

AMONG THE NAVAJOS.

A Buried Man's Body Recovered—Time Talk with the Navajos.

Dawn of a New Era.

DAKOTA, Nov. 19.—I thought I had made a safe trip among our Navajo friends, might be of interest to the numerous readers of the *Deseret*. Mr. W. H. Miller, a veteran prospector and packer since 1860, and his son were on the trail west, across the mountains and over many miles through a single and sandy canyons with the greatest variety of scenery—and with full measure of all sorts and ways to come apparently conceivable. Our road was in a sufficient direction, part way along the trail and sometimes a wagon road, to Moenkopi.

The object of our trip was to get the story of a young man supposed to be from the Lewis, who was killed by the Navajos, of whom there are about March 1860, nearly after the San Juan gold boom, while just entering their territory. This man was travelling alone, who, while preparing his report at the camp fire, was shot in the back, mortally wounded, and recovered—so say the Indians. He had a gun, knife, horse, and some few possessions. He had a gun and revolver, and was well armed. He was tall and powerfully proportioned and was dressed in the uniform of his age.

His armament was not Captain F. W. M. Jackson's, or B. P. Franklin's, or George A. Custer's, with a difference of thirty years, however.

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