

luck of the day before in fighting our way through had made him over-confident. We had not gone very far, 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 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