

colts, which would in a great measure account for their size; this is also due to the early age at which the mares have foals, and most of all to inbreeding.

The dogs are ugly-looking curs, crossed many people say with the cayotees, or prairie wolves, and I should think their ancestor was probably a cross between a badger and hyena, but of this I have no proof.

The dogs do their share of the transport, dragging small loads on a construction of poles called "travoys."

The travoys are formed of two poles, fastened together near their points, with cross pieces in the middle, the fork fits on to a kind of saddle and the ends trail behind. Travoys are used for both horses and dogs, and are the only kind of cart used amongst the Blackfeet. Both, "squaws and bucks," ride the same way, one leg on each side, and use very short stirrups, which contrast forcibly with the long ones used by the cowboys.

Another noticeable thing is that they mount on the off side.

Indians seems to treat their animals very well, and never over-ride a horse.

In fact, I do not think they are a more cruel people than the uneducated white man; they always seem fond of and good to their children.

I was always struck with the similarity, rather than the dissimilarity between them and most other people; they are a fairly intelligent people, far more so than the average English agricultural labourer, who has usually no ideas outside a radius of five miles from his own village.

It is a complete mistake to imagine that Indians have no sense of humour. I think it is as much developed in them as in the average Englishman.

I remember one old chief, who told us with great amusement how they had some years ago scalped a whisky-trader. Now this gentleman had no hair on the top of his head, but had a good supply on his chin, so they had to scalp him there. Rather a grim joke for the whisky-trader. I remember another time a friend of mine got his buckskin "mits" wet (mits are made like baby gloves), and put them in the oven to get dry; he forgot about them, and shortly afterwards made up a hot fire. Now it is one of the peculiarities of buckskin that when scorched it will turn black and shrivel up, so when my friend remembered them and went to take them out, they would have been a tight fit for a child of five. The same old Indian had wandered in to warm himself, and when he saw those little black objects appear he nearly chuckled himself