

However, the other bears were yet to be reckoned with. They seemed to consist of two two-year-olds and two yearlings, probably all offspring of the old one. I reloaded my rifle, then dropped to the ground, Tom and Jack yelling at me as though they thought I was as good as eaten alive. One of the bears came a short distance toward me, and I sank on one knee, waited until it was within forty feet, then dropped it dead at one shot. The others were at a loss what to do. While they continued to sniff at the old one and to toddle about in perplexity, I killed two more of them and crippled the fifth one, which got away.

We secured the gall-bladders from the four dead animals, and then took up once more the trail of the Indians. I had little hopes of being able to overtake them short of Mill Creek Canyon, but, of course, I had to follow the trail in order to make sure.

We dropped down into Deer Creek and crossed this stream, as we had on several previous occasions, near the mouth of Sulphur Creek. Again the trail led us up that frightful ascent toward the wedge-like defile in the upper cliff, and, incredible as it may seem, we found that the Indians had taken the stolen horse up that way. Tom and Jack declared that they could see scars upon the small trees where the animal had hung on by his teeth.

We crossed through the broad canyons of Little and Big Dry Creeks, and so at length reached the breaks of Mill Creek. From here we could see for miles over the wild regions of that great canyon, and I told the boys that we would take a good look



When we reached the top of the ridge, we sat down for a breathing spell.

"Well, Bob," said Jack, "how many of those fellows do you think you got? I saw two."

"I counted three" said Tom.

I told them that I thought there were six or seven scattered along the hillside.

We struck off down the slope of the foothills and reached the valley without mishap. We went by way of Hi Good's cabin, and stopped there for lunch. Hi was at home and listened with great interest to an account of our experiences. He remarked, when we had finished:

"You fellows can consider that you got off very lucky. I came down through that country the other day, and took a peep at that camp, and there were at least thirty bucks there. I guess if the whole party had been at home that you three would have been left in the hills."

I told him that it looked to me like there were just about thirty warriors there when I opened fire upon them.

About two weeks later, Hi came one day to my place. He said that a squaw had come to his place from Mill Creek, a few days after we had paid our visit to the Indians' camp, and had told him that there were seven killed and two badly wounded in that battle, which proved that my estimate had not been far wrong.