

and in all probability saved our lives, for the Indians are very superstitious, and their blood was up; something was wrong; in fact, things had been going wrong for several days. ~~There must be a "Jonah" in the camp,~~ and how easy it would be to find a pair of "Jonahs" in the persons of the two white men in camp; but our prompt action had made a most favorable impression, and diverted their thoughts from the subject of "Jonahs," and I improved the opportunity by comparing their uncertain, hunted existence with the happy life of their friends at the Agencies in Dakota, whose wives and little ones were even then sleeping peacefully in their beds, without fear of being disturbed by prowling bands of Indian foes.

41/ A number of warriors followed cautiously after the retreating Blackfeet, but failed to come up with them. They returned to camp about ten in the morning, and reported finding blood-stained bandages on the trail, so there must have been some of the enemy wounded. Among the Sioux, no one was hurt, nor did they lose any horses on this occasion. But danger was yet lurking near. About two in the afternoon, a warrior came into camp, and reported the discovery of a small herd of buffalo, about four miles from camp. About thirty warriors mounted their horses and went out to kill them; among the number was Scarlet Plume, a popular young brave, who was a favorite with every one. The warriors approached the buffalo under cover, till they were within easy rifle range, when they opened fire and killed all but one, which struck out across the plain, seemingly unhurt. Young Scarlet Plume gave chase, following the animal and finally killing it near the head of a ravine running up from the <sup>42</sup> Milk River which at that point was densely studded with timber. He had killed his last buffalo. He was alone and more than a mile from his companions. A party of Blackfeet