

measure of golden eagles. I knew the perils of long journeys through the prairies in the winter season. I, therefore, asked all my men if any of them would go with our visitor to get some meat. They would all volunteer; but I said two must remain with me, and four go—to settle among themselves who should go, and who remain. They carried some goods to pay for the meat, and two quarts of corn were roasted and pounded for their journey.

Before daylight the next morning they were on their way, and were to be back in nine long anxious days. The Yankton band, to which Ance belonged, had left in Red Thunder's charge a horse with a dislocated shoulder, and could not recover. The corn was all now but gone; the bitter sweet within a reasonable distance had been devoured, and I brought to poverty and to my wit's end; and yet four days before the men could return.

Hard is the task my poverty compels,
To get my living amid savage yells.

I sent for Red Thunder to consult about our future. His only hope, however, lay in the chance of the coming of the buffalo; but I was not of his way of thinking, and suggested the killing of the horse. But he said no—he dared not, for the Yankton would be very angry. Before I was up the next morning, however, Red Thunder came thumping at my door, and calling at the top of his voice, my Sioux name—"Weeyotehuh! (The Meridian Sun) the horse is dead." The old chap had stuck the horse, and when I got to the spot, he had skinned the animal's head, and part of the neck; and parts of it were soon stuck on sticks roasting, and parts being made into broth in the Indian lodges. I got for my part a piece of the upper portion of the neck; it was eatable, but, in truth, I would have preferred roast lamb. My Indian friends kept cooking and eating without relaxation, night or day, until the old horse, save hoofs and bones, had been consumed.

The nine days for the men's return had now expired, and they came not. On the eleventh day I went six or eight miles, in hopes to meet them, but returned disappointed, and grieved. When within a mile of the house, about dusk, I met with one of those scabby buffaloes, and managed to end his misery; and