

times we asked one another, what it would reveal! Were the Indians also waiting for the dawn before again venturing to attack us, or were they gone?

Reader, God grant that you may never know the horrors of a suspense like ours that night. Morning came at last, and with it Mr. Stewart, quite as feeble, and looking much older than we had ever seen him before. His step was the tottering step of age; his eye no longer flashed with suppressed fire; he came slowly towards us, as though he had no longer object or aim in life; in one hand he carried his rifle, and from the other dangled five ghastly, bleeding scalps, the result of his endeavors to avenge his wrongs. Seating himself upon the ground, in weak and trembling tones, he said: "That's all I could get; take care of 'em for me;" nor did we ever obtain further information relative to his experience that night.

An examination revealed the fact that two of our animals had been slightly wounded by arrows, while in the brush around our camp we found seven dead bodies and three horses.

Breakfast over, Sam took his departure for Zuni, wishing us "Good luck," as carelessly as though there had been no Indians within a hundred miles of him, and none the worse for the adventures of the night.

His departure was regretted by us all save Jimmy, who, shaking his head in a most significant manner as Sam disap-