

hardly no elk. I guess it was all further up north. And so my uncle went along with his uncle that morning, not knowing what was going to happen at night. They had plenty of wood to burn somewhere, and they were camped in a nice warm place--windbreak. And my grandfather's father was with them--my great-great-grandfather. And so they left pretty early. And in the evening my grandmother said she began to look for them. No, she didn't see no sign of them from anywhere. So the sun set and she was still looking for them. They were still sitting up late. They didn't go to bed. It must have been around midnight. They just must have went way out somewhere, a long way. And pretty soon they heard a horse's hoofs, somewhere. They say when it's quiet when a horse runs over this dry grass, they say it used to make a lot of noise. And they could hear that, breaking sticks. They could hear horse's hoofs somewhere. And they said, "There they come. Listen--they're coming now." They didn't dare to have dogs, because dogs might give them away. And so they just sat quiet and my grandmother said she began to build the fire, and right by the door someone got off from a horse, and said, "Are you there?" He meant my grandfather--and my grandfather said, "Yes. It's us." So he didn't have much time to talk about anything else. He tied his horse somewhere and stepped in. And he said, "I have come here to let you know. Soldiers are following you somewhere. I don't know whether you'll make it back or not. I was sent over here to come and tell you. So don't waste any time--pack up and come on. I don't even have time to wait on you. I'm going to get back myself." So he just got right up and went out and started off, I guess, in the dark. And in the meantime when my grandfather's