

**TALES OF THE TRAIL;
SHORT STORIES
OF WESTERN LIFE**

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Tales of the trail; short stories of western life by Colonel Henry Inman

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COLONEL HENRY INMAN

**TALES OF THE TRAIL;
SHORT STORIES
OF WESTERN LIFE**

TALES OF THE TRAIL

SHORT STORIES OF WESTERN LIFE

BY

COLONEL HENRY INMAN

Late Assistant Quartermaster, United States Army

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL," "SALT LAKE TRAIL,"



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AUERBACH COLL December 1947

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PREFACE.

THESE "Tales of the Trail" are based upon actual facts which came under the personal observation of the author, whose reputation as a writer of the frontier is national. His other works have met with phenomenal success, and these sketches, which have appeared from time to time in the current literature of the United States, are now compiled, and will form another interesting series of stories of that era of great adventures, when the country west of the Missouri was unknown except to the trappers, hunters, and army officers.

Some of the characters around which are woven the thrilling incidents of these "Tales" were men of world-wide reputation; they have long since joined the "choir invisible," but their names as pioneers in the genesis of great States which then formed the theater of their exploits will live as long as the United States exists as a great nation.

However improbable to the uninitiated the thrilling experiences of the individuals who

were actors in the scenes depicted, may seem, they are a proof that "truth is stranger than fiction."

It is fortunate that Colonel Inman during his forty years on the extreme frontier was such a close observer, and noted from time to time these stories of the frontier which form such an interesting part of our Americana.

JAMES L. KING,
State Librarian.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, March 1, 1898.

GEN. FORSYTHE AT THE ARRICKAREE.

A THRILLING STORY OF INDIAN WARFARE.



GENERAL FORSYTHE.

I

WAS sitting in my office at Fort Har-ker on a warm evening in the latter part of September, 1868, musing over a pipeful of "Lone Jack," upon the possible extent of the impending Indian war, which had already been planned by Gen. Sheridan, in the seclusion of my own quarters, only the night before. It was rapid-

ly growing dark; the somber line of the twilight curve had almost met the western horizon, and only the faintest tinge of purple beneath marked