

them in my early days, if any of you care to hear it." We assented gladly and he began.

"About forty years ago I was a young cow-boy on the plains. The Indians had been peaceful for a good while, and made occasional visits to the fort where I stayed. One day a tribe of Sioux Indians visited us, and while there they quarreled with some of our soldiers and went off mad. The first thing we knew, they had dug up the hatchet and were gathering to attack us. The captain of the fort was a very reckless man, and, as he felt himself secure against an assault from the Indians, he took no pains to be ready for them. When they surrounded the little o a day post two later, he found himself wholly unprepared. The Indians captured the fort, and massacred every soul except the captain's daughter; her they took with them.

Luckily, I was on a hunt at the time the Indians captured the fort, and when I came back and found what had happened, and saw that the girl's body was nowhere among the dead, I knew that the Indians had taken her off with them. I waited only long enough for my horse to rest and then struck out for the Indian village, which was some forty miles or more away. When I came within a mile of the settlement, I got down off my horse and tied him in a thicket, and then began crawling cautiously towards the encampment. As soon as I came in sight of the encampment, I lay and waited to find out where the Indians had put the girl. It did not take me long to find the place, for I saw all the warriors in the village gathered around one of the largest wig-