

South Piegans, staunch friends of Charging Buffalo as the adopted son of Medicine Robe, had come across from Montana to see his passing. Even some of the North Blackfeet and the Stonies had traveled the hundred miles or so from their reserves. All had pitched their teepees on the banks of Old Man's River, and in the daybreak I rode homeward through a camp of the Blackfoot nation worthy of earlier times.

It was broad daylight when I reached my quarters, with time for a bath and coffee. Fear of possible excitement among the Blackfeet had made it necessary to rally our men from the detachments, and muster a general parade of the division to hold the barrack square and guard the scaffold. I went on duty, took the parade and reported to the officer commanding.

The prisoner, thanks to very careful nursing, had been well enough these last few days to walk, taking even a little exercise, although he had not strength to stand at his full height. He was bent like an old man, and when he left his cell would wrap himself in his large blanket, which formed a sort of cowl hiding his face. Civilians would come and stare, and he resented that.

Now, leaning on the priest's arm, he came out