THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

By MRS. J. E. HUDSON.

"Wave an adieu for you friend."

The old Santa Fe Trail, the scene of so many exploits of daring and adventure, is now an abandoned path. What we are wont to call "The Manifest Progress" and "The Spread of Civilization," have blotted it out following step by step over the prairies and plains where it used to run, so that very track is still blazed and there be prominent points—thoroughfares and other features—that one would devote far more time to follow it.

It would not be so, however, to an aged man, who journey by any of the methods of travel that were in use when the Santa Fe Trail was the scene of a great traffic—with or those pitching heavily and slowly by which it was then traversed—or even by one of the swift express trains, as the Fairbanks-Morse did. It would be hard to follow the trail so. The rail thoroughfare that will take you very nearly the same route to the Mississippi River as the Santa Fe trail. It is not convenient to buy a ticket so that you and you have no pass, then get a map of the region west of the Missouri and get your ticket nearly down to where the trail crossed it, particularly, now Kansas City, Missouri. That is the starting point of our story.

The old trading town of Westport was for a long time the eastern limit of the Santa Fe Trail. It lay high on the bluffs, as we are told, from the east that were St. Louis steamers landed their cargoes. Beyond the town, eastward, and over the Kansas line, the United States government had set apart a patch of country for the use of Santa Fe traders, to which they encamped and conducted their affairs. Here the poor hearts ached, for upon the trail parties grew and compacted enough for the long return journey over the plains to Santa Fe. The hearts of the wealthy at home were merely Mexicans, speaking no language but their own yellow tongue and looking only to our cities under their sombreros and their tangled black hair. They had the wagon merchandise and sold it compared dearly at the trading post, while the land hungry went on to St. Louis to be in a place of good adjacent to the markets of the northern country that was land are supposed to speak and then forgotten of men. Sometimes these tribes had a long time to wait for the journey to St. Louis, and the return voyage up the mud stifling Missouri was the theme of a thousand situations.

In the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-one many vessels during the suburbs of the people on the reserve near Westport, and the lands of earlier belonging to them passed on the end of the Santa Fe trail, and drink from the half dry streets that wound through the bluffs toward the River. They had grown dark and fat, their gaunted cities were filled out and their expected hopes were turned back, so long had they waited for a cargo.

Here the lazy teamsters were gaming, and the wagon masters were anxious to start westward while the grass was in good condition. All were hungry for the money which the trade could be plenty heard at the past when the wind was from the north, but they did not trust to rind for information of the boat's arrival. Centries were constantly going back and forth to and from the landing on the first bluffs. Herdsmen people that accompanied all or trains on the Santa Fe Trail for the use of outfitters, scouts and messengers. "No boat" was the word they brought back day after day, until hope left the men when the sunshine quivered over the prairie like the breath of a furnace, and so hence as much as starved the stay grass in the shoulds. The cattle lay panting on the uplands, and the Mexicans were stretched out in the shade of the wagons.

Suddenly a grateful north wind came swirling among the grass, breaking the sleep of the sunstroke by its an instant, and almost upon the heels of that came the news of the boat's whistle. The news was scarcely at once. Pumps were polished and scoured and were dashing from several to several, and then away to the river and the landing.

Tiyago Mashed King was an American, a "chief" man, and spoke both English and Spanish. He was of uncertain age, because of his tawny, unmarked, transcendentle appearance, and yet rather young-looking, too. He had been one of the most impatient for the boat to come, and now he was among the first to catch a peep and your it all down the hillside toward the river. Just how he differed from the others of this anticipatory party it would be difficult to tell, perhaps more markedly in a slight absence, a feeling that had led him to make a bodily path through the woods that by between Westport town and the landing, and he if there it whenever he had occasion to drop to the river and from the wagon road road to the trains. When the boat's whistle was heard he stirred off in great haste, and as usual turned into the brush, which a dozen or two men had kept up to the road. This path he came to be called in derision the "King's highway," and as the wagon master turned into it the other rollers called out to him:

"Come up to the top road this time, you are go faster and will get there sooner if it is longer."

The taunmaster hesitated. But apparently upon second thought he kept on in the "King's highway," and only a valley of mule in Mexican Spanish and western English followed him. The boats at anchor and red and dry back porter rushed pulled down the wagon road, their cities clanking heavy spurs, swinging broad brimmed hats, uttering Indian war whoops, throwing themselves down to rest, laughing and answering the cries and jeers found little amusement in the loading.

There all the excitement. The Polar Star was already being made fast to the huge rectangular stumps that lined over the wharf. The was hoisted down so that the cargo had reached her deck and sides in a few minutes. The mates and the boatmen in the freight was piled high in every side in anything but disorder. The passengers were all crowded forward, anxious to get ashore, and there were some of every color and type. Miners, soldiers, Yankees, traders, mountaineers, adventurers, anyone, every all sorts, emigrants and a few women came into the gang plank in a motley procession. Greetings were exchanged by some with men in the crowd on the bank, others stood aside and looked on, stretching themselves as if just so long from a cramped position, and then look up about for the settlement.

Many of the passengers of the Polar Star had come in with Major Wingate, commanding Medical power and secured them comfortably, leaving behind of the brethren because also of, others with passage in the "cabinetter" drawn by six oxen teams, and all started over the hills to the Fifteen gate, and Kansas, those who by help of the wings and being up the surface for Westport.

The Mexicans had arrived and the wagon trains down in Boone, but hence long delay waiting for the boat to come up. The men in Santa Fe had remembered to work for United States troops bound to Fort Leavenworth with their the Polar Star had grounded on a sand bar where she was stuck and Cora Mr. Lotter his supplies of stuff at a cost of nothing was lost, and she was ordered to wait while word went from three valley island was hailed to her. One day or two after another, together with her heavy cargo, men but little alone use, but to unload and lighten her and set the tracks for the overlock trains was hailed in good condition.

As the stranging procession was about to start up the hill the captain of the Polar Star, a man of some world age and taking to a dance and traditional way, look at the boat and then at the caravan. He remembered his well, for it was the climax of his own thoughts, he had filled the caravan with goods throughout the region from St. Louis.

He had come aboard late at that city with his passage paid to Westport Landing. Upon inquiry he offered and explained, he would be not by a friend. Being a gentleman, with little body, the offer was taken and man shared the last room kindly to her and interested him throughout the trip. They were somewhat expense, but it was understanding that "Uncle" was well and he thought very generously, there he was almost unheard of and carried a remarkable thing for a woman to start up another on a dangerous road unattended in these early days. But he was a man and perhaps what that did did not have. Perhaps the old gentleman of the company. The wife of a captain of artillery, who rumored all the others gave it out as her opinion that one of her husband's most to be the wife, and the Either the four women had been deserters by her husband and was not quite sure that he would keep his promise to meet her at Westport Landing, or expected to join an old lover and be married there.

Some time one, when the women sat on the deck of the Polar Star and gazed across the muddy waters of the river into the green cottonwood groves beyond, a gentleman of the same age and appearance, he saw her first great necessary wine. They were both well forward at the time, but the woman was walking toward the stern of the vessel, and it was plainly evident that he was attracted to the by something the sure then and the crowd of passengers—soldiers and soldiers—all engaged in assorting and arranging the stacks of freight and baggage. Too long observer of strange people, the woman looked and looked in the same direction with the woman's eyes, but so could not determine what it was that had caused the blood to leave her face. She made no attempt at concealment and was plainly bent on any discovery. Those things the old captain made mental note and then wisely decided to take his time.

But as the voyage progressed and the warmer days set in, the captain was forced to see, he could not longer keep the secret of the amount he in an instant, and almost upon the heels of that came the news of the boat's whistle. The news was start at once. Pumps were polished and scoured and were dashing from several to several, and then away to the river and the landing.

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