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Newspaper Extracts of 1875 Hayden Geological Survey in Colorado

James Terry Gardiner

Rocky Mountain News

New York Times

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THE SIERRA LA SAL UTES

Arrival of James T. Gardner and Robert Adams, of the Hayden Expedition, in Denver--The Former gives a Graphic Narrative of the Trouble with the Indians--Interesting Description of a Remarkable Region.

James T. Gardner, in charge of the triangulation division of the Hayden Expedition, and Robert Adams, Jr., of the same division, reached here last evening from the Los Pinos Indian agency. The remainder of the party are coming out by way of the South Park. A News reporter called upon Mr. Gardner, at Charpiot's Hotel, and interviewed him in reference to the recent attack upon his men by the Sierra La Sal Utes, which The News was first to chronicle some two weeks ago. Speaking of the retreat and the subsequent return to the Indian country, Mr. Gardner gave the reporter the following

Interesting Narrative.

As before reported, I brought the party under my charge, consisting of my own original party and that of Mr. Gannett, into the mining camp on the La Plata River, called Parrott City, on the morning of August 20th. In four days we had traveled two hundred miles from the scene of the Indian fight, across a high plateau cut by a labyrinth of canons varying from 500 to 1,500 feet deep. Since the morning of the 15th inst., we had not seen a running stream, but had drank from pools of rain water among the rocks or springy places in the canon bottoms, all so alkaline as to afford little relief to our thirst, aggravated in these deserts by the desiccating effect of extreme dry air. Three quarts of tea hardly quenched my thirst after our second day's ride. A scanty allowance of ham and such bread as could be baked in a frying pan were our only provisions. None of the Indian trails led in the direction we wished to go, and we were all strangers to this part of Colorado. Far to the southeast I recognized by its geographical position, a faintly defined group as the Sierra La Plata, and a lone mountain nearly due south, as El Late, or Ute Peak. By these the march was guided, though often deflected many miles from the desired course by impassable canons. On the walls of one of these, afterward found to be the main head of the Hovenweep, we discovered quite extensive ruins of a town of the cliff dwelling Pueblos. Pinon trees a foot in diameter were growing out of the walls. Having no axe we could not determine the age of the trees. Along the edges of most of the canons of this plateau we found large amounts of broken pottery.

At last, on the evening of the 19th, the tired and thirsty party reached the Mancos River at the foot of the Sierra La Plata, having ridden the last fifty miles without drinkable water. A wild, long shout, from the thirteen aching throats greeted the pure mountain stream running through green meadows and groves that seemed like paradise. Next morning in three hours we reached the La Plata mining camp, and there fround Mr. Chas. Aldrich waiting for us with abundant supplies. Mr. Holmes' party came in a few minutes ahead of us and a happy re-union followed. Mr. Aldrich had shown great enthusiasm in getting the supplies in from Tierra Amarilla. The mule wagons were so broken that he had to get Mexican ox teams, and these were constantly wrecked. The passage of swollen rivers added to the danger and difficulty, but in spite of all, our stores came through in good order. And now Mr. Aldrich had his reward. A party of starved men, who had relied upon his being at the La Plata, blessed him for those exertions that had overcome all obstacles.

The party were very much worn, but I could not rest. Messrs. Holman and Dallas were still at Mr. Gannett's supply camp, in the country roamed by the Sierra La Sal bands. I knew their lives would depend upon reaching them quickly. A day's delay might be fatal. I let it be known that volunteers were wanted to go with me and bring them out. The following offered their services: Robert Adams, Jr., Shepard Madora, Cuthbert Mills, Chas. McCreary, Clarence Kelsey, Jacques Charpiot, W.R. Atkinson and Chas. Aldrich. I chose the first six. They had proved very energetic and courageous fighters on the 15th and 16th, and I felt that we seven, unencumbered with pack train, and defenceless men, were a match for the Indians.

I ordered the four best mules to be chosen and reshod, pack-saddles to be gotten from the miners, and packs of about twenty pounds to be prepared of the provisions most quickly cooked. While these preparations were in progress I found that Mr. Jackson, after leaving the Moquis villages, had intended to come around the Sierra Abajo to the very desert where we had been attacked. I therefore engaged Mr. Giles, who was recommended as a reliable man, and one familiar with the country, to go down and head off Mr. Jackson, and bring him into the La Plata camp. Mr. Giles chose his own companion for this journey, whom I agreed to pay. They started at noon on the 21st.

We were utterly destitute of blankets, cooking utensils, etc., having slept in our saddle blankets since the battle. Messrs. Holmes and Chittenden's party, and Mr. Aldrich generously shared with us to fit out our rescue party. We could carry but little and were soon prepared. I estimated the distance to the supply camp at about 280 miles, and proposed to march it in seven or eight days. We took one extra mule in case of accident. At noon on the 22nd day the party marched to Mancos. We then overtook the party at about eleven P.M. I authorized Mr. Holmes to finish that part of his district which lay about the head of the Dolores river, where the Utes would probably not molest him, and to leave unfinished a small piece in Utah, south of the Sierra Abajo, where the hostile Indians are likely to range. Mr. Gannett, Dr. Peal, Mr.

Atkinson, and Mr. Pearson accompanied him to complete a small unfinished portion of Mr. Gannett's district, about the head of the San Miguel. The only portion of our sheets left blank will be a very small and unimportant area in Utah, near the Colorado boundary.

Leaving the Monroe valley on the morning of August 23d, we traveled northward, intending to keep this course to the east fork of the Dolores, where I expected to find an Indian trail leading in the direction we wished to go. After crossing several canons 500 to 600 feet deep, we descended into one 2,000 feet. A faint trail was found, and from here onward we traveled by Indian trails, though often very dim. During the first three days we accomplished but a hundred miles, as our way lay across the great San Juan mountains, through passes 9,000 and 10,000 feet high, and among peaks over 14,000 feet. The scenery at the head of the San Miguel is in many respects the finest in Colorado. The mountain crests are apparently vertical walls at whose angles stand needle like peaks. All around the profound valleys rise pinnacled ridges to the height of 13,000 and 14,000 feet. At their foot, instead of grey debris, there are slopes of rich green aspen forest, mottled with groups of dark spruce, and in the valleys are verdant levels or picturesque canons, with sounding waterfalls, or shining lakes. The great meadow-like valley at the head of the north fork of the San Miguel is about five miles long by one-half broad. Its elevation is about 8,000 feet, while the mountain wall that encircles it on the north, east and south, is not less than 13,000 feet, and only distant two to four miles. As we saw these mighty cliffs and peaks, frosted with new snow and wreathed with fleecy clouds--contrasted with the brilliant green below, while at the head of the valley a great cascade not less than 1,500 feet high came leaping from rock to rock--it seemed as if no mountain view could be more perfect.

We passed the ridge that bounds it on the north, and descended into the waters of the Uncompagre River, as it should be called, the word meaning red spring. The river takes it name from a hot spring above the park. We now traveled forty miles a day down the Uncompagre, and the Gunnison, and then across the plateau to the west, till on Sunday afternoon, August 29th, when we were within twenty-one miles of the supply camp. Suddenly, in turning a point in the canon down whose grassy bottom we were traveling, I saw a horse feeding the meadows about a mile ahead. Conjecturing that an Indian camp was hidden by the bushes of a stream near the animal, I ordered the pack train tied up to trees and down we went on the full run with rifles ready, intending, if Indians were there, to surround them in camp, cut them off from their ponies, and kill them among their lodges. Each man strove to be foremost in the charge, but much to our disappointment no camp was there. It is needless for me to say that the peace policy is not now popular with us. Circling around the horse we found it to be Mr. Holman's, the broken rope showing that he had escaped from his master.

Camp was then made and we retired with the sun, for breakfast was to be at three in the morning. We were twenty miles from the supply camp, and my

plan was to escape the observation of any Indians watching from the cliff, and by rapid riding prevent any successful ambush being laid. Packs and pack-mules remained at camp. Each man carried 100 rounds of ammunition and two days' bread and ham. We passed down the dangerous canon as swiftly as the rocky trail would permit, and at last reached a spur at its mouth, five miles from the Dolores river, no fresh Indian signs being seen. This spur was the key to the whole canon--two men could hold it against twenty. So I ordered Kelsey, who was mounted on Holman's fresh, swift horse, and Mills, who was on a good mule, to keep a little in our rear in case of a fight, and when the Indians tried to flank us they were to fall back and hold this hill so that our retreat would not be cut off. From here we went on as fast as our mules could go over the smooth valley, hoping to surprise any Indians that might be at the river. The supply camp was on the western side, in a grove. We soon reached the high eastern bank, and as no fresh Indian signs were seen, I gave a loud shout for Holman and Dallas. It was a moment of intense anxiety as we stood listening for the answer, which we knew would come if they were alive. No response came, and again I shouted. The echoes came back from the great red cliffs that overlook the river, but no answer. As the third attempt seem to prove the absence of all life, a deep gloom settled over us. We did not know what dreadful spectacle was awaiting us under the deep shade of those cottonwoods. Doubt was torture, and we dashed at a gallop across the ford, and on toward the grove and through it; then, catching sight of boot tracks on the sand, we turned abruptly toward the left, around some thick-growing trees and bushes, and the men we had ridden so hard to save stood before us, alive and well, with all their natural hair. They had thought us Indians and preferred seclusion. It was a happy moment for all. The Sierra La Sal Indians had not passed that way, but only a week before a band of White River Utes, with a certificate of good character, etc., from their agent, had stopped there and threatened to kill them, and at last set fire to the high grass around the tents, hoping to burn them and the supplies. With great difficulty Messrs. Holman and Dallas extinguished the flames. Mr. Holman was stationed at the White River Agency in the summer of 1874, and knew a number of these Indians by name. He insisted that he knew them, and called them by name. What they would have done had they not feared he might leave some note or record of their visit by which, if they murdered him, they could be identified, it is impossible to say. Their whole conduct showed that they wanted to hurt them, but did not dare. Our whole experience shows that these people have no friendship for the whites; fear of the consequences is the only thing that keeps them from carrying out their savage propensities to rob and murder the Americans. When they are far away from the agencies, under circumstances where their evil deeds can be hidden, or the responsibility shifted on to some other tribe, they are not to be trusted.

We had brought down with us two extra mules and they had one at the supply camp. Two of these had to be used for saddle animals for Messrs. Holman and Dallas. On the other we packed such provisions as we could and destroyed the remainder, so that nothing might be left for the Indians; then bidding adieu to the Rio Dolores, which had nearly proved a river of grief to us, we retraced our steps to camp, reaching it about sunset. This was Monday, August 30. In eight days we had ridden 310 miles over these mountain trails; since the morning of the 15th we had ridden 340 miles. Few can realize the anxieties

of this march, when each of us felt that our comrade's lives depended upon the judgment with which the trail was chosen, and speed in following it. Now they were safe and the great load was lifted. Next day we rested, as only such tired men can rest, in a green meadow by the side of a shaded mountain brook, while noble granite cliffs, 2000 feet high, ever varying in color and form, rose solemnly around. After dinner, as we lay upon the grass one of the party rose, and in the name of the whole, read the following resolutions, which I shall ever treasure with gratitude as an expression of confidence from the men who bravely bore the brunt of the fight on the 15th and 16th, and the hardships and dangers of this long march.

We, the undersigned members of the United States geological and geographical survey of the territories, wishing to express our warm appreciation of the able and successful way in which our chief, James T. Gardner, led us through our recent dangers, do unanimously resolve:

Resolved, That our heartfelt thanks are extended to him for the brave and skillful manner of conducting the fight on the 15th and 16th days of August, 1875, with the Sierra La Sal Indians, and for the masterly manner in which he used his topographical skill in leading us over an unknown desert of two hundred miles, in four days, to a place of safety.

Resolved, That in our judgment everything was done that wisdom, prudence and courage could dictate to save the property of the survey and party, until it could no longer be preserved without the sacrifice of life.

Resolved, That we will never forget his uniform kindness and consideration for our welfare and comfort, on our entire trip.

(Signed)
Cuthbert Mills,
Shep. Madera,
Jacque Charpiot,
Clarence Kelsey,
Robert Adams, Jr.,
O.C. McCreary.

During the day Hovey and Balloch had arrived from the agency with the supply train, unconscious of the danger awaiting them had they proceeded further. Next morning we all started for the Los Pinos agency, but not by the direct route of the Gunnison river. I turned northward and followed the high plateau that divides the waters of the Uncompahgre from the Dolores, wishing to examine all the trails which connect the valley in which the new agency is to be placed with the western waters on which live the hostile bands. Having finished this examination, we crossed the Uncompahgre Valley, into which a fair road is now built. Over it they are hauling material for the new agency building. We reached Los Pinos on the 10th, and were warmly welcomed by Mr. Bond and his family. The friendly agent was about to go in search of us; but fortunately all cause for anxiety on the part of our friends is now passed. In an interview with Ouray, chief of the Utes, he informed me that this Sierra La Sal band is well known to him, and that they procure their ammunition and arms by trading with the Utes. It is therefore evident that the powder and

lead that was so freely used upon us on the 15th and 16th of August, was indirectly furnished by the government. The recklessness with which they used it at long range showed clearly that they must have some ample source of supply. How easily the Utes could control them is evident, for by the trails that I found in our homeward journey the farms of these Sierra La Sal Indians are within a day's ride of the Uncompagre Valley. Ouray himself acknowledged to me that this was the case. The miners have, within the past few years, been coming through from Salt Lake to the San Juan district, by trails that pass near the Sierra La Sal, and Ouray tells me that he knows of their having been killed by this same band. I would respectfully suggest that measures be taken to bring this gang of outlaws to justice. Severe punishment summarily meted out to them would have a very salutary effect upon all of the Indians. If their rascality goes unpunished all the lawless spirits of the Colorado and Utah tribes will gather about them as a nucleus, and serious trouble will result. We now have the means of furnishing a careful map of the region they occupy, and are acquainted with almost every trail. We had ridden, up to the time of our arrival at Los Pinos, 800 miles in the past four weeks, on the same mules that had previously carried us 700 miles.

Extract from
New York Times
Sept. 25, 1875.

When the detached party of the Hayden Survey, whose adventures in Western Colorado have already been well told by a Times correspondent, was attacked by Indians in the Sierra la Sal, they left two of their comrades at a supply camp in their rear. The previously-received report of that affair related the perilous incidents which attended the escape of the surveying party and their retreat. The letter published in another part of this paper gives an interesting sketch of the trip of the party of rescue.

Readers not familiar with that region of country traversed by the expedition will hardly appreciate the heroism and endurance with which a few men rode nearly three hundred miles and back again, menaced by hostile Indians, and over a horrible wilderness, to bring away their comrades. Fortunately the exploit was successfully performed, and the story, as told by our correspondent, is a fitting sequel to what must be considered one of the most thrilling episodes of scientific exploration on the frontier

THE HAYDEN SURVEY
A Rescue Expedition.
After the Battle—An Expedition to Bring in the "Boys"
Left at the Supply Camp—Charge upon a Lone Horse—The
"Boys" Found Safe—A Sample of Ute Cunning.

From our Special Correspondent.

Between the Gunnison and Dolores,
Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1875.

After the little affair between the Hayden surveying parties and the Sierra la Sal Indians on the 15th and 16th ult., the first thought of the former was for the safety of the two boys left in the supply camp on the Dolores. From the scene of the disturbance the camp was about thirty-five or forty miles, and therefore not more than a day's ride to the well-mounted nomads who infest this region, and what was worse, it was established beside one of the main trails to the southern country where all these Indians go to trade with the Navajos. It was remembered

that the Indian camp we had looked down on from the Sierra had been increased by five additional tepees the day before the party left the mountain alcove, and if that band had come along the Dolores trail, then, without doubt, the survey was short of two members. Supposing they had not, and that the boys were still safe, it was important that they be brought out with the least possible delay. Kelsey and McCreary offered to go in alone and do it, but Mr. Gardner declined to allow this. He wanted six men. Eight volunteered, and the party as selected consisted of the original Gardner division of the survey, with the substitution of McCreary for a former member of it who broke down in the fight. Such arms and ammunition as the mining camp of Parrottstown could supply were obtained, and each man was armed with a breech-loading rifle, except our hunter-cook, Charpiot, who despised anything but a double-barreled shotgun. With some difficulty he obtained one, and when it was too late discovered that it was no good at all. Necessarily, we had nothing to ride except mules from our already tired-out herd; but the best of them were selected, and they carried us through well. Four pack-mules were loaded with three weeks' provisions, and no other baggage was carried except a frying-pan and two or three pots. The distance to be traveled was estimated at 260 miles, but it proved to be nearly 290.

Parrottstown from the Rio Mancos is fifteen miles. The Mancos from the point where the retreat commenced is about two hundred, and the country between is nothing but a dry wilderness cut up by deep canons. Between Monday afternoon and Friday morning the ride across this wilderness was ended by the arrival at the mining camp; and from that time till the little rescue party started again, two days after, every moment was busily employed. There was not much rest for any one, but plenty of what all had been strangers to for nearly a week--of hard work, good water, and good food. With characteristic generosity the miners placed all they had at our disposal, and among it was abundance of fresh meat. As bacon or ham had been the piece de resistance of our meals for six weeks past, fresh mutton was appreciated. With a hearty farewell to the openhearted miners the party rode out of the "town" at sunset on Sunday, and later in the evening camped on the Mancos. Monday they struck across the country northeast, the trail lying high up in the hills, and in the afternoon reached the edge of a deep valley through which Bear Creek flows. This is the main fork of the Dolores, which, commencing in the San Juan range, flows first from east to west, and then sweeps round to the north, and empties into the Grand River. Tuesday the stream was followed up toward its source, and camp pitched almost immediately below the lofty peak of Mount Wilson. Wednesday the party struck north by east; left the head-waters of the Dolores, and crossed on to those of the San Miguel, in the Uncompagre range. This range was crossed on Thursday, and the Uncompagre River followed down into the valley of the same name. This descent took us from green hills and cool winds to the dry lands, alkaline soil, and impure water of the lower levels, and also to the site of the new Indian agency.

The removal of the Los Pinos Agency to the Uncompagre Valley, in the heart of the Ute Reservation, was referred to in a former letter. A number of workmen are engaged putting up the new buildings. They expected our arrival. Two Indians had come at noon and reported "heap white men coming--surveyors--one sick". The Indian indicated a bandage round the head, and pointed to the sun--meaning that the sick one was suffering from sunstroke. They knew the survey outfit, as it was the only one in the country mounted on mules; but the fact that they saw one of the party had his head bandaged (it was hurt by a fall from the saddle) showed that they must have been very near us. We did not see them, though it may well be believed the party did not travel without keeping a sharp lookout. They probably saw the train from some distant point, and crawled on foot to some ravine near the trail for closer inspection. It seemed from this that our movements were likely to be watched, and the more so that a short time after reaching the camp an Indian appeared on the bench above, evidently taking notes of the party. The workmen opened their eyes a little when they heard of our difficulty; but it was deemed advisable not to tell more of the present mission than that the party was on the way to Los Pinos, expecting to meet our supply train on the way. This was the truth, but not quite all of it. Next morning (Friday) the same Indian who had been observed on the watch came in at breakfast, accompanied by another. As we moved off, he interrupted something McCreary was saying with the abrupt inquiry: "Where you go?" The answer was one not calculated either to mollify or inform, and the party was riding down the valley before any other questions could be put. It was a hard forty-five mile ride that day, and the next threatened a harder one, for there was a thirty mile drive to be made up the Gunnison Valley over an absolutely dry alkali plain. By starting at daybreak the worst of this ride was made before the heat grew too much for comfort, and Saturday afternoon camp was made on the west side of the Gunnison, where a grove of cottonwoods offered good shade and lodging ground. As the party was now approaching, the guns were carefully cleaned, and some practice made at long ranges, judged to be "good Indian distance".

Almost from the bank of the Gunnison at this point, that great cross canon in which the Gannett and Gardner parties met on the 5th of August cuts through for forty-five miles to the Dolores. It is simply a deep furrow in the plateau between those rivers, and the most direct route of travel from one to the other. Many trails cross it north and south, particularly toward its western end, and there we looked for trouble, if any trouble was to be had. Fifteen miles down the canon, and where it widens into a beautiful valley, was the little creek on which the two parties had camped together. To reach this place was an easy Sunday morning's ride, and just as Mr. Gardner was turning the point which gave a view of the spot, he suddenly pulled up his mule, signed to the others to keep back, and looked through his field-glasses. "There is an Indian horse feeding down there", he remarked, handing the glasses to Shep. Medora, who inspected the animal also. Some one suggested that it might be Holman's horse, and on re-examination this was found to be correct.

Holman was the quartermaster at the supply camp, twenty miles below. How was it his horse was here? If any Indians were about, they were in camp on the other side of the line of trees along the creek, "and if they are", added the leader of the party, "we may as well go at them at once. Tie the pack mules in this brush--quick, boys, they may see us. Charpiot, you stay here. Now, boys, ready! Come on!" and out of the brush dashed the six, across the open, down to and past the astonished horse, into and through the creek and its fringe of brush and trees, and then pulled up on the other side. There was never an Indian, nor a sign of one! Our brave charge had been made on a solitary horse. Everybody laughed but Charpiot, who was enraged because he had been left out in the cold. To console him, Mr. Gardner consented to his accompanying the rest of the party down to the camp next day, which was a variation from the original programme. At 3 next morning the party were eating breakfast, and as soon as there was light enough to see the trail the pack mules were made secure; each man put eighty rounds of ammunition in his belt and saddle pockets, and away they went on a sharp trot down the valley. It may be said that while all were prepared for one, none really expected a fight, because no fresh Indian sign had been seen anywhere along the trail, and as each cross trail was passed it was examined, but none of them showed any but old tracks. The assurance that the boys were safe had become almost complete, when, about two miles this side of their camp, the pony tracks of a numerous Indian party were observable in the sandy soil. They were only a few days' old, came in on a big trail from the north, and went toward the river. Full of anxiety, all pressed on at full speed till the river was reached, where the great canon ended as it began--in a vast amphitheatre, across which the Dolores flows from south to north. Along so much of it as was visible, there was the usual fringe of cottonwoods, but no tents could be seen under any of them. Our shouts produced no response. The river was crossed, and the Indian tracks followed up on the other side toward a small grove. "Oh! boys, the deed's done" cried McCreery, in a tone of mingled rage and despair. "They've scalped the boys, and there's where they burned the stuff they couldn't carry away", pointing to a large patch where the grass had been burned off. "No!" shouted Kelsey. "Here's fresh boot tracks!" And in another moment the whole party had rushed through the brush into the opening shadowed by the cottonwoods, and given a hearty cheer at the sight of the two tents, and Mr. Holman and his young assistant standing in front of them--the latter looking rather scared, and the former with a rifle in his hand and a big revolver and bowie-knife buckled on his belt.

When the greetings and the explanation of this sudden visit had been briefly made, the Quartermaster explained that he had not answered the shouts, having mistaken them for those of Indians, and this impression had been confirmed when he saw a party of horsemen come flying along, whooping and yelling, in a cloud of dust, in which nothing was distinguishable but the flashing of their gun-barrels in the sun. Had he seen

any Indians? Yes, a party of Utes, twenty or more, had come in a few days before from the White River Agency, they being on their way south to the Navajo country to trade. Mr. Holman having spent some months at that agency, knew many of his visitors personally, and addressed them by name when they came in. He was inclined to think that this fact saved him some unpleasantness, for the Indians were extremely angry at finding white men apparently established in this remote section, and exhibited much insolence of demeanor. They threatened that if he did not leave by to-morrow's sun they would "heap kill"; demanded food, which he refused, tobacco, which was also refused; and finally a drink of water, which was given them. They seemed to waver between a desire to do something and fears of its discovery if they did. As a specimen of shallow cunning, and what they would do if they dared, I may mention that one of the Indians asked Mr. Holman to write him a note, which ran to this effect;

"White man come in here--pretty soon pony get heap hungry--white man get heap hungry--pretty soon die. Tell Washington all right. Ute no kill him".

It was not till he had seen the Indian quietly slip this paper under the cover of the camp table that the thought flashed across him what it was intended for; and snatching it out, he ordered the fellow out of the tent and tore the paper to pieces. The whole band went off next morning, after hinting at the probable visit of certain Utes who would "heap scalp", and attempting to burn out the camp by firing the brush and grass about it. As a matter of course, the Indians had passes from their agency, stating that they were peaceable and well disposed, that they were on their way to the Navajo country to trade, "and though off their reservation", added the agent, "I hope they will not be molested". No other Indians but these had passed the camp. All things considered, this was fortunate, and also that our visit was not made at the same time as that of the gentlemen from White River. It was certainly not Mr. Gardner's desire to get into trouble with Indians known to be Utes, and for whose conduct the tribe is responsible to the authorities, but the orders given to his following that day practically amounted to "shoot at anything wearing a red blanket", and they would have been obeyed to the letter.

All harsh feelings, however, were forgotten in the pleasure of finding the boys safe, and every one fell to work with lighter heart than any had known for many days. One loose mule had been brought down, and this was packed with such things as were deemed desirable to preserve. Everything else, except what each man could carry away on his back, or in his saddle-pockets, was destroyed, so that it should not fall into the hands of the Indians. This task seemed peculiarly congenial to Charley McCurley, who declared it was the best thing he had struck since Sherman's raid. First he carefully "went through" the camp with an eye for what might be personally useful, and then raged around with a big axe, smashing and ripping things generally, and cursing the Indians with every stroke. In two hours nothing was left of the Supply Camp but was blazing on a huge

fire built where it had stood. "Mount, boys", said the leader of the party, and every man was in the saddle; "now give them a salute", and all the echoes slumbering in the canons for a mile around were roused in sudden thunder with the simultaneous discharge of the rifles. While trotting back to camp someone suggested it, and after a festive dinner, at which four apple-pies figured, some brief resolutions of thanks to our commander were scribbled on a soiled fragment of note paper, and presented to him by Adams in a neat little speech. This practically ended the rescue expedition. It had been a rough one, but full of excitement. Two nights we had been nearly washed out of our blankets by heavy rains, one night had been almost frozen, two days had been long drives across a dry country, under a scorching sun, and every day had been in the saddle almost from sunrise to sunset.