

from their village and demanded tribute for crossing their territory. Looking upon the demand as a new form of Indian beggary, but little attention was paid to them. After considerable bantering talk, some tobacco was given them, and they went off grumbling and threatening. Boden said: "After the Indians left we talked over the matter for a while; none regarded the demand of the 'Indian tax-gathers' but as a trivial affair. I then mounted my horse and rode off in the direction in which we had seen some antelopes as we came on. I had not gone far before I heard firing in the direction of our halting-place.

"Riding back, I saw the house near which I had left my comrades was surrounded by yelling demons. I was discovered by them at the same instant, and some of them dashed toward me. Seeing no possibility of joining my party, I turned and struck my horse with the spurs, but before I could get beyond range of their arrows, I felt a benumbing sensation in my arm, which dropped powerless. Seeing that my arm was shattered or broken, I thought I would give them one shot at least before I fell into their hands. Checking my horse with some difficulty, I turned so as to rest my rifle across my broken arm, and took sight on the nearest of my pursuers, who halted at the same time."

At this point in his story the hardy adventurer remarked with a twinkle of satisfaction in his bright, keen eye: "I never took better aim in my life. That Indian died suddenly. Another dash was made for me. My horse did not now need the spurs, he seemed to be aware that we must leave that locality as soon as possible, and speedily distanced them all. As soon as the first excitement was over I suffered excruciating pain in my arm. My rifle being useless to me, I broke it against a tree and threw it away. I then took the bridle rein in my teeth and carried the broken arm in my other hand."