"About sundown I overtook them. Their tongues were sticking out a yard. I took down my rope from the saddle-horn, having just missed my shooting irons a few minutes before, and threw it onto a yearling heifer. When the rope tightened the yearling began to bleat and its mammy broke back out of the herd and took after me. I tried to turn the rope loose so as to get out of the way, but couldn't, as it was drawn very tight around the saddle-horn. To my delight, after raking some of the surplus hair from my pony's hind quarters, she turned and struck out after the still fleeing herd.

"Now the question arose in my mind, 'how are you going to kill your buffalo?' Broke her neck was the only way I could think of; after trying it several times by running 'against' the rope at full speed, I gave it up as a failure. I then concluded to cut the rope and let her go, so getting out my old frog-sticker--an old pocket knife I had picked up a few days before and which I used to clean my pipe--I went to work trying to open the little blade it being the only one that would cut hot butter. The big blade was open when I found it, consequently it was nothing but a sheet of rust. The little blade had become rusted considerably, which made it hard to open. Previous to that I always used my bowie knife, which at that time was hanging to my pistol belt, in camp, to open it with. After working a few minutes I gave up the notion of opening the little blade and went to work sawing at the rope with the big one. But I soon gave that up also, as I could have made just as much headway by cutting with my finger. At last I dismounted and went to him, or at least her, with nothing but my muscle for a weapon.

"I finally managed to get her down by getting one hand fastened to her under jaw and the other hold of one horn and then twisting her neck.