

*Adventures on the American Frontier*

# COWBOYS

## and Cattle Drives

Part Two

**James Cook**  
**Greenhorn on the Chisholm**



A Royal Fireworks Production

Royal Fireworks Press  
Unionville, New York



**Other books in this series:**

**Charlie Goodnight: Blazing the Goodnight Trail**

**Tom Smith: Marshal at Trail's End**

**Will Rogers: Chasing the Cowboy Dream**



This book features QR codes that link to audio of the book being narrated so that readers can follow along.

---

Copyright © 2019, Royal Fireworks Publishing Co., Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

Royal Fireworks Press  
P.O. Box 399  
41 First Avenue  
Unionville, NY 10988-0399  
(845) 726-4444  
fax: (845) 726-3824  
email: mail@rfwp.com  
website: rfwp.com



ISBN: 978-0-89824-718-3

Printed and bound in Unionville, New York, on acid-free paper using vegetable-based inks at the Royal Fireworks facility.

Publisher: Dr. T.M. Kemnitz  
Editor: Jennifer Ault  
Book and cover designer: Christopher Tice  
Audio and narration: Christopher Tice



29Ap19

James Cook was thirteen years old in 1870. He lived in Michigan, but he dreamed of going west. He went to the general store in town as often as he could to listen to men talking about the Texas cattlemen who drove great herds to market.

Jim was not very big, but he was good at hunting small game with a rifle. He worked hard on the farm where he had been sent to live as an orphan at the age of two. But his head was full of tales of buffalo hunters and cowboys.



“I’m going to go west,” he told his friend.

“I’m going to sell furs this winter and save my money. Then I’m going to Kansas.”

“I’ll go with you,” said his friend, and by spring the two boys were ready. They took a train to Chicago and then on to the east part of Kansas, where Buffalo Bill had lived for a while. There they rented a hotel room to stay in while they looked for work.

On the first day, when the bell rang for dinner, the boys took their places at the big table with the other hotel guests.



“Have some of this good beef stew, boy,” said the man sitting next to Jim. “It’ll put some meat on your bones.” The man’s face and neck were brown from the sun.

Jim helped himself to the stew, and soon he was telling the man where he had come from and why he was headed west. “I want to be a buffalo hunter,” he said.

The man looked at Jim. “A big buffalo gun would knock a little fella like you down so hard you’d dig your own grave right on the spot. That’s work for a man, not a boy.”

That wasn't good news at all to Jim.  
"But I'm real good with a rifle, sir," he said,  
"and I can ride well."

"Then you should get work as a  
cowhand," the man told him, "and see the  
West from the back of a horse. Get work  
with a Texas cattle ranch. That's the place  
for a fine boy like you."

Jim and his friend talked over this idea  
and decided to go farther west to look  
into it. They took a train about halfway  
across Kansas. There they earned a little



money helping to herd cattle while the animals were waiting to be shipped east on the railroad. To do this work, Jim bought himself a horse for fifteen dollars and a good used saddle for five dollars. He also traded his pistol for a short rifle.

As soon as the job ended when the cattle were loaded into cattle cars, Jim found his next job.

"I'm going down to Texas with some fellows to work on a ranch," he told his friend. "You want to come along?"