

the mosquitoes are troublesome, the pestered animals plunge into the river.

Our first day's hunt was not very successful. It was confined to one side of the stream, with our camp at Crow River. The next and succeeding days, we were on both sides, and the shots were frequent. The hunters were in their canoes, gaily and leisurely paddling and chatting, while the children were squalling and yelling lustily—occasionally stopping to pick berries—while the hunters were keeping abreast of the navigators, outside the wood, and shooting the deer as the noisy paddlers frightened them from their coverts.

We always laid by every third day to stretch and dry the skins. The meat of the slaughtered deer was very little cared for; I do not believe that more than one in ten of those killed was taken from the spot where they were skinned. On these resting days, the old trappers would go up quietly to the place indicated for the next two days' journey, and set their traps for beaver, otter, muskrats, etc., which would be collected as we journeyed on for the next ensuing two days.

On one occasion the hunters had nearly all reached the place of rendezvous before I did. On arriving there my attention was drawn to a large group of men, women and children at a short distance away; and on reaching the spot, I saw a stout woman lying on her back, with a leather strap drawn tight about her neck, and she black in the face. Many of the by-standers were making jocular remarks at the folly of taking so slender a cord "to hang so *big a meat* to." I cut the strap, and dashed water in her face, and she revived; when she jawed me roundly for bringing her back to her cruel sister. On inquiry, I found that she and her elder sister were married to a fellow called "Cut Thumb;" and, in a fit of jealousy, the elder had struck the younger with a hoe. Out of revenge and spite to her rival and husband, she found and climbed a convenient tree, to a limb of which she fastened one end of a strap, and the other to her neck, and jumped off; but as many of the sight-seers unfeelingly said, the leather was *unfortunately* not strong enough.

At length our Sioux hunters had reached the borders of their