

the centre of the Territory, it bids fair soon to become the Capital of this embryo State. The large and valuable Pawnee reservation is situated only a few miles from the town, in the Valley of Loup Fork.

The *Credit-Foncier of America* has invested largely in town and suburban property, and promises, through its far-seeing and enterprising managers, to add much to its future growth and prosperity.

The tents were soon struck, and the pioneer train was to be seen steaming far away in the distance; after which, our excursionists leisurely resumed their places in the cars, ready for new surprises and adventures.

Many of them little dreamed, however, that one, most rare and novel in its character, was so soon to be realized.

SHAM INDIAN FIGHT.

The train halted upon a high embankment, in front of the Indian encampment, near the east end of the beautiful bridge which spans the Loup Fork river.

The Indians, fully dressed and adorned in the war costume of the Pawnees, were in council, many of them evidently in a high state of excitement, gesticulating, whooping and yelling, in the most frantic and unearthly manner. Twenty or thirty horses stood near, ready to be mounted.

Soon a band of about thirty mounted Sioux warriors were to be seen emerging stealthily from a thicket, some distance down the river, and making their way cautiously in a circuit, as if to surround the Pawnee camp.

Our Pawnees were instantly mounted, and following their stalwart chief, with shrieks and cries of vengeance, to the attack. The shock of meeting was grand and terrific. Horses reared and plunged against each other. Indian grappled Indian, and both fell to the ground in