

nor any duel being fought in any street. The glory had departed.

But when we got away from these few chief thoroughfares, and got to the outskirts of Cheyenne, we were once more forcibly reminded of our native land; for a better representation of Epsom Downs on the morning after the Derby day could not be found any where, always with the difference that here the land is flat and arid. The odd fashion in which these wooden shanties and sheds, with some private houses here and there, are dotted down anyhow on the plain—their temporary look—the big advertisements, the desolate and homeless appearance of the whole place—all served to recall that dismal scene that is spread around the Grand Stand when the revellers have all returned to town. By-and-by, however, the last of these habitations disappeared, and we found ourselves out on a flat and sandy plain, that was taking a warm tinge from the gathering colour in the west. The Rocky Mountains were growing a bit darker in hue now; and that gave them a certain grandeur of aspect, distant as they were. But what was this strange thing ahead of us, far out on the plain? A cloud of dust rises into the golden air; we can hear the faint foot-falls of distant horses. The cloud comes nearer; the noise deepens. Now it is the thunder of a troop of men on horseback galloping down upon us as if to sweep us from the road.

"Forward, scout!" cried Bell, who had been getting up her Indian lore, to her husband on the pony; "hold up your right hand and motion them back; if they are friendly, they will retire. Tell them the Great Father of the white men is well disposed toward his red children—"

"—And wouldn't cheat them out of a dollar even if he could get a third term of office by it."

But by this time the enemy had borne down upon us with such swiftness that he had gone right by before we could quite make out who he was. Indeed, amid such dust the smartest cavalry uniforms in the United States army must soon resemble a digger's suit.

We pushed on across the plain, and soon reached the point which these impetuous riders had just left—Fort Russell. The lieutenant was rather anxious to see what style of fortification the United States government adopted to guard against any possible raid

on the part of the Indians exasperated by the encroachments of the miners among the Black Hills; and so we all got down and entered Fort Russell, and had a pleasant walk round in the cool evening air. We greatly admired the pretty little houses built for the quarters of the married officers, and we appreciated the efforts made to get a few cotton-wood trees to grow on this arid soil; but as for fortifications, there was not so much as a bit of red tape surrounding the inclosure. Our good friend who had conducted us hither only laughed when the lieutenant expressed his surprise.

"The Indians would as soon think of invading Washington as coming down here," said he.

"But they have come before," observed the lieutenant, "and that not very long ago. How many massacres did they make when the railway was being built—"

"Then there were fewer people—Cheyenne was only a few shanties—"

"Cheyenne!" cried the lieutenant, "Cheyenne a defence?—a handful of Indians they would drive every shopkeeper out of the place in an hour—"

"I don't know about that," responded our companion for the time being. "The most of the men about here, Sir, I can assure you, have had their tussles with the Indians, and could make as good a stand as any soldiers could. But the Sioux won't come down here; they will keep to the hills, where we can't get at them."

"My good friend, this is what I cannot understand, and you will tell me," said the lieutenant, who who was arguing only to obtain information. "You are driving the Indians to desperation. You make treaties; you allow the miners to break them; you send out your soldiers to massacre the Indians because they have killed the white men, who had no right to come on their land. Very well: In time no doubt you will get them all killed. But suppose that the chiefs begin to see what is the end of it. And if they say that they must perish, but that they will perish in a great act of revenge, and if they sweep down here to cut your railway line to pieces—which has brought all these people out—and to ravage Cheyenne, then what is the use of such forts as this Fort Russell and its handful of soldiers? What did I see in a book the other day? that the fighting men of these Indians alone were not.