



and taking a party of his braves with him, followed upon the trail. The Crow camp was soon discovered, and, as Big Smoke started out more to get horses than to secure scalps, informed his warriors that he did not intend to attack the small party of Crows, who were now at his mercy, as the Pen d'Oreilles and Flatheads had crept upon their camp undiscovered, and the Crows were resting in fancied security, their horses grazing upon the pleasant slopes unguarded, while the old warriors lolled about the camp smoking their pipes, and the young men were engaged in the wild sports and ride game practiced among the tribe.

The announcement that we were not to have a fight was received with great marks of disfavor by our braves, and, as I was a young man and had not as yet taken my first scalp, I could not restrain myself, but cried like a woman. Big Smoke was known to be the bravest man in the tribe and no one of us dared impute his action to cowardise, and we therefore acquiesced in his plans, and when night came silently and cautiously we ran off the whole band of Crow horses and left our enemies on foot. We soon found our main encampment and the horses were divided up. One particular fine black horse was given to our head chief. The day after our return, the chief announced to us that our powder and lead was nearly exhausted, and as there was no way of procuring any without going to the Crow trading post, asked if there was any of his warriors brave enough to undertake the feat.

Alexander, or Tem-Keth-tasme, which means No Horse, who afterwards suc-