

4.

She had spied, in the spoon, the face of a Crow Indian warrior - peeping down from the ^{bough} top 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~~ 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.