

down went the rifles. The first rider came up to us, and after a palaver with Jack, in which we caught here and there a word of broken English, we learnt that they were bound for a council of Indians up in Montana.

Four more picturesque savages could not have been desired to complete our reminiscences of the Far West. Every bright colour was to be found somewhere in their costumes. One wore a bright blue coat faced with scarlet; another had chosen his cloth of the tawniest orange. Their straw hats were encircled with a band of down and surmounted with feathers. Scarlet braid embroidered with beads wound in and out all over their dress. Their rifles (for every one of them was fully armed) were cased in richly-broidered canvas covers, and were slung across the front of their saddles, ready for any emergency. One of them, the son of a chief, whose father Jack had known, carried a twopenny looking-glass hanging at his saddle-bow. We were glad to have seen the noble savage in his war-paint among his native wilds. Our satisfaction, however, would have been less had we known then what we only discovered when we got down into Utah, that a neighbouring tribe of the Utes were in revolt, that they had murdered the agent and his people, and killed a United States officer and a number of his soldiers, who had been sent to suppress the rising, and that there were rumours of the disaffection spreading into other tribes. We saluted our strangers with the Indian greeting, "How!" whereupon they gravely rode round and formally shook hands with each of us. Jack, however, had no faith in Indians, and after they had left us, and were scampering along the prairie in a bee-line due north, he still kept his eye on them till they entered a valley among the mountains, and were lost to sight. In half an hour afterwards another