



THE LOOP C.P.R. GLACIER B. C.

visiting French priest periodically read service.

The chief returned at dark and bade me welcome. He was pleased to see company from a distance and to learn something about affairs abroad, having discovered that he could not accumulate too much information. He invited me to take supper with him and spend the evening in relating accounts of the countries in the East. He urged his wife and squaws to bestir themselves in the preparation of a meal creditable to his house. While the meal was being prepared I led the chief into a discussion on the origin of his ponies and the breeds of his cattle. He could not say where the ancestors of his horses were found; the cattle came to the region by accident, and lived without names, marks being more definite. He wished to know how the children of the wilderness flourished in my neighborhood, and how they were prospering in the accumulation of herds and droves. I reported that our red people were rolling in wealth—of expectation—and were bountifully supplied with beef and blankets at government expense; that they did not have to submit to the humiliating drudgery of work, but were men of leisure; and that they were the special wards and pets of a beneficent administration. These fairy tales pleased the chief, and he expressed some inclination to emigrate.

Meanwhile the cloth was spread, the pots and ovens gave up their contents, and bowls, dishes, knives, forks, and spoons were arranged for use. Mrs. Big Tree announced supper; the other squaws took their seats (the papooses being left in their cribs), and the chief took the head of the table, placing me at his right hand. Venison, fried fish, boiled potatoes, baked beans, and wild grapes made up the feast.

The table was so well supplied that I engaged board for some days, the station agent accommodating me with lodging. Mentioning my desire to catch some fish, shoot game in the forests, and gain a knowledge of Indian life, Big Tree, regretting that his "round-up" engagement prevented him from accompanying me on my excursions, advised me as to locations for game and pools for fish, and gave me some hints as to the habits of the animals. He also placed at my disposal a guide in the person of a stalwart buck named Full Moon.

Our first day's efforts were made at a pool in a bend of Thompson River; the water was deep and still, and fish were plentiful. Within an hour I had a long string of fish of many colors and sizes hanging in the shade of a bush. While engrossed with my rods a famished cur, that had followed us from the station, seized my fish and disappeared in the woods.

By nightfall we had as many as we cared to carry, and we returned to the station to receive the congratulations of Big Tree and his squaw.

the latter of whom prepared our prizes for the table, and served them with fine dishes of berries and boiled cabbage.

After the board was cleared I resumed my drawing instructions, my pupil making commendable progress. But a reception having been arranged, and influential Indians having been invited to meet the

powers of mimicry were wonderful; his imitation of the calls of birds and animals was fatally perfect; and in addition he was an accurate shot with the rifle.

The evening was passed in discussing Indian customs and conditions before the arrival of the railroad. Big Tree said the tribes lived then by hunting and fishing. They had neither herds nor cabins; they dwelt in wigwams made from the hides of their prey. Fish was smoked and game was dried, during the autumn, for winter use.

Their cattle now supply the Indians with fresh meat through the winter, and their diet has been improved by the addition of turnips and potatoes. In their primitive state they wore garments of skins, caps of fur, and moccasins of raw hide. They now have "store clothes," wool hats, and leather shoes, received in barter for beef, hides, hay, and game. The squaws are fond of bright colors, striped hose and shawls, beads, feathers, and gay ribbons. The buck loves long boots, and a red blanket makes him feel like a Napoleon. The squaws are skilled in the use of the scissors and needle; they make leggings, gloves, and moccasins from dressed deer hides, and ornament their wares with fancy beadwork of many colors. They dress the game, cook the meals, wash and often make the clothing, and keep the cabins in order.

The following morning, with Full Moon, I started for the lakes to get some shots at water-fowl. The air

herders, and partook of the ducks. I related to him some stories of his kinsmen—the Australian aborigines—with whose black tribes I had spent a winter. He resented with warmth any suggestion of relationship to the black races; his people were America's first citizens, and he ranked with the aristocracy of the Rockies.

By sunrise the ponies were saddled for an excursion to Big Tree's mountain cattle ranges. The chief and the braves mounted. I had assigned to me a broncho that looked like a cross between a bear and an ox, with the neck of a giraffe and the mane of a lion. He eyed me suspiciously, and seemed not to understand or like my color. A brave held the reins and I vaulted into the saddle. The pony got the bit in his teeth and began to prance. I touched his flanks with the spurs; he rose on his hind legs and began to paw at a pigeon-house on an adjacent post; I got my spur wheels to work on his ribs, and he changed position; he stood on his fore legs and bombarded the atmosphere with his heels. A buck began to apply a whip, when the wicked beast gathered his four feet into a bunch, placed his nose on the ground, and arched his spine; his back rose like a camel's hump, and I was thrown forward into a haystack. None of my bones were broken, but the chief suggested a change of steeds, which motion I seconded. He offered me his own animal, which proved docile. My pugnacious beast submitted to the chief's mastery with remarkable humility. He was used to red men, but, like Indian dogs, detested "white folks."

We were soon passing over the hills at a rapid pace, with the long hair of the braves streaming like floating banners in the breeze.

A herd of the chief's cattle was found near a stream, and a buck was left to guard them until other herds were found. The cattle were long-haired and shaggy (a protection against winter's cold), and had long horns and large frames. The nutritious grass in the foothills and along the watercourses kept the animals in good condition; they were in prime order for beef.

The chief wished to kill and salt down some of the cows, and to ship others by rail to Western markets. The remaining cattle he intended to place on his winter range in the valley near his village, where they could be cared for during the cold season and be secure from raids of adjacent tribes. The valleys grow heavy bunch-grass during the summer, which in autumn is cured by the sun into hay; this dried provender furnishes excellent winter food for the herds.

When a number of small herds had been driven to a central point they were formed into a procession and started homewards, where we arrived about dusk.

After some days more of adventure at the Indian settlement I paid my score and departed, receiving several



KICKING HORSE VALLEY ON C.P.R.

white man from the East. I was introduced to the leaders of the tribe and increased my stock of information about their history. One brave—Standing Bear—was almost as persistent in his inquiries as was Li Hung Chang in his visit to America. He wished to know all about my family concerns, business transactions, and my intentions in spying out the land. It took time to convince him that I was an emissary of peace, seeking in the service of letters to promote the diffusion of knowledge. He examined my weapons and indicated suspicion at my armed advent into the country. A design on the office of chief seemed to lurk in his mind. I finally persuaded him that there was no position within the gift of the people that I desired; that I considered honors to be expensive luxuries, and wished only the pleasure of travel and exploration. The guests having returned to their shacks, the chief entertained me with accounts of his excursions to the far North, and of his feats in the chase on the snow lands up around the frozen lakes. His narratives of encounters with bears and other denizens of the mountains were exciting, and his prowess with his gun seemed as great as his skill in horsemanship. His tribe had the fullest confidence in his sagacity and valor.

In the company of Full Moon I spent the day in the woods shooting squirrels and birds. The "buck's"

was damp, and the ducks' sense of smell was acute. Flock after flock rose at warning signals from their sentinels, and I did not get a shot until we reached a "blind" which had been constructed by Full Moon, where we bagged as many "green-heads" as we cared to carry and started home.

The chief returned late with his



MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE ON C.P.R., FIELD, B. C.