



Tribune

THE NEW CONTEST is the most attractive one ever devised. Make your plans now to have plenty of guesses. Get subscriptions. Buy books. You can be accumulating guesses and make money at same time.

THE "EARLY BIRD" PRIZE in the new contest will be won by some one who commences work now, and he will have the lead, as well, for other prizes.

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1901.

VOL. XX—NO. 44—WHOLE NO. 1043.



ROUGH RIDING ON THE PLAINS

50 Years Ago. A Trooper's Story.

By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

COPYRIGHT 1901, BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

It will be remembered that I, in company with all the other privates of Capt. Sturges' company (E), was transferred to Co. K and F at Fort Leavenworth, March 18, '53, just before starting to Utah, the non-coms. of E being retained, and the old company filled up with new recruits.

We camped near this command, and had a pleasant time visiting each other and exchanging experiences since we last met.



My old friend, Bill Slade, is a Sergeant now.

Serg't Carroll, who enlisted with me, having completed his five years, has re-enlisted for five more.

Lieut. Frank Wheaton is surprised to find me still in the service, as I was such a delicate lad when he enlisted me that he thought soldier life would have proved too hard for me.

I assured him, however, that, on the contrary, I am getting more vigorous each year, and was resolved to serve out my five years, refusing to accept a discharge, which my relatives had kindly offered to procure for me, as I had been illegally enlisted.

Capt. Sturges and both of our old lieutenants, Wheaton and Crittenden, seemed glad to meet their old men.

Next morning we parted company with Sturges' command, they to scour the country southward and we to proceed on to Bent's Fort.

The Kiowas seem to be scattered all over the country in small war parties, as we hear of their depredations in every direction. At a camp near the Big Timbers, as we moved up the river, we found a man who had been shot, scalped and left for dead by the hostiles, but after receiving wounds enough to kill three men he still refused to die. He had been shot with arrows in several places, stabbed with a knife, and had a lance run entirely through his body in two places, scalped and left. He was surely a tough one.

Under the care of our Surgeon he improved right along, and eventually got well. But he will always be very bald, as the scalping process had removed all the skin and hair from his head except a little at the temples and back of the neck.

In reviewing this incident the thought often occurs to me, "What a fortune was lurking within the easy reach of this man and some possible enterprising promoter or manager, in the possibilities of skin-grafting!" How Barnum, that prince of humbugs, would have reveled in the delights of transforming that bald and gory crown into a perfect crazy quiff of hair, by covering it—by the skin-grafting process—with little patches of the living skin of such animals as were available at that time and place; such as buffalo, common cattle, deer, fawns, antelope, wild cats, rabbits, wolves, foxes, badgers, prairie dogs, inserting as a crown piece a rooster's tail, for instance, and exhibiting the combination as the "Great What Is It?"

Why, it would have been worth more than a gold mine! Had such a thing ever been suggested to Barnum, who was at the height of his fame then, no doubt that great showman would have hired a competent skin-grafter, made a trip out to the plains, and—failing to find his hairless friend—would have had a man scalped in order to build up such a monstrosity, and exhibited it as the crowning attraction of his great aggregation of humbugs. But the golden opportunity passed away.

When we arrived at Bent's Fort the Major and other officers spent several days in looking over the lay of the land, to determine the best location for the new post, finally deciding to build it in the flat on the river bank just above Bent's establishment, which is on a high bluff bank overlooking the river.

Bent was bought out and his fort taken possession of to be used as stores for Quartermaster's and Commissary's material.

As plenty of good building stone is to be found in the vicinity, all buildings will be of that material. The place is to be called Fort Wise, in honor of Gov. Wise, of Virginia.

BUILDING FORT WISE.

We are all soon as busy as bees cut-

a bull-train load of goods for the Indians that he began speculating a little "on the side," by selecting the most saleable of the goods, loading them into wagons, hauling them down to the sutler's store, and unloading them there. We soldiers saw this done in open day, with little or no attempt made to conceal the theft. We did not see him get paid for the goods, but it is natural to suppose that he was not giving them to the sutler.

I don't know what the salary of an Indian Agent is, but it is probably a fat one; still, it was not enough to satisfy the old rogue—he must rob the Indians of the presents the Government was paying him to deliver to them.

Whether the officers of the garrison were cognizant of the thievery I can't say, and am loth to believe that they would countenance any such rascality for our officers as a class were honorable gentlemen; but it is hard to understand how such open thievery could be carried on without their "catching on," for all the soldiers seemed to know what was being done with the Indians' presents. After the goods were transferred to the sutler we saw the same exhibited for sale in the sutler store.

About this time I was detached from the company and detailed as a herder with the herd of beef cattle, the corral being just at the foot of the hill east of Bent's old fort, which is now our Quartermaster and Commissary store.

There is plenty of game along the timbered bottoms of the river here, and al-

But Bill, Dave and I kept the secret to ourselves, and although we freely shared the liquor with our comrades of the company, we never even gave them a hint of our real business.

And we were stealing it more for the fun of the thing—it was such a good joke on Ransom—than for any love either of the money or for the sake of the whiskey, but it carried it to the company and gave it to the men. In order to be decent about it, as Bill said, we would only make it appear that the barrel about once a week, drawing a camp kettle or two full, and hiding it away to be issued to the men leisurely.

We derived a whole lot of enjoyment from the joke we were having on Ransom. Occasionally the soldiers would hear some of the other officers—who seemed to enjoy his misadventure—ask him how was the whiskey trade? or if he had found that leak in his barrel?

But, like all other mysteries when explained, it was as simple as Columbus's egg. It was this: We had discovered that the room wherein the whiskey was kept had formerly been used by Bent as a kitchen, and had no large, open chimney, which was located in one corner of the room, Mexican style.

By using our ladder we easily reached the top of the flat roof from outside the wall. Two would go up on top while one remained on the ground at the foot of the ladder.

Two men who went on top one would let himself down the chimney by means of a lariat, coming out into the room through the large fireplace; the rest was easy.

On the first experiment I was the one to go down the chimney. The distance from roof to floor was only about 12 feet, but I had to crawl out there, over an iron "crane" across the fireplace that had been used to hang pots on, and came down a-straddle of it rather suddenly, having excited just as I had about about the room and fireplace, and leaving no signs by which our route would be discovered. I took hold of the rope and easily climbed out on the roof.

It was always surprising to us that Ransom, who seemed to be a shrewd man, never caught our chimney route. But he was carried off by some fever.

We carried the game on for several weeks, until our time expired and we were discharged, and then were afraid to leave Bent's store until we had secured our share of the whiskey, and got out of reach of Ransom and his vengeance; but one day when we were near Bent's store, we were met by a Santa Fe mail, the conductor of which, George Magee, we were well acquainted with. We concluded it was better to send our whiskey to Ransom than to do it ourselves.

A NARROW ESCAPE. But in finishing up this story of the whiskey business I am getting ahead of my record, and must return to Fort Wise, where I was engaged in herding the best cattle.

One morning, it being my day on herd, while starting the cattle out to grazing ground I was driving them around the corner of the corral, my riding mule shied at something in the fence corner, and on looking there I saw what seemed to be a dead man lying on the ground. I called out to the other men, and on examination we found the man was not quite dead.

Turning him over exposed to our view a fatal wound along the left shoulder blade. He was either so weak from loss of blood or benumbed from the cold that he could not speak. An empty camp kettle, which I had used to carry whiskey, gave us a clue to the possible cause of his condition.

We got him up onto my mule, and by one of our leading men and another walking on each side to hold him on, we succeeded in getting him to the hospital, where, after being revived, he told of his adventures.

The night before he had procured a canteen of whiskey and gone down to an Indian camp near our herding ground to get some of the corn. In the confusion in one of the lodges he had got into an altercation with one of the bucks, and as the Indian drew his knife and made at him he drew his pistol and shot the buck, killing him.

The soldier then bolted out of the door of the lodge, but he did so an old squaw had stabbed him in the back; the point of the knife, striking the shoulder blade, had caused it to make a long, ugly gash, but not very deep.

After getting out of the Indian camp he had made his way as far as our corral, where, overcome from the loss of blood and effects of the liquor, he had dropped down in a fence corner and lain till I found him.

A KIOWA VENDETTA. Our herding ground was right in front of the Indian camp, where the trouble had occurred. In addition to our revolvers we carried always a Sharps rifle or shotgun on herd for the purpose of killing any possible game that we might see.

Shortly after returning to the herd that morning, and while riding around the cattle, an Indian came out from the camp and by means of signs informed me that he had done a deed which he was proud of the last night by a soldier, and for which some white man must die; their belief being that the spirit of the murdered man would not let his relatives rest until they had avenged his death.

I told him that I had nothing to do with it. He said it made no difference; he would not let his relatives rest until he had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

But Bill, Dave and I kept the secret to ourselves, and although we freely shared the liquor with our comrades of the company, we never even gave them a hint of our real business.

And we were stealing it more for the fun of the thing—it was such a good joke on Ransom—than for any love either of the money or for the sake of the whiskey, but it carried it to the company and gave it to the men. In order to be decent about it, as Bill said, we would only make it appear that the barrel about once a week, drawing a camp kettle or two full, and hiding it away to be issued to the men leisurely.

We derived a whole lot of enjoyment from the joke we were having on Ransom. Occasionally the soldiers would hear some of the other officers—who seemed to enjoy his misadventure—ask him how was the whiskey trade? or if he had found that leak in his barrel?

But, like all other mysteries when explained, it was as simple as Columbus's egg. It was this: We had discovered that the room wherein the whiskey was kept had formerly been used by Bent as a kitchen, and had no large, open chimney, which was located in one corner of the room, Mexican style.

By using our ladder we easily reached the top of the flat roof from outside the wall. Two would go up on top while one remained on the ground at the foot of the ladder.

Two men who went on top one would let himself down the chimney by means of a lariat, coming out into the room through the large fireplace; the rest was easy.

On the first experiment I was the one to go down the chimney. The distance from roof to floor was only about 12 feet, but I had to crawl out there, over an iron "crane" across the fireplace that had been used to hang pots on, and came down a-straddle of it rather suddenly, having excited just as I had about about the room and fireplace, and leaving no signs by which our route would be discovered. I took hold of the rope and easily climbed out on the roof.

It was always surprising to us that Ransom, who seemed to be a shrewd man, never caught our chimney route. But he was carried off by some fever.

We carried the game on for several weeks, until our time expired and we were discharged, and then were afraid to leave Bent's store until we had secured our share of the whiskey, and got out of reach of Ransom and his vengeance; but one day when we were near Bent's store, we were met by a Santa Fe mail, the conductor of which, George Magee, we were well acquainted with. We concluded it was better to send our whiskey to Ransom than to do it ourselves.

A NARROW ESCAPE. But in finishing up this story of the whiskey business I am getting ahead of my record, and must return to Fort Wise, where I was engaged in herding the best cattle.

One morning, it being my day on herd, while starting the cattle out to grazing ground I was driving them around the corner of the corral, my riding mule shied at something in the fence corner, and on looking there I saw what seemed to be a dead man lying on the ground. I called out to the other men, and on examination we found the man was not quite dead.

Turning him over exposed to our view a fatal wound along the left shoulder blade. He was either so weak from loss of blood or benumbed from the cold that he could not speak. An empty camp kettle, which I had used to carry whiskey, gave us a clue to the possible cause of his condition.

We got him up onto my mule, and by one of our leading men and another walking on each side to hold him on, we succeeded in getting him to the hospital, where, after being revived, he told of his adventures.

The night before he had procured a canteen of whiskey and gone down to an Indian camp near our herding ground to get some of the corn. In the confusion in one of the lodges he had got into an altercation with one of the bucks, and as the Indian drew his knife and made at him he drew his pistol and shot the buck, killing him.

The soldier then bolted out of the door of the lodge, but he did so an old squaw had stabbed him in the back; the point of the knife, striking the shoulder blade, had caused it to make a long, ugly gash, but not very deep.

After getting out of the Indian camp he had made his way as far as our corral, where, overcome from the loss of blood and effects of the liquor, he had dropped down in a fence corner and lain till I found him.

A KIOWA VENDETTA. Our herding ground was right in front of the Indian camp, where the trouble had occurred. In addition to our revolvers we carried always a Sharps rifle or shotgun on herd for the purpose of killing any possible game that we might see.

Shortly after returning to the herd that morning, and while riding around the cattle, an Indian came out from the camp and by means of signs informed me that he had done a deed which he was proud of the last night by a soldier, and for which some white man must die; their belief being that the spirit of the murdered man would not let his relatives rest until they had avenged his death.

I told him that I had nothing to do with it. He said it made no difference; he would not let his relatives rest until he had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

But Bill, Dave and I kept the secret to ourselves, and although we freely shared the liquor with our comrades of the company, we never even gave them a hint of our real business.

And we were stealing it more for the fun of the thing—it was such a good joke on Ransom—than for any love either of the money or for the sake of the whiskey, but it carried it to the company and gave it to the men. In order to be decent about it, as Bill said, we would only make it appear that the barrel about once a week, drawing a camp kettle or two full, and hiding it away to be issued to the men leisurely.

We derived a whole lot of enjoyment from the joke we were having on Ransom. Occasionally the soldiers would hear some of the other officers—who seemed to enjoy his misadventure—ask him how was the whiskey trade? or if he had found that leak in his barrel?

But, like all other mysteries when explained, it was as simple as Columbus's egg. It was this: We had discovered that the room wherein the whiskey was kept had formerly been used by Bent as a kitchen, and had no large, open chimney, which was located in one corner of the room, Mexican style.

By using our ladder we easily reached the top of the flat roof from outside the wall. Two would go up on top while one remained on the ground at the foot of the ladder.

Two men who went on top one would let himself down the chimney by means of a lariat, coming out into the room through the large fireplace; the rest was easy.

On the first experiment I was the one to go down the chimney. The distance from roof to floor was only about 12 feet, but I had to crawl out there, over an iron "crane" across the fireplace that had been used to hang pots on, and came down a-straddle of it rather suddenly, having excited just as I had about about the room and fireplace, and leaving no signs by which our route would be discovered. I took hold of the rope and easily climbed out on the roof.

It was always surprising to us that Ransom, who seemed to be a shrewd man, never caught our chimney route. But he was carried off by some fever.

We carried the game on for several weeks, until our time expired and we were discharged, and then were afraid to leave Bent's store until we had secured our share of the whiskey, and got out of reach of Ransom and his vengeance; but one day when we were near Bent's store, we were met by a Santa Fe mail, the conductor of which, George Magee, we were well acquainted with. We concluded it was better to send our whiskey to Ransom than to do it ourselves.

A NARROW ESCAPE. But in finishing up this story of the whiskey business I am getting ahead of my record, and must return to Fort Wise, where I was engaged in herding the best cattle.

One morning, it being my day on herd, while starting the cattle out to grazing ground I was driving them around the corner of the corral, my riding mule shied at something in the fence corner, and on looking there I saw what seemed to be a dead man lying on the ground. I called out to the other men, and on examination we found the man was not quite dead.

Turning him over exposed to our view a fatal wound along the left shoulder blade. He was either so weak from loss of blood or benumbed from the cold that he could not speak. An empty camp kettle, which I had used to carry whiskey, gave us a clue to the possible cause of his condition.

We got him up onto my mule, and by one of our leading men and another walking on each side to hold him on, we succeeded in getting him to the hospital, where, after being revived, he told of his adventures.

The night before he had procured a canteen of whiskey and gone down to an Indian camp near our herding ground to get some of the corn. In the confusion in one of the lodges he had got into an altercation with one of the bucks, and as the Indian drew his knife and made at him he drew his pistol and shot the buck, killing him.

The soldier then bolted out of the door of the lodge, but he did so an old squaw had stabbed him in the back; the point of the knife, striking the shoulder blade, had caused it to make a long, ugly gash, but not very deep.

After getting out of the Indian camp he had made his way as far as our corral, where, overcome from the loss of blood and effects of the liquor, he had dropped down in a fence corner and lain till I found him.

A KIOWA VENDETTA. Our herding ground was right in front of the Indian camp, where the trouble had occurred. In addition to our revolvers we carried always a Sharps rifle or shotgun on herd for the purpose of killing any possible game that we might see.

Shortly after returning to the herd that morning, and while riding around the cattle, an Indian came out from the camp and by means of signs informed me that he had done a deed which he was proud of the last night by a soldier, and for which some white man must die; their belief being that the spirit of the murdered man would not let his relatives rest until they had avenged his death.

I told him that I had nothing to do with it. He said it made no difference; he would not let his relatives rest until he had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.

I never knew who became the victim to satisfy this demand for revenge, but he would not let his relatives rest until they had a chance to get to kill white man, no matter whether he had anything to do with the crime or not, he would be killed. He carried a rifle and a knife, and in front of him, but as I had my shotgun ready he made no threatening motions.

As he rode away, however, he made the sign of the cross, and passing his clenched fist back and forth in the air, he then tapped the stock of his gun with his hand. I returned the sign by making the same signs as we parted.