

As some of you might wonder why I had so much trouble with this little animal, when it is a known fact that one man by himself can tie down the largest domestic bull that ever lived, I will say that the difference between a buffalo and a domestic bull is, that the latter when you throw him hard against the ground two or three times, will lie still long enough to give you a chance to jump aboard of him, while the former will raise to his feet, instantly, just as long as there's a bit of life left.

"After getting her tied down with my 'sash,' a silk concern that I kept my breeches up with, I went to work opening the little blade of my knife. I broke the big one off and then used it for a pry to open the other with.

When I got her throat cut I concluded it a good idea to take the hide along, to show the boys that I didn't have my run for nothing, so went to work skinning, which I found to be a tedious job with such a small knife-blade.

"It was pitch dark when I started towards camp with the hide and a small chunk of meat tied behind my saddle.

After riding east about a mile, I abandoned the idea of going to camp and turned south facing the cool breeze in hopes of finding water, my pony and I both being nearly dead for a drink.

"It was at least twenty miles to camp over a level, dry plain, therefore I imagined it an impossibility to go that distance without water. As the streams all lay east and west in that country, I knew by going south I was bound to strike one sooner or later.

"About midnight I began to get sleepy, so, pulling the bridle off my pony so she could graze, I spread the buffalo hide down, hair up, and after wrapping the end of the rope, that my pony was fastened to around