

were Sioux Indians near, for that day she smelled *kinnikinnick* smoke in the woods. The Chippewa soon left, and it seemed not more than a moment after that the house was filled with a war party of Sioux. The chief asked her if there was any Chippewas there, and she answered that she had not seen any. The Sioux said they had tracked one to the cabin, and taking some of the sugar the Indian had brought, called it "Chippewa's sugar," and said they would eat the sugar, and cut the Chippewa's throat when they caught him. The war party ate all the food they could get, and then filed out; but they didn't catch the old Indian, for he managed to escape, and afterwards brought game to our house.

There is something mysterious in the appearance of a war party. I have seen several, and they glided along like a serpent, with noiseless, even motion; and had I not been looking at them, I should not have known that they were passing within thirty feet of me. Once a raft broke to pieces, and I went with the men to recover the lumber. While engaged in collecting it, we had to pass over a ridge frequently during the day, and at night when we were going over on our way back to the mills, we heard a laugh close by our side. We looked around for the cause, but not finding it, we were about to move on, when the laugh was repeated, and we were surprised to see what we had taken for a pine stump, assume the form of a Chippewa scout. It appears he had been hid there all day, watching for Sioux, and we had passed within arms' reach several times, without seeing him.

I remained two years in the Pineries and could have made money, had I accepted the offer made me if I would remain longer; but I desired to return to Prairie Du Chien.

---

## No. 11

The year after my coming down from Lockwood's Mills, in 1840, an election occurred, and I was solicited to accept the office of Constable in and for the county of Craw-