

my body once or twice so she couldn't get loose without me knowing it, fell asleep.

"I hadn't slept long when I awoke, covered from head to foot with ants. The fresh hide had attracted them.

"After freeing myself of most of the little pests, I continued my journey in search of water.

"About three o'clock in the morning I lay down again, but this time left the hide on my saddle.

"I think I must have been asleep about an hour when all at once my pony gave a tremendous snort and struck out at full speed, dragging me after her.

"You see I had wrapped the rope around my body as before and it held me fast some way or another; I suppose by getting tangled. Luckily for me though it came loose after dragging me about a hundred yards.

"You can imagine my feelings on gaining my feet, and finding myself standing on the broad prairie afoot. I felt just like a little boy does when he lets a bird slip out of his hand accidentally--that is--exceedingly foolish.

"The earth was still shaking and I could hear a roaring noise like that of distant thunder. A large herd of buffaloes had just passed.

"While standing scratching my head a faint noise greeted my ear; it was my pony snorting. A tramp of about three hundred yards brought me to her. She was shaking as though she had a chill. I mounted and continued my journey south, determined on not stopping any more that night.

"About ten o'clock next morning I struck water on the head of Sharp's creek, a tributary to 'Beaver' or head of North Canadian.