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place." Here I found myself on the summit of Woody Mountain Range. The sky was clear, and the time - evening - favorable for making observations.

Aided by an excellent pair of field glasses, I scanned the northern slope of the range, and the valley below, but for a long time could discover no traces of either Indians or Whites. Finally, when the night shades began to lower, a faint, cloud-like appearance became visible, forming over what seemed to be a ²¹ little valley, lying between two spurs of the/mountain, and distant about fifteen miles. Training my glasses upon the spot, I could discern in the gathering darkness, objects that had the appearance of cloud shadows on the hillside, and moving down into the valley. I had found the camp. The dark objects on the hillside were the Indians ~~at~~ driving in their pony herds for the night. The cloud-like appearance was smoke, which the still night air held suspended over the valley.

After carefully noting the direction, I set out on foot, leading my horse, determined to reach the camp that night. The difficulty of the task can only be realized by one who has himself traversed a mountain jungle; but I got through. About two o'clock in the morning, passing over the brow of a long low ridge, I came in view of the camp, laid out in an irregular zigzag fashion, along the banks of a small mountain stream. Light was shining through many of the canvas tepees, where ²² fires were still, at that late / hour, burning brightly within. Many of the Indians had not yet retired, and a low murmur was audible, the hum of human voices reaching where I stood regarding the scene below. I halted on the ridge just a moment, to breathe and to think of something to say that would aid me in securing a friendly reception. There were many Indians in the camp whom I had known, and some whom I had personally befriended years before, when they had visited the Trading Post on Grand River, in Dakota. Others were there whom I had known at Cheyenne River and Standing Rock Agencies, before they were starved by thieving Indian Agents, into leaving the Agencies, to join Sitting Bull. How would they receive me? was the all important question with me just then. But I had little time for reflection. Mounting my horse, I rode