

called out "The first bull's off again," and true enough he had got up and was making off. Away I went after him, and as he had got half a mile start, had a long gallop. After about two miles, down a gully went the bull; the gully ran at an angle to our course, so now was my chance, and cutting off the corner, I rode at him, round he whipped and charged; "Doctor" spun round on his hind legs and fled, and the bull stopped. Steadying the "Doctor," who was scared, I got a fair shot, and dropped him. After cutting his tongue out, I lit a pipe and started to find the others, which I soon did. Then Ally told me that the other buffalo had lain with his four heels up for some time, and that she had thought of dismounting to see if it was quite dead, before she rejoined me; but that Antoine coming up she had told him to do so. But the bull suddenly got up, and although Antoine fired at it (with my muzzle loader, which he carried under strong orders never to use it except in emergency), and he said hit it again, the bull got off into a gully. It was most providential Ally did not dismount. We returned to cut up and skin No. 1, and then proceeded to look for No. 2; but it was now dark, and although we caught sight of him for an instant, I never got another shot, and lost him in the darkness. We had some difficulty in finding our camp, it being very dark, and we did not exactly know where they had pitched. The following morning we tried to find the wounded bull, but the fire was running on the prairie, and the air was thick with smoke, and we never found him. In the evening we tried up the river, and not far from camp saw some Virginian deer feeding; they bounded at once into cover, having seen us. I dismounted, and going back stole up the edge of the wood to where they had entered, and then crept quietly on their tracks, which were easily followed from the trail having been much used. Stalking cautiously some way by a clump of oak trees, I caught sight of two ears erect above the willows. Seeing no stag, I aimed below, and in line with the ears, and fired. Coming up, I found a large Virginian deer, a hind, quite dead, the bullet having passed through the neck, cutting the spine in two. This species of deer has many names, the right one being Virginian deer (*cervus leucurus*, or *cariacus Virginianus*—"Gray.") It is also known as the red deer, or white-tailed deer, or jumping deer, from the series of bounds it makes instead of galloping. In summer its coat is a bright red, becoming grey or mouse colour in autumn, the tail remaining always white. The half-breeds call it the *chevreuil*, in common with the mule deer (*cariacus macrotis*). They are found in the wooded courses of rivers, and are seldom seen far from cover, feeding in and close outside the thickets in which they hide during the day. They are about the size of the fallow deer. We found the flesh excellent, and vastly superior to tough bull bison beef. Next day I shot another, but saw no stags, although I tracked a wapiti stag some distance; but he had swum the river and I lost him. We met a brigade of half-breed buffalo hunters coming from the west, or setting sun, as they say here. They report Sitting Bull's Band of Sioux as getting troublesome, that he is at present camped in the Wood Mountains, and has commenced stealing horses, and that they, the half-breed brigade, were returning for fear of them. They recommend us not to venture much farther. Moved on to the Riviere des Laes, which we reached at noon, when Villeneuve told us there was a noted elk or wapiti hunter with the brigade we had passed. So we determined to go back and try to catch them up, leaving our camp where it was. Accompanied by Villeneuve, leading a horse, to bring the elk hunter back on, we started and had a long gallop, not catching up the brigade before sundown, on the east side of the Souris. A half-breed named Gardepaix, at once invited us to his Lodge, and a thunderstorm coming on we resolved to remain where we were for the night. We engaged the old elk-hunter's son, who, he assured us was as good as himself, as the old man was ill and too weak to come. Gardepaix and his wife entertained us royally with cow buffalo and tea, and did all in their power to make us comfortable. The Lodge was perfectly clean, and it was delightful to see all his seven children kneel down and say their prayers before going to sleep; as did Gardepaix and his wife also. Gardepaix told me the following remarkable story. He said his wife had been very ill indeed with a swelling in her throat, probably a quinsy. She had got weaker and weaker, had not spoken for a long time, and her pulse was hardly perceptible; and he thought her dying. It was the middle of the night, and he was praying earnestly for her recovery, praying that she might be spared to him and his seven little ones, when he heard (I use his own words), a beautiful canticle being sung close to him in the Lodge, or skin tent. He started and looked round, there was no one; he went out; the open prairie was still and quiet; there was no one. Returning, he looked at his wife; she lay unconscious; the song continued, and he said, then he knew his prayers were heard. Presently, as he was on his knees, his wife turned and spoke, the swelling had burst in her throat, and she was saved. "*En verité Monsieur, nous avons grande cause de remercier Le Bon Dieu*" he concluded.

We left these good people in the morning, taking Jean Valie, the elk-hunter, with us. He seems a nice, tidy young fellow. On arriving at camp, we found our men had been alarmed at our absence, and, early in the morning, seeing two stray horses the other side of the lake, one of them white, or cream colour, the colour of the "Jew," whom I was riding; they naturally thought we had lost the camp in the night, had halted till morning, and that two horses had strayed during the night. So Antoine had started off on horseback to search for us and catch the horses. We raised camp and started northward, along the lake shore; on our way saw buffalo and antelope the other side of the lake, but could do nothing, the lake being a mile across, and about twenty miles ride to get round to the game, which we could not have managed before dark. In the evening Antoine joined us, having caught the two horses, which, oddly enough, turn out to be two he lost in the spring, two hundred miles from here. We have our doubts, but let him have the benefit of them. Camped by a mound, called by the half-breeds