

Twenty five years ago (this is written by a survivor of a portion of this strange narrative in 1902) a solitary horseman rode across the line between the old Oklahoma Territory and the Seminole nation coming from a westerly direction into the Seminole and passing the trading post of old Posuk Harjo to the right, without even a glance in that direction.

Riding one of the regulation cow ponies of the western plains, with long tail and flowing mains, which ambled along with its head hung down as though devoid of any interest in the things of this life, and yet which the man of the west had learned could on the slightest approach of danger to itself or its rider, galvanize into a perfect whirlwind of speed and action. The horseman rode with that careless abandon which gave one the impression that the rider had come to be almost a part of the animal he bestrode. There was a striking similarity between horse and rider. While each gave the appearance of that about both horse and horseman which lead one to believe that appearance was only a well simulated disguise for both a quick and accurate knowledge of just what to do should occasion arise.

Guiding his horse more by the almost imperceptible inclination of the body, rather than by the exercise of the bridle which hung loosely in the fingers of the left hand resting lightly on the saddle horn; the stranger directed his way in a northeasterly direction toward the thicket grown banks of Salt Creek. Some times going far out of his way to cross some branch or deep ravine, yet always turning back in the same general direction of northeast. The traveller took his way in a most leisurely and apparently listless manner along the south bank of the little Salt Creek. Finally a likely spot was found where a crossing could be made and horse and

horseman crossed over. There remained but a couple of hours of the early December day, and a light misty rain was falling. A soft and almost balmy wind was blowing from the South, and it was apparent that night would fall fast, and yet the horseman continued his way in a most careless and disinterested fashion; seemingly as though his thoughts were on matters far removed