

resulted from these hunting excursions.

At this time, 1885, I was appointed census enumerator of Dolores County. I started from Rico about June 12 for the purpose of enumerating the settlers outside of the town. I arrived at a small settlement on the west Dolores on the evening of that day and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Oscar Carter, who is an old-time ranchman and miner. In the morning he directed me, as I had never been beyond that section, along a trail about thirty-five miles westward, to the nearest ranch, called Thompson's Milk Ranch, on Beaver Creek. Climbing up a steep mountain side, it was late in the afternoon when I halted my weary horse at the ranch, which I found to consist of a log cabin, a milk house, a corral and a stable. Strange as it seemed to me, the door of the cabin was nailed up, and pigs, dogs and chickens roamed about and approached me as if glad of human company. The usual utensils and fixtures of a ranch, such as wagons and other appliances, stood about, but no human being was to be seen. The day being exceedingly hot, I sat on the door step, wondering when my intended host would appear. I saw a number of cattle, a mile or two off, and supposed that the inhabitants of the ranch were there branding or rounding up their stock for milking purposes.

While waiting I noticed some half-dozen buzzards circling slowly above some tall trees a couple of hundred yards from the house, darting eastward and then reappearing above, only to repeat the same manoeuvre again. My prairie experience led me to believe that some carrion was the objective point beneath those trees, so when the sun was finally going down and no one had yet appeared I was led to suspect that some catastrophe had occurred, and connecting the buzzards with this thought I mounted my horse and rode over to the trees. I first saw what appeared to be old tents, and approaching them found the bones of sixteen Indians, one of which was that of a woman. I examined them and found that they had been shot. Their appearance indicated rather that they had been aroused from their slumbers, for they were entirely nude. Upon examining the ground I found a number of empty cartridge shells behind a fallen tree, from which point the attack had evidently been made.

I did not wonder at the nailed-up ranch door, nor did I expect anyone to appear and offer me entertainment. The ranchman must have removed himself and family to some place of safety in fear of retaliatory measures by the Indians. I therefore pulled down the door and examined the interior. I found some dry biscuits, coffee and coffee pot and a sheet iron stove; an empty bedstead stood in one corner, on which were piled a number of magazines, while skins covered the floor. Of course, my first thought was for the inner man, and I sallied forth to the chicken house to look for eggs. I

found an abundant supply. Returning to the house I started a fire and became cook. In leaving the house to replenish the fire I happened to glance up to the roof of the house, and to my dismay discovered the smoke passing through a stovepipe projecting from the roof which sent the smoke in a straight line a hundred feet or more up into the air. As such a volume of smoke is used by some of the Plain Indians as a signal to rendezvous, I was apprehensive that this smoke would call to the ranch any band of Indians which might be prowling in that country. Remember I knew of no Indian disturbances, but still I found so many dead Indians. However, after supper I found a more clear spot in the sage brush for my horse, stowed my saddle in another place, then retired to the house, lit a candle and examined the magazine. I soon extinguished the light and went to sleep on the floor. Awakened suddenly by some slight noise, I had some serious reflections. I thought of home and friends and of the likelihood of my being scalped in the night. I had no weapons, and therefore could have offered but slight resistance to any one's attack. Relighting the candle, I inscribed the following in my note book, with my name, occupation and date:

I am tonight at Thompson's Milk Ranch. Have discovered some dead Indians near here. May be murdered by any live one who may be in the vicinity. Whoever finds this will please send it to given address of brother in New York City.

Stepping to the door, I threw this book far out into the brush, and a fine time I had the next morning, on awakening, to find it. Holding a council of war with myself in the morning, I changed my course and struck out for the nearest large settlement, which I presumed to be some forty miles distant, called the Big Bend of the Dolores which is almost at the head of the famous Montezuma Valley. There being no road, I traveled over woods and mountains, and after dark arrived at my destination. I found the people of the settlement in a state of great alarm. On the previous night the house of a Mr. Gentner had been attacked by a band of Indians, himself killed, his wife shot and his house burned. It was a horrible story. The man had discovered his house on fire while in the bed, had seized a couple of pails and run to the well. In returning he was shot. His wife in her night robes, hearing his cries and seeing him fall, ran to his assistance. He begged her to gather the children and flee, and leave him to his fate. While handling him a drink of water, loth to leave him, she herself was shot, receiving a terrible wound through the right shoulder. Terrified, she fled to the house, aroused her three children and ran out into the road, lustily screaming for help. Running into an arroyo (a gulch) and there hiding in the sage brush with her small children about her, the poor woman sat all night partly nude, shivering with cold and fevered from

her wound, until found on the following morning by some neighbors. All this happened some eight miles from the Big Bend. A physician who had been summoned from Venango to attend the woman pressed me into service and together we dressed the wound, and at the doctor's suggestion took her ante-mortem statement. It was easy for me to account for this outrage; it was but retaliation for the killing of those who were lying at Beaver Creek.

Subsequently being commissioned by the governor to investigate this matter, I found that thirty-six Indians had camped at Beaver Creek for the ostensible purpose of killing deer. They were accused by the cattlemen of killing cattle, and warned to leave. It is needless to say they did not leave. They were again warned to leave within twenty-four hours, and at the expiration, being still there, they were fired into with the results later ascertained.

The few survivors, one of whom was a squaw, made their way to the reservation, and there met a party of their tribe and reported the occurrence. This party, wild to avenge the death of their kindred, at once rushed off and attacked the first innocent white settlers whom they encountered. On that tour over thirty white settlers were murdered. The woman whom I have previously mentioned as being shot obtained several years ago a reward of \$5000 from Congress.

LETTER FROM "JUNIOUS."

This city is today the second largest in the United States. The population of New York is estimated at 1,500,000, that of Chicago 1,200,000. Poor old St. Louis, where is she? Well, she has 400,000. On Saturday last the following towns were annexed to Chicago: Hyde Park, 85,000; Lake, 100,000; Lake View, 65,000; Jefferson, 25,000. So that Chicago is now the fourth largest city in the world. London has 5,000,000; Paris 2,600,000; New York 1,500,000; Berlin 1,800,000. In area Chicago now measures 174 square miles. She has within her limits two navigable lakes, namely Calumet and Hyde, and half of Lake Wolf; the other half belongs to Indiana. She has two large rivers now besides the famous Chicago River, also a fine harbor at South Chicago, where coal and lumber are handled.

The new city will soon be re-districted. The next council will comprise at least seventy-two aldermen—quite a respectable body numerically. It is supposed that a better class of aldermen will come with the annexed portions, because it is in the suburbs that our four hundred reside, and also all those who are seeking to get within the charmed four hundred. We will have Buck McArthur in our next council. He has been annexed with his beloved stockyards, though much against his will. We will have one of the Pullman family likewise. The town of Pullman