

riors, but one obeyed the summons of the British agent. This one was a noted warrior named Ke-che-aun-o-guet, or Great Cloud, whose attachment had been secured by Col. Dickson, in the following characteristic manner:—

Great Cloud was one time, early in the spring, hunting in company with a Frenchman near Leaf Lake, while the Dakotas still claimed the country about it as their own. Early one morning, hearing the report of a gun towards Leaf Lake, Great Cloud told his comrade that he knew it must be the Dakotas, and he must go and see what they were about. Bidding the Frenchman good-bye, saying that he would try and return during the night, but not to wait for him longer than noon the next day, the Indian started on his dangerous expedition. Arriving at the outlet of Leaf River from the lake, he noticed some maple trees freshly tapped, and he soon fell on a beaten path, following which he soon discovered a log house, surrounded by a fence of felled trees. He hid by the roadside between the forks of a fallen tree, and there patiently awaited the appearance of some Dakota, whose scalp would add another eagle plume to his head-dress.

A woman came from the house to examine the maple trees, and gather the sap. She was dressed like a white man's squaw, and not wishing to kill a woman, Great Cloud did not molest her, but still continued in his ambush. Soon after, two other women, apparently mother and daughter, issued from the hut, came close to his hiding place, to gather sap. They were both apparently the women of some white man, as they were much cleaner and dressed far better than squaws usually are, and again the warrior refrained from attacking them. Towards evening he saw a man going towards the house, carrying some swans and ducks on his back, and Great Cloud prepared for an onset, but the hunter passed close to the lake shore, and out of bullet range. Tired of waiting, he at last