

Kaslo-Kootenay Lake FRUIT LANDS

Kaslo is an incorporated town of about 1,500 population, is beautifully situated on the shores of Kootenay Lake, and has a daily mail, steamboat and railway service. Unequalled climate, fishing, boating and scenery. Kaslo fruit won the district prize in 1906, and is remarkable for its coloring, flavor and keeping qualities.

First class fruit land in 2, 5, or 10 acre blocks, from half mile to four miles from churches, schools including high school, stores, etc., uncleared, partly cleared, or wholly cleared and planted, if desired.

Also blocks of 5 to 1,000 acres at moderate prices—easy terms.

For further particulars write to

A. J. CURLE
KASLO, B. C.

PROFESSOR & LECTURER For Manitoba Agricultural College

Applications will be received by the undersigned up to August 15th for the position of Assistant Professor of Animal Husbandry, and Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry and Physics at Manitoba Agricultural College, at initial salaries of \$150.00. Duties to commence Sept. 15th, 1907. Applicants should state experience and give reference.

W. J. BLACK
Secretary, Advisory Board
Agricultural College
Winnipeg, Man.

Secure a Home at Kelowna The ORCHARD CITY OF the OKANAGAN VALLEY

The winters are mild, the summers are bright and sunny with cool nights.

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It is an ideal fruit country, and fruit growing is a very profitable industry. Returns run from \$200 to \$1000 per acre.

Our lands are all clear, level, fertile, and specially adapted to fruit. We have 6, 12 and 20 acre plots on the market.

We also have a large list of fruit farms, hay farms, and ranch lands.

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No. 1.—60 acres: 15 in orchard just commencing to bear, 17 acres in crop, 20 acres in pasture, all clear, balance slightly timbered. Well fenced, good house, all furnished. Good team of horses, two head of cattle, some hens, good stable and henhouse, wagon, buggy, implements, tools, harness, etc. Domestic water piped to house under pressure. Free water record for irrigation. Price \$18,000; \$10,000 cash, balance on terms.

No. 2.—28 acres all clear and under cultivation; 2½ miles from city; 3 acres in trees. 3 acres in onions, 14 acres in hay, balance in oats. Price \$7,500; \$2,500 cash, balance in two annual payments.

Write for particulars

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If you are doing an Agricultural, Ranching or Commercial business, advertise in the Farmer's Advocate.

The Last Buffalo Hunt.

The Dakotas of the plains had their last winter hunt in 1880-81. Buffalo left the Valley of the Missouri some fifteen years before and now turned back toward their former feeding grounds to escape the inexcusable slaughter by white hunters on the north.

Early in September, 1880, reports of returning game were brought to the river agencies, and several hunting parties went out. I accompanied those going from the Cheyenne River Agency. Our route was up the Moreau River and to the west of Slim Buttes. There were sixty hunters and forty women in the party, with innumerable dogs and three hundred horses, and we brought home about two thousand robes. Indians from the Custer battlefield of four years before made a considerable portion of the party. Being the only white man along, I was able to study their habits and language; this, indeed, was my chief object in accompanying them. This is a partial account of this hunt, and gives an inside view of the customs and laws that control all hunting parties of the Dakotas when out for big game.

Roan Bear and I had turned out our horses with the bunch in the breaks, where they would paw away the snow and feed during the night, when he proposed that we go to the "soldier lodge," or council tent, and learn what was to be done. There had been talk of sending men to the hills, for we were now not far from where big game might be found. The soldier lodge was like other tents, though larger than most, and stood in a sheltered part not far from the middle of the camp, which was pitched on the south side of a fringe of trees and brush. In one respect, however, this tent is quite different from others—there is none of the usual trappings of travel around the door nor any other signs of cooking and home life inside. No woman lives there. Food is brought from other tents. This lodge is the heart of the camp, and levies on all for voluntary contributions. Here all general matters are discussed and plans made.

While Roan Bear and I went in we found Little Bear and one or two others only. These were seated at the left as we entered. A carefully tended fire in the center made the tent warm and light. By the fire there was a kettle or two of boiled meat and a large iron pail of coffee. Little Bear had his pipe, and this was passing from one to another.

As others came in they seated themselves in a circle about the fire. We had but one topic; yesterday a young man had seen what appeared to be the drifted over trail of a single buffalo, indicated by the broken bits of snow, and to-day others had seen similar signs and just before we made camp these were found plentiful and sure.

No shooting had been allowed for two days, and even loud talking and the barking of dogs had been repressed. It was three weeks since we started, and the camp was well in hand and under strict control.

It was thought best not to move camp the next day, but to send out scouts in the morning. Two young men of experience were selected for this service. They were to leave camp before daylight and were carefully instructed as to their route. Keeping together, they were to go to certain well-known landmarks; if nothing be seen from there or on the way they were to go to other specified points of outlook, and, returning, bring report. These instructions were given by the leading man, he who stood as chief of the council tent; he was assisted by others and all was said in the hearing of those present. The selected two were sworn to the service; each with one or both hands placed palm down flat on the earth, received the instructions and made silent pledges. There is no fixed form for this oath, nor is it given aloud. The solemnity of the occasion and its serious purpose is felt and responded to by each. Many

others also joined in this vow and prayer. I sat next to Touch-the-Cloud. He rubbed away the grass and leaves at his side and sat with one hand flat on the earth. Seeing that I was noticing he said: "I am offering prayer with one hand and I now do so with both." I did the same. The earth is the mother of all and prayer is offered in this way, as the oath is administered, lest the all-mother give alarm to the buffalo and carry to their ears knowledge of the presence and purposes of men.

Life in camp the next day was anxiously dull for most. Our scouts went out as ordered. The very horses taken were known. Each rode his second best—not his buffalo runner. As the day passed interest grew and guesses were made regarding when to expect their return. I learned several interesting things: Going out to scout for buffalo is spoken of as "going to the hills"; if returning with glad messages the scouts would be "the runners," from the way in which they would make known what their report would be on the first convenient hill at a distance from, but in sight of, the camp. "What do you call them when they have no message, if they come back and say there are no buffalo?" I asked. "We shall not see them at all if they have nothing to tell. They will not come back till after dark and then even the dogs of their own tents will not know when they return." I thought this rather hard on the poor fellows. It occurred several times, however, on this very hunt. No one knew when the men sent to the hills returned, and even the next day they had but little to say save in answer to questioning.

It was just before sunset that our "runners" came into view. Someone announced the fact and the entire camp went wild—women calling and men running and everything about the tents forgotten as we looked to see the message they were bringing. "They run! they run!" everyone shouted in suppressed voice as the returning scouts appeared on a ridge about a mile from the camp and there separately and from opposite directions ran their horses several times up and down across our line of vision. "That is good," was the comment made by Charger. From there our runners came full tilt to a second rise nearer by and repeated the manoeuvre. "We shall have plenty of fresh meat by this time to-morrow," said Yellow Owl, a brother of Little Bear. A third time the runners gave the signal when but a short distance from camp, and then rode with all the speed their tired horses had left directly to a little knoll to one side, where the camp crier and others had gone to receive their report. We gathered facing the west, for the runners were coming from that direction. Each man brushed aside the snow before him and knelt on one knee. The old crier had gathered a few dry buffalo chips and piled them before him. Straight to him the runners came; jumping from their horses, the leader kicked the little pile aside, and both knelt opposite the crier and facing us. The crier lighted a pipe, took a whiff himself, and after reverently touching the earth with the bowl and lifting the stem to heaven above, he presented it to the leader and said: "You who are no longer children—grown up amidst these hills and valleys—tell me, I pray, if you have seen anything of prowling dog (wolf) or flying bird (buzzard) and feeding animal (buffalo) beyond the hills whence you come; tell me truly and make me glad." The runner having received the pipe and in turn offering it to earth and sky, takes a mouthful or two of smoke, and passing the pipe to his comrade answers "Yes." The expectant crowd from camp give voice to a shrill cry of exultation: "Hai—! Hai—!" The crier repeats the question, calling now for particulars. Answer is given presenting what they first saw. Again is the charge given and more of the particulars "from beyond that" asked for. And even a

third time is the call made for what is "beyond that." After this the runners are told to tell at will all they have learned. The official report has been made and now all rise and the runners give with more of personal detail the news they bring, while some skurry down into camp to tell the women and to prepare for the run to be made the next day.

The hunters were out early—fifty-six men of us—and, leading the horses they were to ride, with a number of extra pack horses along, soon after day-break approached the place where buffalo were seen the day before. As we could see each other more clearly, I noticed the blackened faces of those who had been appointed "soldiers" for this run. This was the sign of their authority, and it was their duty to keep the party together and to stop any ambitious hunter from starting away and alarming the game before all could take part on even terms.

The morning was grey and chilly—the day before Christmas—and Cokantanka expressed my own feelings as he rode up to where we were stopping with a shivery "I'm cold!" He added, after a look to the east: "We shall be all warm soon and without the sun." The snow was deeper than the older men liked and many falls were predicted though several remarked that there would be fewer bones broken because of this. The buffalo were not far away and some were soon seen, but the herd was very small and there was considerable talk before it was finally decided to run these. We were tired of venison, porcupine, skunk and badger meat, and every man longed for the food of former days—buffalo meat, "the meat that satisfies and has tang to it."

We changed mounts, taking our running horses—the pampered ones that had run loose all the way out and at every opportunity were fed the strength giving shavings of the inner bark and the twigs of young cottonwood trees—these were the horses on which we had braced mightily night after night. A few of these were experienced buffalo runners of known speed and staying power, but there were many untried horses. My own was an old hand and knew all that a horse could know about running buffalos, besides being very fast. Every man in camp knew him, for he was the horse that Can-pta-ye had on the Little Big Horn against Custer in '76. Some men rode bare-back, but the most of them used a convenient, light stuffed running pad. I had added stirrups to the Indian-made article I used.

While changing to our running horses a consultation was held. During this one of the quieter men of the party led his horse to one side and, with covered head, seated himself on a slight rise of ground. Joining us again he said: "I have been praying that we may have a successful run and that no one be hurt; my heart tells me we shall soon eat fresh meat." Starting again, two or three were to keep along on the edge of the little plateau beyond which the game was feeding quietly, and by signals keep the main body posted as we made a detour and followed up a long, crooked depression to keep close in before showing ourselves. There had been excitement before, but now it was intense, affecting horses as well as men. Some worked along quietly, making no show of their eagerness. Many of the men rode like demons, recklessly using heel and quirt and a few of the horses were equally wild. For weapons we had magazine and single shot rifles, though Little Bear, who rode a famous Pinto horse, and old-time hunter, carried his bow and arrows. To prevent losing one's horse in case of a fall each man had a small line, about twenty feet long, tightly tucked under his belt, one end of which is fastened to the bridle bit and the other tied to the belt itself. When this has not been done horses have been known to get away and never be recovered. My own hands, on this first run, were very full. I, of course, was as excited as any, and it was all I could do to control my horse, who would first carom against the man on one side and then against him on the other, much to my discomfort and deep anguish of soul, for in the midst of it my line slipped from my belt and flew away behind, a most tempting loop—horse on one end