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I on the other—for someone to step into and I be jerked off and covered with snow! To pull in, recoil and tuck away my line was nerve-splitting work at the moment, and my heavy Remington was extra trouble—I could easily have used another pair of hands. A laughable occurrence eased the strain somewhat. One of our "soldiers" who had been left with the main party, was very suspicious of those who were doing scout duty above us. He declared that they were deceiving us and were not to be trusted, and as we could see nothing whatever, he finally started off in a hurry to see for himself, running his horse over a little rise and down into an open draw leading out of the valley. Suddenly there was a cloud of snow, and both man and horse disappeared. The man rose uninjured, and, after much effort, helped his horse from the snow-covered washout into which he had ridden. As he turned back, shaking the snow from inside his clothing and clearing it from his gun, Roan Bear whispered loudly enough for all near to hear: "He is cooled off now," and we trotted up the valley with better hold on ourselves.

The head of the valley brought us out on a bit of level country. We turned to the left, and hardly eighty rods away the already startled buffalo closed up and began to move, giving their stumpy twists of tails an upward flit as they broke into a lumbering gallop. I hardly saw them except to note that they suddenly vanished as if swallowed up in the earth. The first wild burst of the chase left me off to the right, and for a moment I thought a trick had been played on me. In a flash my horse is running like the wind in the rear of the silent, hard-whipping riders. These disappear as unexpectedly as had the game a second before, and now I reach the edge of a steep-sided, flat-bottomed water course, to see the buffalo climbing out the opposite side and scampering away, while in the valley before me my comrades are strung out in most disorganized style. Under the snow there is a wide sheet of ice and probably twenty horses are down and their riders in all positions of falling and quick recovery. A few are across the ice and some are picking themselves out of the snow, helping their horses up and taking stock of damage done. It is a most impossible sort of drop-off, and I would give all I have to be able to pull up at the brink. My horse will not have it so, and with my heart well up in my throat we go over and are across with the fortunate ones before I have time to think of the next thing to be scared at. Indeed, I have now drunk deep of the wine of the mad chase and would not stop at anything! The run is well on and the leading hunters begin to shoot; those on slower horses far in the rear also begin to shoot, much to the disgust of those in front, where man, horse or buffalo stands an even chance of being hit. A good horse, a magazine gun and an open prairie is all that an ordinary man needs with buffalo afield. Formerly a cut-off smooth bore flint-lock was the weapon; the hunter carried his bullets in his mouth and dropping a ball in on the powder, pouring by guess from the horn as his horse raced warily along to the right and slightly in the rear of the game, he rapped the butt sharply on his thigh to settle the charge and prime the piece, and was ready for his shot.

This first run of ours allowed but one lone buffalo to escape. We packed back to camp the meat from fifty carcasses. One of these was killed by Little Bear with his bow in the way of his fathers. The arrow was driven entirely through the body, entering the right flank and its steel point sticking out low down on the opposite side. In former days this was often done, but it requires great strength of bow and arm. Usually several arrows were necessary and often the game would run for miles after being hit in a vital spot. When the buffalo falls the hunter, if on a swift horse, does not stop, but passes on in pursuit. Those on slower horses, especially the relatives of the possessor of the swift one, follow, and soon skin and cut up the animal, selecting dainty morsels of liver or the belly fat for

quick lunch as they work. To each of these, in the order of his coming up, belongs a definite portion. To the man who ran and shot the game, the hide and one side of the meat belongs. His first assistant has the other side, and the second assistant comes in for the brisket and other parts. These three make the ordinary complement, and they are spoken of as "first," "second" and "third killer" respectively. Should a fourth man render assistance his share is as shall be given by the others. Often disputes occur over who killed the animal, and sometimes quarrels and bad blood result, but there is never a question regarding the law of division.

On most hunts there is more or less stealing of game. The relatives of a prominent man, coming upon a slain animal, claim it as the spoil of his gun and horse and swear the rightful owner out of court unless it can be shown that his bullet reached the vital part. The size of the bullets or some special markings of his ball often give conclusive evidence. This practice, universally deplored by the Indians themselves, is fully recognized in the saying often heard in a buffalo camp: "The slow horses get all the buffalo!"

When the work of the field is over the extra horses are packed with the hides and meat, and some astonishing heavy loads are carried, though but little of the bone of the animal is taken, and the hunters make their way back to camp. It is not always that the labor of the day ends as you leave the field.

You are tired and hungry, for it is usually ten or fifteen hours since you left camp, and there are yet weary miles of return. One night our party struggled with the drifting snow and the long distance we had come till near day-break. Not being equal to raw liver I was terribly hungry from the twenty-two hours' fast and the strenuous life of the day. Many were the stories of trouble and difficulty told the next day. Touch-the-Cloud said he of all the party had been the most unfortunate! Someone else claimed this distinction for himself, and a show of experience was called for. The meat on one of Touch-the-Cloud's pack horses would not stay put, but kept falling off into the snow every few steps, and he had been busy all night finding the lost and fixing his pack. His competitor killed an enormous animal and threw the green hide over his horse, sitting thereon. The hide froze as stiff as marble, and in passing through the deep drifts he was lifted clear off his horse, "the stiff-necked one," which passed out from under and left him straddling the frozen hide on top of nothing. Number two was awarded the claimed distinction, the absurd helplessness of his condition appealing to all listeners, and to this day—a quarter of a century later—his story is told over and over by hundreds of Indians.

Two men were left one very dark night to drive the pack horses while the rest of the party went to the assistance of one of their number who was in trouble. There was a great ungainly mule, belonging to Big Foot, who was afterward killed at Wounded Knee, that was overloaded, as were all the poor beasts. Whip as they might, the young men could not make the mule get up, and finally what does he do but lie down! The pack is taken off piece by piece, the mule kicked and whipped into position, and the pack replaced. In a short time this is repeated, and again and again repeated till the men are worn out and in despair.

One of the most reckless acts I ever knew of on a hunt was a run in the dark and the shooting of game by Co-kan-tan-ka on a night when even the stars themselves had gone to sleep. We were working toward camp with extra heavy packs when out of the darkness there came what appeared to be an abrupt bank or wall, but was an immense herd of buffalo moving diagonally across our line of travel. With but the word, "I make a night run," Co-kan-tan-ka left us and in a moment we saw the flash and heard the report of his shot. Then another and another followed, and for fully an hour we heard nothing more from him, when he hailed us and the

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