

IN THE GREAT LONE LAND

As some officials of the Hudson Bay Company went along with the large brigade, our young folks had some capital company. After a few days the trip lost much of its excitement and interest. The prairies, beautiful as they at first looked, became somewhat monotonous. Every little lake—and they passed many—was greeted with pleasure. As the horses could travel faster than the oxen, sometimes Baptiste would hurry on ahead to some well-known lake full of wild ducks, and here the boys and their friends would have some capital shooting, which largely and agreeably added to the food supply.

When out about a week they were told by some of the outriders, who came galloping up from the front, that a herd of buffalo was not far distant, and that some Sioux Indians were preparing to run them. Saddles were at once put on some of the relay horses, and Frank, Alec, and Sam, and some of their comrades, at once set off to the front to see the exciting sport. They fortunately reached a high swell in the prairie just in time to have a splendid view of the whole affair. The buffaloes numbered about six or eight hundred. Attacking them were perhaps fifty or sixty of the finest horsemen in the world. Their horses were trained buffalo runners, and entered into the mad, wild sport with all the enthusiasm of the riders. All the saddle these riders had was a small piece of buffalo robe so securely fastened on that it could not slip. There was neither halter nor bridle on their horses' heads. One end of a long lariat was fastened loosely around their necks, while the rest of it dragged along the ground.