

a good gun. Before we were out many days I discovered that in addition he was an excellent marksman. I was the youngest man in the outfit and was dubbed "tenderfoot". I knew little of pioneer life and the fact was I had not lost an Indian and was not anxious to find them, and further developments showed that older and wiser heads were of the same mind. Prairie chickens, hawks and jack rabbits were plentiful, and the reports of our guns could be frequently heard, so that if there were any Indians in the vicinity they could have notice in advance and plenty of time to escape, and that is just what happened. We proceeded leisurely in order to preserve the strength of our animals, remaining two and three days in a place where water and fuel were available. But after we were out some four weeks the advance guard returned and reported that they had seen smoke rising from a ravine ahead of us. We had been going in a kind of haphazard, go-as-you-please way, but our flag was unfurled (which was the agreed signal for assembly) and after an hour or so the company was assembled, ordered in line and advanced close enough to see that there were no Indians there. They had escaped. Perhaps it was just as well for it is known that the Indian in his untutored state is vindictive, revengeful, deceitful and believes in an eye for an eye. Had we met them in conflict and killed any of them, they would have probably revenged their death by killing some unprotected settler at some other time and place.

The object of the expedition had been accomplished. We had given notice that they could not occupy this territory and could not approach settlements without being captured. On closer approach to the camp we found it had all appearances of