

'Troops, troops, more troops!' they cry. The governor sends militia or volunteers. The United States finally sends to the panicky place a few companies of regulars. Money comes and trade is quickened. Men who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by such rows get congenial employment and the means often for a renewal of dissipated lives.

"'But this does not make war!' Yes, it does. Poor ranchmen, far and near, get frightened at the rumors, and rush with their families to the nearest settlement. The Indians get the rumor ten times exaggerated and the wild become wilder, and women and children are often blinded by terror. Young ambitious fellows among them catch a special inspiration, rush off perhaps in small parties, kill cattle, take horses, and murder mining prospectors and individual travelers. They then return with their booty and the scalps to be the lions of the tribe. Every peace council is now overborne, and war is upon us with all its supreme outrage and horror.

"Indian agents have a hard and trying position. They must be gigantic in ability and character to control at such times. We must not blame them too much. Some are not suited at all to such work; some are not wise governors; but I have found among them very competent men. But no one man can quench the fire of a blazing house after it has passed the first stage of ignition.

"A journal, speaking of this outbreak, well remarks that the Indian 'tests practically the agent put in charge of him. If he finds him a man of good qualities, firm, true to his word, fearless, yet generous and kind, he makes of him a friend....An agent who has established such relations with the Indian can exercise over him almost unlimited control. But an agent who has incurred suspicion or