

camped, in a thick forest a mile from the river. It was concluded to send out some of the most expert mountaineers beyond the limit of the storms, which appeared to have been confined to the summits of the mountains, to search for the Indian trail. "Old Syc" wanted the honor of being the most successful scout, and did not inform any of the men of the lay of the Cape Horn country. He knew that many old Indian trails united in the west end of that valley, and chose that point as his field of search. He rolled up a sufficient supply of food, in his overcoat, for a two or three days' search, and tied it upon the back of his saddle, and was soon out of sight. Traveling all day without observing a trail or signal, he camped near some warm springs by the river bank, where he rested very comfortably for a short time, and then continued his march. By daybreak he was on Valley creek, and only twenty miles from the objective point. While riding along, all the while thinking of poor Billy, and meditating on how happy he would be should his benefactor be recovered alive, sounds, as if some one were singing Billy's bugle call in the distance, greeted his ears. He listened a moment, but nothing could be heard, save the wind sighing as it passed through the tree-tops. Again he started, and again the singing could be heard as before, and certainly it was not Billy's voice. Dismounting and tying the horse, he sat down and listened. The third time the call was heard, and appeared to be ahead, among a few scattered bowlders, which had rolled down from the mountain side. Soon a human form rose up, and with the aid of his field glass, he ascertained that it was not that of an Indian, and that the person was also looking through a glass. In a few moments more they had clasped hands. "Old Syc" said—

"Well, pard, you're a pretty nice

lookin' young feller, but darn the luck, yer ain't Billy. That's my chum what the d—d scoundrels took on the head of South Boise last week. Our company of volunteers is camped on the Salmon, and you'd better j'in 'em when we git back, fur its a skittish country out here jest now. Come along with me to Cape Horn, and tomorrow we'll be on our way back. Will yer come? By jingo, yer a bright lookin lad."

"Yes, sir, I will join your party, as I have been looking for you. I am also in search of Billy," and as the broad-brimmed hat was raised, long tresses of beautiful hair fell upon the shoulders of Ella Dixon.

"Well, darn my buttons, if yer ain't a brick! Now let's go, and as yer ain't got no horse, jest ride mine, and I'll walk."

"Mr. Sycamore, Billy was alive when the Bannocks passed down this valley, and we must find him. Here is letter I found pinned to a bush by the side of the trail. I did not take the liberty of opening it, as it is addressed to you."

"Sorry to say it, Miss, but I can't read; open it and read it to me."

"Here is the address: 'Give this to Josephus Sycamore, better known as Old Syc, of the Atlanta volunteers.'"

"Open it quick, Miss; that's him, sure, and he writ that to me."

She read—

*To Old Syc, and the Rest of the Boys:*

Can't write much, as I am with the Bannocks. I will just say that they are keeping me for their bugler, and think it a fine thing. Have taught them several of the calls. You will hear my old cornet in the first engagement. Don't shoot at the man on a white horse, with a brown blanket around his body, because that will be Billy Lovelace. If the devils kill me, give my love to Ella Dixon, and tell her my last thoughts were of her. Will be in the Sheep mountain country several days. I will escape to you when an opportunity offers.

Your true friend,

August 29, 1878.

BILLY LOVELACE.