

That ended our long connection with the Pawnee scouts, extending over a period of nearly 13 years, and including active participation in every important military campaign in the Department of the Platte, from the Powder River (Connor) Expedition of 1865 — the first conflict with the Indians in the northwest after the Civil War — up to and including the Dull Knife battle, where the fighting power of the Northern Cheyennes was broken, except only Gen. Crook's summer and fall campaign of 1876. Not having been with Crook that summer and fall explains why we were not at the battle of the Rosebud, June 17th of that year, and did not make the famous "Starvation March" from the Yellowstone River to and through the Black Hills to Camp Robinson, Nebraska, with the fight at Slim Buttes on the way.

After seeing the Pawnees ride away toward the southwest, with emotions only understood by officers and men -- white or red -- who have served together on expeditions of adventure and danger, Maj. North and I returned to our home at Columbus, Nebraska; we averaged about 30 miles a day, and I believe were about 20 days making the return trip. I could not say now just what route we followed, but know that we stopped for a day at Concordia, Kansas, to visit a relative of my father's. Thus the participation by the North brothers and Pawnee scouts in the Powder River Expedition of 1876-77 passed into the history of the Old West; and no similar organization has ever been formed.

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Gen. Crook gave an order for us to accompany the Pawnees from Sidney to their reservation in the Indian Territory, and we had return transportation. I believe Frank did go back to Sidney, but am not sure. After a stop at Columbus, I went east with mother to visit friends in Ohio and relatives in New York State, arriving at Ludlowville about July 1, 1877.

A couple of days later I received a telegram from Frank to return home, and left July 3rd. Before I reached Columbus, he had gone on to North Platte, and I followed next day; then William F. Cody, Frank and I continued to Ogallala, Neb., buying our first bunch of cattle — 1,500 head. Neither of us was again in military service.

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