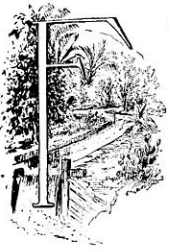


CHAPTER VIII.

GAME IN THE GREAT WEST.

THE WILD HORSE—METHODS OF TAKING THE WILD HORSE—THE BUFFALO—THE CHASE—
CAPTAIN BALDWIN'S ADVENTURES—THE SURROUND—THE ANTELOPE—THE WOLF
—SMALL GAME—BUFFALO BILL—DEER—BIG HORN—WOLF
HUNTING IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY—BEAR HUNTING—GAME OF THE NORTHWEST.



FOR centuries Indian tribes were continually at war with each other before the white man came to America. After that event their territory became more limited, and the conditions under which we find them in modern times was forced upon them. They gradually came under the direction and control of the white race. Though the feuds between the tribes did not entirely cease they grew less frequent, because attention was called in another direction; to continual encroachments by the common enemy of all. When the tribes living east of the Mississippi were driven out upon the plains country they gradually obtained horses and adopted a purely nomadic life. It is true that in some instances they had utilized dogs for transportation purposes, especially in the north, but only to a limited extent. Until they obtained horses, the canoe was their main dependence for artificial transportation. This of course confined them to the lakes and water courses. It was when they acquired horses from the Mexicans that they became a roving, or nomadic, people. The horse enabled them to go on extensive expeditions and acquire a knowledge of the country and skill as landsmen. Their expertness finally came to be most extraordinary. They could travel hundreds, even thousands of miles with great rapidity, sometimes being gone for six months or a year; and returning to their own district of country find their own tribe, though it may have been moving from place to place during the entire time of their absence. There are many Indians now living who have been on excursions covering territory a hundred miles north of the British-American boundary, and three hundred miles south of the Mexican border. The horse also facilitated their chase and taking of game for food. The wild horse, which descended from those imported by Cortez and others,

was found in considerable numbers in northern Mexico and Texas, but the difficulty of taking them was very great. There was no other animal on the plains so wild and sagacious. So adroit were they that they would always run on sight of man, and once in motion would rarely stop until they had placed a long and safe interval between themselves and their pursuers.

In a band of wild horses may be seen all colors: nearly milk-white, jet-black, cream color, iron-gray, pinto, sorrel, bay, etc. Their manes were profuse, hanging in wild profusion over their necks and faces, and their long tails swept the ground. It was rare that a human being could by stealth approach, or by patient waiting find himself near a band of horses at their ease; but when he did he witnessed an ideal scene of freedom and beauty in the graceful gambols of the proud and playful descendants of the faithful slaves of Cortes and Alvarado, an animal new to America, but thriving here even better than at home.

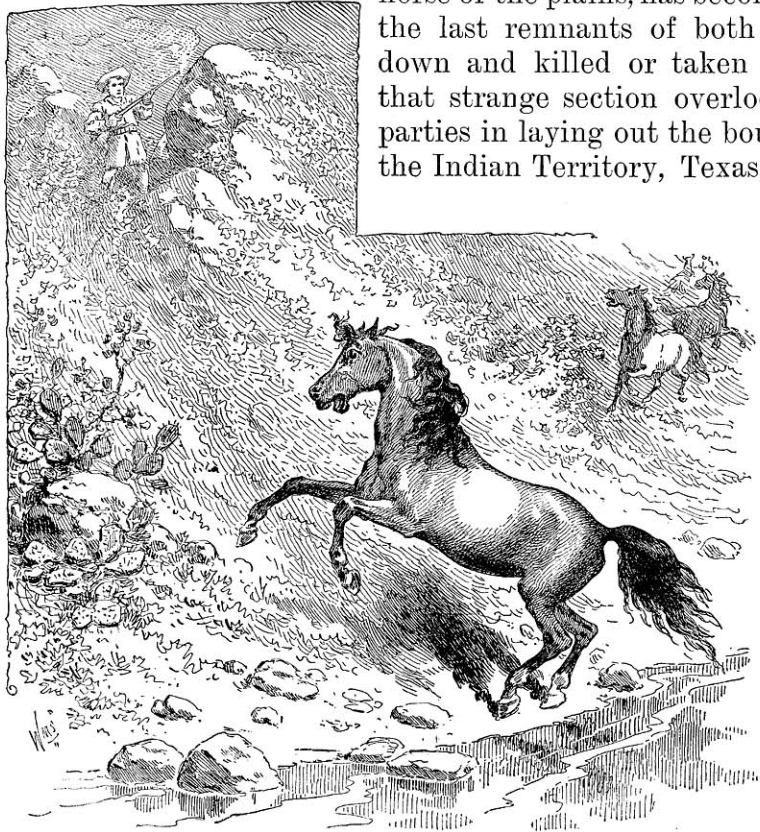
There were various methods of taking the wild horse. One was for the rifleman to steal up under the cover of some rock or bush or deep ravine, or lie in wait concealed near some place where they were accustomed to go for water, and watch his opportunity to "crease" them. This is done by firing a bullet through the upper part of the neck, striking a certain nerve or cord in such a way as to temporarily paralyze the animal. Before his recovery the hunter would run up and confine him with stout cords or lariats. It was a difficult performance, and very rarely successful. A surer way to take him was for the huntsmen to separate into bands in the time of the full moon, and take stations on the plains at points where the band of wild horses was accustomed to roam. Then one or two men would pursue the band, the pursuit to be taken up by their prearranged relays as the circumstances would enable them to come in with their fresh horses; until in the course of time the pursued animals became exhausted. But it was easier for the Indians to steal the domesticated horse from his owner, or raise the animals in their safe camps, hundreds of miles away from any settlement.

With the horse they could easily take the bison, commonly called buffalo, which had always been the plains Indian's main stay and support. It furnished him with splendid robes to protect him from the cold of winter. Its hide, with that of the elk, furnished him warm shelter and clothing, while the venison and buffalo meat supplied him with an abundance of wholesome and toothsome food. The vast region extending from the Rio Grande through Texas, eastern New Mexico and Colorado, the Indian

Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, and the plains of British America, was the pasture ground of millions of buffaloes. I think it is safe to say that from the crest of a mesa or some high butte I have frequently seen from twenty to thirty thousand within a radius of ten or fifteen miles. Within the past decade the buffalo, as well as the wild

horse of the plains, has become entirely extinct, the last remnants of both having been run down and killed or taken in the vicinity of that strange section overlooked by surveying parties in laying out the boundaries of Kansas, the Indian Territory, Texas, New Mexico, and

Colorado, and which acquired thereby the singular and significant name of "No Man's Land." In the Southwest they were practically exterminated between the years 1872 and 1877, while the same occurred in the Northwest between the years 1878 and 1885.



CREASING THE WILD HORSE.

It may not be uninteresting to give somewhat in detail the Indian's mode of hunting the buffalo before the white man came and destroyed the game. The chase of the buffalo was the Indian's chief amusement as well as his chief means of livelihood, and after his acquisition of the horse, was done almost invariably on horseback; formerly with bow and lance, latterly with rifle also. In this exercise he became wonderfully expert, and was able to kill these huge beasts with great ease. Mounted on his strong, fleet "Indian pony," well trained for the chase, he dashed off at full speed amongst the herd and

discharged his deadly arrow to their hearts from his horse's back. This horse was the fleetest animal of the prairie, and easily brought his rider alongside of his game. Both the horse and his rider had been stripped beforehand of shield, dress and saddle, everything which might in the least encumber or handicap the horse for speed, the Indian carrying only bow and quiver with half a dozen arrows drawn from it and held lightly and loosely in his left hand ready for instant use. With a trained horse the Indian rider had little use for the line which was fastened with a noose around the under jaw, passing loosely over the horse's neck and trailing behind, passing to the left side of the rider. The word lariat is from the Spanish, *lariata*. The following derivation, probably fanciful, is also given. The early French traders in the country named the line or



INDIANS KILLING BUFFALOES IN SUMMER.

halter "*l'arret*" or stop; it being as they seem to have thought, used to stop rather than guide the horse. The Englishmen coming subsequently upon the scene accepted the name with anglicized spelling, "*lariat*." Further south, toward the Rio Grande, the Spaniards gave it the name of "*lazo*" meaning a net, or entanglement, which was afterwards anglicized to *lasso*, and this name as well as *lariat* is now in common use. It is used for a great variety of purposes; to stop, to guide, to secure the animal, to throw him and to bind him when down. All this the Indians do with great skill. I have seen Rary's method of subjugating vicious horses excelled by the skill of the Indian in the use of the lariat as he tangles the horse, throws and confines him, and finally does whatever he likes with him without seriously injuring him.

Returning to the chase, the approach was made upon the right side of the game, the arrow being thrown to the left at the instant the horse passed the animal's heart, or some vital organ, which received the deadly weapon "to the feather." In fact, Indians have been known to send them with such force as to drive them completely through the buffalo.

When pursuing a large herd the Indian generally rode close in the rear until he had selected the animal he wished to kill. He separated it from the throng by watching for a favorable opportunity and dashing his horse between, forcing it off by itself and killing it without being himself trampled to death, as he was liable to be by operating too far within the massed herd.

The training of the horse was such that it quickly knew the object of its rider's selection, and exerted every energy to come to close quarters. In the chase the rider leaned well forward and off from its side, with his bow firmly drawn ready for the shot which was given the instant he was opposite the animal's body. The horse being instinctively afraid of the huge animal, kept his eye upon him, and the moment he reached the nearest proximity required, and heard the twang of the bow or the crack of the rifle, sheered instantly though gradually off, to escape the horns of the infuriated beast, which were often instantly turned and presented for the reception of the pursuer. These frightful collisions would occasionally occur, notwithstanding the wonderful sagacity of the horse and the caution of the rider.

The buffalo on being pursued will sometimes turn very quickly at his pursuer with savage ferocity, and many an Indian as well as an occasional white man has been thrown high in the air over the back of the buffalo, or gored to death. Occasionally the animal will turn before being wounded. This has occurred in my own experience in a hot chase upon the Kansas plains. Sometimes also the cow will turn in defense of her young. Captain Frank D. Baldwin of the Fifth Infantry once had a powerful bull turn upon him quickly, catching his horse fairly, and throwing both horse and rider over his back. In fact this officer had a number of most remarkable escapes both from buffaloes and from wolves within my knowledge, and as illustrating the characteristics of both these species of large game, I may instance in some detail two or three of his dangerous adventures. The one now referred to occurred in 1870, when he was stationed at Fort Hays, Kansas. One day in September he received a note from a friend in Chicago saying that he with two others would come out to take a buffalo hunt.

Baldwin was quartermaster of the post at that time. There was a large amount of transportation, and a great many extra saddle animals. Among

the horses which he used himself was an extra fine "buffalo horse." Such a one is an animal that will ride into a herd without fear and seem to be as keen as his rider to overtake a particular buffalo. As soon as he comprehends which particular animal his rider desires to secure he will follow him and run close to his side, and the moment the shot is fired, he will instantly turn from the buffalo to avoid the invariable charge which the wounded animal makes in order to gore and punish his pursuer. This horse was one of the most perfect of its kind, and it was no poor horseman that could remain on his back after firing the shot, unless he thoroughly understood his habits. Of course when the friend and his party came it was incumbent upon Baldwin to give him the best buffalo horse, while he, himself, was obliged to ride an untrained one from the corral.

They rode out with great expectations of having a fine time, and after traveling twelve or fifteen miles from the post, discovered their first herd of buffaloes. Baldwin had warned the gentleman who was riding his horse of the necessity of watching him after firing, but feeling confident that in the excitement of his first chase he would forget all about it, kept along close beside him; and sure enough, the first shot he fired when about fifty yards from the buffalo, the animal made his sharp turn, and off went the rider.

After getting him up and on the horse again, Baldwin thought he would show what he could do himself; so with the green horse on which he was mounted, he started for a fine bull and soon overtook him. By a little urging he was able to get the horse close beside him, and then fired, mortally wounding the animal; but the horse instead of trying to escape the brute, kept along by his side. Almost instantly after the shot was fired, the buffalo turned and caught the horse just behind the flanks, and imbedded his horns, tearing the horse to pieces and throwing Baldwin over the buffalo, where he alighted on his head and shoulders and remained unconscious for several minutes. When he came to his senses the buffalo was standing there, bleeding at the mouth and nose, with his four legs spread out and in the last agonies of death, but looking fiercely at Baldwin, watching for the least indication of life; and had the latter made the least movement as he no doubt would have done if he had had the strength, he would have been gored to death. The parts of the horse were still hanging to the horns of the buffalo. Fortunately this condition of affairs remained for a minute only, when the buffalo fell dead with his head within a few feet of Baldwin's person.

Taking the saddle off his horse, and getting his pistol, in a few minutes a fresh horse was brought. By this time nearly all the party

had gathered at the place, and as this was the first buffalo that most of them had ever seen killed, they insisted that they must have the head and other parts of the animal as trophies of the hunt. The head now decorates one of the offices of a prominent railroad official in Chicago.

What was regarded by the Indians as royal sport has been denominated the "surround." It required a body of three or four hundred warriors to perform it satisfactorily. First a few runners were sent out to discover a herd of buffaloes, frequently selecting one containing as many as two hundred. Then dividing the force of warriors, and selecting some four or five groups of from fifteen to twenty each, these would take position outside the moving body that was to encircle the herd, at prominent points where they could give chase to and destroy any buffalo that might break through the closing-in-line and escape. The main body then proceeded to surround the herd. They went in groups to different sides of the herd and then gradually approached from all directions, closing the animals in and setting them to running in a circle within that formed by the converging and contracting line of warriors. So skillfully was this managed that they would keep the herd in motion, alternating in the chase and firing, until they had destroyed the entire number. This must have approached more nearly than any other sport to the excitement of a battle, exhibiting the same skillful horsemanship and marksmanship without the attendant danger to themselves.

In the dead of winter, when the snow lay deep in the extreme North and horses could not be brought into the chase to advantage, the Indian would run upon the surface of the snow by the aid of snowshoes, while the great weight of the buffaloes, sinking them deep even when the snow was heavily encrusted, rendered them easy victims to the bow or lance of their pursuers. The snow being blown from the tops and sides of the hills, leaving the bare grass for the buffaloes to feed upon, would drift in the lowlands and ravines to a great depth. When closely pursued the buffalo would endeavor to lunge through this snow but would soon be hopelessly wedged in and become an easy prey to the Indian hunter. The snowshoes were made in many forms, two or three feet in length and a foot or more in width, of hoops bent around for the frame with a netting of strings of rawhide woven across, on which their feet rested and to which they were fastened with straps or thongs. With them the Indians would glide over the snow with great ease and astonishing rapidity. Another method of the Indian was to disguise himself under the skin of a wolf, and crawl up

on his hands and knees until within a few rods of an unsuspecting group of buffaloes and easily shoot down the fattest of the herd.

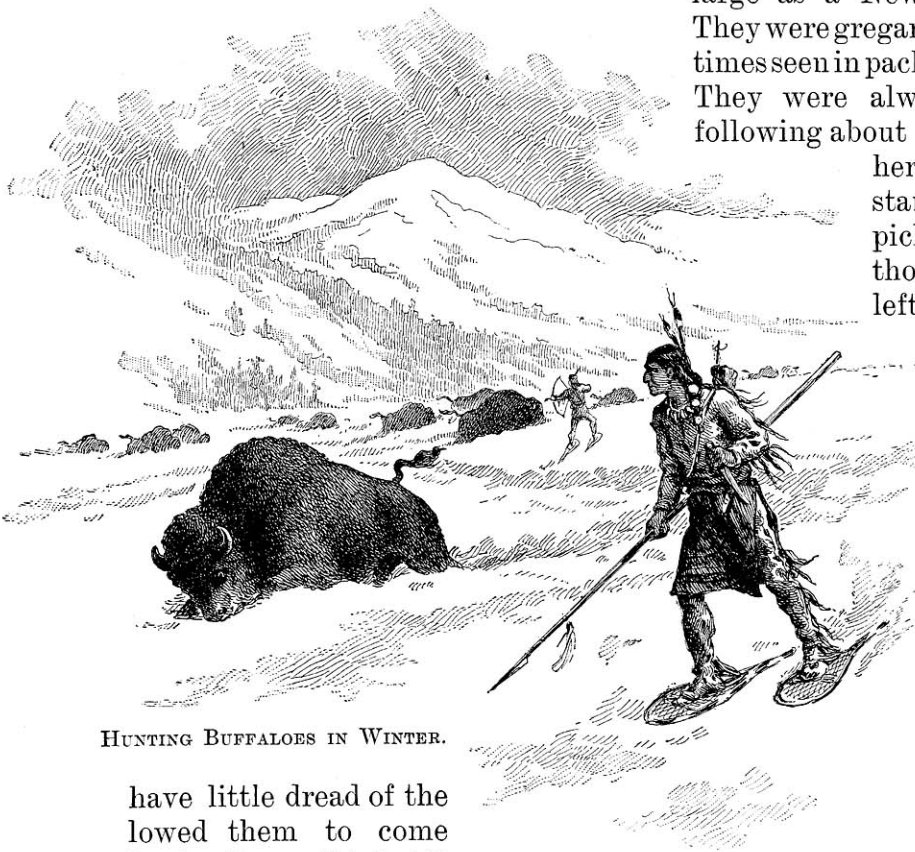
The fleet-footed antelope roamed the plains country in countless numbers, and the prairie dog established "towns" of vast extent, where it lived in seeming amity with the owl and the rattlesnake.

There were several varieties of wolves on the plains, the most numerous being the coyote and the most formidable being the gray wolf, often as large as a Newfoundland dog.

They were gregarious, being sometimes seen in packs of fifty or sixty. They were always to be seen following about in the vicinity of

herds of buffaloes, standing ready to pick the bones of those the hunters left on the ground,

or to overtake or devour those that were wounded, and which consequently fell an easy prey to them. While the herd of buffaloes were together they seemed to close to the of the wolf



HUNTING BUFFALOES IN WINTER.

have little dread of the lowed them to come herd. It was this habit

which suggested the above described stratagem. When the buffaloes were abundant these wolves were harmless to man, but as the buffaloes diminished in number, and the food supply became precarious, they grew ferocious when made ravenous by hunger.

During my campaign in January, 1875, about ninety miles west of Fort Sill, Indian Territory, Captain Baldwin and I were one day quite a long

distance in advance of the command, looking over the country. The cold was so intense that we had dismounted and were walking to keep warm, leading our horses over the thin, crisp snow. We were about two hundred yards apart when we discovered two great gray wolves. They were nearly white and the largest I have ever seen. They were about five hundred yards to the right and front of Baldwin, who was on my right, and moved very slowly and independently toward him. We both mounted, and just as I joined Baldwin, the wolves saw the head of the column appear, whereupon they leisurely moved away. In referring to this occurrence, Captain Baldwin gave me an account of an incident that happened to him in May, 1866, which, using his own language, is as follows:

"I was stationed at Fort Harker, Kansas, in command of a company of the Thirty-seventh Infantry. Fort Harker was located on the overland stage route from Fort Riley to Denver, and after leaving Fort Harker it was unsafe for anyone to travel in daylight except with a good escort of troops.

"In December of this year the Indians became so bad that it was necessary to stop every other stage at Harker, and run through with two stages, one loaded with United States mail, and the other with troops. In addition to this, at every mail-station where they kept the relay of horses, we had a good body of troops to protect the station. In the month of December it was my turn in regular detail to guard a section of sixty miles of this mail-line. I had four stations, with twenty men at each station, and from fifteen to twenty men that I used to load onto the extra coach and the mail-coach. I was obliged to inspect these stations at least once a week, usually making the ride in the night, going the entire distance of sixty miles in one night and back the next.

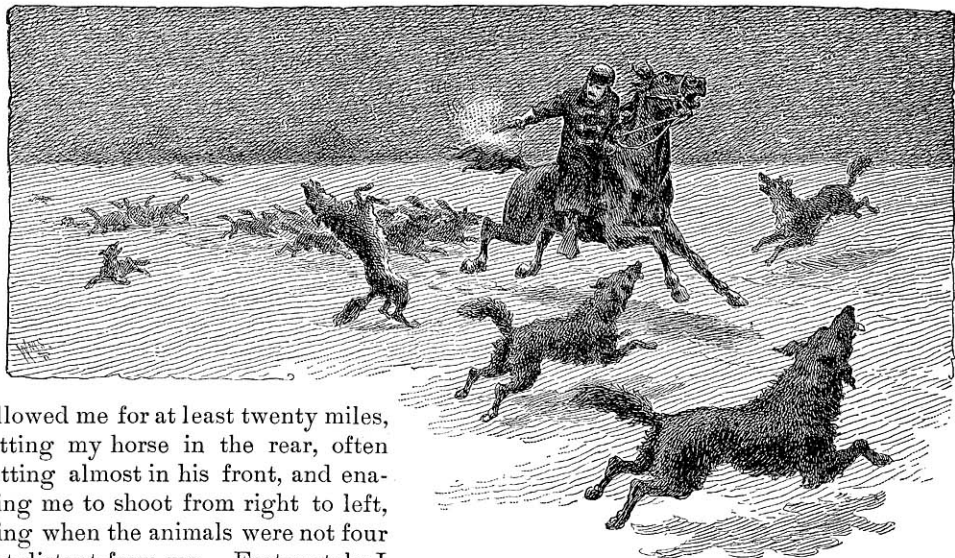
"On one of these trips I stopped about thirty miles from the fort to have a buffalo hunt, and hunted all day, but at night I was obliged to start back for the post. I left this thirty-mile station about four o'clock in the afternoon, in a light snowstorm, with a tolerably fresh horse that was both strong and spirited. I was entirely alone, and armed only with a small 36 calibre pistol, depending almost entirely upon my horse to escape any danger from Indians, and not anticipating danger from any other source.

"I had ridden about ten miles when it began to grow dark. My horse taking an easy trot, I was rather enjoying the ride. I had noticed previous to this the howling of the wolves, but had paid very little attention to it. As I rode along, however, I noticed that this howling began to get closer, and at length was aroused from my reverie by the bark and howl of two or three wolves very close to me. Looking back I saw two coyotes and one big prairie or 'lobo' wolf following close behind me, and howling their utmost. This rather startled the horse as you may be sure it also did me. I increased my speed, but still they gained on me, and it wasn't long before their number grew to a dozen or more, and the distance between them and my horse was very much lessened.

"I began to appreciate the danger, and realized for the first time that I had a weapon with which it was very doubtful whether I could defend myself against such ravenous beasts as these. I recalled the fact that just before leaving I had counted the number of rounds of ammunition I had, which was just forty-nine.

"I had left the stage route, intending to go to the post by a trail which would save me something more than five miles in distance, and as it was dark I had no hopes of gaining one of the stations along the route, but was obliged to keep to the trail, trusting to my mount to take me out of what had now become a real danger. The wolves kept gaining on me until they had got within a very short distance before I fired the first shot at them, which fortunately disabled one of their number to the extent that the blood ran from him, and he began to howl, whereupon the whole pack pounced upon him and tore him to pieces. This gave me a little start of one or two hundred yards before they commenced following again. Every shot I fired was with the greatest care, and it was very seldom that I missed disabling or killing one of them.

"Afraid of tiring my horse at the start, I rode very carefully. The number of the wolves increased until there were not less than from fifty to seventy-five of them, and they



CAPTAIN BALDWIN CHASED BY WOLVES.

followed me for at least twenty miles, cutting my horse in the rear, often getting almost in his front, and enabling me to shoot from right to left, firing when the animals were not four feet distant from me. Fortunately I ran through a large herd of buffaloes, which I think diverted a large portion of the wolves from following me. Still some of them kept after me until I got within five miles of the post, at which point I only had four rounds of ammunition left, and felt that it was necessary to make a supreme effort to escape from them. My horse was nearly used up, and was bleeding from the wounds of the wolves, but I put spurs to him, urging him to his utmost speed, and reached the bank of the Smoky Hill River, on the side of which the post was located, completely exhausted from fatigue and excitement, and my horse dropped dead before I could get the saddle off of him. I then waded the river though it was filled with floating ice."

In all that country ranged by the buffalo, was, and is still to some extent, found the prairie chicken. This bird is also found in great numbers east of that belt, in the States of Iowa, Illinois and Minnesota. This

region during the spring and autumn is also a stopping place in the haunts of the water fowl, snipe, curlew, wild ducks and wild geese of every variety.

There is an old saying on the plains that "when an Indian wants meat, he hunts game; when he wants sport, he hunts the white man." My personal experience with game and hunting has been somewhat limited. During the months and years that I was in that remote wild country of the West, most of my time was devoted to hunting hostile Indians, and avoiding being ambushed or surprised by them. During my experience in Kansas in the early part of 1870, I found some leisure, however, to devote to hunting buffaloes with General Custer, who had a cavalry command near mine, and who was well equipped with horses and a large pack of dogs. I also found much healthful exercise and recreation in hunting prairie chickens and quail over the rolling prairies of Kansas, where there was plenty of cover in the wild grass, which yet was not so high but that we could see the intelligent and well-trained setters and pointers work to perfection. I preferred the prairie chicken to the quail as being a much better mark as well as a finer bird. The wild duck could be found in great numbers at that time in western Kansas. In the timbered reaches of the "Rockies" the blue grouse are quite abundant. This bird is much like the prairie chicken, of dark plumage, and, with the rarer pine hen, is much esteemed for its delicate, sweet flesh. It is rather too stupid a bird to afford much sport with the shotgun, for when it lights in a pine tree it cannot easily be made to take wing again. These birds show much skill in drawing the hunter away from the young brood concealed in the grass or underbrush. They will flutter along in a seemingly half-exhausted way just in advance of the pursuer, enticing him on until a safe distance is attained.

During the construction of the trans-continental railroads a large amount of game was killed for the use of the men employed in that work. In this way William F. Cody made his reputation as a buffalo hunter. He was at that time a young man in the twenties, tall, stalwart and of magnificent physique; one of the handsomest and most powerful men I have ever known, with locks of a golden hue, large, brilliant, dark eyes and perfect features. He was a daring rider, and a most expert rifleman. He excelled in the rush after game, and could kill more buffaloes during a single run than any other man I have ever known. He not only took the risks of a desperate chase, but he and his party had to be constantly on the lookout for Indians. Under his contract, he, for quite a

long time supplied the railroad contractors and builders with meat in this manner.

Further north in Montana, although the country was alive with large game, my command was so incessantly occupied against the Indians that it was rarely any attention could be paid to game, except occasionally buffalo, deer, and mountain sheep. I regard the mountain sheep or bighorn, as the finest of all large game to hunt. To successfully hunt this animal requires greater skill, harder work, and more dangerous climbing. They frequent the little mesas and ledges at the foot of precipitous cliffs. They are very keen-sighted and difficult of approach. When in repose they are usually found on little ledges where they can survey the country below. For this reason the hunter aims to get above them, and is prepared to shoot at first sight. The skin on the knee and brisket of the mountain sheep is nearly an inch thick, made so by kneeling on the sharp rocks. In the broken country of the Rockies the black-tailed deer are nearly as surefooted as the mountain sheep, and frequently use the trails of the latter.

After the Indians had been thoroughly cleared out of that country, and before it became settled by the white people, game was found in great abundance. In October, 1879, I left Fort Keogh, Montana, with a party of eight officers, twelve soldiers, and five Indians, for a hunt along the valley of the Rosebud. We were gone six days and had great success. During that time we killed sixty large deer, three antelopes, one mountain sheep, five elks, seventeen buffaloes, seventy prairie chickens and six ducks. At that season of the year the nights were cold, and the game, if properly dressed and hung up, would freeze solid during the night. In this way we were able to save most of it, and on our return to the post we had ten six-mule wagon teams heavily loaded with the trophies of our rifles. There was a feast for the whole garrison of four hundred men. I doubt whether a party of hunters could find that amount of large game in six days anywhere in North America at the present time. All the buffaloes have disappeared, and nearly all the deer, antelope and elk. The black-tailed deer was the best of all the large game except the mountain sheep, which was considered the choicest, richest, rarest meat the hunter could obtain. There is still very good hunting in the right season along the lakes of Minnesota, North Dakota and Manitoba; prairie chickens along the plains of Dakota and Nebraska; quail and prairie chickens in western Kansas and Indian Territory, and wild duck is found in Indian Territory, Texas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Montana.

About the most interesting sport I have ever engaged in was the hunting of large wolves in the Indian Territory in 1875, where they were found in great numbers. A party of hunters, very often numbering from ten to twenty, and well mounted, would move out to a "divide" or high ridge of the rolling prairie, each with a greyhound or staghound held by a leash, while other men would be sent along through the timber in the ravines with deerhounds and bloodhounds to start the wolves out of the timber and onto the high ground. The moment they appeared and undertook to cross the prairie, a signal would be given and the dogs let loose; the result would be a grand chase of from three to five miles, winding up with a fierce fight. The large gray wolves were very powerful; you could hear their jaws snap a long distance away, and frequently they cut the dogs very badly. When any one dog had courage enough to attack, all the others would rush in, and I have frequently seen the whole pack upon one large wolf.

There is, however, rarer sport to me in hunting the bear with a well-trained pack of dogs. Mr. Montague S. Stevens of New Mexico had, with a few of my own, a fine pack of dogs, composed of bloodhounds, fox terriers, staghounds, boarhounds and Russian wolfhounds. The first were used as trailers, and taken altogether they would tree or bring to bay any bear found in that country. In fact they fought the bear so furiously that he would pay little attention to the hunters, and permit them to approach with comparative safety. It is interesting sport, though very difficult and somewhat dangerous. The hunters are usually mounted on strong, hardy, sure-footed horses, as they are obliged to ride rapidly up and down the sides of precipitous mountains. The mountains in that part of the country range from seven to ten thousand feet above the sea-level, and are covered with scattering pine and cedar trees, with many rocks and ledges. Bear hunting is the most dangerous of all kinds of sport, and is uninteresting unless one is equipped with a well-trained pack of dogs; a pack used for no other purpose. Such dogs are never allowed to hunt any other game, such as deer or elk.

Along the lowlands, through which course the tributaries of the great Missouri, the Arkansas and the Red Rivers, was to be found an abundant stock of fish, not of the finest quality it is true; while along the base of the mountains, the streams were alive with the finest mountain trout. In the Southwest—Kansas, the Indian Territory, Texas, and New Mexico,—the wild turkey and quail were found in the greatest abundance. It is a singular fact that the Indians rarely utilized fish and small game;

the large game was their chief dependence. Along the whole extent of the Rocky mountains were to be found game and fish in endless variety, bear, mountain lion or cougar, deer, elk and mountain sheep, while the streams abounded with delicious trout.

On the Pacific Slope very much the same conditions prevail as to animal life, except that no trace of the buffalo is found on the west slope of the Rocky mountains. The streams of the far Northwest were found alive with trout and salmon of the finest quality, and there the Indians, unlike their brothers eastward of the Rocky mountains, used the salmon as their principal food. They took them in such quantities at certain seasons as to supply their needs for the entire year, the fish being dried and cured for that purpose. They also used meat, wild vegetables and berries for food.

Still further north, in British Columbia and Alaska, we find the Indians living almost entirely upon fish, and their habits and character are consequently quite different from those of their carnivorous brethren of the plains.

The game of the West has rapidly disappeared before the huntsman's rifle. It is a fair estimate that four million buffaloes were killed within the five years between 1874 and 1879, from what was known as the Southern herd, which roamed through northern Texas, the Indian Territory, Kansas and Nebraska. Between 1878 and 1883 the great Northern herd—quite as numerous—roaming through the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana, was destroyed in like manner. The hunters received on an average from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per hide, to be shipped out of the country and sold for leather-making, belting, harness-making and for kindred purposes. Thousands of men were engaged in the enterprise. The most successful hunting parties consisted of a hunter and about six men known as strippers. The time usually selected for taking the buffaloes was just after they had been grazing in the morning, had gone to the water and then returned to the high ground, lying down to rest in bunches of from twenty to a hundred. The hunter, with the longest range rifle of the heaviest caliber he could obtain, would fire from the leeward side, so far away that the crack of the rifle could not be heard by the buffaloes, and being behind a bush or a bunch of grass, could not be seen. In that way he would kill from a dozen to a hundred a day, without disturbing the herd to any great extent. The buffalo receiving a mortal wound would bleed to death, while his neighbors, smelling the blood, would sometimes come near him and paw the ground, and so stand until they, too, would receive their death-wounds. The strip-

pers would then come up with ox teams, take off the hides, put them in the wagons, and transport them to the nearest railroad station, whence they were shipped to market. At one station alone on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad as many as 750,000 hides were shipped in one year.

After taking the hide off the buffalo, the carcass would be poisoned in many cases, some yearling buffalo being generally selected, and next morning there might be found forty or fifty dead wolves lying scattered around, victims of the strychnine. In this way the large game was rapidly destroyed, together with countless numbers of wolves that had thrived only by preying upon them. This might seem like cruelty and wasteful extravagance, but the buffalo, like the Indian, stood in the way of civilization and in the path of progress, and the decree had gone forth that they must both give way. It was impossible to herd domestic stock in a country where they were constantly liable to be stampeded by the moving herds of wild animals. The same territory which a quarter of a century ago was supporting those vast herds of wild game, is now covered with domestic animals which afford the food supply for hundreds of millions of people in civilized countries.

