

with a unanimous voice, after "Old Syc" had finished his narrative, the old mountaineers were in favor of starting on the second expedition early the next morning. The roll was again spread upon the table, and was considerably increased. To add his mite in the campaign, the Rev. Dixon walked slowly up, took the pen in his hand and was ready to sign, when "Old Syc" said—

"Don't sot her down, parson; you stay home and pray for poor Billy, and us old toughs 'll gather in the scalps."

The Rev. Dixon returned home with a better opinion of "Old Syc" than he had ever entertained before, although it was a pity he drank. Preparations for the expedition were completed early the next morning.

About 9:00 o'clock the volunteers were ready to start, and in the absence of a bugler, "Old Syc" waved his hat and gave the command to march, and the men were greeted with three hearty cheers from the people of Atlanta, which was responded to by a war-whoop, as the horses started off on a gallop. "Old Syc" yelled out at the top of his voice:

"Every one of us fellers what don't get a scalp to pay for Billy in the first fight, will never say 'here' to another roll call."

Rev. Dixon eyed him curiously, and thoughtfully returned to the parsonage. He was meditating on human character, and wondered how so worthless a drunkard as "Old Syc" could express such brave and religious sentiments. Having never associated with that class of men, and consequently not knowing how easy it is for humanity to wander from the path of righteousness, he could not be expected to understand it. During the day, he walked with Ella along the river bank to console her, but not a word was spoken of Billy. That would only bring back recollections that he wished to lie

dormant. In the evening Ella entered her room, and some time after dark, as she had not appeared in the dining room, her mother entered the chamber, but Ella was apparently sleeping, and she thought it best not to disturb her. Next morning she did not appear at the usual time, and Mrs. Dixon again went to the room to wake her, but soon discovered that she had been deceived by an effigy. Search was made on the premises, but no trace could be found of her. The neighbors were then notified of her absence, and a general search was instituted. Men, women, and even children, were hurrying over hillside and along the river bank, but not a clue as to her mysterious absence could be found. Rev. Dixon now longed for "Old Syc." He had already formed enough confidence in the old wood-chopper's acuteness and energy, to believe that with his assistance, it might be possible to recover at least her form, cold though it might be, in death. Thus days passed, and all hopes of again seeing Ella alive, had vanished. Earnest prayers had not been answered, and the continued search proved fruitless.

Just after sunset on the evening of the first day's march, a halt was called on the divide between the Salmon and Boise rivers, where the previous engagement had taken place, and search was instituted for the remains, or any traces, of Billy. The grave faces of the old mountaineers told too plainly that no success had attended them. Captain Wright gave orders that the horses be staked out and camp made for the night. On the following morning camp was struck at the first dawn of day, and the expedition was on its way down the Salmon, moving with great caution. The heavy storms of the past few days had obliterated all traces of the direction taken by the savages, and the men again