

On one occasion two Indians and myself were selected by the council and sent out to locate a buffalo herd. We were to follow up the Rosebud and cross over the Little Big Horn to the divide between the Big Horn and the Little Big Horn rivers. Whenever the Indians send members of the tribe out preparatory to a hunt, they are supposed only to locate and not kill the game, and report results of the council. We went on and reached the divide between the two rivers. On reaching there we could hear the buffaloes very distinctly, but could not see them. The latter part of July and during August is the buffalo "running" season, and the bulls make such a noise that you can hear them for twenty miles. By putting your ear to the ground you can hear them further than that. On reaching the divide we could hear the buffaloes so plain that we thought there was no use in going any further, as we could report on our return that there were plenty of buffaloes in that vicinity; but while we were sitting there resting ourselves, a buffalo bull and cow came across the flat. They were right in below us, and we were so hungry for buffalo * meat that we thought it would be a good idea to kill one of them and take what meat we could back to where we expected to camp that night.

I, being the best shot of the three, was asked to go down and shoot the buffalo. The animals being at some distance, I crawled down to the flat, and secreted myself in a place where I thought I was close enough to get a good shot at them as they passed. Shooting as they got opposite me, I hit the cow, breaking its back and killing it almost instantly. After awhile the bull began to sniff at the body of the dead cow, and as soon as it got a smell of the fresh blood seemed to go perfectly crazy. It ran around the cow's carcass, pawing the ground and giving vent to the most terrible sounds. I lay perfectly quiet and watched, knowing if I made a move the bull would see and attack me, and, if it did, nothing would prevent my being torn into ribbons or stamped and trampled into a jelly. For fully an hour the infuriated bull stood over the dead body of the cow. I thought that if I could load my gun and get one chance I could shoot the brute, and I did manage to pour a charge of powder from the flask into the palm of my hand; but the moment I tried to empty it into my gun the bull spæed me, and with head almost dragging the ground and tail sticking straight up in the air, it came rushing madly toward me.

I had to think and act might quickly. Behind where I had been lying I noticed a washout, about three feet deep, and into this place I threw myself just as the snorting, bellowing beast reached the edge of it. The * bull was so close that I actually felt its warm breath on my body as I fell into the washout. Being unable to reach me with its head, the animal stood over the place where I lay and pawed up the earth in its mad fury. Almost paralyzed with fear and unable to help myself, I could do nothing but remain perfectly quiet and wait until the bull became exhausted or left the spot.

After what seemed hours to me, the animal went back to the place where the dead cow lay, and I made a second attempt to load my gun. But the bull saw my movement and was back upon me in a twinkling. I had time, however, to crawl further into the washout than I had been in the first instance, and there I remained until darkness settled over the earth and the buffalo bull departed. I then crawled out of the hole and crept up over the hill where I left my two Indian companions. They were sitting on the brow of the hill awaiting an opportunity to go down on the flat and get my body. Having witnessed the antics of the bull and the attack it had made on me, they felt certain that I had been killed.