

being fed. Don't you think we should feed that Indian, he must be hungry?" He said, "Yes, by all means." Maj. Lyman gave me an order to the sergeant of the guard for the Indian. Baldwin said he would guarantee that I would look after the Indian and return him to the guard house. I took him to the corral and the teamsters surely did open their eyes at seeing a hostile Indian clad only with a "gee string" and moccasins. We fed him and returned him to the guard. (This captive professed to great joy in being again with the whites, and so completely deceived Lyman's men with whom Baldwin left him that when they were later besieged he was given a gun. He joined a party going for water at night and made his escape.) Then we took a short sleep.

By daylight we were up and had our breakfast. Maj. Lyman asked Lieut. Baldwin to leave a scout to pilot him back to Gen. Miles and he left Schmalsle. Wing and I went with Lieut. Baldwin on to Camp Supply, which we reached without further incident.

After we left Maj. Lyman, with Schmalsle as guide, started with his train for Gen. Miles. They crossed the Canadian where we had crossed the night before and started south on Gen. Miles' trail. Just as they reached the top of the ridge, they were attacked by the same band of Indians whose camp we had passed the day before. They had an all-day fight on the 9th, although advancing 12 miles where they formed a corral and were held until 2:30 a. m., the 14th, by the Indians. This was where Schmalsle made his famous ride.

(Editor's note: Capt. Lyman's command was cut off from water, they had several wounded and were generally in sore straits. At