

their man, for Piapot continued the journey to his favored spot in the valley of the Qu Appelle. And to this very day his people dwell in the place he chose for them over sixty years ago. His bones rest on a beautiful knoll overlooking the valley of the Qu Appelle, where he hunted and killed hundreds of bison, when a young warrior.

Wild Game Plentiful

Our homestead was on the border between the woodland and prairie, a little over two miles from Chief Piapot's camp. We were their nearest white neighbor. The country between our homestead and their camp was thickly wooded with aspen groves and willow clumps, and dotted with hundreds of small lakes and ponds, which were encircled with bull rushes and brimful of water. During the Summer they were black with wild ducks. Many a time I have seen Chief Piapot's warriors kill five or six mallards with one shot as the ducks started to swim out from the edge of the rushes. During the month of May when the wild ducks and geese were migrating one could gaze at the Heavens any time and see continuous flocks winging their way to the far north. And when migration was at its height the very sky was darkened by their flight. The ponds were also dotted with muskrat nests, and around sunset one could see hundreds of them swimming about on the lakes. The pioneers shot them so as to get their pelts to make Winter caps and mittens.

The aspen groves inter-woven with willows and wild berry bushes swarmed with bush rabbits and so plentiful the pioneers would start out with a bobsled after the cold weather set in, and during the day's hunt fill a wagon box full of rabbits. In the years 1883 and 1884 I was fed so much rabbit stew I was prancing about like a rabbit.

Throughout the same woodlands prairie chickens swarmed in thousands. In the Fall of the year when the limbs of the aspen were dazzling with hoar frost, was when the prairie chickens loved to perch on the highest