Lodge and Larned. I have sent Ive a map drawn expressly for Ive's information with Garah plainly written upon it which will enlighten hereye as to our whereabouts. To recur as soon as we got within sight of the ranche, coming down at a pretty brisk trot we saw the Indians in great consternation, striking their lodges, saddling their ponies gathering up their robes and squaws and dogs and preparing for a general stampede. I halted the command and rode forward with only an interpreter, and beckoning to a party of braves who were looking on at distance getting ready to move out in case of an attack, As we rode up and said "how", and shook hands they appeared much relieved, but until we had gone into camp posted sentinels, pitched our tents sent wagons over the river for water, They did not seem satisfied. I let one of the chiefs come up to my tent, He had on a stiff beaver hat with ostrich feathers in it, long black greasy hair a blue soldier's pole coat, with a pair of epaulettes, and a pair of captains shoulder straps on either shoulder, black pants had he too, and a reasonably good pair of boots, given him by some trader under his coat I saw the handle of a revolver and the belt of knife, but he had neither bow nor arrow lance or target. After smoking a dhu deen with some strong tobacco, and taking a drink of "taran tula juice" — chain lightning whiskey, which made his old mouth twist up like shutting up a jackknife, we shewed him a Spencer carbine, when he saw the eight charges "pumped out", he was astonished, and said feelingly "much bueno for Americano, mucho ba for Commanche." We all agreed with him and giving him a chunk of bread sent him on his way rejoicing. The weather was piercing cold with a raw cold wind, the only wood we had was old dry cottonwood, which had to be hauled half a mile from the other side of the Arkansas, the water midleg deep, and freezing. The nights we slept a thing, the river pose ten feet out from the bank, half an inch thick, and as the river is two hundred yards wide and runs about two miles an hour, you can imagine that it was pretty cold weather, We had no hard bread and the flour was half blown away before the men