

less than 8,000 or 10,000, because the young men of the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail people could easily be got to join the Sioux ; and if they are to die, why should they not do some splendid thing?"

"Well, Sir," said our friend, patting the neck of one of his horses, as the ladies were getting into the carriage, "that would be fine—that would be striking in a book or a play. But you don't know the Indians. The Indians are cowards, Sir, take my word for it ; and they don't fight except for plunder. They are revengeful—oh yes—and malicious as snakes ; but they won't kill a man unless they could get his rifle, or his oxen or something. The young men are different sometimes ; they want scalps to make them big in the eyes of the gals ; but you wouldn't find a whole tribe of Indians flinging their lives away just to make a fuss in the New York papers."

At this point we started off again across the plains ; and the discussion was adjourned, as the Irish magistrate said, *sine die* until the evening. Only Bell was anxious to be assured that if Sitting Bull and his merry men should meditate one grand and final act of revenge, they would not make their way down to the plains of Colorado and take up their abode there ; and she was greatly comforted when she heard that the chief trouble of the government was that it could not get the Indians to forsake their native hills in the north and go down to the Indian Territory in the south.

"I think, Mrs. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, "that you will have some romantic stories to tell your children when you return to England. You would feel very proud if you compelled the Indians to address you as 'brave squaw ! brave squaw !'"

"I can assure you I am not at all anxious to become a heroine," our Bell said, seriously ; no doubt remembering that romantic incidents have sometimes a knack of leaving children motherless.

And now "the Rockies" had grown quite dramatic in their intensity of plum-colour, and there were flashing shots of crimson fire high over the dusky peaks. But as we were driving eastward, we saw even more beautiful colours on the other horizon ; for there were huge soft masses of colour that had their high ridges of snow touched with a pale saffron as the light went down. And then, when the sun had really sunk, we found that

strange phenomenon again appear along the eastern horizon—a band of dull dead blue lying close to the land, where no clouds were, and fading into a warm crimson above. Had this belt of coloured shadow been a belt of mountains, we should have estimated them to be about 5,000 feet above the level of these plains, which are themselves 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea ; and a strange thing was that this dusky blue and the crimson above remained well into the twilight, when all the world around us was growing dark. It was in this wan twilight that we drove out to a lake which will, no doubt, form an ornamental feature in a big park when the Black Hills miners, gorged with wealth, come back to make Cheyenne a great city. The chief attraction of the lake, as we saw it, was the presence of a considerable number of wild-duck on the surface ; but we did not stay long to look at them, for the reason that there were several boats out after them ; and the tiny jets of pink fire that were from time to time visible in the silvery twilight showed that the occupants of the boats were firing pretty much at random. As we did not wish to have a charge of No. 5 shot for supper, we drove off, and eventually were landed at the railway inn at Cheyenne.

We were quite conscious of having done an injustice to "Hell on Wheels" in taking only this cursory glance at so famous a place ; but then we knew that all our letters—and perhaps telegrams—were now at Idaho, and we wished to get on as soon as possible. But as the present writer was unanimously requested by the party to pay a tribute of gratitude to the clean and comfortable little inn at the station, he must now do so ; only he must also confess that he was bribed, for the good-natured landlord was pleased, as we sat at supper, to send in to us, with his compliments, a bottle of real French Champagne, Good actions should never go unrewarded ; and so the gentle reader is most earnestly entreated, the first time he goes to Cheyenne—in fact, he is entreated to go to Cheyenne anyhow—to stay at this inn and give large orders. Moreover, the present writer, not wishing to have his conduct in this particular regarded as being too mercenary, would wish to explain that the bottle of Champagne in question was, as we subsequently discovered, charged for in the bill, and honestly paid for too ; but he can not allow the