

A Friend's Revenge.

(Continued)

K. R. '03.

WE had travelled for perhaps three hours in the direction of the declining sun, when a dark moving speck in the far distance to the northwest, attracted the attention of our captors. The foremost of them rode back to take counsel of his fellows. Danger was scented, for instantly the course of the party was changed. We rode more closely, and the cattle were urged to their utmost speed. The dark speck however, grew larger and approached steadily nearer. Soon twenty horsemen became visible. Then came the loud report of the winchester and the shout of the combatants. We bent low in our saddles to avoid the whistling bullets. The Indians, at length seeing that it was useless to strive against superior numbers, deserted their quarry and galloped away, leaving two of their number dead upon the prairie. Our rescuers, who were a party of cowboys, on the lookout for this very pack of Indian marauders, ceased from the pursuit when they found that one of their number had been shot down by the retreating savages.

As soon as Dalwit and myself had been released from our bonds, we mingled with the group that had gathered about the prostrate form of the fallen cowboy, who appeared to suffer much from the wound he had received. We could not catch a glimpse of his face though we could hear his words.

"Those Sioux have done for me at last" he panted. "I feel that I cannot last long. I would die without regret, were it not for leaving my two children."

As it was now getting quiet dark, a tent was erected close by and the wounded man carried into it. A small fire was also kindled from the wood of a few prairie shrubs, as we intended to pass the night there. I had picked a small crucifix, on the spot where the wounded man had