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EVENING NEWS.

Friday February 11, 1887


## THE WILD HORSE.

The scene near the Comanche and Coop creeks, eastern Colorado; the time, A. D.—well, about thirty years ago, say. The personages, two tall, sunburned hunters, guides, or both, who are piloting a somewhat long train of emigrants across the plains.

They had encamped for the night, and were smoking their pipes around the camp fire.

"Yank, did de ever see the White Head?'"

"No; I dont know what you mean,"

"Did ye ever hear of him?"

"No: I never did. What is it?"

"Hels the greatest critter that goes on four legs, and this is his 'stampin' ground' for the present. I may as well commence at the beginnin':

"The White Head's a horse—an' such a horse, that ye must see him ter take him in. Thar never was his equal yet. He's faster than an antelope, stronger than a buffler, kin fight like a painter, an' is es cunnin' es a coon. Thar never was a corral that could keep him, nor a tree strong enough to hold him. Well, ye say, s'pose he is all this, what then? Just this: To-day I met a hunter who hed seen him within a very short time. He said he was sure the Indians he went with hed been follerin' on us for days, an' only wanted a good chance ter run off the stock. I kinder feel he ain't fur away, an' I think we'll see him to-night es sure es shootin.'

"The fust time I see the White Head was about two years ago. This 'ere is his range, or rather the range of the band of Cheyennes he belongs to, and we war camped right over on that cluster of hills. The horses and mules was all picketed by the creek, en' I hev gone to look up an antelope I see grazin' off the north'ard, when down from a gully come a horse, trottin' along quiet as a kitten, so ter speak, and makin' for the others. He was a beautiful sorrel all over, 'cept his head, that were pure white. His tail and mane streamed behind him as he moved, and his round body and tapering legs looked made for go. He was a regular beauty, an' no mistake.

"Every little while he stopped ter nose the ground, and I noticed he hed somet'in' trailing' behind him, but I couldn't make it out, I war so tuk up a watchin' the beast himself, the hull time a-pintin' fur the stock. Finally he got among 'em an' commenced makin' friends, an' playin' about.

"Everybody ran out ter see him, and one feller tried ter ketch him with a lasso; but thet wouldn't work nohow. Then, when he got the horses an' mules all prancin' about, he gave a loud neigh like a trumpet, and then commenced ter bite and kick at the thing tied ter his tail, an' every kick sounded like a big bass drum, an' scared the stock so that in five minutes they all stampeded, with him a follerin', neighin' an' kickin' the artucle behind him at every jump.

"He raced 'em away in a cloud of dust, an' we never got hide nor hair on 'em back; but I see the feathers of the Cheyennes risin' behind the ridge, close to 'em, and knew then that the hull affar was a regular trick, an' they had actually trained the white-headed horse ter help 'em as he did. What d'yer think now, pardner?

"Another time we laid for him on purpose, an' had a Mexican whar he could use his lasso. Then, by an' by, along come the horse, an' mixed with the stock. The Mexican let him come up thet he had a dead sure thing, and then let go. The lasso flew straight es an arrow, an' settled on his withers.

"The minute he felt it he gave a jump, and then looked about ter see what it come from. Then, when he spied the Mexican, he went for him, ketched him by the small of the back in his teeth, raised him clear off the ground, shook him, an' then threw him down with two ribs broken. He seemed fer think a minute then, fer he jest laid back his ears, stretched his neck and started es if he war shot out of a gun.

"The rawhide snapped across his chest with a twang like a harp string, the loose end went flying like old cotton rope in the wind, an' away he sailed in a cloud of dust, till the distance swallered him. But that Mexican swore he would rather meet the devil than the White Head."

About three-quarters of an hour before sundown the hunters, seeing that all was quiet in camp, started upon their horses to reconnoitre the plains near them.

Finally, having traveled in nearly all directions, they resolved to water horses in the Kiowa Creek, close at hand, and so turned the animal's heads thither. A heavy cottonwood timber grew close down to the water, and mingled its foliage with that of the wild plum and "box elder."

A little sandbar ran out into the stream, and upon its wet surface Bill noticed the fresh hoofmarks of a horse. They were remarkably small and round, seemingly possessed of a character of their own, and showed that their owner must have stepped like a deer.

Both men were so busily engaged noting the strange trail, they never thought of looking upward; so, when one of their own horses threw up his head and sent forth a shrill neigh each man looked instantly, and there, right before their eyes, was a sight that made them speechless with wonder.

On the opposite bank, not sixty yards away, stood the maker of the hoofmarks—the far-famed White Head.

The sunlight came playing through the trees, and burned on his sorrel coat like molten gold. The graceful body, round and smooth, expanded where vast haunches and sloping shoulders set into it in welded masses of binding muscle, that stretched to the deer-like limbs, with their clean knees and hocks, each leg strung like an harp, with cords of steel to the ivory bone. His flowing mane and tail seemed alive with motion, as if impatient to be waving backward in the strong wind of his racing gallop. Though he stood like a bronze, with only the trumpet nostrils working to catch the air, the small head, white even to the eyes, turned over his shoulder to survey the intruders who had disturbed his watering place.

Thus he stood, grand in his beauty—a peerless horse.

A while they gazed, and then the hunter's hand stole slowly to his waist. The deadly revolver came forth, rose to the level, and, motionlessly, covered the throbbing heart.

One touch and his life would be gone. Yet no report broke upon the air. There stood the horse, keenly alive to his danger—nay, even challenging it; for the cars laid themselves slowly back, the eyes began to shine.

Slowly as it had risen, the weapon dropped, while its owner's voice broke the silence:

"No use, Toke; I can't kill him."

At the white man's voice the White Head moved way without taking his eyes from the men. He never looked to his steps, yet they found their way unerringly among the stones and drift of the creek bottom, till the frontage of the cottonwood shut him off from their view.

A single wild neigh came back from him, and in answer, something so like a "whoop" that the two hunters gave up all thought of pursuit, as they moved off from the influence of the strange spell that had been cast around them.

Back in camp the stock were more carefully watched than before; but the night wore away and not an incident occurred to disturbe the travelers, or even to suggest an attack.

Next morning the sun rose upon those sweeping meadows and touched the fleety clouds with his glory as they floated in the still air like hymns of incense from the waking earth. The stream whirled along its narrow banks and lingered among the rushy shallows. Wild ducks checked their skimming flight and settled on its bosom, disturbing the grotesque bittern in its silent moods. Away off to the west a coyote lingered—noctural traveler, leaving the coming day far behind, to hide his body in the deep cleft of some lone canon.

The men were just drawing the pickets of the horses, to harness them and take the road, when, all at once, a whooping scream rang from the gulch near by and showed a throng of Indians, with the White Head before them, racing madly toward the train. That one moment, just before harnessing, had been closely watched, for the men, not having had a night attack, were off their guard at the fatal instant, and the Cheyennes, screaming like demons, were in their midst, with an arrow flight preceeding them. Stung by the missiles and maddened by the shouts, horses and mules broke away, and with trailing ropes dashed over the prairie in a headlong gallop. A few men pursued them. These were they who, having been saddled and ready for the first rush, had control of their animals and now swept off after the stampede, in hopes of being able to check it.

The Indians were about 300 yards ahead, straining every nerve to distance their pursuers, the stampeded stock in advance, racing they knew not whither, and at their heels the White Head, more like devil than horse, kicking the well known rattling hide behind him, which resounded like the war drum of some savage tribe, Dashing from right to left, as the animals swerved from the track, he would whirl on his haunches, rush with terrific springs at some animal separated from the rest and drive it back to the herd.

The pursuing hunters had gained since the start, and could see each movement of the wild animal. He had the entire drove under control, and was driving them with unerring instinct to a particular part of the broken plain, from whence he expected help from his red masters. Such was the plan, no doubt, and the relay of savages had been already at their post; but the approach of a scouting party of whites forced them to abandon it.

So it happened that the white men occupied the Indians' ground, and were waiting there.

The leading Indian raised a loud yell, and, abandoning the drove, turned and fled in the direction of his retreating brethren. Not so the horse. True to his trust, he tried to turn the drove upon the new trail. Racing like an arrow close to their flanks, striking and biting as he came, he wheeled, and then drove them forward in the flight—ted sheep, with his screaming neigh ringing in their ears. Lashing out like a fury at the trailing rawhide, he reared and plunged among them, till the whole herd, with one accord, turned and fled in the new direction after the retreating Indians, while both parties of whites joined in the pursuit, though the White Head, even with this awful odds, seemed more than a match for them all.

But one way remained to check their flight, that was to disable the fiend which drove them. But how? Clearly not with a lasso all shrunk from using that. The rifle was left. The hunter Bill spurred ahead to cut off the drove where they had to turn alongside a rock wall that rose from the plain. The wild horse seemed to feel the danger, for he redoubled his efforts, and flew from point to point like lightning. But the hunter gained the desired place, where the White Head would have to pass him, and dismounting, waited with cocked rifle the moment to fire.

On came the herd with the wild horse close behind them. He seemed to take in the danger at a glance; for, as if disdaining to be tamely shot at, or trying to escape, he turned to fight, lowering the white head, and extending his little body in a headlong gallop; with a wild scream he rushed straight at the hunter. The man had intended creasing only, but the fearful danger left no alternative but to kill him. His rifle must not fail him now, or he is lost. Slowly it rose, steadied a moment, and with a flash the bullet sang true to its aim. Straight on he rushed, and then, as the hunter felt the very ground tremble under him, reared upward, pawed the air, and shaking his beautiful head, sent his death neigh ringing among the rocks of the cañon.

He did not writhe upon the ground in agony—no! he died in the air before he fell, free and courageous to the last? The stock was easily retaken then; but those hunters, as they looked at that grand creation, a moment before so full of life and grace, could not repress a sigh that the life had passed away from White Head, the wild horse of the plains.—*Outing.*


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