

It was February when the little mother said, in a tone of having burned all bridges behind her, "We are moving to Kansas next month—to Winfield, Cowley County, where we shall make our home".

Grandfather and grandmother with the two younger brothers and their families were to go also.

The imaginative children became at once filled with excitement and spirit of adventure. They began to sort books and toys and to speculate on the future—The second little girl ironed all her quilt pieces and hair ribbons and tied them in a box. They looked in Guyot's large geography to find Kansas but didn't get much of an idea from the rectangular greenish block except that the northeast corner was cut off by the Missouri river and that the state was 200 by 400 miles in size.

In reality, all they knew about Kansas was that Mr. Wiley, a neighbor, used to go there every winter for his asthma—Each spring he came over to praise the wonderful climate but as the third year he died, the children decided that perhaps the climate wasn't so good for asthma after all.

The family had no friends nor acquaintances in Kansas. The children felt a kinship with Columbus and were sure they knew his feelings as he sailed unknown seas.

At last they were ready—a car was chartered for the fine horses that had not all been sold, the household goods, and the Dalmatian coach dog that was to be their protector in this unknown Kansas. The horses included the beautiful mahogany bay, two year old stallion—Boanarges, a span of the truest four year old bay mares—Minnehaha, who had trotted home from the Minnesota State Fair at St. Paul wearing the blue ribbon two years before, was spirited, intelligent, temperamental and loving: Prairie Bird, her mate was just as intelligent and loving, strong dependable and placid, but not temperamental—Both were with foal—This was the same Bird that was driven by the eldest

daughter across the boiling seething water of the Saw Mill creek just west of Ft. Larned five years later. It was an usually dry stream but heavy rains brought high water—It had been crossed half an hour earlier by a man who said it was safe.

It was a high old-fashioned buggy belonging to the woman who sat beside the girl, jerking her arm and screaming.

The girl got out, unchecked the mare and patted her neck. It looked risky but the man said it was safe—It was an unknown road and crossing to the girl—she braced her feet, kept a tight line and reassured the horse, but when the water began flowing over her lap and cans of tomatoes and corn floated down stream she knew she had made a mistake but there was no turning back. The woman continued to scream and pull the girl's arm.

The youthful driver spoke encouraging words to Bird and whispered a prayer. Then they were on the opposite bank and she got out to pet and rein the mare.

Later, men said that it was impossible and that no horse could keep her footing in a strong current with water nearly to her hips but never-the-less Bird did not swim, and the very light buggy did not overturn—She knew her young mistress was depending upon her, begging her to go carefully and be steady as if she ever did anything else—When the girl hugged the wet neck Bird turned her head around and was kissed upon the nose—The girl cried a little out of pure thankfulness. The woman was still screaming.

Pioneers are not frightened until the danger is past and they have time to think it over. But I am getting ahead of my story—

Black Tiger had to go into the box car too, a Morgan and Hambletonian two year old with skin like black satin and a tail that swept the ground. He too, had more than horse sense.

The youngest uncle, in charge of the car and stock went along several days in advance, All was excite-