

vessels, and dried meat, while in the midst of them sat a small white child, whose auburn hair and hazel eyes contrasted strangely with the dusky company she was in. An Indian boy was mounted on the pack-horse, and before him was a well grown papoose; following came two squaws, patiently trudging in the steps of the horses which bore their superiors, who preceded them with fitting dignity. Like a living panorama the little party passed along, then, turning off the trail at a point where several dry alkali pools lay, like scars on the bosom of the prairie, headed their silent procession towards the foot-hills in the distance, and were lost in the gathering darkness of the autumn evening.

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Morning came, bright and clear; a solitary horseman passed along the trail, urging his already jaded horse to extra speed by voice and whip, stopping now and then to cast his eyes over the lonely prairie, or to inspect the trail for foot-prints and the marks of horses' hoofs, which ever and anon,