

who had been buried *up* in a tree. We were informed that the Indian belonged to the Sioux tribe. The body was sewn up in a buffalo robe, and suspended to the branch of the tree. It had hung so long that only the bones and hair were left for our gaze.

This settler seemed very pleased to see us, and invited us to camp near him for the night. We readily consented, as we thought he might assist us in finding that which we had come so far to seek. This was not the only inducement to stop. He was just baking, and could offer us a greater treat than we had had for some days, namely, a slice of bread, which only those can appreciate who have been living on hard biscuits, as we had. There was one other thing which attracted us to this spot, which was a large bed of stinging-nettles. We picked our little pot full, and boiled them with a piece of fat pork, and so obtained a splendid dish. I dare to say I never relished any vegetables from the most cultivated garden in the Old Country so much. Certainly it gave us a little trouble in gathering them, for the mosquitoes pegged away at our faces and necks, while the nettles did their well-known work upon our hands.

As we had only about thirty miles further to go ere reaching our destination, we invited the old miner to accompany us. After some persuasion he consented. We started the next day, glad to have a little more company,