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/out. Quickly locating a band grazing on a distant flat, I handed him the glasses. Showing him how to draw a focus, in a moment he had located the game as amply evidenced by the sudden attempt of the corners of his long mouth to connect with the lobes of his ears.

"Washtay! Heap!" he exclaimed beamingly, as he lowered the glasses while lovingly patting them with his free hand.

Retrieving his pony from a near-by gulch where he had cached it, he was quickly on his way after the game. Appearing at the ranch the following day, he told me he had killed two out of the band, while rapturously rubbing his stomach with an expressive gesture which told its own story.

Evidently a chief of standing among his tribe, I am unable to recall his name beyond that it was prevised with "Red." But we called him "Veeshkey," Nugent attaching the name to him as the result of a ludicrous occurrence taking place one day while he was visiting us.

Riding up and dismounting, he was talking to Nugent by the bunk-house door when his eye suddenly lit on an empty quart bottle lying near-by. Picking it up, with a broad grin overspreading his face, he applied it to his nose, taking a long sniff while at the same time characteristically rubbing his stomach with his free hand.

"Veeshkey, veeshkey! Oh, veeshkey; washtay," he exclaimed, with an ecstatic grin supplemented by an appealing look at Nugent.

The appeal was touching if ineffective. Being / ²¹⁵ civilized, and the "Constitution Tinker" not having evolved himself, as yet, we had whiskey, of course, But we did not believe in that method of civilizing the Indian. For one thing, we thought there was too much "super" in it for a starter. Furthermore, what we had was good Scotch. We could take care of it ourselves, so they were not getting any from us.

But whatever his failings, "Old Veeshkey" was human through and through, so that we all liked and encouraged him to come around. Just as I must always think