

Of course I had no washing tools at hand; pants and socks were found where I left them when I retired to rest—that is, on my legs and feet. A *very* slight rub of snow on the hands and eyes finished my toilet for the expected delicious repast. “Which will you have, sir, tongue or heart?” This directed my eyes to the kettle, boiling over with a black bloody froth, with a sickening putrid smell. I bolted out of the house, leaving the men to smack their lips on heart and tongue, while I took the remnant of the ground-hog to the open air.

Breakfast over, it was concluded that the non-hunter and St. Maurice should strike out on the plains, while Beaubien, an old hunter, and I, should go up the river, all parties to meet at a certain point. When I had reached the place indicated, I cast my eyes around to see if the others were coming, and I noted instead a pair of frightful, infuriated monster eyes—a buffalo of the scabby kind, lying half way up the bank of the stream; his breath had turned to white frost, enveloping his body, so that not a particle of him was visible save his eyes, which were greatly dilated, and apparently bent on mischief. I jumped up on the opposite bank, and took my stand behind a tree. In these days I was a good shot. I took deliberate aim, and hit him in the temple. He did not appear to feel it. I fired four shots, which brought St. Maurice, and to my delight, a strange Indian with him. I now advanced to old scabby, and hit him to no purpose; one more shot, placing the muzzle of my gun to his ear, gave him motion, for he shook his head, and rolled down the bank dead.

The strange Indian was one of a band, about four days' journey distant, in the buffalo range. The chief's name was Whoo-wayhur, or Broken Leg. I had never before seen him. He was chief of *Les Gens des Perches* band; and his fame for bravery, and love for the whites, was known far and near. He had come all that distance with peltry to buy a few trifling articles, worth in fact a dollar, perhaps; but to him of more value than the most costly dinner set.

I with my party went home, and my customer, of course with us. Less than half a peck measure would now hold all the corn I had to depend on; and it was worth more to me than the same