

fire in the center of our tipi with the flue open at the top. Suddenly Pretty Door started to tell me something in an undertone voice, while she was holding the spoon in her hand, blowing away the grease -- skimming the grease. She had spied, in the spoon, the face of a Crow Indian warrior peeping down from the bough of a tree that was directly over the top opening of our tipi. "An enemy is spying us from above. Do something at once before he takes a shot at us." she whispered. Quick as a flash I took out my best arrow and without any special aim -- only in my mind, I shot the arrow with all my might. It took effect. I had wounded the Crow -- don't know where but could see the blood tracks he had left behind. I ran out quickly but my foot caught at the door and stumbled outside and by that time the enemy made his get-away in the timber. The Crow evidently was a lonely scout, saw our smoke and playfully climbed up the bough over our tipi and was eyeing us from the opening of our lodge. Any rate, wounding this Crow added another coup to my record.

We broke camp at once and returned home.