

So Henry now proceeded to auction them off

The last mount to be sold was a beautiful bay colt which was bought by Bill Tilghman, a deputy marshal. Tilghman named him 'Chief' and within a few months was winning races with the colt. Realizing that he had let a good thing go, Dutch Henry offered to buy back the horse. When Tilghman refused, Henry hinted that Chief might disappear some night. Tilghman looked at Henry with cold eyes. 'Steal that colt, Dutch, and I'll put a bullet through your hide.' Dutch took the hint.

Dodge City, Ellsworth, Hays City, - Dutch frequented a dozen Kansas towns as he dodged the law. Time and again local lawmen brought him in for horse theft, but Henry was always released for lack of evidence. Soon farmers whose stock was missing would drop in on Henry, describe the missing horses to him and promise to pay him a reward if he would find them. Usually Henry didn't have far to look before he located 'the missing animals and collected his "finder's fee:"

It was said that at the height of his career, Dutch Henry was the leader of some 300 horse thieves. These were divided into several smaller gangs, each with its own territory. Stolen herds from one area would be exchanged for horses stolen in another territory, thus making it almost impossible to identify the stolen horses;

In 1879, **Bat** Masterson, Ford County sheriff brought Henry into Dodge for trial on the usual charges. A tricky lawyer got Henry off for lack of evidence, much to Masterson's disgust.

But Henry's fate was sealed. Later that year, a pair of federal marshals slipped into his hotel room in Pueblo, Colorado, and nabbed him while he slept. Someone had remembered that Henry had never finished serving his first sentence for stealing twenty army mules. To the lawman, Henry smilingly explained, "the road-gang boss sent me for a shovel - and I'm still looking for one."

Dutch Henry died of old age at the turn of the century; an amazing achievement in an age when most horse thieves finished their career at the end of a rope,

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His name was Henry Born, an educated American of German descent. Known as Dutch Henry, he often visited Dodge dressed in a sleek black broadcloth suit, a fancy shirt and a shoestring tie. Dutch Henry **looked like** the picture of a professional gambler, but actually he was the slickest horse thief west of the Mississippi.

Dutch Henry first appeared in the annals of the West as a trooper in Custer's 7th Cavalry during the late 1860's. It was then that he was inspired to join the horse-stealing profession--a dangerous but profitable way of life; Henry, began his career, by stealing twenty government mules. Arrested, he was sentenced to a long term on an Arkansas road gang. But some months later, when the road-gang boss sent him for a shovel, Henry just kept on walking until he was out of sight.

By the 1870's, Dutch Henry was the acknowledged leader of the horse-stealing profession. It was said that he could and would steal anything on four legs. But fine horseflesh always had a special place in Henry's heart.

One day he rode into Dodge driving a herd of horses, ready for sale. Henry had acquired them from a pair of Kiowa **Indians** some days before the Indians, now **dead**, had no further use for their mounts.