

I asked Crow Dog, "What kind of coat did he have?"

He said, "He had no coat; he wore only a shirt."

I asked, "What kind of pants did he wear?"

He answered, "He wore blue pants with a bright yellow stripe about as wide as my two middle fingers down the legs."

I asked, "Did he have a beard?"

He answered, "No, his face was smooth like that of a young man."

I asked, "Are you familiar with the country where he killed himself?"

He said, "Yes."

I asked, "Is it on a creek near some other landmark so you can describe where it is?"

He said, "No, there is nothing of the kind nearby. It is a long way from any creek."

I asked, "How far is it from the creek where you first began chasing him?"

He answered, "Just about one day's march for a large body of people before going into camp." That was generally understood to mean from fifteen to twenty miles.

The body of every man in Guster's command, except Harrington's, was found shortly after the fight. From Crow Dog's description, it is evident the skeleton was that of Harrington, a young man recently out of West Point.

Had I been in Harrington's place, I would have saved all my cartridges, instead of shooting them away. Knowing, as I do, the American horse and the Indian pony, I would have given the least attention to my pursuer. I would have given the most attention to the horse and the pony. If a horse in a long distance race can only lift his tail without making a fresh effort when struck by a whip, that horse is out of the race. When they came to level ground, Harrington's horse was the swifter and gained on Crow Dog's pony. When they came to broken ground, Crow Dog's pony gained on Harrington's horse. I would have kept my horse on level ground and headed for the plateau.