

find it, they charge you there. If you stand up well, you are safe; if you flinch, you are lost. As they drew near, we fired. You never can tell how many of them are killed or wounded. The moment an Indian falls from his pony, he is picked up by another, who throws him across his pony, and carries him away; and often they are tied fast in the saddle. Their ponies are trained. If their riders get killed or wounded, they gallop with them to the rear. We fired; they saw we were prepared, and they retired, taking their killed and wounded with them. I saw five or six drop, but they were instantly taken off.

"Soon after the Indians retired, six hunters, armed and mounted, set out to notify the garrison at Fort Kearney of our loss. It was a ride of thirty miles. The moon had gone down. It was very dark, and, once away from camp, they had little to fear, as the Indians never attack in the dark. Silently they rode out of camp. Their horses' hoofs had been muffled, so as to make no noise when they reached the wagon-road. We all shook hands at the mouth of the corral; for perhaps we might not meet again in this world. Then out they rode into the night. We listened, with our ears to the ground, to hear if they were attacked; but not a sound was heard, save the howling of wolves far in the distance.

"I lay down to rest; I drew my blanket over me, but I could not sleep. The pale face of the herder, with the blood upon his forehead, was constantly before me. I thought of the poor fellow lying unburied on the prairie, and it worried me. I rose—walked out; I passed the guard, and crossed to the camp of the ox-train. They were all awake, and many started to their feet as I entered their corral.

"'Poor Shirley!' said the wagon-master of that train, when he had discovered who I was. 'I won't know what to say to his mother.'

"'I cannot sleep,' said I, 'while the thought of that poor boy lying unburied is in my mind. I know where

he lies, and if you will help me, I will go now and bury him.'

"'I will go with you,' said he.

"The others tried to reason us out of it. We went. We soon found the wagon-road, and were travelling along noiselessly.

"'It must be near here,' I said, in a whisper; 'yonder is the ravine.'

"Suddenly the wagon-master caught me by the arm, and forced me down on my knees. "'Look,' he said, huskily, 'what is that?'

"It was a moving object of some kind. I cocked my revolver.

"'Don't fire! don't fire!' he whispered. 'We may have the whole howling pack of redskins down on us in a minute.'

"We crawled nearer the object, our revolvers in our hands. In a moment my hand was upon the dead body of the herder. I saw the gleam of eyes that darted forth lightning, then a low growl. I started with horror. It was a wolf. . . . I drew a match from my pocket, lit it hurriedly, and threw it at its eyes. With a howl it started off a few yards, and sat down; and we could see, as we dug a grave with our knives, the eyes of the fiend watching us. The grave was made, and the lifeless form was soon hid from view. The wolf kept trotting around us as we were covering up the body.

"'We must kill him; or, as soon as we are gone, he will dig it up,' whispered the wagon-master, as we pressed down the sods on the grave.

"'How shall I kill him?' I asked.

"'Wait until you get a good chance, then fire.'

"'But the Indians—'

"'We have put our hands to the plough; we must not look back now.'

"I waited for the chance, and fired. The wolf fell. We rushed upon him. He was not dead, but on a broken hip wheeled round and round, snapping with his teeth. Another shot finished him.

"'Now,' said the wagon-master, cutting open the carcass and throwing it over the mound, 'if wolves come this