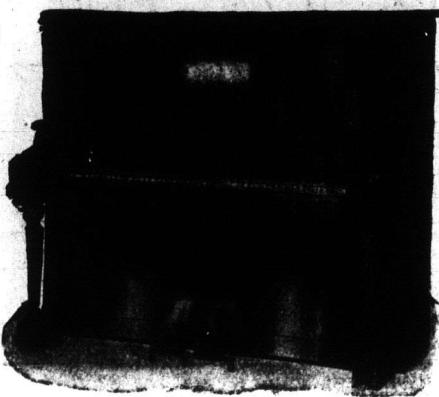


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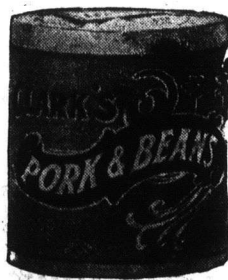
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the chief occupation of the warriors was fashioning bows and arrows. It was uphill work, especially as the Indians were none too ready to receive the ministrations of the pale face. They were busy plotting and scheming their deadly manoeuvres. But by faithful effort and diligent service the missionary worked his way into the confidence of the red men, and it was not long till he was thoroughly trusted and admired. He learned their tongue and their habits, attended their councils of war, and discouraged their plotting and scheming.

On one occasion he had an encounter which he will long remember as the most thrilling of his experiences. A daring and fearless brave became antagonized and threatened to put the missionary off the reserve. He journeyed to the mission house and entered, but had his breath taken away by being immediately precipitated through the door. The brave went for two of his followers and returned with a tomahawk and whip to carry out his original intention, but he was vanquished as before. Crestfallen he stood, while his companions smiled at him, and ever after he had great respect for the whiteman.

Many times during the rebellion, Mr. Clipsham counselled with the redman, advising them to keep out of the trouble. Toward the close of the siege

times wading, put some distance between himself and the camp.

What this Mexican underwent would be difficult to conceive, but he wandered down the river and then across a wide strip of prairie till he came to the banks of the St. Mary's river, a distance of at least one hundred miles. When at last discovered by a Peigan Indian in an old log shanty, he was out of his mind and almost dead. He had gone for thirteen days with nine bullets in his body, living on roots and berries the while.

Many tales of daring and nerve are told, of attack and reprisal, yes, and of heroism too. In years somewhat later, Fred Kanouse, a prominent oldtimer of the West and still alive, ran counter of a band of hostile Indians. He made a stand in a bend of the Old Man River on the old Pioneer Ranch, a point still pointed out by the youngsters of Macleod. When the Mounted Police arrived, seven dead Indians marked the pioneer's skill with his gun. Not far from the scene of this fight there is a dugout or log cabin where early settlers resisted repeated attacks of the Blackfeet.

In the early days of their reservation life following 1877, deprived of the buffalo by the wholesale slaughter of these animals by the whites, they were in a perilous state, and took the ranchers' cattle as a gift from the Great Spirit.



Captive balloons have been used in warfare for over a century, but the Italians have found a novel method of employing them for making observations of the movements of the enemy. These balloons are sent up from Italian warships and, though out of reach of guns, the men in them are able to make all necessary observations.

he was asked by the chiefs on the Blood Reserve to offer his services to the government to help quell the disturbance. When the Crees held a council with the Bloods for the purpose of uniting against the white men, his advice was followed by the Bloods, and they refused to have anything to do with the Crees whom they called "assenah" or cut throats.

Captain C. E. Denny tells that, in 1872, a Mexican and two associates left Helena, Montana, to pan the streams of the country held by the "plain Indians," the Blackfeet. After working along the Old Man's River one night about the end of August, the two partners had turned in for the night while the Mexican had made his bed under one of the camp wagons. He was suddenly aroused in the night by a thundering discharge of firearms. Several of the shots found a place in his body and he knew at once that they were being attacked by a party of Indians, who were hidden under the bank of the river only a few yards away. He called to his companions in the tent, but receiving no answer, he thereby concluded they must both have been killed at the first discharge. On his calling again he was greeted by another volley from under the bank and felt himself again wounded.

The poor fellow managed to roll out from under the wagon and crawled into the brush close by, where he lay for a short time. He heard no sound from his companions, but knew that the Indians were rounding up their horses and driving them off. He made his way, wounded though he was, through the brush and down the river toward the bend below. Here he waded into the stream, and sometimes swimming, some-

In 1879, the IV. ranch found that it had 59 out of a bunch of 133 steers, and other ranchers had suffered equally or worse.

A terrible revenge is related in "The Ranch Men" in the story of the trader Evans, who mourning the loss of a partner while trading with Indians in the Cypress hills, swore to enact an awful payment. Some time in the late sixties, Evans and a partner were trading with the Blackfeet when the partner was killed by the Indians and their horses stolen. Evans swore revenge, and hastening to St. Louis he is said to have purchased bales of blankets that were infected with a most virulent form of small pox which had been raging there. Carefully wrapping these bales, he shipped them up the Missouri river, and when in the heart of the Indian country, left them on the banks for the first passer-by. Of course the red men seized upon this treasure trove with natural avidity, and the small pox raged through the tribes sweeping thousands into the happy hunting grounds.

One of the most interesting stories connected with the Blackfeet is told by A. H. D. Ross, Professor of Forestry, Toronto University. With Dr. R. T. McKenzie, now professor of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Ross was a follower of the chain and lever, and encountered some very stirring experiences when surveying the trail from Macleod to Lethbridge across the Blood reserve of the Blackfeet tribe.

When the Indians were given their reserve the government did not make them understand that their old haunts were to be preserved to perpetuity. And so when the party of surveyors entered