

an outfit like that into the hostile camp. That if I wanted to go alone and sacrifice myself to Indian treachery, why, well and good; but I had no right to sacrifice Day, and four good Government mules; but Day was a brave man, and proof against their solicitations.

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CHAPTER IV.

Off again for Bull's Camp; A chapter replete with stirring events; An Indian quarrel that results in murder; Blackfeet horse thieves; A night attack; A popular young warrior killed and scalped while hunting buffalo.

- It was about the 25th of October, 1880, when we pulled out from Buford, reaching Camp Poplar Creek in two days, where I was met by an Indian runner from Bull's Camp, sent with a message to me from Chief Gall, to the effect that I would find him, with the entire camp, at the mouth of Frenchman's Creek, on the Milk River, about one hundred and fifty miles from Poplar Creek. Accompanied by the runner, whose name was Strong Hand, we proceeded on our journey, making only about twenty miles a day. When we had reached within about six miles of the camp, we came upon a lone tepee, erected on a small mound near the trail; an old squaw/³⁴ stood near, observing our approach. Riding up to her, I learned that her son, who was in the tepee, had, the day before, quarreled with another Indian in the camp, over a horse trade, and that her son had killed the other Indian, and he was now, in compliance with the Indian custom, when guilty of the shedding of blood, performing an act of purification. She also informed me that during the preceding night, their Indian enemies, the Blackfeet, had made an attack on the camp, and had succeeded in running off twenty-six head of horses, without, however, doing any other damage, and that/^a war party was on their trail. This was most unwelcome news. The camp was sure to be in an uproar, and the warriors in a frame of mind, anything but favorable to my purpose; but this was mild intelligence compared with what we were about to witness in the next forty-eight hours. About