

Just at this moment, as we were effectually concealed from Jimmy's sight by the thick growth of willows which covered the river-bottom, the doctor permitted a long, low, wailing moan to escape his lips, as nearly as he could imitate the sound which Jimmy had once called my attention to, when encamped near the Carizo Spring. With a look of intense horror upon his face, and a yell that would have done credit to an Apache, he gave a tremendous leap, and with a "Howly murder, what the devil's that!" he disappeared very suddenly in the direction of camp, where I arrived in time to hear him caution poor old Mr. Stewart against "wandherin' away frum thi camp, ez there wuz painters in thim woods," pointing to the little copse of willows not more than five or six feet in height where we had been concealed, and at the same time informing him that "whin avenin' come," he "wuz goin' to take his goon and go a-hoontin'." I noticed, however, that Jimmy did not venture out of camp during the evening, and when he spread his blankets, it was beneath the wagon, a precaution which he said was taken for "protietion frum the avenin' air."

The next morning the doctor called my attention to the growing weakness and gradual decline of Mr. Stewart, remarking that if it were possible he would like to have the opinion of Dr. Cooper — the army surgeon stationed at Fort Craig, about eighty-five miles below us — upon his case. We determined therefore to follow the western bank of the Rio