

The Buffalo Hunt

We've followed their tracks from the rolling
plain,
Through slime-green sloughs to a sedgy
ravine,
Where the cat-tail spikes of the marsh-grown
flags
Stand half as high as the billowy green.

The spear-grass touched our saddle-bows,
The blade-points pricked to the broncho's
neck ;
But we followed the tracks like hounds on
scent,
Till our horses reared with a sudden check.

The scouts dart back with a shout, " They
are found ! "
Great fur-maned heads are thrust through
reeds,
A forest of horns, a crunching of stems,
Reined sheer on their haunches are
terrified steeds.