

when I, who had the best horse, was riding a little in advance. In going over a little ridge I saw an Indian, naked except for his "gee string" and moccasins, riding a pony and leading another which was loaded with meat. He was riding along singing his Ki-yi song with his head hanging forward and he did not see me. I backed down making signs to the others for silence and told them what I had seen, and that they would see him in a few minutes coming around the point. We held council and Baldwin said, "What will we do?" I said, "We can't shoot; we are too close to their camp. We will catch him, disarm him, and take him with us." So we waited till he appeared, then I rode right onto him, grabbed him by the neck and choked him to silence. We both fell from our horses but I hung onto him while Schmalsle and Wing disarmed him. We made signs to him that if he made a sound we would kill him. It was later learned that he was a white man who had lived with the Indians since he was about six years old. We cut the meat from both horses and turned one loose and tied him to the other and took him with us.

At one time we had to pass in plain sight of the Indian camp some distance away. We rode single file, as Indians do. If they saw us they probably thought we were Indians. As soon as we got out of sight we rode as fast as we could for the Washita. We had to swim it. Wing's horse gave out and when we got across he couldn't make it up the bank which was very steep. Wing jumped off and saved himself but his horse fell back into the river. Not having any other horse we decided Wing should ride the Indian's pony and we would make the prisoner walk. He had to trot or run most of the way.

After crossing the Washita the question was, what to do now. I said, "We will travel down the river until dark. If we are attacked, we will scatter into the swamp and some may get through. I have the best horse; I will stay back and cover your retreat." When we would reach a little higher ground I would stop and watch while the others went ahead. Then I would catch up. We did this several times for four or five miles. It seemed like it never would get dark. I caught up with them in a little cottonwood grove just before dark. We rested here about fifteen minutes; then we started northward through a draw toward the Canadian River, which we reached about midnight, without further incident. The Canadian was much swollen from the recent rains. We had to swim it and the Indian was dismounted. If we turned him loose he would go back to camp and give the alarm. Had we made him swim he would have been drowned. Wing wanted to kill him. I said, "No, that would be murder; he is unarmed and helpless." I solved the question by tying him to the tail of my horse. Schmalsle rode behind and a little down stream to watch the Indian. After crossing safely we rested a while and then took the old trail made by Gen. Miles during the first part of the Expedition and followed it six or eight miles. We were traveling two abreast when about 2:30 A.M. Sept. 8th we were greeted by about the most welcome sound I ever heard. "Halt, who comes there?" "A friend," answered Lieutenant Baldwin. "Advance friend and be recognized." We found that it was an outpost of Maj. Lyman's supply train of 36 wagons. We were taken into camp and Lieut. Baldwin reported to Maj. Lyman, who took him into his tent and directed the sentinel to take us scouts to the corral of the teamsters. The Indian was taken to the guard tent.

We three scouts began to hunt for something to eat. I knew some of the teamsters. Wash Logan was the first name to come to my mind and I began to look for him. Their beds were made down on the ground inside the corral made by the wagons. I started around the corral calling for Wash. Logan. I went clear around with no answer and came back to where I started. I was getting a little angry so I kicked a fellow and said, "Get up, we are hungry; we haven't

Oct. 2
end of 3d
installment