

costs, or in default, six months at H. L.

A few months after, I again visited the same town, saw the same police corporal in the same restaurant, and eating to all appearance, the same supper.

Now, it struck me to find out, if possible, whether he had been the one to arrest "Red Mack" or not. So, striking up an acquaintance with the corporal, I reminded him of the instance, whereupon he kindly favored me with the following account of it:

"Well yes, I managed to bring him to a "stand-still," and on the next trip at that. You can understand how a fellow would feel situated as I am, having him "shoot off" in that way, and my mind was made up in less time than you can crack a peanut, that if such a thing were possible, it would be done. Previously, I had always made it a point to avoid these fellows, when counting them "Coo's," but I was cornered that time.

Two weeks after that he left town for another cargo of "forty rod," and after obtaining permission from the officer-commanding, I started in pursuit with a paid outfit. We were not long in catching sight of him; after this we rode across the country and succeeded in getting ahead of him. We were acquainted with his usual route, so made for the gold camp in the Sweet Grass Hills, camping on the south slope, well up in one of the small counties, deep enough to hide without been seen. He arrived about noon the next day, putting up at one of the mines of that place.

Next day "Red" pulled his freight for Big Sandy, which he reached that night, but not without us seeing him, for he was kept continually in sight.

His cargo must have been ready and waiting, for he returned that night. You see he had to use a little precaution here, for he was

travelling through Indian reserves, and the laws of the United States don't allow a man to have liquor in his possession on Indian reserves; but it is a law that is very poorly carried out,

Next day found him camped about a mile on the safe side of the lines, in Rocky Ridge. Here he remained a day, to recruit up his horses. When leaving this he left just as it was growing dusk, and seemed to us to be making a bee line for the old Benton trail. After watching him for some time, we put spurs to our horses, taking a half circle, struck the trail at Edman's Coulee, here we remained to see that we had not been mistaken as to his supposed route.

"Sure enough, along he came, in about half an hour, the horses at a good swinging gait. We allowed the outfit to pass, then when the sound of the wheels told us he was well ahead, mounted and followed in the chase, keeping just close enough for the rumble of the wheels to reach us. We travelled on, and at Ripps Coulee we again got to the front, awaiting his arrival on the far side, and "cached" ourselves on the trail at the top of the hill.

When "Red" reached this, the stillness of the air was broken by my "pard" shouting "throw up duks" You should have seen him grab for stars. I never was so disappointed in all my life, for honestly I expected to see him show fight. My opinion is he never had the sand of a "curlew."

That settled his "hash," he was loaded with five ten gallon kegs of good old "Red Eye," proof beyond doubt. We reached the fort about noon, and the next day he was weighed off, and found wanting. To make up the balance, he was required to raise fifty dollars, failing this, to remain as a guest of the Provost Sergeant for six months putting in the time at H. L."