

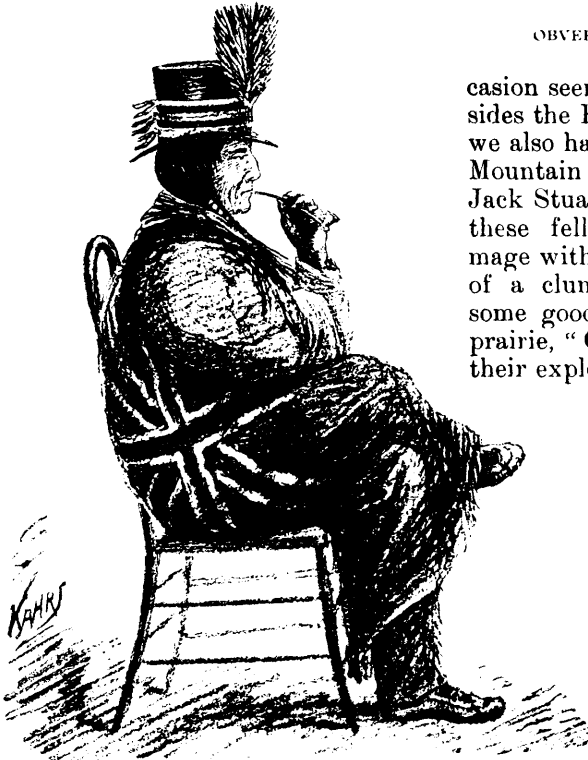
for the last time. And when they were all gone, it seemed very desolate to feel I was the only woman in the Fort. My husband had done his best to persuade me to go; but I had no encumbrances like the others, no young life to think of before my own, and I thought I might be of use.

A few days after the women left, orders came for a detachment of Police to proceed to the front under command of Inspector Perry, and to take with them one of the big "nine pounders." Two companies of Rifles were sent to replace them, "Black Soldiers" the Indians called them, not having as much respect for the dark uniform as for the "red coat." They used to say "Little boy better go home to his mother; he no can ride, and his feet too big to run"—so much for government boots! But if the "Black Soldiers" could not run, the boots did not prevent their fighting,

and when there were no Indians handy they did not hesitate to practise fisticuffs, at least, on one another, or even on one of their own officers when oc-



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casion seemed to demand. Then besides the Police and the gallant 9th, we also had as defenders the "Rocky Mountain Rangers," with Captain Jack Stuart at their head; and how these fellows longed for a scrimmage with a real live Indian instead of a clump of furze. When, after some good scouting work over the prairie, "Captain Jack" telegraphed their exploits to Ottawa—thinking, of

course, they would immediately be sent to the scene of action, the reply came, "You done well! keep on,"—it was somewhat damping to their pride and ardour. But if disappointing to "The Rangers," that telegram was "nuts" to the Police, with whom it is a slang expression to this day, for when one of "the boys" is tempted to blow a bit, he is invariably greeted