

try. So they posted scouts to watch the movements of the deer, thinking to waylay them in this place, which was near to the camp.

Now, as the afternoon wore on, word came that the deer from the heights over on the other side, had begun to enter the defile which led down to the river, and that all should come who could kill. So the young men hastened, and many old squaws went with them, screeching with delight at the prospect of slaughter and plenty, for there is by nature no mercy in the heart of any Indian man or woman. And I went with them, for I wished to see this sight which is so much talked of among the Indians.

Above the valley on the hither side was a great ledge of rock, and here I sat down to watch the slaughter. Now, the place that they had chosen for the killing of the deer formed a natural pound—such a place as the old buffalo hunters of the plains used to drive the herds into, and shoot until all lay dead, one over the other, for the deer had to descend a deep ravine which had its beginning far out in the plains on the other side, then turned abruptly into the river valley. Down this valley the great migratory herds were used to pass until they came to a fording place and an easy ascent upon this side.

Across the valley, along the upper ravine, the Indians had placed odd objects, such as bits of blanket, to turn the deer to make them pass down the stream, where they would be kept in on either hand by the hills and the pressure of the herd behind.

The Indians had disappeared. There was not a living thing in sight, except a stray fox trotting along the opposite hilltops, and an arctic owl staring at me from his seat on a boulder a little way off. I wondered at the absence of the Indians, for already the deer were filing out of the ravine into the river bottom. As the wind was favorable, they had not become aware of the Indians being near them, until a

sudden shout arose on the opposite side of the river along the ravine down which they were coming in thousands. Then they rushed on pell-mell out into the valley, and turned down. Here again they were met by a band of ambushed savages right across the valley; and all along the hillsides above them, other Indians sprung up from behind rocks and boulders firing blank into the living mass as fast as they could shoot and reload. The bewildered animals leaped over one another in their panic, rushing at the steep hillsides, only to be turned back and crowded into the river, where hundreds of them were choked and trampled to death. A few broke away past the cordon of savages down the valley, and raised a howl in the encampment as they rushed over the canoes and lodges. But only a few of all that great migratory host. Not one in a hundred of all that were slaughtered was ever made use of by those ruthless savages, who killed just for the mad joy of killing, and never ceased while a living thing remained in the place. But they were punished for their waste, for it is said the caribou have never since passed by this way, and this very band of Indians who went there the following fall to waylay them again, perished utterly of starvation.

Afterwards came the feasting and the making of pemmican and drying of meat and skins. It was a busy scene. Now was the women's part. They did all the preparing of the meat and skins, while the hunters lay about the camp smoking, and well satisfied with their part of the work.

By sunset the great Dancing Lodge was ready, and the feast prepared. But I will not tell of all they had, except that two white dogs were served up as the crowning delicacy, an especial honor to the taking of Athildza by Hetsory, before the assembled counsellors.

Now, when it was quite dark, I went gently down to the river side