

when he shook my hand he said, looking at me keenly. "Young man, don't you stay in the army no longer than your time's out, but come right up to Bridger. There's more money in the mountains than in all the rest of the world -- gold till you can't rest, and I know where some of it is. Now be sure to come to me. Good bye." I certainly thought I would, and told him so. His life suited my notion; he was a genuine article with no alloy.

Colonel Mitchel and his party stayed behind and came down with the mounted rifles, while Colonel Cooper came down with B Troop. No incident worth mentioning occurred until coming along the Little Blue one afternoon, Major Chilton wearing hunting clothes and Colonel Cooper in citizen's dress, riding in a little one-horse spring wagon, belonging to the Major, the Major's servant driving. About a mile ahead of the troop four Pawnee Indians stopped them, highwayman style, one seizing the horse's head, the others demanding that the occupants get out and give up everything. The Major seized his shotgun and would have killed two of them but Colonel Cooper^s topped him. The Indians did not seem inclined to kill, but to rob. At the critical moment one Indian saw the troop, and they all ran.*

*FIVE YEARS A DRAGOON ('49 to '54) And Other Adventures On The Great Plains.
By Percival G. Lowe. Kansas City, Missouri, 1906. Pages 77 to 92.
