

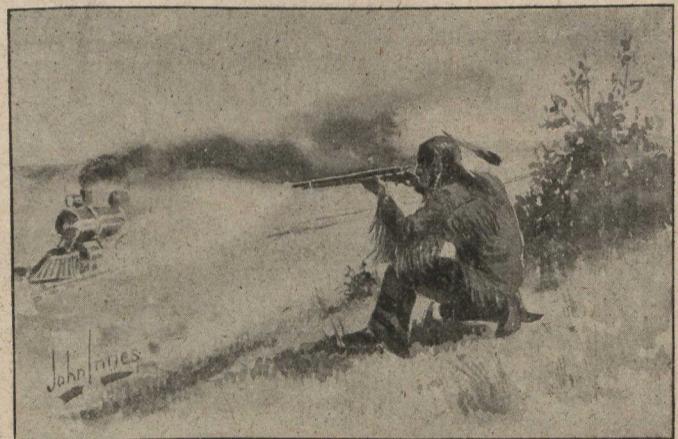
amazement one day to see a great number of waggons, mules, horses and men arrive, and, placing many lodges upon the plain, set to work to cover up with earth all the pegs the other white men had put down. It was past understanding. Pig-Eye, Black Pup and Spotted Bull held council together. They decided the white men must be crazy to try and get rid of the stakes that way, when it would be so much easier to just knock them down. That night they knocked down a few, and next morning were visited by some pale faces who said things violently in a strange tongue, so that they were alarmed and struck out for home.

Shortly afterwards as they were smoking in the lodge of The-Man-Who-Eats-Raw-Dog, and discussing how the crazy white people had covered up so many sticks that they had made a long bank of earth which reached to the end of the world; an Indian arrived with a tale of fear upon his lips. He had found out the reason of that bank of earth.

Riding afar, he said, and returning northward, he had come to the strange thing; and behold, wood was laid upon it, and upon the wood two long lines of iron. At first he was afraid, not knowing what medicine was there, but at length, being weary, ventured upon it, leading his pony. The day was hot and the bank of soil, the iron lines and the wood, were warm; therefore, seeing that no evil befell himself or his horse from contact with these mysterious objects, he lay down in the sun and presently slept. It was dusk when he awakened, and the earth was trembling in fear of evil. The iron lines made noises as though they were being struck; a roar—growing ever louder—filled the air. His soul melted within him. He looked toward the east, and beheld a roaring devil rush towards him with smoke and fierce hissing; having an eye that blazed and glared evilly upon him in the gloom. Being much afraid he rolled from between the iron lines, and fell down the steep bank to the ditch beneath. Not so his pony; for, seeing the approaching devil, it fled along the bank. The evil thing did not stop to take him; but rushed after his mount, and with prodigious shrieking overtook it and ground it to a pulp. The white men—he assured his listeners—had trained this devil to run across the land upon the bank of earth with the iron lines laid upon it; and he had no doubt that in time it would prove to be the curse of the Indian and all his generations. Thus ended the tale; and it was for the fear of this evil that Pig-Eye, Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule had watched the long bank of earth with dark foreboding, and, having heard the distant shriek, had decided to take a long journey to the southward.

The summer was old when they returned to the village, and many things had happened. All their enquiries regarding the devil were met with superior airs by the head man; who pretended to be au fait with the white man and all his works. Nevertheless, Pig-Eye was not deceived by these people, his ideas on the subject were conservative. Day by day he rode northward and watched the devils rush along the lines of iron, shrieking as they went; and day by day he saw the evil spirits that rode upon them work amid a glow of supernatural fire. Also these devils sent out white smoke with the black; and Pig-Eye knew that nothing but very bad medicine could ever turn smoke that color. The white men, too, did another nefarious thing. They built a great round box, and beside it erected a wooden hut, in which they chained a little devil that had no wheels.

This smaller imp pumped much water out of the dry ground up into the round box, for the big devils to drink out of a pipe when they came roaring along. Pig-Eye pondered deeply and was troubled. He took Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule into his councils. What, argued he, would the end of these sinful proceedings be? Who knew what else the white people would do in the way of importing devils. Could the pale-faces be relied upon to control the fearsome things? At present, it was true, they ran along the lines of iron upon the bank of earth, but just imagine what a deuce of a time there would be if they got tired of that and decided to go roaring and shrieking all over the country, destroying lodges, killing cattle and ponies, and chasing Indians. Pig-Eye decided that it must be stopped and that he was the huckleberry who was destined to do it, and be the saviour of his people. So it came to pass that one night when the village lights were out, and the teepees rose darkly against the dark sky; that he, with his two chums, made great medicine over an ancient buffalo gun and a few cartridges. He had hired the services of a gentleman, of much piety and odor, to help out on the



HE BANGED AWAY.

job. His name was Ecutotukin, or "The Healer." The proceedings were in this wise:—Ecutotukin placed the rifle upon the ground and the cartridges beside it. Pig-Eye, Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule sat at a short distance away. Then the medicine man began a chant, low and wearisome, the burden being to the effect that a devil had come, and praying for the cartridges to be effective. Stooping and picking up the ammunition, he offered it north, south, east and west. The same performance followed with the old buffalo gun. Replacing all, he began a dance about them; in which as each point of the compass was reached, a stab with a spear towards the centre seemed to bear an important part. Then, taking a medicine bag and holding it on high Ecutotukin's chant grew louder as he sang of the disappearing of all devils from the plains, and the final triumph—by virtue of his own great medicine—of the Indian's dream. Each cartridge was taken and addressed in turn; the buffalo gun also came in for an oration. Finally every object was touched with some mysterious potion, or ointment, and the process of making the gun and ammunition devil-proof was completed.

The next afternoon saw Pig-Eye, with the buffalo gun and with charmed ammunition, lying near the tracks where the devils daily passed. He could see one