HERO TRAILS.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM JACKSON.

BY JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ.

PREFACE.

In the fall of 1879, there came to our trading post on the Judith River, near where the present city of Lewistown, Montana, now stands, a tall, slender, pleasant young man, from a camp of hunters and trappers farther down the stream. He was William Jackson, or Siksikaikwan--Blackfeet Man, as his mother's people named him--and from that day, he and I became fast friends. After the buffalo were exterminated, in 1883, he and I moved to the Blackfeet Reservation, and there lived for many years. We were cattle ranchers, but our hearts were not in the business; we spent the greater part of our time fishing, trapping and hunting up in the Rockies, in that part of them that is now Glacier National Park. There, with Doctor George Bird Grinnell, and J. B. Monroe, we explored sections of the great range that undoubtedly had never before been visited by white men. In his boyhood days, Jackson had trapped and hunted along the foot of the mountains with his grandfather, Hugh Monroe, or Rising Wolf, as he was better known, so, when we, one summer, discovered and named the Blackfeet Glacier, Doctor Grinnell most appropriately named the great peak upon which it rests, Mount Jackson. I am more than glad that he did so; the great mountain is a most appropriate monument for my old friend, than whom no braver, and more kindly man ever lived. He died in 1892, and we buried him in sight of his mountain, and that other great peak which we had named for his grandfather, Rising Wolf. During the many years that I lived with my old friend, I took notes of his tales of his life, and now for the first time, set them down in proper form. In writing me about him, and his brother, General Nelson Appleton Miles said: "I knew William and Robert Jackson when they were young men, as enterprising, intelligent frontiersmen and active, brave Scouts." And in his story of the Custer fight, Thomas O'Neil says: "William Jackson was a half-breed Indian scout about 16 or 17 years of age, and a very cool and brave boy."

This carbon copy to my friend Harry C. James. Sincerely, James Willard Schultz

Chapter 1

WILLIAM JACKSON, INDIAN SCOUT
by James Willard Schultz.

I, William Jackson, was born in Fort Benton, the American Fur Company's trading post at the head of navigation of the Missouri River, on the 27th day of August, 1856. At that time and for some years later, this fort was the only habitation of white men in the great plains and mountains country that is now the state of Montana.

Naught now remains of Fort Benton but its southeast bastion, but in my mind's eye I can see it as it was in that time of my early youth. It was about 300 feet in length, east and west, by 350 feet north and south, and its high, adobe walls were the outer walls of its many one and two-story houses.

Entering the big gate in the wall facing the river, one found at the right the carpenter shop and blacksmith shop; on the left, first a long warehouse, and then the tradercom for the Indians, where, behind breast high counters, were tiers and tiers of shelves upon which the various trade goods were displayed. Along the west side of the great inner court were three houses, the lower stories of which were; another warehouse; the store for the company employes; the kitchen of the bourgeois or superintendent of the fort, who in my time was Addrew Dawson, a Scotchman, and a partner in the great company. He lived and had his office in the upper stories of the westernmost of the houses on the north side of the court, and the upper stories of the other three houses in the row were the quarters of the two clerks. Matthew Carrol and George Steell, and our father, who was the tailor. Practically all of the lower stories in this row were reserved for the use of the Indians who were continually coming to the fort to trade. All of the houses on the east side of the court were occupied by the engages, or laborers, and their families, and the gunsmith, the post hunter, and the general foreman, and their families. The average number of resident company men in the fort, year in and year out, was forty. These were all married to women of the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfeet confederacy, with the exception of the bourgeois, whose wife was a Gros Ventre.

From the time when, in 1828, the American Fur Company was organized in St. Louis, and began to reach out for the trade of the Indian tribes in the Upper Missouri country, the Hudson's Bay Company, in Canada, bitterly opposed it, and constantly incited the Assiniboin, the Blackfeet, and other tribes of the North, to kill its hunters and trappers at every opportunity.

My earliest recollection is of the one attempt that the North tribes made to kill the men of Fort Benton and loot the fort. The plans of the attackers leaked out through a young Blackfeet who was a cousin of the Pikuni wife of our blacksmith; and through the calm courage and canny leadership of Andrew Dawson, the attempt met defeat. So unexpected

was this defeat that it

was this defeat that it had an unexpected result; It created so much respect for the bravery of the Big Knives that thereafter, and so long as the Blackfeet and Bloods were permitted to roam the great plains as they willed, the American Fur Company got the most of their trade.

But even if the Blackfeet and Bloods had taken the fort, I doubt that they would have killed my grandfather Hugh Monroe or Rising Wolf for whom they had great love and respect. The son of Captain Hugh Monroe, of the English army in Canada, and his wife, Amelie de la Roche, daughter of a noble family of French emigres, he was born in Three Rivers, Quebecin 1798. When but sixteen years of age, he had entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and in 1816 had arrived at its Mountain Fort, on the Saskatchewan, where, several years later, he married my grandmother, Sinopaki-Fox Woman, a daughter of Lone Walker, a great chief of the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfeet Confederacy.

When my grandfather arrived at Mountain Fort, the fur company had no interpreter for its trade with the Blackfeet tribes, and he was at once detailed to live and travel with the Pikuni tribe, while he thoroughly learned the language. The tribe was then starting south to hunt and trap, and he went with it, and so was the first white man to see the east slope of the Rocky Mountains lying between the Saskatchewan and the Missouri rivers. What a wonderful adventure that was!

During his long years with the Hudson's Bay Company and with the American Fur Company my grandfather had endeared himself not only to the Blackfeet tribes, but also to their sometimes enemy tribes of the mountains, the Kootenai, Kalispell, and Stonies; they all regarded him as one of them, and his sons and daughters too, John, Francois, Lizzie, and Amelia, the latter my mother.

My father, Thomas Jackson, was a member of an old Virginia family, and had entered the service of the American Fur Company in 1835. Including my brother Robert, two years my elder, we were a family of four. At this time of which I write, my uncles were employes of the company, helpers of my grandfather, who was the post hunter. My Uncle John was married and Francois and my Aunt Lizzie, then about twenty years of age, lived with my grandfather and grandmother in their large and comfortable quarters.

With few exceptions, the employes in Fort Benton were Canadians, and Mississippi River French Creoles, docile, hard-working men of most happy disposition. They sang as they worked about the post, and in the evenin s played upon their fiddles and danced to them, old French airs that their ancestors had brought across the seas in days long past. Conversation in the fort was, of course, in three languages; English, Creole French, and

Pikuni, the latter the predominating tongue. By the time I was six or seven years old, I could speak all three of them fluently.

Men, women, and children of Fort Benton, we were, as I may say, one big happy family, and kind, generous Andrew Dawson we looked upon as our father. As our carefree, simple, happy life was then, so we believed it would continue to be, on down through the years to come. The surrounding plains were always to be black with buffalo; the Blackfeet tribes were to bring in to trade an ever increasing number of well tanned robes, and clean stretched wolf skins, and pelts of fur; the powerful steamboats of the great American Fur Company were every spring to bring up from far St. Louis, ample quantities of goods for the trade. We youngsters were taught that, in time to come, we were to take our father's places as Bourgeois, clerks, traders, artizans, hunters and laborers. There was never, never to be an end to the great fur company, and its activities in its westernmost post, Fort Benton.

Came, however, the winter of 1863-64, and with it, as my grandfather often said, "rising black clouds of trouble and change." Our good bourgeois, long a sufferer from rheumatism, one night went to the outdoor cellar, in which he kept the valuable company books and documents, and fell down the steps into it. Helpless, and unable to make anyone hear him, he lay there all night, and nearly died from exposure before day came and he was rescued and carried to his quarters and put to bed. He was soon able to hobble about again, but from that time he talked about making a trip to Scotland, to drink the waters of a medicinal spring of that country and be cured of his lameness.

"If you go, you will never return to us. Let me take you to the hot, smell-like-powder springs on Sun River; I am sure you will get well ther," my grandfather told him, and he replied that it would be impossible for him to make the long rough journey into the mountains.

Came spring, and the first steamboat to arrive brought dispatches to the bourgeois that made real to us all my grandfather's "black clouds of trouble and change". Accusing the men of the American Fur Company of being Confederate sympathizers, and against the Union, the Washington authroities refused to renew the trading license of the Company, and Mr. Dawson was ordered to dispose of Fort Benton asbest he could. He turned it over to the two clerks, Matthew Carrol and George Steell, loaned them a large sum of money with which to carry on the business, and regretfully returned to Scotland with his two sons, leaving all of us at the fort grief-stricken and sadly apprehensive of the future.

All through the winter, my grandfather had been talking about the mountains, longing to camp again along them, and now that he was free, his term of service with the great company ended with its end, he suddenly decided to go back to them, to trap beavers, and insisted that we should all of us, his sons and daughters and grandsons, go with him.

We were a week or more preparing for the long trail and many were the au revoirs shouted after us as we struck out from the fort one morning, a caravan of no mean length. Twenty and more pack horses and travois horses carried and drew our belongings, and we had more than seventy free horses, which my Uncle Francois, my brother, and I herded along in the rear of the column. My grandfather led, and at intervals along the line of loaded horses rode my grandmother, Uncle John and his wife, and my Aunt Lizzie, then about twenty, and unmarried.

My brother and I could hardly keep our eyes off our father; he had put away his blue cloth, brass buttoned company service clothes, and now, like the rest of us, wore hooded blanket cape capote, woolen shirt, blanket trousers, and gaily beaded moccasins. He didn't look natural; somehow didn't seem to fit in; he sat stiffly in the saddle; held his rifle awkwardly. For many years he had seldom ventured outside the walls of the forts in which he had worked. He had never cared to hunt; had never even killed a buffalo, nor trapped a beaver.

But how good he had ever been to my brother and me. He had patiently taught us to read and write; repeatedly told us that we must live so that we should never shame the good blood that was in us, that of his own virginia forbears, and that of our great-grandfather, Lone Walker, who had been a Pikuni chief of the highest character. Year after year he had sent to St. Louis for toys and games and story books, wonderful Christmas morning surprises for us. On this morning, when we awoke, we had found on top of each little pile of our clothing a brand new cap lock rifle of light weight, well filled powder horn and ball pouch, and boxes of caps. We had been so pleased and excited over the gifts that we had barely tasted the good breakfast set before us. At the table grandfather Monroe, had, however, somewhat dampened our enthusiasm by saying to us, shortly;

"A gun is dangerous without lock, stock or barrel, You are both very young to carry rifles; so your father and I have agreed that you are not to load and fire them except when we or your uncles are with you. But you shall have plenty of opportunities to use them: Nistoa, Mahkwiyipoahts, kitakskinimachis sahmsin, kyi ikyakachsin." Which was to say, I, Rising Wolf, shall teach you hunting and trapping.

On that first night out from the fort, we camped about twenty miles from it, on the Teton, the Unikisisisakta - the Milk River - of the Blackfeet tribes, having passed during the afternoon many herds of buffalo and small bands of antelope, that always slowly retreated from our approach.

This was my brother's and my introduction to the Rocky Mountains. From the plains around Fort Benton, we had admired their far-off snow capped heights, so coolly gleaming in the hot summertime, and longed to camp among them. And here we were at last, three lodges of us, at the foot of a clear, cold lake, beautiful beyond our fondest imaginations of mountain lakes, and above it, rimming the head of the valley were weird shaped peaks that seemed to beckon us to climb their bare heights, and explore the vast snow fields - ice, our grandfather said - that lay between them. Nearer, on the right of the valley, rose a red-and-gray rock mountain, at the foot of which nestled another lake. Somehow, I admired this great mountain more than I did any of the others in sight. Little did I think that, more than thirty years later, this mountain was to be my grandfather's monument that my friend Apikuni and I were to name it for him, Rising Wolf.

It was near sundown when we made camp, setting up our lodges close to the west bank of the outlet of the lake. As I have said, we had three lodges, all of them of new, well-tanned buffalo cow leather. My Uncle John and his wife occupied one of them; my grandfather and grandmother, Uncle Francois and Aunt Lizzie, had the second one; and our family, the third.

That first night at the lake, my Uncle Francois stood guard over our herd of horses. In the morning right after breakfast, we all set to work to build a corral close to our lodges, in which to keep the animals nights, and so prevent any enemy war party from stampeding them. We completed the work by noon, and then, after eating, Rising Wolf, so I always loved to call him, said that he was going to paint his name picture, the figure of a man with a wolf rising above him - along the big, valley trail, and that my brother and I could take our rifles and go with him.

We left camp on foot, followed the well-worn trail down across the big prairie at the foot of the lake, and stopped in a narrow strip of pines and cottonwoods that bordered a small stream running from the mountains down into the river. There Rising Wolf scalped the trunk of a tree with his big, Hudson's Bay Company knife, and with pieces of shining black coals from a sackful of them that he had gathered from around his lodge fire, painted quickly his man-and-wolf sign upon the white wood. This sign would save us from surprise attacks by wandering war parties of our tribe. After the first one had been painted, we went

down across a narrow strip of prairie and into another little grove, and when our grandfather stopped to bark and paint another tree, Robert signed to me to go down the trail with him, and unnoticed, we stole away.

We found fresh tracks of deer and elk, and side by side, with ready rifles, we stole on, eagerly looking for the animals, Robert whispering to me; "Whichever of us first sees a deer or elk is to have the shot at it."

"Yes. Of course," I replied.

We passed through the grove, and were halfway across a small grassy park, when we saw that the thick brush at its lower end was quivering as if an animal of some kind pressed through it, going up the valley. We faced that way, and after a moment, as the brush ceased quivering, Robert hissed to me, "Do you see it?"

"No,"

"I do, just a part of its body, dark like that of a buffalo. It is a buffalo! I am going to shoot!"

He fired, and with the report there burst upon our ears a frightful, hoarse roar of pain and anger, and out from the brush leaped a monstrous bear, seemingly as big as a buffalo bull. Clearing the brush, it stopped and sat up, a huge grizzly bear.

I wanted to turn and run, but there flashed through through my mind the assertions of the old trappers at the fort, that it was useless to attempt to run from a grizzly, that the one thing to do was to stand and try to kill the animal as it came on. And at that, I took careful aim at the side of its body, just at the edge of the ribs, as I had so often heard was the most vital place. I fired, saw the bear flinch and with terrible roaring clap a paw against its side, and with long, bouncing leaps come at us. Then I did run. I saw Robert running - and lost sight of him. I was sure that the bear was gaining upon me, though I could not see him: I dared not take time to look back, and I had the dreadful feeling that every forward step that I took would be my last one.

"Rising Wolf! Rising Wolf! Help!" I shouted.

I was running back up the trail - heading for the grove in which we had left our grandfather. I could not resist the urge to look back to see if the bear really was after me. He was, and coming fast, bloody foam oozing from his partly open mouth. I was now quite near the grove, and saw with sickening despair that, even if I could reach it before the bear could overtake me, its high cottonwoods were unclimable.

Again I shouted: "Rising Wolf-" but my breath was going; I could no more than gasp the other work, "Help!"

And than I noticed that one of the great trees, on the left of the trail, had a sturdy and very long limb that arched toward the ground, and that by a high jump I might possibly grasp it near its outer end and swing up onto it and climb above reach of the bear. I dropped my empty and useless rifle and made for the limb, sprang and seized it with both hands. Just as I was raising up onto it, the bear lunged up and struck at me, one of its claws ripping my right trouser leg from the back of the knee down, and cutting into the flesh. The downward force of the blow caused me to lose my right hand grip of the limb, and for an instant I swung suspended by but one hand; but with a last upstrain I managed to renew my hold, tried to raise up onto the limb and found that I hadn's sufficient strength. I looked down and saw the bear turning about to spring at me again; "He will get me this time," was my despairing thought. But right then the bear suddenly sank quivering to the ground as close by, my grandfather's rifle gave a thunderous boom! I dropped to the ground and, too weak to get upon my feet, stared at the dying animal.

"What does this mean? What have you boys been doing?" cried my grandfather, as, hastily reloading, he came and stood over me, his blue eyes bright with anger. I saw my brother running toward us, and he came before I could get breath to answer the question and exclaimed: "Oh, what a whopper of a bear! We got him, didn't we!"

"Yes, and he all but got your brother! Come, quick now, let me hear all about it!"

"The bear was going through the brush, down there; we could see it shaking; and then I saw just a little of its body and thought that it was a buffalo, and when I fired, it came jumping out into the open and sat up, and then brother fired, and it came for us," Robert replied.

"I've a good mind to give you a real switching! Both of you!" the old man exclaimed. And then, after a moment; " Well, you had a narrow escape. Let this be your lesson that you must never shoot at anything that you cannot see plainly. Why, that might have been me, or one of your uncles moving through the brush! And another thing; you boys are not to go off by yourselves to hunt, and if you again sneak away from me when I take you out, I will put your rifles where you can't get them again this summer. There! Do you understand that?"

"Yes. And now let's skin the bear. I want to see where my bullet struck it," Robert quickly replied. Myself, I could do no more than nod my head. There was a gone feeling in the pit of my stomach.

But after a time, I managed to get up and help in the skinning of the great bear that weighed, Rising Wolf said, all of a thousand pounds. His shot had broken its neck. Robert had shot it well back, and my bullet had pierced the end of one lung, from the effect of which it would soon have died, had not my grandfather so opportunely snuffed out its life.

Having finished skinning the bear, we hurried back to camp, and got an old horse that was not afraid of bears, upon which to pack in the heavy hide. Then, when we dropped it upon the ground in front of the lodges, the women made loud protest against its being put there, and declared that they would not flesh, nor peg it out to dry, as they were not Sun Women - that is, sacred women, women who had, with vows, and fasting and prayer, taken part in the building of the annual great lodge, the so-called medicine lodge in honor of the god.

But just then our Aunt Lizzie came from the river with a bucket of water, and after listening to them for a moment, she set the bucket down, and said to us; "Even if the bear is a man-animal, I am not afraid of it; and though I am not a sacred lodge woman, I will flesh this hide, and dry it, and tan it for a bed robe for my brave young nephews!"

"Good! Good! I'm glad that I have anyhow one child who is not a coward!" Rising Wolf exclaimed.

"To fear the shadows (souls, or spirits, or ghosts), of bears, as capable of harming us as are the shadows of Crows, Assiniboins, or of any other enemies, is not cowardly," my grandmother told him.

"We will not argue about it. Our daughter will tan the hide. She will not be harmed by doing it -"

"Not if my prayers can protect her!"

I did not hear the rest of the argument, for Aunt Lizzie was calling to Robert and me to help her with the hide. Before sundown we had it pegged out upon the ground, its flesh side as smooth and white as a piece of paper.

In the cheerful light of Rising Wolf's lodge fire, around which we all gathered that evening, my grandfather decided that our uncles John and Francois should trap down the river, and up its fork heading in the Two Medicine Pass, and that he and our father should set their traps along the river above the head of the lake.

"And my two boys will remain here in camp, to protect us," said our mother.

"No! We are going with Grandfather; he is to teach us to trap!" cried Robert.

Our mother and grandmother, making loud protests against that, were silenced by our Aunt Lizzie, who said, "Of course they will go with Father; they have to learn to trap. I can do all the guarding of camp, and herding of the horses that is necessary." And when she said that, she made no idle boast. There never was a braver young woman than Lizzie Monroe. She had a good small-bore rifle, and loved to hunt, and had killed with it numbers of deer, elk, antelope, buffalo.

Said our grandfather, decisively: "By turns, the boys will help you guard camp and the horse herd. Tomorrow, Robert remains with you."

"Oh, no! I am the eldest, I should be first to go out with you!" he loudly asserted.

"You will remain right here, tomorrow, and think of nothing but your craziness of this day, that almost caused the death of your brother!" the old man sternly told him, and he subsided.

I saw my grandfather, close ahead of me, point his rifle at a big cow on his left, and fire, and as she plunged to the ground, I let out a yell delight the while I was drawing an arrow from the case and fitting it to my bow. But still my eyes were upon him; the rapidity and easy sureness with which he load ed and fired so fascinated me, that for the time I forgot all else. Having dis charged his weapon, he poured some powder from his horn directly into the barrel, instead of into the palm of his hand, so to determine the proper quantity; and then he took from his mouth one of a number of balls with which he had filled it before beginning the chase, and dropped the ball into the barrel, [redacted] weapon several smart thumps to settle the charge, and primed the pan of the flintlock, and was ready to fire again. Then, having selected the next animal, and ridden up beside it, he pointed his rifle down and fired before the ball could roll down the barrel from the powder, and boom! down she [redacted] ther fat cow for the meat house in the fort.

But now I saw that the buffalo on the sides of the herd had closed in behind me, were hemming me on either side, and for the moment I was frightened. I could not draw out of the chase if I wanted to, I thought. I took courage when I perceived that a big bull on my right, and a cow on my left, both so close that I could have reached out and touched them with the end of my bow, were paying no attention to me, and were gradually forging on past my slower pony, and that the great mass of animals behind, sheered to my right and left as they came on. A yearling cow was now passing me on my left. I leaned out toward her, and aiming at a point just back of the ribs, let fly the arrow with all the strength of my young arms. I saw it strike in almost to the feathering; saw the little cow stumble, recover her speed for a few jumps, then suddenly [redacted] and sink upon the ground, and I almost burst with pride at this I had done; actually, I had killed a buffalo! That was my one thought, to the exclusion of all else. I was dizzy with pride and joy. When I came to myself, I saw that the last stragglers of the

herd had passed me. My sweating and winded pony was willing enough to stop when I tightened his bridle reins. I turned him and rode back and sprang to th the ground beside the little cow just as my brother came up,and I shouted to him:"See that! My little cow! I killed her!"

"No! You didn't! You couldn't have killed her!" he jeered.

"Get down and help me! I'll show you what I did!" I answered. And together we rolled the animal over upon its other side,exposing the arrow deep inher and unbroken.

"My! My! You did,you did!" he exclaimed,admiringly. And then:"But oh,you'll catch it when grandfather comes!"

He was then riding back along the line of his kills,eleven of them blackly dotting the green plain. He came on faster when he saw us standing be side the small animal,got down from his horse,and asked as he pointed to it: "Whose arrow is that?"

"Mine. My arrow," I faltered.

"Your's!" he cried. And reaching out,drew me to his side,hugged me. "You will be a buffalo runner that we shall be proud of! Some day,you will be the post hunter! But you shouldn't have done it,you shouldn't have followed me. Running buffalo is too dangerous for boys!"

"I couldn't help it,my pony ran away with me,I couldn't stop him," I explained.

"Ha! Thinks he is a buffalo runner. Well,you will some other one of your little band,the next time we go out for meat," he replied,and it was many a long day until I was again thrilled with the excitement of the chase.

It was in the fall of that year,that,with my grandfather and my uncle John,I had excitement of another kind,an adventure that,whenever I thought about it,gave me cold chills. Next the mouth of the Riviere de Chantier later corrupted to Shonkin Creek,was,as its name implied,our boat yard,where our carpenter and his helpers built large mackinaws and even keel boats,as they were needed for down river cargoes of buffalo robes and furs. It was a mile or so below the fort,and on the opposite side of the river& Coming up

from there one day,for supplies,a couple of the carpenters happened to mention that there were some [redacted] elk in the [redacted],timbered valley,not far above the yard,and the bourgeois told my grandfater to go down there and kill one or two of them,as he would like some fat elk meat as a change from that of buffalo. I heard him give the order,and running to our quarters,I got my gun and arrows case,slung it from my shoulder,and when my grandfather and uncle John b got into the boat with the carpenters,I slipped into the bow seat,apprehensively eyeing the men,and never breathing freely until we were well out in the river and I was sure that I was not to be ordered ashore.

We soon landed at the boat yard,and after my grandfather and uncle had inspected the big mackinaw then under construction,heard Rondin's complain plaints about the uneven thickness of the lumber his men had whipsawed for it, and had asked about the location of the elk,my grandfather pretended that he for the first time noticed my presence. "What,you here?" he cried. "I'll bet you n came without asking your mother's consent! And you have your bow and arrows! Think that you are going to kill an elk! Well,trail along with us and we'll see what you can do."

I pulled my bow from the case,strung it,got out a couple of arrows, and proudly strutted after them along a well worn game trail running up the valley,through cottonwood groves,large,and small,and across open parks of grass and rosebrush. When about a mile from the boat yard,we found signs of the elk that were a day or two old;and farther on,their fresh or tracks,where they had in the night or early morning,gone up the valley. They were,my grandfather said,a band of twenty-five or thirty cows,calves,yearlings and two yea olds. We went on very slowly,following the tracks in the dusty big,game trail,and my uncle remarked,after we had passed through two small groves,that the animals had not been feeding;that they were apparently heading straight for the Highwood Mountains,and he doubted that we would overtake them. My grandfather signed to hi:"You are right!" and led on at much faster pace for a half-mile or more,when,a little way ahead and high up on the right side of the valley, a bull elk gave his shrill whistling snorting call. We were then in a small grove,and we hurried to the edge of it,and looking out,saw the bull;he was

standing upon a narrow and bare ridge and just below a thirty or forty foot wall of rock which rose straight from it to the rim of the plain. As we stood watching him,he again gave his piercingly shrill call,looked eagery up and down the valley,and failing to get an answer to it,angrily shook his hugely antlered head,looked and listened again,and then,apparently disgusted at his failure,pawed a bed in the soft dry earth,and turned around and around and lay down in it.

"He's our meat!" my grandfather exclaimed. "We will go back and follow that coulie up onto the plain,then sneak out to the edge of the cliff above him,and shoot him right where he lies."

"If he is still there when we get to the top of the cliff," said my uncle.

We ran back down the grove and into the coulie,and then climbed its narrow and winding rocky bed as fast as we could go up the steep ascent,and at last,all out of breath,headed it out upon the open plain,a quarter of a mile from the cliff under which the elk was lying. This cliff was the drop off of a sharp tongue of the plain extending out into the valley,and as we approached the cliff,we saw that the upper side of the tongue was cut by a coulie like the one we had ascended,except that it was longer,and had a fork that ran well north back in the tongue,toward us. We passed the head of this fork at a distance of about fifty yards,my grandfather swiftly leading,my uncle following close,and I,on his right,running to keep up with them. My uncle suddenly gave a sharp cry,dropping the rifle he was holding with his right hand,and at the same instant,guns boomed heavily behind us,and looking back,we saw a number of Indians starting to run toward us from the fork of the coulie. I had snatched up my uncle's rifle,was offering it to him the while,terribly frightened,I kept my eyes upon the Indians,about a hundred yards off,and I heard him exclaim:"I can't use it;they have shot me in my arm!"

"Then run! run as fast as you can go,out to the cliff! We will follow,protect you," my grandfather told him,and off he went,we after him,and the Indians coming swiftly on.

We kept looking back, saw that some of the war party were gaining upon us, and when we had gone about half-way to the cliff, my grandfather wheeled about, told me to stand behind him, and raising his rifle, fired at the lead Indian, and down he went. The others paused beside him for a moment and then started to come on, but my grandfather snatched from my hands the rifle that I was carrying, and as he aimed it at them, they all dropped flat down in the grass and sage brush and were hidden from us. Then my grandfather again exchanged rifles with me, telling me to run, and as we sped after my uncle, he reloaded his weapon. By that time, some of the Indians had reloaded their guns, and were again running after us, firing at us, and I was expecting that every step that I made would be my last. I could see myself, helpless upon the ground, and the terrible enemies standing over me, cruelly laughing as they drew their knives to scalp me.

Again my grandfather shouted to me to get behind him. Again he turned about and fired at the enemy and dropped another one of them. Frightened though I was, I shouted, "Good! Good!" It seemed that he could not miss anything at which he aimed. As before, he exchanged rifles with me, but there were no enemies to aim at; they had all dropped down into the sage brush, and as we turned and ran on, they fired two shots at us, without effect. We soon caught up with my uncle, and then looking back, saw that the enemy had given up pursuit of us, and were some of them grouped around the last one of them that my grandfather had shot, and others were going back to the first one. We were now not far from the cliff, and walked on to it, my uncle groaning with the pain in the torn muscles of his arm, perspiration dripping from his gray face.

We did not look down at the foot of the cliff, to learn if the bull elk was still there. On top of it were a lot of large rocks, and my grandfather had me help him make a barricade with some of them, behind which we could defend ourselves to good advantage. That done, my grandfather tore his undershort into strips, with which he tightly bound the wound in my uncle's arm and stopped its bleeding. We watched the enemy--Assiniboines, my grandfather said they were--saw them all get together and stand for some time, having a council, apparently,

and at last move off south across the point of plain,and disappear in the coulie upon that side of it.

"They have gone! Left us!" I exclaimed.

My grandfather gave a short laugh: "Would that you were right," he said. "But they havent left;they intend to have revenge for the two who are lying out there in the sagebrush. Right now some of them are sneaking back up the fork of the coulie,from which they first fired at us,and others are hurrying down into the timber below,to completely surround us."

"What,then,are we to do?" I asked.

"There is but one thing to do: strike off across the plain straight toward the fort,as soon as your uncle feels a little better."

"We go now! Hand me my rifle!" said he,wincing with pain as he got upon his feet.

"No! I will carry it,"I said,as I proudly shouldered the weapon,and we left the barricade,my grandfather in the lead.

We passed well to the right of the head of the fork of the south coulie; midway between it and the head of the coulie that we had ascended from the little valley,and when a couple of hundred yards beyond the south one,we saw two of the enemy come up out of it and stare at us. One then turned back into the coulie,and the other ran out to the edge of the cliff,where we had built the barricade,and there,after firing his gun to attract attention of his comrades below,he laid the weapon down,and in the sign language began telling them to return to the top,as we were going off across the plain. We did not stand to see all that he signed,but went on across the rolling ridgy plain as fast as my uncle could travel,and the lone sign talker was the last one of the enemy that we saw;and at last,seeing that we were not to be pursued,my grandfather changed his plan,and headed straight for the mouth of the Riviere de Chantier,not two miles distant. Owing to my uncle's weakness from loss of blood,and from the terrible pain in his arm,we travelled more and more slowly, and were a long time going to the point of plain from which we could look down into the boat yard,and see the men working there,hear them cheerily singing a Canadian boat song. We descended the long gentle slope of the point and joine

them;and,knowing that we were now safe from the terrible Assiniboines,my young legs went suddenly weak;I flopped down upon a pile of shavings,and listened to the boatyardiers volubly commiserating my uncle in his pain,and congratulating us upon our escape from the enemy. Said Rondin,in French: "But think reflect,my friends,how narrow was your escape: Had the enemy arrived at the head of the coulie but a few moments earlier,or you a little later,they would certainly,at a range of but a few steps,have killed the three of you before you could fire a shot!"

Plain truth,that. It made me shiver.

Fearing that they would be attacked by the enemy in the night,Rondin and several of his men took us up to the fort,and asked for reinforcements. The bourgeois gave him ten men,and forty of fifty of the Pikuni,who had come in to trade,were eager to go with them and make a thorough search for the party,and were more than pleased when my grandfather said that he would lead them to the place of our fight with them. I asked him several times,before he left,to be sure to recover my bow and arrows,which I had dropped when I took up my uncle's rifle.

Though they searched for the Assiniboines for two days,my grandfather and the Pikuni found no trace of them. Of all of the various tribesmen of the Northwest plains,the Assiniboines were conceded to be the most adept in avoiding pursuit. It was said of them,that they could effectually conceal themselves in places where even a prairie dog would be unable to find cover.

I got back my bow and arrows.

Men,women and children of Fort Benton,we were,as I may say,one big happy family,and kind,just,generous Andrew Dawson we looked upon as our father. As our carefree,simple,happy life was then,so we believed it would continue to be,on down through the years to come. The surrounding plains were always to be black with buffalo;the Blackfeet tribes were to bring in to trade an ever increasing number of well tanned robes,and clean stretched wolf skins,and pelts of fur;the powerful steamboats of the great American Fur Company were every spring to bring up from far St. Louis,ample quantities of goods for the trade.

We youngsters were taught that,in time to come,we were to take our fathers' places as bourgeois,clerks,traders,artizans,hunters,and laborers. There was never,never to be an end to the great fur company,and its activities in its westernmost post,Fort Benton.

Came the winter of 1863-64,and with it,as my grandfather often said, "rising black clouds of trouble and change."Our good bourgeois,long a sufferer from rheumatism,one night went to the outdoor cellar,in which he kept the valuable company books and documents,and fell down the steps into it,and,helpless,and unable to make anyone hear him,lay there all night,and nearly died from exposure before day came and he was rescued and carried to his quarters and put to bed. He was soon able to hobble about again,but from that time, he talked about making a trip to Scotland,to drink the waters of a medicinal spring of that country and be cured of his lameness.

"If you go,you will never return to us. Let me take you to the hot, smell-like-powder springs on Sun River;I am sure you will get well there," my grandfather told him,and he replied that it would be impossible for him to make the long rough journey into the mountains.

Came spring,and the first steamboat to arrive,brought dispatches to the bourgeois that made very real to the inmates of the fort,my grandfather's "black clouds of trouble and change:" Accused of being Confederate sympathisers,and against the Union,the Washington authorities refused to renew the trading license of the American Fur Company,and Mr. Dawson was ordered to dispose of Fort Benton as best he could. He turned it over to the two clerks, Matthew Carrol[1] and George Steell,loaned them a large sum of money with which to carry on the business,and prepared to return to Scotland with his two sons, at the last moment insisting that Steell make the long journey with him. But he was not to leave without strong protest from the inmates of the fort. As soon as the contents of the dispatches were made known to them,they all gathered before him in the great court,and old Louis Bompre said,speaking for all:

"Big Knife--Mister Dawson--Sir!" Then down upon his knees he went, clasped his hands as in prayer,and with streaming eyes continued:"You,Mr. Dawson,the great company,the Chouteaus,you all are our papa,we are your children

children. We beg you,do not sell this Fort Benton,this home that we love. Oh, do not desert us! Without you,how can we live? Is it the Americans,the Yakees, that you fear? Sir,say but the word and we will hold this fort for you,hold it against all enemies. Never,never shall they take it from you!"

As the old man spoke,the other engages gathered closer behind him, and also knelt and clasped their hands as in prayer. It was a powerfully affecting scene;young though I was,it touched me deeply. I knew that I was crying,and was not ashamed of my tears. I say the bourgeois put hand to his eyes.

Said old Auguste Champaign,following Bompre's plea: "M'sie Dawson! Me,I helped build your Fort Union. I was one of those who,under your James Kipp,helped build your Fort Piegan,at the mouth of the Marias. I helped build Fort Mackenzie;Fort Lewis;with my own hands made many of the adobies in these Fort Benton walls. I expected to live and to die in the service of your great cpmpany. Though you sell the forts below,do not sell this one and make us your children homeless. Here all around us,the buffalo,the wolves,the beavers are as plentiful as ever,and you have all the trade of all the Blackfeet tribes. Let us hold this fort for you,against any who may attempt to take it, and though you are rich,you shall grow much richer."

"My good friends,all that you have said touches me here in my heart," the bourgeois replied. "I have to go,but I hope to return. I retain an interest in this fort. In going,I leave you in good hands. That is all that I can say. I feel sad enough to leave you,even for a time. Do not make it harder for me to go,try anyhow,to be cheerful." And with that he turned and hobbled back to his quarters. With his sons,and George Steell,he left the next day,my grandfather on the one side,and old Bompre on the other,supporting his painful steps from the fort to the levee and aboard the boat. And sadly we all watched him go,never to return.[1]

1 Note by J. W. S.: Long years after this event,Andrew Dawson's sons reurned to America,and one of them,Thomas,came Joseph Kipp and me,at our place on Birch Creek,Blackfeet Indian Reservation. A pensioner of ours,old Henri Robarre stared and stared at him,and at last asked who he was. "That is a son of your long time ago bourgeois,Big Knife--Andrew Dawson," Mr. Kipp replied. And at that the old engage knelt before young Dawson,took his hand and kissed it,and wept as he greeted him in worshipful French and English. It was a most affectin scene,one that I shall never forget.

All through the winter,my grandfather had been talking about the mountains,longing to camp again along them,and now that he was free,his term of service with the great company ended with its end,he suddenly decided to go back to them,to trap beavers,and insisted that we should all of us,his sons and daughters and grandsons,go with him.

We were a week or more preparing for the long trail,and many were the aurevoirs shouted after us as we struck out from the fort one morning,a caravan of no mean length. Twenty and more pack horses and travoi horses,carried and drew our belongings,and we had more than seventy free horses,which my uncle Francois,my brother and I herded along in the rear of the column. My grandfather led,and at intervals along the line of loaded horses rode my grandmother,uncle John and his wife,and my aunt Lizzie,then about twenty,and unmarried. My brother and I could hardly keep our eyes off our father;he had put away his blue cloth,brass buttoned company service clothes,and now,like the rest of us,wore hooded,blanket capote,woolen shirt,blanket trousers,and gaily beaded moccasins. He didn't look natural;somehow didn't seem to fit in;he sat stiffly in the saddle;held his rifle awkwardly. For many years he had seldom ventured outside the walls of the forts in which he had worked. He had never cared to hunt;had never even killed a buffalo,nor trapped a beaver. But how good he had ever been to my brother and me. He had patiently taught us to read and write;repeatedly told us that we must live so that we should never shame the good blood that was in us,that of the Monroes,De la Roches,his own Virginia forebears,and that of our great-grandfather,Lone Walker,who had been a Pikuni chief of the highest character. Year after year he had sent to St. Louis for toys and games and story books,wonderful Christmas morning surprises for us. On this morning,when we awaoke,we had found on top of each little pile of our clothing,a brand new cap lock rifle of light weight,well filled powder horn and ball pouch,and boxes of caps. We had been so pleased and excited over the gifts,weapons that we had longed for more than anything else in the world,that we had barely tased the good breakfast set before us. At the table,grandfather Monroe had,however,somewhat dampened our enthusiasm by saying to us,thusly:

"A gun is dangerous without lock, stock or barrel. You are both very young to carry rifles, so your father and I have agreed that you arenot to load and fire them except when we or your uncles are with you. But you shall have plenty of opportunities to use them; Nistoa, Mahkwiyipoahts, kitakskinipachis sahmsin, kyi ikyakachsin". Which was to say,I rising Wolf,shall teach you hunting and trapping.

On that first night out from the fort, we camped about twenty miles from it, up on the Teton, the Unikisisisakta - Milk River - of the Blackfeet tribes, having passed during the afternoon, many herds of buffalo and smallbands of antelope,that always slowly retreated from our approach. As we neared the river, our uncle John hurried on ahead, and when we canght up with him at the edge of a long grove of cottonwoods, we found him skinning an elk that he had killed. From that time, until after we made camp at the foot of lower Two Medicine Lodges Lake, four days later, not a shot was fired by anyone, although we were rarely out of sight of game of some kind.

This was my brother's and my introduction to the Rocky Mountains. From the plains around Fort Benton, we had admired their faroff snow capped heights,so cooly gleaming in the hot sunnertime, and longed to camp among them. And here we were at lest, three lodges of us, at the foot of a clear, cold lake, beautiful beyond our fondest imaginations of mountain lakes,and above it, rimming the head of the valley were weird shaped peaks that seemed to beckon us to climb their bare heights, and explore the vast snow fields - ice, our grandfather said - that lay between them. Nearer, on the right of the valley rose a red and gray rock mountain, at the foot of which nestled another lake. Somehow, I admired this great mountain more than I did any of the others in sight. Little did I then think that, more than thirty years later, this mountain was to be my grandfather's monument, that my friend Apikuni, and I were to name it for him, Rising Wolf

It was near sundown when we made camp, setting up our lodges close to the west bank of the outlet of the lake, and about fifty yards from the shore of the latter. As I have said, we had three lodges,all of them of new, well tanned

buffalo cow leather. My uncle John and his wife occupied one of them; my grandfather and grandmother, uncle Francois and aunt Lizzie, had the second one, and our family the third, Before leaving Fort Benton, my grandfather had painted in black, upon each side of his lodge, a large figure of a man,and above it,a wolf, rising up, the pictograph of his name, Rising Wolf. He had told us boys that,years before when camping with the Kootenai Indians at the Lakes Inside - St.Marys Lakes - the chief of the tribe had advised him to so paint it, and also trees along the trails leading to his camp, so that wandering war parties of his tribe and other mountain tribes, would never mistake it for an enemy camp and attack it. Though the Blackfeet tribes were more often at war than at peace; with these mountain,and west-of-the-Rockies tribes,Kootenais,Kalispells,Pen d'Oreilles, Spokanes, and Nez Perces, and though my grandfather was considered by these latter, ,a Blackfeet, though white of skin, they knew that he was a man of peace, striving always for peace between the tribes of the mountains and those of the plains, and were ever friendly to him.

That first night at the lake, my uncle Francois stood guard over our herd of horses. In the morning right after breakfast we all set to work to build a corral close to our lodges, in which to keep the animals nights,and prevent any enemy war party stampeding them. We completed the work by noon,and then,after eating,Rising Wolf,so I always loved to call him, said that he was going to paint his name picture along the big,valley trail, and that my brother and I could take our rifles and go with him. Under his directions, we loaded the weapons for the first time, he repeatedly warned us that we must aleays carry them at half-cock,never with the hammer down upon the cap, and that we must never point them at anyone even when empty. The barrels were rifled, so we had to set the patched balls into them with short ball starters, before driving them down upon the powder with the ramrods, and he had repeatedly asserted and did so now, that his smoothbore glintlock rifle was by far the better weapon,as it carried a much larger ball and could be more quickly loaded. We knew from the frequent talks that we had heard about firearms,that rifled barrels were far more accurate,and had greater range than smoothbores,but our father had cautioned us never to argue with the old man about it,and we never did. To the very last, he believed his ancient fuke was more powerful,more to be depended

upon in a time of danger, than any other make of weapons that was ever invented.

We left camp on foot, followed the well worn trail down across the big prairie at the foot of the lake, and stopped in a narrow strip of pines and cottonwoods that bordered a small stream running from the mountains down into the river. There Rising Wolf scapled the trunk of a tree with his big, Hudson's Bay Company knife, and pieses of shining black coals from a sackful of them that he had gathered from around his lodgefire, painted quickly his man-and-wolfsign upon the white wood. We then went down across a narrower strip of prairie and into another little grove, and when our grandfather stopped to bark, and paint another tree, Robert signed to me to go on down the trail with him; and unnoticed we stole away.

On the day before, there had been some buffalo here, but at the approach of our caravan they had fled across the river and up the ridge onto the plain. We now found signs of other game, fresh tracks of deer and elk in the footprints of our horses in the dusty trail, and side by side, with ready rifles, we stole on down it, eagerly looking for the animals, whichever of us first sees a deer or elk, is to have the shot at it." Robert whispering to me: "

"Yes. Of course" I replied.

We passed through the grove, and were half way across a small grassy park, when we saw that the thick brush at itslower end, willows and tall rosebrush, was quivering as an animal of some kind pressed through it, going up the valley. We faced that way, and after a moment as the brush ceased quivering, Robert hissed to me: "Do you see it?"

"No."

"I do, just a part of its body, dark like that of a buffalo. It is a buffalo! I am going to shoot!"

Although I followed the line of his rifle barrel as he raised the weapon and took careful aim, I still could not discover anything like an animal in the brush. He fired, and with the report there burst upon our ears a frightful, hoarse roar of pain and anger, and out from the brush with quick high leaps came a bear; a monstrous bear, seem ingly as big as a buffab bull. Clearing the brush, it stopped and sat up, to our frightened eyes a tall mountan of heaving fur, a huge grizzly

bear, of whose ferocity we had heard so many terrible tales. I wanted to turn and run, but there flashed through my mind the assertions of the old trappers at the fort, that it was useless to attempt to run from a grizzly, that the one thing to do was to stand and try to kill the animal as it came on. And at that, I took careful aim at the side of its body, just at the edge of the ribs, as I had so often heard was the most vital place, I fired, saw the bear flinch and with terrible roaring clap a paw against its side, and with long bouncing leaps come at us. Then I did run. I saw Robert running - and lost sight of him. I was sure that the bear was gaining upon me, though I could not see him; I dared not take time to look back, and I had the dreadful feeling that every forward step that I took would be my last one. "Rising Wolf! Rising Wolf! Help! I shouted.

I was running back up the trail - heading for the grove in which we had left our grandfather. I could not resist the urge to look back to see if the bear really was after me. He was, and coming fast, bloody foam oozing from his partly open mouth. I was now quite near the grove, and saw with sickening despair that, even if I could reach it before the bear could overtake me, its huge cottonwoods were unclimbable. Again I shouted:"Rising Wolf" - but my breath was going, I could no more than gasp the other word,"Help" And then I noticed that an outstanding one of the great trees on the left of the trail,had a sturdy and very long limb that arched toward the ground, and that by a high jump I might possibly grasp it near its outer end and swing up onto it and climb above reach of the bear. I dropped my empty and useless rifle and made for the limp, sprang and siezed it with both hands, and just as I was raising up ontoit, the bear lunged up and struck at me, one of its claws ripping my right trouser leg from the back of the knee down, and cutting into the flesh. The downward force of the blow caused me to lose my right hand grip of the limb and for an instant I swung suspended by but one hand; but with a last upstrain I managed to renew my hold and tried to raise up onto the limb and found that I hadn't sufficient strength, I looked down and saw the bear turning about to spring at me agagain."He will get me this time" was my despairing absolutely hopekess thought, and right then the bear suddenly sank quivering to the ground, and close by,my grandfather's fuke gave a thunderous boom! I dropped to the ground and, too weak to get upon my feet, stared at the dying animal.

"What does this mean! What have you boys been doing?" cried my grandfather, as,hastily reloading his fuke, he came and stood over me, his blue eyes all bright with anger. I saw my brother running toward us from the other side of the little park, and he came before I could get breath to answer the question, and exclained:"Oh, what a whopper of a bear! We got him, didn't we?"

Yes, and he all but got your brother! Come quick now, let me hear all

about it"

"The bear was going through the brush, down there; we could see it shaking; and then I saw just a little of its body and thought that it was a buffalo, and when I fired, it came jumping out into the open and sat up, and then brother-fired, and it came for us,"Robert replied.

"I've a good mind to give you a real switching! Both of you!" the old man exclaimed And then, after a moment;"Well, you had a narrow escape. Let this be a lesson that you must never shoot at anything that you can not plainly see, know for sure what it is. Why that might have been me, or one of your uncles moving through the brush! And another thing! You boys are not to go about shooting at grizzly bears. You are not to go off by yourselves to hunt, and if you again sneak away from me, when I take you out, I will put your rifles where you can't get them again, this summer. There! Do you understand that?"

"Yes, And now let's skin the bear. I want to see where my bullet struck it" Robert quickly replied. Myself, I could do mo more than nod my head I was still seeing myself swinging from the limb above, and the bear turning to make another spring for my dangling body. There was a gone feeling in the pit of my stomach.

But after a time, I managed to get up and help with the skinning of the great bear, that weighed, Rising Wolf said, all of a thousand pounds. His shot had broken its neck. Robert had shot it well back, and my bullet had pierced the end of one lung, from the effect of which it would have soon died, had not my grandfather so opportunely snuffed out its life.

Having finished skinning the bear, we went on down the trail, and after Rising Wolf had put his name signs upon three or four more trees along it, we hurried back to camp, and got an old horse that was not afreid of bears, upon which to pack in the heavy hide. Then, when we dropped it upon the ground in front of the lodges, the women made loud protest against it being put there, and declared that they would not flesh,nor peg it out to dry,as they were not Sun Women - that is, sacred woman, women who had,with vows, and fasting and prayer, taken part in the building of the annual great lodge, the sp-called medicine lodge,

in honor of the god. But just then our aunt Lizzie came from the river with a bucket of water, and after listening to them for a moment, she set the bucket down and said to us: "Even if the bear is a man-animal, I am not afraid of it; and though I am not a sacred lodge woman, I will flesh this hide, and dry it, and tan it for a bed robe for my brave young nephews!"

"Good - Good! I'm glad that I have anyhow one child who is not a coward" Rising Wolf exclaimed, in Pikuni, so that all there would understand. "To fear the shadows (souls,or spirits, or ghosts) of bears, as capable to harm us as are the shadows Crows,Assiniboins or of any other enemies, is not cowardly" my grandmother told him.

"We will not argue about it. Our daughter will tan the hide. She will not be harmed by doing it"

"Not if my prayers can protect her!"

I did not hear the rest of the argument, for aunt Lizzie was calling to Robert and me to help her with the hide. We dragged it to the scattering timber bordering the lake, and cut a small tree, about four feet above the ground the stump to be the fleshing post. We threw the heavy hide over it, and with her fleshing instrument, a bone handled,saw toothed chisel-like steel, she began at once, with quick downward strikes of the flesher, to remove the meat and fat with which it was coated. Before sundown, the hide was pegged out upon the ground, its flesh side as smooth and white as a piece of paper.

In the cheerful light of Rising Wolf's lodge fire, around which we all gathered, that evening, he decided that our uncles John and Francois should trap down the river,and up its fork heading in the Two Medicine Pass, and that he and our father should trap above the head of the lake.

"And my two boys will remain here in camp, to protect us," said our mother.

"No" We are going with grandfather; he is to teach us to trap" cried Robert.

Our mother, and grandmother, making loud protests against that, were silenced by pur aunt Lizzie, who said "Of course, they will go with father; they have to learn to trap. I can do all the guarding of camp,and herding of the

horses that is necessary". And when she said that, she made no idle boast. There never was a braver young women than Lizzie Monroe. She had a good small-bore rifle and loved to hunt, and had killed with it numbers of deer, elk, antelope and buffalo.

Said our grandfather, decisively: "By turns, the boys will help you guard camp and the horse herd. Tomorrow, Robert remains with you".

"Oh,no!" I am the eldest, I should be first to go out with you!" he loudly asserted.

"You will remain right here, tomorrow, and think of nothing but your craziness of this day, that almost caused the death of your brother!" the old man sternly told him, and he subsided.

At dawn, the next morning, the horses were turned out to graze, and after breakfast, we caught and saddled those of them that were to be used. The sun was just coming up over the ridge when I got upon my pony and followed my granddfather and father acfoss the ford of the river, and up the heavy game trail on the north side of the lake. We went but a little way, when the old man called a halt, got down from his horse and, barking a foot or more of the side of a large quaking aspen on the right of the trail, marked his name sign upon the clear white surface of the wood. It was, he said, most important that he do that, as the trail was ffrequented by the West-side tribes when they came over on our side of the range to hunt and trap. None of them had been in here in the last six or seven years, but they were likely to come at any time. He blazed and name-painted five or six trees along the trail before we arrived at the head of the lake. And while my father and I sat in our saddles watching his quick sure work, he told us of several adventures that he had had in the the valley when hunting and trapping here with the Pikuni in years long past.

All the way up the trail, we had glimpsed at intervals, deer and elk getting out of our way, and now, when opposite the head of the lake, the old man signed to us to dismount and tether our horses and quietly fallow him, as he hoped to show us something worth seeing. We sneaked down through the timber for a hundred yards or more, to the edge of the inlet of the lake, and following it up, soon came to a beaver dam all of eight feet in height,and so old that full grown spruce and cottonwood

trees stood plentifully along it. We climbed its steep slope, and, cautiously looking over it, saw that it extended clear across the valley, damming a pond that was all of a quarter of a mile in width, and which had at its head, another dam, not so long. There were more than a dozen large beaver lodges scattered about in the pond, and rising from three or four, to six and more feet above its surface, and, broad day though it was, we could see several beavers swimming about among them. "There! Isn't that a sight to make a trapper's heart glad! It is as I believed it would be! We are going to make a big catch of the flat tails right in this one pond!" the old man exclaimed. And with that, we rose up and stood upon the dam, and seeing us, a nearby beaver loudly slapped the water with its tail, and with answering slaps the others echoed its warning, and all dived and took shelter in their lodges.

Then, while we still stood there, silent, gloating over the plentitude of the beavers, a loud and slow splosh! splosh! splosh! of the water caused us to look to the west shore, and there we saw a huge bull moose walking along the muddy shallows, his new growing, velvet coated antlers yellowly glistening in the morning sun. He was the first of his kind that I had ever seen, and I thought that I had never seen an an animal so hugely homely; big though he was, his long of body nosed, drooping lipped head with its underhanging black haired wattle, seemed to be too large and heavy for his size.

"We must have him! Best of all the meat animals in these mountains! Come on, we will head him off!" Rising Wolf whispered to us. I had never seen him so excited, so eager to make a killing.

"No, I'll stay here, you go! I don't want to kill him," my father replied, and when the old man backed down off the dam, I did too, and trailed after him as he ran out along its base.

We tore our way through tangles of brush and high grass, across muddy seepages from the pond, and at last, when near the west end of the dam, the old man motioned me to stand, and cautiously climbed up and looked out over it, dodged back and motioned me to follow. We ran fifty or sixty yards farther, and then when he again started to climb the dam, he signed to me me to go up with him. A brushy moment later, we looked out across the top of it, and lo! there was the moose,

not fifty yards off,still sploshing through the shallow margin of the pond,and coming straight toward us. I gave the old man's shirtsleeve a quick tug,and whispered,"Let me shoot him!" He frowned,looked at me sharply,hesitatingly, and then nodded assent. I afterward realized that this was an act of great self-denial on his part,that he had been just as eager as I,to make the shot. I lost no time in silently cocking my rifle,bringing it to my shoulder and aiming it fair at the center of the bull's breast. I fired,saw him flinch,and turn and make for the shelter of the timber,and after a few awkward leaps, stagger and fall under a great spruce a little way back from the shore.

"Good! A good shot! Boy,your are going to be a real hunter!" cried my grandfather. And then,as I started to run to the fallen animal,"Stop!" he shouted to me. "A real hunter,after firing,never moves a step if he can avoid it,until he has reloaded his rifle!"

It was not the first time I had been repremanded for that. I felt terribly ashamed. With trembling fingers I reloaded the weapon,the old man patiently watching me,and then allowing me to be first to arrive at the side of the dead bull. How I gloated over his immense size! A thousand pounds of the best of meat,my grandfather said,as he laid aside his fuke and,drawing his knife,began sharpening it with the steel that he always carried. I was disappointed,though,when my father came,and showed no enthusiasm over my kill. I there realized for the first time,that the hunting and trapping of animals was to him,hard an unpleasant work. I worried about it;could not understand why he could find no excitement and pleasure in it,as did my grandfather and uncles.

We soon skinned the bull,and tied the pieces of its meat two and two together,for to pack home upon our horses. My grandfather then told my father that he could set his six traps along the east side of the pond,and that he would take this side. We all went to the horses,and after my father had taken his bunch of traps,my grandfather and I crossed back with all three of the animals,tied them near the butchered moose,and them went on to set our six traps. I had never seen a trap set for beavers,and now watching my grandfather and listening to his careful explanation of the reason for everything that he did,I became tremendously interested in it.

horses that is neccessary

As we were passing a beaver slide, or trail, running from the shore ou to a tree that the animals had felled, and along which they were dragging its limbs, to the pond, he stopped, and said that, while some trappers set their traps at the foot of slides, it was not a wise thing to do, as a beaver caught there would be seen by others, in its drowning struggles, and they would thereafter avoid that slide, and all the other slides in the pond, for a time. It was also unwise to tear out a portion of the top of a dam and set a trap there, as a beaver caught at the place would frighten off the other ~~pepaiwers~~ No, the one and onl proper way, was to decoy the animals to traps where they would ~~kxxk~~ least suspect tha they had been set.

A few yards farther on, we came to a place where, at six or eight feet out from the shore, the water was three feet or more in depth, and there the old made preparations to set one of the traps. He cut a slender alder about ten feet in length, that had a sturdy fork at its tip, much wider than the diameter of the ring at the end of the trap chain, and after lopping off the limbs of th pole up to the fork, so that each limb stub was about an inch in length, he set the trap open, and ran the butt of the pole a little way through the ring. Then taking off his moccasins, he waded into the water with the outfit, and under the water, ~~xxxhxxxdxxxfxxhxxxxxx~~ jabbed the butt of the pole firmly into the ban and so slanting it, that the whole length of the pole was well below the surfac of the water. Next, he set the trap firmly upon the bottom, in about six inches of water and close to the pole, and opening his scent jar, stuck a n end of a dead stick into it, working it about in the thick grown mass until it was well coated, and then set up the stick ~~xxxx~~ shoreward from the trap a foot or more, and set oth other sticks outward from it, in the shape of the letter V. The scent was the castors, or scent glands of the beaver, mixed with alcohol to preserve it, and the castors were worth about four dollars a pound at Fort Benton. They were used by chemists in the manufacture of perfumes. Beavers were, like dogs, animals always on the lookout for traces of their kind, the old man explained as he proceeded with his work. As dogs sniffed at trees and rocks along the trails, to learn if possible, who of their brothers had been there, so did beavers go straight to places from which came the powerful castor odor. The first beaver to catch

the castor odor here,would swim in to envestigate it,enter the V of sticks and come to a stop before the rear one of them,the baited stick,to smell it,and when the animal stopped,its body would settle in the water,and one or the other of its hind feet would be caught in the trap. Instantly,the trapped one would turn about and make for deep water,and as it went,the trap chain ring would slide out along the set pole to its fork,and then,when the beaver found that it could go no farther,and that the weight of the trap was pulling it down,it woul would try to return to the shore;but the chain ring could not slip back past the projecting stubs of the limbs,and consequently,after a brief struggle to keep its head above the water,the trapped one would drown. X slanting sharply toward the tip of the pole,

In the next favorable place above,the old man allowed me to set a trap,and I did it to his complete satisfaction,and felt quite proud of my skill. We soon set all the of the traps,he three,and I three,and then,returning to our moose kill,we were met by my father,who rather fretfully said that he feared that he did not know how to set traps for beavers,and asked the old man to show him how to do it. We loaded the moose meat and hide upon the horses and crossed back to the other side of the pond,set the other six traps up along it,and then,leading our heavily loaded horses,went back down the trail to camp,arriving there at sundown. We had broiled ribs of moose for our supper, and I thought that I had never tasted meat so good. I was very proud of my kill,and very happy,but for one thing; I wanted to go with Rising Wolf in the morning,to see what the traps held that I had set,but according to the old man's orders,the morrow was to by my day to guard camp and herd the horses. I whispered my trouble to my mother,and she patted my shoulder and told me not to worry,that she would arrange for me to go. And at that I dropped back upon the couch of blankets and soft buffalo robes that my brother and I shared,and was almost instantly asleep.

Came morning,and at breakfast,our father told Robert and me that it had been decided that he was to be the camp guard and horse herder,and we were to trap in his place,Robert with our uncles,I with Rising Wolf. And then our aunt Lizzie declared that she was right then going to quit all camp work,and

trap with grandfather and me,us three against John and Francois and Robert,and she would bet her sorrel-pinto horse against John's black-pinto,that we would catch the most beavers. Uncle John accepted her offer,and they shook hands upon it. The horses had been turned out at daylight,to graze,and Robert and I with boundless joy in this unexpected turn in our affairs, ran and brought them in,and the two parties of us were soon upon the way to our trapping grounds.

Rising Wolf led off,across the outlet and up the trail,my aunt and then I,close following. We all but ran into a small band of buffalo,that turned and fled up the ridge with great crashing of brush and dead sticks;and farther on,we frightened elk and deer,as on the previous day. Then,near the head of the lake,Rising Wolf rode to one side of the trail,and pointed down to it, and my aunt and I looking,saw the tracks of a big grizzly and several little ones,in the yellow,dew dampened dust:"The old woman got the scent of your moose kill,we will have to be careful;mother grizzlies are bad medicine!" we were and is probably up at it,having a big feast; told. And then as we rode on,thinking of tales that we had heard of the ferocity of old mother bears,maybe we shivered a bit.

When we arrived at the pond,we examined first,the six traps that Rising Wolf and I had set for my father. The lower one of them was,to my great disappointment,unsprung:I had expected that each one of the twelve would be fast to a beaver! Nor was there a beaver in the second one. We came to the third place,where I myself had made the set,and my heart thumped hard against my ribs when I saw that the trap was gone:"We have lost it,a beaver has gotten away with it!" I cried.

"Loosen the stake pole,and pull it in," said Rising Wolf,and dropping my rifle,I sprang bank down into the water--moccasins and all, yanked the pole free,and instantly felt that there was a heavy weight at its outer end. I pulled it in,hand over hand,ran up the bank with it and drew ashore a big beaver,its fur all plastered sleek and shiny against its body. I stooped and lifted it,and learned that,for its size,the beaver was the heaviest of all our animals. I dropped it upon the marsh grass and,free of the water,the fur began to fluff up,blackish brown and thick and soft. Prime fur,the old man said,as he freed the body of the trap,the while I told my aunt

that I had set the trap,that the beaver was my very own catch. My! My! But I was proud of myself!

Two of the remaining three traps on that side,were fast to drowned,s stiff beavers. We drew them ashore,and leaving them there,got onto our horses and crossing below the dam to the other side of the valley,cautiously approach ed the remains of the moose that I had killed. We found that,as Rising Wolf had predicted,the old mother grizzly and her cubs had gone straight there,and feasted hugely upon the parts of the carcase that we had left,and the old man said that,as she would come again and again to feast,until she had finished the last scrap of the meat,the thing for us to do was to cease trapping there for the time. Our horses had become very uneasy,and by the way they sniffed the air,and snorted,and watched the surrounding timber,we were sure that the bears were not far ~~xxxx~~ from us. So,while my aunt and I kept a close lookout for them,the old man took up the six traps,but one of them fast to a beaver. He said that,while beavers paid no attention to the odor of the deer kind,aliv or dead,they kept as far away as possible from the warning odor of bears and all the other animals that preyed upon them,so we were lucky to have caught even one upon that side of the pond.

We hurried back to the trail side of the pond,quickly skinned our beavers,and taking all the hides and traps,rode on up the valley,coming,presently,to the most remarkable waterfall that there is,perhaps,in all the world,a falls named for a far back ancestor of mine,a young woman who never married,who became a warrior and leader of war parties,and died in battle,the only Pikuni woman who was ever given a man's name,Pitamakan--Running Eagle. She was a sister of my great-grandfather,Nitawahwaka--Lone Walker.

A mile or thereabout above this place,and just below the foot of the second Two Medicine Lake,the river disappears in a mass of large boulders,and following a subterranean channel,at last bursts forth from a jagged hole high up in a rock ledge crossing the valley,and falls into a deep pool at the foot of it,from there flowing on gently to the lake below. I had heard great tales through the big beaver ponds about my woman warrior ancestor,and now,as I stared up at the dark cavern from

which the river came foaming and roaring down the ledge,and in which she had once taken refuge,I knew that she must have been more brave than most of the men of her race,for to enter there,the home,the lurking place of the dread Under-water People, as she had firmly believed it to be, more courageous act than facing of the enemy in battle. More than ever,I wished that I could have known her,beautiful young woman that she was said to have been,wished that I could have seen her climbing the precipitous ledge,and without faltering,going slowly and surely on into the dark cavern. I began humming one of her war songs,one that she was said to have composed,and then Rising Wolf,shouting to make himself heard above the roar of the falls,said to us,pointing to a worn path down the steep bank into the pool:"That is an otter slide,and fresh used. I' ll set a trap there."

He did it quickly,deftly,using a drowning pole,as we did for beavers, and setting the trap out from the foot of the slide,in about ten inches of water,so that it would grip the hind foot of the otter as it came to climb up the slide. We then remounted our horses,and went on up the valley,up past the great mountain which,hai ya! was later to be Rising Wolf's monument,and at a distance of about a mile,rode out upon the shore of the second Two Medicine Lodges lake,a clear lake of icy water,in a setting so beautiful and yet so grim,that I was all but dazed by it all. Straight across from us,at the head of the lake,rose a slender black rock mountain far up into the blue,and beyond it, at the head of the two prongs of the timbered valley were more mountains, of great height and ruggedness,reflected all of them in the still surface of the lake. I wanted to get down from my horse and just sit there on the shore and take in the wonderful view in all its details,but to my plea that we rest there a while,Rising Wolf turned a deaf ear,and led us up the north shore to the head of the lake,where,along the banks of the smooth flowing inlet,we found plenty of beaver workings,and set our traps,Rising Wolf five,and my aunt and I each three. While doing that,we discovered,low down upon the mountain near us, several bands of bighorn and goats,the finest of the kinds that I had ever seen. I wanted to go up there and shoot one of the goats,but there was not time to do it;as it was,we did not get back to camp until some time after dark.

and Robert came in still later. They had set their traps down along the river, and then gone up the middle fork afxkk,on discovery,and found plenty of beaver workings all along it;many bands of buffalo grazing in the open parks in its wide valley;and everywhere hard beaten trails of elk and deer. They had seen too, during the day,thirteen bears,the most of them grizzlies.

And clapping his hands together and smiling happily,grandfather Rising Wolf exclaimed:"Anomi,kitaks iksi ahkotsaps anan!"--Here,we are going to get rich!

When,the next evening,the two parties of us brought into camp the pelts of 14 beavers,and one otter,we were sure that the old man's prophecy was to come true. Four more days passed,during which we averaged all of fifteen beavers a day. And then on the evening of the sixth day,when my uncles and my brother came in,they were accompanied by Back-coming-in-sight,and other chiefs of a band of the Kootenai Indians,two hundred lodges of them,closely following. Though that meant the end of our trapping in that vicinity,my grandfather heartily welcomed the chiefs,old friends of his,and ordered a feast prepared for them. They had that morning crossed the divide,through the Two Medicine Pass,to hunt and trap on our side of the range,their main object being to get plenty of hides of our buffalo,to tan into leather for new lodge skins. They were uneasy because they had not sent messengers to the chiefs of the Pikuni,to ask permission to hunt in our country,and my grandfather advised them to do that without delay,and assured them that their request would be granted.

On the following day,we took up our traps,and on the next morning packed up and took the trail to the north,making camp two days later at the foo of lower St. Mary's Lake,Puhtomuksikimiks,Lakes Inside,as the Blackfeet tribes had long since named them. We set up our lodges in a narrow grove of cottonwoods on the west side of the outlet,and built a corral for our horses back of them,between them and the white gravelly shore of the lake. This had been my grandfather's favorite camping place during some of the years that he was a trapper for [illegible] of the Hudson's Bay Company,and before he engaged with the American Fur Company.

The sun was setting when,after our evening meal,the old man led us out through the timber to a large,weatherbeaten cross set up on the shore of the lake,at the outlet,and there he told us,as he had many times before how,guiding Father La Come,the first Jesuit who was appointed missionary to the Upper Saskathewan country,the two had made camp at this point,and set up the cross,the priest then kneeling beside it,and with prayer,naming the two great bodies of water,St. Mary's Lakes. And then he told again,grimly smiling,that on the following day,going on south in search of the camp of the Pikuni,they had discovered a large,mounted war party,and he had cried out to the priest:"Come! We must ride from them as fast as we can go!"

"No! Here may be my chance to save some souls! We will put our trust in God,and all will be well with us!"

To which my grandfather had shortly replied:"Me,I will put my trust in my horse's heels!" And quirting the animal,headed for the shelter of the heavy belt of timber to the west;and presently,looking back,had seen the priest coming close after him. And though hard chased by the war party,they had outridden them and saved their scalps.

We all sat down there beside the old cross,and gazed off upon the still surface of the lake stretching away south in its deep wide valley,and for a time,none spoke. Up on the great ridge to the east of us,and in the open park parks at its foot,numerous bands of buffalo,elk,and deer were in sight,and str straight across the outlet,a big,lone grizzly came out upon the shore,sat up and sniffed the air,caught scent of us and with loud wuffF wuff! wuff! went bounding back into the brush. Wolves were everywhere mournfully howling;coyotes yelping. Two beavers came swimming up the outlet and went on up the lake. Loons called to one another;close behind us a lone grouse drummed. In English,Rising Wolf began telling us of his first visit here,of his joy in camping by the beautiful lakes,and climbing and hunting in the big surrounding mountains,when with the Pikuni,he had come here in the fall of 1816,he the very first one of his race to traverse the whole length of the foot of the mountains trail running from the Saskatchewan south to the Missouri. Close in front of us a huge

trout broke water,and that started the women talking about the terrible Under water People who inhabited the lake,and at every opportunity siezed those who ventured to swim out from its shores,and dragged them down to their death in its black depths. My brother and I barely breathed,so anxious were we to hear it all,our grandfather's reminisences of his adventures here,and our grandmother's tales of the dread water gods. Afterward,my brother and I had some talk about them:our father had more than once told us that there were no such creatures,that the tales about them were only idle imaginings of the Pikuni. But our grandmother,uncles and aunt fully believed that all deep lakes and rivers were inhabited by Under-water People,and we suspicioned that our mother did too. We did not want to believe that there were anywhere,such terrible gods,and yet-- and yet--

Finally,Robert dared me to swim in the lake;we sneaked away from camp and stripped and plunged in,swam far out and back,and out and back again,unharmed,and decided that our father was right about it. But upon our return to camp,we made no mention of our adventure.

On the morning after we made camp at the foot of the lake,my uncles and Robert set out to trap down the river,and up its first tributary coming in from the north,Sokkyi Awhkomi--Loud Roarer,the stream now named Swift Current. My grandfather,aunt Lizzie and I crossed the river at the ford,just below camp,and began trapping the little streamlets running down the big ridge into the lake. Beavers were very plentiful,and for several weeks the catch of the two parties of us averaged at least ten a day. And from dawn to dark of every day,there was no time when game of some kind was not in sight,buffalo, deer,elk or moose. Bloodthirsty young boys that we were,my brother and I want to shoot everything that we saw,but were permitted,by turns with our aunt Lizzie,to kill no more meat than could be used in our little camp.

At last,when our daily catch of beavers dwindled down to only three or four a day,grandfather Rising Wolf began to talk about moving camp to the foot of the upper lake,from there to trap the several streams in that vicinity, and one evening,it was decided that we should bring in our traps on the following day,and the next morning make the move.

We were all back in camp with our traps,and the pelts of the few beavers that we had caught,by four o'clock of the next afternoon,and from that time until dark,were all busy packing our various belongings and getting everything in shape for an early morning start on the trail to the upper lake. During the afternoon,my grandmother had been preparing a great feast for us:roasting the loins portion of a fat young moose that my aunt Lizzie had killed,and now,at dark,we all gathered in her lodge to enjoy it. A huge piece of meat it was,the whole back of the animal from the rump to the ribs,beautifully browned,drippin rich juices as it hung suspended before the lodge fire,slowly revolving this way that way as my grandmother occasionally poked it with a willow stick. "It is thoroughly cooked," she said,and my mother helped her free it from its sus-swing rope,and lay it upon a clean white side of buffalo rawhide.spread before her couch,and one by one we passed our plates and she loaded them with generous slices of the roast,the while aunt Lizzie poured us cups of strong,black tea,remarking,as she filled the last one of them:"Itokwitamapi ahsoyo ksiksikimi!" We find happiness in dried leaves water.

"True! True! Good tea is cheering," said grandfather Rising Wolf,in English.

"And never was there better meat,and meat more perfectly roasted,tha this back of your kill," my father took time to say to aunt Lizzie. We others said nothing;we were too busy eating the delicious roast to talk.

Outside,as in the beginning of every evening,our dogs were mournful ly howling in answer to the mournful callings of wolves to one another,near an far. Then,suddenly,several of the horses back in the corral loudly snorted,and a moment later,the dogs changed their howls to short,fierce barks. We all ceased eating,listened intently,heard the dogs scurry toward the corral and there bark more angrily than ever.

"Maybe a real-bear after the horses!" uncle John exclaimed.

"Perhaps a war party!" said uncle Francis,and [illegible],h horn and ball pouch,and snatching up his rifle,he hurried out into the night, followed by uncle John,who had brought his rifle when he came in to the feast. My father and brother and I ran to our lodge for our weapons,and were fumbling

for them in the black darkness of the interior, when, out in the direction of the corral, whoom! whoom! went two guns, followed by a shrill cry of pain, and the shouting of someone in a tongue strange to me.

But my father knew it: "Assiniboines! An Assiniboine war party!" he exclaimed. I went suddenly cold, half-faint from fear of them, then heard my mother crying to us to come to her, and took courage. Grandfather Rising Wolf was also calling us. I had found my powder horn and ball pouch, and slung them on, and siezing my rifle, I followed my father and brother out through the doorway and across the short stretch of ground to the other lodge.

Back at the corral in the timber, guns were again booming, and again the leader of the war party was hoarsely shouting orders to his men. Grandfather Rising Wolf was just coming out of his lodge and was urging the women to hurry out after him, while within, my grandmother was fretfully complaining that she could not find her white blanket--that she used as a wrap--It was very dark there, for as soon as it was realized that we were in danger of attack, my mother and aunt Lizzie had covered the little fire with ashes and out it out.

"Here it is, your wrap," we heard uncle John's wife say, and then they all came out, and my grandfather told them to run into the timber, and through it down to the ford of the river, and hide there in the brush until we should join them.

"But you may never come to us! You may be killed! If you are to die, I want to die by your side!" my grandmother told him.

"You do as I say, and be quick about it!" he replied, and they turned away and vanished in the darkness, and then he said to us: "Now then, to the corral! We must help John and Francois, we must save our horses if possible!"

He led the way. I was last. I heard someone following me, thought it was a sneaking enemy, and as I turned to fire, aunt Lizzie bumped against me and whispered. "Say nothing! Though I am a woman, I can fight and I am going to
thrilled me,
Her few brave words gave me fresh courage.

Now, when my uncles reached, they sneaked silently through the timber, and arriving at the back side of the corral, could just make out the dim shape of several of the enemy at its entrance in the front side; they were untying the
s,
wood pole, with which we had, as usual, fastened the bars, heavy cotton-in place. They had both fired, and had hit one of the men, as they had knew from his shriek of pain, and then several of the enemy had fired at them, or rather at the place wher

their guns had flashed,and close in front of them,in the corral,one of their shots had struck a horse and instantly killed it,as they knew from the way it thudded to the ground and never moved. Then the leader of the war party had shouted something some kind to his men,and soon afterward,the horses had begun to mill around in the corral,surging this way and that way,and they knew that some of the enemy were in among them. They hurriedly reloaded their rifles,expecting every moment to be attacked,to have a hand to hand fight for their lives. Then the horses got over their fright,ceased milling around,and for a few moments all was quiet;listen as they would,they could detect no movement of the enemy,in their direction or elsewhere. But presently,they heard the harsh scraping of rawhide rope against rough bark,and knew that some of the enemy were again unfastening the bars of the entrance. They could have cut the ropes in no time;it was evident that they needed them to catch and bridle the horses.

Looking across the corral,they could dimly see the top bars of the entrance against the dull starlit surface of the lake,visible through an opening in the timber,but could see no movement, no shape,of men above them,and they knew that the bottom bars were being unroped. They did not dare go either way around toward the entrance,well knowing that both sides of it were guarded,and that the enemy would hear their approach and be ready put a sudden end to them with war clubs,or balls,or silent arrows.

"We just can't let them take down the bars and set us afoot!" uncle John whispered. "We will climb to the top of the fence,then I will fire,and maybe the flash of my rifle will give you light enough to make a killing shot.

"Yes. Let's try that," Francois agreed. They mounted the high fence, and when John pulled trugger,his shot revealed a crowd of the enemy before the entrance to the corral,some of them loosening the fastenings of the lower bars but the flask of the powder did not last long enough for Francois to take aim at any one of them,though he had his rifle at his shoulder;he fired anyhow,and and shots were fired at them, failed to make a hit,and again the leader of the party shouted something,no doubt encouraging his men to persevere in their work with the bar ropes.

It was soon after this,when my uncles,back down upon the ground,had reloaded their rifles,and were feeling very helpless,that we neared the corral and they answered my grandfather's low cry of "Sons,where are you?" We joined them,and Francois hurriedly told us that there were many of the enemy at the entrance to the corral,some of them unfastening the bar ropes,and that others were right in among the horses,waiting to drive them out as soon as the way would be open.

"We may as well be dead,as set afoot! Come! We will fight for our horses! Follow me!" said my grandfather,so angry that he sputtered his words.

He started to lead us around the corral,toward the entrance,and just then we heard the thud,thud,thud of the bars as they were withdrawn and thrown aside,and in answer to the shouts of the chief,his men inside,mounted horses that they had already caught,and began to drive the herd out. Whinneying and snorting,frightened and eager for the open,they crowded through the narrow outlet,and we poked our rifles through the insterticces of the fence and fired at the dim shapes of the mounted men,saw one of them fall. Before we finished reloading our rifles,the whole herd had gone crashing out through the timber,and we could hear the enemy driving them off down the prairie toward Loud Roaring Creek.

"They will round up the band out there,to catch every man of them a horse to ride! Come,we will do our possible to recover some of the herd!" my grandfather cried,and off we went on the run,out through the timber and along the dim trail across the the big,high grassed prairie. My father soon became winded and we drew away from him. I felt half-dazed;all I seemed to know was that I was running with the others, after enemies that we could never, never overtake. I realized after a time,that I was close behind my grandfather,that we were ourselves about winded. We stopped,listened,could not hear the others,somewhere ahead of us,nor could we any longer hear the hoof beats of our band of horses. "They can't be far ahead,they have driven the herd off the hard trail,into the heavy grass;that is why we don't hear them," the old man said.

We soon recovered our breath,and ran on,and were nearing Loud Roaring Creek,when we heard firing back at our camp,and stopping and looking down that way,saw the flash of several guns as they were discharged,and the old man cried cried: "Hai ya! They are shooting into our lodges! Maybe our women returned to to them! If they did,if they did,oh,they couldn't have disobeyed me! Come! We must go back!"

We were then nearly a mile from camp. Before we had gone half-way back to it,we saw that a small fire had been started there,and then another, and then a third blaze twinkled in the darkness,and we knew that our lodges had been set afire;and while we stood again to regain our breath,the ~~xxxxxx~~ red fires grew and grew until they were three big fires of glowing leaping flames, lighting up the timber ~~xxthat~~ each tree seemed to be a tree of fire. My grandfather was groaning,muttering to himself as we ran. Presently he stopped short,and as I bumped against him he ~~fiercely~~ clutched my arm and gasped: "Your grandmother! mother! John's woman! We will turn off down to the ford,to see if they are there! If they aren't--oh,I tell you,boy,these Assiniboine dogs shall pay for all that they have done to us this night!"

We had ran perhaps half-way from the trail,down the slope to the ford,when we discovered,sharply outlined against the glow of the fires,some men approaching us. They were five,all of them with bundles upon their backs, packs of our beaver skins,we felt sure. We knew that they had not seen us,that they could not see us. We stopped,watched them come on,saw that they would pass well to our right,and my grandfather whispered to me:"We will lay for them! Make two of them anyhow pay for this that they have done to us! But ~~xx~~maybe you are afraid--if you are,go on to the ford and wait there for me."

I was afraid;us two against five,they were to many for us to attack, I thought,but I replied,"I will not leave you," and taking my hand he turned and led me on the run back up the slope a little way,and we lay down side by side in the thick grass,right in the path of the approaching enemy,by that time no more than a hundred yards from us. On they came,half-running,breathing heavily under the weight of their packs,heading for some place below that their leader had selected for them all to gather there,after attacking our camp ,and following

my grandfather's whispered instructions, I prepared to aim my rifle at the right one of the three who were coming on abreast, followed closely by the other two.

"We will not shoot until they are almost to us. I will shoot first," the old man hissed in my ear.

"Yes," I answered.

And just then we heard to our left, down the slope toward the river, animals running, approaching us. The enemy heard them too, and stopped, and stood listening. They came rapidly nearer, the dull pounding of their hooves upon the turf growing louder and louder in our ears. Were they our horses, trying to escape their captors, I wondered, and then heard the clicking rattle of dew claws and knew that they were a band of buffalo. I saw our five enemies suddenly turn and run off in the direction that they had come, and as I sprang up, my grandfather siezed my hand and we ran the other way as fast as we could. out of the path of the frightened animals. So close to us were some of them as they ran up the slope, that we could feel and smell their warm breath. We ran and ran from the apparently ever widening wedge formation of them, and as some of them began to pass in front of us, I thought that we surely would be knocked down and trampled to death. And then as quickly as they came they were gone, thundering on up the slope, and we stopped and stood un-nerved, shaking, gasping for breath, dripping with perspiration. We turned and looked back; the fires of our burning lodges were growing dim; we could see nothing of the five of the enemy, and presently my grandfather muttered: "Hai! That was a narrow escape we had! We will go on down to the ford and look for the women. I am too worried about them to do anything else."

Near the river, the trail down to the ford ran through patches of alder brush; we stopped in the midst of them, and the old man hooted like an owl, three hoots, then two, and after a pause, four hoots, and two. And then, off to our right, we heard my grandmother reply to that call that she knew so well: "Here we are, come this way."

Yes, there they were, all three of them hurrying to meet us. My mother ran to me, hugged and kissed me, demanding to know if I was unharmed, asking

where the others were.

In answer to that, two guns, and then another, boomed off down near the mouth of Loud Roaring Creek, and my grandfather exclaimed: "There they are, down there fighting the Assiniboine dogs! Boy, we should be with them!"

"Oh, no! No! You are not going to leave us again!" my grandmother cried, seizing hold of him, handing on to him.

"No, we will stop with you now, we would be too late to do any good out there," he replied.

"The shooting up at our camp, or thereabouts, a little time back, who did that?" she asked.

"The enemy, of course! Shot into our lodges to learn if any of us were there, before going in themselves and setting them afire!"

"What? They have burned our lodges? They couldn't have burned them!"

"You didn't know it--you didn't see the light of them as they burned ed?" he countered.

"How could we, hiding as we were in the thick brush here, and back of it the heavy timber!" my mother exclaimed.

And at that my grandmother sat down and cried, wailing sadly: "All my things, my little savings of my whole life, that I dearly loved, burned, all burned! My beautiful dress that I wore when you took me to be your woman, Rising Wolf; all my other pretty things, gone, all gone! Oh, I just can't bear the loss of them!"

"Don't cry, you must be still, some of the enemy may be near us," the old man cautioned her, and my mother sat down at her side and comforted her as best she could. We sat down too, and watched, and listened, and after a time heard someone coming toward us. He came around a close patch of the brush, stopped within twenty feet of us and we heard him faintly caugh, and knew that he was my father. My mother softly called to him: "Come, here we are, and he joined us, sat heavily down, and heavily sighed, and bitterly exclaimed: "Well, we are ruined, utterly ruined! Except for the clothes that we have on, and our rifles a and few rounds of ammunition, we have lost all that we had! We should never, nev

have left Fort Benton!"

"It isn't the loss of our property that worries me;all that can be replaced. Me,I am thinking about my children out there in the night,in great danger,dead,may be!" exclaimed my grandfather,in Pikuni,and at that my grandmother and uncle John's woman began praying Sun to protect them and bring them safely back to us.

We watched the Seven Persons in the northern sky,marking the passing of the night as they wheeled around,and never had they seemed to turn so slowly. They swung to their midnight position,and up at our burned camp,our three dogs began to howl,and from the ridge across the river,wolves mournfully answered them,and out upon the lake loons shrilly quaveringly called to one another. One after another,the women lay down and slept,and then my father. My grandfather and I,sitting side by side,kept watch,and now and then I heard him mutter; "Oh,God! If they would only come!" And again: "If only they are safe, it matters not all else!"

It was,as I judged by our stars clock,about two in the morning,when we heard,just below us,the familiar hoots of an owl,three and two,then four and two,and my grandfather repeating them,we were joined by my uncles.

"You two! You have come,you are safe! Oh,I am glad!" cried my grandmother,springing up and embracing them."But the others,my daughter,my [redacted],where are they?"

"We lost them as we all ran down toward Loud Roaring Creek and have not seen them since," John answered.

"Those last three shots,who fired them?" my grandfather asked.

"Not us. They were fired close to the mouth of the creek,some distance below us. We went down that way,sneaked about in the timber there,saw no one. We haven't seen a single one of the enemy since they drove our horses out of the corral, said Francois.

"Two shots,and then one! The enemy,they shot down my two loved ones, gave one of them a finishing shot!" my grandmother cried.

"No! the two were fired by our young ones,I know well enough the light,sharp reports of their small bore rifle,and the last shot was from a

North Traders' flintlock gun," said John.

"So it may well be that they shot at the enemy and escaped from them; keep up your courage," my grandfather advised, and she became quiet.

It was soon after that, while my uncles were telling all that they had done in their fruitless pursuit of the enemy and our horses, that we heard the slow measured sp[illegible]goff large animals fording the river, approaching our side of it, and thought that they might be several old buffalo bulls, that we had noticed in the afternoon, grazing high up on the ridge across from us. But we were taking no chances on that; we lined up in the brush close to the trail from the ford, and heard the clatter of hooves upon the stony slope out from the river, and then made out, dimly, that they were two riders approaching us.

"Ha! More enemies!" my grandfather whispered, and we were getting ready to fire at them, when they brought their horses to a stand, and one of them shrilly gave our owl call, three hoots, and two, and four, and two, and back of us, my grandmother joyfully cried: " My daughter! She has come, she is safe!"

Sure enough, they were my aunt Lizzie and my brother. We ran to them when they dismounted, and my grandmother, embracing Lizzie, cried: "Oh! You are wet! Wet all over!"

"Of course we are wet! The enemy chased us to the river; we had to swim it!" she replied.

"But anyhow, you got back two of our horses; tell us all about it," my grandfather eagerly cried.

"In real-language! So that I can understand!" grandmother put in.

"Well, after we lost you all, out there on the big prairie," Lizzie began, "we ran on as fast as we could to the edge of the timber on Loud Roaring Creek, and stood and listened, and could hear nothing of the enemy and our horses so we turned down [illegible] timber, toward the river. We went very ca cautiously, looking, listening, and at last, when we were almost down to the river, we heard, a little way ahead and out on the prairie from the timber, the tread of hooves, low voiced herding cries of men We went on more slowly, and but a little way, and out to the edge of the timber, and saw our horses and a number of the enemy herding them close together, while others were one by one catching an

an animal to ridg. We went on a little farther in the edge of the timber,un- we were just opposite them. We did not know what to do,how,possibly,to recover even a few of our band."

"After a time,the enemy seemed to have caught all the horses that they needed to ride,but still they remained out there,surrounding the loose ones,driving back in any of them that attempted to strike out from the close herded band;and then we heard firing of guns somewhere up here,and knew that they were waiting for the rest of their party to join them. We thought too,that those others had discovered you up here,and killed you. Oh,we felt bad;our hearts all but died within us. Nephew,here,cried;he whispered to me: 'Though we die,too,we must anyhow kill some of those dog-faces out there!'"

"'And some way,somehow,recover our horses,' I answered,but could see no way to do it.*

"But after a little time,we made out in the darkness that four or five of the herders,there were more than twenty of them,had ridden close together; we could hear them talking;and then they separated,and while several of them began catching more horses,two came riding straight toward us,came to the edge of the timber,dismounted and started to tie their animals to two little trees close in front of the brush in which we stood. I whispered to nephew: 'Aim at the right one,fire right after I do.'"

"I waited until I thought they were just finishing tieing the ropes, I fired,and so did nephew,and down went the two men and we ran to the two trees and began untieing the ropes of the horses,frightened by our shots and trying to break away. I thought that we never would be able to unfasten the ropes. Those at my side the man that I had shot was beginning to move,and out in the open the others of the enemy had headed the band of horses--they had broke and ran when we fired--and the riders were coming onward us. But somehow we untied the ropes,we got upon the horses and started down toward the river,the four or five of the enemy after us. One of them fired at us and I heard the ball go past my head. It was but a little way to the river;we rode into it,right into rapids deep and swift. I thought that the enemy would surely

come in after us,but they didn't;they must have been afraid to follow us into the roaring rapids. We were frightened too,when we got into them;big white--foaming waves rolled over us;we had hard work hanging onto our horses' manes, and our guns and rope bridles. We feared too,that our animals would turn and carry us back to the enemy shore;but they didn't;the rapids were not wide;they kept swimming on through them and brought us to the far shore,but well below the mouth of Loud Roaring Creek. From there we went straight out upon the ridge and then up along it until opposite the ford,~~and~~-well,here we are."

So my aunt Lizzie ended her ~~xxxxxxx~~ tale of the terrible dangers that she and my brother had encountered,a thrilling tale that,from beginning to end,she evenly calmly related as though she were but giving the details of a day of petty work in camp. And when she had quite finished,my grandfather said to her: "Daughter,if you were a man,what a great warrior you would be!"

"As was one of my women ancestors,Running Eagle,so shall I be,a leader in war against our enemies," she replied.

"No! No! Daughter,you shall not,shall not leave me and go to war,and die in some far enemy country;" my grandmother cried.

Said my brother: "I would like to go to war with her,she is brave! Well,I made a good shot at the enemy I killed,I shot him dead. I stepped upon him when I was untieing the horse,and he never moved."

And then,up at our burned camp,our dogs began barking furiously,and uncle John exclaimed: "The enemy! They are up there again!"

"Quick! Give Robert and me some caps for our rifles;we wet ours when we swam the river!" cried my aunt.

Leaving my grandmother, my mother, and uncle John's woman there in the brush near the ford, the rest of us, led by my grandfather, began sneaking up through the timber toward our deserted camp. When we were about half-way to it, our dog ceased barking, and a little later, we heard the tread of a number of horses out upon the prairies and heard their riders talking as they went back down the valley toward Loud Roaring Creek. Said my brother: "I wonder why they came back here?"

"I don't, I know why they returned: they came for saddles; traps; beaver skins; and other of our things that they were careful not to burn. They are cunning, those Assiniboines, they had their raid upon us well planned," said my grandfather.

We went on. The gentle night wind brought to us the strong odor of burned leather; it turned and blew the other way, and our dogs, getting scent of us, came with a rush, whining their joy at our return as they licked our hands. The fires had gone out, all was dark at our camping place. We stopped near it in the edge of the timber, the dogs went out and nosed about and made no outcry, and we felt sure that the enemy had left there and would not return. Uncle John went back to the ford after the women, and by the time they joined us, day was breaking. The light grew, and we looked out upon a scene desolate enough, and my grandmother sat down and cried pitifully and would not be comforted. Where our lodges had stood, were now three little piles of charred leather and lodgepole ends, and black pieces of tin that once had been cooking utensils and cups and plates. Where my uncle John's lodge had stood, there were the half-burned remains of two packs of beaver skins that the enemy had overlooked; they had evidently taken all of the skins in the other lodges. All of our riding saddles and pack saddles had been piled to one side, in the edge of the brush, and covered with a breadth of old lodge-skin; all of them were gone, with the exception of the women's saddles that the enemy had tossed contemptuously out upon the ground. They had, apparently, carried out from t

lodges the most of the things of value that they wanted,before setting them afire,and to make sure that the destruction would be complete,had torn the lodges down,and made piles of the poles and the firewood at the doorways,and set upon them our stores of marrow grease,fat dried meat,and then the lodge skins. And as my grandfather and I had seen,some of the raiders had been so eager for loot that they had gone staggering under heavy packs of beaver skins to their rendezvous down on Loud Roaring Creek. They had carried off all of our beaver traps;our cans of powder and sacks of balls. Excepting the four womens' riding saddles,they had destroyed or carried off all that they had found in our camp,and gotten away with all but two of our horses.

As we stood there in the midst of the desolation,my father bitterly exclaimed: "Fool! Fool that I was to have left Fort Benton! If we can somehow get back to it,there will be no more trappers' life for me and mine!"

And at that,my aunt Lizzie laughed long and loud,and cried: "Itamapi, anoka kokus! Niokskai tuppi kitsinita anan! Matsiki piksi otokan!"Which to say,as nearly as it can be translated: It was a night of happiness! We killed three men! What matters the bird's head?

And my grandfather,clapping his hands and laughing,replied,in English ,"Good! Good! That is the kind of talk I like to hear! It is as you say,nothing matters:that which we had,we can replace by a little work! And we killed three of the enemy! Well,let us go look at the one of them out in the corral."

We found there,only the horse that had been shot:the man,dead,or only wounded,had been carried away by his friends. There was a large spot of black, dried blood where he had fallen,good evidence that he was dead,and buried somewhere nearby in the surrounding timber.

We saddled the two horses that my aunt and brother had recovered, mounted my grandmother and mother upon them,forded the river and took the trail running south up the ridge and along the foot of the mountains. We [illegible] ahead,and half-way up the ridge,surprised a small band of elk and killed one of them,a yearling cow in good flesh. They had it butchered and the fire going by the time we joined them,and we were soon sitting

around the blaze of dry quaking aspen,broiling and eating strips of liver,and tenderloin. And then our weariness overcame us and we lay down and slept until noon,when we went on over the ridge to the south fork of Little River,where we camped for the night.

Near sundown of the following day,we arrived at lower Two Medicine Lodges Lake,and found that the Kootenai Indians whomwe had left themmaddther broken camp and gone down the river. We took their trail the next morning,and late in the afternoon,discovered their camp in the big bottom of the river, at the mouth of Little Badger Creek. It was red with the meat of the buffalo that they had killed,and everywhere among the lodges,the ground was covered with buffalo hides pegged out to dry. As we neared the camp,many of the people came out to meet us,and escort us to the lodge of Back-in-sight,waiting outside the doorway to give us hearty welcome:"You are afoot! You have had trouble!" he exclaimed. "Well,my lodge is your lodge;all that I have is yours! Come in and eat,and tell us all about it!."

It was a grand feast that his women set before us:Boiled buffalo boss ribs;pemmican;stewed pommes blanche,and,best of all,large servings of dried camas. Then,when we had finished eating,our women folks,and the chiefs except my aunt Lizzie, women went out to visit about,and the leading men of the camp came in,and as the big pipe went the round of the circle,my grandfather told,orally,and in th described sign language,and in every detail,the attack upon us by the Assiniboines. Silently they all listened until he told about Lizzie's and my brother's part in our adventures of the night,and then,with loud clapping of hands they all turned to her,called her a woman warrior,a woman chief,and old Back-in-sight cried: "I give you praise,young woman killer of your enemy and ours! Because o this your brave deed,I give you a certain black horse in my herd,a swift and well trained buffalo runner!"

told the whole
And later,when my grandfather had tkm story of our adventures of the night,he said to him:"Rising Wolf,true friend of many winters back,you came to us-tyou and yours,on foot today,but you shall not go on afoot. You shall lear tomorrow,the kind of friends that the Kootenai are to you and yours. And I wan

to say right now,right here,and I speak for all of my children,that we feel very grateful to your Pikuni people. We did as you advised,we sent messengers to your chiefs,down on Bear River,they accepted and smoked the pipe that we offered them,and not only gave us permission to move out here and kill all the buffalo that we can use,but asked us to move down and camp beside them. We are going to do that in the next two or three days,as soon as the meat and hid and the hides that we have are sufficiently dry to make light packs for our horses. We ask that you rest here,and go on with us."

"Good! We will stop with you! You are very generous!" my grandfather replied.

We slept that night some of us in the chief's big lodge,and some in his other lodge;his family was so large,he had eight women and many children, that one lodge could not accommodate them all.

In the morning,as soon as the early meal was over,the chief informed us that his second,his smaller lodge was ours;his women had moved out,and woul live with their relatives until they could make a new lodge for themselves. Then the herders brought the great bands of horses in from the plain,where they had been herded during the night,and soon men began to come with horses that they gave us,saddles too,and ropes,until we all had good mounts,and more animals than we needed,or so we thought until we found friends began to come with furnishings for the lodge,back rests,parfleches of dried meat,bladders of marrow grease,beautiful woven grass sacks filled with dried camas,buffalo robes for bedding,a kettle or two and a few cups;and then we saw that our horses were none too many. We were completely outfitted. My grandmother was so overcome by the kind words of sympathy with which her old friends gave her of their possessions,that she was continually wiping away her tears, of gratitude. "I don't understand why they should be so good to us," she said

"You know and they know,that if it were just the other way,you would be of the first to offer help," my mother told her.

My aunt Lizzie was holding the black buffalo horse that the chief ha given her,stroking his glistening smooth coat,when a woman came with a high crupper and pommel woman's saddle,laid it at her feet and signed that she gave

it to her. Old Back-coming-in-sight looked down at it, tossed it to one side and said to my aunt: "That is not the kind of saddle to be put upon the back of a buffalo horse. I know what you need and you shall have it, one of my two saddles." He ordered one of his women to bring it out, a well made, elk horn bow and crupper saddle, covered with heavy rawhide, and himself put it on the ho horse. "There! That is no death trap!" he exclaimed. "Should your horse stumble and fall when you are chasing a herd, you will easily slide from that saddle and save yourself."

"You are very generous. I am glad to have it, a real saddle," my aunt replied. She rode out with my uncles that morning, took part in the chase of a small band of buffalo and killed two fine cows, and John and Francois each all three. When they returned to camp with the choice parts of the animals, my grandfather and old Back-coming-in-sight praised her skill in riding and shooting until she was almost beside herself with pride in her success, and she declared that that was the life for her, that she was going to be a warrior and hunter, as her great ancestor, Running Eagle, had been.

"You are not!" my grandmother angrily told her. "A woman's place is in the lodge! You are going to stay right with me and help me with my work!"

"But Running Eagle led two lives: In camp, she wore her woman clothes, took care of her lodge, fed her young brother and sister; and again, she put on man clothes and hunted for them, and went to war, first as a servant to the chiefs, at last, was herself a chief, a leader of warriors. Well, I can do that, too," she said.

"Young woman, just let me catch you wearing man clothes! Yes, just let me catch you wearing them! That is all I have to say!" the other exclaimed, and my aunt hung her head, the while we all laughed.

Three days after that, camp was broken, and we all moved down and joined the Pikuni on Bear River--the Marias--at the mouth of the Dry Fork of that stream. There our relatives brought horses to add to the little band that the Kootenai friends had given us, until we had more than we could possibly use. They gave us also, two lodges, complete with linings, back rests, parfleches, and

other furnishings, do, except for the loss of our traps, ammunition, clothing, and various keepsakes, we were about as well off as we had been when setting out upon our trapping expedition along the foot of the Rockies.

After many talks around our evening lodge fires, in which my father would take no part, my grandfather and uncles decided that we should go in to Fort Benton, to obtain on credit the various things that we needed, and then cross the Missouri and trap beaver along the streams putting out from the Iyipsach Istukists--the Belt Mountains. So, one morning, we packed up and left the great camp of our people, and our Kootenai friends, and without adventure of any kind, trailed down into the Fort Benton river bottom three days later, and were surprised to see that a large log building was being put up a short distance above the fort. The sight of it made my grandfather furious: "That marks the beginning of the end for us!" he cried, shaking a fist at the building. "The whites are invading our country; they will build a town here; they will swarm over our plains, and along our mountains, kill off our meat animals, trap out our fur animals. Yes, they will desolate our great country and make beggars of us!"

We found Baptiste Rondin in charge of the construction of the big building; he told us that Carroll and Steell intended to lease and sell the fort to the Government, and that this was to be their store. It was not long after this that the fort was occupied by United States troops, and Fort Benton became a town of twenty-five or thirty log buildings all in a row, facing the river.

We rode on into the fort, and Mr. Carroll gave us hearty welcome, urged us to occupy our old quarters, and, when my grandfather told him of our losses at the hands of the Assiniboines, said that he would be glad to re-employ him, his sons and my father, or outfit them with all that they would need for another trapping expedition.

"Myself, I have had all of the trapping experience that I want! Never again! Never again!" my father exclaimed.

It was with heavy hearts that my brother and I helped unpack and unsaddle

the horses,and carry the packs into our old quarters. Our father looked around the room,rubbed his hands together,gave a deep sigh of satisfaction and said "Drive the horses out to the fort herd,and then bring wood for the fire place. I can hardly wait to see again a cheerful blaze in it. Here,here indeed is peace and happiness."

As we drove the horses out,my brother said to me: "I don't want to stay here! I don't see any happiness for us,here in this old fort!"

"I don't believe that we will have to stay here;grandfather will mak a strong talk for us to go with him;we can help him a lot. Why,we now know how to trap,we can earn plenty of money for ourselves," I replied.

We ran the horses out to the herd,ran back to the fort and carried plenty of wood to our quarters,and eagerly sought the old man,found him at las in the employees' trade room,and begged him to go to our father at once,and get permission for us to go on the trapping expedition to the south mountains. He replied that he was busy then,but would make a talk for us later on. We ran across the court to our grandmother,and our mother,and got them to promise that they would help us. We thought that there was never an afternoon so long as that;we wandered about the fort and out to the river,asked one another a hundred times what our father's answer would be. At last we were called to supper,but we were so anxious that we could no more than taste of the food set before us.

Night came. Our father left the table,took his favorie,buffalo hide covered chair before the fire and got out his pipe. Our grandfather and grandmother came in and seated themselves upon the robe couch to his left,and then my brother asked him to allow us to go on the trapping expedition.

"No! Of course not! You are too young for that dangerous life! And anyhow,you have to study your school books! I am going to see that you have some education!" he replied.

"They can take their books with them and study in camp," said my mother.

"I want them to go with us! They can be of great help to us," said our

grandmother.

"And lose their scalps! No,they can't go!"

"They can earn by trapping,four times as much as your pay will come to,here!" the old man put in.

"No! Once for all,I say that they can not go!" our father replied. And at that,our mother motioned to us to cease talking.

He spoke,after a time,of the happenings in the fort during our absence;asked a question or two,to which none made reply. Our continued silence wore upon him;he shrugged his shoulders;figeted in his chair:drew great clouds of smoke from his pipe;and at last exclaimed: "Oh,well! Have it your way about it Yes,they may go,but upon one condition,that you will make them study their books!"

"They will do it,or get a real switching every night!"our grandfather promised.

And "Good! Good!" "We are going trapping!" Robert and I shouted,and danced out of the room,and ran to tell our young friends of the fort that we were going to be free trappers. How they envied us!

Three days later,completely outfitted with traps,ammunition,and everything else that we needed,we forded the river and struck off south across the plains for the Belt Mountains.

I am not going into the details of that trip. We trapped along the upper reaches of Deep Creek,the Judith,and the Musselshell rivers,and in the latter part of November,returned to Fort Benton with six packs of beaver skins as was proved when we weighed them at the fort. A pack was of ninety pounds weight.

We wintered in the fort,and in the spring,struck out again to trap, the season making the round of Sun River,the Teton,Dupuyer,and Birch creeks, with good success. At each camp,we blazed trees,and upon the clean white surface of the wood,rudely pictured Rising Wolf's name;and so were several times saved from surprise attacks by war parties of the mountain tribes. Late in the autumn,we returned to Firt Benton with all the beaver packs that our horses

could stagger under. By this time, my brother and I were, I fear, very conceited youngsters; we considered ourselves full fledged men of the mountains; we lorded over our young friends of the fort; our pockets bulged with the money that we had obtained for our shares of the beaver skins, and we squandered it upon all kinds of useless things, after we had bought, each of us, a Henry repeating rifle, and five hundred rounds of cartridges. Our uncles, and our aunt Lizzie, also bought each of them, one of these wonderful rifles, but grandfather Rising Wolf refused even to handle one of them; they were, he said, too complicated, sure to soon get out of order; his faithful old flintlock was all the weapon that he wanted.

So, trapping in the mountains from early spring until late fall, and wintering in Fort Benton, time passed all too quickly for my brother and me. Fort Benton was growing. Soldiers now occupied the old adobe fort, and one by one, a line of log buildings were being erected above the store of Carroll and Steell; other stores, a hotel, several saloons. The one-time engages of the American Fur Company were living in small cabins that they built back of the business houses along the water front, and were none of them any too prosperous. They mourned over the passing of the great company, and bitterly resented the discovery of gold up in the mountains, that was bringing a horde of new comers into the country. In May, June, and July of each summer, steamboats from far St. Louis were as plentiful as flies along the levee, and the great river bottom was filled with bull trains and mule trains, there to transport to the placer mines the cargoes of goods that they brought up.

We heard terrible tales of murder and robbery up in Alder Gulch. Not satisfied with their chances for riches in that region, prospectors from there began to infest our trapping grounds, and we feared them more than ever we had the war parties of our enemies of the plains. Grandfather Rising Wolf began to talk about going north to the Saskatchewan country, where we would anyhow be free from the wandering bands of prospectors, and at last, in the spring of 1870, decided to make the move. My father, however, said that he would not go up there for any consideration, that he was going down the river to Fort Buford, where, he

was sure,his old friend,Charles Larpenteur,the trader there,would give him employment;and he was not going alone:my mother,brother and I were to accompany him. There were days and days of argument about it,but my father was not to be won over by the others' pleadings,and on a day in early April,our relatives packed up and left for the north,and sadly enough we watched them go. Little did my brother and I then think,that we were never again to see our good grandmother;nor any of the others for long years to come. We had sold all of our horses,and had bought a small batteau,and loaded it with our few belongings. We got into it and set off down the river,my brother and I eager for the long and strange trip by water. I wonder if we would have been so keen for it if we could have known that we turning our backs upon the dangerous life of the mountain trapper,only to take active part in the war with the Sioux,Cheyenne,and Nez Perces,even then brewing.

My father steered our small batteau, my brother and I each worked an oar, and aided by the four miles an hour current we made fast progress down the river; much too fast for us youngsters; we wanted more time to take in the ever changing wonders of the stream and valley. We soon passed the mouth of the Riviere de Chantier where, for many long and happy years, and with song and laughter and much good cheer, Baptiste Rondin and his fellow engages had built keel boats and batteaux for the American Fur Company, now no more. A few weatherbeaten hewed timbers and grass grown and yellowed piles of chips, and a cabin with sunken roof, were all that remained of our one time busy boat yard. Sadly turning her gaze from its desolation, my mother bitterly exclaimed: "Steamboats! Goddammees! How I hate them! But for them, the great Big Knives Company would still be in complete control of this country, and we would be living in our comfortable quarters in Fort Benton!"

And with a long sigh, my father answered: "Yes, Amelie. And worse is to come: Following the gold seekers, hundreds, thousands and thousands of Eastern people will settle upon these plains, kill off the buffalo, trap the last beaver, starve our Indian relatives--"

"Don't talk about it! It is too terrible! Oh, I don't want to live to see that time!" she interrupted, and there followed a long silence broken only by murmur of the river.

It is a strange stream, the Upper Missouri. Always hollowly murmuring, even where most smoothly flowing; and in its stillest reaches its waters swirl, and sink, and heave up as though fed by many bursting springs; and here and there it has rapids that roar mightily over beds of sunken boulders. There was a rapid a little way below the mouth of the Riviere de Chantier; we shot down it, and around a bend, and then had to back water to keep from running into a large herd of buffalo swimming across to the north shore. They paid no attention to

us as they drew out upon a gravelly bar and stood dripping. We passed, a little later, the site of Fort Mackenzie, built by D. D. Mitchell, of the great company, in 1832, and then, close to the mouth of the Marias River, the ruins of Fort Piegan, or Brule Fort, built by a brave company man, James Kipp, in 1832. As we rowed by it, my father told us its story. Kenneth Mackenzie, the great chief of the American Fur Company, on the Missouri River, had built Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, in 1828, but despaired of going farther up the Missouri to obtain the trade of the tribes of the Blackfeet Confederacy, as, incited to do so by the Hudsaon's Bay Company, they constantly killed the trappers of the American company wherever they found them. At last, however, Mackenzie sent one of his engages, named Berger, who had formerly been an engage of the British company, and while on the Saskatchewan, had learned the Blackfeet language, in quest of the Blackfeet, to ask them to visit him at Fort Union. Three other engages accompanied Berger upon the dangerous mission, and after long wandering, they approached a camp of the Blackfeet on Badger Creek, close up to the foot of the Rockies, and would all have been killed had not several of the Indians recognized Berger, and believed him to still be an engage of the Northern company. They were escorted to the great camp, where they made known their mission and gave the chiefs presents of tobacco and other goods sent them by Mackenzie. After much talk, a number of the Indians agreed to accompany the engages to Fort Union. Berger told them the number of days that would be required to make the long journey. When that time passed, and they had not arrived at the fort, they when Indians accused the engages of treachery, and were on the point of killing them, declared Berger that it was but one more day of travel to the fort, and begged to be allowed to prove it. The Indians agreed to that, they went on, and arrived at the fort at noon of the following day, and Mackenzie gave them a grand reception, and concluded a peace treaty with them, in which they agreed to permit him to establish a post at the mouth of Bear River--the Marias. So, early in the spring, James Kipp, with a number of of engages in bateaux loaded with trade goods, went up the river to build Fort Piegan. They found the whole tribe of the Pikuni encamped there, and were bothered so much by them in their work, that

Kipp finally begged them to go out and trap for eighty days, and then return and trade with him. Much to his surprise, they consented to do that, and left; and working as they never had before, he and his men completed the building of the fort within the specified time, and were then safe from attack. During the winter, Kipp had a large trade. In the spring, when ready to boat the furs down to Fort Union, his men refused to remain in the fort during his absence, so he was obliged to abandon it, and during the summer, it was burned by the Indians. Arriving at Fort Union with his batteaux loaded with furs, Kipp was detailed to take charge of Fort Clark, the trading post for the Mandan Indians, and

was sent up the river with a large number of engages, and finding Fort Piegan burned, he went on a few miles, and built Fort Mackenzie.

A little way below the mouth of the Marias, we entered a long canyon so different from anything that Robert and I had ever seen, that we felt as though we had come into another world. On both sides of the river were white sandstone cliffs carved into wonderful, wierd shapes of castles, cities, and strange beasts by the winds and rains of the ages. They were like the pictures of old world places in our story books, and my father said that it was easy to imagine the high battlements alive with mail clad men about to charge down upon us with their cross bows and other weapons of the long ago. And even as he spoke we saw that they were alive--with mountain sheep; countless little bands of females and young, and always apart from them, bands of huge headed rams. As we drifted close under a lone ram, staring at us from a little shelf of a cliff, Robert took careful aim at it and fired, and down it came into the river with a mighty splash, and we towed it ashore, and butchered it; there was all of a two inch layer of fat upon its rump.

The strange cliff formation continued all the way down to the mouth of Arrow Creek, twenty miles and more, and appeared again here and there for a hundred miles and more. Below Arrow Creek, where the bottoms were larger and heavily timbere, we were constantly in sight of game of all kinds in countless numbers, buffalo, elk, deer, bighorns, and in the open bottoms, bands of antelope. Beavers were very plentiful, and my brother and I wanted to trap them, but were not allowed to do so because of the risk we would frun of being shot by

shot by some wandering war party of an enemy tribe. We occasionally camped for the night with a party of "woodhawks," men who,at great risk of their lives from Sioux and Assiniboines,got out long rows of cordwood which they sold to the steamboats during the summer. No a year passed that a number of them were not killed by war parties. Generally,we cooked our supper on an island,and then drifted slowly on in the darkness to make a fireless camp for the night on another island. From morning until night we were constantly passing carcases of buffalo,lodged upon bars and against piles of driftwood,that had broken through the ice and drowned during the winter;and we saw many more that had been caught in the quicksands of the river,and were some of of them dead,others slowly surely sinking to their death. They were a pitiful sight. Wolves,coyotes,foxes,grizzly and black bears,ravens,buzzards and magpies were feasting upon the carcases along the bars. We saw more than once a big grizzly gorging himself at a carcase while, at safe distance off,severaly wolves sat upon their haunches and hungrily waited for him to take his fill and go upon his way. Early in the morning of the day that we passed the mouth of the Musselshell River,upon rounding a sharp bend just below it,we saw a lone cow buffalo standing upon a narrow strip of sandy shore under a cutbank about ten feet high,and my father,motioning to us to cease rowing,told Robert, who had the bow oar,to get ready to shoot it. The cow had,apparently,just swum the river,and was drying herself in the warm sunshone,and sleepily enjoying it;she stood facing us,head lowered,but did not notice our approach. We had drifted to within fifty yards of her,and Robert was raising his rifle to aim it,when,with a loud hoarse roar,a big grizzly dropped from the top of the bank straight down upon her back,straddling her hump and with his forepaws reaching forward and giving her head an upward and side twist that broke her neck with a sharp snap that we distinctly heard,and she dropped without having made a single jump;and as she fell,the grizzly leaped from her back,and made several short stiff jumps down the shore,and then up it,roaring loudly at each jump,and finally sitting straight up and looking,listening,and sniffing the air with his wet blacknnose. He then saw us,we had drifted to within twenty

yards of him,and thrust his head forward,stared intently at us,champing his jaws,apparently trying to decide if we were enemies approaching his kill,and therefore to be put to flight.

"Robert! Don't shoot!" my father cautioned,but spoke too late. Crack went my brother's rifle,with a loud roar the grizzly clapped a paw against his breast and tore at at the stinging wound in it,and then with a long high leap was into the river and swimming after us. My father dropped his steering oar, snatched up his rifle and fired at the bear's head,and missed,and shouted to me for my rifle. I passed it to my mother to hand it to him,and she dropped it and by the time she recovered her balance and took up the weapon,the bear was almost to the stern of the boat. That was a tense moment! My father had sprang to his feet and was eagerly reaching over the pile of cargo in front of him shouting:"Quick! Quick! Hand it to me or we are gone! As he sieged it,at last and turned about,the bear with a powerful upsurge,gripped the top of the stern and was drawing out of the water,in another second or two would be right upon us. I leaned forward to grasp my mother's arm,to tell her to jump out of the boat with me,but before I could speak,I saw my father thrust the muzzle of my rifle right into the bear's open mouth;there was a dull report;blood and brain spurted as the huge body slipped back into the water and the stern of the boat heaved up. We all four went suddenly weak;sagged down limply in our seats and none spoke until at last,Robert laughed queerly and said:"Well,father,you fired just in time to save me from wetting my clothes;I was about to go overboard when you pulled trigger!"

Then we all talked fast enough,each telling how he had felt during the excitement,and what he had intended to do if the bear came aboard. Said my father:"Well,mother,you must have been terribly frightened when the old grizzly set his rattling claws into the wood of the stern?"

"I was worrying about you. I knew that the boys would jump out and swim to shore. I was starting to get hold of you and make you jump with me into the river,when you fired."

"If the bear had come clear up out of the water,with all of his weigh

upon the stern,there would have been no need for us to jump:he would have swamped the boat,we would have lost everything that we have,and surely some of us,our lives," he solemnly replied. And at that,my mother shivered. But Robert clapped hands together and laughed long and loud,and said: "Well,father, anyhow,you have,at last,killed a grizzly!"

My father's only reply to that was to order us to take to our oars. My mother,frowning said to him in at Robert, Pikuni:"You,wild one,wholly without shame! Pray! Pray Sun! Give him thanks for our narrow escape from the result of your ill aimed shot,your eagerness to uselessly kill every animal that you see!"

By this time,we had drifted far below the dead cow. The big grizzly, almost submerged,was drifting close beside us and I struck his body with my oar as we passed him. None spoke for a long time,our adventure with the bear occupying our minds.

Said my mother,as last:"The little bighorn meat that we have left, is spoiled;we must have fresh meat of some kind for our evening meal."

"We will get it before evening;the later the better,in this warm weather," my father replied. Even as he spoke,several small bands of buffalo were in sight on the shores below,and upon the slopes of the valley,and during the long day,we saw many other bands of them,and numbers of deer and elk. Then, as evening drew near,we seemed to have come into a gameless part of the valley, for look where we would,along its slopes,in the big bottoms,and along the river shores,we could see nowhere an animal of any kind,not even a coyote. We rounded a sharp bend and came into a long straight reach of the stream,and pointing and to a sharp,high rocky cone at its lower end,and its south side,my father said that it was the Round Butte,a well known landmark of the river,and a favorite lookout place of war parties,as its summit commanded a wide view of the surrounding country.even the great plain stretching away to the north and south of the badland valley slopes. A wide shallow just above it was fordable except in extreme hig floods,and was much used by Assiniboines and Yanktonais enroute to, or returning from raids against the Crows and other tribes to the south of the Missouri.

We had gone but a little way down the wide,long stretch of the river,when my father motinned Robert and me to cease rowing,and signed to us to look ahead;and turning about in our seats,we saw three big mule deer on a stri strip of sandy shore,about two hundred yards upstream from the butte. They slo ly and in single file stalked across the sands to the edge of the water,lowered their heads and drank. We were just then nearing a big snag in the channel,a partly submerged cottonwood tree,and when we came to it,Robert reached out and quickly tied the bow rope to one of its stout limbs,and the boat swung around and with a sudden jerk came to a stop alongside the end of the snag. There was no need to ask him why he had tied up:from its upper end,all the way down to the strip of shore where the deer were drinking,the edge of the big bottom was a high cutbank rising straight from deep water,and unclimbable;our one chance to get shots at the deer was to remain right where we were until they left the shore,and then land there,and follow them out upon the bottom.

The deer were a long time in the edge of the water,taking an occasional swallow or two,and then raising their heads to stare up and down the river,and at the slope of young cottonwoods and willows running from their rear up to the level of the bottom. At last,they turned about,and my mother whispered: "Good! They are going now!" But they didn't;they lined up at the edge of the willows and stood there a long time,occasionally nipping the newgrown tender shoots of the brush."There! They are stuffed full with food;they're just playing at eating;they will stay there until it is to dark for us to see to shoot!" Robert growled.

Sun was then within a half-hour of setting,and at last Robert and I began to consider drifting down and chancing getting near enough to the deer for shots at them.

"Well,father,what do you say to it?" I finally asked.

"Well--- yes,cast off!" he agreed.

"No! Robert,you shall not untie that rope until the deer leave the shore! We will take no chances with them! I want some nice fried liver for my supper,and I am going to seet that you get it for me," my mother declared,and

with a long sigh and a shrug of his shoulders,Robert took his hand from the rope and sagged down limp upon his seat.

"Yes,I guess your mother is right about it;we had better wait here a while," my father muttered,more to himself than to us.

"She always has her way about things," I thought, somewhat resentfully. I was as eager as Robert to chance the drifting approach to the deer.

We remained there beside the snag a long time. At last,when the sun was no more than a half-hour from setting,one of the bucks moved up into the brush and disappeared,and the others slowly followed him. Robert unfastened the tie rope then,and using our oars as paddles,we noislessly worked the boat down stream and my father steered it to shore where the deer had been. We landed, drew the boat well outupon the sands,and then followed a hard beaten wide game trail up through the brush and timber slope,looked out from the edge of it and saw the deer at the foot of the high butte,all of three hundred yards from us;they were moving slowly through the high sagebrush, stopping frequently to nip off a mouthful of tempting browse,a"Now! Go! You two can easily slip up to them. Your father and I will stand here on watch until you make the kill," our mother told us,and as we started to sneak out through the brush,I noticed that she had brought out telescope from the boat, and was drawing it from its heavy rawhide case.

Stooping low,Robert in the lead,we slipped out through the sagebrush, following narrow grassy lanes meandering around its dense impenetrable growths. The deer,meantime,had gone a little way up the slope of the butte,so,where the brush was low,as we found it to be in places,we were obliged to get down upon hands and knees and creep onward,to prevent them seeing us. They presently ceased feeding,stood inert,surfeited with food;one of them pawed a bed in the loose shale of the slope and lay down in it. We went on more slowly,cautiously,absolutely certain that we would get within short range and kill one of them.

We had about two hundred yards to go,and had made about half of it, when we heard our mother and father shouting,and looked back at them. Father

was running toward us,brandishing his rifle,mother continuing to shout to us, and with her telescope,pointing to the top of the butte. We looked up at it, could see nothing upon its slope that could have alarmed her,but were sure that danger of some kind was threatening us:she was not one to be calling us back without good reason. The buck that had lain down,now sprang up from his bed and all three of them turned about and stood staring at her,at our running father. We saw the three bucks suddenly turn their heads and look up the slope of the butte;we did too;there was a bulge of its slope that prevented us seeing its summit from where we stood. Said Robert:"Maybe she had discovered a war party up there."

As he spoke,the three bucks started down the slope with the high and short stiff jumps peculiar to their kind. "They heard something up there," I said.

"Yes! Let's go!" Robert replied. We sprang up and ran,and had gone but a little way when we saw that which the bulge upon the side of the butte had hidden from us:some Indians,six or eight of them, were running down it with flying leaps,intent upon cutting us off from the river!

Robert and I were nearer our mother and the shelter of the timber back of her, than the enemy were, and, though they had unobstructed going down the steep slope while we had to zig-zag our way between the thick growths of sage and greasewood, they soon saw that they would be unable to intercept us, and changing their course, headed straight toward her. At that, our father turned back to protect her as best he could, and we ran faster than ever, if that were possible. We went on and on, our hearts heavy with fear for her. We went to the right and left around a patch of brush, and when I again fell in behind Robert, I saw that a rattlesnake had its fangs fast in his left trouser leg and was writhing and flopping at his heels. "You're bitten!" I gasped.

"No! Never touched my skin!" he replied. "Faster! Run faster!"

The snake dropped free from him and I all but stepped upon it as it coiled to strike again; with the tail of my eye I saw it miss my right ankle by an inch or two.

And now, when the enemy were about two hundred yards from our mother, she turned to us to hurry in, and turned and ran into the shelter of the brush, and at the same time, our father stopped and began shooting at the enemy, and we did likewise. Our first shots raised puffs of dust below them; we aimed higher, firing rapidly, and shouted wildly when one threw up his arms and fell. At that, the others slowed up, stopped and fired at our father, failed to hit him, then ran back to their fallen comrade, who was yelling with pain, and started off around the butte carrying him by arms and legs. We all three continued shooting aiming at the close bunch of them. The hammer of my rifle gave a dull click when I pulled trigger; I had emptied the magazine; as I began reloading it with two or three cartridges that I snatched from my pocket, Robert fired, and down went one of the wounded man's carriers, and at that, the others dropped him and scattering ran out of our sight down around the lower slope of the butte. We knew that, as soon as they struck the brush at the foot of it, they would come

up through it to attack, and would then have every advantage of us. We ran on, across the last strip of bottom, and down the game trail in the wooded slope to the river, and into the boat, which our mother and father had already pushed out into the stream. We sprang into it, took up our oars and pulled upon them with all our strength, and had made but a few strokes, when one, and then another shot was fired at us from the brush below, and a bullet came through the side of the boat, between Robert and me.

"You boys! Father! Lie down! Let the boat drift!" our mother cried.

"We can't! Snags ahead!" I answered.

"Get down under cover, yourself!" Robert told her, and she shortly answered: "Not unless you all do!"

Two more shots were fired at us and the bullets struck the water close above the boat. We had it well under way by that time, heading it straight for the opposite shore, distant a couple of hundred yards. Several shots more were fired at us before we landed, but none hit us, nor even the boat. As the bow scraped upon the rocky shore, we sprang out, drew the boat up so that it wouldn't drift away, and scurried like frightened rabbits into the shelter of of the nearby brush, the enemy firing one last futile shot at us before we entered it.

"Kyi! Kitai kamota anan!" There! We survive! Our mother exclaimed.

None made reply to that. Safe in our brush screen, we stared out a across the river at the butte, all red glowing in the setting sun and soon saw the enemy, six of them, climbing up it.

"The telescope--where is it? Robert asked.

"In the boat, of course!" our mother replied, and he ran out and got it, and leveled it at the enemy. Four of them were approaching the first one of them that we had shot, who was sitting up, and presently, as they surrounded him, lifted him, Robert said that, as nearly as he could make out, the man's left leg was broken. And then he said that the other one that we had shot, was dead. But he had no need to tell us that; we could see, without the aid of the glass, the two that had gone to him, take up his shield, and his gun, and then siezing him by the arms, start dragging him down the slope to the brush, where they would

no doubt,bury him as best they could.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Yanktonais or Assiniboines,maybe Minnetarees," my father replied. Little did we then think that we were to know more of them,have another fight with them that very summer,and,years later,meet two of them in dreadful battle.

Said our mother:"Sun had been good to us this day. I feel sure that he made me tell you to remain at that snag up there,until the deer left the shore. If we had drifted on down,as you boys wanted to do,and you had killed one of the deer there,the enemy would have sneaked down and killed us while we were butchering it."

"True,true enough!" said Robert.

"But that isn't all," she went on. "Why did I take the telescope with me,when we landed? Because I felt urged to do it,Sun's urge,of course. Out there at the edge of the brush,I watched you boys sneaking out after the deer,and then I adjusted the glass,and looked through it,not at the deer,nor the badland slope up from the long bottom,but at once straight at the top of the butte. As I discovered there a round circle of rocks,I remembered that I had heard members of one of our returned war parties tell about it,a walled lookout place of the Sioux. So I looked at it more closely,thinking that, right then,enemies might be concealed within it. And sure enough,between two rocks of its top,I saw a man's face,red painted,with a stripe of yellow across the cheeks;hair smoothly parted,an eagle tail-feather rising straight from the back of it. In the bright light of setting Sun,I could even see his eyes. I saw his lips move as he spoke,knew that he was not alone,knew that he, and those with him were planning to wipe us all:as soon as you killed one of the deer,and your father and I went out and join you and help pack in the meat,they would run down the back of the butte to the river,and up through the brush to the trail in front of the boat,and there wait to shoot us when we should come in with our loads. And then I told your father what I had seen,told him to run to protect you,I sprang up,shouting to you,and the enemy,knowing then that they were discovered,leaped out from their hiding place to try to cut you off from

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no doubt,bury him as best they could.

from us. Give thanks to Sun,oh,my man,and you my children,that we are here in this brush,with the river between us and those cut throat enemies."

We made no reply to that. We were thankful for our narrow escape. I never knew my father's religious beliefs. I do know that,in those our early years,Robert and I shared our mother's faith in Sun. All of our relatives,even our white grandfather,Rising Wolf,believed that Sun was the all powerful ruler of the world,the kind protector of the Blackfeet tribes,and,naturally,we never questioned that faith,never even for a moment doubted that the great ball of fire daily crossing the blue,was a white skinned,blue eyed,golden haired man whose home was upon an island in [illegible] in the west,where he lived happily with Kokomikste--night light,the moon,and Ipaisuachis--morning star,their son. I remember that I once said to my mother:"How can Sun be happy at home, when his wife leaves his lodge,often before he arrives there,and travels all night long across the sky? Why,he and his son must have to cook for themselves."

And to that,she replied:"She remains at home some of the nights;she finds plenty of time to do the cooking and other lodge work."

On this night there was no moon. As soon as it was dark,we got into the boat and drifted down stream,listening for the low roar and hiss of the current past snags and other obstructions,and ever ready with our oars to turn to the right or left of them. Even so,it was dangerous work,going down the river at night;there were many sharp snags in it that caused no murmer nor ripple of the current,snags that would wreck us if we should strike them. But we had to chance that as we were sure that our enemies,some of them anyhow,were hurrying down the valley to some point,where they could easily shoot us as we rowed into some narrow stretch of channel under high cutbank, we had to make sure that we were below them,so far below that they could not over take us,before we could take our much needed rest. Twice, before midnight,we struck snags,the last time throwing the boat over so much that a lot of water poured onto it;it was a narrow escape that we had from sinking. We went ashore and baled the water out,and went on again for an hour or more,and then went ashore on the north side of an island,and lay down in the

brush and slept until dawn, when we hurriedly rolled our bedding, tossed it into the boat and went on.

A dense fog filled the valley, lay heavy upon the water, and did not lift until the sun was several hours high, and by that time, Robert and I were so weak from want of food that we could barely work our oars. But relief from that was in sight; we were again in the midst of herds of buffalo, bands of elk and deer and antelope; our experience of the day before, however, had made us wary of going ashore to make a kill, and to be safe, our mother decided that we should make an island drive for game. We presently came to one that was long, narrow, and heavily timbered, and she had us land her and our fater at the head of it, and then we went to its lower end, and leaving the boat there, went up in the edge of the timber a little way, Robert on the south side, I on the north side, where we stood as motionless as we could, our rifles cocked, ready to fire. Before five minutes had passed, I heard, faintly, our mother's warning cry: "Buffalo! White-tails! Running toward you!"

I brought my rifle to my shoulder, watched, listened, heard the thudding of hooves, dull at first, growing louder, and soon saw three buck coming straight toward me. They stopped suddenly, looked back the way that they had come, and I took quick aim at the breast of of one, and fired, and down he went; the others, with three or four long leaps, sprang into the river and swam for the main shore "Come on, I have made a kill," I shouted, and they all came running, laughing, happily chatting. While Robert and I butchered the animal, the others built a fire and brought our mess outfit from the boat, and we soon had a meal of fried liver, yeast powder bread and coffee. Within an hour, we were again upon our way down river.

We were now in enemy country, likely at any time to be discovered by war parties, or large hunting camps of Assiniboines or Yanktonais, so, more than ever we avoided passing under under cutbanks, and wooded shores, with the result that, when we left the channel, we more often than not had trouble in passing the sandbars. Every evening, near sundown, we had our evening meal on an island that had deep water upon either side of it, and then rowed on in the

darkness,always at the risk of being wrecked by snags,to camp for the night upon another island. One evening we tied up on the north side of an island, and were gathering wood for our cooking fire,when we heard a horse whinney somewhere to the south of us. We sneaked to the fringe of willows upon that side of the island,and from the safe screen of them,saw a party of Indians ride from the big grove opposite,out across the wide sloping shore to water their horses. They were no more than a hundred yards from us;we could plainly see their faces,hear them talk. They carried guns, bows and arrows and shields slung from their shoulders,and cased shields attached to their saddles. They all all dismounted and knelt at the edge of the river and drank,and several of them washed the ponch and other parts of an animal that they had killed. They went back into the timber leading their horses,so we knew that they were going to camp in it. Their fire soon blazed up and they gathered around it,talking and laughing. We never moved from the willows until it was quite dark,when we stole back to our boat and went on down stream,silently paddling,and put all of ten miles between us and the enemy--Sioux,my father said--before we landed for our nights rest. We had no supper,nor breakfast in the morning;as soon as dawn came we were again afloat,Robert and I plying the oars with all our strength;if the enemy were homeward bound,we intended to keep ahead of them if that were possible. We saw no more of them.

At last,one forenoon,we came to the site of Fort Union,where my father had put in the early years of his service with the American Fur Company,and met and married my mother. We went ashore,climbed the steep bank and found, where the fort had stood,only mounds of earth,a few logs and stones;we had heard that it had been torn down,and the most of the material used in the construction of Fort Buford,twelve miles below. As we went on,down past the mo the mouth of the Yellowstone--which Robert and I were surprised to find a larger,river than the Missouri--father and mother both talked about incidents and less muddy of their life in the old fort in far back days,when Kennith Mackenzie was its factor,or as he was often called,"The Lord of the Upper Missouri." He had, they said,lived in great style in his two story house on the north side of

the fort. His dining table was daily covered with a fresh white cloth;it twinkled with bright silver dishes,knives and forks and spoons,and red wine in long stemmed glasses. Our father had more than once sat up to it when the great Pierre Chouteau,and Charles Chouteau were guests. It was almost unbelievable,he said,the great style in which the factor carried on,twenty-five hundred miles from civilization,in the heart of the Indian country.

A few miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone,we arrived at the Fort Buford landing,made fast our boat and ascended the steep path to the top of the bank,where stood a number of Indians who coldly stared at us,gave us no greeting. Beyond them,was a long,low log building of many rooms,which my father rightly guessed was Laroenteur's trading post. Farther out in the bottom, was another post,that of the Northwest Company,and then the adobe,rock,and timber fort,of no great size. At that time,it was garrisoned by thre companies of the Thirteenth Infantry,under the command of Colonel Morrow.

We went straight to the post fronting the landing,and into the big trade room,where a heavy set,side whiskered man in a big arm chair,clapped hands together in astonishment,and cried: "Ha! It is you,Tomas Jackson! And you,Amelie! After all these years. You are welcome in my poor home! Such as it is,it is yours! Come shake hands with me,I am crippled--broke my thigh last winter--have to be helped about."

Robert and I were introduced to the kind Frenchman,and to another who [illegible]nd of our father,who just then came in,Pierre Garreau,a French-Arickaree,an employee of the Northwest Company. They quickly told us that all of the Sioux tribes,even the Yamktonais encamped there near the fort,were in ugly mood,and that we were very lucky to have escaped the many war parties of them that were abroad. Larpenteur said,a little later,that he was more than glad of our arrival,as he needed a reliable,experienced clerk. He gave my father the position,and within an hour we were comfortably quarted,with all our belongings from the boat,in a room of the post two doors below the trade room. Mrs. Larpenteur,a white woman,helped my mother in making it comfortable,bringing in many of her own thkings for our use. The two became fast friends.

For some days, Robert and I found life pretty dull in our new home. Every morning, we had to get out our school books and learn the lessons that our father set for us. In the afternoons, we wanted to visit about in the great camp of the Yanktonais, in the edge of a grove above the post, but the cold stares that we got from those of them who came to trade with Larpenteur, were proof enough that we would not be welcomed there.

The first friend that we made was a young man named Bloody Knife, part Sioux and part Arickaree, who, with a half-dozen full blood Arikkarees, was an army scout, with quarters in the fort. His father had married his mother, in an interval of peace between the two tribes, and she had later returned to her people, and her son had grown up as an Arickaree, and with all that tribe's hatred of the the Sioux.

One evening, when we were all gathered in the Larpenteur's living room, Bloody Knife came in, and said, after Larpenteur interpreting: "You Pikuni people had a fight when you were coming down from your country; at Round Butte, you killed Buffalo Rib, and wounded Red Star, two of a war party of Uncpapa Sioux."

"Yes. But we have told none xxxxxxx, except Mr. Larpenteur and Mr. Garreau. How did you learn about it?"

"Though the Sioux tribes hate me, still I have certain friends among them I learn all that goes on in their camps, allthat they have done, all that they intend to do. Last evening, that war party arrived on a raft, stopped in the camp, above, all night, and went on down river at daylight, this morning. They told of the fight that they had had with four people of a boat, a man, woman, two boys, and then the Yanktonais told them that they had not far to go to find the slayers of Buffalo Rib, that they would find them right here in this trading post, the man, white, the two boys and their mother members of an enemy tribe, the Pikuni. And at that, Red Star called upon Sun to hear a vow that he would make: he swore that, as soon as his leg became whole, he would have your lives for that you had done to him."

"Ha! Let him come! I am not afraid of him!" Robert exclaimed.

"Don't boast,my son,don't boast;it is unlucky," our mother told him.

"You need not worry about Red Star and his vow:you all are safe enough from him,here in this post," said Mr. Larpenteur.

"Red Star did not make that vow alone;two of his party,Black Elk and Fox Eyes,also vowed that they would have your scalps, cousins of the one you killed, I advise you to be always on the lookout for them," said Bloody Knife.

"I would not know them if I were to see them again;in the fight, they were too far off for me to plainly see their faces," I remarked.

"I would know them;when they were bringing their dead,and wounded down the side of the butte,I saw their faces plain enough,with the spyglass," said Robert.

Bloody Knife got up,shook hands with us all around. "I came to warn you about your enemies,and now I have to go back to the fort;the horn will soon blow for us to get into our beds. Let us be real friends. You boys,come often to the fort and visit with me," he said,and was gone.

"He is a brave young man,that Bloody Knife," said Mr. Larpenteur. "A true friend to the whites. But for him and his warnings of attacks that upon us the Sioux were planning,they would long since have wiped us out here,soldiers, fort and all."

The very next afternoon,Robert and I went to the quarters of the Ree,scouts,in the fort,and visited with them, (Arickaree) began a friendship with one of them, a happy, handsome youth,named Medicine Fly which was destined to be very close, and to have sad ending. We conversed readily with the scouts by means of the sign language,common to all the tribes of the plains,and on that first day learned several words of the Ree language,in which we became fairly fluent before the end of that summer.

The Yanktonais came daily to Larpentur's post to trade in their proceeds of their winter hunt,buffalo robes,elk,deer,antelope,and wolf skins, and it was not long before my brother and I were playing with the boys of the camp,at first around the post and out along the river,and then right in their

camp,in their lodges even,where we were at least tolerated by their elders. Naturally,playing with the boys,we were soon conversing with them in their language,which we found much easier to learn,and speak,than that of our Ree scout friends.

In June,of this year,1870,Mr. Laroenteur went on a steamboat to Omaha, to buy out his partners,who lived in that town,and my father was in charge of his post during his absence. He was still so badly crippled,that we had to carry him aboard the boat. Two or three days after he left,an enemy war party, we learned later,that they were from Sitting Bull's camp,attacked some woodhawks back of the fort,and killed two and wounded six of them,before the soldiers could go to their rescue.

In July,Mr. Larpenteur returned with a large stock of goods for the coming winter trade. He had bought out his partners,and was very cheerful about his business. He brought presents for all of us.

Came August. Back in the breaks of the valley,the plums and choke cherries ripened,and when several of the Yanktonais women came to the post with some of the fruit for my mother,she was more than pleased,and said that she wanted to go out herself and gather several sacks of both kinds,to dry for winter use. Mrs. Larpenteur laughed at her:"Why go up there in the hot breaks and work hard to get a few puckery cherries and small plums,when right here in the store,we have plenty of nice dried apples and prunes,cans of pears,peaches,and big white sweet plums?" she asked.

"To each race,its own food," my mother replied. "We like best that food upon which we grew up;to us of Indian blood,fat buffalo meat and the berries of our river breaks are of better flavor than different foods that the whites have brought into our country."

"Yes,you are right:to each race its own food," the other agreed.

"Therefore,I must gather plenty of cherries and plums for my boys and my winter use," said she,and that was the end of the argument.

On the following morning, Robert and I borrowed three saddle horses from a family of Red River half-breeds camped near the post, and with our mother, set out for the breaks of the river valley. We crossed the wide bottom, rode up a narrow, bare ridge between two deep coulies, and saw that the cherry, and plum trees in them had been stripped of fruit by the Yanktonais women. We rode higher up the slope, discovered a number of the women ahead of us, and halted, undecided which way to turn; it was evident that, in order to gather any quantity of the fruit, we would have to go some distance east, or west of the breaks sloping up from the fort bottom. Our mother said that she thought that the country to the west was the most promising, so we went back to the bottom land and turned up it, past the Yanktonais camp in the edge of the timber, and the many bands of horses grazing out from it, each one of them guarded by a watchful herder. As we passed one of these bands, Robert suddenly called to us to stop, and pointing to a big, black-and-white pinto in it, cried: "That one, there, surely it is uncle Three Sun's pinto buffalo horse!"

It was; there was no mistaking it; but it was not the fat sleek coated well cared for animal that we had known; it was now thin and its back was raw. We then saw that all of the other horses of the band were in like condition, and we recognized two more of them; there could be no doubt that they were all Pikuni horses that had been recently stolen, and ridden bareback all the way down from our far country. We wondered if, in taking them, the war party had fought our people, killed some of them? Said our mother: "Perhaps they killed your great-uncle--he is so brave, so fierce, always in the lead against the enemy!"

"They shall not keep his buffalo horse, I am going to take it, right now!" Robert fiercely exclaimed.

"You will not! Why, you must be crazy to think of it! Stop, put that rope back on your saddle!" she cried.

We had not noticed that there was a herder with this band. He had bee

been lying in the sagebrush ,a little way out from the opposite side of the grazing animals;but as Robert unfastened his lariat and set wide the noose in it,the man got up,rifle in one hand,with the other holding the corner of his wrap across his face so that it was all concealed below the eyes. His forehead was red painted,his hair roached on top and smooth braided at the sides; he was tall and powerfully built;a grim,menacing figure,standing there glaring at us. His wrap was a well worn one of cow leather,upon which he had painted in red,black,green and yellow,scenes of his fights with enemies,horses and scalps that he had taken,powerful grizzlies that he had encountered and killed, strange animals of his dreams,his life protectors. He had seen,of course,that we recognized the horses that he was guarding. There could be no doubt that he would shoot if Robert attempted to rope one ofthem. Again our mother said to him:"Put up that rope!" And as he obeyed,she started on up the bottom and we close followed her,angry enough that we were powerless to recover for our uncle,for our people,the horses that had been taken from them.

Said Robert: "That man is not a Yanktonais! Although he concealed his face,I am almost sure that he is one of the party that we fought at Round Butte."

"He has made me terribly uneasy! Let us turn about,go home," said our mother,bringing her horse to a stand. Robert and I didn't want to do that. We were eager for the ride,for the day out in the breaks;we had our way about it, and went on. As we rounded the point of timber,we looked back and saw the herder driving the band of horses in toward the camp.

It was near noon when we again turned from the bottom up into the breaks,following an old trail up a bare ridge,we at last,when several miles from the bottom,and only a few hundred yards below the level of the plain,found in the coulies upon either side of the ridge, plenty of cherry and plum trees heavily loaded with fruit. We rode into the right hand coulie,tethered our horses,and began stripping branches that we could easily reach,putting the fruit into sacks that we had brought for the purpose. Our mother was more than happy over our find;as she worked,she sang old time songs

of the Pikuni,and several times said that she wished our relatives could be with us to gather sacks of the plums,fruit that did not grow in our more western country.

We had about half-filled our sacks,when we heard the scurrying of some light footed animal to the east of us,and a moment later,a coyote came tearing through the brush,ran between Robert and me without noticing us,went on to the top of the ridge and paused and looked apprehensively back the way that it had come,and went on out of our sight. We knew that only the sight or scent of man could cause a coyote flee as this one had,streaking past us with the swiftness of an arrow,so intent upon its going that it had never noticed. Robert snatched up his rifle,told us to remain where we were,and started thro the brush up the slope of the ridge,the one from which we had turned down to tether our horses. Without a word to one another,mother and I followed him; we could not bear to be left in suspense there in the thick brush. We overtook him on the upper edge of it,and from there all three carefully looked over the breaks to the east;we could not,of course,see into the brushy coulies; there was nothing moving on any of the ridges,the parts of them that we could see;the ridge straight across,about two hundred yards off,hid those just beyond it from our view.

"It is likely that some Yanktonais,somewhere off there gathering fruit,frightened the coyote," I said.

"Yes. They scatter out up in the breaks every day to gather it;their women will do no camp work until they strip the very last patch of trees," our mother agreed.

"Oh,well,we chance it,let's go back and finish our work," said Robert However,we had gathered but a little more of the fruit when he tossed his sack to me,took up his rifle and started off east through the brush,saying to us as he went:"I feel uneasy. I am going to have another look at the country." He disappeared,but a little later we saw him,over the tops of the brush,climb upon hands and knees to the crest of the bare ridge to look over it. We watched him for a minute or two,and then,as he did not move,gave no sign of having

discovered anything alarming,we turned to strip a fresh tree of its dead ripe plums.

Time passed. We had stripped the lower branches of the tree,and I was bending down a high branch so that my mother could reach it,when we heard Robert shout: "Enemies! Enemies coming! Quick! Get on your horses!"

As we turned to run to them,I saw him pointing up to the head of the breaks,and then running down to join us. I untied his horse,turned to help my mother;she was trying to fasten her half-filled sack of plums to her saddle. "Drop it!" I cried.

"No! I've worked hard for those plums! I just will not."

"You will leave them!" I broke in,tossed the sack aside,forced her up into the saddle. Then,as I was mounting my horse,Robert came tearing through the brush and sprang upon his animal,saying to us as he gasped for wind: "Five of them! They were sneaking down upon us until they saw that I had discovered them,now they are coming fast. Quick! Follow me!"

The Red River cart horses that we had borrowed for the day, were lazy and slow gaited;we had great difficulty in making them break into a 'lope up the steep side of the ridge;the one our mother rode was not only slow but mean;every time she quirted it,it humped its back and kicked back with both heels. I got close up and with all my strength lashed it with the end of my tie rope until it was glad enough to close follow Robert's horse. As we neared the crest of the ridge,we saw the enemy coming down it,five of them,riding fast. We turned into the old trail,went on down it as fast as we could,and soon saw that the enemy were gaining upon us,and Robert cried back to our mother:"You go on as fast as you can! Brother and I will stop and stand them off,and then follow on."

"No. If you stop,I shall too," she replied.

"But you have the slowest horse! Our only chance of escape is for you to do as he says!" I cried.

"Well,I 'll go on,but oh,do be careful!" she replied. And at that, Robert and I quickly dismounted and made ready to fire at the enemy,by that time no more than three hundred yards from us and coming fast. Then for the first time,the appearance of the leader of the five struck me as familiar;even at that distance there was no mistaking his painted wrap. "Ha! The herder of this morning! Stealer of our people's horses!" I exclaimed.

"Yes! We must get him! Do your best!" Robert replied.

We had wrapped the ends of our animals' tie ropes around our left arms as we knelt down,and were worrying as to what would happen when we opened fire;on the bare ridge of badland clay there was nothing to which we could tether them;if they became frightened,fought to get free,then it was almost certain that our end was near:"We must do our best to make our first shots count," I said.

"We can't let them come nearer,now then,at the leader!" Robert hissed.

We made careful aim at him,now no more than two hundred yards distant,the rest close in his rear,fired almost together,and down went the leader's horse,he alighting safely on his feet only to be knocked spinning to one side by the horse of another rider. And,lo! our horses never moved,they were not gun shy! We fired again and again as fast as we could work the levers of our rifles and take aim at the four riders,the man on foot meantime,firing once at us;our fifth or sixth shot hit another horse and with its rider,it turned kicking and squealing off down the side of the ridge. By that time,the three remaining riders were within two hundred yards of us;above the crack! crack ceack! of our rifles,we heard their leader,the man on foot,shouting to them; they suddenly swerved from the crest of the ridge off into the brush and timber coulie to the east of it,and from there fired at us as we sprang upon our horses and went on down the trail. Again their leader was shouting to them. Before we overtook our mother,they were on the bare ridge across from us,swiftly going down it with the intention to head us off.

"How is it--what did you do?" our mother asked,after making sure that we were unhurt.

"Only shot two of their horses,bad luck!" I replied,as Robert forged on to the lead,crying,"Now then,we have to ride faster than ever. Do your best, mother! Lash her horse,brother! Keep lashing it!"

Over on the other ridge,the three riders gradually drew abreast with us,and then took an ever widening lead that,we feared more and more,would enable them to reach the bottom land long before we could get to it;were they to do so,they could turn up onto our ridge and doubtless ambush us. But again luck was with us. Upon our way up to the berry patches,we had not particularly noticed the ridge on our right;we now saw that,a quarter of a mile below,it was peteri ing out,ending in a deep narrow coulie coming in from the northeast,and that there,and above and below that point,the bottom of the main coulie was a cutban wash of great depth that they could not cross. That they were going on at full

speed,was proof enough that they were not familiar with the lay of the land, and therefore were not members of the Yanktonais tribe. They were,some of them, members of the Uncpapa war party that we had fought at Round Butte. That is what we told one another when we saw them suddenly halt and lookedown upon the cut coulies that blocked their way. As one man,they slipped down off their horses and began firing at us,and we quartered off down the west side of our ridge out of their sight,and went on. When we again topped it,and looked back, they were trailing up to rejoin their two comrades that we had set afoot.

A couple of hours later,when we arrived home and told of our adventure,how,but for the warning of danger that we had got from the frightened coyote,we would surely have lost our scalps,we created no little excitement. A couple of soldiers who were in the trade room,and heard us,went to the fort with the tale of our fight,and the commander ordered out the Ree scouts and a company of mounted infantry to go in search of the hostiles. They came first to us,for directions,to learn just where we had last seen the enemy,and while we were talking with the lieutenant,Bloody Knife told Mr. Larpenteur,in Sioux,that,as night was so near,they were setting out upon a useless quest.[illegible]; they returned to the fort at midnight,having seen nothing of the enemy.

The next morning,about ten o'clock,Bloody Knife came into the post and said to us,Mr. Larpenteur interpreting:"Well,Pikuni friends,yesterday,you again met two of your Uncpapa enemies,Black Elk and Fox Eyes;but perhaps you recognized them?"

"We suspected that some of them were the men that we had fought at Round Butte," Robert replied.

"Had [illegible]home,you would not have met them," he went on. "Early, yesterday morning,our soldier chief sent us on discovery down the river,and soon after we left,a certain one came from the Yanktonais camp to tell me that Black Elk,Fox Eyes,and three others,had arrived in the night with a band of horses that they had taken from the Pikuni--"

"We saw the horses! The man herding them had a painted leather wrap! He held a corner of it across his face,he stared at us,his eyes like fire!" my

mother interrupted.

Bloody Knife laughed. "Yes," he continued, "I know all about it;my good friend of the camp,up there,found me at home,this morning. That herder was Black Elk himself. He saw that you recognized the horses,but did not believe that you knew him,as he carefully concealed his face."

"This Yanktonais friend you mention,may one know who she is?" Mr. Larpentuer asked,slyly smiling.

"I am naming anyone,I am not indicating what that friend wears,whether skirt,or wide flap leggins," Bloody Knife gravely replied.

"Oh,I but joked,I meant no offense. Go on,tell us about Black Elk," the other urged.

"Well,as soon as you three went on up the bottom,Black Elk drove his stolen herd in close to the camp,went to his friends,resting in a certain lodge,told them to get ready to go with him to trail and kill you;he invited the man of the lodge,and several other Yanktonais to go along and take part in the killing. They refused,they were afraid of the soldiers here,but they wished him and his men success in going after your scalps. Black Elk had not had his morning meal,so he told one of his party,Tail Feathers,to watch where you went up into the breaks,while he ate and had a rest and smoke;you had all sacks tied to your saddles,he knew that you were going out after plums."

"That Tail Feathers trailed you,returned and reported that you had gone up a certain ridge from the bottom--"

"Ha! On that ridge we found a lot of women were ahead of us,so we came back into the bottom,and went up a ridge farther on;Black Elk's scout did not see us make the turn;that explains why they did not more closely trail us," Robert exclaimed.

"When,at last,Black Elk and his party rode up to those plum gatherers they learned from them that you had not passed,and some were for turning back and following your trail.but finally they decided to go up higher,near the head of the breaks,and then turn west in search of you. And,well,that is all I have to tell you,so now let me hear about your fight."

Little by little--Mr. Larpenteur still interpreting--Robert told how the fleeing coyote had warned us that we were in danger, and how we had succeeded in escaping from the enemy. And when he had finished, Bloody Knife looked us over very soberly, and finally said:

"It must be that one of you three have coyote for your sacred helper."

None made answer, and after a long wait, "Well, is that not so?" he demanded.

"Ancient Coyote is one of our gods, I pray to him," my mother admitted.

"Ha! I thought so! So it is that his descendents pity you, protect you! But for this one who fled past you, warned you of danger near, Black Elk and his party would have wiped you out by surprise attack. But let this be a warning to you never again to go by yourselves out in the breaks of the valley, nor even up and down this great bottom. True, Black Elk and his men are now undoubtedly well upon their way home. But he, and Fox Eyes, and the one you wounded at Round Butte, Red Star, all three, as you know, have vowed to take your scalps. They will come up here again, and again and again, to try to way lay you. Be careful, my friends, be careful."

"You are very good to us. We take your warning." my mother replied.

From that time on, Robert and I heard her humming more often than she had before, the song of Ancient Coyote.

No longer allowed to play with the Yanktonais boys up in their camp, Robert and I frequented more and more the quarters of the Ree scouts, in the fort, and became very friendly with them, particularly Bloody Knife. In September, some of his relatives came up from the Ree village to visit him, and gave him two good horses, which he gave at once to us. Our father then got for us from the quartermaster of the fort, two condemned Army saddles and bridles, and from that time, we began riding with the scouts when they went out upon their rounds in the vicinity of the fort. By the time that winter came, we had decided upon our life vocation: we were going to be Army scouts. On a bright

December afternoon, carefully washed and in our best clothes we went to the fort, asked for audience with the commandant, and were ushered into his quarters, where we found him smoking and chatting with several of his officers. He asked, very pleasantly, what he could do for us, and smiled when Robert replied that we wanted to enlist, that we wanted to scout for his command. We were not a little surprised when he asked us for our names--we had thought that, seeing us about almost every day, he well knew who we were. And then, when we had given them, one of his officers explained that we were the boys who, with our mother, had escaped from Black Elk and his party of Uncpapas, when they had attacked us one day in the past summer.

"Oh, yes. I remember. That was good, brave work that you did. But, of course, you are too young to enlist. Three or four years from now, come to me again about it, and very likely I can take you on," he told us.

At that, Robert replied that, while we were young, we had had more than one fight with enemies, and so could do as good work for him as any of his Ree scouts. That interested him, and in reply to his questions, and others by his younger officers, we gave a pretty good account of ourselves, of our trapping life along the Rockies with our grandfather, Hugh Monroe, our great-uncle, the great Pikuni chief, Three Suns, and, finally, our fight at Round Butte. And when we had finished, Lieutenant Thompson exclaimed: "Would that I could write! How the boys in the States would enjoy reading the story of these youngsters' lives, just as they have told it to us!"

"They come of good fighting stock," said another.

"Yes," the commandant, Col. Morrow, agreed. He turned to us: "I wish that I could enlist you, but I don't dare do it, at your age. Positively, I can not do it.

"But you don't object to us riding out with your scouts, now and then?" said Robert.

"Glad to have you go with them, if your father and mother are willing," he replied.

At this time, the Sioux tribes, below, were quiet, the Yanktonais were away to the south, hunting buffalo, and the scouts were doing no riding, other than to hunt deer in the vicinity of the fort. That was tame sport to Robert and me, but better than being shut up in the trading post, so we often went with them on their hunts, and, generally, with our repeating rifles, killed more game than they did with their single shot, Army carbines.

Although Mr. Larpenteur, and the Northwest Company, too, were licensed traders on the Fort Buford reservation, they were notified in January of the New Year--1871, to wind up their affairs and leave the reservation, as Congress had passed a bill allowing but one sutler to each military reservation, and Alvin Leighton had been appointed sutler at this place. This was a sad blow to our good friend; he wilted under it. It was a blow to us, too: my father said that there would be nothing for us to do but to return to Fort Benton by the first upriver steamboat, and outfit there for a trapping expedition along the foot of the Rockies. Robert and I did not like to look forward to that; trapping was allright, good fun, but we didn't want to leave Fort Buford: we wanted to remain right there, and in due time become full fledged Army scouts. But with all his troubles, Mr. Larpenteur had always our welfare in mind. In the spring, when the new sutler, Mr. Leighton, arrived on one of the first steam boats of the season, our good friend went to him and induced him to give our father employment as one of his clerks. When Robert and I learned that good news, we ran as fast as we could go to our Ree scout friends, to tell them that we were to remain at the fort. A few days later, despondent and sick, Mr. Larpenteur and his family embarked upon a down river boat for a farm that he had in Iowa, and we never saw him again. He died in the following fall, as my father said, of grief. He had for many many years been in the Indian trade on the Upper Missouri, had never really prospered, and had died, practically penniless. *

* For the story of this remarkable man, which is also the story of the American Fur Company on the Upper Missouri, see "Larpenteur's autobiography, "Forty Years A Fyr Trader On The Upper Missouri," edited by Elliot Coues.

In the fall of this year, 1871, Bloody Knife told us one day that he had learned from a certain Yanktonais friend, that Red Star had completely recovered from his wound, and had recently repeated his vow to the sun, that he would make us pay with our lives for breaking his leg. Consequently, we were more than ever careful to go out riding and hunting only when accompanied by our friends. The winter passed, and the following summer and winter, and we saw nothing of our enemy, and finally decided that time had quenched his thirst for vengeance.

As game became more and more scarce in the vicinity of the fort, and we practically ceased hunting, time passed slowly enough to Robert and me. Our father kept us at our studies in the mornings, and in the afternoons we visited with our Ree friends, and the soldiers in the fort. Some of the young officers were very friendly to us; we loved to sit with them and listen to their talk about the outside world. In that way we learned a lot that we never could have gotten from our school books.

Came the spring of 1873, and with the arrival of the steamboats, en-route to Fort Benton, we heard that the railroad, then running from St. Paul to Bismark, was to be built farther west, and that surveyors were soon to look out a route for it across the plains to the Yellowstone. This was good news to the officers and men; it meant, they said, the settlement of the country and the end of troubles with the Indians. But Bloody Knife declared that it meant the beginning of real war with the Sioux tribes, the Cheyennes, and probably others; they would, he said, fight to the best of their ability to keep the whites out of the only buffalo country that they had left.

We learned, too, that the Seventh Cavalry, under the command of General Custer, was now at the new Army post, Fort Abraham Lincoln, situated a few miles below Bismark, by the channel of the river, about three hundred miles below Fort Buford; and that this regiment would furnish the escort for the railroad builders with, perhaps, several of the companies of Infantry at our post. More than ever, Robert and I were eager to enlist with the scouts, and take part in this field work. Our old friends of the Seventh Infantry had been replaced by six

companies of the Sixth Infantry,under Lieut. Col. Hazen,and as he barely knew us,we feared that he would not take us on;we realized only too well that our age and our appearance were against us:Robert was only nineteen,I seventeen, and we were,though fairly tall,of very slender build. So,after much talk,and without mentioning our plan to our father and mother,we got Bloody Knife,and Frank Girard--old time fur trader,and now post interpreter,to go with us to the Commandant and talk for us,and they did it so well,that he at once replied that,with the consent of our parents,he would enlist us. We hurried home,found our father in the trade room and told him what we had done,asked him to go with us to the Commandant,and tell him that he would be willing enlist. He stared at us, frowning,and replied,shortly: "No! That is too dangerous work for you youngsters!"

We then went to our mother,and after she had heard our plea,she stood for some time in deep thought,then called our father in. "Thomas," she said to him,very solemnly, "the wild blood that is in these boys,blood of Hugh Monroe and his fighting Scotch ancestors,blood of generations of Pikuni warriors, that blood is not to be denied:you will go now,right now,to Col. Hazen and tell him that they may join his scouts."

"No. You know as well as I do,that they are too young," he replied.

"Young they are,but of much experience;they are fully able to do scout work,you know that they are."

"But think of the danger of it."

"I do. But they will survive it. That I know. With the powerful helper that I have,with my prayers to protect them,they will go through the way allright Go,now,do as I say."

"Well,then,as you say,Amelie. You always have your way," he muttered, and told us to follow him. As we left the room,we heard our mother begin,with trembling voice,the Ancient Coyote song. And at that,we went sort of trembly in our legs,and did not get over the weakness until we again stood before the Commandant,and were enrolled as United States Army Scouts.

That night,we slept in the scouts quarters in the fort. So began a new life for us.

When we awoke, soon after dawn, we wondered, for a brief moment, where were were; and then remembered: we were in the scouts' quarter in the fort, we were ourselves scouts. We sprang up and dressed and washed, and joined the others at breakfast, which their women had cooked. Bloody Knife, leisurely slivering and eating the meat of a boiled buffalo boss rib, thoughtfully looked us over, and said: "Yes. You two White-Blackfeet, you are now white soldiers' scouts, but only half-scouts: to be complete, you must have, each of you, at least three horses, a many shots pistol, water can, and several blankets. The horses you will have to buy; the other things will be issued to you by the Army-store man. You should get all these things as soon as possible, for we may be ordered any day now, to go with the soldiers out upon the plains."

Our friend's advice was law to us; we hastily ate our meat and hard bread, and ran home and begged our father to buy the horses for us, and he made no objection. We got within an hour, four good ones from a band of Red River half-breeds who had just come in to trade their furs, and so, with the horses that our Ree friends had previously given us, we now each had three good mounts. We then went to the quartermaster of the fort and got the accoutrements that we needed. We did not like the Army saddles that our father had bought for us, and now, when he gave us each a fine stock saddle, and a bridle with a Spanish bit, we felt that we were completely outfitted. The quartermaster had suggested that we use Army carbines in place of our repeating rifles, as we would be at no expense for cartridges for them, but we clung to our repeaters. As it turned out, several years later, the fact that we rode stock saddles and carried these rifles, had no little part in saving our lives when we were trapped by the enemy.

On this very day that we completed our outfit, the steamboat Far west arrived, with General Forsyth and other officers, and took on board the officers and men of two companies of our boat, for an exploration of the

Yellowstone River. If found to be navigable, steamboats were to take up it supplies for the troops that were to accompany the surveyors of the railroad that was to be extended west from Bismark, across the plains to the mouth of Powder River, and eventually on through the mountain country to the Pacific Ocean. For hunter and guide for the boat, General Forsyth had taken on board a man whom Robert and I had frequently seen at the fort, Luther S. Kelly, or "Yellowstone" Kelly, as he was best known along the river. He had several times wintered away up in the Yellowstone bottoms, trapping beaver and other fur, in defiance of the many war parties that frequented the country. Now, as soon as the Far West had tied up at the bank, he had come ashore with his winter catch of furs, and we silently admired him as our father graded the pelts and put a price upon them. He was a tall, slender, dark skinned man, with long black hair, and black, kind eyes. He wore fringed buckskin shirt and trousers, beaded moccasins, and was easy and graceful in his every movement. He was our ideal of a scout, and we decided that we would also wear buckskins, and imitate his ways as nearly as possible. Little did we then think that in time to come, we were to be with him in dreadful battles with the Sioux and Cheyennes.

As we stood there in the store, Medicine Fly, a Ree scout, came hurrying in to tell us that we were wanted in the fort, and there we learned that the steamboat had brought orders for us scouts to embark on the first down river boat and go to Fort Lincoln, where we were join the military escort that was to start west with the railroad surveyors. That was good news; exciting news; we ran home to tell our mother about it, and she said that she well knew that we would do good work for the expedition. But when we told our father about it, he shook his head and sighed, and said that he had been a fool to allow us to join the Army scouts; that it was too dangerous work for boys.

Now, day after day, we kept our horses close to the fort, and our outfit in readiness, and then, one afternoon about a week after the departure of the Far West for the Yellowstone, the steamboat Luella arrived from Fort Benton, and we boarded it with all that we had, and were soon upon our way down river. Bloody Knife and the other Ree scouts had often travelled on steamboats,

but to Robert and me,this was a new and thrilling experience. We marvelled at the swiftness with which we glided down the stream. We went often to the engine room to stare at the machinery,particularly the huge long steel arms that turned the stern wheel,and that stopped,or reversed,as the engineer,obeying the jangling bells of the pilot,moved an upright lever. Best of all,we loved the pungent oder that pervaded the boat from stem to stern,odor of the hundreds and hundreds of packs of buffalo robes,and beaver,wolf,deer,elk,and antelope pelts that were stacked in long rows upon the decks,and protected from the weather with heavy tarpaulins. They had been loaded at Fort Benton;they were the result of the winter hunt of our very own people,the Pikuni,and the Blackfeet,and Kaina,brother tribes,and the Gros Ventres. Our own relatives had killed,and traded in,some of the robes and pelts. We visioned our uncle Francois,our great-uncle Three Suns,mighty warrior, in the midst of a great run,with unerring aim shooting down one after another the swift fat buffalo cows that they singled out with appraising eye. Well,we,too,were going to be warriors. In some not far distant summer,when our people should build their great offering to Sun, the medicine lodge,we would help in the building,and standing before it,count as many coups as any of them.

We sought out the clerk of the boat,asked him how many robes were on the boat:they were 1113 packs,10 to the pack,11,130 robes,and of pelts, there were 8,000 pounds! We told our Ree friends that they were all our own peoples' killing and tanning,and they clapped hands together in amazement. We spent long hours up on the hurricane deck,rifles in hand,scanning the shores of the river,the bottoms and slopes of the valley,longing for sight of some war party sneaking out to attack us,but none appeared. But of buffalothere were countless herds, in and out of the valley,resting and feeding in the bottoms,standing belly deep in the water,and now and again,with loud puffing and snorting,swimming across the river regardless of the pa coming boat. Several of them that we ran over,were killed by the paddles of the big stern wheel;and more than once the pilot swerved from his course,or backed water,to

avoid running into a swimming herd.

When darkness came, the boat was tied to the bank of the river, a watch was set, and the night passed without incident. At dawn, we were under way again, and for another long day were never out of sight of the herds of game that came from the plains down into the valley for water. On the following day, a little before noon, we tied up at Bismark, for an hour, and as soon as the gang plank was run out we all hurried ashore, Robert and I eager to see the railroad, about which we had heard so many tales. Our great-uncle, Three Suns, and other warriors of the Pikuni, on raids far into the south, had crossed a railroad running east and west across a great plain--it was, of course, the Union Pacific--and returning, had amazed us with their descriptions of the fire wagons that they had seen gliding and roaring along its two endless iron rails. They went as fast as the swiftest buffalo horses, and without tiring and slowing up. In the lead was the fire wagon itself, drawing one after another many wagons each a small house of many windows, and filled with white men and women and children. Well, now, brother and I were going to learn if those tales were true; we had always suspicioned that they had exagerated the speed of the fire wagons.

Close behind the few stores and saloons that comprised the little town, was the then end of the railroad, split into a number of side tracks occupied by several engines, passenger cars, freight cars, and as we stood staring at them, one of the engines began shifting cars from one track to another; a wonderful sight, but still disappointing: it did not move with the swiftness even of an old travoi horse. Then we heard a shrill whistle off down the valley, and turning, saw a train coming on with far greater speed than ever was made by the swiftest horse of the plains. We stared at it, open mouthed, almost doubting our eyes. On it came, the engine belching smoke and steam, as though it were going to leave the track and go plunging into the river; and then, close in front of us, as men on the car platforms turned wheels that set the breaks, it slowed up and stopped in front of a house that, we later learned, was the "depot." And clapping hands together, Robert all but shouted to me: "They did not lie, our relatives!

Why, these fire wagons can travel faster than any horse that ever lived!"

"Yes! True! True!" I agreed.

No sooner had the train stopped, than a people swarmed from seven of the cars, men, women, children, with guns, valises, packages of all kinds and shapes, and from two cars back of the engine, a perfect stream of trunks and boxes came thumping down upon the platform. We were all but stunned by the number of people that this train had brought from the States. And every day a like train came. For the first time, we realized the vast number of people that there were, away off there in the East. And half-dazed by all that we had seen, we returned to the boat and went on down the river. For only a few miles, however; again the boat was tied to the bank, this time on the south side, and with our little band of horses we went out across the bottom to Fort Abraham Lincoln, then being built, and at the time garrisoned by only two companies of Infantry, and a half-dozen Ree scouts, under Lieut. Col. Carlin. We moved down to the sco scouts' quarters, and turned our hungry horses out to grace. We learned that war parties of Sioux, particularly Ogalallas, were frequently attempting to run off the the stock animals belonging to the fort. In other words, the fort was practically in a state of siege; the soldiers were too few to follow and attack the raiders.

A few days after we arrived at Fort Lincoln, the Far West came down and stopped for an hour, and after it had gone on down river, we learned that it had successfully ascended the Yellowstone to the mouth of Powder River, and that, with several other steamboats, it would return there with supplies for the troops that were to accompany the railroad survey. A few days after this, all of us scouts were ordered to report at Fort Rice, a small post a few miles below, from which the expedition was to start. When we arrived there, we learned that the famous Seventh Cavalry, travelling overland from Yankton then enroute to the fort, was to form the main part of the escort. There were more Ree scouts at Fort Rice, and as soon as we arrived at their quarters, Bloody Knife had a long talk with them, and then, looking very solemn, he said that he was going to talk with the chief of the for General Stanley. When he returned, Robert and I asked what was troubling him, and

he shortly replied:"Sitting Bull has sent messengers to all the Sioux tribes, and the Cheyennes,and Arapahos,asking them to meet him and his band,up in the Elk River (Yellowstone) country,to take with them all the cartridges that they can get,and help him wipe out the soldiers and prevent the railroad being built up into that great buffalo country. My friends,maybe we are going to have soon,one big fight."

In touch with the overland advance of the Seventh Cavalry,were three steamboats,the Key West,Far West,and Peninah,carrying supplies for the regiment,and the wives of some of the officers. From the soldiers,citizen teamsters and packers who came to the scouts' quarters to visit with us,we heard much about the bravery of the commander of the Seventh,General Custer,and eagerly looked forward to his arrival. The regiment arrived opposite the fort ahead of the steamboat escort,and near night,and was ferried across by another steam boat,bound down river,so we did not get to see him until the next day,when the regiment was paraded. When he appeared,riding a horse of great beauty and wonderful spirit,the Ree scouts one and all clapped hands to mouths and gave quick exclamations of pleased surprise,for they saw that he wore a fringed buckskin coat,fringed buckskin trousers,boots with red leather tops,and a wide brimmed soft hat,instead of the regulation officer's uniform. He rode his spirited horse with grace and ease. His yellow curly hair hung down almost to his shoulders. Bloody Knife,standing beside me,exclaimed: "That long yellow haired one,he is a real chief;of all white chiefs,the greatest chief!" From that moment the scouts fairly worshiped him,were eager to [illegible] his every command. Right there they named him Long-yellow-hair Chief,which they soon abbreviated to Long Hair. In the evening of that day,General Custer sent for Bloody Knife,and had a long talk with him--my brother interpreting--about the hostile Sioux,and their probable location up in the Yellowstone country;and from that time,of all the Indian scouts with the Seventh Cavalry,Bloody Knife was the General's favorite one. He trusted him implictly,often followed his advice. And because he did not follow it,on a night in June,three years later, he and half of his regiment met their death on the banks of the Little Bighorn,

as I shall relate in proper place.

With the arrival of General Custer and his regiment, preparations were hurriedly made for the start west to the Yellowstone, and on June 20, we left Fort Rice. The expedition was made up of the Seventh Cavalry--with the exception of two companies--and five companies of the 22nd Infantry, four companies of the 8th Infantry; six of the 9th Infantry, two of the 6th Infantry, and three of the 17th Infantry; several hundred citizen teamsters and packers, with many six, four, and two mule teams and wagons, and 63 Indian scouts. The whole command was under General Stanley, of the 22nd Infantry, and in all, we numbered 80 officers and nearly 1500 enlisted men, and scouts. The steamboats Key West, Far West, and Peninah, left the fort at the same time that we did, with supplies that they were to deliver to us somewhere up the Yellowstone. They were followd, later, by another supply boat, the Josephine.

The railroad surveying party had started some days before we left Fort Rice, and now General Custer with his Seventh Cavalry and some of us scouts, pushed on ahead of the Infantry and supply train to overtake them, which we did some distance east of Heart River. The head of the surveying party was General Rossiter, who had been a West Pointer with General Custer, and then had become an officer with the Confederates. The two, who had fought one another, were now close friends; we often heard them talking and laughing over the battles in which they had been engaged. incidents in

On the day that we left Fort Rice, the Rees and Robert and I saw for the first time, greyhound dogs, of which General Custer had a pack of a dozen, his favorite one of them, a female named Tuck. When one of the cavalry men told us that these dogs would chase antelope, and overtake and kill them, we could hardly believe him, but we from that moment, kept the general and his pack in sight, and followed him when, about ten o'clock, with twenty-five or thirty of his men, he left the main column to hunt. Antelope were everywhere in sight, and the dogs soon took after a lone buck, and to our astonishment, soon overtook and killed it. Learning then, that the dogs would not be allowed to make another chase that day, we scattered out and killed some antelope for our

our own mess, and to give to some of our soldier friends. On this day, we saw a few buffalo, mostly bulls, but on the following day, we got into the main herds and from that time were never out of sight of buffalo, herds and herds of them, during the whole time of the expedition. And when, five days out from Fort Rice, we struck Heart River, we there found elk and deer, and killed a few of them.

Of all the men of this expedition, we scouts were, in our own estimation, anyhow, the most fortunate, for, instead of riding in the line of the column, under the scrutiny and the orders of the officers, we were free to scatter out and keep well in the advance of the cavalry. So it was that, while keeping a sharp lookout for signs of the Sioux, known to be somehere ahead, we gathered in large numbers had plenty of time to hunt.

As the days passed, General Custer became more and more attached to Bloody Knife, and before we reached the Yellowstone, the two became real friends. At that time, Bloody Knife was trying hard to learn English, and still needed an interpreter, and Robert and I were frequently called to fill that place in his conferences with the General. At the first one of these talks, at Heart River, General Rossiter, chief of the engineers, railroad was present, and remarked that he did not think that the expedition would have any trouble with the Sioux. To which Bloody Knife replied: "Do not think that they will not have fire-hearts, that they will not strike when they see us riding into their country, scaring away their buffalo herds."

It is, if I remember right, about 240 miles across country from Fort Rice to the Yellowstone, at the mouth of Powder River. It was some of it very rough country and our progress was slow, but on a day about three weeks weeks after leaving the fort, we came to the edge of the badland slopes of the the Yellowstone valley, and there, leaving the main column, General Custer, with two of his companies, and accompanied by General Rossiter, Bloody Knife, and Robert Medicine Fly and me, set out to look out a route by which the wagon train cound be brought down to the river, and to then find the supply steamboat, Key West, which had been that we traversed,

ordered to remain in the Yellowstone, as aid to the expedition. They marked out a good trail for the wagons, down through the badlands to a well timbered bottom of the river, and then, leaving one of his companies there, General Custer went down the valley with the other company, and us scouts, in search of the steamboat. We found it at the mouth of Glendive creek, at which place the other two boats had unloaded their cargoes, and then gone back down river. We all got aboard the Key West, went back up the point where the other company of cavalry awaited us, and that evening we were joined by the rest of the cavalry, and by the main column on the following morning.
There we rested for a few days, while the steamboat was bringing up the cargoes of the Far West and Peninah, from Glendive Creek, the troops, meantime, building a shelter for the goods, which was named after the ranking officer of the expedition, Stanley's Stockade.

One afternoon, while we were encamped at this place, several of the Rees, who had been scouting up on the plain, came hurrying back to us and reported that a crazy white man, riding in a one horse "thin wagon," was coming on our trail across the plain. A little later, he drove in across the bottom and the soldiers welcomed him, took care of his horse, and made him comfortable, a Jesuit priest, named Father Stephen. He said that he had come to join us, as he felt that we would be in need of him, and that he had made the journey from Fort Rice in seven days, and without so much as a pistol to protect himself, as he knew that he would not be harmed by savage men or prowling beasts. The Ree scouts stared at him, edged away from him, said that he was crazy; and from that moment, and so long as the exepdition lasted, he never could get within fifty feet of them. Several times, when he attempted to join them at their evening campfire, they got up and scattered out into the surrounding darkness.

As soon as all of the supplies were brought up from Glendive Creek, the Key West carried some of the railroad engineers to a point about fifty miles up the river, and with them, the morning, ferried us across the rever, with the exception of three companies, that remained to guard the stockade. Here the survey for the railroad began, along the north side of the river, a strong excort accompanying the engineers, while the cavalry scouted ahead, and the infantry, with the wagon train,

the plain just back of the valley slopes;and General Custer,with the remainder of the cavalry,and several of the scouts,went well in the advance,looking out the best route for the wagons.

Now,each day,some of the scouts accompanied the surveyors,some the wagon train,and others rode with the flanking cavalry;and now,more than ever,they kept sharp watch for signs of the Sioux,for Bloody Knife was more than ever insistent that they were somewhere ahead of us,in great numbers,and that they would use all their cunning to make a surprise attack upon the troops. Now and then we found old signs of them:remains of buffalo and other game that the had killed;old dim tracks of their horses;but of their camps,and the size of them,never once so much as the fireplace of a single dead ash lodge. Finally,however, when we were almost opposite the mouth of Powder River,Medicine Fly,and another scout,whose name I have forgotten,reported that they had found the fresh trail of six horses,up in the breaks of the valley,and following it,they had come to to the top of a bare ridge where the riders had dismounted,and left the imprint of their moccasined feet in the soft earth. They were sure that these riders had seen us,and that they had gone on up river to warn their camp of our advance.

Two days after this discovery,while the steamboat Josephine--a new boat that had taken the place of the Key West--was unloading supplies for us, the fresh tracks of two horses were found in a game trail that they had crossed,and that was further proof that scouts of the enemy were watching us. In camp,that night,Bloody Knife told us that he was sure that we would soon have a fight with them,and again urged us to do all that we could to prevent a surprise attack.

We moved on up the valley,and on the 4th of August,when near the mouth of Tongue River,General Custer started out soon after sunrise,with two companies of his cavalry,and with Bloody Knife for scout,to again look out a route for the advance of the troops and the wagon train. They found good going on the plain,and along toward noon,turned down into the valley,and unsaddled in a small grove,intending to rest there in the shade until the expedition

should come up. They had watered their horses,and were enjoying the cool shade of the trees,when,suddenly,a half-dozen mounted Sioux appeared right in the grove and tried to round up their horses and drive them off. The nerve of the attempt,six Indians against a hundred cavalrymen,was astonishing. For a moment or two,the command stared at them,then began firing and drove them out of the grove. They went but a little way up the valley,however,and then stopped and shouted at the soldiers,daring them to come on. As soon as his men had saddled up and mounted, General Custer led them out in pursuit of the Indians,who retreated at an easy gait toward a large grove a little way farther up the valley. At that,Bloody Knife,riding at the General's side,told him that he believed that they were trying to draw him into a trap,that the grove above was probably full of Sioux, and the General,calling a halt,went on with two of his officers. They soon saw that the Sioux were trying to draw them on to the grove,so they stopped,and the General was about to level his field glasses at it,when out from its shadows came charging all of three hundred well mounted Sioux,dressed all of them in their beautiful war clothes and eagle feather war bonnets,and shouting their terrible war cry.

Turning back with his two aids,General Custer rejoined his men,had them dismount,and then,as the Sioux came on,the first shot at them was fired by Bloody Knife,and it counted:it knocked a lead warrior dead out of his saddle. Several more of them were killed by the close range fire of the little troop, and they turned and scattered,giving the General time to get his men back into the little grove in which they had been resting. The attacking party were then joined by about three hundred more Sioux from somewhere up the valley,and they all besieged the little body of troops,riding again and again along the edge of the grove and firing into it,and at last setting the grass afire,with the intent to smoke out the soldiers. But that did not work,and toward the middle of the afternoon,when the Indians had lost some of their number,and had wounded but one soldier,and were getting tired,General Custer suddenly charged them and they fled up the valley,he and his men pursuing them for several miles, and killing a few more. They then came back down the valley and met the expedition-

General Custer had not lost a man in the fight,but while it was going on,the Sioux had discovered three white men coming up the valley,and had killed them. Doctor Honzinger, Mr. Baliran, They were citizens,the veterinary surgeon,and the sutler of the Seventh Cavalry,and were neither of them armed. Heedless of the warnings of the scouts,they had frequently set out by themselves to overtake the trail makers,the General and his men,and had done so once too often.

On the fourth day after this fight,late in the afternoon,and at a point fifty or sixty miles farther up the valley,the trail makers found the trail of a large camp of the Sioux that had gone on up the river,and when the expedition came up,General Custer obtained permission from General Stanley,to take four squadrons of the Seventh Cavalry,and all of the scouts,and follow the Indian trail,which was about two days old. After we had had our supper, seven days rations were issued to us,and late in the evening we saddled up and went on,well knowing that,somewhere ahead,we were in for a big fight.

The Sioux had made a heavy trail as they went up the valley, and the moon gave us plenty of light to follow it. We rode steadily through the night, and at daylight cached ourselves in the mouth of a wide timbered coulie where our tired horses could graze, and had some breakfast, and a good rest of about three hours, when we again saddled up and took the trail. We had believed that the enemy we were following, were the ones who had made the attack on the 4th, and now made sure of it: scattering lodge poles, kettles, buffalo robes and parfleches full of dried meat that we found along the trail, were proof enough that, having discovered the strength of escort of the railroad survey, they were moving their women and children as rapidly as possible to some point where we would not be likely to discover them.

We wanted, of course, to make a surprise attack upon the Sioux, for we were only about 450, and they all of a thousand fighting men, and at noon, finding that their trail was quite fresh, and that they would likely have scouts in their rear, we went into a big grove of timber bordering the river, and remained there until near sundown. Then, having gone only a few miles from that resting place, we came to the end of the trail, shore of the river, and there the enemy had crossed over to the other side, and only a few hours before. Had we kept on instead of making a halt at noon, we would have come upon them when they were prevaring to make the crossing, and so had every advantage of them.

We could see no glow of lodges, no sparks of campfire on the opposite side of the river, and it was thought that the enemy had gone from there on up the valley. We went on up the river a little way, and stopped for the night in a small grove, us scouts by ourselves in the upper end of it. There Bloody Knife came to us, very much disgusted, and for the first time, angry at the man he worshipped, Long Hair--General Custer: "I told him," he said, pointing to an island out in the middle of the river, "we can ride out to it, and from there swim

with our horses to the other side." He did not answer me;he just gave orders for us to camp!"

"Maybe he did not understand you," I said.

"I told him that not only with my mouth,with white mens' talk;I said it also with hands-talk! Of course he understood!"

"It is very bad for us that he would not take your advice," said an older one of the Rees. "The enemy camp must be within easy ride from here; we could make dawn attack upon it,and oh,what a killing! What a killing!"

"Well,what is to be will be," said another.

"For me,right now,it is a good sleep," said my brother,and at that we all laughed,wrapped our blankets about us lay down and were in no time dead to the world.

The sentries awakened us very early,we saddled up,and forded out to the island as day was breaking. From there to the east shore the river was fairly swift and about two hundred yards in width,and Bloody Knife,calling upon my brother to interpret for him,went to General Custer and again proposed that we all should get onto the water at once and swim to the other shore;but a short no,was all the answer that he got. Some of the men were already building a raft,and when it was completed,Lieutenant Weston,with three men who were good swimmers,attempted to take it across with a line made of a number of picket ropes. They never got to the other shore,and after drifting down stream for more than a mile,they had to leave the raft and swim to the west shore, and come back to us. Then,after several more attempts were made to get the line across,that plan was given up,and the General sent some of us out to kill some skins with which to make a bull boat. We brought in three buffalo skins,and two of elk,and Bloody Knife began covering with them,a willow frame that he had made. The plan now was to establish a cable with the bull boat,and then use it to raft across our accoutrements, while the scouts swam the horses over. But the boat was not finished until it was too late to cross that day,and then,at sundown, a party of Sioux suddenly came out of the brush opposite,to water their horses. But they never watered them,for,at once discovering us upon the island,they

wheeled about and were out of sight before a shot could be fired at them. That of course ended all thought of making a surprise attack upon their camp, and and we moved from the island to the main shore.
the attempt to cross to the east side was abandoned, Bloody Knife had been sullen all day, and now he was furious, and so were others of the Rees. What was the matter with these white soldiers? they asked. Were they babies, that they could not plunge into the river with their horses and swim to the other side? No, they were not babies: they were big powerful men--with little bird hearts! They were afraid of the river! Huh!

Robert remarked that a number of them could not swim, and to that Bloody Knife angrily exclaimed: "Well, at least, they could could hang onto their horses' tails and so be towed across!"

The night passed without incident, but at break of day, a large party of the Sioux opened fire at us from the opposite shore. Some of the best shots of the command were ordered to return their fire, and while they were were doing that, it was discovered that other parties of the enemy were crossing with their horses above, and below us. Bloody Knife and I were two of the detail of sharpshooters. When he saw that the enemy were crossing to our side, he became more angry then ever, and said to me jerkily, between shots, "There! You see what we will now have! A big fight! Just because we did not swim across, yesterday, and surprise the enemy camp!"

And then he sprang up in plain sight of the enemy and defied them as he aimed and fired, calling them dog-faces, daring them to cross and meet him face to face. And when they in turn defied him, shouting that they were Uncpapas and that they would wipe us out, dog-face white men and dog-cace Rees, he answered: "You Uncpapas, you are most cowardly of all Sioux tribes. That medicine man of yours', that Sitting Bull, who claims to be so powerful, where is he? Go tell him to swim out and meet me here in the middle of the river! I will show him how poerful he is!"

After firing many shots, I managed to kill one of the enemy, and Bloody Knife another. But just below us a man, named Tuttle, with a long barrel Springfield rifle was doing better work. He killed a Sioux who was making himself

very conspicuous on the opposite bank,and when two others ran to the aid of the fallen chief,he killed them too. As he was reloading his rifle,he looked over his shoulder at me and said: "Jackson,this is a mighty good rifle I--" and just then a Sioux bullet brained him.

"Ho! A good man gone!" Bloody Knife exclaimed. And at that we tried harder than ever to make our shots count. But the remaining warriours were already mounting their horses and hurrying to join the great numbers of riders crossing above and below us. As we then turned from the shore,hundreds of women and children and old men appeared on the crest of the valley slope across from us,and remained there to watch,as they doubtless believed,the wiping out of the soldiers in the coming fight.

General Custer,meantime,had sent Captain French and several of the troops to attack the Indians crossing below,and Col. Hart to attack those crossing above,while he and the remaining officers and troops looked out for our center. Great numbers of the enemy had already crossed and were gathering on the bluffs in our front,preparing to charge us. The scouts were about evenly divided among the three commands,and when Bloody Knife and I came out from the shore,he went straight to General Custer,and Lieutenant Brush,who had charge of the scouts,told me to ride as fast as I could,up to Colonel Hart. I reached his side in no time,and he ordered me to go to Lieutenant Braden,who,with about twenty men,was posted on a small knoll out in the bottom. I had no sooner joined the little detail than about a hundred and fifty of the enemy came charging down at us,and kept coming in face of our fire. I said to myself,that right there was the end for us. One of the first shots that they fired,pierced Lieutenant Braden's thigh,whirling him about and to the ground. But with never a cry of pain,there he sat,calling upon us to hold the knoll,and firing his revolver with careful aim. But,shoot as we would,our shots did not seem to have much effect on the enemy;then came on to within fifty yards,and then,just as I thought for sure that they were going to ride right over us,they swerved,and went out to oh join a larger force preparing to charge our front.

It was then that we heard the band,back of us,begin playing "Garryowen,"

General Custer's signal for the grand charge at the enemy. As he rode out, his horse and that of another officer, Lieutenant Ketchum, were shot down, and they each took a trooper's mount. Below, at the beginning of the advance, Captain French killed one of the enemy with his pistol, as my brother later told us. As I have said, the Sioux were about a thousand warriors, against four hundred and fifty of us, and now that the charge was begun, few of us thought that it would succeed, for they were brave fighters, and with their repeating rifles, far the best prepared for close range fighting. But to our surprise, they almost at once began to give way and retreat up the valley. Then, suddenly we understood: the main column of the expedition was in sight, coming up the valley; and at that a grand chase of the enemy began and was continued for seven or eight miles, when the last of them recrossed the river, and were safe. Our loss in the fight was four men killed and three wounded. We never knew the loss of the Sioux, for they carried off their wounded and some of their dead; they could not have lost less than fifty, killed outright.

That night, the officiers had some talk about crossing the river and pursueing the Indians, but decided that it was more important to continue with the railroad survey. Accordingly, we moved on up the river to a butte named Pompey's Pillar, and from there out north to the Musselshell River, from which point the Seventh Cavalry, with the railroad engineers, and some of us scouts, left the Infantry and the wagon train and pushed straight across the plaind to the Yellowstone, across from the Stockade, and four days later the Jusephine came up and ferried us across. A day or two later, we struck out for Fort Lincoln, and without adventure of any kind, arrived there the 22nd of September, the rest of the expedition coming in some time later.

When we returned to Fort Lincoln, Robert and I had a pleasant surprise when we found our mother there, awaiting our return. We at once built a little cabin adjoining the scouts' quarters, below the fort, and she remained with us all winter, returning to Fort Buford on the first steamboat upbound, in the spring.

The winter passed quietly enough, and with the approach of spring, word was passed that the Seventh Cavalry was to go on a trip into the Black Hills

to select a site for a fort,and to learn if it was true,as had been whispered about,that prospectors had found placer gold there,and were washing out great quantities of it. To us scouts,this was the best kind of news;we had become very tired of our monotonous life at the fort,and were more than eager to go out upon the plains,where without doubt,we would have plenty of good hunting, and perhaps some fights with the Sioux.

"But the whites are such liars," said one of the Rees,one day in June. For how many moons,now,have we heard talk about going out to those Black Mountains;and the days pass,and still there is nothing but idle talk about it. It is all a lie:there is to be no expedition out there!"

"Anyhow,there is one who doesn't lie,our chief,Long Hair. I am going to him,right now,and learn the truth about this," said Bloody Knife,and away he went,up to General Custer's quarters;and soon returned to us,broadly smiling:

"It is true!" he cried. "We are going out there! We shall soon be leaving here!"

And at that,all the Rees sprang to their feet and sang a song of war.

At last the expedition was made up 10 companies of the Seventh Cavalry,1 company of the 20th Infantry,1 of the 17th Infantry,a few members of the United States Engineers,under Captain Ludlow,and a long train of supply wagons, Charlie Reynolds, white scout, 61 Indian scouts, andwe left Fort Lincoln on July 1. Accompanying us were Colonel G. A. Forsyth and Colonel Fred Grant--son of President Grant--and two geologists,Mr. Winchell and Mr. George Bird Grinnell.

For the first few days out,we had heavy rains,and going so soft that the wagons were almost hub deep in mud. The weather did not really clear until we reached the Little Missouri,about the middle of July,and from that time on it was fine. Day by day the expedition moved south across a plain covered with game, and we scouts,some in the lead,others on the flanks of the long train,had all the shooting that we wanted. Bloody Knife always,and sometimes Charlie Reynolds, rode with General Custer,and at night,Reynolds usually camped with us Indian scouts. I had known him for several years,and now the more I saw of him,the better I liked him. He was

about thirty years of age, slender but powerfully muscled, and somewhat inclined to stoop as he walked or rode. He had uneasy gray eyes, and a very light but pleasant voice. He was often called "Lonesome" Charlie because he often went alone on long trapping trips, and all the tribes of the Upper Missouri well knew that he was a man without fear. He rarely spoke, and was never known to speak of his past in the States; none knew where he came from, or if Reynolds was his real name. All the same, he was of happy disposition, and generous beyond words. I never, in all my long acquaintance with him, saw him in a joking mood but once, and that was an evening during this expedition, after he had been out for a day with the geologists. Speaking of their work, he said: "They go along, you know, pick up a rock, look at it, and one says: 'Ha! A thousand years old old?' The other takes it, squints at it, and answers: "Well, maybe fifteen hundred years. No good." and throws it away."

Although I wanted to go with the geologists, and learn something about their work, I never got the chance to even get acquainted with them. Little did I then think that, years later, I was to go on hunting and exploring trips with George Bird Grinnell, into an almost unknown section of the Rocky Mountains, a region which, in my boyhood wanderings with my grandfather Rising Wolf, I had glimpsed from afar. Nor did I dream that, only two years later, I was to take part in a great battle with the Sioux, in which Lonesome Charlie, and oh, so many others of my soldier and scout friends and acquaintances were to meet their end

As we neared the Black Hills, in the middle of the month, we began to see, in our front, signal fires of scouts of hostile Sioux camps, by means of which they kept their people informed of our advance; and then, on several occasions, we saw a few of the scouts, but never were able to get within range of them. At last we arrived in the Hills, where we found broad and fertile meadows plenty of water, slopes of heavy timber, and, actually, placer gold in the old channels of the streams. Our officers were very enthusiastic about it, and in a roundabout way, we learned that General Custer, and the geologists, were writing reports about the richness of the country. Around our evening campfire, we scouts had some talk about that, and all agreed that Bloody Knife was right, when he said

to us:"When the whits learn what we have found in these mountains,they will swarm in here like flies around a carcase,and then there will be trouble,great trouble: This is Sioux and Cheyenne and Arapaho country;it is so written on a treaty paper that the Great Father's chiefs and the chiefs of the three tribes signed."

So far as we scouts were concerned,this Black Hills expedition was one grand hunting trip;we killed all the buffalo,antelope,deer,and elk that we could use. General Custer and other officers also did considerable hunting, and the General,always lucky,killed a large grizzly bear. Charlie Reynolds was the only one of the scouts who had any real adventure: General Custer sent him from our camp in the heart of the Hills,with dispatches to Fort Laramie,and he had no sooner left us than he found the country so full of Sioux that he could travel only by night,and even then came near being several times killed by them. The last part of his hundred and fifty mile ride was without water,his horse gave out,and he walked into Fort Laramie,his lips and tongue so swollen from thirst that he could not talk. When he rejoined us at Fort Lincoln,soon after our arrival there in the end of August,he said never a word about the hardships and dangers he had endured,and we never would have learned about it, had not the commanding officer at Fort Laramie written General Custer about it. Then,when we asked Charlie for the story of his hard trail,the only reply that we got was,"Oh,it was the usual thing. Nothing worth talking about."

Except for a little deer and antelope hunting,life in Fort Lincoln was again monotonous enough to us scouts,and during the fall and winter we had but one bit of excitement:the capture,and escape of Rain-in-the-face.

In his rounds of the different Indian agencies along the river, to feel the pulse of the Sioux tribes,as it were,Bloody Knife learned that,at Standing Rock agency,seventy-five miles below Fort Union,this Uncapapa warrior, Rain-in-the-face,had been boasting that he himself had killed Doctor Honzinger and Mr. Baliran,the veterinary,and the subtler of the Yellowstone expedition of 1873. When General Custer learned this,he at once decided that he would have Rain-in-the-face arrested,brought to Fort Lincoln,and tried for murder. He

knew that many of Sitting Bull's hostile Uncapapas had come into the agency to trade their buffalo robes and furs for ammunition and tobacco, and that it would be very difficult to arrest him without a fight with his many friends. He ordered Captain Yates, and Captain Thomas Custer--his brother--to go with their two companies of the Seventh Cavalry, to make the arrest, and urged them to be extremely cautious in all that they did. As none of the command knew Rain-in-the-face, and as it was thought best not to have Bloody Knife accompany it, as he was becoming too well known as an Army scout, an enemy of the Sioux, a Ree scout, Skunk Head, went in his place to identify the man.

The outfit left Fort Lincoln on a bitter cold day in December, and two days later arrived at Standing Rock, where they casually let it be known that their errand was to try to recover some horses that the Sioux were believed to have stolen in the summer, from certain settlers on the Platte River. On the following morning, for a blind, one of the lieutenants was sent with part of the command to look for the stock, but was told to keep circling about among the herds within sight of the agency. At the same time, the Ree scout, Skunk Head, reported that he had just seen Rain-in-the-face, and a number of other men go into the trader's store. As soon as the detail of horse hunters rode out past the store, Captain Custer, with five of his men and the scout, sauntered into it and found it full of Indians, and the scout, as soon as he could do it without attracting attention, let Custer know that a certain one of them, standing at the counter, was the man wanted. Custer sidled up behind and suddenly siezed him, and he was obliged to drop the Winchester carbine which he had concealed under his blanket, in order to try to free himself. Then two of the troopers siezed his arms, while the other three and the scout, leveled their weapons at the crowd and held them at bay. Already a trooper standing outside at a window, had given Captain Yates a sign agreed upon, and he and a number of his men came in with a rush, and before two minutes had passed, Rain-in-the-face, well trussed up and bound upon a horse, was being hurried from the agency toward Fort Lincoln. At the same time, his friends were hurrying to the different camps to try to organize a force to pursue the soldiers and free him. But that they could not do,

as the most of the ablebodied men of the camps were out on a buffalo hunt. The command brought him safely to the fort, where he was taken to the guard house and chained to a white man, a citizen, who had been arrested for stealing Army oats.

On the following day, General Custer sent for Rain-in-the-face, and after questioning him a long time, he admitted that he had killed the doctor and the sutler. Then his brother, Iron Horse, came to beg the General to free him, and came again and plead for him, and was promised that the prisoner should have a fair trial. For some reason, the court martial was postponed, and while awaiting it, Rain-in-the-face had many visitors, scouts, soldiers, civilians, even wives of the officers, and he was kept well supplied with tobacco. Captain Tom Custer was a frequent visitor, and on one of these occasions I interpreted for him. During the talk, the Captain told Rain-in-the-face that he did not think that there was much hope for him; that he would probably be found guilty, and be sentenced to die. And at that, his eyes blazing with anger, the Indian replied: "The soldiers will never shoot or hang me! I shall live to see you, you who die, captured me!"

The Captain and I, of course, thought those but idle words, but they proved to be only too true. Of all my memories of that long past time, that threat of Rain-in-the-face is one of the most persistent. Was it given to him, wild man of the plains that he was, to read the future?

The citizen oats stealer to whom Rain-in-the-face was chained, had friends, and on a night when a blizzard was raging, they cut a hole in the log wall of the guard house and freed him and the Indian, and somewhere outside, removed the chain that bound them together. In the morning, all of the Seventh Cavalry and the Indian scouts were ordered out to hunt for the escaped prisoners, but neither of them could be found. It was reported, later, that Rain-in-the face, despite the terrible weather, never stopped going until he had crossed the Canadian line. He remained there for some time, until the search for him at the American Sioux agences ended, when he came back across the line to Sitting Bull's camp of hostiles, in the Powder River--Tongue River country.

In 1874 and 1875, the survey for the Northern Pacific railroad was practically at a standstill, owing to the determined opposition that the Sioux had made to its extension. General Custer's Black Hills expedition had, as Bloody Knife predicted, still further enraged them, as, following his report of the richness of that country, it was being invaded by prospectors. Sitting Bull was constantly sending messengers to the Northern Cheyennes, the Arapahos, Assiniboines, Yanktonais, and other tribes of the Sioux, urging them to join his hostile Uncapapas in preserving the last of their buffalo country from the inroads of the whites. The Government, on the other had, was making preparations to subdue them, and as a first step in that direction, in the summer of 1875, Lieutenant Col. J. W. Forsyth, and Lieuttenant Col. Fred D. Grant, on the steamboat Josephine, to make an examination of the Yellowstone River, with the view to building a strong Army post somewhere up it, in the heart of the hostile country. At Fort Buford, three companies of the Sixth Infantry were taken aboard, and the boat ascended the Yellowstone as far as Pryor's Creek, a distance of 250 miles by the channel. Favorable sites for a fort were noted. No Sioux were met, but near the mouth of Pryor's Creek, a camp of more than 300 lodges of Crows, Nez Perces, and Gros Ventres was found. They declared that the country in which Sttting Bull was hunting was their country, and that they would gladly assist the white soldiers in driving them out of it.

Nothing was done that year, toward establishing a fort on the Yellowstone. But in the fall, Sitting Bull's Uncapapas, and the equally hostile Cheyennes and Arapahos were notified that, if they did not return to their agancies by the middle of the winter, and remain at them, the white soldiers would make them do so; if neccessary, deprive them of their weapons and horses. Their reply to that was, that they were in their own country, peacably living upon their buffalo herds, that they intended to remain there, and that they would not allow a railroad to be built across their buffalo plains. At Fort Lincoln, when word came from Standing Rock of the defiance of the hostiles, us scouts got together for a grand council; and when Bloody Knife stated that, in his opinion, werwere to have a big fight, in which many us would be killed, as well as many of the soldiers, we all agreed that he was right. We held that council in February, and

from that time until our terrible losing battle on the Little Bighorn, in June, every one of us carried upon our backs, as it were, an ever increasing load of uneasy suspense, of dread of what the future held for us.

It was from Bloody Knife that us scouts learned the Government's plan to capture the hostile tribes,deprive them of their weapons and force them to return to their several agencies:General Crook,with about a thousand troops,was to advance upon them from Fort Fetterman,south on the Platte;General Gibbon,at Fort Ellis,in Western Montana,was to come down the Yellowstone with his troops of about six humdred men,and meet General Custer with his command, at Stanley's Stockade. The three commands were then to act in unison to crush the hostiles.

General Crook's force was first in the field. On March 1 it left Fort Fetterman,and on the 17th March,in terribly cold weather,it struck Crazy Horse's camp of Sioux on Powder River,and was so badlt worsted that it had to put back to Fort Fetterman for reorganization. It was increased to something like 1,500 men,including 200 Crow Indians,and a large wagon train, and on May 29,again left for the north. With his command,General Gibbon left Fort Ellis on March 30th.

At Fort Lincoln,we scouts were uneasy:General Custer had been ordered to go to Washington,and it was whispered about that he was in trouble there;that he might be dismissed from the Army. We did not want to go against the hostiles if we were not to go with him. Our hearts were glad when he returned. We felt hurt when we learned that General Terry,not he,was to be the chief of the expedition. However,he was still the commanding officer of the Seventh Cavalry,still our leader;we hurriedly prepared to follow him. We were to leave the morning of the 17th of May.

On the evening of May 16th,Bloody Knife called us scouts together in our quarters: "I have just had a talk with our chief,Long Hair," he began "He says that his woman is terrible low of heart,and the women of the other officers. They believe that we are not strong enough to go against the Sioux, they fear that they will never see their men again. So it is that Long Hair

say that,when we start,in the morning,we will parade past the fort and showing them that we are many,and strong,quiet their fears. We,my friends,we Indian scouts,are to lead this parade;truly a great honor. We are to ride ahead of Long Hair,himself leading his twelve companies of riders. So it is that I say we must dress ourselves as well as we can,and ride sitting straight up in our saddles. As we pass Long Hair's woman,and the women with her,we will sing our war song. Those of you who have drums,take them,beat them loudly in time with with the song."

In the morning,the line formed below the fort. First us scouts, then the Seventh Cavalry,and behind them,two companies of the 17th Infantry, one of the Sixth Infantry,and one of the Twentieth Infantry with three Gatling guns and the long wagon train and pack train. We led off. As we passed the quarters of the scouts,their women,crying,sang a sad song of farewell,a song that chilled us. We recovered,and passing the fort and the officers' women, we sang the Arickaree war song bravely,in perfect time to the beat of the four scouts' drums. The women smiled through their tears,cheered us,clapped their hands,and turned to watch the soldiers riding behind us,their band playing General Custer's favorite war tune,"Garry Owen." General Custer's wife,and his sister,the wife of Lieutenant Calhoun,had their horses ready,and accompanied us that first day out. We went but a little way and camped,and that night the troops and us scouts were all paid off,and the next morning,Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Calhoun went back to the fort with the paymaster.

We followed the route of our Yellowstone expedition of 1873,and as then,were again in the midst of herds of buffalo and antelope soon after leaving Fort Lincoln. General Custer again had with him his pack of grayhounds,but owing to the bad weather,did not hunt much with them. From the start,rain fell every day,and the going was so muddy that we were four days enroute to Little Muddy Creek,only forty-five miles out. Farther on,after crossing the Little Missuori,the weather cleared and we had better going. Nearly every day,General Custer,with one of his companies,and and us scouts,went ahead to look out the route for the command. Charlie Reynolds was with us,and also Frank Girard,who

several new scouts,with whom I was not acquainted. Word had come to us from Standing Rock agency,that the hostile tribes planned to gather somewhere in the badlands ~~marth~~ of the Little Missouri,and draw us into a trap that would finish us. So,when we neared that stream,General Custer,with four companies of his cavalry,and some of us scouts,made a big ride in search of signs of them. We found no trail of Indians new or old,but saw plenty of game,buffalo,antelope and deer,and in the steep badland breaks,a number of small bands of bighorns. On the following day,Charlie Reynolds,my brother and I took two of our extra horses for pack animals and went after the bighorns,and in a short time killed five,all fat rams. We returned to the command with the most of the meat and two of the heads,all that our horses could stagger under,and Reynolds gave General Custer one of the heads. I saw him,later in the evening,carefully skinning it,and removing the meat and brains,so that it could be properly mounted. With him were Captain Tom Custer,and Boston Custer,civilian forage master and the youngest of the Custer family,a mere youth,and their nephew,a boy named Reed whom they had allowed to come with the expedition so that he could see something of life on the plains. They were joking one another and laughing,and I watched them for some time,thinking what a happy family they were.

We had not gone far west of the Missouri,and were heading for Stanley's Stockade,on the Yellwstone,where we expected to meet Gibbon's command, the steamboat Far West and troops of the Sixth Infantry from Fort Buford,when scouts came to us with dispatches from Gibbon which caused us to change our course more to the west to Powder River,and striking it about twenty miles above its mouth, camped there several days,while General Terry and several other officers,with a strong escort,went down to the Yellowstone and met General Gibbon. From this Powder River camp,Major Reno,with a part of the Seventh Cavalry and some of the scouts,went south and west to look for signs of the hosties,and the rest of the command moved down to the mouth of the Powder,and later,on up to the mouth of Tongue River,which we struck on June 16th,the steamboat Far West arriving t there the same day. On the following day,as we learned later,General Crook and his command again had a terrible fight with Crazy Horse's band of Sioux,this

on the head of the Rosebud River, and again the great war chief fought him so hard that he had to turn back to his main camp, send his wounded on to Fort Fetterman, and wait for fresh troops and supplies to come to him from that point. The result was that he did not strike again until August.

It was near night on June 19th, when two of the scouts with Reno came in with word from him that he had found a big trail of the hostiles going west from the Rosebud toward the Big Horn River, where it was probable they were now encamped. On receipt of this news, General Terry sent orders to him to move down the former river, and on the morning of June 21, the united command went into camp at the mouth of the Rosebud. Across from us, on the north side of the Yellowstone, was Gibbon's command. The Far West came up with General Terry and his staff, and the officers had a grand council of war. At the same time, we scouts had a council with some Crow scouts, who, under Lieutenant Bradley, of Gibbon's command, had also bee out trying to locate the camp of the hostiles. On a small tributary of the Rosebud, they had seen a camp of about two hundred lodges of Sioux, peaceably hunting. Reno had come upon that same camp ground, and found there the dead ashes and coals of fourt hundred lodge fires. The Crows said that they were sure that it was the only camp of the enemy in the country south of the Yellowstone. Bloody Knife, Charlie Reynolds, and another famous white scout, who had recently joined us, Robert's and my old Fort Buford friend, Frank Girard, all declared that they were positive that there were no less than three thousand lodges of the different Sioux tribe and the Cheyennes and Arapahos, not far south or southwest of us. To that, the Crows all laughed, and their leader replied: "That is your belief. You are mistaken. We have seen all of that country; there is but that one camp of the enemy in it."

That the one camp camp of hostiles was the only one in the country, and that it numbered no more than, at the most, 800 or 900 ablebodied warriors, was also the firm belief of the officers, councilling on the steamboat, and General Terry planned the campaign against them accordingly. They were believed to be encamped on the Big Horn River, not very far above its mouth. General Crook

Michel Bruyer, a part Sioux scout with whom Robert and I had become very friendly.

believed to be already on or near the head of the Bighorn, would be able to head them off if they attempted to retreat southward. Terry therefore ordered General Custer to go up the Rosebud to the Indian trail that Reno had discovered, and, following it westward, be prepared to attack the camp on June 26, when he would be supported by General Gibbon's command. The latter was to at once move back up the north side of the Yellowstone to a point opposite the mouth of the Bighorn River, and there the Far West would ferry it across, and it would march up the Bighorn and get in touch with Custer's command.

General Custer with his ten troops of cavalry, a pack train carrying 15 days rations and extra cartridges, his own scouts, and six Crow scouts under Michel Bruyer, from Gibbon's command, left the mouth of the Rosebud about noon, June 22. As we led out across the bottom, we frightened several small bands of buffalo that were coming in to drink. My brother and I rode with an old friend of ours', Frank Girard, who had come up with the Six Infantry from Fort Buford, and then had been transferred to Custer's command. as its scout and interpreter, He had brought us messages from our father and mother, who were well and contened, except that they were anxious about our safety. Girard was very dark skinned, black haired and black eyed. Years before this time, he had been captured by Crazy Horse's band of Uncapapas, and had lived with them so long that he had acquired no little of their ways, and their religion. When we first met him, he had been in charge of the trading store in Fort Buford, that was in opposition to our father's old friend, Charles Larpenteur. Now, as we rode along in advance of the cavalry, he Crazy Horse, who was, he said, a hard fighter, and as wise as he was brave.

On this day, June 22, we went but a little way up the Rosebud, and made an early camp. The next morning, we broke camp very early and travelling all day up through badlands, stopped for the night a couple of hours before sundown. On the following day, the going was even worse. We scouts rode well in the advance and widely spread out. We saw no buffalo herds, and only a few scattering antelope, evidence enough that we were not very far from a camp of the hostiles. And then we struck the trail of them, the one that Reno had found, several days before. And what a trail it was; a trail all of three hundred yards wide, and deeply worn by travois and lodgepole ends. We went into camp close to the trail, and

cooking our supper,we scouts again councilled together about the outlook for us. All agreed that not two hundred or four hundred,but at least fifteen hundred lodges of the enemy had made that broad trail. Said Bloody Knife: "My fine friends,this trail that we have found proves that we heard about the Ogalalla, Minneconjou,Sans Arc and Teton Sioux leaving their agencies to join Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse;but I am sure that this big trail does not account for all that have left their agencies. There surely are other trails of them;and trails too of Cheyennes and Arapahos."

"Many Yanktonais and Assiniboines have answered Sitting Bull's call for help,and joined him," said Frank Girard.

"Yes. They too," Bloody Knife continued. "It is as I told Long Hair: this gathering of the enemy tribes is too many for us. But he will not believe me. He is bound to lead us against them. They are not far away,just over this ridge,on the one or the other of the forks of the Bighorn,they are all encamped and waiting for us. Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull are not men-without-sense,they have their scouts out,and some of them surely have their eyes upon us. Well, tomorrow we are going to have a big fight,a losing fight. Myself,I know what is to happen to me;my sacred helper has given me warning that I am not to see the set of tomorrow's sun."

Sad words,those. They went to our hearts,they chilled us. I saw Charlie Reynolds,sitting near me,nod agreement to them,and was chilled again when he said,so low that few heard him:"I feel as he does:tomorrow will be the end for me,too. Anyone who wants my little outfit of stuff"--pointing to his war sack--"can have it right now. He opened it,began passing out tobacco;a sewing kit;several shirts and so on. Many refused the presents;those who accepted them,did so with evident reluctance,handled them as though they were alive and would bite. We had little appetite for our coffee and hard tack,and the meat that we were broiling;while we were eating,word was passed from mess to mess to put out the fires. That was quickly done,and we lay down and slept for a time,three or four hours,when we again took up the trail of the hostiles.

it was General Custer's plan to,if possible,make a surprise attack upon the camp of the enemy. The command was to rest until about midnight,and then again take the trail;some of us scouts,meantime,were to push on ahead and try to to locate the camp. Michel Bruyer told the Crows,and I told the Rees,what the Lieutenant said,and Bloody Knife,who had understood him,had a ready answer to it: "We can not surprise attack the enemy! They are not crazy:without doubt their scouts have watched every move that we have made since we left Fort Lincoln," he said.

"Well,Bloody Knife,that is probably true,but we must try to surprise them,must we not?"

"Yes. O' course. We try!" he replied.

"Very well. We will go out in three parties:Bruyer,you take two of your Crows and go forward on the right of the trail. Bloody Knife,you take the left of the trail,with two of your Rees. You Jackson boys,and you,Reynolds, come with me on the trail."

We saddled our horses,mounted and struck out all together. As we passed the mess of the packers,I got from one of them,William Sellew,a friend,two boxes of the Henry rifle cartridges that he was carrying for me. Robert and I still carried our Henrys,and thought them far better weapons than the Army Springfield carbines of the cavalry. We were learning,however,to have great respect for the long barrel Springfield rifles that General Custer and other officers used when hunting.

We kept together for all of a mile and then Bruyer and the Crows and Bloody Knife and the Rees,branched off and left us to follow the trail.It led up over the high rough ridge that lies between the Rosebud and the Bighorn rivers,and that is named by the whites,the Bighorn Mountains. To one who knows the Rockies,the ridge seems to be merely an irregular line of high buttes. Of course,none of us four was acquainted with this particular part of the country. We thought it likely that there were some good springs on the ridge,perhaps the head of a small tributary of the Rosebud or the Bighorn,where the hostiles might have camped,so we moved on slowly and cautiously,often stopping

to listen for the barking of camp dogs in answer to the howling of the wolves, and to look for the red gleam of sparks from some sick one's lodge fire. So we went on and on through the night, getting no sight nor sound of the enemy, and at dawn, while we were at a stand, straining our eyes for a far look ahead, the command overtook us, and Lieutenant Varnum reported to General Custer. Here we rested for several hours and had some breakfast. While we were eating, several packers rode swiftly up through the command to Custer, and we soon learned that, during the march, they had lost a box of hard tack off one of their mule packs, and going back to look for it, had found some Indians around it, stuffing the contents into their clothing. None could now doubt ~~that the~~ that the enemy had all along kept watch of our movements. With a grim laugh, Charlie Reynolds said to me: "I knew well enough that they had scouts ahead of us, but I didn't think that others would be trailing along to pick up our leavings of grub."

Convinced, at last, that the enemy had all along been aware of our movements, and that we could not possibly surprise them, General Custer now ordered a quick advance, with the scouts in the lead and on the flanks of the command. We had not gone far, when Bloody Knife and his two Rees were discovered waiting for us, and they reported that they had been to the other side of the ridge, and there found a day old and heavy trail of more of the enemy, going toward the valley of the Little Bighorn, the east, and main fork of the Bighorn River.

On we went, over the divide, and soon after passing the summit, we discovering several enemy scouts watching us from high points ahead. One by one they turned and rode away toward the river as fast as they could go. General Custer now went on ahead with Bloody Knife, and overtook Reynolds, Robert and me, it was not long until we met Michel Bruyer and his two Crows. They were excited, and Bruyer said to Custer: "General, we have discovered the camp, down there on the Little Horn! It is a big one! Too big for you to tackle! Why, there are thousands of Sioux and Cheyennes down there!"

For a moment the General stared at him, then replied: "I shall attack them. If you are afraid, Bruyer--"

"I guess I can go wherever you do," Bruyer replied. And at that, the

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General turned back to the command, we following him. He had the bugler sound the officers' call, and the command rested while they got together, and Custer gave them his orders for the attack upon the camp. None of the scouts had been far in the lead, and they all came in. Rees and Crows and whites and Robert and I, we were a gathering of solemn faces. Speaking in English, and the sign languag too, so that all would understand, Bruyer described the enemy camp. It was, he said, all of three miles long, and made up of hundreds and hundreds of lodges, more lodges than he had thought were owned by all the tribes of the plains. Above it and below, and west of it were thousands and thousands of horses that were being close herded. With his few riders, Long Hair had decided to attack the camp, and we were going to have a terrible fight; we should all take courage, fight hard, make our every shot a killer. He finished, and none spoke. But after a minute or two, Bloody Knife looked up and signed to Sun: "I shall not see you go down behind the mountains tonight." And at that I almost choked. I felt that he knew that his end was near, that there was no escaping it. I turned and looked the other way. I thought that my end was near. I felt very sad.

The officers' council did not last long, and when it ended, Lieutenant Varnum came hurrying to us scouts and said that the command was going to split up to make the attack on the camp, and that we were to go with Major Reno's column, down the trail of the hosties, that we had been following from the Rosebud. While we were reinching our saddles, getting out more cartridges from our saddle bags and war sacks, the command stared. Lieutenant Varnum kept urging us to hurry, and at last, when we were all in the saddle, he led us to the front. As we passed Reno's column, I was glad when I saw that it was made up of Captain French's Troop M, Lieutenant MacIntosh with Troop G, and Captain Moylan with his Troop A., all of them officers and men of great bravery, particularly Captain French, I thought, though, of course, that was just my feeling about him. No doubt the others were just as brave. Lieutenant Varnum was excited, and eager to get us into the lead; as we passed Major Reno, at the head of the column, he--Varnum - kept looking back at us, waving his hat, and shouted: "Thirty days leave to the man who takes the first scalp!"

We now saw that General Custer, with five troops, was on our right, quartering off from the trail, and Captain Benteen, with three troops, was moving off to our left, to strike the Little Bighorn considerably higher than we would. Away back of us, with the pack train, was Captain McDugall and his Troop B, and Lieutenant Mathey with a few men from each company of the command. We were soon going down a narrow valley toward the river, and at this time, the Crow scouts left us and turned off to overtake Custer's column, which was then going out of sight around a bluff on our right.

At the foot of the little valley that we went down, and close under a bluff, we came upon a few lodges that appeared to be abandoned, and did not stop to look into them, Bruyer telling us that the big camp was well below there and on the other side of the Little Bighorn. We found it swift and full of quicksand, but crossed it without the loss of a horse and turned straight down the valley, went down it for more than a mile, and saw some of the enemy retreating before our advance. A grove of timber in a bend below, prevented us seeing their camp. As we neared the timber, we heard a single shot fired beyond it, and then the Indians began firing at us, and we slacked up, and let our column overtake us. We all then went on, and passing the timber, saw the great camp, and a horde of riders coming up from it to attack us. We all turned into the timber then, and got our horses into an old timber and brush dry channel of the river, which was three or four feet lower than the level of the valley west from it to the bluffs. As we were getting the animals into this shelter, one of them became crazy with fear and ran away with its rider, a man named Turley, and carried him straight down to the enemy, and that was the last we ever saw of him. Within two minutes from the time that we left our horses, and climbed up the bank from them, we had a line of defense in the brush and out across a little prairie dog town toward the quite near west bluff of the valley, and then came the rush of the enemy, all of five hundred well mounted riders in all their war finery, eager to get at us; they were a terrible sight; their shots, their war cries, the thunder of their horses feet were deafening.

It was the intention of the enemy to charge straight through the center of our line out from the timber, but when they were within a hundred yards of us, our fire began to affect them, and by the time they had come within fifty yards, we had shot so many of them, that they swung out and went streaming past the outer end of our line, lying low upon their horses and firing rapidly. The dust that their swift charge raised--the ground was very dry--almost choked us; it drifted upon us like a thick fog, and obscured the sun.

While the enemy were coming straight at our line, and just before they swerved to flank it, Robert, at my side in the brush, exclaimed "Look! That one on the big white horse! He's Black Elk!"

So he was, Black Elk, our enemy of the Round Butte, and Fort Buford. We both fired at him, apparently missing, but just as he with the others was swerving off to flank us, he suddenly pitched head first from his horse, and Robert shouted to me: "I got him!"

Several hundred of the enemy went thundering past that outer end of our line, and swinging in, began attack upon our rear; others were starting to cut us off from the river, and more and more arrivals from the camp were like a swarm of bees in front of us; we were being surrounded, only we were a few more than a hundred men against more than five hundred--probably a thousand--well armed and brave Indians, eager to wipe us out. I thought that we were about to meet our end right there, every one of us, when I heard an officer order us in to our horses. By the time we got to them we were entirely surrounded. I had seen one man of our line killed, and now, as we mounted, another one, right beside me, fell dead out of his saddle. I missed the Ree scouts, but saw Bloody Knife, Reynolds, Girard, and a negro interpreter from Fort Rice, all getting upon their horses. I saw Major Reno, hatless, a handkerchief tied around his head, getting up on his plunging horse. He had a six shooter in his hand, and waving it, he shouted something that I couldn't hear, and led swiftly off, up out of the depression

that we were in. We all swarmed after him,got out upon the flat,and headed back up the way that we had come down the valley,our intention being to re-cross the river and get up onto the bluffs,where we could make a stand. By this time,hundreds more of the enemy had come up from the camp,and all together they swarmed in on us and a hand to hand fight with them began. I saw numbers of our men dropping from their horses,saw horses falling,heard their awful neighs of fright and pain. We were now turning from our trail,heading straight in toward the brush and the river beyond it. Close ahead of me, Bloody Knife,and then Charlie Reynolds,went down,right there met the fate that they had foretold. A big heavyset Indian brushed up against me,tried to pull me out of the saddle,and I shot him. Then,right in front,a soldier's horse was shot from under him,and as I came up,he grasped my right stirrup and ran beside me. I had to check my horse so that he could keep up,and so began to lag behind. Numbers of Indians were passing on both sides of us,eager to get at the main body of the retreat,some of them not even looking at me and the man on foot at my side,others firing a shot at us as they hurried on. At last one of the passing Indians made a close shot at the soldier and killed him,and I [illegible] loose rein,Frank Girard came up on my left.and we rode on side by side. Ahead,[illegible]there was now a solid body of Indians between us and the retreating,hard pressed soldiers,and Girard shouted to me:"We can't go through them! Let's turn back!"

Indians were still coming on from the direction of their camp,and as we wheeled off to the left,and then went quartering back toward the timber,several of them shot at us [illegible],but the majority seemed to have eyes only for the big fight that was going on ahead of them. We killed two who turned out to attack us,and then got into thick high brush,dismounted and tied our horses. Just then we saw someone coming toward us through the brush,and were about to fire at him,when we discovered that he was Lieutenant De Rudio. He told us that his horse had ran away from him. We stood together for some time, listening to the heavy firing up on the river. Then De Rudio told us to turn our horses loose,to stampede them out of the brush ,as,if we kept them,there

attract the enemy to our hiding place. Girard replied that we couldn't part with them,and that,if the enemy should come in toward us,we would ride away, and they would of course chase us,and leave him safe where he was. But the Lieutenant did not like that plan:Well,if you will not drive your horses away, I will leave you," he gruffly said,and went off through the brush.

There was still heavy firing up the river. Out from us in the flat, we could see more Indians swiftly riding up it to join in the fight:"They are too many,this is the end of the trail for Reno's column," I said.

"Yes,and when they wipe his outfit out,they will come after us. Well, I still have plenty of cartridges,I will use them as long as I can," he replied

Just then Lieutenant De Rudio came back to us,and with him was Thomas O'Neil,of Company G,a man who was always joking and laughing,but sober faced now as he told us that his horse had been shot under him,and that,among others, he had seen good brave officer,Lieutenant MacIntosh,killed.right after Bloody Knife and Charlie Reynolds had gone down. He could not understand how he had escaped being killed as he came running back into the brush;he had seen six other dismounted men killed,and many of the Indians had almost ridden him down, or shot at him as they hurried on to take part in the fight at the river. He had killed two of those who attempted to ride him down.

Lieutenant De Rudio asked that we put our horses farther back in the brush,and then all four look for a hiding place at some little distance from the animals. We did that,and were soon lying in a small round sandy depression surrounded by rose brush and buck brush,and about twenty yards from the open flat,up which a few Indians were still hurrying from the camp below. We lay ead of us facing a different direction. Lieutenant De Rudio said to us:"Keep a good watch. We have only once to die,we must die brave men. But I hope we may yet get safely out of this."

In Sioux,I asked Girard what he thought about our chance to escape, and he shortly answered:"Many of them saw us turn back here."

The sound of the fighting up the river,seemed to be farther and farth er from us. After we were cut off from the retreat,as we learned afterward,the

enemy, at least a thousand of them against Reno's one hundred, drove the troops down a steep bank into the river and began following them across it. On the other side was a very high steep bank, and some of the troops managed to get up onto it and check the Indians until the remaining troops got up, when they all went to the top of the main bluffs and there made a stand, and were there joined by Benteen and his three companies, and then by MacDougal and the pack train. They then went north along the bluffs, to try to find General Custer's column and join it, but were driven back to the point from which they started.

Great numbers of the enemy now went down the flat in front of us, riding fast, and we heard heavy firing away down the valley and knew that they were fighting Custer there. The sun beat down upon us in our sandy depression and we began to suffer from heat and thirst. Women from the camp came up on horseback, on foot, and leading travoi horses, and began carrying off their dead and wounded, and stripping our dead of their clothing, and slashing their bodies. That was a tough sight. Said O'Neil: "That's the way they will cut us up if they get us."

"But does it matter what happens to our bodies after we die! The point is, we mustn't die!" Girard exclaimed.

As the day wore on, we suffered terribly from want of water. We seldom spoke to one another, just watched and suffered. Late in the afternoon, when we could no longer hear firing down the valley, De Rudio said that he tho thought it likely that Custer had managed to move up and join Reno, above us a couple of miles. Up there, the firing would die down, and then suddenly become heavy, as though the Indians were making repeated attacks upon the troops. Time and time again during the day, women in search of the dead, and men riding upon and down the valley, had passed within twenty feet of us; and had gone into the heavy timber and brush where our horses were concealed, and the two animals had never once whinnied when they heard their kind thudding up and down the flat. I felt sure that we could not much longer escape the keen eyes of the passers along our front. I thought of my brother, dead, probably, along with Bloody Knife, Stoup. I did not reply. I thought of my mother. I well knew that she was praying

It was all as though some strange power was protecting us, Girard told me in

Reynolds and others who had done their best to cover the retreat. I thought of our mother,praying her gods to help us. I would never see her again. I was terribly despondent.

With the coming of night I felt better,more hopeful;after all,it was possible that,in the darkness,we might make our way to the remains of our columnseveral miles up the river and on the bluffs on the opposite side. We decided to make the attempt:Girard and I were to ride our horses,the others were to walk beside us;then,if we were discovered,De Rudio and O'Neil were to drop flat upon the ground and we were to ride away,and of course draw the enemy after us. There was no longer any firing on the bluffs above,so we thought it possible that the troops had been wiped out. If that proved to be so,we intend- to try to make our way back to the mouth of Powder River,where we had left two companies of infantry.

We were no sooner out of the brush than we began to pass the bodies of the men and horses that had been killed along the line of Reno's retreat. The men had all been stripped of their clothing,and were so bady mutilated that,try as I would,I could not force myself to see if my brother was one of the slain. The moon was up,but it was shining dimly through haze that had settled in the valley. We had gone perhaps half-way to the river,when we saw six or eight Indians riding toward us,and Girard and I were starting to draw them away from our companions,when they swerved off to the west and then went on down the valley.

Passing more bodies of men and horses,we went to the river and came to a halt on the edge of a bank dropping straight down to the water. On the other side was a very highsteep bank;it did not seem possible that the troops had crossed at this place. We could not see a narrow buffalo trail on the opposite side,up which,as we later learned,they had climbed in single file. Close under us the current was swift and noisless. O'Neil jumped in to ascertain the depth,went in almost to his neck and would have been carried down stream had he not

siezed some overhanging brush and drawn himself to footing closer in. He filled his hat,a very large one-with water and passed it up to De Rudio,whi in turn handed it to me. I drank every drop it contained and wanted more;the cool water running down my dry burning throat gave me instant relief and strength. After the had had been filled and passed up again and again,De Rudio got down into the stream to test its current and depth,and soon agreed with O'Neil that it was too swift and deep for us to ford . We went on up the shore,looking for a place to cross. Back of us,down the valley,the enemy had built many fires in the open,and were singing,dancing,counting their coups around them. Ahead of us was black darkness,heavy silence. As we went on our hearts became more and more heavy;we feared that,somewhere on the bluffs on the opposite side of the river and above us,all of the troops had been killed. O'Neil said that the few riders we had recently seen,were probably the last of the enemy to leave the scene of their great victory.

We came to a place where the river was rippling and murmuring,as water does over a shallow stony bed,and De Rudio urged that we attempt to ford it there. I saw Girard,close beside me,take his watch out--it was a valuable gold watch--hold it aloft;and then in Sioux,he murmured:"Oh,powerful one,Day Maker! And you,people of the depths,this I sacrifice to you. Help us,I pray you,to safely cross here!" And with that,he tossed out the watch. We heard it splash into the water.

"What were you saying--what was that splash?" De Rudio asked.

"Take hold of my horse's tail,I will lead in," Girard replied. In we went,slowly,feeling our way,as it were. Nowhere across was the water up to our horses knees! When we reached the other shore I bit my lips hard to keep from laughing:all for nothing had been Girard's sacrifice to his gods.

Here on the other shore was thick brush,willows,bullberry and sarvis very high grass,
berry brush,and growths of cottonwood trees. We went quartering up through it, believing that we would soon reach the foot of the bluffs,and instead of that, again came to the river,and saw on the other side black bluffs rising to unknown height. This rattled us until we realized that,instead of travelling in a circle,

as De Rudio declared was the case,we had in fact crossed an island,and were now facing the main channel of the river. As no shots had been fired on the opposite bluffs since nightfall,we now believed that the remnant of Reno's troops had been killed up there,and after some talk,decided to go up where we had crossed the river after separating from Custer,and Benteen,and take our back trail for Powder River. Girard led off up the island,with De Rudio at his side,and I followed with O'Neil on the left of my horse. We had not gone more than two hundred yards,when,from a clump of brush not far ahead,a deep voiced demanded of us,in Sioux:"Who are you?"

The sudden challenge was a shock to us. I felt as though I had been struck with a heavy club. I saw De Rudio and O'Neil drop down into the waist high grass,heard Girard reply,as he checked up his horse:"Just us few."

"And where are you going?"

"Oh,out here a way," said Girard calmly,as he turned his horse and rode back past me,saying:"Come! We must draw them after us."

We rode swiftly down the island for several hundred yards,saw that we were not pursued,and stopped,then heard a few shots fired up where we had left De Rudio and O'Neil,and a moment later,heard the splashing of horses crossing the west channel of the river,and then the thudding of their feet as they went swiftly down the flat toward the enemy camp.

"Those Indians were pickets! Reno's outfit hasn't been wiped out,it is still on the bluffs ~~somewhere xxxxxxx~~ on the other side," I said.

"Right you are!" Girard replied.

We knew that our friends had fired the shots,and frightened that group of pickets so badly that they had left the island. We did not dare to return to them from fear that we would reveal their hiding place to others of the enemy; all up and down the river the brush might be full of them. We were ourselves in great danger,crashing through the brush with our horses,and decided that,if we were ever to rejoin our troops,we would have to do it on foot. We cached our saddles in a patch of high bullberry brush,marking it by breaking down a few of the branches,then tied the horses in a heavy growth of willows farther down,

and left the island and went on up the valley. Below, the Indians were still dancing and singing victory songs around their open fires.

A little way above the head of the island, we came to a very wide reach of the river that looked as though it was fordable, and decided to try it. As we were taking off our shoes and socks and trousers, I whispered to Girard: "If you had your watch now to sacrifice it--"

"I have given it, I have faith that we shall cross," he answered.

We waded in, each carrying a stick with which we prodded ahead for quicksand or sudden drop of the bottom. In the deepest place the water did not reach our waists and all the way across the bottom was rocky. On reaching the other side, we ran up into the brush, put on our clothes, and with rifles cocked and ready, started to go up onto the bluffs. Moving but a few feet at a time, and silently, we went through a narrow, timbered flat, and began climbing a steep, brush and timber slope. We had reached a heighth from which, looking down the valley, we could see the many dancing fires of the enemy, when I stepped upon a dry stick that broke with a loud snap, and at that, a Sioux close above us said: "Spotted Elk, did you hear that?"

"Yes. Maybe a deer," came the reply, up off to our left.

"I am thirsty; let us go down to the river," said another picket, [illegible] right. and at that, Girard and I turned and went leaping down the slope, and I stumbled and fell over a log and crashed down into a clump of rose-brush, and behind me and to my right, still another picket cried out: "What is the trouble up there?"

"Something running; sounds like a bear," one off to my left replied.

As I sat up, I could now longer hear Girard, did not know if he had stopped, or gone back to the river. There were Sioux below me, above, probably others scattered all along the slopes running up to the bluffs. The one who had said that he was thirsty, now said, I recognized the voice: "Anyone going to the river with me?"

None replied. I heard him go down the slope. After a time, go back

up it. Then all was silent on the slope. Lack of sleep,and food had weakened me,and though I fought against it,I began to dose as I sat there in the brush, surrounded though I was by the enemy. My head would nod,I would lean over more and more until about to lose my balance,then straighten up with a jerk. After a time,I realized that I had slept,for I felt refreshed. I opened my eyes and saw that day was coming. As soon as I could dimly see my surroundings,I realized that I hadn't sufficient cover,and getting out my sheath knife,I quietly cut a number of the rose bushes that I had crushed down when I fell into the patch, and set them up all around me. All was still quiet there on the slope,and down in the valley. Then in the half-light of the coming day,a number of shots were fired below,about where we had been challenged in the night,I thought. This firing aroused the pickets surrounding me. One of the cried out:"There are still a few soldiers alive down there!"

"Yes. But they are no more than five,maybe eight,and probably those shots ended them," said another.

"Let us go down and see if our men got them," one to my left proposed.

"You know that Gall told us to stay up here until he comes to make the big attack," said another.

"Well,anyhow we can go down to our horses,and be ready to join him when he comes with his many," still another proposed.

"Yes.""Yes " "Let us do that," the others agreed,and I heard them coming down on each side of me. I crouched still lower in my little brush corral. One of them passed within fifteen feet of me,the tail of his war bonnet fluttering behind him. As they went,a few more shots were fired,down in the valley. I may as well explain right here what was taking place down there:

When Girard and I left De Rudio and O'Neil,they remained on the island. In the dim light of dawn,they saw a large number of riders going up the valley, made out that one of them was wearing buckskin clothes,and were sure that they recognized him,and De Rudio shouted:"Tom Custer! Wait!"

The answer to that was forty or fifty shots that struck all around the

two, strangely enough, not one of them taking effect. They ran, dodging this way and that way around the thick clumps of brush, and finally, going around a growth of bullberry brush, came almost against six of the enemy. They fired at them, De O'Neil Rudio his revolver and ~~Oxxmx~~ his carbine, and two fell dead out of their saddles, and a third as the others went galloping off, unable to check their frightened horses. Then the two turned and ran the other way, up the island, and coming to a big jam of driftwood and brush they dropped down in it, and none came to look for them ~~there~~.

Because, just at that time, heavy firing broke out on top of the bluffs a little way down the valley from me, and the party that was searching for them, hurried to cross the river and join in the attack upon Reno's position. The daylight hillside pickets who had gone down past me, came hurrying up on their horses and passed on each side of my brush patch as they went on to also get into the fight. The firing on the day before had been terrible, but this was far heavier. By the sound of it, I believed that Reno and Custer and Benteen had gotten their troops together, and were doing the best that they could against three thousand Sioux and Cheyennes. I did not have the slightest hope that they would last an hour, so great were the odds against them. After a time, the firing slackened, died out, and I said to myself: "That settles it; the last ones of the troops have been killed." But soon the shooting broke out again, and I knew that it wasn't the end for them. Then, as the day wore on, and I knew by the sound of the firing that successive attacks upon the troops were being repulsed, I felt that they might hold their position until General Terry, with General Gibbon and his troops could come to aid them. This was June 26, the day that they were due to arrive here.

At noon or a little later, Indians alone, and by twos and threes, began to pass my hiding place as they went down to the river to drink, and then back to renewed attacks upon the troops. The log above me, lying crossway on the steep slope, prevented them riding ~~xxxx~~ down close by either edge of my brush patch, and after I had seen several of them swerve to the right or left to avoid the log, I felt fairly safe from discovery. I had not figured on what any of

them might do on their way up from the river. It was the middle of the afternoon when I discovered a lone rider coming up, a big heavy man on a small thin pony that he fiercely quirted, and heel thumped, and scolded as he tried to make it go straight up the steep slope. Heavy firing had again broken out above, and he was anxious to join in the fresh attack upon the troops. Finding that the poor animal could not carry him straight up, and unwilling to dismount and lead it, he turned it quartering up to the right, then to the left, again to the right, and then, when he turned again, he was coming straight toward me. I cocked my rifle, crouched as low as I possibly could in my narrow, built up hill of brush. On he came, nearer and nearer, to pass close by the edge of t the little brush patch. I saw, however, that he was not looking at his surroundings, but kept his gaze steadily upon the heights above, and I had strong hope that he would not see me as he passed. Nor would he, I believe, had it not been for the pony: right at the edge of the brush, the animal either got a glimpse of me or smelled me, and snorted and flinched, staring at me with forward pointing ears, and then the man, with a gasp of surprise, was raising his rifle to fire at me. I was too quick for him; my bullet struck him fair in the ribs, he threw up his arms, slumped heavily to the ground as the pony leaped from under him and went clattering down the slope. I half-rose up looked all around; no other riders were in sight, and the firing above was so heavy that I was sure my lone shot had not been heard. Dropping my rifle, I sprang from the brush, seized the man under his arm pits, and half-lifting, and dragging him, got him up the slope and then into the brush close under my protecting log. I never did understand how I managed to do it, so heavy was he, and so weak was I from want of food and water. He was pretty well concealed where he lay, but I cut a few bushes and scattered them on top him, and then got back into my hiding place; was about to crouch in it, when I saw his war bonnet, and his rifle, there in the open where he had fallen. I sprang out and got them, thrust the rifle into the brush, rolled up the bonnet and held-sat upon it. When I finished I was trembling with exhaustion, wet with sweat, choking from want of water. I had not regained my breath when I saw two more riders coming up from the river. The wornout pony of the man I

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had killed,was fifty yards below me,head drooping,ears lowered,still breathing heavily. The two newcomers rode close up to it,stopped and stared at it,and one said in Sioux,and in signs: "I know that horse. It is my close friend's horse. Let us take it up to him."

"No,your friend is probably killed. We must hurry up there to fight again," the other replied,in signs,and in language strange to me,Cheyenne,I thought. And at that,they came straight up toward me. I felt sure that now my end was near. I prepared to shoot at the right one of them the instant that they would discover me,and lo! they passed twenty yards to my right,with never a glance at my brush patch. I fully realized my narrow escape:had I been two minutes longer in putting the dead man and his belongings out of sight,they surely would have had me.

The day wore on. Now and then straggling riders passed up and down near my hiding place,the most of them well to my right. Late in the afternoon, I heard a commotion below, and at some risk of discovery,I stood up to see what it was about:a multitude of people,countless bands of horses,were going up the valley. The women and children and old men were moving camp while their warriors continued the fight up on the bluffs. I could hear,more clearly than the firing above,the shrill voices of the women as sang. They were singing happy, victory songs,but still the fighting was going on. I could not understand that. Where was victory for them when the fight was not ended. I worried about it. I got up again,and looked down into the valley:there were more people,more horses in the long broad column going up the valley,than I had ever seen together. I said to myself;"Now I understand. Their warriors are so many that they know that they will wipe out the troops. They sing of the sure victory that their fighters are winning." I sank back down in my hiding place with heavy heart.

From that time,I saw no more riders on the slope where I lay,and when at nightfall,firing above entirely ceased,I decided that the last of the troops had been wiped out,and the victorious warriors had passed above me as they went to join their moving camp. Of the three who had been with me the night before,

I believed that De Rudio and O'Neil were dead,and that Girard was probably already on his way back to the Yellowstone. I decided to strike out for those, too. It would be useless for me to out where the troops had made their last stand;I could not bury the dead,there would be no wounded for me to aid:Sioux and Cheyennes never left any wounded enemies on the field. Well,first I must have some water. I got up,stretched my numb legs,and started for the river.

Though I was quite sure that there were now no enemies on the slope,I went down it very slowly,often stopping to look and listen. At the foot of it,I went out across a narrow strip of brushy bottom ,then a bit of sandy shore,and was about to kneel and drink when,close on my left,I heard in Sioux:"Who are you?" And though I flinched,I recognized the voice and oh,what a feeling of relief came over me as I replied,in English;"Girard! Don't shoot!'

We ran to meet oneanother,and shook hands as though we had been parted for years. I told him my experiences of the day. He said that he had found a good hiding place in an old driftwood pile overgrown with high rose-brush,and had run little risk of discovery,though many of the enemy had ridden quite near him during the day. He did not believe that all of our troops had been killed up on the bluffs,as firing up there,though slight toward the last, had kept up until it was too dark for anyone to shoot with certainty. I proposed that we cross the river,get our horses if they were still where we had tied them,and then go up where the troops had made their stand,but he insisted that we go up from where we were;we could look for the horses later.

The fighting had been to the north of us,so we went down the valley a little way,and found a heavy trail that the enemy had used during the day, and followed it up the slope from the river,but soon left it and climbed in a more northerly direction. We went more and more slowly as we neared the top of the bluffs,and at last stopped side by side to look and listen,stood there a long time,heard nothing,saw nothing but the last of the bare steep rise of the bluff above us. At last,Girard whispered to me:"Well,I guess they are all dead up there."

But just then we heard a strange noise,nudged one another,listened more intently,heard it again,knew then what it was:the husky coughing groan of a horse. "Hi,there!" cried Girard.

And oh,how glad we were when we heard someone close above us, reply in good American:"Who are you?"

"Girard!" "Jackson!" "Don't shoot!" we shouted,and ran to the top and were met by my brother and a number of men of Captain Benteen's company,and the first thing they asked of us was,had we seen anything of General Custer's column?

We briefly related our experience of the two days,and said that we were sure that Lieutenant De Rudio and private O'Neil were dead. I asked where the Ree scouts were,and Robert replied:"I saw them taking the back trail when we were getting into the fight,down in the valley." That proved to be true. When they saw the hundreds and hundreds of the enemy advancing to attack us,they turned about and never stopped until they reached the Yellowstone.

We sat down,Girard and I,and Robert brought us a few hard tack, and told us of the terrible time the troops had had here on the bluffs. With knives,broken canteens and the like,they had thrown up a few slight breatworks, but the enemy,shooting from higher ground,had killed some of the men where they lay behind them. Time and time again,great numbers of the enemy on horseback,had all but succeeded in taking the position. There had been great suffering from want of water,and several men had been killed in going to the river for it. All would have been lost had not Benteen,and then McDougal,joined Reno soon after he made the top of the bluffs. In the worst of the fighting, Reno,Benteen,French,and all the other officers had kept going from company to company,encouraging the men,supplying them with cartridges;that they had not all been killed was a miracle.

A little way back from where we sat,men were groaning;we learned that fifty wounded men were lying there,and near them,many dead. A later count of the losses in Reno's battalion was:killed,67;wounded,52.

An hour or so after Girard and I rejoined our column,De Rudio and O'Neil came up,and received hearty welcome.

It was believed that the Indians would make another attack upon us, and we held ourselves ready to meet it. Day came at last. We looked down into

the valley:all of the enemy had gone,taking their lodgeskins and belongings, but leaving their sets of lodgepoles standing. Away below the encampment,we saw a heavy cloud of dust rolling up the valley,and Major Reno sent two men to see if if they were more Indians,or troops that were coming. A little later, with their field glasses,Captain French and Lieutenant Varnum made out that they were troops,and shouted to us the good news. We watched the long column of them come on,cross the river and go into camp where,two days before,the enemy had made the sudden and overwhelming assault upon us. Then some of the officers came up to us,General Terry,General Gibbon and others. We were all of us happily smiling as we watched them meet our officers. And then our smiles froze on our faces,our hearts felt as though they were lead within us,when we learned that,they had found General Custer and all of his command, not far below us, dead,stripped and mutilated! Then I knew why,the women and old men of the great camp had been singing the victory song as they moved up the valley. on the previous day,

There on the bluffs,we buried our dead as best we could without proper implements,and killed the many wounded horses. General Terry's men carried our wounded down to their camp. Girard and I went down and found our horses and saddles right where we had left them,and then we helped bury Charlie Reynolds,Bloody Knife,and others of Reno's troops. We then went down the valley a couple of miles,recrossed the river and came to General Custer's battlefield, a sight more terrible than I can describe. Of all the 203 men in his command, he alone was not scalped or mutilated. But it was different with the body of his brother,Captain Tom Custer;it was barely recognizable. The moment that I saw it I thought of Rain-in-the-face's prophecy in the Fort Lincoln guard house more than a year before. I believed that this was his work. It was,as I learned several years later. Yes,Rain-in-the-face alone killed Captain Custer,and then cut out his heart!

While some of us were burying the dead,others were making litters for carrying the wounded. Meantime,word had been sent to the captain of the Far West,on the Yellowstone,to bring his boat up the Bighorn as far as he could. We all started down from the battlefield at sundown,travelling very

slowly,and made only fifteen miles during the night,as the wounded men had to be moved with the greatest care. At daybreak,we put them aboard the Far West, which had come forty miles up the Bighorn River from its junction with the Yellowstone,for this purpose. We thought the appearance of the big steamboat there in the badlands,in a stream that was more a creek than a river,was one of the oddest things that we had ever seen.

As soon as the wounded were all on board the Far West,it started for Fort Lincoln,more than 700 miles distant by channel of the Bighorn,Yellowstone,and Missouri,and and arrived there after a run of only 54 hours,and 28 women in the fort learned that they were widows. Our mother had gone down there from Fort Buford,to try to get news of Robert and me,and she told us afterward that the grief of these women,particularly Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Calhoun,was very affecting to those who witnessed it.

After disposing of our wounded,the command moved down the Bighorn to the Yellowstone,and down it to the mouth of Tongue River,where we went into camp for the rest that we so much needed. From there we moved up to the mouth of the Rosebud,where steamboats brought up reinforcements,six companies of the 22nd Infantry under Col. Ellis,and six companies of the 5th Infantry under General--then Colonel--Miles. A few of the Ree scouts rejoined us at this place;the majority of them had gone straight down to their reservation after the big fight,where they said that they had had all of scouting life that they wanted.

Around the evening camp fires,the one subject of conversation was now the terrible defeat of the Seventh Cavalry,the pride regiment of the United States Army. One night it came to the ears of us scouts,that all of the officers,with the exception of those who had been with Reno's troops on July 25,were blaming Reno for General Custer's defeat,they maintaining that he,Reno, had made a cowardly retreat,and that,if he had held the position where he was first attacked,he could then have rejoined Custer,and,together,they would have won the battle. We were all of us pretty angry when we heard this. Said Girard:

"If those officers had been with us, they would not now be talking this way!"

And at that, Robert, always quick tempered, sort of went wild. He threw his food and all into the fire, sprang up and shouted in Ree, so that all would understand: "I am going right now to those officers and tell them just what I think of them!"

"Oh, no you wont! We will not let you get into trouble with them," Girard exclaimed. And at that, he and I sparang up and siezed Robert and held him until he promised that he would say nothing to the officers about the matter.

It was and is the firm belief of us scouts and soldiers who were Reno that 25th of June, 1876, that the day was lost by General Custer himself. Though he was warned by three reliable scouts, Bloody Knife, Reynolds, and Bruyer, as he well knew they were, that the enemy far outnumbered his troops, he would not wait for General Terry and General Gibbon to come up; and then, when he decided to attack the great camp, he lost all chance of winning the fight by splitting his command into three columns, sending Benteen to strike the river far above the camp, Reno to attack the upper end of the camp, and going himself to attack its lower end. The result was that Benteen never got to the camp, and that, while Custer was enroute to its lower end, Reno was suddenly attacked by an overwhelming number of the enemy, all of 1,000 well armed and desperately brave fighters against his 130 soldiers and scouts, and he could do nothing but retreat to the bluffs. Even there he would soon have been defeated had he not been luckily reinforced by Benteen, and then by McDowell with the pack train, both of them trying to find Custer, who was already on the defensive, more than two miles down the valley. And there, of course, he and all of his troops were wiped out when, having crippled Reno so badly that he could not move, then the whole force of the enemy concentrated upon his position.

Yes, through his own fault, General Custer, rashly brave, lost the battle of the Little Bighorn.

To go back: When we moved to the mouth of the Rosebud, General Terry sent four soldiers of Gibbon's command to carry dispatches to General

Crook,a very dangerous undertaking,as the whole country was now infested with parties of Sioux and Cheyenne scouts,sent out by their chiefs to watch the movements of the different bodies of troops. The soldier messengers found Crook and his command not far south of the head of the Rosebud,and on their return,two of Crook's scouts accompanied them,William Cody,or Buffalo Bill as he was better known,and Omahundra,Texas Jack. They wore beaded and fringed buckskin clothes,rakish broadbrimmed hats,and were both of them walking arsenals. Our officers made much of them. They looked at us Indian scouts with aloof eyes,never once spoke to us. But that didn't hurt our feelings;we rather pitied them:we knew that they could not possibly be better scouts than we were. we who had been born to this kind of life:we who wore plain old clothes, and made no talk about our adventures.

The steamboats having now brought up supplies that General Terry had ordered from Fort Buford and Fort Lincoln,he moved his largely reinforced command south to the head of the Rosebud River,where we met General Crook with his troops. The two commands together numbered between 6,000 and 7,000 men.A number so large that,remote from a base of supplies,it could not do effective work against the hostiles,now split up into a number of bands that could move from one place to another much faster than the soldiers could follow. After some ineffective search for camps of the enemy,the two commands moved northeast across Tongue River to the mouth of Powder River,and from there General Crook left with his command for the Black Hills country,toward which several camps of the enemy were moving. As he had no Sioux interpreter,our old friend Girard went with him in that capacity,and one of his Indian scouts,Medicine Fly,a Cheyenne,remained with us.

From the day when we first met,on the head of the Rosebud,Medicine Fly and I became inseparable friends. He was a youth of my own age,and,I think,the finest type of the Indian that I have ever seen. He was of average height,slender wiry figure,face of perfect,kindly features,and his hair,in two braids beside his short scalplocks,hung almost to his heels. He had become an Army scout not from enmity of his people,but because as a scout,he hoped to be able to induce them to cease their hopeless warfare against the whites.

When General Crook started with his troops for the Black Hills, General Terry crossed his command to the north stde of the Yellowstone, and set out to locate Sitting Bull's camp of hostiles, which was said to be hunting buffalo somewhere between that river and the Missouri. We went north to the Big Dry badlands, and then east, travelling day after day in the midst of great herds of buffalo, but finding no Indians nor any signs of them; and satisfied, at last, that there were none in that part of the country, we turned south and struck the Yellowstone at the mouth of Glendive Creek, at which point the steamboats, owing to the now low water in the Yellowstone, had unloaded our supplies. As winter was now not far off, and there were not enough supplies to be had for the whole command, General Terry sent the Seventh Cavalry--all that was left of it--to Fort Lincoln, ordered General Gibbon to return to Fort Ellis, and then he went down the river with other troops of the command, leaving General Miles with his regiment of the Fifth Infantry, and six companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, under Col. Otis, to complete the fort at the mouth of Tongue River, and to hunt and capture the scattered bands of Sioux, if possible. All of us Seventh Cavalry scouts, John Bruyer, of Gibbon's command, and Medicine Fly, of Crook's command, were transferred to General Miles' command. The last steamboat of the season to arrive at Glendive camp, brought two companies of the Seventeenth Infantry to help in the construction of the new post, and after that the river became so low that further supplies for us were unloaded at Fort Buford.

Not long after the departure of the last steamboat, General Miles sent Medicine Fly and me with dispatches to Fort Buford, from the mouth of Tongue River, a distance of about 150 miles. Although our route was believed to be free of the hostiles, we took no chances that we could avoid, and travelling at night, arrived at the fort the morning of the fifth day out, having seen no signs of the enemy. There, while resting our horses, and waiting for the answers to the dispatches, we put in some of our time in the trader's store. Our pockets were heavy with bright gold pieces, and we spent them freely and foolishly, except that I bought a number of useful presents for my father and mother, whom I had not seen for a long time. Medicine Fly had never worn anything but moccasins, but now a pair of heavy boots with red leather tops captivated his eye, and he bought

and put them on,and then stumped about in them as though his legs had gone stiff with rheumatism. Dressed in Indian costume,wide flap leggins,breech-clout,red shirt and gaudy blanket,long braided hair hanging down his back,he was a funny sight in those red topped boots.

"They hurt your feet," I said to him.

"Yes."

"Then take them off;put on your moccasins and be comfortable," I urged.

"No. As I am now a soldier,I must wear soldier things,even if they do hurt me. And anyhow,they are so beautiful,so very beautiful,the red leather against the black,that I love to wear them,keep looking at them," he replied.

And then,on our last afternoon at the fort and in the store,a soldier bought a large accordeon,and played several lively tunes with it. Medicine Fly stared at the player,listened entranced,and turning about,signed to my father, clerking behind the counter:"I want one of these opens-and-shuts singer;how much? Twenty pieces you say. Good!" And putting down a gold piece,he took the accordeon and carried it out to put into his war sack.

That evening we were ferried back across the river,and saddling up, we took our trail for the mouth of Tongue River. At daybreak,we watered our horses in the Yellowstone,made camp in a small grove,and had breakfast. Then, when Medicine Fly took the morning watch,and I lay down to rest,he got out his accordeon and made such discords with it that my teeth went all on edge,and all of the birds in the grove fled from it on swift wings. However,he was so pleased with his performance that I hadn't the heart to stop him,and he kept up up for all of an hour,and then at frequent intervals during his watch.

Upon our way to Fort Buford,our horses had become somewhat footsore, and now on our way back ,on the third night,they were so crippled that we had trouble in making them go at all. So,when we stopped at dawn,we remained in that camp two days and two nights,to give them a good rest,and then,as we had seen no signs whatever of the hostiles,and believed that there were none of them in that part of the country,we travelled by day instead of night. So going,we

took the trail very early one morning,expecting to camp that night with Col. Ellis' troops at the mouth of Glendive Creek. But our horses again became so footsore that we could hardly get them out of a shuddering walk,and,too,we lost some time in killing a cow buffalo,in order to get some meat. So it was that when night came,we were still five or six miles from Glendive Creek,and our horses were too worn to go farther. We watered them in the river,picketed them on good grass,built a small fire in the edge of a grove,and had a dainty supper of broiled boss ribs. As soon as we finished eating,I proposed that we put out the fire,but Medicine Fly objected to it,saying that we were in no danger there,close to the camp of the troops,and in country that they were constantly scouting;and the fire was very pleasant in the chill evening,and he wanted to sit by it for a time. I said no more,but when he got out his accordeon and began making harsh discords with it,I took up my blankets,went a little way from him and lay down under a clump of willows. At that distance, the noise was more bearable. I began to doze,and was almost asleep when I heard a shot,a shrill cry,and springing up,saw my friend writhing upon the ground. As I ran to him he cried to me:"I am shot!" I lifted him,ran with him to the willows where I had lain,expecting that every step I made would be my last,but not another shot was fired,nor did I get even a glimpse of an enemy. I laid my friend down. He groaned terribly as I examined him and found that he was shot through the abdomen and probably a kidney. Beteen his groans he managed to say to me:"Only one shot! None fired at you when you came to me! How strange!"

And then,after a little:"I don't mind dying,I am not afraid to die, but the pain,oh,it is terrible! I burn inside. Water. My friend,do you think that you can get for me a little water?"

I ran out to the little fire,my eyes so misty that I could barely see its now faintly flickering flame,and as I went,I expected at every step to feel a bullet plunk into me. I found our two quart coffee pot,ran to the river and washed it and filled it with water,and then back to my dying chum,and never a shot was fired at me. And never did I see a man drink so thirstily and so much as he;I held the pot to his lips and he nearly drained it. I hurried to

the river and refilled it,and he drank of it thirstily again and again until he became delirious,and at midnight died,died in my arms,and I laid him down and covered his body with one of my blankets;and half-crazed with grief and anger,stood up and shouted in Sioux:"You dog-face killer of my friend,whoever you are,come out from your hiding place! Come out and face me,you coward dog-face!"

I got no answer to my challenge. I shouted it again and again,got no reply. The moon had come up,I could see our horses where we had picketed them. both now well filled up and resting. I started to go out,saddle mine and ride on to Camp Glendive with the dispatches that I carried,when I suddenly realized that,as carrier of those important papers,I had no right to expose myself,as I had been doing. I had been crazy enough,shouting to the enemy to come into the open and fight me. I looked down at the still form of my friend,whom in the short time that I had known him I had come to love as though he were my own brother,and then I sneaked back into the timber and headed up the valley.

Day was breaking when I arrived at Camp Glendive,and was challenged by a sentry. In his tent,nearby,Lieutenant Casey heard me talking to the sentry,and hurrying out,asked what was the trouble. I told him how I had lost my fellow dispatch carrier,Medicine Fly.

"Oh,that is sad!" he exclaimed. "Such a nice,brave youth he was! And to be potted like that! Well,we will do our best to pot the potter!"

I went with him to the commanding officer,Colonel Ellis,and repeated all that I had said,and he ordered me to guide Lieutenant Casey and a company relieved me of my dispatches and of mounted men to the place where Medicine Fly had been killed. We arrived there at nine o'clock. The two horses were still grazing where Medicine Fly and I had picketed them,and they greeted our mounts with pleased whinneys. I lifted the blanket from my friend's still form,and with bared heads the Lieutenant and his men looked pityingly down upon it,and then at the accordeon,lying right where it had dropped from his hands,its bright keys glittering in the morning sun. I covered the body again,and we turned from it,and circled and circled the little grove,the whole bottom,and found not the slightest trace of the enemy wh

had killed my friend. As Lieutenant Casey had ordered,his men had brought along a pick and two shovels;they dug a deep grave with them,we lined it with a blanket,then lowered the body,laid upon it the accordeon,the rifle and the war sack of the youth,the lieutenant saying:"Sure,we'll put them in. Perhaps we don't know it all. Maybe there is a shadow place where his shadow can use their shadows."

and at my request,

And then we laid in another blanket,filled the grave,fired a volley over it,and so left Medicine Fly to his last long rest. Often,thereafter,we talked about his passing;wondered and wondered why,after shooting him, the enemy had not shot me,and taken our horses. It was all a mystery that we never fathomed.

and weapons.

As my dispaches had been forwarded to General Miles,at Tongue River Camp,I remained at Glendive Camp for a week,and then went on with a wagon train of supplies to that point. A few days after I reported to General Miles, he ordered my brother to go to Glendive Camp,to scout for Colonel Ellis. A little later,scouts who had been out to the south,reported that a large number of hostiles,believed to be Sitting Bull's camp,were moving north toward the Yellowstone,and General Miles sent for me,and told me to select three of the India scouts,and report to Col. Ellis,at Glendive Camp,and remain with him until further ordered. We pulled out on the following morning,riding the best horses that we had. When we had gone a couple of miles on the trail,one of the Rees, Bear Plume,called a halt and said to us:"Friends,last night,my dream was bad:I believe that,somewhere ahead,we are to have trouble."

"When the Sioux move,they always have plenty of scouts in the lead," said another.

"We use our eyes," I said,as I led on again. As the day wore on,I had an ever increasing feeling of uneasiness,a hunch,as it were,that we were to meet the enemy.

And for once,my hunch came true.

On the first night out from Tongue River Camp, we rested at Red Creek. We had seen no Indians during the day, and the night passed quietly, except that we were twice almost over run by herds of buffalo travelling north We suspicioned that they had been been chased during the day, by hunters from the northward moving camp of Sioux.

We left Red Creek at dawn, intending by hard riding, to arrive at Glendive Camp by sundown, at the latest. At intervals during the day, we saw more herds of buffalo going north, but saw no Indians, nor any signs of them until, toward evening, the smoke of several signal fires rose in thin black columns from the bluffs on the opposits side, of the Yellowstone. We were then nearing Spring Creek, about 15 miles from Glendive Camp, but, when we discovered the smoke of the signal fires, we hesitated about following the trail down into it, for we believed that, if the scouts of the hostiles were laying for us, they were close ahead, there in the narrow and deep cut that the creek had worn in the plain. We came to a halt about 800 yards from the cut, and I got out my field glass, looked at the signal smokes on the opposite bluffs, but could not see the fires from which they rose. I then looked at the trail ahead, and just where it broke down into the cut, and close to the left of it, I saw something make a slight movement in the gray sagebrush, and looking closer, made out that it was the war bonneted head of an Indian who was watching us: "One Sioux is there in the edge of the cut, and there are probably more," I said, as I thrust the glass back into its case.

"Ha! Let us back trail as fast as we can go!" Bear Plume proposed.

"No! We will make for the timber down there," I said, pointing to a grove a mile away, on the bank of the Yellowstone.

"Yes!" "Yes!" the others cried, and away we went, and had not gone thirty yards when, looking back, we saw fifteen or twenty come up out of the cut,

hot after us. They did not fire,nor did we as we quirted our horses and kept them going as fast as they could run. We crossed the level tableland,flew down the steep brushy slope to the river bottom and on toward the grove,and slowly but surely left our pursuers farther and farther behind. Then,when we were abo about a hundred yards from the timber,they began firing at us,and a little later,one of their bullets struck one of our number,a young man named White Antelope,and he fell from his horse,crying out to us:"They have holed me! Help!" At that,we checked up our horses and swung back,and while I opened fire at the enemy,Bear Plume and the other Ree left their horses dismounted,and siezing the wounded man,ran with him for the shelter of the timber. One of my shots brought down a horse, and another one struck a rider and sent him tumbling backward to the ground, but the others kept coming and shooting,and I wheeled my animal about,and overtaking my companions as they were entering the grove,I sprang off and let my a amimal go,and helped carry the wounded one on into some thick willows. There we luckily had a straight cutbank of the river to protect our rear. However,none of the enemy attempted to come in there after us,where we would have every advantage of them. The brush was so thick and high in front of us that we could not see what they were doing;we believed that they would wait until dark,and then try to sneak in on us.

Our wounded man was biting his lips,suppressing his groans. I knelt to examine him and he whispered to me:"No use to do that,I am going." I pulled down his right leggin,found that he had been shot in the groin and was bleeding to death. Though I felt sure that I could not stop the flow of blood,I started to take off my shirt and use strips of it to bind the would,but before I could get it off,he said to us,"My friends,I go." And then he tried to sing somethin his breath gave out and he was gone.

"Hai ya! White Antelope,our good friend,our generous,our brave friend but a little time ago,back there on the trail,singing so happily! His songs are forever ended!" Bear Plume exclaimed.

"Hai ya!" "Hai ya!" we echoed.

Night came. We sat in a row,rifles cocked,listening,watching for the

approach of the enemy. We had seen none of them since entering the willows, and since sunset heard none. Time passed. Now and then we whispered to one another our thoughts, our conjectures. One said that he believed we would soon hear the enemy sneaking toward us. Another one thought that they would come noislessly in, and attack when they could see to shoot. Then, some time after midnight, we heard shooting down the river, apparently several miles away, and we all agreed that that meant but one thing: the enemy were attacking a wagon train enroute from Glendive Camp to Tongue River Camp. It was not heavy firing, it soon died out, and that meant that the attack had been repulsed, and the train would come on in the morning. We believed, too, that the riders who had chased us, had made the attack on the train, had anyhow taken part in it, and that we were free to leave the grove. We soon decided just what we would do: we sneaked quietly down below the cutbank to a sloping shore, had a good long drink of water, and then noislessly went to the north edge of the grove, and stood there a long time, looking and listening for the enemy. All was quiet out in the sagebrush bottom, and as we could not hear even the stamp of the feet of a horse, we felt quite sure that the enemy had left us to attack the wagon train, and an uneasy returned. However, we did not intend to take any chances that we could avoid; we got down upon hands and knees and started creeping out through the sagebrush. Luckily, I had a pair of heavy leather gloves, and I put them on and took the lead, and feeling my way, was able to avoid the beds of cactus that grew here and there in the brush. So going, and pausing often to rest and watch and listen, we went out into the bottom until the grove was just a dim dark blur behind us, and then, fully satisfied that, if the enemy were still surrounding the grove, we had cut through their line, we got upon our feet and crossing the bottom, climbed the slope up to the edge of the plain, and stopped in a heavy growth of sarvis berry brush and rose brush at the head of a shallow coulie. We were there only a few hundred yards from the wagon trail, and not a mile from where it crossed the narrow cut of Spring Creek. Believing that there were many Indians between us and the wagon train, we did not dare attempt to go to it, and decided to remain right where we were until the train should cross Spring Creek and come out opposite

us,when we could easily join it.

We were right in our belief that the enemy were between us and the w wagon train. Day came,and just as the sun was rising,we saw fifty or sixty of them come out of the timber lining the lower end of Spring Creek,and rode up the the Yellowstone bottom a little way. There they halted,and with my glasses, I could see several of them pointing to the little grove into which we had been driven the evening before. I thought that they were planning to make an attack upon it,when they suddenly turned about and came up onto the plain midway between us and Spring Creek,rode out to the wagon trail,turned east upon it,and dismounted when about a hundred yards from the breaks of the creek. Two of their number then went on afoot to the edge of the breaks,where the wagon trail went down into the cut,and there they flattened out in the brush to watch for the train. The others,allowing their horses to graze,gathered in several small circles and smoked and talked. They were all of them dressed in their beautiful war clothes,and had on their war bonnets.

Now this,as I learned a little later,is what had happened to Colonel Otis's command at Glendive Camp: A few days before General Miles ordered us to report there,Col. Otis had started a wagon train for Tongue River Camp,with an escort of four companies of Infantry,under Captain Miner,and the first day out, it had been attacked by a large body of Sioux,and lost so many mules,that it had been obliged to return to the camp. Colonel Otis then reorganized the train and himself escorted it with five companies of Infantry--about 200 men,including my brother as his scout. Making an early start,they travelled all day without seeing any of the hostiles,and camped in a bottom of the Yellowstone,about two miles below the mouth of Spring Creek. There,about midnight,a small party of the hostiles attempted to stampede their animals,but were driven off without any loss to the train and its escort. That was the occasion of the shooting that we three,cached in the grove with our dead companion,had heard.

At a little after sunrise of this day,the train started on,and as it was coming down into Spring Creek,Colonel Otis sent my brother and one of the soldiers to scout ahead,and warn him if they should get sight of the enemy. They

crossed the creek,and started up the west slope of the cut,and at about that time,we three saw the two Sioux scouts sneak back from it a little way,and sign to their party to come on. A few minutes later,all of them mounted,they went with a rush down into the cut and out of our sight,and heavy firing began They all at first,concentrated their fire upon Robert and the soldier,but,they though many of the bullets made holes in their clothing,and one in the top of Robert's hat,they were neither of them wounded. It surely was a close call for them,a miracle as the saying is,that they were not killed there on the slope.

As soon as the enemy appeared on the slope,Colonel Otis sent a part of his men forward and they drove them back,and we saw them come up out of the cut and go north and out of sight in the rolling hills. A few minutes later, some of the Infantry came in sight on the trail out from the creek, then the lead wagons appeared,and leaving our hiding place,we ran forward,making the peace sign,shouting our names,and were met by my brother and several of the soldiers,and later by Colonel Otis,to whom I briefly related our experience with the enemy. He at once told off a few men to go with me to the grove and bury White Antelope,and we soon did that and rejoined the comman surrounded with the Infantry,
As the train,now moved on over the level plain,the party of Sioux that had attacked it,came out along our north flank,and from the Yellowstone,opposite the mouth of Cabin Creek,many more came hurrying to worry our front,left flank and rear,and we occasionally exchanged shots with them,but no done damage was to either side. We were nearing the breaks of Clear Creek,and there,we well knew,we were to have trouble. Signal fires were now burning here and there on the opposite side of the Yellowstone,and ahead of us and behind, and we could see more and more Indians riding toward the Clear Creek crossing. As we neared it,Col. Otis ordered Robert and me,and my three Ree companions,to join the two companies of Infantry forming the left side of the advance guard. The trail went down a long coulie into the creek bottom,and when we entered it several hundred Indians gathered on the bluffs on our left and began firing down upon the train. We charged up at them as fast as we could run,answering their fire,and yelling so loudly that we all but killed the sound of their war

songs. We drove them out on the plain to a low ridge, wounding or killing five, who were taken up and carried on by their companions. While we were doing this, others of the Infantry drove back more of the hostiles who had gathered on the bluffs on the west side of the creek. So protected, the wagon train came down to it, and when all the animals had been watered, it moved on up onto the plain and went on, surrounded by the troops, and they in turn surrounded by an ever increasing number of the enemy, who became more and more persistent as we advanced. They repeatedly fired the prairie in our front, and then in the thick smoke tried time and again to over ride us, and break up our close formation by stampeding our work animals. But every time we drove them off with some loss of their numbers. Late in the afternoon, we made camp on the high, dry plain, and took account of ourselves. Not one of the troops had been killed, and but four wounded; we had, on the other hand, wounded and killed not less than twenty-five of the enemy. As evening came on, they went off south to the Yellowstone, and we passed a quiet night. Early in the morning, when we started on, they came out from the river and again surrounded us, but kept out of range of our bullets. We had not gone more than a mile, when a lone rider approached us, making the peace sign, and when at a distance of about 300 yards, he dismounted, stuck a stick in the ground, and pointing to it again and again, got back upon his horse and rode back the way he had come. We could see that something white was attached to the stick, and Colonel Otis told my brother, who was mounted, to bring it in. It proved to be a letter from Sitting Bull, and we wondered and wondered who had written it for him; it did not seem possible that there was anyone in his camp who could read and write, and yet, there was the letter, which stated, as I remember:

"What are you doing on this trail, scaring all my buffalo away. I want to hunt here. I want you to turn back, and if you dont I will fight you. Leave all the food that you have, and some powder. Answer my letter right away.

Your friend,
Sitting Bull.

When Col. Otis read that to his officers, they grimly laughed, and one of them said: "A white man wrote that, the blank blank renegade! How I would like

to meet him!"

Colonel Otis said:"I will write no answer to it!" Then said to my brother: "Robert,you ride out and say to any of the Sioux who will meet you, that I am going on to Tongue River,and will be glad to fight Sitting Bull and all his tribe,at any time."

I borrowed [illegible] from a citizen teamster,who was one of the night-herders,and rode out with my brother. We advanced making the peace sign,and at five or six hundred yards from the train,were met by two of the Sioux,whom, so far as we knew,we had never seen before. Robert said to them at once:"I bring you the words of the soldier chief,back there. He says:"Tell Sitting Bull that I am going on to Tongue River. Tell him that I shall be glad to fight him and his men at any time."

"We hear you," one replied. They stared at us,not angrily but very sadly,and the other one said to us:"You two,like us,of Indian blood,how can you help the white soldiers drive us about,make us and our women and children suffer? You should be ashamed,greatly ashamed of yourselves."

Said the other:"You both know that the whites have meanly wronged us, stolen our country and our game from us again and again,and here,in this last place of plenty of buffalo,where we could live in peace and plenty,they still pursue us. Yes,you should be ashamed of yourselves for helping them."

"You Sioux have ever fought our people,the Pikuni,the Blackfeet. Right here where you are,is our country,these herds of buffalo are our buffalo. So it is that we help the white soldiers fight you," Robert replied.

"There is country here big enough for your people and ours',and plenty of buffalo for both. Yes,it is Blackfeet country,but if the white soldiers drive us from it,not long will it be your country:as surely as you sit there on your horses they will take it from you,just as they have stolen the Black Hills, and the wide plains around them,from us," said the first speaker. And at that, without another word,they turned and left us,without once looking back,and we hurried back to the command. We did not tell Col. Otis what the Sioux had said to us. We were sure that they were wrong. We knew that,in the treaty that our

people had made with the Government,in 1855,it was plainly stated that,from the Canadian line south to the Yellowstone,and from the Rocky Mountains east to a north and south line intersecting the junction of the Missouri and the Yellowstone,was Pikuni--Blackfeet territory,and we firmly believed that the treaty would never be broken. Ha! How simple we were to have had that faith!

The train moved on,the hostiles coming up from their camp on the Yellowstone in ever increasing numbers,to surround and attack us. However,we had killed so many of them on the previous day,that they now fired at us at very long range,we seldom replying to their harmless shots. After crossing Bad Route Creek,we discovered two Indians coming toward us from the Yellowstone, one of them waving a white rag,and we signed to them to enter our lines. They proved to be two scouts from Colonel Carlin,at Standing Rock Agency,who had sent them to advise the hostiles that the best thing they could do for themselves,their women and children,would be to cease fighting and return to their agencies. They said that they had camped for the night with Sitting Bull,and that he wanted Colonel Ellis to come out away from the wagon train and talk with him. Colonel Ellis told them to tell Sitting Bull,that,if he wanted to talk with him,he would have come in to the train.

In an hour or so,the scouts came in with three of the hostiles,but Sitting Bull was not one of them:he would not xxxxxxxxxxx come within range of the troops. His three messengers had a short talk with Colonel Ellis,in which they said that the Sioux and Cheyennes were very angry at the soldiers for coming into their country and frightening away their buffalo herds,which were at once their food and their clothing. They were now hungry,and were almost without cartridges and powder and ball for hunting,and wanted to make peace.

Colonel Ellis replied that,if it was peace they wanted,they would have to talk with General Miles,at Tongue River camp,about it. He would not,himself, give them any ammunition,because,if they had not fought him,they would right then have more than enough to last them all winter,for killing buffalo. He did give them several boxes of hard tack,and some bacon,and at that we moved on. During the day,we were followed by some of the enemy,but they did not again

attack us,and we passed a quiet night. On the following day we saw none of them except a small party,hunting,evidently,well to the north of us. In the evening,when we trailed down into Custer Creek,we found General Miles encamped there with all but two companies of his Fifth Infantry. Alarmed for the safety of the overdue wagon train,he had come out to look for it.

The two scouts from Standing Rock,before returning to Sitting Bull, had told us that he was moving north,to his camp upon the great herds of buffalo ranging in the badlands of the Big Dry,and to obtain ammunition from the traders at Fort Peck,the Assiniboine Indian Agency. Upon learning this,General Miles decided to go after the camp,and ordered Robert and me to rejoin his troops. We made an early start on the following morning,Colonel Ellis with the wagon train,pulling out at the same time,for Tongue River.

We travelled northeast,and at noon, of an October day, struck the big trail of the Sioux, and were met by the two Standing Rock scouts,who said that Sitting Bull wanted to have a council with the soldier chief. This was arranged,and a little later,General Miles and Lieutenant Bailey,and four others including my brother,met Sitting Bull and five of his men,at some distance outside our lines. I wanted to see this chief of whom I had heard so much but did not have enough assurance to ask the General to let me go to the council in place of one of his soldiers. However,my brother told me all about the meeting. Sitting Bull,he said,was a man of average height,good build,and strong intelligent face,and of few words;he thought carefully what he would say,before speaking. He asked General Miles what he was doing in the country with his soldiers,and the General replied that he was there to move the Sioux in to their agencies. To that,the chief said that the whites hated Indians,and Indians hated white men. This was Indian country,so he and his people would not leave it. They intended to remain in it and live upon the buffalo,as Indians had lived,from the time the gods first made them,and gave them the buffalo plains upon which to wander. General Miles then told him that he would be foolish to refuse to return with his people to his agency,because further fighting could only end as all Indian wars had ended,in the Indians being whipped. That made the

chief terribly angry;his eyes were like fire as he replied that it was better for him and his people to fight and die,that to be confined at an agency and starve. The whites were liars,never again to be trusted:they had made treaties with the Sioux,and broken every one of them. In the last treaty,they had acknowledged that the Black Hills country was Sioux country,and then had taken it from them. During the talk,a few more Sioux had one by one slipped in to the council,and now one of them put a rifle under the buffalo robe that Sitting Bull was wearing. General Miles noticed it,and said that all but the six Sioux agreed upon,must leave the council. They made no move to go,so he declared the council ended.

The Sioux made no attack upon us that night,and we took their trail early the next morning,and after travelling three or four hours,sighted their camp. Sitting Bull and his chiefs of the day before,came out from it and had another council with General Miles. As he had about a thousand fighting men as against four hundred of us,he believed that he could whip us,but for the sake of the women and children of his camp, he proposed to make peace if General Miles would move all the soldiers and other whites out of the country,leaving only the traders along the Missouri,from whom his people could buy ammunition for hunting purposes. This council took place only a couple of hundred yards from our lines,and the troops stood in battle formation,uneasily watching it,unable of course to hear what was being said;but we hoped that it would result in the surrender of the hostiles;we did not want to fight them,so few were we,they so many. Replying to Sitting Bull's proposal,General Miles told him that if he and his people would not surrender within fifteen minutes,the result would be a fight,and that the whites would bring more soldiers into the country,and keep on fighting the Sioux until they would all be wiped out. The interpreter,of course,could not transpose fifteen minutes into the language of a people who knew nothing of clocks;he had to say,surrender at once,now. And at that,Sitting Bull feared that he was trapped;he pointed to the truce rag that one of his men carried,and said that he had believed he and his men would be safe with it. He was assured at he would not be fired upon as he returned to his camp,

and away he went with his men, all of them shouting to the great gathering o:

warriors beyond, that they were to fight.

Doubting that Sitting Bull and their other chiefs would succeed in making peace with General Miles,the Sioux warriors had painted themselves, put on their war clothes,stripped the coverings from their feather rimmed shields,and mounted their best horses,while their women and children prepared to move camp,in case the fight should go against them. As the General returned to our lines,we could see the warriors massing in our front,shouting to one another,and we impatiently waited for the order to advance to be given;as we were to fight,we wanted to do it at once and have an end to it. But there we stood while the General,watch in hand,marked the passing of the fifteen minutes that he had given Sitting Bull to accept his terms. Every minute of the time seemed an hour to us.

At last the order was given to advance. The Sioux immediately set fire to the prairie in our front,and as the smoke from it enveloped us,they came swarming along our front and flanks,firing at us the while they shouted their war songs. My brother and I,with Bruyer and the other scouts,were with Lieutenant Casey,in the advance. We aimed and fired as best we could in the swirling smoke of the burning grass,and saw now and then an enemy go down. We expected every moment to be forced to make our last stand,but we kept on going, the enemy retreating,and as we neared the outskirts of their camp,Robert said to me,shouting to make me hear:"They're not so fierce,so sure of themselves as they were on the Little Bighorn!"

"No,they are not!" I shouted back. And just then one of their shots nearly lifted my hat from my head. I snatched it up,set it on more firmly,noting the hole in the crown;it had been a close call for me.

We began fighting our way right through the camp. The women had taken off with them some of their lodges,complete,but in most cases had taken only the lodge skins,and such of their lodge effects as they could quickly load upon

their horses. They had left much of their stores for use in the coming winter, in all, tons of carefully dried buffalo meat and back fat; hundreds of parfleches stuffed full with dried berries; several tons of marrow grease, and pemmican; raw and tanned skins of antelope, elk and deer; many tanned robes, and sides of buffalo leather, many cooking utenslis, axes, travois, ropes and the like. Seeing red as I did then, bitterly hating the Sioux, I felt like singing when these stores fell into our hands. I could not then realize how terribly despondent the women had been when forced to abandon them.

As we drove on through the abandoned camp, I saw that some of our mounted men were rounding up bands of the enemy horses, so I took a braided rawhide rope from one of the lodges, and from another lodge, a light riding saddle with elk horn bow and cantle, and strapping these to my back, fought on. A band of the captured horses came my way, and I caught and saddled and mounted a good pony with this band, and with others captured later, were a number of Custer's Seventh Cavalry horses, all of them mere skin and bones, from the hard usage to which they had been subjected.

Soon after we passed through their abandoned camp, the Sioux surrounded us on all sides, with the evident intention to wipe us out, or at least so cripple us that we could no longer follow the trail of their fleeing women and children. To meet their attack, General Miles formed the troops into a hollow square, and had our two small pieces of artillery made ready to fire. The Sioux came on bravely enough, shouting defiance, singing their war songs, rapidly firing their rifles. For a time the fighting was desperate; it seemed that it was, indeed to be another Custer fight. And then our little field pieces opened fire upon them and they began wavering and falling back when the shells burst close to one group and another of them. I do not believe that a single one of them was killed or crippled by the shells, but they could not know that to them, mysterious force of them: a ball that was fired from a cannon, and then fired itself, was bad medicine. Retreating, they tried to draw us from the trail of their women and children, but we kept following it, they harrassing our flanks until night, when they disappeared. We had killed and wounded a number of them during the day. Our losses were only one man killed and four wounded.

The night passed without incident. In the morning, when we again took the trail, going down Bad Route Creek toward the Yellowstone, some of the Sioux appeared again and during the day, fired at us now and then, without effect. On the following day, we saw where a small party of the hostiles had branched off from the trail and turned north, and later learned that they were Sitting Bull, and chiefs Gall, and Pretty Bear, with about forty lodges of their Uncapapas. Then, as we left Bad Route Creek, and headed toward the Yellowstone, to camp opposite the mouth of Cabin Creek, the hostiles sent from their camp on the south side of the river, Bull Eagle and several other chiefs to us with a request for another council. They admitted that, as we had deprived them of all their stores of food, driven them from the buffalo herds to the north, and fought them until they were about out of ammunition, there was nothing for them to do but surrender. They promised to go to the Cheyenne agency, on the Missouri, and five of their chiefs, after some talk, agreed to act as hostages that this promise would not be broken. Lieutenant Forbes with a small detachment of men, took the hostages down the Yellowstone, and thence down the Missouri to the Cheyenne agency, at which place their following, more than 400 lodges of Minneconjou, and Sans Arc Sioux, arrived in due time.

When the terms of the surrender were decided upon, and the hostages left under escort, we returned to Tongue River Camp, and after a rest there of only a couple of days, started out again to look for Sitting Bull and his following of Uncapapa Sioux. It was the fifth of November when we left the camp, and cold weather had already set in. We scouted the whole country from the Yellowstone north to Fort Peck, the Assiniboine Indian agency on the Missouri, and upon arriving at that place, three of us scouts, John Bruyer, my brother and I, set about learning from the Indians gathered there, the location of Sitting Bull's camp. Although but few of the Assiniboines had taken part in the war of the summer, their sympathy was all with their brother Sioux tribes, and they became dumb, and glared at us with eyes of fire, when we questioned them. So at night, we wrapped ourselves in blankets, and so disguised, strolled about in their camp, listened to the talk in their lodges, and learned that Sitting Bull was camped on the Big Dry Fork of the Missouri, and was intending to obtain ammunition by surprising

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a surprise attack upon Carroll, a small trading post on the Missouri, about thirty miles above the mouth of the Musselshell River. When we reported this to General Miles, and some of the scouts, he sent four of his companies to look for the hostile camp in the Dry Fork country, and himself moved up the Missouri with six companies and the rest of the scouts, including my brother and me. When we arrived at the mouth of Squaw Creek, more than a hundred miles above Fort Peck, we were overtaken by a messenger from that place, who said that it was being whispered about in the Assiniboine camp, that Sitting Bull and his Uncapapas had turned and were moving east, with the intention to cross the Missouri near Fort Peck, and live upon the buffalo herds to the north of the river. Taking the chance that this report might be true, General Miles sent Lieutenant Baldwin with three companies and a few wagons of supplies, back to Fort Peck, and sent one company up to Carroll, and himself turned south with the rest of his command, to look for the hostile camp in the country between the Missouri and the Yellowstone. The weather was now bitterly cold, the snow more than a foot deep. We suffered intensely; were often without wood. We did not find the camp, nor did Captain Snyder, when the other companies, scouting to the east of us, and after making a round of more than four hundred miles, we returned to Tongue River Camp on the 14th of December, four days after the arrival of Captain Snyder and his troops.

Lieutenant Baldwin and his small troop had better luck than we did. Upon arriving at Fort Peck, he learned that Sitting Bull had been joined by others of the hostiles, and that his camp, now numbering nearly two hundred lodges, was encamped on Porcupine Creek--on the north side of the Missouri. As found the camp, however, on the head of Redwater Creek, on the south side of the river, and by a surprise attack captured it and many horses. His troops were so worn that they could not pursue the fleeing Indians. They destroyed the camp, however, and that put an end to Sitting Bull's activities. In the spring, with several hundred of his followers, he sought refuge across the Canadian line, and remained there for several years, until General Miles persuaded him to return to Standing Rock agency, and be good.

Now that Sitting Bull and his following had been rendered harmless,

there remained of the hostile tribes, the Northern Cheyennes, under their head chief, White Bull, and the Ogalalla Sioux under Crazy Horse and Lame Deer. Upon our return to Tongue River Camp, scouts whom we had left there, reported that they had found the combined camp of these tribes; it was located far up on Tongue River, and numbered more than six hundred lodges, or about four thousand people, of whom at least fifteen hundred were fighting men. Great herds of buffalo surrounded the camp, and the scouts reported that the hostiles were killing large numbers of them, drying great quantities of the meat for future use, and tanning the hides, which with they intended to buy ammunition from the traders along the Missouri. Upon learning this, General Miles decided to proceed against the camp and capture it if possible.

With a small bulltrain, and two pieces of artillery disguised with bows and sheets to resemble wagons, we pulled out from Tongue River Camp on December 29, in far below zero weather and two feet of snow. The freezing breath of the men and animals as we plodded along, was like a low drifting cloud over our heads. Many of the soldiers suffered terribly from the cold, but Robert and I, and all the others native to the country, were comfortable in our heavy clothing, closely wrapping blankets, and our feet in two pairs of buffalo robe moccasins; the tracks that we made with them were of giant size.

After travelling up Tongue River about sixty miles, we saw some of the hostiles retreating before our advance, and on January 1, and again on January 3, us scouts, in the advance, had some fighting with their rear guard. We kept on after them, day after day, and on January 7, the scouts made an important capture. Following the fresh trail of the retreating Indians, we found that a part of them had branched off and gone up Hanging Woman Creek. We took the right hand trail, the one up the creek, and had gone but a little way when we discovered a few Indians coming back down it, and easily captured them and escorted them down to the command. They were Cheyennes, and one of them was a noted medicine woman, named Wool Woman. Another was the widow of a great warrior, Walking White Man; the others were a young man and four children. They had, we learned, turned back to take the trail up Tongue River, upon learning that their relatives had gone that way. As soon as we were rid of them, we again started up the right hand trail, but were soon met by

several hundred of the enemy. We were then near a small grove of cottonwoods, and dodging into it, we found several old war houses that gave us some protection from the bullets that came like hail around us. We returned the fire, and killed or wounded several of the enemy, but could not check their advance; night was coming on, and in the dusk they surrounded the little grove and began sneaking in upon us under cover of the heavy undergrowth of rosebrush. It was all up with us, we thought, when an advance part of the command came up and drove them off.

We had been pushing after the hostiles so fast that, hampered as they were by their women and children, we were steadily gaining upon them; we knew that they would soon have to turn about and fight us, and that they did on the following morning. We had not advanced far up the narrow valley when they appeared in large numbers upon the pine clad bluffs on each side of it, and began firing down upon us. They had left their horses out of sight back of the bluffs, and came charging down at us on foot, and we, on foot too, waded through the deep snow up to meet them, and the firing soon became very hot. More of the enemy appeared in our front and rear and we were entirely surrounded. Then our two little field pieces began action, and if the shells did no damage, they frightened every little group near which they burst. The largest and fiercest party of the enemy was on the bluffs to our left, and was led by a Cheyenne medicine man named Big Crow, who, unharmed in many fights that he had had with the whites, and with enemy tribes, maintained that his sacred and powerful medicine made him bullet proof. Dressed in beautiful war clothes, the long tail of his war bonnet fluttering and swaying at his back, he led his party down at us, shouting his name, defying and taunting us to meet him. John Bruyer, my brother and I were side by side in the left flank of the part of command that Captain Baldwin and several other officers were urging forward to repel his attack. I heard Bruyer shout: "That Big Crow, we must get him!" All three of us, and doubtless others, fired at him and him alone But he led his party to within fifty yards of us before he lost control of them and they turned back up the bluff. Half way up it, however, he again rallied them and led them back down, dancing and singing and circling in front of them, renew-

their courage,giving them assurance that he would lead them to victory over the hated whites. Then all three of us fired at him at the same time,and as he threw up his arms and fell,we each shouted:"I got him! I got him!" And then we looked at one another and grinned,and wondered whose bullet,one of ours' or that of some trooper,had brought him down. When he fell,some of his men siezed him and the whole party hurried back up the bluffs and out of our sight. The hostiles on the opposite bluffs,and in the valley,had seen him fall,and at that they began retreating back up the valley,and we followed them for a mile or two,until our strength gave out in the ever deepening snow. It was snowing then. By the time we got back down to where camp was being made,we were too tired to eat. We counted our losses:three killed and eight wounded. We marvelled that they were not more. On our part,we had killed and wounded at least fifty. The command was in such an exhausted condition,that further pursuit of the hostiles was out of the question,and on the following day,we started back to the mouth of Tongue River,and after great suffering of the wounded and many others of the troops,arrived there on the eighteenth of January.

We had punished White Bull's Cheyennes and Crazy horse's Sioux so severely,depriving them of a large part of their winter stores,forcing them to expend the greater part of their ammunition,and driving them up in to deep snows of the mountains where,with their wornout horses it would be difficult for them to obtain meat,that we believed they were now in a mood to surrender. The captive Cheyennes were of the same opinion,so,a few days after we returned to Tongue River Camp,General Miles sent John Bruyer with two of them,to offer the hostiles peace on certain terms. They were gone about a month,and on their return were accompanied by White Bull,and Little Hawk--uncle of Crazy Horse,and more than twenty other prominent men of the two tribes. They were given plenty of food and tobacco,quarters in tents with stove heaters,and after a number of talks with the General,they agreed to surrender to him on his terms which were that they must turn over to him a certain proportion of their horses arms and ammunition,and then return to their several agencies. White Bull,the Cheyenne chief,Buffalo Hump,head warrior of the Ogalalla Sioux,and seven other

principal men of the delegation, offered themselves as hostages that their tribes would agree to the terms, and the others went to back to their camps, to bring them to move in. White Bull, particularly, was eager for his tribes to make peace with the whites, and General Miles, having great faith in his good will, put him on the pay roll as a scout, and gave him a new soldier uniform. He put it on and strutted about, admiring himself. He thought it far more elegant than his truly beautiful war clothes and war bonnet. Later on, several more of the Cheyennes, and Buffalo Hump and other Sioux, were also enlisted as scouts.

By the middle of April, the Cheyennes, and Crazy Horse's band of Sioux had complied with the terms of surrender, and turning over to us several hundred horses, and many rifles, had set out for their various agencies. Sitting Bull's band had crossed the Canadian line; of all the hostiles who had fought us in the previous year, there remained only the band of Sioux under Lame Deer, who swore that the white soldiers should never drive him away from the buffalo herds of his own country. This south-of-the Yellowstone country actually was owned by the Crow Indians, but Lame Deer had no regard for their rights.

To aid us in bringing this last band of the hostiles to terms, we were reinforced by four companies of the Second Cavalry, commanded by Captain Ball, from Fort Ellis, and on the first of May we left Tongue River Camp. Beside the cavalry, the expedition was made up of two companies of the Fifth Infantry, four newly appointed companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, and us scouts, including the Cheyennes and Sioux scouts. John Bruyer, my brother and I and a few other scouts were sent ahead to look for Lame Deer's camp, and on May 5th, at a point about thirty miles up Tongue River, we reported to General Miles that we had found the trail of the hostiles where, about two weeks before, they had gone west from Tongue River toward the Rosebud River. There could be no doubt that Lame Deer's scout were watching our column, and General Miles thought of a way to mislead them as to the object of the expedition: he moved the command across the trail and on up Tongue River, and made an early camp. There we left the wagon train with three companies of Infantry, and with the four companies of the Fifth Cabalry, and the other companies of Infantry mounted, we set out, soon after dark, west

ward to look for the hostile camp. It was a rainy cold night, but we made about thirty-five miles, and crossing the Rosebud, at daylight made our camp in a little basin in the high ridge between the Rosebud and the Bighorn rivers. From there, a few of us scouts went out to look over the country, and from a high point on the ridge, we discovered Lame Deer's camp; it was about twelve mil miles to the south, on a little stream running into the Rosebud, and close under the rough ridge. Without being seen by the hostiles, we returned to General Miles and told him of our find, and he went out with a small escort, and with his field glasses looked at the camp and planned how to approach it. Having done that, he returned to camp. In the afternoon, Robert and I and Buffalo Hump, and one or two other scouts took the watch on the high point. We saw from it a rising dust cloud to the east of the Rosebud, then dark masses of running buffalo, and knew that the hostiles were out there after meat. Toward evening we saw them slowly crossing the river and going up to their camp, their horses burdened with all the meat and hides that they could carry. Eagerly watching them, Buffalo Hump said to us: "How I would like to have some of that meat they have killed; a few fat back ribs, hot from the coals and dripping juices. This soldier food that we are eating, I say that it is no good; eating it, I am growing weaker every day."

"Tomorrow, maybe, we shall make peace with Lame Deer, and he will invite us to feat with him," said Robert.

Buffalo Hump gave a grim laugh and replied: "Lame Deer has vowed to his gods that he will never make peace with the whites! If you eat any of his food, you will do it over his dead body!"

We went back down to the command, just before sundown, satisfied that none of the hostile scouts had discovered us during the day; they were, doubtless, watching the wagon train and Infantry, that we had left on Tongue River. As soon as it was dark, the command moved forward, Lieutenant Casey with us scouts in the lead. We travelled very slowly, and at a little after midnight, when not far from the hostile camp, rested until day was near, and then went on again. It was dawn as we approached the camp of fifty lodges, and already some of them were redly glowing with the cooking fires that the women were building. Large herds of

horses were grazing close to the lodges and on the steep slopes out from them, and General Miles ordered Lieutenants Casey and Jerome, with the mounted infantry, a company of the cavalry, and most of the Indian scouts, to stampede the herd up the valley, and circling, bring them around to our rear. Away they went, and the rest of the command attacked the camp. Firing began at once, and the women and children started running to shelter up in the bluffs.

White Bull, Buffalo Hump, my brother and I were with General Miles and his orderly. Robert's horse had given out and he kept up with us by hanging to the tail of my horse. We rode to the top of a little hill and saw four of the Sioux approaching us, one of them leading a horse that the advance charge had failed to capture. One of the four men was waving a white rag, making the peace sign, and looking at him closely, Robert said, in Sioux: "Maybe that one is Lame Deeer, himself."

"I think it is. I will go down to him," said Buffalo Hump. " He did so, and hurrying back, told us that the man was Lame Deer, and that he wanted to talk with the soldier chief. Robert interpreted that to General Miles, and he, waving a white handkerchief, started down to meet the chief, we following. Lame Deer was in the lead of the others, and when he met and shook hands with the General, the latter told him, through Robert, that if this was to be a peace talk, he and those with him must lay down their rifles. The chief nodded, laid his rifle down; the man immediately behind him, his nephew, Bad Ankle, refused to do that. He was dressed in all his war clothes, and with rifle ready to fire, he walked up and down, up and down, fiercely glaring at us and repeatedly shouting: "I am a fighter, here walking upon my own ground! I will not give up my gun! These white soldiers have killed my grandmother!"

At that, Robert told White Bull to go to the young man and advise him that, for the sake of the women and children, he should surrender; the women and their young would then be brought in and kindly treated. Just then, Captain Baird joined us, and Robert added: "This officer will help you." He explained into English what he had said, and the two rode past Lame Deer to Bad Ankle, and as they advanced, the two Sioux back of the young man, retreated toward the creek.

White Bull and the officer brought their horses to a stand close in front of Bad Ancle, and to the former's advice to him to surrender, he replied: "I have told you again and again that I am a fighter, here on my own ground!" And that at the same time struck at him with the weapon. White Bull siezed it by t barrel, Captain Baird grasped the young man's arm. He tried with all his strength to point the weapon at White Bull; he fired, and the bullet went wild. Lame Deer, hearing the shot, snatched up his rifle and fired at General Miles, and the bullet, passing close in front of him, killed his orderly. Robert and I then fired at the chief as he turned and ran toward his nephew, and we saw him flinch. By this time we had been joined by several cavalrymen, and we all fired at the two as they started to retreat. Lame Deer was badly wounded, but went a little way leaning upon his nephew for support; and he, also wounded, limped along, steadying himself by using his rifle as a cane. At last the chief fell, and the other, turning and facing us, fired, and fell too; with great effort sat up and tried to reload his weapon. But before he could do it, Robert knelt and taking careful aim fired at him, and the bullet finished him; it neatly cut off the slender scalplock hanging down in front of his ear. By this time, the two retreating Sioux had been killed, and we turned back with a part of the command to rescue our pack train, which had been attacked; one of the packers was killed and several mules loaded with ammunition were taken by the hostiles before we reached it. Finally, when the enemy had been driven some of them across to the Rosebud and up it, and the rest up the creek valley, we destroyed their camp. It was rich with dried meat, buffalo robes and furs, and in every lodge we found saddles, bridles, and other articles that had belonged to Custer's ill fated Seventh Cavalry. We lost in the fight only four men, and but six were wounded, and we killed on the field, fourteen of the Sioux, and wounded many others, some of whom must have soon died. That night we heard the far off wailing of women for their dead; the faint crying of hungry children. On the following day we turned back, with five hundred enemy horses, to our bull train, on Tongue River, and thence back to Tongue River Camp. So ended the war with the Sioux and Cheyennes.

THE END.