

onto an old buffalo which had been killed. We cut out a big chunk from his rump, which we ate raw. None of us had any matches and if we had had any we would not dare to use them, as we were afraid to build a fire. We rested for a while and let the horses rest and graze.

About 4 p. m. when we came to a ridge between Gageby creek and the Washita, we saw spread out on a hill across the Washita a large herd of animals about a mile away. We stopped for council. Lieut. Baldwin said, "That must be a herd of buffalo." I said, "Lieut., did you ever see any white buffalo?" "No," he said, "then it must be mules and horses of Maj. Lyman's train." I said "Maj. Lyman would have over one hundred wagons, that would mean about six hundred horses and mules. There must be at least fifteen hundred head of horses there." He said, "That's right, but what is it?" I said, "There are Indians near and those are their ponies." We went on about a quarter of a mile and just over a little knoll, we looked down into a big camp. He said, "That is Maj. Lyman's camp." I said, "That's an Indian camp." He said, "No, it can't be, there are not many Indians behind General Miles." We drew a little nearer and I showed him they were tepees and he was convinced they were Indians.

Then the question was, what shall we do? Lieut. Baldwin said, "We will keep on and ride right through them and strike the plains beyond Washita." I said, "No, there are too many of them. They will run right over us, tromp us into the ground and kill us all without ever firing a shot." Baldwin said, "Well, what