

of Indian fighting in exaggerated and exciting stories, and "Old Syc" was "wild fur scalp." He and Billy were the first to call on the president of the meeting to put their names down. Charley Wright was elected captain, and as Billy had an old cornet, he was chosen bugler. The instrument was false, having been cracked, but it was good enough.

Early next morning, over fifty mountaineers—brave men, and all mounted—were on their way toward the headwaters of the South Boise, to which point the Bannocks were reported heading. On leaving town, Billy kept blowing the reveille on the instrument, to "get a lip," as he expressed himself, and those who remained in town listened to the notes, as they were carried on the gentle breeze, till they died away in the distance.

As the little, but determined, company were pressing forward, about noon, two of the scouts, who had been sent ahead, returned and reported pony and moccasin tracks. The men pressed forward, eagerly watching the bluffs for signal smokes, and expecting to be fired upon at any moment. But none could be seen. About 3:00 o'clock they found two ponies with the hoofs of the feet cut off. They had given out, and the brutal act had been committed by the fiends to prevent their being of any use to those who should find them. The old mountaineers pressed forward more vigorously than ever, anxious to hear the war-whoop; but the day passed, and not an Indian or signal was seen. Captain Wright, realizing the liability of an attack at any moment, gave orders for the horses to be kept in readiness to be used the moment the bugle sounded; guards were placed on all sides of the little band, and those who were not on duty lay down to rest, using the wild hay of the creek bottom to shield their bodies

from the dampness of the ground. Billy was stationed at the head of the canyon, about fifty yards from camp, and ordered to blow the call to arms in case of an attack. The rippling of the little stream below filled his heart with sad recollections of the past, and the deep peals of thunder, from an approaching storm, spoke words of terror to his mind. As the brilliant lightning displayed the clouds, unfurling like banners in the sky, he thought of "Old Syc's" quotation, "There is a silver lining to every dark cloud."

It was on one of those pleasant evenings in August, that Ella was sitting in her room, gazing at the beautiful sunset. The shadows of the high granite cliffs were growing longer and longer, as if to cover her life with gloom and darkness. The sweet incense of the beautiful flowers came with every breeze, as if to bring back sorrowful memories of the past; and the rippling of the waters seemed to repeat the reveille of poor Billy's cornet. She loved her father, as a true, faithful daughter should, yet she dreaded the interview when the subject of her engagement to Billy would come up. Why it was that he had not ventured to approach the subject, she could not understand. She dreaded it, because she loved Billy as herself, and could not believe that he was guilty of the crime for which the majority of the people of Atlanta were severely censuring him. While thus meditating on the past, with dark clouds of the future rolling before her mind's vision, her aged father, with signs of a troubled mind marking his face, and exhibiting some nervousness, entered. He was moved with pity as a tear passed over Ella's flushed cheek. She invited him to sit beside her, and for a few moments not another word was spoken. Ella knew it remained with her to approach the sub-