

night. While we were preparing our supper, three Indians came to our camp. One of the Indians was a chief called Spotted Tail. They told us a dreadful storm was coming, and they soon departed. We immediately set to work, and tied our wagons down, which was none too soon, for suddenly the sky began to darken, and a gleam of lightning like a forked tongue flame, shot from the black cloud that was rapidly over spreading the heavens.

This frightful peal of thunder, and repeated flashes, and peals followed in quick succession and dense blackness lowered threateningly over us, and seemingly to encircle us like prisoners in the valley of death.

The vivid flashes that lit this darkness for an instant only caused the gloom to seem more fearful and the heavy rolling of the thunder seemed to rend the heavens above us.

Suddenly a cloud seemed to burst upon us. It was not the gentle droppings of an afternoon shower, nor the pattering of a common place storm, but a sweeping avalanche of water, that drenched everything the first dash, and then continuing to pour, seemed to threaten the earth, and tempt the mighty river, and claim, for it for its own.

And while it continued to pour we were compelled to endure its violence but awaited in resignation the wrath of the elements, and endeavored to cherish a hope of a bright tomorrow, in which we were not dissappointed, for as the sun rose smiling upon the world, as if nothing had unusual occured, and kindly kissed the lingering drops from the blades of grass.

As we persued, our journey we came to the Alkali Springs, where we stopped for rest and refreshments, but the following day being quite favorable for traveling we arrived at O'Fallons Bluffs.