

of about fifty Con-Cows on the Nome-Cult farm, who were bitter enemies of the Wylackies and asked for nothing better than to be led against them. The whites were armed with rifles, revolvers, and bowie-knives, while the Indians had their bows and arrows; and the plan of action having been fully considered and explained to the Indians, so as to act in concert, they started in pursuit of the marauders.

They found their camp located on the bank of Hull's Creek, at a place called Horse Cañon. The raid had been so successful that all the trees in the neighborhood of the camp were covered with the meat of the stolen stock hanging in the sun to dry, and the Wylackies were in full rejoicing over their good fortune. The attacking party, concealing their movements from the unsuspecting Wylackies, advanced cautiously until within a short distance of the camp, and then halted and formed into a semicircle. The Yukas and the Con-Cows, having stripped stark naked, tied a strip of white cotton around their foreheads so as to be recognized by the whites among the other Indians; and painting themselves with their war paint, began a sort of silent war dance, which soon worked them into a frenzy that boded no good to the Wylackies. Then the signal to advance was given, and with a rush they were upon the camp.

The surprise was complete, and the Wylackies were shot down in all directions; until, after a faint show of resistance, those who were left alive escaped by flight, leaving some two hundred and forty of their number dead upon the field. The loss on the other side was four Con-Cows slightly wounded, and one white man named Abbott severely wounded by an arrow in the breast.

Severe as the lesson had been, its effect was not permanent; for after remaining quiet for some time, the Wylackies again began their depredations, although on a smaller scale than before. It may not be considered

out of place to tell the following story in connection with the fight of Horse Cañon:

When an Indian is wounded by an arrow, his first act is to seize it, and with a quick pull, tear it out of the wound, as the longer the arrow remains therein the more difficult and painful is the operation of extraction. The wounded white man, Abbott, neglected this precaution, and when he tried to pull it out afterwards, the arrow broke, leaving the head in the wound. Some days after the fight, Abbott being in great pain, he and his friends were visited by a party of Con-Cows, who told them that the great Medicine Squaw of the tribe was coming, and that she would pull the arrow out of his breast without causing him any pain.

In a few moments she appeared, arrayed in all the paraphernalia of her high position among the Con-Cows, and escorted by a large retinue of friends and satellites. Advancing with slow steps and dignified countenance, she halted opposite Abbott, and with an imperious gesture ordered him to rise, open the bosom of his shirt, and expose the wound — all of which he did, affected and impressed, in spite of himself, by her earnestness and dignity.

Looking with a deep and searching glance at the wound, she began in a slow recitative an incantation addressed to some invisible being, accompanied by an equally slow chant on the part of her companions. When this had continued for some time, and the spirit was apparently conciliated by these preliminary steps, she slowly extended her arm toward the wound as if grasping an invisible arrow, and as quickly withdrew her arm, as if her effort to pull the arrow out of the wound had been ineffectual. The chant grew stronger; and slowly, and with a firmer purpose, the arm was again extended and withdrawn—this time with a stronger effort, as if the arrow was deeply imbedded in the flesh. Again and again was