

ishment, were revealed the huge proportions of Short-stick's fourth, youngest and best wife. She shook a mass of hair from her head and joined in the laughter at my discomfiture. Other Indians hearing the noise came in, and Short-stick, with tears in his eyes, told his friends how "the white stranger had sat upon his best wife, thinking she was a pile of robes, and how she tossed him into the middle of the tent like a buffalo bull pitching a colt."

As I passed near the door of the tent belonging to Short-stick's eldest son, who accompanied me, a young squaw outside was leaning upon sticks, evidently in great trouble and weeping bitterly; the moment she saw us she hobbled into the tent with a low cry of pain and closed the entrance. I asked the interpreter what this meant. After some conversation with her husband, he said that the woman was suffering from a beating he had given her for a violation of her faith during his absence in the spring on a war excursion. "I would have killed her," muttered the husband, "but I thought it a pity to kill two at once. She had her choice whether she would have her hair, her nose or her ear cut off, or whether she would have a beating; she chose what she has got, and I would have killed her had I not known I should regret having killed both." It is needless to add that the woman soon expected to become a mother.

In order to understand the character and nature of wild Indians, they must be seen in their tents when well supplied with provisions, and disposed to be cheerful and merry. In the prairies, on horseback, they are often quiet and watchful, always on the look out, and if twenty or thirty are in a band they generally manage to see a suspicious object in the distance at the same moment, so that a simultaneous note of exclamation is uttered by most or all of the party. In hunting the buffalo they are wild with excitement, but no scene or incident seems to have such a maddening effect upon them as when the buffalo are successfully driven into a pound. Until the herd is brought in by the skilled hunters all is silence around the fence of the pound, each man, woman and child holding, with pent up feelings, his robe so as to close every orifice through which the terrified animals might endeavour to effect an escape. The herd once in the pound the scene of diabolical butchery and excitement begins; men, women and children climb on the fence and shoot their arrows or thrust their spears at the bewildered buffalo, with shouts, screams and yells horrible to hear. But when the young men, and even women jump into the arena