

Late one fall we were camped near Pilot Butte, on the Missouri river, and our supply of food was very low; so low, in fact, that we were all very hungry. This slush ice was coming down the river, so that we were unable to cross the stream and get to where the buffalo fed, and it began to look as if we were in for a long stretch of starvation. The one great problem among the Indians was the securing of food. All other matters were of secondary consideration. One morning two fine buffaloes were seen to come down on the north side of the river opposite our camp. This sight was too much for us, and \*myself and two young bucks made up our minds that we would swim across the river and get the animals. We tied our ammunition pouches on top of our heads, fastened our guns to logs, and jumped into the angry stream, the entire village watching our movements.

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We pushed the logs on which we had fastened our guns ahead of us while we swam, and at last reached the northern bank of the river. The current was very swift, and the sharp ice, rushing against our arms and breasts, cut great gashes in our flesh. We were covered with cuts and blood when we crawled out of the water; but we managed to keep our guns from being submerged, and they were ready for use as soon as loaded. We were not long in finding, killing, skinning and quartering the buffaloes, after which we made a raft, put the meat and our guns upon it, and once more trusted our lacerated bodies to the mercies of the ice-filled stream, arriving on the opposite bank after a terrible struggle.

The Indians were very thankful for the meat, and did everything in their power to alleviate our sufferings and make us comfortable; —but it was many days before we were able to leave our tipis. The water in the river was as cold as the ice which floated in its current, and all three of us caught terrible colds; but the worst thing we had encountered was the ice itself, and its sharp, knife-like edges cut gashes in our bodies that were weeks in healing. It was a buffalo hunt under difficulties, and the Indians never tired of relating the story to their friends and acquaintances among the other tribes. \*

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During the trip I made that same year to the Big Wooded mountains in the British possessions in company with five Indians, we passed through the greatest herds of buffaloes I ever saw. We traveled over twelve hundred miles, and the country for four hundred miles of the distance was covered with thousands upon thousands of these animals. On this same trip I witnessed a big prairie fire and saw a stampede of wild horses. It was one of the most awe-inspiring sights I ever beheld, and it was a long time before the vividness of it died out of my mind. When we left the Indian village to take this trip our intention was to visit the country of the Blackfeet and run off a big band of their horses, but we became entangled in the swamps and were compelled to return.