

kneeled with guns in readiness to fire if the two men came their way.

"What shall we do?" asked Deniston.

"Dash through the line in front of us," quickly replied Cox. At these words, the two men made a dash to break through the line. As they did so the Indians rose in a body and opened fire on the Texans. Leaping close to their horses and firing right and left at their foe the two men plunged their horses through the line, and off like the wind they sped toward home.

Pandemonium now seemed turned loose for the wild, screeching screams and weird war whoops of the red warriors were now piercing both hill and vale. Down dangerous defiles, over rocky ledges, through tangled undergrowth, across gravel beds, the Texans tore, while at their heels, sweeping like a tornado, rushed the vengeful redmen. Deadly missiles from the redskins' rifles were crashing through the air, while the crack of the sixshooter told that the intrepid Texans were still in the fight.

Deniston's horse was swifter than that of Cox's, hence he was not long in pulling away from his friend. A crafty redman seeing this, made a desperate attempt to cut Cox off from his friend ahead of him. As he attempted to throw his horse in front of Mr. Cox the Texan threw his pistol on him and fired; to his surprise the Indian, like a flash disappeared on the opposite side of his horse, thus escaping the bullet. The smoke from the weapon had barely passed away when the skillful red rider swung himself back into the saddle and was fleeing after the white man. Again he attempted to sweep around Mr. Cox. Once more the six-shooter rang out, the dexterous horseman again vanished to the other side of the horse. Undaunted, and with reckless daring the Indian flung himself astride his horse, and was off in hot pursuit of his prey.

The third time he tried to sweep in front of Mr. Cox.

Bang! roared the white man's gun, but to no avail for the elusive redskin was not there when the bullet sped over the saddle. Cox now decided on another plan to stop his persistent foe. As the Indian made the fourth attempt to throw his horse in front of the Texan, a bullet tore its way into the redman's horse just behind its shoulder. The beast ran for about a hundred yards then fell mortally wounded. Again and again the red sharpshooters tried to pick the Texans from their horses but continued unsuccessful in their efforts. All this while the unearthly yells of the savages continued. Throughout a mile of territory the ensanguined conflict was waged. There seemed no earthly chance of escape for the two men. Despite this neither for a moment lost his head, but for this fact both might have been killed. The two men were pursued to Mr. Cox's home when the Indians gave up the chase.

In this fight young Deniston was wounded in the leg. As usual Mr. Cox escaped

untouched. When asked how he accounted for his marvelous escapes, Mr. Cox said: "I think that God ordains that every man shall live so long and no earthly agency can shorten that life one day."

In passing it may be said that the Indians with which the early Texan was forced to defend himself and family against was one of the fiercest connected with the history of our continent. These Indians were the Comanches and Apaches.

Of the Texas commanders a Texas historian says: "This is the Indian that fills up our ideal of the true savage life, the Arab of the prairie, the model of the fabled Thessalian Centaur, half horse, half man, so closely joined and so dexterously managed that it appears but one animal—fleet and furious. This is the class that hung like a dark, and threatening cloud over our frontier, disputing every inch of ground with the no less brave and determined pioneer settler. This was the most powerful and warlike tribe of all the native tribes of Texas. They are the offshoots of the great Shoshone family. They are considered the best horsemen in the world."

Of the Apaches the same writer says: "A brave and warlike tribe of hunters, whose principal village was the Bandera Pass. For a century this tribe depredated on the citizens of San Antonio. They were generally in close alliance with the Comanches, a kindred tribe."

#### The Comanche Indians.

Mr. Leo E. Mahoney, of Austin, Texas, sends us a lengthy article dealing with the Comanche tribe of Indians, which we will publish in a future issue of Frontier Times. We appreciate Mr. Mahoney's kindness in sending in this splendid article for publication in our little magazine. Writing us under date of January 9, he says: "I became interested in the Comanches, and I was surprised to find that no adequate study had ever been made of them. I have tried to remedy this condition and to present the essential facts in the ethnography of our most romantic and picturesque Texas tribe. The study here presented in very sketchy and inadequate, but it may arouse interest and cause others to make more thorough investigations."

#### The Lost Adams Diggings.

In next issue (March) of Frontier Times we will publish the story of the Lost Adams' Gold Diggings, as related by a survivor of the ill-fated expedition which sought and found a fabulous placer field in Arizona. This story recently appeared in the El Paso Herald, and is of such absorbing interest that we believe our readers will like it. Although it is quite lengthy we will likely publish it complete in our next issue.