

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. September 8 we were greeted by about the most welcome sound I ever heard. "Halt, who goes there?" "A friend," answered Lieut. 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 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. 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 had a thing to eat for two or three days." Wash Logan, who happened to be the man I kicked, said, "Is that you, Lem?" "Yes," I said, "and I am as hungry as ----." He got up at once.

By this time the confusion had awakened the whole train and it wasn't long until we had something to eat. While we were eating I said to Schmalsle, "That Indian ought to be fed." Wash Logan said, "What Indian?" I said, "Boys, we'll show you something that will open your eyes." I went to Maj. Lyman's tent and called for Lieut. Baldwin. He said, "What is it, Wilson?" I said, "We are