place." Here I found myself on the summit of Noody 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 lone time could discover no traces of either Indions or Thites. Finally, when the nicht shades began to lower, a faint, cloud-like appearance becume visible, forming over what seemed to be a 21 little valley, lyine between two spurs of the/mountain, and distant about fifteen miles. Trainine my glasses upon the spot, I could discern in the gatherine derkness, objects thet hed the appearance of cloud shaddons on the hillside, end moving down into the valley. I had found the camp. The dark objects on the hillside were the Indians idix driving in their pony herds for the nicht. The cloud-like appearance was smoke, which the still nicht air held suspended over the valley. sfter carefully noting the direction, I set out on foot, leading my horse, detemined to re ch the camp that night. The difficulty of the task can only be realized by one who has himself traversed a mountain jungle; but I eot through. mbout two o'clock in the morming; passing orer the brov of a long low ridge, I came in view of the camp, laid out in an irrecular zigzag fashion, along the banks of a small mountain stream. Light was shining through many of thepanvas 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 kalted on the ridge just a moment, to breathe and to think of something to say thet would aid me in securing a friendly reception. There were many Indians in the camp whom I had know, and some whom I had personally befriended years before, when they had visited the Trading post on Grand River, in Dakots. Others mere there whom I had known at Cheyenne River and Standing Rock $\dot{A}_{\text {gencies, }}$ before they were starved by thievine Indian Agents, into leaving the Aeencies, to join Sitting Bull. Fow would they receive me? was the all important question with me just then. But I hed little time for reflection. Nounting my horse, I rode

