

# Our Indians.

## VI.

### THE BRAVES OF FILE HILLS---A TROUBLE- SOME CHIEF STRIKES WORK---ISSUE OF RATIONS STOPPED---A POW- WOW AND ITS RESULT.

Sympathetic reader, may it never be your lot to make a prairie journey behind a "shagganappi" pony. Some may not be aware that this term is applied to the Indian or half-breed horses, which are used in all parts of our wide prairies. The name is probably got from the "shagganappi," or tough home made leather used in harnessing these ponies. But for tardiness, trickiness, insensibility and obstinacy not even the proverbial donkey can surpass a "shagganappi." The pony has strange habits. In starting, a "balking" experience is quite common with him; the snail like motion then indulged in cannot be quickened by force, for the pony is said by those who know to be encased on the whip side in cast iron—he is certainly a pachyderm. When a "slough" or swamp is being crossed the pony often lies down in the mud for his own delectation and to the disgust of the driver. When remonstrated with the pony is exceedingly ill-tempered, and will often strike with his front foot an unexpected blow. So with driver armed with a dangerous looking whip the writer started one afternoon from Fort Qu'Appelle to visit the File Hills Indian reserves. The driver at once entered into a colloquy with the pony, laid down the principles to be observed, and immediately began to lay on the whip vigorously. Up the steep banks of the romantic Qu'Appelle we painfully strove, and sought to make our 20 miles before dark. The belaboring which the pony received was terrible. Everything, however, failed to increase the speed, above four miles an hour. At length the reserves were reached, and the writer accepted the hospitality of the agent, whose wife was an old acquaintance.