

stampede Crook's herd of horses and mules, and set the major portion of his command on foot. He patiently began all his work over again, sent to the Dalles for a remount, and devoted the late spring and early summer of 1867 to breaking in the broncos to saddle and pack. His efforts were ably and intelligently seconded by those of the command who had been out under his orders during the preceding winter, belonging to detachments of the 1st and 8th Cavalry and the 9th and 23d Infantry, and before summer was half over Crook was once more in the saddle.

Warner Lake, on the east side of which Crook was encamped at this time, is a long, narrow sheet of water, lying due north and south, of no great depth and very constricted at its middle point. The savages had always been on the lookout for military expeditions rounding either extremity of this lake, but Crook conceived the idea of building a causeway of rock across the narrow neck, and was successful beyond anticipation. The work was finished in less time than had been expected, and the troops were across and making rapid and stealthy night marches in the direction of the enemy before their presence was suspected. This may be called, so far as this article is concerned, the beginning of the campaign.

The Indian scouts were kept from one to two days in advance, and covered not only the front of the columns, but fifty miles of the country on each flank. All marching was made by night, and the general direction was towards the lava beds of northern California. The bronco mules and horses were the source of great anxiety, as they were likely at any moment to stampede or to make off into the brush: a number of them did break away, and, with the rations they carried, were never again found.

Skirmishes occurred each day between the advance of the Indian scouts and the hostiles, Crook being careful not to march the same distance on two consecutive days. Some days, or nights rather, he would advance so far, and the next march would be twice as far. On one occasion the march began at sundown and lasted through the night and all the next day until close on to sunset, the command halting

only to tighten cinches. This greatly fatigued officers and men, but it perplexed the enemy and prevented them from calculating accurately upon the place and moment for an ambushade.



GENERAL GEORGE CROOK ON THE TRAIL.

Archie MacIntosh, a half-breed Indian in charge of the friendly Bannocks, captured two Pi-Ute women engaged in digging camass bulbs, one of the favorite foods of the savages of the Northwest. This capture, however, nearly proved disastrous, as the men of the village to which the squaws belonged made a bold attack upon Archie and the Bannocks, who had foolishly undertaken to fight a foe of unknown strength without waiting for the arrival of the cavalry support, which had been purposely kept at a distance, although only a short distance, in the rear.

The condition of the whole command was by this time distressing. Over three hundred miles had been marched from the base of supplies at Camp Warner, nearly all of it by night; the men were fatigued and disheartened by constant but profitless skirmishing with an enemy who seemed proof against all wiles and blandishments to coax him into a general engagement; everybody was in rags, and in the thinnest of rags at that, since the movement had begun during the heat of summer and the freezing snows of early winter were now falling; horses and mules were worn down, rations were about exhausted, and there was nothing to show for it all but twelve dead Indians.