

to scalp him. And so another driver was put on and I was selected as the victim. I had two passengers with me and on reaching the Muddy we found about two hundred Indians drawn up in battle array with their war paint on. One of my passengers was a Scotchman, the only countryman of Bobby Burns I ever saw who was a coward. When he saw the red skins and heard them whoop, he was nearly scared to death and shook like an ore-jiggling machine. The other chap was a scientific German—a regular bugating Dutchman who chased insects clear across the desert to California. I knew some of the Indians and some of them knew me. They were greatly disappointed when the driver whose scalp they were after did not appear on the scene and they were not slow to make their anger manifest. But I put on a bold face, unbitted my mules for grass and said, "Puddlinn" to the chief which means, "heard them." This chief was known as Captain Jackson and was a surly, hostile sort of fellow. He made a long talk while we were eating our dinner which we didn't relish very much for to tell the truth we all felt a little shaky, though myself and the other Dutchman didn't have 'em as bad as the Scotchman.

"Captain Jackson was particularly anxious to make us believe he was a big man and kept referring to it in his harangue, by saying, 'This is my water, my wood and my grass.' The fact was the water wasn't fit to drink, the wood was only sage brush and the grass was so short it could only be pulled up by tweezers. When he got all through I asked, 'What you say, Captain Jackson?' This made him very mad and he simply said 'Nuthin,' and stalked away. Well, I made the trip in safety and landed my passengers in California. I drove the mail over that route until June, 1858. On July 4th of that year Bolivar Roberts started from Salt Lake with the first mail to California over the Grouse Creek route. I followed on July 24th with men and animals and stocked the stations. I remained out on the line all summer and in November received orders to remove all the stations and bring in all the stock—150 head—and place them on the route to the south and west of the Lake. After that I built four stations, one at Pleasant Valley near the Utah-Nevada line, one at Deep Creek, one in Rush Valley and one at Point Look Out. I was living at Deep Creek with my wife when we were given a snub to come to Salt Lake and enjoy a period of rest for we had experienced a pretty rough time of it.

"I had been here but three or four days when I was called to the front again. The summons came while I was dancing with my wife at a grand ball given at the Social Hall. The message was from Major Egan and was for me to go to the Sevier and buy horses for the Pony Express. I started immediately, bought the horses and met Major Egan at Camp Floyd. There we divided the animals and he stocked the part of the route between Salt Lake and the desert while I stocked the stations from the desert to Roberts creek, Nevada. I stayed at this place until the pony came in

from the west when I continued the journey to Salt Lake to Ruby where Josh Perkins relieved me and came on as far as Shell creek where James Gentry mounted a fresh pony and rode to Deep creek where Let Huntington was waiting to convey the express to Simpson springs. From this station John Fisher was the carrier to Rush valley or Camp Floyd, I don't remember which. Major Egan made the ride that completed the route from Camp Floyd to Salt Lake. The men named, together with myself composed the first coterie of riders over the country I have described. After that trip the regular riders fell into their places and performed their work."

"Doctor, tell me what you can of the organization of the pony express" said the NEWS man, "you doubtless know as much about it at this day as any man."

"More than any man living" was the prompt rejoinder, followed by the unfolding of a story of intense interest, and of sufficient length to fill a volume of itself. But for the purpose of this article the following narrative by the doctor must suffice:

"The Pony Express was put in



EXPRESS RIDER ENROUTE.

operation in 1860. The project was conceived and put into execution by William H. Russell, of the firm of Russell Waddell & Majors, the government freighters and the biggest concern of the kind that ever existed. At times it had no less than 125 trains at work. Russell was in close touch with Senator Guinn and came to Salt Lake to consult with James Bromley, late of Echo, to whom, more than any other man, is due the credit of working out the details of the Pony Express enterprise. It was Bromley who figured out the time and computed the number of men and horses that were necessary and what would be required of them to make the undertaking a success. The prime purpose was, of course, to transmit newspaper dispatches—across the continent and en route as speedily as possible and all things considered the accomplishment was one of the marvels of the time. The Pony express route had its beginning at St. Joe, Missouri, in the East, and it ended in the West where the Pacific ocean prevented its further extension. Arrangements had been made with the railroads to carry the dispatches from New York, Washington and other eastern points to St. Joe, where they were taken from the iron horse and transferred to the real one—to the one that was man's faithful friend and servant thousands of years before the more rapid and powerful one was ever dreamed of.

"When the train arrived at St. Joe

it would be to find one of these ponies saddled, bridled, mounted and ready to make the first lap in the transcontinental relay. Not a moment was lost. The instant the precious pouches that were to be borne away with the speed of the wind could be thrown on the pony's back he would be started off. First of all he would be taken across the Missouri on a ferry boat. The second the western bank was reached the rider would put spurs to his steed and be off. The excitement, enthusiasm and cheers on some of these occasions were wonderful. The bystanders and passengers would rush like people possessed to where the poor pony was, pull the hair from his tail and distribute it as souvenirs among the crowd.

"The limit for any one pony to carry, in addition to the rider, saddle and moccasins, was sixteen pounds. The moccasins consisted of a sort of leather blanket with holes cut in for the horn and tree of the saddle to come through when thrown over. Attached to the moccasins were four leather pouches or pockets for the dispatches, two on either side, one being before and the other behind the rider's leg in each case. The messages were written on the lightest and thinnest tissue paper and sealed in silk wrappers, and then, looked securely in the moccasin pouches, all this precaution being taken on account of the heavy rains that fell and the rivers and creeks that had to be forded. The packages were absolutely water-proof. Three of these pouches were through affairs and the brass locks that held them fast were only opened at each end of the route. The fourth one was a sort of accommodation or way pouch for which each stationkeeper had a key. This pocket also contained the way bill or time card on which the station keeper was required to write the exact time of the arrival and departure of the rider. Each rider would cover from forty to seventy miles, and in that distance would use from two to four horses, which were always pressed to their full power. These animals were mainly Utah and California bred and noted for their endurance and general cussedness. But under all the circumstances they might have been worse. They were purchased for their mettle and get there qualities, both of which they possessed in high degree.

"A great deal has been said, doctor, regarding the fabulous salaries said to have been paid the daring riders of these ponies on account of the hardships they were compelled to endure and the dangers they had to run to keep from being killed by the Indians—what do you know of this?"

"Simply that it is all moonshine talk," replied the doctor. "They are like the wild romantic tales told and written about scores of the riders being massacred. The fact is that one and only one Pony Express rider was ever killed en route by Indians in ambush. He was cut off his horse on the Platte. Poor chap, his scalped body was picked up and buried near to where he gave up his life. The pony was found three or four days afterwards grazing along the river bottoms, still saddled and bridled and with all dispatches undisturbed. They were transferred to another horse and sent on to their