

edge of Llano County. Neither of the men were armed, Mr. Cox having loaned his six-shooter to Rev Mr. Jolly, who was going on a trip quite a distance across the mountains. As Cox and Shelly were riding along the dry bed of a small creek they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs. Shelly was well mounted and Cox insisted on his running for his life, telling him the galloping horses were mounted by Indians. Cox was riding a mule and as he was talking to Shelly the horses' hoofs drew nearer and nearer. Mr. Cox was right in his statement for suddenly eight Indians came into sight.

Mr. Cox turned his mule and galloped toward a small thicket some distance away. The redskins dashed after him, their swift ponies gaining on the mule each second. Quickly they had ridden to the heels of the mule, meanwhile they were sending their deadly arrows at the rider. Some of the Indians swept up beside the apparently helpless man. Two arrows had been driven into the mule; another had pierced the cantel of the rider's saddle. With a tremendous leap the white man leaped to the ground, having jumped over the mule's head. As he struck the ground the Indians snatched the bridle reins of the mule. A moment later they were at the heels of Mr. Cox, who was crawling as rapidly as he could into the thicket. At this moment there came what some would call an intervention of providence. A loud yell was heard more than a hundred yards away. Suddenly the redmen stopped their efforts to catch or kill Mr. Cox and after chattering for a few moments they turned and rode away in the direction whence the yell came. Mr. Cox now ran out of this small thicket down a bluff, and standing under this bluff for a short while, threw himself into the creek and swam to the other side and crawled into a thicket.

After the Indians rode away from Mr. Cox they were soon face to face with three young men armed with sixshooters. With these young men were two unarmed negroes. As the Indians approached the three young men, who were Robert (Rob) Barden, Lawrence Chapman and Tom Shelly, one of the white men challenged the Indians to dismount and fight it out afoot. Doubtless they thought they could handle their six-shooters better from the ground. The red men seemed to understand the challenge as they quickly dismounted, flashed their arrows from the quivers and were speeding them toward the white men in a furious way.

Amid the crack of the sixshooter and the rain of arrows, could be heard the fiendish yells of the blood-thirsty savages. Now, when it is remembered that most Indians carried with them a rawhide shield, which they could shift from one part of the body to another with amazing rapidity, it is easily seen that in a fight with the Indians the whites were put at a disadvantage. Now, when the Indians had eight to three

as in this battle, it seems strange that seeing the disadvantage at which they must fight that the three did not make an attempt to escape this fight, since it was possible for them to do so. Bullets became scarcer as the battle raged. The three men knew of this fact, and shielded themselves as best they could behind boulders and trees, the Indians doing likewise.

Gradually the red men were creeping closer to the white men's horses and as the last bullets whistled from the sixshooters, the Indians dashed for the horses and succeeded in cutting the Texans off from them, and a few seconds thereafter the woods were rearing with the triumphant whoops of the savages, for they had captured the horses and gone. In this battle a negro (Jim) was pinned to a tree by an arrow which pierced through his leg. Lawrence Chapman was shot in the chest, though not seriously wounded. None of the Indians were mortally wounded.

As Mr. Cox lay in the thicket he heard the crack of the sixshooters and the wild whoops of the red men. After the battle had waged for awhile heard the louder yells of the Indians as they captured the horses. He felt then that the battle had gone against his friends. The Indians passed close by Mr. Cox's hiding place as they rode away. They were still hilarious over their victory. After the rattle of the horses' hoofs died away in the distance he crawled from his hiding place and started for home. He says he did not become excited till after his race with the red skins. As he wended his way toward home he saw coming in the distance an ox wagon driven by his friend, Rob Harden.

A peculiar expression swept over the driver's face, for he was then on his way after the body of his friend Cox and there before his eyes walked the invincible Texan, over whose death he was then mourning. Was it Cox or his ghost, that was stalking there before him? He was not long to be kept in doubt, for Mr. Cox shortly proved to him that he was far from being a corpse. Not a hair of his head nor a thread of his garments had been harmed, except, indeed, by the brush and briars, through which he had dashed to save his scalp. Young Harden had seen Mr. Cox leave the back of the mule and thought he had been killed.

Less than a year after this experience, Mr. Cox and William Deniston, a brother-in-law, were out in search of cattle. As they rode leisurely through the woods they were wholly unconscious that a band of twenty-eight Indians were quietly drawing their cordon about them, hence, without one moment's warning, they found themselves almost surrounded by their red foes. The two men were a mile from home and it then looked that the end was near, but they determined to make the redmen's victory as dear as possible. The Indians to their front had dismounted and sat or