

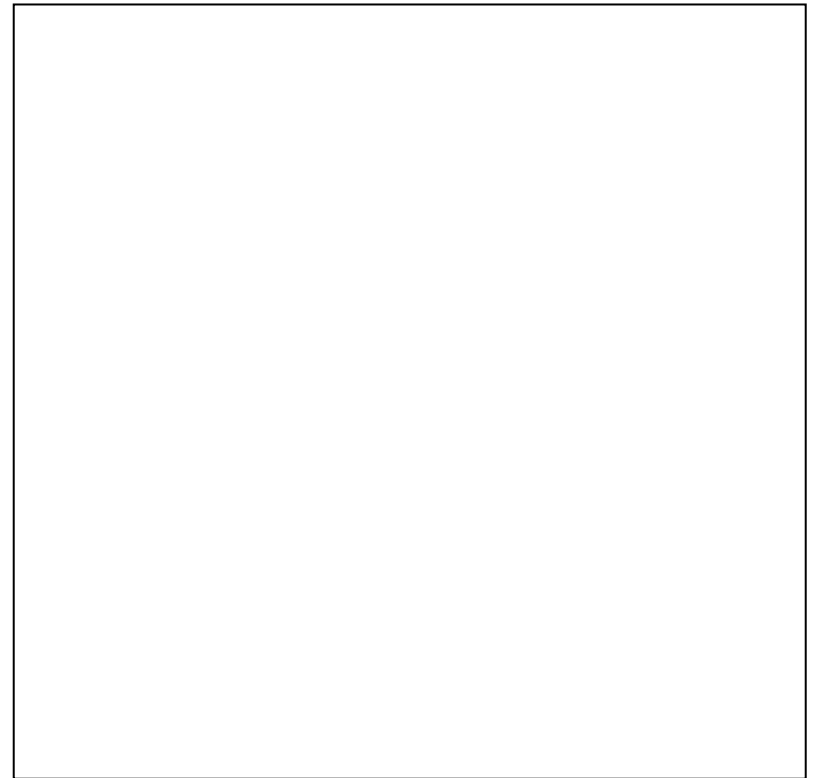
## **The Real Story**

In 1860 the Pony Express brought the news of Abraham Lincoln's election across the west. Before that people had to wait a month to hear who their new president was. With the pony express they knew in 10 days.

The pony express lasted for 18 months. Then the first telegraph wires were strung across the country. The telegraph could send news in only a day.

Within a week the pony express went out of business.

## **Miss Jones and the Pony Express**



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A LearningIsland.org  
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Miss Jones and the Pony Express/Caitlind L. Alexander

Summary: Miss Jones helps to make sure that important news make it through on the Pony Express.

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Miss Jones reached toward the picture. Her hand went right into it.

Then her arm.

Then her shoulder.

Then her head.

Then nothing was left but the boots by the bed.

Miss Jones felt dizzy. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them she was standing in her own bedroom.

She looked down. There was hay on her old pants and vest.

She looked at the newspaper on her bed.

## **PONY EXPRESS BRINGS NEWS! LINCOLN OUR NEW PRESIDENT**

Miss Jones smiled. Then she climbed into bed and fell fast asleep.

She didn't even take off the clothes, but that was OK. She would wear them to class the next day.

There she would tell her class about the pony express. She would tell how they brought news across the prairie. The news of a new president.

## **Miss Jones and the Pony Express**

Miss Jones sat at her table. She had just finished dinner. The empty plate was beside her.

“I have just enough time to finish my lesson,” she said.

She picked up a very old newspaper.

“November 8, 1860,” she said. “Pony Express Brings News. Lincoln our new President.”

Suddenly she looked at the paper. The headline was gone. The paper said nothing about the Pony Express. Instead it talked about the Mayor opening a new store.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “This can't be right.”

She went through the paper page by page. Finally she found what she was looking for.

“Pony express rider fails to deliver important news,” she read.

“Wild Bill Hickock was the rider. It was his job to bring the news of the new president to the West Coast. He did not arrive at the station. After a search, the pony was found without rider or mail.

“Oh no,” said Miss Jones. “That poor orphan boy.”

She knew that many pony express riders were orphans. That way if they died on the ride there would be no one to miss them.

Miss Jones looked at her watch. “I’ve got plenty of time,” she said.

She turned her watch to the inside of her wrist. Then she opened it up.

Inside it wasn’t a watch at all. It was a time machine.

Miss Jones held the watch over the newspaper.

“My, my. Make time fly,” she said.

The edges of the paper moved. A wind swirled in the room.

Miss Jones looked at a picture in the paper. It

They kept going. They couldn’t rest until they reached the next station.

In just a few miles they were there. Miss Jones jumped off the pony. A new pony was waiting. She jumped on him and kept going.

It was late at night when she reached the end of her ride. She passed the pouch to the next rider. He raced on his way.

Miss Jones climbed down from her horse. She was tired. Her legs were sore. Riding a pony was hard work. But it had been exciting.

A young boy led her to the barn. He showed her where she could sleep.

She pulled the tight boots from her feet. Her toes were so happy they wiggled.

Then Miss Jones laid down on the bed.

When the boy left Miss Jones took out a picture of her bedroom.

“My, my. That bed looks good,” she said. “I’m so tired.

She turned her watch to the inside of her wrist. Then she opened it up.

Miss Jones held the watch over the picture.

“My, my. Make time fly,” she said.

The edges of the picture moved. The wind swirled the hay up around her.

The Indians raced down the hill at them. Their ponies weren't tired.

But the pony express horses were fast. And a scared pony can run very fast.

Miss Jones leaned low in the saddle.

“You can do it,” she said in her pony's ear.

She heard the Indians behind her. They were coming closer and closer.

She saw a river in front of her. The water was moving fast. But Miss Jones had no choice.

She raced her pony on. When they reached the river they didn't stop. The pony went straight into the water.

Miss Jones held the mail pouch high over her head. She couldn't let it get wet.

The water was fast. The pony swam as hard as he could.

The Indians stopped. They didn't want to go into the water. But they shot their arrows at her.

Miss Jones held on tight. She tried to be as small as she could. The arrows flew around her.

Miss Jones pushed the pony on.

“You can do it,” she said again.

The pony kept swimming. He swam as hard as he could. Finally they made it to the river bank.

was a picture of a pony express station.

She reached toward the picture. But she didn't touch it. Instead her hand went right into the picture.

Then her arm.

Then her shoulder.

Then her head.

Then nothing was left but her shoes on the floor.

Miss Jones felt dizzy. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them, she was standing in the dirt. The wind was still blowing. But this wind was blowing across the open prairie.

In front of her was a run down cabin. But there were people here. Off in the distance she saw a dust cloud. A pony and rider were racing across the prairie.

“Good,” said Miss Jones. “I'm just in time.”

She quickly started toward the cabin. Then she looked down. She had no shoes on her feet!

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “I wish I could remember to curl my toes.”

“Oh well. No one is perfect,” she sighed.

At least she was dressed right. She had on pants and an old fashioned shirt. A leather vest covered the shirt.



“No,” Mary said. “The ponies only go 15 to 20 miles. You get off one and get on a fresh one.”

Two hours later Miss Jones was ready. She stepped out of the cabin. Far off in the east she saw a rider coming in.

She jumped on her horse and got ready. The rider came racing into the station. As he rode in he held up the mail pouch.

Miss Jones grabbed the pouch. She dropped it onto her saddle.

The mail pouch was made with four pockets. The rider sat on it to keep it in place.

Miss Jones raced her pony across the open prairie. She headed west with the news of the new president.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “This is so exciting.”

But it was about to get more exciting.

A couple hours later it happened. Miss Jones looked up. On the top of a hill was a group of Indians. They had war paint on their faces.

Miss Jones knew her pony was tired. But she had no choice. She couldn't turn back. The mail had to go through.

She slapped her pony. He jumped forward.

She looked down. A gun belt sat on her hips. It felt heavy.

My, my,” said Miss Jones. “I hope I never have to use that.”

She hurried forward. Just then the rider came up to the cabin.

Two people ran out of the cabin. One was a woman in long skirts. The other was a young man. Actually he was more of a boy. He could not have been more than 15 years old.

The boy jumped on a nearby horse. He grabbed the mail pouch from the rider. Then he cried HIYAH!

The horse took off across the prairie. The mail was on its way.

The rider who just came in slid off his horse. Then he fell to the ground.

Miss Jones ran forward. She put her hand on the rider's forehead.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “You're burning up. What's your name?”

“Bill,” the rider answered. “Wild Bill Hickock.”

“Well, Bill,” said Miss Jones. “You are in no condition to ride.”

“But I’ve got a return trip in an hour,” said Bill.

“That’s what I’m here for,” said Miss Jones. She lowered her voice and tried to sound like a boy. “I’d like to join the pony express.”

The woman looked her up and down.

“Can you ride?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Miss Jones answered. “I ain’t got no family. I could really use the work.”

The woman looked at her again. Finally she decided.

“You head out in two hours. Let’s get him in the barn then I’ll show you the route.”

They each put one of Bill’s arms over their shoulders. Together they carried him into the barn.

The inside of the barn was dark. The horses stayed in one half of the barn and the riders stayed in the other. There were several beds put against the wall.

They put Bill on one of the beds. That’s when the woman saw Miss Jones’ feet.

“You can’t ride with no shoes,” she said.

She took off Bill’s boots. She held them up to Miss Jones.

“I hope they fit,” the woman said.

“Me too,” said Miss Jones. She pulled the boots on.

They were very tight. They pinched her feet.

“Oh well. Nothing is perfect,” said Miss Jones.

The woman led Miss Jones into the cabin.

“I’m Miss Mary,” the woman said. “I run this station.”

“Alone?” asked Miss Jones.

“Yes,” Mary answered.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “That’s a big job.”

Miss Mary stopped and put her hands on her hips. She was mad.

“If you think a woman can’t run a station you’re wrong,” she said.

“I didn’t say that, Ma’am,” said Miss Jones. “I was just complimenting you on your strength.”

The woman backed down.

“Why don’t you come inside and get some food. You’re going to have a long ride. It’s 75 miles to the next station.”

“A pony can run 75 miles?!” Miss Jones was surprised.