

as anxious as any of the men, to bring on a spirited engagement as soon as possible. She felt it in her heart that God would carry them forward to victory, and was continually guessing, in her mind, what Billy would think of her costume, which consisted of a broad-brimmed hat, blouse, overalls, heavy boots and spurs. Occasionally she would turn to "Old Syc" and ask—

"Mr. Sycamore, do you really think he will know me?"

Between 12:00 and 1:00 o'clock in the morning, one of the scouts halted the men and stated that the advance guard had concluded to reconnoiter, as they must be very near the Indians. Ella went ahead with "Old Syc," and they had not traveled far before she suddenly raised her rifle, and was about to fire, when her comrade grabbed the gun and prevented her pulling the trigger. She was, by this time, a little nervous, being somewhat excited. In a moment they heard a low whistle, in imitation of the reveille on Billy's cornet, and "Old Syc" advanced, ordering Ella not to leave the spot till he returned. As he stepped forward he answered the call, and in a few moments the two warm friends, who had become acquainted under peculiar circumstances but a short time before, were grasping hands. After a few hasty congratulations, Billy commenced to give "Old Syc" some "pointers."

"Down there under that bluff, about a quarter of a mile below us," said Billy, "the main Bannock force, over three hundred warriors, are camped. Above them a narrow bench extends, but a short distance below there is a narrow gorge, through which the river is beat into a regular foam while passing. I have taught the Indians a call for retreat up the river, and another in case they were to retreat down, in case of an attack. I taught them the call for charge several days ago, but of course shall not

use it. You tell all the boys not to shoot at me. I will be wrapped up in a gray blanket, riding a pure white horse." "But, Billy, aren't ye a goin' to stay with us? Why, we wouldn't think of losin' you."

"No, I am going back to camp now, before they miss me. Your plan will be to arrange a large number of men along the bar above, and a good number on the cliffs. When daylight comes, let those on the cliffs commence the fight, then the men above must charge with a yell. Just then I will blow the cornet for the scoundrels to retreat down the river, and fall off of my horse, just as if I had been shot dead. When you get them started, they will go right down to destruction. Good luck, Syc,' and Billy disappeared in the dense darkness.

"Old Syc" went back to Ella and related the interview. Between anxiety for dawn to appear, and her intense love for Billy occupying her mind, she hardly realized the lay of the ground as it was explained to her. They called the men together, and Billy's plans were submitted. They were so readily accepted, that Captain Wright soon had them stationed, and everything in readiness to open the engagement as soon as it became light enough to see the rifle sights plainly. As daylight advanced, the savages began to move about, and were evidently preparing to send out their usual scouts, when a good volley of balls was sent into their camp. In a few minutes, and while the fight between the bluffs and the bar was waging warm, an old-time war-whoop was heard, and men were charging the Bannocks from above, "Old Syc" at the head, yelling at the top of his voice. Then the sound of the cornet was heard, the Indians retreated down the river, and the slaughter commenced. The sound of the cornet caused Ella's heart to beat rapidly and her blood to boil.