

position to return hastily, in a body, and to punish the robbers and demand instant reparation. Many of the younger and more impetuous men loudly argued for speedy revenge, and advocated the organization of a large party. Wiser counsels fortunately prevailed, and it was finally concluded to allow these copper-colored robbers to retain their ill-gotten booty unmolested.

Just as the informal council was adjourning, two Indians, mounted on fine American horses, rode out from behind a sharp spur of a range of high and heavily timbered hills which trended northward from our camp, parallel to the river, but some distance back from the stream. Continuing in a straight line to the west, the Indians rode down to a point near the Platte. They were more than half a mile distant when first observed coming from the deep ravine. Turning their horses' heads south, they spurred them forward and came in a full gallop toward the camp. Their sudden and unexpected appearance just at that critical juncture—when bitter and hostile feelings were rankling in the breasts of all—seemed ominous of coming trouble. On the Indians rode, little dreaming of the fate in store for them. Six hundred men—all well armed with rifles and pistols—stood watching these reckless, adventuresome redskins literally riding into the jaws of destruction. Three minutes' brisk gallop brought the Indians to the center of the large camp. One (the taller and more gorgeously dressed of the two) was immediately recognized as the disdainful young chieftain who had fallen so suddenly and desperately in love with the young lady, and had so ingloriously failed in his attempt to abduct her the previous day. Whether the savage had ridden into the lion's mouth in the fugitive hope of seeing the girl once more, or merely to reconnoitre and play the cunning spy, will never be known. Both Indians rode up to where most of the men were standing grasping their arms, and eyeing them with lowering brows and set, determined faces, and reining up their horses, made the usual salutations of peace. Not the slightest notice was taken of their professions of friendship. They waited for a moment; but evidently feeling deadly hostility in the very air they were breathing, both Indians touched their horses, splendid-looking animals, that had doubtless been stolen from some train, and rode on. Men fell back as they advanced, and allowed them to proceed without molestation. The Indians cast furtive glances here and there with their sharp, lynx eyes, and closely scrutinized everything. Making a circuit of the encampment, the chief and his attendant turned their faces northward and rode rapidly away. Whatever purpose they had in view in making the perilous visit, it was seemingly accomplished.

It required only a minute for the Indians to put several hundred yards between the outside limit of the camp and the flying hoofs of their horses. Suddenly the long pent-up feeling for revenge burst forth. One hot-headed, impetuous young man shouted, "Let us follow the d—redskin spies and shoot them!" The effect was electrical. Twenty-five or thirty young fellows, all armed with rifles,

leaped into saddles and spurred madly after the retreating savages. Many of the older and more thoughtful men in the camp remonstrated against the rash and bloody purpose of the pursuing party, fearing that, in retaliation, the Arrapahoes would visit sanguinary vengeance on some poor, innocent emigrants to follow. A feeble attempt was made to stop them. But in vain. They were like young tigers with the smell of fresh blood in their nostrils. Away they flew like the wind! The thunder of hoofs fell on the startled ears of the Indians. Casting eyes over their shoulders, they saw the pursuers following like a whirlwind on their track. Spurring their horses to the top of their speed, the lower end of the wooded ravine was reached in a moment, and the savages shot like arrows behind the abrupt spur and vanished from sight. Less than two hundred yards behind, the avengers, like a tornado, swiftly followed. The termination of the impending tragedy can be more easily imagined than described. Up the narrow and rugged ravine pursued and pursuers sped. Necessarily the race was a brief one. Escape was impossible. Both savages were overtaken and shot down—literally riddled with rifle balls. Half an hour later the pursuing party came straggling leisurely back to camp. No questions were asked or answered. As trophies they brought with them the two horses ridden by the Indians. These animals, together with a certain peculiar expression on the faces of the party, told mutely the fate of the foolhardy savages.

Late that afternoon a party returned from a long horseback hunt. They stated they had visited the place where the Arrapaho village was located when our train passed, but found not a soul. Doubtless fearing summary punishment for their robbery, the Indians broke up camp soon after we were allowed to proceed, and had retreated far into the piney fastnesses of the mountains, where pursuit could be successfully defied. There was every indication that their departure had been a precipitate one.

Of the consequences of shooting the two Indians nothing more was ever heard. It has never been known whether their tribe avenged their deaths or not. Two days later all the emigrants had crossed the swift current of the North Platte, and hundreds of canvas-covered wagons were stretched for miles along the dusty plains on the steady march to the Pacific Coast.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

THE preparation of coal gas may be effected in miniature by means of a common "long clay" tobacco pipe. The bowl must be nearly filled with coarsely-powdered coal, and must be sealed up with a cover of moist clay. When the clay has sufficiently dried, the bowl must be exposed to a red heat in an ordinary fire-grate. The gas, with a quantity of smoke, will soon be generated, and can be lighted at the mouth-piece of the pipe. The residue left in the now red-hot bowl of the pipe is a lump of nearly pure carbon in the form of coke.