

From Wichita to Caldwell — near the boundary line between Kansas and Indian Territory — the country is a rolling prairie, crossed by numerous streams of water, and containing much good, deep soil, interspersed with considerable that I should consider thin, poor, and washy. Between these places we encountered a severe sand-storm, which compelled us to seek the shelter of some timber skirting Slate Creek. This storm was succeeded by rain the next day, so that we were again obliged to lie by under the lee of some sand-hills on the Chiaspia. We met, in three droves, about three thousand four hundred head of Texas cattle, and finally camped on Fall Creek, about a mile from the south line of Kansas, on the 14th, about sundown, nearly fifty-five miles from Wichita.

Early in the morning of the 15th we crossed Bluff Creek, and entered the Territory. From the bluffs overlooking the creek from the south, an extensive view is obtained of the valley to the north-west and west, exhibiting many miles of beautiful undulating country. Here I took my last look at Kansas.

This forenoon we passed several small towns of prairie-dogs, and saw several antelopes at a distance. Chow — a young Arapahoe, who formed one of our party — said he could see buffalo; but my poor eyes could not see them.

After dinner I sat down to write in my diary, and, consequently, fell some distance behind, when, from the shouting and motioning of some of the party, I con-

ceived that there might be some danger ahead, and hurried up nearly as fast as possible, it being up a slope. I was somewhat out of breath when I came up with the hindermost wagon, just in time to clamber upon it before entering a drove of Texas cattle, consisting of about two thousand head. I had not thought of their being undomesticated, and that it was dangerous for footmen to fall in their way, which really is the case. We soon after met with another drove, consisting of twelve hundred head. About two o'clock we entered upon a community of prairie-dogs, miles in extent. These animals belong to the marmot family, are herbivorous and burrowing. They are about one foot in length, of a yellowish-brown or pale fawn color, and full of life and activity. The dirt thrown out of their burrows forms considerable mounds around the entrance to them, and, occurring at tolerably regular intervals, has suggested the name of towns. A small owl burrows with them, as does also the large yellow rattlesnake. I cannot say whether this latter is a welcome guest in their burrows, or tolerated as a necessary nuisance, from their inability to expel him from their habitations; but, from the fact of his maw sometimes containing a young dog, I am inclined to the latter opinion, while the snake undoubtedly enjoys a kind of complaisant satisfaction in the riotous living thus unwillingly yielded him by his four-footed friends. The owl, however, I am inclined to think, lives on friendly terms with the dog, and may act the part of a scavenger, ridding the bur-