

The next morning I received a short note from Mr. Pope asking me to drive with him, and saying that he would tell me all. At five o'clock I dined with him, and it so turned out that he was to marry Miss Bell in just two weeks, consequently I was obliged to prolong my stay in the city. During this time I made frequent calls on Miss Lillian, and found her more charming every time I called, in fact I now realized that my case was a serious one and that I should certainly have to propose, so I decided to do so, immediately after the wedding.

The time came when Mr. Pope was to be married, the ceremony was to be held at Trinity church, and at ten o'clock Tuesday morning, the bride and groom marched up the aisle and were wedded. I now went around to make my last call, and the most serious one of all. For this time I was to propose, if she accepted all well and good, I would then marry and settle down, but if she refused me, I should never get over it, and should at once leave for the West to live upon the ranch.

All these thoughts flashed across my brain while I was waiting for Miss Lillian to come down stairs, and when she did appear, I felt quite faint and must have made a terrible impression. Miss Lillian at once saw the position that I was in, and in her sweet voice told me how pleased she was to have me call, as she was so afraid that I was going to leave the city without bidding her adieu.

I now braced up and said to myself, "come old fellow, you cannot remain here long, so hurry up." So I now prepared myself for the answer, and asked her, in fact, got down on my knees and implored her to become my wife, she hesitated a moment; then exclaimed, "I cannot I am engaged to another."

I did not lose much time in bidding her good-bye, and at once hurried to the station, bought a ticket to Wingate, and got on the train which was to leave in fifteen minutes. My trip west was a dreary one, as I was all upset by having been

through so much excitement during the past three weeks, and now my only thought was to get to my ranch and lead a quiet lonely life. When I arrived at Wingate, which was nothing but a red frame house that sufficed for a post-office and grocery, I procured a guide and told him to take me to the ranch which was twenty miles away and every step of the way had to be ridden on horseback. We rode along the dim dusty Indian trail for miles, and at last came to a canon in the middle of which was a small log hut, and on inquiring from my guide, he, much to my surprise, told me that that log hut was known as the Eshandido Ranch, and that I was now its owner.

When we arrived at the ranch I proceeded to find out just how many horses and cattle I had, and also found out very much to my disgust, that the Indians were stealing my stock and that something would have to be done to prevent them from so doing. We spent the first night at the lonely place, sitting up all night with our winchesters at our sides waiting for an attack that did not come until the next morning.

As my guide, Juan Martinez and myself were standing together just about to mount our ponies and ride after some stolen stock, I saw in a distance of not more than one hundred yards, five Indians coming as fast as they could towards us, we at once mounted our horses, and there then ensued a race for life up a steep mountain, when about two-thirds up, my guide's horse gave one lunge and fell exhausted, soon Juan Martinez horse did the same thing, and as my pony was a fresh one I kept him going, and reached the top of the mountain safely, dismounted and fired upon the Indians who were now just about to take the scalp from my guide. When I opened fire, they at once followed suit and for a few moments the bullets flew thick and fast. As I was behind a huge rock, of course I had the advantage, and succeeded in killing four, whereupon the fifth fled. I was wounded in the arm, and when my guide and Juan Martinez came to my rescue, I was unconscious, so they put me upon my horse and took