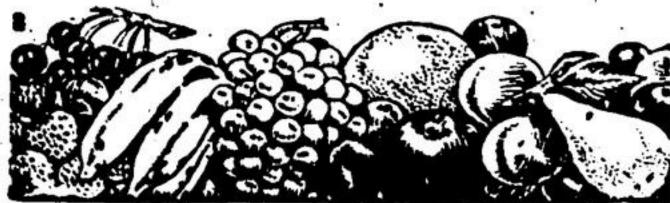
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CANADA'S WATER POWER WEALTH

Canada's wealth of water powers has been the basis of the Dominion's re markable development from almost a purely agricultural country to ona of outstanding industrial importance in little more than thirty years. Her wide domain, favorable topography, ample and well-distributed precipitation, and innumerable lakes and rivers, all combine to provide an abundance of water power expalle of firmishing a dependable flow of low-cost energy to practically every centre of population, and for the development of the industries of mine and forest.

The power rivers of Canada have an estimated power capacity of some thirtyfour million horse-power which will permit under normal conditions a turbine installation of almost forty-four million horse-pawer. Only about eighteen per cent, of this, feasible development has been installed, representing a direct investment of \$1,600,000,000 in the development, transmission and distribution of the power, with vastly greater sums the power-using industries and coulp ment throughout the Dominion. rivers furnish the low-cost motive power for mining, metallurgical, chemical, pulp and paper, and many other industries.

One of the outstanding features of Canada's water-power-assets is the comparatively even distribution from coast to coast of ample power that can be economically developed near centres, of industry. Every large industrial centre offen. So Pa sed that he envys her etc. that goes with it. In Canada is served with hydro-electric energy and has within practical trans mission distance substantial reserves for the future. In the manufacture of pulp and paper the location of ample low-

priced hydro-power in close proximity to great supplies of pulpwood has placed Canada in the leading position she occupies in that industry. Water power has played an important part in the development of Canada's great minus industry and almost without exception extensive resources of hydro-power are economically adjacant to mineral deposits and centres of mining activity

More than ninety-eight per cent of the electrical energy utilized in Canada is supplied by water power. It has brought to more than sixty per cent IN ESSAY CONTEST of the population the boon of electricity for light and many labor-saving devices. and is penetrating extensively into the the United States and Canada, the rural districts, bringing the farm dwellmedal essay competition of the Saddle ers the conveniences and comforts aland Sirloin Club of Chicago at the In- ready enjoyed by the urban population ternational Hay and Grain Show and To an increasing degree, low-cost power International Live Stock Exposition is has been a magnet drawing to the regarded as a very important event, and Dominion from abroad important industo be one of the winners is considered a tries whose output goes to augment

is delicious

SLAT'S DIARY OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday: Went or was ruther tooken to church & S. S. The preecher faled ed about are countrys grate sects of lerning & wen school are starting agen tomorro. Made me about 14 sore.

Monday: Well, this thing of remaneing in bed entil I am good & reddy to arise up are ainsent histry. I got up erly becos I haft to get to school & agen start in lerning nolledge.

of giggeling before school & at both to enjoy it. Both of them. resears. It seamed to me like it must of been becos of maken me, buy 30c worth of ice cream outa my Christmas funds.

when she lafts becos they are so mutch of her to feel good & have a good time. When she gets tickeled,

Thursday: Well, I guess Unkel Hen got a purty good 1 on me. Ma sed to me Dont forget I am your mother yung man & Unkel Hen sed Well he diddent see where it was nothing to brag about. & then he laft like he sed sum thing

Friday: Pa med he had a noshen to get hisself creamated when he dide & Ma sed she suposed the idear are to keep on mussing up the scenary with his ushes. I diddent think she ofto sed that Tuesday: Jane & Elsy both done a lot but Unkel Hen & Ant Emmy seamed

Saturday: Outa school agen for couple days. It cums so soon after Christmas that I aint sure I will injoy Wednesday: The preechers better 1/4 it. They can be 2 mutch of a good thing. are fat & big & laffs very mutch & A speshelly when theys no presents &



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