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THE APSAROKE

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

IN stature and in vigor the Apsaroke, or Crows, excelled all other tribes of the Rocky Mountain region, and were surpassed by none in bravery and in devotion to the supernatural forces that gave them strength against their enemies. Social laws, rigidly adhered to, prevented marriage of those even distantly related, and the hardships of their life as hunters eliminated infant weaklings. The rigors of this life made the women as strong as the men; and women who could carry a quarter of a buffalo apparently without great exertion, ride all day and all night with a raiding war-party, or travel afoot two hundred and fifty miles across an unmarked wilderness of mountains, plains, and swollen streams in four days and nights, were not the women to bring forth puny offspring.

The Apsaroke were and are the proudest of Indians, and although comparatively few (they now number only one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, and are constantly decreasing), they rarely allied themselves with other tribes for purposes of defence. For probably two and a half centuries they were the enemy of every tribe that came within striking distance, and for a goodly part of this time they were virtually surrounded by hostile bands with a common hatred against this mountain tribe that likened itself to a pack of wolves. The swarming thousands of the western Sioux, aided by the Cheyenne and Arapaho, tried to force them westward. The powerful Blackfeet invaded their territory from the north and northwest, Flatheads and Nez Percés were worthy foes from the west, and the wily Shoshoni pressed in from the south; yet the Apsaroke were ever ready to repel invasion from whatever direction it might come.

While the general status was one of hostility, there were brief intervals of peace with the different tribes, even with the Sioux, their bitterest foe, with whom at times they smoked the pipe and negotiated peace for a year. Such truces so seriously made in many smokes, were often quickly broken by some impetuous or irresponsible young man stealing a horse or a woman; then in a moment peace was at an end and conflict raged again. As a rule, however, these periods of

tranquillity lasted long enough to permit discussion of previous fights and a general comparison of the honors therein won.

The country which the Apsaroke ranged and claimed as their own was an extensive one for so small a tribe. In area it may be compared, east and west, to the distance from Boston to Buffalo, and north to south, from Montreal to Washington — certainly a vast region to be dominated by a tribe never numbering more than fifteen hundred warriors. The borders of their range were, roughly, a line extending from the mouth of the Yellowstone southward through the Black Hills, thence westward to the crest of the Wind River mountains, northwestward through the Yellowstone Park to the site of Helena, thence to the junction of the Musselshell and the Missouri, and down the latter stream to the mouth of the Yellowstone. This region is the veritable Eden of the Northwest. With beautiful broad valleys and abundant wooded streams, no part of the country was more favorable for buffalo, while its wild forested mountains made it almost unequalled for elk and other highland game.

The Apsaroke enjoyed the climax of their existence during the scant century following the acquisition of horses. Previous to that event their life had not known the fulness that was theirs when they had herds of horses, and firearms had supplanted arrows and spears. Notwithstanding their aggressive, warlike disposition, they never were in serious conflict with the Government, nor did they commit many depredations against white settlers, who, although regarded by them as trespassers, were rarely molested. The Indians captured many horses from early hunters and trappers, but this was to them a legitimate procedure, for these men were intruders on their lands, taking their game, consequently all captures of livestock were regarded as just compensation.

By all observers who have written of them, the Crows have been pronounced exceedingly lax in morals, and while many statements of this sort have been overdrawn, they are certainly an unusually sensual people. Still, as an alien race, we should hardly presume to judge them wholly by our standards and not give them credit for their own customs and codes. They on their part consider some of our customs highly objectionable and immoral.

In the old times the Apsaroke, during a large part of the year, were constantly on the move. One day they would be quietly encamped on one of their favorite streams, the next travelling away in quest of

buffalo or solely for the mere pleasure of going. Their customary camps were along the mountain streams, where the lodges were commonly placed in a circle, but at times, where the valley was narrow, they were close together, paralleling the wooded watercourse.

The larger camps were always the scene of great activity. Horses were tethered everywhere close at hand; on the slopes far and near thousands were grazing, while on the nearby hilltops groups of people were statuesquely outlined against the sky. Here are chiefs and councillors in quiet discussion of tribal affairs. As they pass the pipe from man to man and look down upon the village with its hundreds of lodges their eyes are glad, for the picture is one of plenty, and the murmur of the camp as it is wafted to their ears tells of happiness. Close by are laughing, romping children, the bronze skin of their rounded bodies gleaming in the sunlight, and the old men reflect, "It is well that their bodies know the heat and the cold; it will make them strong warriors and mothers." On another hill proud youths are seen, decked in the savage trappings that make glad their hearts. Their words are of the hunt, the war-path, and sweethearts. Not far distant is a group of maidens gayly dressed in garments of soft skins. It is not many moons since they romped about with the freedom of fawns, unabashed that the breeze caressed their bodies; but all that is past now; they are maidens, every part save face and hands must be carefully concealed, and a keen-eyed mother is always near. But all cannot be childhood and youth and love-making; on other outlooks are wrinkled old women who live only in the past, muttering and dreaming of the days of their youth, when husbands and sweethearts rode away to conflict, — of the days when brave warriors stole them from the arms of others, — when warrior husbands took them along on their forays, perhaps to see their men killed and themselves borne off by the victorious Lakota, on whose coup-sticks waved the hair upon which they had lavished so much loving attention. Farther from the village mourners cry out in anguish for those whose lives have been taken; and on distant peaks are lonely men fasting through the long days and nights in supplication for spiritual strength.

In the camp itself there is an endless panorama of activities and a ceaseless confusion of sounds. Women are everywhere stretching the drying hides, and filling great drying-racks with long thin strips of rich, red buffalo-meat. In the lodges others are tanning skins, and on many sides can be heard the thud of the wooden tray as women

gamble with plum-seed dice. In other lodges men are shouting a wild song as they engage in the hand gambling game, while in the open another group is playing at hoop-and-pole, and others the game of the arrows. The sick and the wounded are being cared for by medicine-men**,** who accompany their incantation with rattle and drum. Men and women, old and young, are constantly passing from lodge to lodge for a word or a smoke, and food is always placed before them.

As evening approaches the people begin to gather around the lodge-fires, and with the arrival of men laden with the product of the hunt, the village assumes an even livelier air. Heralds of the chiefs are shouting invitations to the feasts, and as night falls the lodges glow in the darkness. If the weather is at all cool, the evening is spent mostly indoors, where on soft skins and furs heaped in profusion the people lounge in full contentment. From many dwellings echo the muffled beat of the drum and the droning song of men and women, and occasionally is heard the doleful note of a flute as some lovesick youth serenades his sweetheart.

Early in the morning the village is astir, for the counsel of the men who have thoughts is, "Do not follow the sleep to the end, but waken when it requires determination; be up and alive to what is going on about you!" As soon as the family awaken they throw blankets around their bodies and go to the river for their morning bath. If the water is icy cold, so much the better, for it requires a strong heart to plunge in, and it inures the body to cold and heat. Husband and wife and small children go together, each family a group of itself. Probably not ten yards away is another family, and so on for a mile or more, many hundreds bathing at the same time. At other hours of the day it would be the height of impropriety for a woman to expose any part of her body, but at the morning bath there is no embarrassment, "for this is our custom," they say. Truly custom is a strange thing, for an Apsaroke woman — who a half-hour before has been playing about in the water like a happy seal — blushes at the picture of a white woman in a décolleté gown, and says, "Such women have no shame!" Parties of maidens, accompanied by some watchful mother, bathe in secluded nooks.

When the chief decides that camp is to be moved, his herald goes through the village in the evening, crying out, "Prepare, prepare! Tomorrow we move!" And again at the first blush of day he rides from end to end of the village, calling, *"Hu^{n}hu^{n}héeeeeee!* To-day the chief

says we move toward the buffalo! Men, bring in the horses; women, throw down the lodges!" As all have known from the previous announcement that they are to move, the morning meal is finished before daylight appears. Soon all the herds of horses come trotting in and the women are running about among them throwing ropes over the necks of the old, gentle pack-animals. Others are at work on the lodges, the covers of which come rattling down, soon making of the camp a skeleton of bare poles. From the middle of each framework a column of smoke curls skyward; sleepy children still in their blankets are rolled out as their mothers pull the robes from under them in the work of packing. The tousled-headed youngsters whimper for something to eat and are thrown a hard, dry piece of meat for their breakfast. Soon the horses are packed with high bundles of robes and clothing, and the lodge-poles tied at the sides, usually six to a side, two horses being required for each lodge. Here and there horses break away and go galloping through the camp before their packs are secured, scattering their loads broadcast, and causing great excitement and confusion. Women call, children cry, grandmothers chatter and mumble.

The chief rides off a short distance in the direction they are to go, and some of his old men sit about him smoking and talking. Then they move forward a distance and halt while the people complete their preparations for the march. Now the line begins to form — first the chiefs and old men; then a band of arrogant, gayly dressed Lumpwoods, with newly stolen wives riding behind and carrying their husbands' shields and lances; next a body of clansmen with a group of proud young wives bedecked in all their finery. Behind them the column continues to form, family by family, each driving its herd of horses, until at length come straggling by those who have been slow in packing. A moving column of six hundred lodges is miles in length and of a width determined by the groups of families or by the nature of the country traversed. When they near the place the chief has designated for the night's camp, many of the grandfathers ride ahead and select spots for their own lodges, clear the ground, and gather dry wood. As the irregular line drags in, they stand beside their chosen places, calling out to their wives where to come. If the weather be cold, they already have kindled small fires, and now take down the little children from the tops of the packs and hold them in the warmth of the leaping flames.

A splendid picture of the nomads' life they made as the caravan

moved across far-reaching plain, hill, and valley. The crossing of a broad stream added much to the animation of the scene. One summer nine hundred and fifty lodges of Apsaroke went to the Yellowstone, intending to cross. As the water was very high and the river nearly half a mile in width, the Kick Bellys, numbering four hundred and fifty lodges, lost their courage, and would not attempt the crossing. All the others, however, were unafraid and passed over. They used no boats, but made small rafts of driftwood, laying the ends of the lodge-poles on these rude craft, and allowing the tops to float on the water behind. On the poles a large piece of old lodge-covering was spread, and on that were piled the domestic belongings, the edges of the skin being gathered up and tied at the top to protect the load from splashing water. Perched upon this bundle rode the old women and the children. Two young men grasped the manes of strong swimming horses and swam along by their side, towing the raft across. Behind, holding to the ends of the lodge-poles, swam the young women and maidens, clad only in a short skirt reaching from waist to knee. It was a time of great merriment and fun-making, yet one not without its serious side, for a tottering old woman gazed long at the swirling river and, declaring that she was not afraid to die but feared the water, stabbed herself and fell lifeless. The crossing occupied four days, for the current was swift, and many who had no horses were compelled to wait for assistance from their relatives. Before going into the water men and women painted red stripes about waist, wrists, and ankles, for protection against the water-monsters that were believed to inhabit all large streams. Necklaces of white beads were never worn in the water, for beads of that sort were believed to be hailstones, the symbol of the Thunderbird, a deadly enemy of water-monsters, which therefore would be glad to swallow any one thus showing his friendship with the Thunderbird.

TRIBAL ORGANIZATION

The Apsaroke consisted of two bands, the dominant one being the Many Lodges, the so-called Mountain Crows. The *Binésupede*, usually known as the River Crows, although a part of the tribe, were not so closely associated with the main group and were considered inferior by the powerful Many Lodges, who were likened by one of

their old men to a great pack of mountain wolves — all in a solid mass facing outward on every side so that none could successfully attack them, while they could rush out at any moment upon an unwary foe. The ruling chief was usually from the Many Lodges. A powerful band of the tribe was the numerous Kick Belly clan, who much of the time, particularly in winter, dwelt apart from the others to such an extent that they were in a fair way to become a separate tribal division, when civilization put an end to the old roving life. If the order went out from the head-chief that all were to gather for protection against an enemy, there could be no demur from River Crow or Kick Belly; and a call for invasion brought warriors from both bands.

Among the Apsaroke the chiefs were not elected: a man had a recognized standing according to his deeds, and so definite was the system of honors that there was never doubt as to the proper successor to the head-chieftainship. "All people of the lowlands had foolish ways of their own. With us the chief was the chief," say the Crows. On the march he went alone a few steps in advance of all others, and just behind him a line of old men, chiefs, and war-leaders. Behind them flowed a stream of thousands of people and great herds of horses. The chief carried his pipe before him, the bowl filled with tobacco and kinnikinnick, and sealed with fat from the buffalo-heart. In this official capacity he was called *Akdádotsiude,* He Leads The Moving Band. No one might go before or pass around him on the trail. The scouts were far in advance, and all along the side of the column men of the Soldier Band rode to prevent needless scattering, which might frighten the buffalo, and to protect the women and children from possible attack.

If an enemy made an attack on the moving column and killed some of his people, the chief was regarded as having for the time lost his power with the spirits. On such an occasion, therefore, he cried out to the old men, "My people, choose some one to take my place for a time. My day is bad!" One of the lesser chiefs, or more frequently a medicine-man, would then be appointed to carry the pipe, perhaps for one march or for a season, at least until the chief felt that the spirits once more looked upon him with favor.

When the moving band approached a buffalo herd, the chief stopped, and the old men moved up beside him on each hand, while the straggling cavalcade closed up and halted. The chief lighted his pipe and smoked, and if the course of the wind were toward the herd, he blew the smoke over the trail to turn it back. He alone decided

where to camp and how long to remain. During the night he would send for a few trusted young men and say to them:

"To-morrow, before the day comes, I want you to go to the mountain-tops; stay there and watch in which way the buffalo are moving, and see if they are travelling fast. If so, try to find the cause of it."

In camp the chief would ride his horse slowly through the village and speak in a loud and deliberate tone:

"Young men, to cut sticks is easy; to dry them is easy. See that your quivers are full of strong arrows. See that your bowstring is good. Have extra sinew with you; if one bowstring breaks and you have no other, the enemy will kill you. Now your hearts may feel at ease, but you know not what may come at noon. If you have a gun, see that the inside is clean; examine the trigger; see that the caps are many and sound. Do not waste your powder; if you have only a little, buy more, store it away. We have no teeth to protect ourselves; we cannot bite our enemies and tear them as bears do. These bows and arrows and guns are our teeth and claws. Have them good. You are young; your bodies are yet pure, and the spirits are looking down upon you. I have brought you to the foot of the mountains that you may climb where the air is pure — go there and fast. We have heard that the spirits are looking for their children; perhaps you are the ones they are seeking. Behold those who have — many horses and large lodges; see how well they live; think how they do it. As you climb the mountains and fast, make offerings that some one may grow up among you strong enough to carry on what I am doing. You must remember that I cannot always be with you."

Sometimes he would call many young men into his lodge and say:

"Young men, look at me, see my face. All men have flesh, all men have hearts, all men know what death is. About you are enemies surrounding your whole country. If you have a gun, remember it; if you have bows and arrows, remember that. The moment comes when the enemy charges upon you; stand firm and remember your hearts — keep them brave. You find that the old men are few. Not all can become old men: if the mighty spirit-powers wish you to be old, you will become old; if not, you will die before that. Take care of your weapons well. If you have horses, brush their hair, take them where there is pure water, take them where the grass is good; then when muddy days come your wives will have something to ride. It will bring food to your homes. The people who surround us are foolish: they

have no pity, they do not care for the old. But you, when you chase the buffalo, remember the poor; share your meat with them. My young men, you are strong; do not reach to the end of the sleep; break off before you get to the end and climb to the top of these mountains. See if the buffalo or antelope are moving. When they run, something is causing it. Know what is going on around your people so that we may be prepared to defend ourselves and do harm to our enemies. When you marry, she is your wife. If you have sickness, she will stay many nights by you while your brother sleeps. Do not strike her; be kind to her. Only the wise will hear my words; the foolish will hear them now, but when I pass they will forget."

It was the daily habit of Red Bear to call in his old men and let them talk as much as they would. From their conversation he took the good things and made them his own. The chief would either say, "We will go to this place and hunt on such a day," or he would call in his men to talk, and, after listening to them, make his decision, which was final. If he said, "We will move in three days," everybody had to go, and any reluctance or tardiness in getting ready to move was punished by the Soldiers, who might beat the recalcitrant, cut up his lodge, and maim his horses. It was not the custom of the Apsaroke to go to the extreme of killing for such infraction.

In the spring, before the moving of the camp began, the old men came to the chief's tipi and talked over the question as to which of the four lodge organizations should act as Soldiers for that year. When the decision was reached the crier at once made the announcement, and the chosen society became Soldiers during that season, that is, from spring until the winter camps were made, at which time the tribe divided into small groups and scattered, so that game might be had by all. During the winter, then, there were no Soldiers. The tribe was under the direct control of the chief, and though he sometimes received suggestions as to the best place to hunt, he could give consent or withhold it at will. About forty years ago the Lumpwood organization became a dominating power in the tribe and were Soldiers for three successive years.

When a war-party was preparing to set out, the chief might call them together and say: "My young men, I have heard crying in my sleep; there is danger in front; sit down. There are plenty of days in which you can fight." Then they would wait.

It was expected of the chief that he would keep open house, where

the poor could find food, and if they did not come of their own accord, he would sometimes invite them. He never made requisition on others for meat, but often a returning hunter would throw off a load before the lodge of the chief, knowing that he had many people to feed. At night many men gathered about his lodge-fire to talk and smoke. As evening came the chiefs or their criers would call out: "Everybody come! Food and tobacco are being prepared for you!" No names were uttered, for men knew when their prominence made them welcome to the lodge of any chief.

The head-chief was called *Batsétsi-kyáshe,* Real Chief; other chiefs were *Batsé-tsé,* Good Men. Any man who had counted one of each of the four principal honors became a Good Man, but did not then necessarily have a following of his own. The more honors of each kind he had, the higher was his rank, and the greatest one in each clan was chief thereof. Men who had earned honors, but not one of each kind, were Good Young Men. One who had counted the three honors of taking a gun, capturing a tethered horse, and striking an enemy first, was permitted to have bits of scalp sewn along the sleeves of his shirt, showing that he had performed deeds with his arms; while a man who had led a successful war-party, that is, one that had brought back scalps or horses, could wear scalps along the sides of his leggings, signifying that he had done something brave by means of his legs. When he could place scalps in both places he was a chief; before that, no matter how many honors of one kind he had gained, while he might be recognized as a great warrior, he was called only Good Young Man.

To strike an enemy first in an engagement was a grand coup, *dákshe;* those who first struck others of the enemy achieved an honor of a certain sort, but not one of the recognized coups. Men who had counted *dákshe* ranked among themselves according to the danger incurred in the act, the greatest being the possessor of a coup gained by striking an enemy who was pointing a gun or an arrow at him. Four warriors could strike each man of a force of enemies, and the one who struck a secondary *dákshe,* that is, the second man to touch the enemy on whom the honor was counted, could boast of it and receive praise; but the parts taken by the third and the fourth were not much applauded among their fellows. The possessor of a grand coup was entitled to wear a scalp-shirt even if he had no honors of the other kinds, and the deed was indicated by a single foxtail at the heel of one moccasin; two were shown by a foxtail at each heel, and a red

stripe could be painted on leggings or sleeves for each grand coup. If the honor was counted on a living, active enemy, an eagle-feather was fastened upright at the back of the hair; if on a dead enemy, the feather was drooped. One feather was added for each grand coup. The best *dákshe* of all was to strike an enemy in single-handed encounter between the opposing lines.

Next to the grand coup was the capture of a gun. There is no name for the act, which was described simply as "taking a gun." In the old days the honor was given for taking a bow, but when guns came into general use, the capture of a bow was no longer regarded in recounting one's honors.

Next came the capture of a horse tethered in the enemy's camp. The winner of such an honor would frequently put a wolf-skin on his back with the head over his right shoulder and the tail dragging, representing a war scout. Thus arrayed he rode his captured horse through the camp, with a short rope dangling from its neck, the object of admiration by his tribesmen.

Greater than any of these, but almost necessarily following them, was the leading of a successful war-party.

Besides these four regular coups, a warrior was especially honored for dismounting and fighting; for going back to take an unhorsed friend behind him; for standing firm against an oncoming enemy and shooting them down, either on the open prairie or behind a breastwork hastily thrown up; or for dashing in among the enemy and coming out alive. "These men we like," they say, "and the last one is high in our thoughts."

There were four tribal societies — Lumpwood, Fox, Big Dog, and Muddy Hand. While all embodied minor features designed for social entertainment, they were in reality military organizations. Among them existed a spirit of intense rivalry in war, and in the case of the Lumpwood and Fox societies, their members extended this rivalry to affairs of the heart.

In addition to the four was *Akbíshkyabadáhte,* He That Wishes To Become Reckless Dog, which, however, was not a society in the true sense. Sometimes a man grown despondent over friends lost to the enemy would decide to throw away his life. He would then make a rawhide rattle, ring-shaped, with a handle. He prepared also two long, broad strips of skin, or later of red flannel, by splitting them down the middle from one end almost to the other. These he put over one

shoulder and under the other, so that they trailed behind, one from each side of his horse. Then with a war-bonnet on, or with the hair shorn, and his horse's tail docked, he would ride through the camp shaking his rattle and singing:

I am merely staying on earth for a time; all women look upon me!

Such a man always did exactly the opposite of what he was told to do. If some one said to him, "Do not get off your horse, and do not dance," he would at once dismount and begin to dance. Men who thus expressed their intention of dying in battle always danced together on public occasions, and sang usually those songs that all Reckless Dogs used, but occasionally a man devised a song of his own. On their march through the camp, when declaring their intention, the people were careful to keep out of their path, for they would act as if without intelligence, shooting at anything before them. Though the Reckless Dogs were pledged to die, there have been instances of one's losing heart when the critical moment came and refusing to sacrifice his life to the enemy; he then became an object of contempt and derision. A Reckless Dog, named Jackrabbit Child, once looked at his foot, exclaiming, "I wonder if I am a brave man!" and shot through it with a Hudson's Bay horse-pistol. Later, when it came to the test, he hung back and began to weep as if he had lost his reason, and a companion, Hillside, reproved him harshly, reminding him that he had promised to die among the enemy. "Go now and die!" he said, giving the man a shove; whereon the Reckless Dog ran toward the enemy, disappeared among them, and was soon killed.

A young man wishing to join a society would go to the one he had decided upon at the time its members were holding a meeting, and say that he desired to become one of them. "Do you intend to stay with us?" they would ask, and he would answer, "Because I like this society I have made up my mind to join." There was no formal initiation, and the members signified their willingness to accept the applicant by clothing him from head to foot in garments taken from their own bodies.

No lodge was set aside exclusively for their use; their meetings were held in the homes of different members, the tipi-cover being rolled up at the bottom, so that those who could not find room inside might sit around in the open. At times, for special meetings, two or three lodges were placed together.

During the spring and summer, when the tribe camped together,

there were frequent, even daily, meetings of the societies, one member inviting the others, all of whom were expected to come and partake of his hospitality and join in the songs of the society. Wild, inspiriting dances were held at intervals of a few days.

Lumpwood and Fox had each four staffs, two straight and two bent at the end. Each spring new ones were made and given out to brave members whose duty it then became to make a lone stand against the enemy, and die if necessary in checking them. When the first snow came and the season of active warfare had passed, those of the staff-bearers that remained alive removed the wrappings to preserve them as trophies, or hung the old staffs up in their lodges. In the spring when the sap began to run, so that the willows could be peeled, the new insignia were made. Four long rods were procured, and the ends of two were bent over like a crook and lashed with willow bark, which hung down in ribbons. These were merely the symbols of the staffs that were to be made. All the members were gathered at one lodge. Some war-leader filled the pipe and then from the seated warriors selected one to whom he offered it. In a great many cases the pipe was not accepted, the man selected holding his head down and refusing to see it. Sometimes the man to whom it was offered would indicate his acceptance by rising, giving the war-cry, and smoking. The war-leader thus went about until he had found four men willing to bear the staff, and to the first two gave the crooked sticks and to the next two the straight ones. "You all know your duty," spoke the war-leader. "When the enemy charges upon us, you are to leap from your horses, thrust these staffs into the ground, fight between them and the enemy, and die there before you retreat. If the staff is taken from its place by some other member of this band, only then may you retreat to save your life." One man with a crooked stick and another with a straight one marched together at the head and the other two in the rear of the procession of members, who now issued from the lodge two by two and paraded through the village, singing the songs of their organization.

The procession divided into four bands, one following each staff-bearer. One who had previously borne a staff and counted grand coup with it was appointed to make each new standard, and, followed by one of the new bearers and his party, he entered the lodge of some member. A small lodge-pole was shaved to the proper size, and for the bent staff a piece of freshly cut red birch was bent and spliced to the end of the straight shaft. It was then wound with narrow strips of

deerskin and an outer covering of like strips of otter-skin, with tails hanging down; the straight staff bore a tuft of eagle-feathers at its top. The making of the Lumpwood staff s was accompanied by constant singing of the following air:

When completed the staff was thrust through the tipi-cover where it was pinned together, and the war-leader who had counted grand coup with a staff began to dance and sing, holding it with the end protecting between the edges of the covering. Then he spoke:

It was this society that gave me the staff. In a great battle I took it and counted a grand coup on the enemy, having this stick in my hand. It was clear and good. He That Sees All Things looked down and saw me, saw that it was good. May this young man do the same. When a great battle takes place may arrows and bullets pass by him and do no harm."

The war-leader then presented the staff and a robe to the new bearer, who danced, while all the members gave the war-cry and sang.

It was not considered a disgrace to refuse the pipe and staff, for this was a thing not to be lightly entered upon, and if a man felt that he was not yet ready to die he might without detriment to his reputation decline the post. Mad Wolf Bear was once offered the crooked staff, but refused it. Later in the battle in which Hunts To Die was shot he saw a Sioux carrying a crooked staff like the one the Apsaroke used. He rode alongside, struck him with a quirt, and took it away; as the Sioux all retreated at a gallop, one of their number fell behind. Mad Wolf Bear overtook him and struck him with the captured staff, and thereafter he was permitted to make the crooked staff and present it to the new bearer, although he had never really accepted the pipe.

The Big Dogs and the Muddy Hands were organized in much the same way, but instead of staffs they gave out four rawhide ropes, which were tied around the bodies of the four men who accepted them, over one shoulder and under the other, trailing far behind on the ground. When the members came out of the lodge after giving out the ropes, they marched round the camp two by two, and the friends and relatives of the four chosen warriors hastened to procure deerskin or flannel with which to make two long flowing bands, such as the Reckless Dogs wore.

While the bearers of staffs and ropes were bound to dismount in battle to check the enemy and fight between their ensign and the foe, they were free to retreat after some fellow member had dashed up and

taken it away. Sixteen men in the tribe were appointed each spring to this position. Although it was a dangerous post, it did not necessarily mean death to the incumbents; ordinarily only a few were killed in the course of a season's fighting, for the rule permitting a brother member to come to a standard-bearer's aid often saved them. Hunts To Die says, "If the Lakota had pressed hard upon us they would have killed more of them, but when the staff horse, turned it loose, and planted his staff on the spot, the enemy was checked, for a man determined to die fighting in a chosen spot is not an agreeable foe to meet. He did not stand there a motionless target; like all Indians fighting on foot, while rapidly discharging arrows or bullets he constantly leaped about, each movement changing his position and direction, which rendered him a difficult mark.

The Lumpwoods and the Foxes constantly endeavored to excel each other in deeds of bravery. When one of these societies had a member whose actions in battle could not be equalled by any member of the other it became for the time the dominant organization of the tribe.

The Lumpwoods, owing to the valor of their great warrior, Bull, held this position of influence for many years. They proclaimed their many victories by parading through the camp, singing in honor of their renowned leader, and throughout the village men, women, and children joined in songs of praise. Bull, astride a proud, high-stepping black horse with a string of jack-rabbit feet about its neck, rode at the head of the procession. His short deerskin shirt, fringed at the bottom and the sleeves, was painted blue, and eagle down-feathers fluttered from the back. His hair was brought together above the forehead, and one long eagle tail-feather with two jack-rabbit ears attached to the quill stood upright in the knot. As the cavalcade approached the lodge where the Foxes were assembled, the members of this band ran inside, for they became ashamed in the presence of Bull. Old men and the chiefs who had once been members of those societies saw the embarrassment of the Fox men, and cried aloud: "Foxes, behold the champion of the Lumpwoods! He is running over you! He will wipe your society out of existence! Wake up, Pretty Eagle, Tattooed Face, Goes To War, Plenty Coups, Crazy Pend d'Oreille!" But all were silent, for even to attempt to surpass Bull's valorous deeds seemed to mean death at the hands of the enemy.

Only Crazy Pend d'Oreille remained outside, and he hid his face as

the bold leader approached. Bull looked down upon him and said, "I did not know there was a poor creature under my horse's feet; it would be a pity to step on such a wretch!" Pend d'Oreille remembered the vision of his last fasting, and with bravery in his heart he went inside the lodge, declaring in the name of the Fox society, "In the next great battle Bull shall not strike the enemy before me! Brothers, take the songs away from the Lumpwoods! Tell the herald to give my word to the village!"[1]

The herald rode about crying in a loud voice the words of Crazy Pend d'Oreille. The village was in an uproar; everyone was saying, "Crazy Pend d'Oreille is going into the midst of the enemy in the next fight, and he has taken the songs of Bull!" They were astonished to hear this, as Bull's reckless bravery was so renowned that it seemed no warrior could excel him.

Crazy Pend d'Oreille's vow caused the Foxes to cheer themselves hoarse in anticipation of their triumph over the Lumpwoods. After the parade the Lumpwoods withdrew into the lodge of one of their members to consider what they should do. Bull said, "Be brave, men, I am still alive and among you." He raised his right hand to the sun, saying, "Oh, Man, bring forth the warriors of the Lakota to prove whether Crazy Pend d'Oreille is the Apsaroke or if I am the man of this nation!"

In a few days the entire Apsaroke village moved from the Yellowstone to Pryor creek, and following it up a few miles came face to face with the advance of a force of Cheyenne and Arapaho under Mountain-sheep and Two Moons. The invaders concealed themselves in the thick woods, four miles south of where Coburn, Montana, now is, and sent half of their command forward to meet the Apsaroke in an effort to hide their real strength, which was not far from a thousand warriors. The Apsaroke women hurriedly unpacked their horses, formed a circular encampment with the tipis turned inside out, as was the custom when the enemy appeared in force. Inside the circle the women and children dug trenches, and the horses were hobbled and thrown on their sides out of the way of stray bullets and arrows. The

[1] To declare that he would take the songs from the rival society was a declaration of defiance against its members, demanding that in the next battle they do greater deeds than the challenger, or else take second place; but should the challenger fail to redeem his vow, his society would be overwhelmingly humiliated.

warriors advanced to meet the enemy.

A Cheyenne rode out alone in front of the line, gayly dressed in war-bonnet, deerskin shirt, and beaded leggings. Forty or fifty yards from his own line his horse was shot under him. When Pend d'Oreille, who had been closely watching Bull, saw the Cheyenne horse fall, he dashed forward at full speed and struck the enemy in sight of all, then whipped his horse headlong into the line of the Cheyenne and Arapaho. As he passed into the thick of their ranks, a Cheyenne on a powerful horse rode directly toward him. The animals crashed together, reared high into the air, and Pend d'Oreille was hurled to the ground, where he was completely surrounded by the enemy, striking at him with spears and shooting at him at close range. Leaping to his feet he dashed in and out among their plunging horses. A hundred and twenty yards he ran, fighting alone in the midst of the enemy, and when the Apsaroke charged and forced them back, one Cheyenne continued to pursue Pend d'Oreille alone and shot him through the hand as he stumbled and fell over a clump of sage-brush. This Cheyenne was shot and killed by Hillside, a cousin of Pend d'Oreille, who with two others rescued his relative. The Cheyenne and his horse fell in a heap, and their bones remain there to this day, while a line of stones still marks the course of Crazy Pend d'Oreille's retreat.

A few minutes after Pend d'Oreille charged the enemy's line, Bull, the leader of the Lumpwoods, mounted on his black horse, dashed in among the foe, but came out with a bullet wound through his body and died in a few moments. The Cheyenne and Arapaho were driven from the field, leaving their dead behind, and the songs of Bull have ever since remained the property of the Fox society.

ARTS

The handicraft of the Apsaroke was naturally seen at its best in clothing and articles of adornment. They were a proud people, rich in the things dear to wild tribes of the highlands, and the women lavished their best thoughts and labor on garments to beautify themselves in the eyes of the men, and still more on the clothing of their husbands in the desire that none should be more splendidly clad.

The nature of their life gave the Apsaroke a great deal of comparative leisure, and they delighted in fashioning fine garments from skins and in embroidering them in striking colors with porcupine-quills and

beads. Nor were they satisfied with adorning themselves alone: their saddle-horses also were bedecked in gorgeous trappings. The saddles used by the women were made with a very high horn front and back, ornamented with beads or quills, and from each was suspended a large embroidered pendant. The stirrups, of bent willow, were covered with beaded skin. Just behind the saddle hung large decorated saddle-bags, so long that their fringes almost swept the ground, and an embroidered breast-piece was suspended from the horse's neck. The bridle was covered with beadwork, and a broad decorated piece extended from foretop halfway to the nose. An elaborate crupper was fastened to the saddle, and horses ridden by women were further equipped with a pair of finely made pouches, one on each side at the rear of the saddle.

Shields were made by men skilled in their fashioning. A piece of thick hide taken from the neck of an old buffalo bull was thoroughly dried in a slightly concave form, and cut in circular shape. It was then tested by shooting arrows at it, and if it was proof against them it was painted according to the desire of the owner, the design generally symbolizing some vision seen by him. Often the rawhide body was covered with deerskin and the design painted on this, and the whole enclosed in another casing of deerskin drawn together with a string at the back. Shields not in use were zealously cared for by the women, and were the very pride of their lives. Many of the shields became great medicine and passed from generation to generation.

Bows were made of elk-horn and sheep-horn and from cedar. The horn was boiled, straightened, worked into shape, and spliced to obtain the necessary length of about three and a half feet. Threads of sinew from the neck and shoulder of the buffalo were stretched on a flat piece of wood the width of the bow, and when this band was dry it was carefully taken from its temporary support and placed in the ground in order to moisten it and give it pliancy. This backing was then carefully fastened on the bow with strong glue, made by boiling the neck-skin of the elk, membrane from beaver-tails, tips of elk-horns, and hide scrapings.

Arrow-points were chipped from flint or carved from bone or horn. Lance-shafts were made of red birch, a little longer than the height of a man, and often were tipped with a prong of elk-horn.

As with other hunting tribes, domestic utensils were extremely simple. Kettles made of rawhide from the flank of the buffalo formed the usual cooking pots, the water being boiled by dropping in heated

stones. This method was discovered by those "who had big hearts and were always looking for thoughts." Pots that held a couple of gallons were made of gray soapstone. A buffalo-paunch was used for carrying water, while the pericardium served as a smaller water-bag. Box-elder gnarls were fashioned into bowls, and horns of the mountain-sheep and buffalo into smaller dishes, cups, and spoons. Pottery cooking utensils were made to a limited extent, but they were too easily broken in travelling to be of great service.

In the old times at permanent camps tipi-shaped structures of logs and brush were set up for the women to cook in, and close by were pitched the dwelling tipis of skin. Before the acquisition of horses a lodge was made of eight to ten buffalo-skins, sometimes as few as five, and the slender poles were of the lightest kind of fir, as they had to be carried on the backs of the men and women.[2] In later times, as many as sixteen of the largest skins were required, while one who had seen a lodge in a vision made his dwelling of twenty hides; but to use more than eighteen would offend the spirits, unless one had received such a vision or bought the right from the man who had seen it.

The inner lining, which fitted closely to the ground, was the height of a tall man. Every year they put up new lodges, using the old covers for inner curtains, for leggings, moccasins, and other clothing. A large square of old tipi-covering was frequently used by a warrior as a saddle, as a shield from rain and wind, and, with a sort of drawstring around the edge, as a large bag in which food and clothing could be placed and kept dry when rivers were crossed.

Both the men and the women of the Apsaroke were better dressed than other tribes of the Northwest , for their mountain home-land furnished an abundance of the skins of bighorn sheep, deer, elk, and panther, in addition to the seemingly inexhaustible supply of buffalo-hides.

The dresses of the women were made usually of mountain-sheep skins; they were fringed on both sides and at the bottom, and were ornamented both front and back with a yoke of fringe. Down the sleeves and around the neck they were embroidered with porcupine-quills or beads, and from top to bottom dotted thickly with elk-teeth, while many others were fastened in the bottom fringe as bangles. The number of tusks on a dress depended, in a measure, on the wealth

[2] The Apsaroke never used the travois, either with dogs or with horses.

and standing of the family, an exceptionally fine garment requiring more than a thousand such ornaments. At the climax of the life of the Apsaroke a good horse purchased a hundred, and no self-respecting man presumed to marry unless he and his family could furnish the elk-teeth necessary to adorn a wife's dress.

Over the dress was worn a small, fine-haired buffalo-robe, well-tanned, and ornamented from the head to the tail with a broad stripe of quills or beads. At intervals along this band were circles of embroidery, and on each side other designs were placed. The leggings were usually of deerskin or mountain-sheep skin, made to fit snugly, extending from the ankle to above the knee, and on each, directly above the heel, was embroidered a large four-pointed star. Moccasins also were close-fitting, without stiff rawhide soles.

The women devoted a great deal of thought to dress and personal appearance, that the eyes of the men might be pleased. The hair was worn parted in the middle from front to back, hanging loosely over each shoulder, and tied at the end with a thong and an ornament, but not braided. Later, when they saw the Nez Percé women with their neatly braided hair, they adopted that custom. They used a porcupine-tail for a hairbrush and gave their locks great care, dressing them daily with a perfume of sweet-scented herbs and musk of the beaver.

The men wore deerskin shirts at all times when they were not about their own tipis. When the warrior had gained honors, they were indicated on the shirt that he wore on special occasions, each weasel-tail, scalp, lock of hair, or feather indicating some deed of bravery. The leggings were made usually of antelope-skin, with broad fringed flaps at the sides. Buffalo-robes from two- or three- year-old cows were worn with the hair inside, the head coming over the left shoulder, and a band of beadwork crossed the skin from side to side. Bear-claw necklaces were a favorite decoration, and strings of discs cut from the scapula of the buffalo and polished were often worn about the neck. In the old time they used no loin-cloth; indeed, as late as seventy-five years ago some of the old men had not yet adopted that article of dress.

One feature of the hairdressing was different from the custom of any neighboring tribe — that of wearing the hair in many long strands, similarly to the practice of the tribes in southwestern Arizona. The Apsaroke, moreover, greatly increased its natural length by working in other hair, so that sometimes the strands were so long as almost to

touch the ground. Some of the men continued this fashion to within the last thirty years. On ceremonial occasions many of the young men imitated this manner of hairdressing by having many long locks fastened to a band worn at the back of the head. Both the real hair and the introduced strands were decorated from end to end with spots of red pigment.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS — DAILY LIFE

As descent is traced through the mother, her relatives are regarded with a feeling of the deepest respect. Particularly is this the case with a mother's sisters, who are addressed as "mother," and to whom is manifested the same respect and sanctity one has for the natural mother. To them, when a warrior returned from a successful raid, he gave some of his newly acquired horses. It was a well recognized custom that a woman without offspring should adopt a sister's child, who thenceforth called her husband "father," and its real father "brother."

All other clanswomen are addressed as elder or younger sisters, and it is their duty to bring gifts of moccasins, dresses, parfléches, and other products of their handiwork to the newly taken wife of a clansman. Their husbands are one's brothers-in-law, hence one's closest friends. All clansmen are elder or younger brothers. The returning hunter divided his meat with the poor of his clan. When on the march rivers were to be crossed, the owner of strong horses assisted his less fortunate clansmen; and when spring movements began and horses were thin and weak, he led one of his sturdier animals to a clansman's wife. If a man's horses were swept away in a night by the raid of an enemy, his clansmen recouped his loss to the best of their ability. All clan relatives brought presents for the members of an order or society into which one was being initiated; not to do so was a disgrace, not only to the initiate but to all the clan. No one, not even the most disreputable-looking child in the camp, was denied a hearty welcome in the lodge of a clansman.

The brothers of one's father are addressed as "father," but the other clansmen of the father are *ássakke*. They were the ones that danced and sang before the lodge of a warrior returned from a successful foray, that sang his praises, leading him and his horse through the camp. To them a young man looked for aid in becoming great, since they prayed

for him and lauded him in song on every public occasion, so that his name became familiar to his tribespeople. If an *ássakke* stumbles and falls before one, it is necessary to say, "Stop! Do not rise," and then to make him a gift before he rises. It is from acts of theirs that one may take a ludicrous or peculiar name, and to them are given the presents bestowed by a warrior after recounting his exploits on the field of battle.

All this applies equally *toisbahíye*, the clanswomen of the father (a sister of the father one addresses directly, "mother"), whose particular privilege it is to bring presents of food, but not of clothing, to one's newly wedded wife.

To a given person and all the children of his father's clan-brothers is applied the term *bátsiwatkusúa*, "those who talk against each other without fear." Between *bátsiwatkusúa* light banter, ridicule, and sharp, unsparing criticism are permitted and expected, and it was they who made a man take oath that he spoke only the truth when he claimed a disputed honor, thrusting an arrow through a piece of meat, placing it upon a red-painted buffalo-skull, and then raising it toward the sun, bidding him, if his words were true, touch the meat to his mouth.

There are six phratries, each comprising two clans, some of which are subdivided. Marriage within the clan was and still is prohibited, but the former ban against taking a wife from the sister-clan is not now strictly regarded.

The members of each clan camped together. When a woman married, she usually joined the camp group of her husband, although sometimes a woman of unusual force was able to compel him to pitch his tipi among her people. In the former case, as soon as her male offspring married, they placed their lodges among those of their clansmen.

On the fourth day after the birth of a child a man of prominence, or in some instances a woman, was called in to bestow a name, which, as a rule, was one that he had heard called among the spirit-people in one of his visions, or perhaps one referring to some great deed of his own. Incense was made, and the child raised four times in the cloud of smoke to symbolize the wish that it might grow tall and vigorous.

The godfather would say: "On a mountain-top I fasted, and saw a vision, and heard this name, which now I give to this child. Call him thus."

The parents responded: "When this child touches the bottom of his

foot firmly to the ground, I shall give you a horse," and at the same time they bestowed upon him a gift for the naming.

Then a warrior spoke: "In a battle which you all know I counted a grand coup, and it was good. I took a gun from the enemy; that deed also was good. As these are good, may this child grow to be strong and brave; may it plant its feet on the ground firmly." To him also a present was promised when the child should walk.

When manhood was attained and some honorable deed accomplished, he was taken before the people in a public assembly by a clansman of his father, and given the name of some deceased clan relative; or he might there offer gifts to a living man, and ask for his name. If the owner did not care to part with it, he could refuse the gifts, but if he accepted them he was compelled to find for himself a new name.

Girls did not change their names unless they failed to grow up strong. In such cases they were taken to another godfather and given new names, that they might be under the care of more beneficent spirits.

A man's name might be changed more than once. From ridiculous acts of the father's clan-relatives names were frequently applied, in the belief that these would excite the merriment of the spirits and be spoken of among them, thus causing the bearers to become great. In this way the chief Red Bear was named, because his father's brother, though not a great warrior, always wore a bear-hide robe painted red. Once when the younger man had returned from a successful foray, this weak-hearted man with the red robe led his nephew's horse through the camp singing the warrior's praises, so that the people noticed it, and the crier called, "This is Red Bear. He has taken the name from his *ássakke*. His name shall be Red Bear; his home shall be the home of the poor. Always when he goes on the hunt, whatever he kills — buffalo, elk, or antelope — shall be the food of all poor people who come to his lodge!" Red Bear himself had nothing to do with the choosing of this name.

If a child misbehaved by running too much about the lodge, going thoughtlessly into the sacred place and making a noise in the presence of visitors, the mother did not beat it, but dashed cold water over its head, and if that had not the desired effect it was repeated. Then the child usually "had good ears," and sat down quietly.

When a boy was just old enough to walk, the father sometimes

caught a young snowbird, and told the child in the presence of his clansmen to strike it with his stick. If the little fellow struck a sharp blow, killing the bird, it was regarded as a sign that he would become a great hunter and warrior, and the father gave his clansmen presents so that they would speak praises of the child and make prayer and prophecy that it would have long life.

At a very early age the boy was put into a small saddle, but not tied, and being young and foolish he would whip the horse to make him run, which of course resulted in his being thrown. At twelve years he could ride spirited horses like a man. In summer the father took him into deep water, and standing a short distance away told him to swim to him; the child paddled manfully, but usually sank before reaching his father. This practice, however, soon made the boy an accomplished swimmer, who could cross broad rivers back and forth without resting.

At about the age of seven the youngster was given a small bow and taught how to hold and shoot blunt arrows at a thick braid of grass, which gradually was moved farther away. As he became skilful he was told to go out and try to kill little birds. When he could kill rabbits, points were fixed to his arrow-shafts, and he was taken out to learn how to kill buffalo. His father filled a small quiver with arrows for him, mounted him on a swift but safe horse, and when the chase began directed him to a calf, into which, if the first arrow failed to bring it down, the boy sent shaft after shaft. Then the father in his pride gave the horse to one of his clansmen. After he had shot a few calves without assistance, the eager young hunter was allowed to chase full-grown buffalo.

At fourteen or fifteen he was urged to go into the hills and fast while he was yet continent, that the spirits might come to him and give him of their strength, since now he must join the men on their hunts and in their war-raids. When the youth was first sent out with a war-party, the father asked a relative to watch over him, and if the party returned victorious, the clansmen of the father gathered about his lodge in a great semicircle, dancing and singing praises of the youth; and the father gave them all presents, until at times he had no property left.

Boys of twelve to fifteen organized societies in imitation of those of the men, making a drum and four staffs decorated with eagle back-feathers, which were given to the four recognized leaders of the band. Their enemies were the coyotes and wolves, and when the tribe was on the move, their mounted band would scour the prairies in search of

these animals. If one succeeded in striking an "enemy," it was counted a coup, and at evening when the fires were being lighted in the camp, they would come charging in just like a returning war-party.

The early age at which boys became imbued with the war spirit is illustrated by an incident that occurred when Hunts To Die and Old Crow were children of ten years. A war-party under Chief In The Water set out secretly against the Blackfeet, but they happened to be seen by some boys, who were whipping tops on the ice, and a few determined to follow the warriors until nightfall and then make known their presence, when it would be too late to send them home. With tops and whips in their hands they hurried along; but soon they were discovered, and Chief In The Water endeavored to persuade them to turn back, as they were unprepared for a long journey, and a swift, vigorous campaign was expected. The men resumed their march, but the boys still followed, until in exasperation the warriors threatened violence. Waiting until the party had rounded a hill, the boys took up the trail again, and this time when they were detected, several of the men fired over their heads. Thoroughly frightened, the children fled, and a few of the warriors pursued them, to make certain that the retreat this time should be in earnest. One of the boys, Old Crow, paused long enough to tear up a bunch of sage, which is used in making offerings to the sun, and, holding it aloft, sang the sacred offering song:

Then he cried, "Sun, here are the bodies of these men, whom you see; I give them to you!" Every warrior in the party heard the high-pitched voice, and all were filled with anger and foreboding. The engagement in which their expedition culminated resulted disastrously, the chief and several of his men being killed; and when the warriors returned, their first act was to drive out of camp the offending boys whose folly had caused the misfortune. The clansmen of Old Crow and his companions were compelled to pay a heavy indemnity to the relatives of the slain warriors.

Sometimes when the boys were assembled at night, one would propose that they go to the lodge of one of their number; "for," they reasoned," his mother loves him, and when we dance and sing his praises she will give us pemmican." The mother often invited them inside to dance, and gave them food. Thus they went from lodge to lodge in an evening.

In summer when the weather was hot and the camp was filled with drying meat, the boys would leave their clothing at the river-side and

smear themselves from head to foot with blue clay. Then with sticks they would charge upon the camp, each one singing the song of some noted warrior, sometimes even his sacred medicine-song. They ran through the camp snatching meat wherever they could, and as they numbered from twenty to forty they took away a good supply for the feast. The women ran out and threw old scraps of meat and rubbish at them, and gave chase for a time; but there was no anger, as the custom was a recognized one. Returning to the woods where one of their number had been left to build a fire, they roasted their meat, piled it on cottonwood leaves, and sat around it in a circle. One of their number was called forth to sit in front as the greatest man among them.

Young girls had miniature lodges about four feet high, made of buffalo calf-skins, and arranged inside with beds and utensils as in the living lodges. There they played a great deal, pretending to be grown-up women with husbands, much as white children do. On short marches they dragged the small poles for their tipis, and at the end of the day pitched them as did their mothers.

The young girl was in the care of her grandmother, who would speak to her in this fashion: “Look at your brothers; they are poor. Try to live so that some one will love you and buy you. When women are taken from their husbands by other men it is not good.” Training in household duties began at an early age, and by the time the girl was fourteen she could tan skins and was beginning to make clothing. At that age mothers kept a watchful eye over their daughters, and began to accompany them whenever they went on errands such as fetching water, carrying wood, or going to the meadows to gather hay for the horses.

In winter the girls coasted down the snow-clad hills on sleds of buffalo-ribs covered with rawhide; and the boys, having none, would leap on behind the girls and ride down with them. When the ice was smooth, it was crowded with children and youths using buffalo-skulls for sleighs. The skull was drawn on its face by a rope tied through the nose; at the back a stick was fastened through the orifice of the spine, and grasping this, perched on a folded robe, the girls were drawn swiftly over the ice by the boys and young men.

Tiring of this, they formed in large circles, boys and girls, each with the arms about the shoulders of the one in front, and so danced around in a circle, swaying from side to side. The participants were mostly unmarried persons, but sometimes a young married woman

would slip out and join in the dance.

A favorite winter game, called *bátshéshdekyuu*, "send to each other," was played by the young women and girls, from five to ten sitting in a row behind a log on the smooth ice, and an equal number in a similar position some twenty yards away. In front of each, half-imbedded in the ice, was a small black pebble, called her "body." A player slid a disc-like stone, four or five inches in diameter, toward the "bodies" at the other end of the course, and if it knocked one of them from its hole, all the opposing players sent whatever objects they had wagered — wristlet, ring, or other ornament — at the "bodies" of their opponents. Failing to touch any one of the pebbles, their wagers were forfeit; but if they struck even one, the trinkets at stake came gliding back. If this time all missed, the game was thus far a draw; but if a "body" were touched, their opponents had another opportunity to slide the flat stone. If this time they dislodged a "body" they won the wagers; otherwise the game was a draw and began anew with the other side using the stone.

In this contest young men sometimes opposed the girls, gallantly losing steadily, in hope of thus gaining the favor of their dark-eyed opponents.

When a young man fell in love with a girl, he concealed his identity by wrapping himself in a robe that covered all but his eyes, and, stationing himself at night close to her tipi, watched to see if she had other admirers. If he found she had, and observed anything that caused him to think another was favored his "heart was dead in his breast," and he thought of her no more. At other times the youth would sit close to the girl's lodge and pipe plaintively on his flute. After a period of watching, serenading, and gazing into the maiden's eyes when he chanced to meet her to see if her heart went out to him, he sent a friend or a near relative to her brothers and the brothers of her mother to intercede for him, or if his heart was very brave he might go in person and ask for the girl. If the family respected the young man, they would say, "We will consider it," meaning that they were willing to be convinced of his honorable intentions and worthiness. The suitor's relatives then went on a hunt and brought loads of meat to the tipis of the girl's parents and of her relatives. Its acceptance indicated their consent to the courtship, and the people throughout the camp said to one another, "See, she is going to be married." After that the young man frequently brought game for his sweetheart's relatives.

When on the march a stream was to be forded, the young man saddled his best horse for his sweetheart, and he assisted her parents in taking their lodge-poles across. Then, after he had shown such attentions for some time, he placed himself in the evening near her lodge, and when she came out he approached her, asking, "Is your heart mine? I have come to take you." With her consent he at once took her to his parents' lodge. The next morning an elk-tooth dress, a belt, beaded moccasins, leggings, everything that a married woman needed, were brought to her by her new relatives, with parfléches, saddle-blankets, and all things required by the newly married couple, so that the bride would not be ashamed when the camp moved. The space next to the place of honor in the lodge was prepared for their occupancy; usually a new inside lodge-covering was hung there, and fine whole buffalo-robes were draped over the willow woven head-rest of the bed, which was heaped high with skins. Brothers of the young wife brought many gifts to the husband.

When the camp moved, the young man's clansmen rode in a party on finely caparisoned horses, the husband in the middle, and just behind them the new wife, clothed in deerskin dress liberally embroidered with porcupine-quills and covered with elk-teeth. Back of the saddle was a large deerskin saddle-bag, with its ample fringe almost sweeping the ground. In the saddle were piled many blankets, and over these was a mountain-lion skin, while tied at the back were the husband's medicine-bundle at one side and his bag of paint and trinkets at the other. At her side she carried his shield, and, fastened so as to stand aloft, his spear, and perhaps the staff of his society. This picturesque mode of travelling was apt to be continued for some time, so that often a whole group of these gorgeously bedecked bridal horses followed the clan.

Sometimes a young man, knowing himself to be unworthy of a girl and yet in love with her, would send a companion, a persuasive speaker, with a present of two or three horses for the parents. After considering, they would as a rule return the horses, saying to the messenger, "Tell your friend he is lazy; he acts foolishly; he could not keep a wife, and would probably strike her if he did have one."

The suitor would then send back word, "I will be a man; I will be industrious; I will act foolishly no longer."

They might then reconsider him, accept the horses, and give their daughter; and usually she had no choice but to accede.

Elopement to the lodge of the young man's parents was of common occurrence, and a man often stole the wife of another. In the latter event it was the privilege of the deserted husband's clansmen to come in a body and take everything of value from the lodge of the wife-stealer. Sometimes they even harmed his horses. The property taken was not given to the husband to console him for his loss, but was kept by those who secured it. This custom is a deep-rooted one, for not long ago when the head-chief, Pretty Eagle, took the wife of another man, the whole clan swept down upon his lodge and left absolutely nothing.

Often a man married his wife's younger sisters, sometimes even taking them into his lodge when they were only children; or, as they grew to maturity, he might buy them. If he were a good son-in-law, the parents sometimes took the girls to him and begged him to make them his wives. A good example of the peculiar marital arrangements of the Apsaroke is afforded by the following narration by Hunts To Die:

"At the season when the grass begins to turn green, the Lumpwoods and Foxes felt very strong: the blood ran fast in their veins. This was the time when the new staffs were made, and after they were completed and distributed, everyone went into the open, where each society sang its wild songs, challenging the others. Still singing, they marched around the village to the lodge of some member. There one who had been slyly looking into the eyes of a wife of a member of the rival society was sent to get her. With a companion he went to her lodge, usually waiting until they saw her husband going there, for they preferred to take her away before his eyes. The two entered, and said, 'We have come for you.' If the husband were there and his heart were strong, he would say, 'Well, they want you — go!' If he loved her much and his heart was weak, he would be silent, leaving her to make her own decision; but he never tried to prevent her going. If the husband was not there, then the two would endeavor to persuade her to go with them. Sometimes if a man was in love with the wife of a rival, but knew that she would not heed his wiles, he said to his fellow-members, 'I want you to go with me to get a woman.' They would then go and take her by actual force, the woman herself with the female relatives of her household resisting with their knives and awls, and at times inflicting considerable injury. But the members of the other society, even the husband, could do nothing to prevent her from being taken, without being disgraced. If a woman listened to the pleading of

her lover and came out with him and his friend, a strong-voiced man who had followed them a part of the way cried out so that every one could hear, 'The wife of a Lumpwood has come of her own free will, and is now here!' Then a triumphant song was raised by the Foxes:

When the woman was brought before the assembled members, relatives of the man hastened through the camp buying elk-teeth for her dress, new clothing of every kind, and all the finery a new wife should have. After she had been reclothed, her new husband, if he had gained war-honors, painted her face with horizontal red stripes, and if he were not a man of valorous deeds, some member who had performed such painted her. Then a member who in battle had rescued a man by taking him on his horse, raised the woman behind him on a horse that had been captured while tethered in the enemy's camp. If any one else should take her behind him, the members of the other society had the right to seize him by the hair and throw him from his horse. The man whose wife was taken could exhibit no anger, even though his heart was very sick.

"If his heart was weak for her, he might come at night and try to take her back, but if he was caught, all manner of indignities were inflicted upon him, and he was compelled to submit. Then his rivals had the right to take the victory robes from the members of his society, who could make no resistance, for they were disgraced. Sometimes the robes were publicly cut into shreds; in such case the dishonored men stood with bowed heads, and said, 'Our friend had a weak heart; he has disgraced us, and we cannot help it.'

"As soon as one woman had been brought, others who had sweethearts among the wives of the rival society were sent out to bring them in if they could, and all this time the members of the other organization were doing their best to take the wives of these men. It was an occasion of great rivalry as to which should capture the greater number of wives, and the contest continued for six days after the making of the staffs."

It was an old custom for some one in a war-party on the first night out to say, after all had eaten: "Now, let each one tell who his sweetheart is and show what she gave him to remember her by." As this was a most solemn occasion, every word being regarded as an oath, nothing but the truth could be told, and no one dared to hold back anything. So one by one they stood up and named the women they loved, and showed what had been given them. It was not uncommon for a man to mention

the name of the wife of one of his fellow-warriors and exhibit her gift, and while that might prove a blow to the husband it seldom caused ill feeling between the two, for it was not considered a manly thing to show perturbation over the loss of a woman's affection. When they returned, if both were alive, the husband would say to his wife, "You love that man; go to him!" and he would immediately put her property outside of the lodge; or if she were his only wife, he might take his weapons and clothing and leave her in possession of the lodge.

The common prohibition against addressing or looking directly at one's mother-in-law was extended by the Apsaroke to the father-in-law, but in his case the restriction could be waived by mutual agreement following a liberal bestowal of presents upon him.

The early method of disposing of the dead was to place the body in a niche or a cave among the rocks. In the case of men who were to be especially honored, this was practised until recent times; but scaffold burial began to be the ordinary form during the chieftainship of Red Feather At The Temple. It was said that the dead were going away on a visit; consequently before or immediately after death the body was prepared and dressed in the best clothing of the deceased, that of a warrior being arrayed and painted as for war. Thus clothed it was wrapped securely in skins and lashed with rawhide ropes, the knees being bent and drawn up toward the body, which was laid partially on its side in a rude coffin made by hollowing out a dry cottonwood log.

Mourning for the dead was carried to a most unusual degree of frenzied devotion. If a man lost his life in battle, his relatives gave away practically all their possessions, and continued crying for vengeance until the death was avenged or they had received a vision relieving them from further manifestations of grief. Ends of fingers were severed, strips of flesh cut from the arms, the body was slashed with spear-points, the scalp punctured in many places with knives or arrow-points, and the blood that flowed down over the face and body was not washed off during the continuance of their lamentation. The women mourners went alone to the hills, to live, almost like animals, in rude shelters of brush or even quite without protection from the elements. Little food was taken to them.

When Wild Cat and Running Coyote were killed by the Lakota, their sister lived alone in the mountains for two years, relatives carrying food to her from time to time. At last in a vision she saw Sioux scalps being brought to her, and as soon as this vision was fulfilled she

returned to her people.

Men ascended the highest peaks where they fasted and cried out for vengeance and the sympathy of the spirits. Groups of these gruesome blood-stained mourners, leading the dead man's horse, marched through the village wailing and calling for vengeance, hoping that the people would take pity on them and go against the enemy. Far into the night they continued to wander about the camp, weeping in their anguish. If the dead were a man well-known and honored, all the people of the village joined in the death-wail. When a war-party went forth to avenge the dead, the mourning women sometimes accompanied them, and if scalps were taken they were the ones to carry them through the village, singing the songs of victory.

If death were from an ordinary cause, the extent of the mourning depended on the age and position of the person. Bereaved young husbands often remained in the mountains day and night through summer and winter, and mothers and sisters of young men tortured themselves and lived in the hills for weeks and months.

Sometimes a warrior killed near camp was dressed and laid on a bed out in the open. The herald going through the camp called: "Your friend is awaiting you. He is going on a long visit. He wants you to come and have one more smoke with him!" Then relatives and friends came forth to mourn, and the members of his society assembled to sing in his honor.

A man named Falcon was killed in a fight with the Sioux near Red Lodge, Montana, at a time when the Mountain and River Crows were together. Some distance from his body, which lay dressed and painted on a pile of skins in the open air, the members of his society, the Lumpwood, sat in a circle, while all around was a great throng of people trying to see his face. Everyone had a bell or a rattle of some kind in his hand. Some carried spear-heads attached to arrow-shafts, with which they cut their heads in mourning. While the relatives wept and wailed, the members of the society began to sing, the Lumpwoods of the Mountain and River Crows all joining. As they sang, other brave men, members of any society or not, rode wildly around the circle, shouting, and declaring their desire to avenge Falcon's death. Then all the three hundred of his brother members in one body danced toward the dead man, singing:

As they came near they cut themselves and thrust arrows through their thighs, crying out their desire for vengeance; others cut their

heads, and the blood flowed in streams down their faces. Falcon's wife, her dress rolled up to the hips, advanced to the dead man, slashing her legs across the thighs and calves, and cutting her scalp until the blood spurted. Then the Lumpwoods drew off a short distance and sat in a circle. The property of the dead man was distributed by his parents among them without partiality, just as they came, which was the rule of the society; and the mourning relatives gave their property to others who came and sang the praises of Falcon and mutilated themselves. Old men came to the Lumpwoods and struck them on the chest, crying, "Young men, when you see the enemy, strike them. Do not be afraid!"

When all the property had been distributed, relatives covered the dead man's face, wrapped him in skins, and tied them. Then the body was laid across the back of a horse, the face downward on one side and the feet on the other. The horse was led by the widow, blood running down her face, dress, and legs, while she and all the relatives wailed loudly, for Falcon had been a great warrior. Many people followed as the wife led the way to a cave that had been enlarged by some of the Lumpwoods, and there on a pile of robes his body was placed. The entrance was walled up with stones, so that wolves could not enter, and there they left him.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

At some uncertain time following the settlement along the Missouri, about the mouth of Heart river, of a hitherto wandering tribe of people who called themselves *Mídhokats*, there arose between two chiefs a violent quarrel over the proper division of a buffalo. The animal having been found dead in the little stream between the village of the *Shíptatse* band and that of the *Awatuhwé*, men from each camp claimed the manyplies, and so bitter waxed the dispute that the former band under its chief No Vitals, *Íshpudete*, angrily abandoned its home and migrated westward. Red Scout, *Tsíta-hishshesh*, and his people continued to dwell on the Missouri and became the Hidatsa, while the seceding group formed the nucleus of the Apsaroke.

This tribal separation, known only through native tradition, is of course vague as to date, and the best that can be said is that it occurred probably in the latter half of the seventeenth century. For the Apsaroke account for fourteen head-chiefs down to the year 1904, beginning

with the legendary No Vitals, and it is asserted with positiveness that during the chieftainship of the eighth, Young White Buffalo, the Apsaroke received their first steel knives from the Hidatsa, who had just procured them from white traders. Now Charbonneau, the interpreter who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition westward from the Mandan and Hidatsa villages in the spring of 1805, had taken up his residence there in 1796, and he was by no means the first trader to visit them. As constant intercourse existed between the Hidatsa and the Apsaroke, the acquisition of steel knives by the latter could hardly have been much later than the date last mentioned. Assuming, then, that Young White Buffalo became chief about 1790, the last seven chiefs covered a period of a hundred and fourteen years; and if the first seven held the chiefship during an equal space of time, the migration of No Vitals and his people took place about 1676. Again, the tenth chief was Red Feather At The Temple, who led the Apsaroke at the time of the council at Knife river in 1825, and he is described as having been then a man of about sixty. A man rarely attained the position of head-chief much under the age of fifty years, hence, assuming that Red Feather At The Temple won supremacy in 1815, the last five chiefs extended over a period of eighty-nine years, while on the same basis the entire line of fourteen chiefs ruled for two hundred and forty-nine years, and the separation occurred about 1655. Of course calculations based on such imperfect data are necessarily inexact, but approximately speaking the results cannot be far wrong.

The first body of migrants was soon followed and joined by another party under *Dahpitsé-dasadhítsidetsh*, Bear That Has A Bad Heart Always, and this band is believed by some of the old men of the present time to have been the nucleus of the tribal division known as River Crows. As to this, however, there is no certainty.

The combined offshoot pushed westward until further progress was impeded by the main range of the Rocky mountains, and from that time until they submitted to the restraint of reservation boundaries they roamed at will through the valleys of the Yellowstone and its tributaries, the Bighorn, Wind, Tongue, and Powder rivers, and north of the Yellowstone along the Musselshell as far as its junction with the Missouri. Southward they hunted as far as the Black Hills on the east and the headwaters of Wind river and the Platte on the west; while northward they seldom or never crossed the Missouri except to attack their foes.

Surrounded by powerful enemies, who would have been glad, and indeed did constantly attempt, to dispossess them of their splendid hunting-grounds, the Apsaroke necessarily cultivated the militant spirit to a high degree. Along the headwaters of the Platte and extending to Green river were the Cheyenne and Arapaho. Toward the Wind River mountains lived the Shoshoni and the Bannock, westward Nez Percés and Flatheads, and northwestward the Pend d'Oreilles and the numerous and powerful Blackfeet. To the northward between the Missouri and Milk river the Apsaroke encountered the Atsina, with whom, however, prior to 1867 they made a treaty of peace that proved to be binding. Farther east were Assiniboin and Yanktonai. With the Hidatsa and their allies, the Mandan, peace was maintained, but from the villages of the earthen lodges to the Platte extended the Sioux, the "real enemy." In the decade following 1830 they became so numerous in the region west of the Black Hills that the Apsaroke found it a dangerous hunting ground and practically gave it up, retiring to the west of Powder river. Westward still pressed the Lakota, pitching their camps along Powder and Tongue rivers, and even in the valley of the Rosebud, until it seemed that all the territory between the Bighorn mountains and upper Powder river would become their permanent possession, rather than a common tribal hunting-ground. The mountaineers, however, kept up a constant harrying warfare against the Lakota camps, lying in wait and nearly every night killing or wounding one of the invaders immediately beyond the confines of the camp or even within the remoter lodges. The Sioux never obtained permanent possession of the region between the Bighorn mountains and the Black Hills, although, considering the relative numerical strength of the two tribes, there is little doubt that eventually they would have done so but for the interposition of governmental authority.

But the Apsaroke were not content with defensive warfare: their war-parties were constantly invading the territory of their hostile neighbors, striking one swift blow and retreating. It is not to be supposed that such Indian forays usually resulted in pitched battles. The prime motive was the desire of the individual to win personal honor and renown, coupled in some instances with a popular outcry for revenge. But whatever their inspiration, the warparties of the Apsaroke served the purpose of restraining their swarming enemies and keeping alive a proper respect for Apsaroke prowess. In quest of Nez Percé horses their warriors sometimes crossed the Continental

Divide, where they found streams flowing westward, and the banks strewn with the backbones of huge fish which the inhabitants had eaten. Into Blackfoot territory they penetrated north of Milk river, close to the Canadian border, where occasionally they had hostile encounters with Flatheads and Pend d'Oreilles poaching on Blackfoot ground. In their expeditions against the hated Lakota they sometimes travelled eastward as far as the middle course of the Missouri; and about the year 1825 or 1830 Twists His Tail, of the River Crows, led a party that was absent in the south two and a half years. In this country they crossed a desert, where throughout four days they were without water, where the prickly-pear cactus "grew as tall as a man, with leaves as large as a shield." At last they came upon two lonely lodges, killed all the inmates excepting a young woman, whom they brought back with them, and who, from the description of her dress, was an Apache.

Inhabiting a country traversed by most of the expeditions despatched by the fur companies from St. Louis, and later by the much travelled Bozeman trail, the Apsaroke became commonly spoken of as "the thieving Crows," but it does not appear that they were more thievishly inclined than other Indians of the region. Many a traveller relates woful tales of horses stolen by the Crows, but it should be remembered in the Indian's favor that in his code the capture of horses is not theft, but a deed to be praised by one's friends and honored by one's enemies. True, the white men and the Apsaroke were not at war, and even Indian ethics does not countenance the capture of a friend's horses; but these friendly white men were subsisting on Apsaroke game and growing rich from Apsaroke furs. If we regard the question from the Indian's point of view, the Apsaroke is more to be commended for refraining from attack on the persons of traders and emigrants than condemned for failure to live up to a code that was foreign to him.

The tribe first entered into relations with the United States Government on August 4, 1825, when both bands, the Mountain Crows under Red Feather At The Temple, and the River Crows led by Rotten Belly, moved in a body to Knife river, where, in a great council near the Mandan village Mítutaha^{n}k, the Hidatsa, Mandan, and Apsaroke formally pledged their friendship with the Government. In 1868, at Fort Laramie, they relinquished their claim to all lands except a reservation whose boundaries were described as "commencing where the one hundred and seventh meridian crosses the southern boundary of Montana territory; thence north along said meridian to the mid-

channel of Yellowstone river; thence up the mid-channel of said river to the point where it crosses the southern boundary of Montana, being the forty-fifth parallel north latitude; thence east along said parallel of latitude to the place of beginning." This area has since been reduced by cession until it now consists of 2,233,840 acres. The agency, first established in 1868 at Old Mission, near the present site of Livingston, Montana, was moved in 1875 to Rosebud creek, a short distance above its confluence with the Stillwater, and in 1883 to its present location on the Little Bighorn.

The numerical strength of the tribe was considerably underestimated by some of the early observers. Lewis and Clark placed their number at three hundred and fifty lodges, or three thousand five hundred persons, while Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwled, in 1834 counted four hundred lodges. Catlin approached accuracy more closely when in 1832 he roughly estimated their number as not more than seven thousand. Their former strength may be judged with a fair degree of accuracy from the definite statement by old men of both the Apsaroke and the Hidatsa, that nine hundred and fifty lodges of the former tribe attended the treaty council at Knife river in 1825. So positive is this account that there seems to be no reason to question it, coming as it does from two distinct sources. In those days almost no lodge housed fewer than ten persons, hence it is safe to say that in 1825 there were approximately nine thousand Apsaroke. It is probable that both Lewis and Clark and Prince Maximilian based their estimates on only one band of the tribe. In 1864, a year made memorable by a great battle with the Sioux, there were more than four hundred lodges of the Mountain Crows, with an average of five or six occupants each, an estimate agreeing with that of the agent who in 1871 reported two thousand seven hundred Mountain Crows and fourteen hundred River Crows. In 1908 the population of the entire tribe numbered less than eighteen hundred.

The division of the tribe into two bands, called officially Mountain Crows and River Crows, but by the Indians themselves *Ásadhahó*, Many Lodges, and *Binésupede*, was geographical and to a limited degree political, rather than ethnic. There is now a slight difference in the speech of the two bands, but as the dissimilarity appears only in such words as the equivalents of "coffee" and "sugar" — terms of recent origin — it may be said that no linguistic distinction exists.

Whether the Apsaroke consisted of two bands from the time of

their separation from the *Mídhokats* cannot be determined, but the evidence afforded by tradition indicates that the division has always existed. Biddle's narrative of the Lewis and Clark expedition says:

"The accounts which we received of the Minnetarees [Hidatsa] were contradictory. The Mandans say that this people came out of the water to the east and settled near them in their former establishment in nine villages; that they were very numerous, and fixed themselves in one village on the southern side of the Missouri. A quarrel about a buffalo divided the nation, of which two bands went into the plains and were known by the name of Crow and Paunch Indians."[3]

Says Coues: "Lewis in his Statistical View treats these 'Paunch' Indians entirely apart from the Grosventres [Hidatsa]. He gives their native name as Al-la-kâ-we-âh, with French nickname 'Gens de Panse,' and locates them along the Yellowstone on both sides, near the Rocky mountains and heads of the Bighorn river, with a population of 2,300, including 800 warriors and 300 lodges.

"In his Statistical View, Lewis calls the Crows Keé-kât-sâ [the explorers spelled it Keé-hât-sâ] ... 'These people,' he continues, 'are divided into four bands. They annually visit the Mandans, Minnetarees, and Ahwahhaways [the Amahámi, a small cognate tribe, which later fused with the Hidatsa], to whom they barter horses, mules, leather lodges, and many articles of Indian apparel, for which they receive in return guns, ammunition, axes, kettles, awls, and other European manufactures. When they return to their country they are in turn visited by the Paunch and Snake Indians."

These citations appear to confirm the native tradition that two bands migrated westward from the Missouri River villages, and to predicate an early date for the beginning of a definite division into Mountain Crows and River Crows. From the fact that the country described as being the home of the Paunch Indians is exactly the region occupied then and now by the Crows, or Apsaroke, it might be supposed that the two tribes mentioned were in reality one and the same. But when we read in the Statistical View that both the "Ravin nation" and the "Paunch tribe" called themselves Keé-hât-sâ, but that the latter referred to themselves also as Al-la-kâ'-we-âh, we have reason to believe that two separate bands of the same tribe are mentioned. If we accept the statement that there were two distinct bands, one of "300 lodges," the

[3] Coues, *The Lewis and Clark Expedition*, New York, 1893, pages 198-199.

other of "350 lodges," we have but a comparatively slight discrepancy left between the Lewis and Clark estimate of the Apsaroke population, and the well-established fact that in 1825 the tribe numbered nine hundred and fifty lodges.

About the middle of the nineteenth century the River Crows were accustomed to spend the greater part of the year away from the rest of the tribe, but they never quite became a political or a social entity: practically every summer they rejoined the others for a time, when clans camped together and military organizations held their meetings in common. At about the same date (1850) the numerically strong Whistle Water clan were wont to absent themselves from the main body for considerable periods, undertaking alone long hunting expeditions to the headwaters of the Bighorn and Powder rivers, in the way that the River Crows frequented the plains south of the Missouri. Here was an incipient third tribal division.

The only encounter between troops and the Apsaroke occurred in 1887. In the preceding year Wraps Up His Tail had begun to declare himself a great medicine-man, able to perform many such wonders as cutting through iron dishes with a sword. In the summer of 1887 Wraps Up His Tail and a company of young men, all dressed and painted for war, paraded into a camp that had assembled at the confluence of Soap creek with the Bighorn to receive an issue of cattle. There was general dissatisfaction with agency conditions at the time, particularly as to the disciplining of school children and the governmental prohibition of war-raids. Despite this interdict Wraps Up His Tail with a small party took the field against the Piegan. As they returned, a number of the raiders under their leader rode past the agency and shot into the buildings. Troops were immediately called for and scouts sent to all the Apsaroke camps, summoning the people to the agency and warning them not to shelter Wraps Up His Tail when he fled from the soldiers. The Indians camped near the agency in two groups, hostile and friendly. Nearly all of them, in obedience to the instructions of Wraps Up His Tail, who had predicted a tremendous wind-storm that would annihilate the troops, at once dug shallow pits in which to crouch while the devastating wind swept over them.

An attempt was made to bring the medicine-man into a council, offering him a trip to Washington and holding out the possibility that he would be made the tribal chief. He spurned all advances and with his adherents proceeded to paint for battle. Later in the day they assembled,

and their leader, accompanied by Spotted Jack-rabbit, a young man to whom he had just given his medicine — for a consideration — rode out alone against the troops to prove that his new panacea would ward off bullets. The two were soon driven back with some shooting, in the course of which both were wounded. One of the soldiers was killed. The hostile Indians gathered on a low ridge from which the artillery quickly dislodged them; they scattered, and the threatened uprising subsided almost of itself, for the medicine of Wraps Up His Tail had been put to the test and found wanting. The medicine-man himself was making good his escape when Crazy Head, under the impression that his young son had been killed in the melée, captured him, and was about to deliver him to the soldiers when an Indian policeman rushed up and shot the fallen leader dead.

To supplement this historical sketch are added the names of the tribal head-chiefs with a brief summary of what tradition has transmitted concerning each.

I. No Vitals, *Íshpudete.* His medicine was tobacco, and he originated the Tobacco ceremony, having received it in a vision. Chief of a tribal division known as *Shíptatse* (a name referring to the glancing of an arrow when it strikes a buffalo's ribs), he led it westward after the quarrel with the *Awatuhwé* over the buffalo manyplies, and became first chief of the Apsaroke.

II. One Eye, *Ishtúwúte.* His medicine was the very old bull with stump horns, and body so tough that arrows could not penetrate it. In fighting he used a heavy stone with a rawhide handle, painting his body and hair white, and wearing a baldric of buffalo-beards. Although no arrow could pierce his flesh, one did enter his eye and the point broke off in it. From that time pus ran from the eye, which he constantly wiped with a handful of buffalo-wool. He had previously been known as Raven Face, *Ispedetsísh.*

III. Paints His Shirt Red, *Ahhúeshishshesh.* Morning Star, his guardian spirit, instructed him to paint his shirt as well as his body red, to represent the fire, so that the enemy could not seize him, and arrows would pass through him harmlessly, as through a flame.

IV. Red Fish, *Buuhíshshish.* The old, old people talk much about him, relating numerous tales respecting this demigod. In his time buffalo were butchered by means of a sharp sliver of black flint, and meat was cut for eating by holding one end between the teeth, the other in the hand, and sawing across it with one of the sharpened rib-like

bones from the buffalo-hump. This chief's medicine was fish-hawk, and he painted his body black, so that arrows would glance off, as from a rock. His hair, massed on the top of his head, was surmounted by a stuffed fish-hawk; from the crown of his head floated a string of eagle-down dyed red with a certain moss. "This is my heart," he said; "only when it is cut with an arrow can I be killed." A medicine-song of his is still known and sung. Whenever he sang, making his medicine, the people rushed out of his way, for he would go into a frenzy and kill whatever or whomsoever he found in his path.

V. Running Coyote, *Búuttawosash.* He devised a new method of hunting buffalo by running the herd over a cañon wall, an idea that was imparted to him in a vision. His was tobacco-medicine, which he bought, transmitted from No Vitals.

VI. One Heart, *Dásawútush.* The tribe had now become more prosperous and began to live like people. One Heart exhorted his young men constantly to fast and cry and offer their bodies to the spirits. "My body is not hard," he would remind them; "I want someone to be bound to me so that it will be carried on." He meant that he desired a worthy man to carry on the work he had begun. Among the young men was one who never sat down; he was always in the mountains fasting. This was White Moccasin-top, who became the next chief. Jackrabbit was the medicine of One Heart, and a stuffed ear of the animal with the tall attached and small strands of human hair fastened to it was worn on his hair. He became unbearably arrogant, making free with the wives of others, and so feared was he that even when he killed a man who protested because One Heart had taken his wife, no attempt was made to depose or punish the murderous chief. But Raven Face, brother of the slain man, charged angrily upon the chief, only to receive a broken arm for his rashness. He fled into the hills. As he wandered about, fasting, he came upon a bear's den, inside of which he found cubs only a few days old. He held one of them in his arms. Soon the she-bear returned, and, seeing him holding her cub, her heart was soft. She stood on her hind legs, raised his arms with her paws, and sang, *Baskyotáush bitsukátu* — "Our enemy is but an unfledged bird." Strong with the bear-medicine Raven Face returned to the camp. A little later, when he was butchering after the hunt, One Heart came toward him, intending to take the choice portions of his game; but Raven Face rushed upon him, killed him, tore off his scalp, and charged into camp with face painted black as if he had killed an

enemy. For that deed he was made a chief.

VII. White Moccasin-top, *Isapístsiush.* He wore a head-dress consisting of a bear's scalp, with ears and nose, and with a strip of the fur down the back and the tail dragging behind. Its entire length was ornamented with a row of eagle-feathers. A sash of otter-skin with bear's claws fastened to it crossed one shoulder and passed beneath the other. He always carried a lance, its head a tip of elk-horn. White Moccasin-top is the hero of many stories still current.

VIII. Young White Buffalo, *Tsípkadhishtatsíush.* In his time the Apsaroke first obtained from the Hidatsa steel knives brought by white men. These knives had handles of bone, dyed blue. Young White Buffalo led a war-party to Fat river (Green river) against the Rib-men (Winnebago) and brought back the first horses of the Apsaroke. His medicine was jackrabbit. The place where he fasted on a small hill near the Bighorn (about two and a half miles southwest of Saint Xavier Mission) was later marked by the people with a low mound, which is still rebuilt from time to time as it becomes worn away by wind and rain. This chief rode a gray horse. Through a hole in the centre of his shield peered the head of a jack-rabbit, and a rabbit-tail was tied to his medicine-lock. The lower part of his face he painted black, producing horizontal stripes by scratching the paint with separated fingers. His body too was black. Through the camp he would ride his prancing gray, waving his lance and singing, *Bidhídhuke, biitsídhuke* — "They shoot at me, they miss me."

IX. Plays With His Face, *Ísakemaníu.* He would paint his face carefully, then before the day was half gone he would wash it and apply another color; hence his name. He painted his body slate blue, and on his breast outlined a dragonfly and on his back another. To his medicine-lock (scalp-lock) he tied a dragonfly made of rawhide with eagle-down fastened to its tail. He had two renowned warriors, Small On The Back and Hump Bull; led by these three the Apsaroke moved about fearlessly.

X. Red Feather At The Temple, *Itsuwaóshpushe.* He was the chief who led the Apsaroke in the council at Knife river in 1825, and it was during his period of authority that the River Crows are said to have definitely left the others and lived much of the time by themselves north of the Musselshell. Red Feather At The Temple was reputed to be able to foresee events, and thus he became a great war-leader. His tutelary spirit was Morning Star, in representation of which he painted

his face yellow, with a circle of red about it. A red stick with eagle-feathers fastened to it perpendicularly was thrust upright in his hair, which was rolled up in a bag of antelope-skin supported by a thong passing over one shoulder. His hair was remarkably long and is still preserved as a sacred tribal relic. He is the Chief Long-hair mentioned by Catlin, and the "E-she-huns-ka, or the long hair" who was the first signer of the treaty of 1825. He died about 1836.

Contemporary with Red Feather At The Temple was Rotten Belly, *Edhupúush,* chief of the River Crows. A young boy, he fasted in the Crazy mountains, where Thunderbird appeared to him, showing him how to lead a war-party and how to make medicine so that the trail would lie clear before him. The upper part of his shield, the segment of a circle, was painted black to represent a storm cloud, and down through this appeared the head and claws of Thunderbird. Although he was second only to the head-chief, his name is not appended to the treaty of 1825. The troops on that occasion took the precaution to train their cannon on the camp of the Crows, who, resenting the apparent distrust of their motives, proceeded to render the guns useless by stopping the vents. In the ensuing broil an Apsaroke chief, Does Not Rain, the "Har-rar-shesh, one that rains," of the treaty, was struck on the head with the butt of a pistol, and his tribesmen drew aside to make preparation for war. The Mandan (no doubt fearing the consequences of hostilities) interceded, and Red Feather At The Temple at length consented to return to the council. Rotten Belly, however, would have nothing further to do with the proceedings, and, says tradition, so angry was he with the white men and the Mandan that he caused a tremendous rain to fall. The corn and squashes of the villagers were destroyed, the earthen roofs were washed from their lodges, and great fear possessed the Mandan. They brought presents to Rotten Belly, who cried out to the sky and checked the rain. Rotten Belly's song of victory became a tribal song. To white men and Apsaroke his name is well known: Irving in his narration of Captain Bonneville's Adventures has much to say of him. He was killed by the Blackfeet about 1834.

XI. Hair On Top, *Iyákash.* Hair On Top was a small man, short, thin-legged, pot-bellied. When buffalo were scarce it was his custom to lie in his lodge and, shaking his huge rattle of buffalo-hide, sing the Sun Dance songs, while the whole camp paused to listen in awe. It was believed that the buffalo always came in response to his incantations. His medicine was the image of the Lakota used in the Sun Dance.

Like Red Feather At The Temple he was credited with the power of prevision, and frequently he sent out war-parties to attack an enemy whom he had perceived in a vision. He once built a sacred lodge, such as the spirits had revealed to him, and in the holy place at the rear dug a circular hole, the depth of an arm, in which fir leaves were kept constantly burning. When the structure was complete, he predicted, "An enemy will come into this lodge and I shall kill him." His*bátsiwatkusúa* (children of one's father's clansmen) laughed derisively, and said, "You are*the* medicine-man, but that is not possible." But one night as the fire was dying out a person entered, went to the holy place, and sat down. One of the occupants, still awake, said, "You must not go there." There was no answer. Some one threw a piece of wood on the fire, and by the flickering blaze they saw a Piegan sitting there. Hair On Top went to him at once and shook his hand, calling out loudly, "Here is a weak person! Come and see!" Others came running in, two seized the Piegan, stabbed him where he stood, and dragged out his body. The chief commemorated the deed by giving to a girl-child the name Kills In The Back Of The Lodge. She was still living in 1908, an old woman, wife of Blue Belly. Hair On Top died about 1851.

XII. Twists His Tail, *Tsísapuush.* Twists His Tail was a River Crow. His guardian spirit was the Sun, hence he painted a yellow circle about his face with the tip of his finger, which he first pointed to the sun. Around his neck was a rawhide stole ornamented with eagle-down dyed red, and at his throat a large disc-shaped shell with a feather attached. His entire body was painted yellow. In calling upon his spirit-father he would kneel facing the rising sun, and looking toward it through a hoop wound with wolf fur and with eagle-feathers fluttering from it, would blow upon the eagle wing-bone whistle that hung from his neck, and sing, *Hidúwe isé ámakák; binúp kudé ámakák* — "Him that is going, his face I see; holding a scalp I see him." It is said that a war-party seeking revenge for relatives slain by Lakota asked his help. He made medicine as described above, and said, "Three bodies of the enemy have been given to me. Go out early, hasten to Powder river, and in seven days return with three scalps. Be sure to bring the scalps, that none may dispute you." In the hills that border the river they waited until in the east they descried an approaching party. All night they lay quiet, and in the morning beheld three scouts leaving the enemy's camp. Those three were killed and their scalps brought back to Twists His Tail. When a young man, he led twenty warriors to

the south and was absent two years and a half. They travelled many moons without finding an enemy, and arrived in a country where "the prickly-pear cactus grew as tall as a man and its leaves were the size of a shield." Yellow flowers grew at the top of the leaves. Southward still they journeyed, through a region where they were four days without water. It was a strange land, for "the sun, rising one day in the east, would the next appear in the west." At last they came upon two lodges of skin, not high and shapely like those of the Apsaroke, but broad and squat. They killed the occupants, all of them except a young woman, whom Twists His Tail brought home with him as his wife. When they arrived at the Apsaroke camp she was about to give birth to a child, whose father was her former husband. She wore a deerskin dress with fringe at the bottom from which dangled things that rattled and made a pleasant sound when she walked. There were many beads on her dress, and her moccasins, which turned up at the toes, were covered with them. Two striped blankets found in the lodge were brought back. Twists His Tail died about 1867.

While the old chief was still living, Red Bear, *Dahpitsé-hishshish,* a rising leader of the Mountain Crows, had attained such renown as an active war-leader that he "covered up" the older man, who seldom took the field, preferring to send out his warriors against enemies revealed to him by the spirits. To the Apsaroke of to-day the name of Red Bear is greater than that of any of the well-nigh deified chiefs of ancient times. When he fasted, the pelican, messenger of Morning Star, came and said, "Three beings will appear; pass them by, but listen to the fourth." The first three that came were Those That Deceive, spirits of the bright stars that make their children rapidly rise, but on the threshold of greatness suddenly abandon them and allow them to be killed. After them came Morning Star. Red Bear was told to wear an eagle-feather thrust horizontally into his hair at one side, and at the other a plume of twisted down-feathers of the pelican. In his hair he was to place also a piece of shell for the Morning Star, and his face he was to paint with close horizontal yellow bars, representing *apíshishiu* ("air linked together"), the quivering of heated air (a phenomenon ascribed to a struggle between the hot and the cold air). He was given the power to foresee events, and many instances are related of his wonderful prophecies. He was believed to be able even to hold back the coming day when it appeared inopportunely for his horse-raiders. He struck *dákshe* more than ten times and killed more than twenty of

his enemies; eight times he captured horses tethered in the enemy's camp, besides great numbers of herded animals on some thirty raids; he took at least ten guns, besides many bows, and led forty war-parties that returned with scalps or horses. He was a swift runner. Red Bear met his death in a spectacular manner. Brooding over a gratuitous insult by a jealous tribesman, who struck his horse across the face (the chief of course could not engage in brawls), he was leading a jaded party when it was fiercely attacked by Sioux and Cheyenne near the mouth of the Bighorn. Though in the prime of life, that is, between fifty and sixty, occupying the highest position among his people, and mounted on a fresh horse that could easily have borne him away from danger, he leaped to the ground, crying, "My people, I have always tried to help you; but among you is one I hate! See if you can find another like me!" A single warrior joined him, and the two, totally surrounded by the enemy, with their lives checked the pursuit long enough to permit their fellows to escape. "No Indian on earth ever surpassed the deeds of Red Bear," says one of his warriors; "all the people who ever wore loin-cloth never could show a like him." And another adds, "He was a great man, and his Father wished to take him back before he became wrinkled." His death occurred in 1862.

XIII. Blackfoot, so called by white men, was known by his tribesmen as Sits In The Middle Of The Land, *Awékyuadowatsh.* His medicine was wild goose, and the head and tail of that bird were worn in his hair, two narrow pieces of red flannel streaming down his back from this headdress. Two broad strips of flannel, with many scalps attached to them, passed around his neck and down his back, like a reversed stole. Blackfoot was a large man, about six feet two inches in height, proportionately heavy, and with muscles of a Hercules. He was a noted speaker. Stripped to the loin-cloth, painted for war, with his goose-head surmounting a mass of hair, and tomahawk in his left hand, he was an impressive figure in the firelight of the council-lodge. Before leading his people to Fort Laramie to negotiate the boundary treaty of 1868, he assembled his principal men in the open and bade each in succession arise and announce what he would say before the white men. As each advanced his arguments, the chief would remark, "That is good; we will use that," or, "That we will throw away." When they entered the council at the fort each repeated what had been approved in his trial speech. Blackfoot succeeded so well that the reservation boundaries were established just as he wished them. He and Iron Bull are now

blamed for having brought civilization too quickly by consenting to send children to school, submitting to reservation restrictions, and accepting missionaries. Blackfoot died about 1877.

Iron Bull, *Tsídupuwutush,* was contemporary and of almost equal authority with Blackfoot. He was the richest man in the tribe, and his lodge was made of fourteen or eighteen large skins treated with a mixture of white clay and red paint, so that the entire lodge-covering was of reddish hue. The door-flap was a hide with the hair removed only in horizontal lines, and the dwelling was kept so clean that a common expression was, "Iron Bull's lodge is like the lodge of the Sun." His twenty horses, which were of the finest, were guarded by his young nephews, who as a reward were permitted to eat in their uncle's lodge and to ride his steeds. Iron Bull always had a number of poor old men eating day by day in his lodge; nor was the food supplied by the gift of others, but by his own efforts, for he was a great hunter. As a war-leader he was successful, but not to the extent of some others. His hospitality extended beyond his own people; in fact it was due largely to his friendship with white men that he became prominent. An old trader, named Deer by the Apsaroke, who had formerly lived among them and married one of their women, came with a young boy to Iron Bull's camp to die. The chief cared for the sick man until the end, when he took the boy and a written statement of what he had done for Deer to Fort C.F. Smith. He was at once honored by the officers and styled head-chief of the Crows. He died in 1886.

XIV. Pretty Eagle, *Déahitsish.* He was chief until his death in 1904.

RELIGION AND CEREMONIES

SPIRIT BEINGS

Itsíhbadhish, He First Made All Things, is the creator of all. He is composed of all the vapory elements that existed before the world was formed by him. He is also called *Akbaétsukadhatsé,* He That Hears Always, and *Akbahíutsedhete,* He That Sees All Things. He made all things, he hears all things, he controls all things, and is everywhere present. The sun itself is usually conceived to be his visible counterpart, and even in the legends that personify the sun as

a distinct spirit-power it is regarded as under the control of its creator. The old people sometimes say, "See this light that comes into the lodge: He That Hears Always is in it." The perceptions of Itsíhbadhish do not end with men, animals, and noticeable phenomena, but extend to the insects and the most insignificant things of plant life. In him, the personification and deification of the infinite, the Apsaroke have crystallized their religious instinct; and while every creature has its spiritual complement, and many objects and elements are specifically personified, these all are under the control of Itsíhbadhish.

Every star, the sun, the moon, the sky itself, every tree, stone, stream, animal, insect, and bird, every natural phenomenon, has its spirit above. These spirits may or may not exert supernatural power, but such as do are called *mahpé,* while all considered collectively are*máwahpe*. This term does not, however, include He First Made All Things, who is *Mawahpakáshe,* "the real *máwahpe*." The *máwahpe* are often called *Mahodheté,* Those That Have No Bodies, and their earthly representatives are described as *Maïshpi-dhádheté,* Those That Have No Fires. The spirit that talks to the soul in vision and gives it strength becomes one's *hupádhiu*[4] (with first personal pronoun, *biyuhpádhiu),* medicine, or tutelary spirit. Through visions men and women claim to have revealed to them events of the future, and how they shall conduct themselves to better their own lives and to promote the welfare of their people. Visions are experienced by those who fast in the mountains, and are not in any way to be confused with dreams. When a man fasts, he wails, "He That Hears Always, hear my cries. As my tears drop to the ground, look upon me." While he moans thus in his despair, he grovels on the earth and tears up grass and weeds in anguish of spirit. Then he hacks off a finger tip, or very frequently he cuts around the second joint, puts the finger between his teeth, and tears it off ; then holding the severed portion to the sky, he cries, "Máwahpe [supernatural powers], I give you this, my body. May I have many horses, and many women of good looks and industry in my lodge. May my lodge be the gathering place of men. I am poor; give me these things that through me my people may be bold because I live.

[4] Both *mahpé* and *hupádhiu* seem to be traceable to the root *he*, "above," *ma-* being the substantive prefix, and *-pe* and *-padhi* modifying suffixes. Formed in the same manner is the Dakota *mahpíya*, sky, "the above." *Mahpé,* the supernatural, means therefore "that which is above." Of course the Apsaroke of the present day do not recognize this etymology.

Let them use me as a shield against the enemy! "

While the body of the faster sleeps, there comes to the soul *Akbatsivekyáti*, Little One That Tells Things, a spirit so small as to be invisible even to the soul. It stands behind the ear and instructs the soul what it shall look for; as for example, "When he comes, watch his feet. See how many steps he takes for each act." While no one has ever seen one of these spirits, of which each *mahpé* has one as its messenger, all men that have had clear visions have heard their voices. Following Akbatsivekyáti appears the earthly representative of the spirit that has chosen the faster for his child, and either tells the soul all that the spirit wishes to say, or merely announces that the father himself is coming to bestow his powers. After the spirit or its representative has minutely described the way the faster is to conduct himself, — to paint, to dress, to sing, what plants to gather if he is a medicine-man, what things he is to avoid, — the soul returns to the body and informs it of these things; or, as some express it, "Perhaps the conversation takes place in the heart of the faster, and he knows what is being said."

Sometimes, but by no means always, the spirit that becomes one's *hupádhiu*, if it finds its child worthy, enters the body and lives with the soul, and is then called *batsidhúpe*.

A man may have more than one *hupádhiu*, obtained either by fastings or by purchase. If medicine is bought, he then must go out and fast, and the appearance of its spirit in a vision assures him that he has been accepted. If it does not appear, then it does not desire him and will not aid him; still he keeps the medicine, and tries again to obtain its power. The symbol of one's spirit is worn usually in the hair, and beside that the paint and the incense and other herbs revealed by it are constantly carried, wrapped in a piece of deerskin enclosed in rawhide. Since the great supernatural power hears all things, a man never falsely claims a vision, for such an act would incur the anger of Itsíhbadhish, and he would probably lose his life, or some other great calamity would befall him.

If wilfully or inadvertently a man commits an act that might displease his tutelary spirit, he at once makes offerings and prays that it may not withdraw its aid. All success in life is attributed to one's spirit guardians, and to exhibit pride or take personal credit for one's welfare would be to offend *máwahpe* and result in misfortune.

THE SWEAT

Sweating is strictly a part of the devotional observances of the Apsaroke, practised not for material cleanliness, but for such purification as will make their bodies acceptable to the spirits. Young men rarely enter the sweat-lodge except when they desire to purify themselves for the four days' fast in the mountains. Close by every dwelling even to-day can be seen the sweat-lodge where men and women go together for ordinary devotion and for special occasions. It is a sacred spot, where frivolity is not to be thought of.

The most important of their ceremonial sweats was *Awúsh-bahpe*, the Medicine Sweat-lodge, which belonged only to great war-leaders. It was said that in their fasting the spirits gave them the rights of this ceremony along with their other medicine. When such a man was ready to lead a war-party, he would tell those who wished to join him to cut willows: four strong large ones about an inch in diameter, and one hundred smaller ones. The four large ones were thrust into the ground and bent to form two parallel arches. Then the hundred were planted to complete the circle, crossing the arches, fifty on each side, making a framework some seven feet in diameter. In its centre was dug the pit for the heated stones, and around it the grass was cut away for about eight inches. From there to the opening the grass was removed, so that the earth exposed was in the shape of an eagle-tail, and the rest of the ground was covered with sage. An entire buffalo-robe was thrown over the lodge after the frame had been covered, the tail hanging downward at the back, and the nose in front, facing the east. On the top of the robe were placed the war-leader's medicine, a holy pipe, and a tobacco medicine-bag, these last two not necessarily the property of the priest.

Other war-leaders now came and deposited their medicine with that of the priest, the one who was to receive the heated stones and begin the pouring of the water placing his nearest the door. Those who were to participate in the sweat entered and sat down, war-leaders on the right and warriors that stood high in the estimation of the leader of this party on the left, while those who intended to accompany the party, but were not prominent enough to have a seat in the sweat-lodge, passed in the heated stones, one at a time. Not a word was

spoken inside as the first three were handed in, but when the fourth was received by the old leader at the door and placed in the pit, each man made a feint as if seizing it in his hands and drawing it to him, at the same time expressing some wish, such as, "May I take a horse!" "May I kill an enemy!" "Here comes the enemy's gun!" When all the stones were in and the cover down, water was poured on from a horn cup four times, and as the steam arose, the leader began to sing, all joining with him. After singing four times, he said, "Throw the door up," and as the cover was raised he told a dream in which he had seen a certain season, and each person prayed briefly that he himself might live until that time. Then the leader spoke: "I have said! Close the door." When the cover was down he poured water seven times, and the one at his left sang his song four times, the rest joining. Then the door was raised again. Next he poured water ten times, and the second at his left sang four times, and finally the leader poured the remainder of the water on the stones, while the third man sang his song four times. Then the door was raised for the last time, and all came out slowly and went into the stream.

When a man had a vision of the sweat-lodge of a hundred sticks, he went at once to a war-leader who owned the medicine and employed him to make the lodge. When there was need of haste in taking the war-path, the hundred-stick lodge could not be built, so a few small sticks were hastily made into a miniature sweat-lodge, and placed in a lonely spot as an offering symbolizing their observance of the ceremonial purification.

MEDICINE AND MEDIC INE-MEN

The means taken for healing the sick and wounded are much like those of neighboring tribes. Herbs supposedly having curative properties are used, but nearly always they are those that have been revealed in visions, and both healer and patient consider them purely as a part of the healing ceremony. Not only are such plants revealed by the spirits, but they are believed to be themselves possessed of spirit-power.

There is no fixed number of days through which the healing is continued. The fact that a patient has failed to recover creates no resentment against the medicine-man; but should a healer be

unsuccessful in several cases, people would consider him as having offended the spirits and lost his power, hence no longer would seek help of him. More than one medicine-man may be sent for, and if they seem to lack the ability to cure, others may be summoned, until six or more are endeavoring to drive away the sickness, the belief being that each man brings his spirit-power to the assistance of the others, and as two men can lift more than one, so can the combined power of two medicine-men cure where one can not.

The Apsaroke man who has had a vision is not yet a medicine-man; he is simply one who had a vision, and even when his *hupádhiu* has proved itself good and powerful, either by carrying him through danger in battle or by causing his recovery from illness, still he is not a medicine-man: it is only said of him, "His medicine is supernatural." Hunts To Die relates his own experience to show how a healer is created:

"I had been shot, and they could not pull the arrow-point out of my hip; my body was dead. In a vision I saw a Buffalo Bull, which came and began to fall and roll from side to side. He transformed himself into a man. This was while I was lying in the lodge; and they thought that I was dead, and that my shadow had gone. The Buffalo sang his songs, and took a live coal and made incense; I smelled the smoke. He put his hand over the coal and rubbed it downward over my face, and I saw my eyes open. Then he took water in his mouth and spurted it over my body, and put my hands on the ground and swayed from side to side. That made the blood flow from his hips and from mine. Then he switched a buffalo-tail and told me to hold it in my hands, and by that he raised me to my feet and led me around the lodge. When I awoke I found myself dressed and painted ready to be buried; but I was well, and the arrow-point had come out. The Buffalo gave me three kinds of herbs. After that any person shot in the body sent for me, and my treatment never failed."

Before having a vision of that kind a man is not summoned to treat the sick. In an ordinary vision the spirit simply tells the faster how to dress, paint, and sing: that is the personal medicine to help him in battle, and is not to be used for doctoring. When a man has been given the healing medicine in some such vision, and it has proved itself potent, he is called *Akbadíu-mahpe,* Doer Of Supernatural Things. When a man's medicine enables him to see into the future, making him thus a great war-leader, and also carries him safely through danger, and gives

him further power to heal sickness, he is then known as*Biduhpák-mahpe*, Supernatural Person.

At times medicine-men quarrelled, and in their bitterness exerted their supernatural strength to cast a spell on each other, as was the case when a dispute arose between Hidatsa Horse and Bull Backbone over the wife of one of them.[5]

Both were men of prominence and were well supplied with horses. Their medicine was powerful. Hidatsa Horse said: "Before you die you shall be so poor that the people will laugh at you."

Bull Backbone retorted: "How can a man be poor when he has plenty of horses, and many children to look after him when he is old? You think you are an Apsaroke. You think you love your people, but before you die you shall go among another tribe and there you shall live and die. You shall not die among the Apsaroke!"

Said Hidatsa Horse: "There is no Apsaroke like me. I am the real Apsaroke. How can I die among other people?"

Then each went to his lodge to make medicine. Bull Backbone lighted his pipe and in the dust drew an image of his opponent with a trail leading to the northeast. At the same time Hidatsa Horse made the image of Bull Backbone in the dust and blew a whiff of smoke upon it, driving the dust away and wiping out the figure.

Soon after this occurrence Hidatsa Horse started out against the Lakota, but during the raid he came to the Hidatsa village and married an old woman. He never returned. Before Bull Backbone became old his horses were all stolen by the enemy. His lodge was very large, and as there were no horses to carry it, he exchanged it for a smaller one, and then the property inside the lodge began to disappear. In a great battle he said, "I know Hidatsa Horse is a medicine-man. I know he will not take back his medicine, nor will I mine. I do not want to be poor always." Then he went among the enemy and let them kill him.

At other times men of prominence, with no other purpose than to determine which was the more powerful, entered a contest, a battle of medicine against medicine, that ended in the downfall of one or both. The strife between Medicine Child and Hair In A Lump illustrates this practice well:

[5] This and the succeeding illustration of medicine practices are selected from several related by old men who knew the contestants and believed firmly in the ability of men to exert supernatural power over the destinies of others.

They smoked, and Medicine Child asked, "Are you great?"

"I am powerful," affirmed Hair In A Lump.

Medicine Child said: "Did you ever see these reeds that tremble in the high water of springtime? My medicine shall make you like them!"

Hair In A Lump answered: "My medicine shall make you so blind that you will walk in darkness all your life!"

They went apart to their lodges and made medicine. Hair In A Lump soon began to tremble so that he could not drink water without spilling most of it from the cup, and Medicine Child became blind that very day, and so remained for the rest of his life.

Hair In A Lump was a great chief with well-earned honors, and said to his nephew, Hunts The Enemy: "What is the good, my son? I can never live as I used to live; I must always tremble like this. Dress me in my war garments, paint me in my medicine, and then kill me." He kept coaxing his nephew, who at last said "Good! I will kill you." He dressed the palsied man, painted him, and said, "My father, look at me. You see my forefinger. You shall take it with you!" With that he chopped it off, then placed his gun to his uncle's chest and pulled the trigger.

The aim of all men was to attain greatness in the eyes of their people, and to this end it was necessary to acquire the aid of the greatest number of spirits, through offerings, fasting, and supplication. In offering parts of the body they were making the greatest sacrifice within their power, and even that was not always efficient in bringing a vision to the faster. An old medicine-man tells of eleven long fasts with but two visions. In these long periods of self-denial on the mountain-tops there was no prescribed form or definite limit of time, but one was supposed to continue through four days at least. In the story of Matted Hair are shown many of the forms their supplications take.

Matted Hair was a miserable, thieving youth. An austere *batsiwatkusúa* talked with him in an effort to impress on him his utter worthlessness, and the severity of the criticism convinced the boy that he must change his ways. He therefore asked to have ten of the great men of the tribe tell him how they won their positions, and the old man invited ten of their war-leaders to his lodge. After the pipe had been passed around the circle, the host made a present to each guest, saying, "It was not I who invited you, but my young brother. He wishes to question you. Hold nothing back, but tell him with a straight tongue

what he wishes to know."

"Brother, what mountain did you climb in your fasting?" asked Matted Hair of one of them.

Several of the men smiled, but one said, "The boy has made us presents; it is right that we should answer him." The left forefinger of this man was a stub. He raised his hand and spoke: "My son, you see this hand. Once I climbed a high mountain, and as the Sun came up I held my hand out to him and said, 'He That Sees All Things, I wish to be a great man. I want horses, a good woman, and a large lodge. I desire to be treated with respect by my people. I offer you my body. I cut off this finger and give it to you.' When you have cut off your finger you must fast four days and four nights, and on the fourth night something will surely happen to you. It is because of this that I have become a great chief. In no other way can you win honors. My medicine is the Hawk. It is good."

The second man moved slightly forward, threw back his robe, and showed scars on his breast. He said: "I cut these strips of flesh from my body and offered them to the Sun, crying, 'I am a poor man. Pity me. Give me of your medicine.' The Golden Eagle, servant to the glittering Star, was sent to me; he has given me of his power. I take my pipe and go on the war-path, and return with many scalps and horses. Because I do this I am chief."

The third man spoke: "See where I have cut flesh from my arms and wrists in the shape of hoof-prints. Of the spirits above a Blackbird came to me in my vision and showed me how to capture horses from the enemy."

Then a great warrior said: "I was a poor boy. I had nothing but a piece of jagged flint with which to cut off my finger, so I hacked it with that and then tore it loose with my teeth. In my vision the Sparrow-hawk came to me, transforming himself into a spirit-warrior, and it is through me that our people are still a people. When the enemy come I advance without fear, and they run."

The fifth guest displayed the scars on his breast, where he had thrust skewers through the flesh: fastened thus to a pole he had danced for two days and two nights on a high hill. "I was told that He That Sees All Things was looking down upon the people," he said, "and I did this that he might take pity on me. In my fasting I saw a man come out of the water, who brought many plants in his hands and showed me how to cure sickness, and through these secrets I am a great man.

All my family are happy and prosperous."

"I went to a hilltop," said the sixth, "and lay under a scaffold on which a dead man had been placed. His spirit-body came to me and taught me many wonders. The Ghost is my medicine."

Another informed the youth: "In battle I was shot through the body, and they carried me away and laid me down. My body was hot, and while I lay there a Bull came and showed me how to cure those who like myself were wounded. He gave me plants and songs by which I cure men, and it is this that has made me a man like the others."

Said the eighth: "I was a poor boy. I had one mare and I cared for her like a babe. I took her to water and to places where the grass was fresh. I had a vision in which she transformed herself into a spirit-man and made known to me the secrets of multiplying the herd. You see the great drove I now have. If you are patient and care for the horses as you would a child, the spirit-horse will pity you and you will be prosperous."

"I came to a freshly killed buffalo," spoke the ninth man, "and I skinned it carefully, even the head and tail, and cut a strip at each side. These I fastened into two slits in my shoulders, and so carried the hide all day long through the mountains, crying out to the spirits to help me."

The last man wore a frown on his face, and turned away when Matted Hair offered the pipe to him. "My brother," said the boy, "how did you get so many fine horses and the beautiful things in your lodge?"

"If I tell you, you will not do what I did," said the other; "I am the only man whose heart is strong enough. It is only wasting words to tell you."

The boy insisted, but still his guest hesitated.

"If I tell you, will you go and fast as I did?"

"I will go there," said the boy.

"We will see," answered the man. "Far to the west is water called Wild Horse lake. It is there that I fasted and got my horses. The shores are covered with cacti, and I took off my moccasins and walked around the lake four times. In the evening, when it begins to darken, there will appear men who have been scalped, whose hands have been cut off, but who are not really dead. They will try to frighten you, and you will run away. After sunrise in the morning the wild horses come to drink, and if you are in the way they will trample you to death, and when they

come near you your heart will be faint. Only I can do these things."

The boy replied, "I will show you that you are not the only brave man."

In the spring Matted Hair went on his long journey to the western lake, and in his supplication there he derived the power of the horses and became a great leader among his people.

THE SOAKING, A TOBACCO CEREMONY

Next to the Sun Dance the most important rite was the Tobacco Ceremony, called, from the method of preparing the seed for planting, *Mashússuu*, The Soaking.

Tobacco[6] is a sacred plant, regarded with absolute awe. It is a person, a spirit, different from other plants, which to be sure have spirits, but are not in themselves *mahpé.* It not only possesses power to bless, but is capable of working bodily harm to one who should lay a defiling hand upon it: for its seeds, touching the skin, would cover it with horrible sores. No person not a member of the Tobacco order would even now think of planting tobacco or even of touching the seeds or gathering the leaves. The plant has a sacred name reserved for ceremonial use.

The myth relates that when Itsíhbadhish made all things he created men of clay and gave them life, and to the parents of each tribe he imparted a certain power that was to be peculiar to it. To the Apsaroke he gave tobacco seeds, placing them in the palm of the clay man's hand. The man said, "What use shall I make of this?"

"You shall beg help from him," answered the creator. "If you are angry with anything, you may do harm by this, as well as good. Take the seeds and scatter them in the air, and carried by the wind they will cover people with sores."

The man of clay replied: "That which you say is the deed of foolish people. I do not wish to do that. I hate it. I wish to strike my enemy; I wish his arrows to pass around my body. By this, when I charge upon my enemy I wish his heart to become weak."

"It is that way, as you ask," responded Itsíhbadhish. "The offspring

[6] The tobacco, *itsihtsé,* planted by the Apsaroke is a variety different from that raised by the Hidatsa and Mandan. The latter sort exclusively is used for smoking by the Apsaroke. The Soaking, in a degenerated form, is still observed.

of your children will have children and grow plentiful by this."

Then the clay man became inquisitive: "Who owns this? Who is this?"

Said the creator. "It belongs above, to all powers above. You shall look upon the bright Morning Star as the chief owner of this."

"When anything is given to a person," said the man, "there are songs to be sung and incense to be made. What you have given me, has it songs and incense to go with it?"

Then He First Made All Things sang:

Itsihtsé wa; hidéndiuwu – "Tobacco, I say; right here put it, I say."

As he sang he walked slowly in a circle and pointed to the ground to show that the tobacco was to be planted there. He gave a root to be used as incense when the seeds were planted.

The ceremony itself is said to have been instituted by No Vitals, the chief that led the seceding band of Mídhokats westward to the mountains. He took tobacco seeds and fasted on a high peak, where the Tobacco spirit came to him and revealed what should be done in planting its seeds. No Vitals therefore performed the rites and taught them to many of the people. These initiates he called his children, and they were the nucleus of the Tobacco order. From him certain men bought the right to mix tobacco seeds in the way the spirit had revealed, and they became known as *Akbaïshihide,* He That Mixes.

The order was divided into several families which had their inception when certain leading members, taking their medicine-bundles into the hills to fast, there saw spirits, which sang songs of tobacco. From these spirits the father and his children, that is the faster and those whom he had initiated, took their names. At the present time there are Those Of The Weasel, Those Of The Otter, Those Of The Real Tobacco, Those Of The Blackbird, and Those Of The Prairie-dog.

When any one, man or woman, wished to join, he sent a friend to a member of the order and made known his desire. Nothing was said in answer. If the message was brought a second and a third time, the member sent word among those of his own Tobacco family: "We are about to have a child. We must feed our child." Each one provided food or other gifts. When the messenger came the fourth time, the member sent his reply with a present.

On a subsequent night a dance was arranged and only members of

that Tobacco family attended. A member was sent for the candidate, who was made to sit at the left of the pipe-filler, who sat by the door at the right of one going out. The entire time until midnight, or sometimes until daybreak, was spent in singing, dancing, and feasting. As the candidate was to be given four songs, each male member sang, with the assistance of the others, from one to four of his own songs, to which the father listened attentively. This was repeated on the following two nights. On the fourth the father asked some man to sing a certain one of his songs, saying, "I want my child to have that one." He thus selected four songs. As each song was chosen, the owner sang it, and then rising took the candidate's arm and danced with him while the other members sang. The candidate was now pledged to pass through the initiation in the ensuing spring.

The day after the ceremonial planting, one of the men that had bought the medicine of "putting up the lodge" was selected from the order to be *Akaschitsé,* He That Builds The Lodge. He selected from the members as many helpers as he needed, and they erected a large lodge, using four covers of the ordinary size. A warrior with recognized honors was appointed to remove the turf from a rectangular space in the centre some fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. This was surrounded by three small logs laid on the ground and pegged down with U-shaped willow withes, the side toward the door being open. In the centre was the place for the fire. Around the cleared space sat the members by Tobacco families, and back of it were placed the medicine-bags on fine buffalo-robes. Each candidate sat beside the one who was to initiate him or beside one of those who had given him a song.

One of these latter took a candidate by the arm and led him to the open end of the cleared space, and stood at one side of him while the Tobacco father stood on the other, and some of the Tobacco family's members took their places in the row. They danced and sang, and then the man who had given the song to the candidate sat down, and one by one the other three came and danced with him. After the fourth song all sat down, and the crier went through the camp calling to the members of the candidate's clan and society, "Your friend has sat down! Bring presents!" Great quantities of gifts were brought into the lodge and piled before the initiators, the horses being staked outside.[7] Each

[7] In a recent initiation sixty horses were brought in honor of one candidate as presents for the members. Forty to fifty horses were not uncommonly given.

candidate passed through the same form; then the presents brought for each were distributed among the members of the family that initiated him, and among the relatives of the Tobacco father. In conclusion, those who had medicine-bundles danced four times around the cleared space, then all rushed out, each endeavoring to be first to his own lodge, for to do so would insure a vigorous growth of the lucky individual's tobacco.

The next day the camp moved a short distance, and each initiate built a sweat-lodge for one of the men who had given him songs, and at that time he might buy the right to build sweat-lodges for himself. In fact the purchase was very apt to be urged upon him, for the price of the sweat-lodge medicine was always a large one. Following each of the succeeding three movements of the camp the initiate made sweat-lodges for the other three song-givers, and in each case the four men participated in the sweat and were attended by the initiate. Then the father called the four to his lodge, and they placed all their medicine unreservedly before him, whereupon he selected one from each and gave it with its songs' and secrets to the initiate.

In the spring, when one of those who owned the right to mix tobacco seed had a vision that tobacco must be planted in a certain place, he announced through the crier the fact and the place. A tobacco garden was always at the base of a mountain, with its lower end toward the rising sun. Sometimes there were several parties planting in different localities, the number depending on the number of the men who had the right of mixing. Each Mixer's chosen ground was marked with a mound, or a pile of brush, or a stick planted in the earth.

When the cherries were in full bloom, that is, in May, each Mixer prepared the seed for planting by placing it in a large bowl with red fruit of the prickly-pear cactus, "bear root," turnips, and dry elk-dung, adding water and stirring until the whole became a thick, sticky mass, and constantly singing:

The bowl was then covered with a piece of tripe. On the following morning the members of each Tobacco family came to the lodge of their Mixer. All were dressed in their finery, painted as their medicine had taught them to paint, and wearing their medicine symbols in their hair. The mass containing the tobacco seeds was placed on the tripe, the edges of which were gathered and tied. Four times they sang the holy tobacco song: *Itsihtsé aáshpami, hu; itsihtsé aáshpami* — "I am going to take tobacco outside, come; I am going to take tobacco outside"

— and at the conclusion came out, one of the women leading. She, the *Masákuu,* Made To Lead, bore a stuffed otter-skin, or sometimes a beaver-skin, for both were water animals, ascribed with power to bring rain on the crop. Encircling her head was a wreath of ground-cedar. She was followed by the other women, abreast in the arc of a circle, then by the men in the same formation. Each member carried in his arms, like a baby, a deer-skin bundle containing a pod of tobacco seed, not that which was to be planted, but his medicine.

They were followed by a crowd dressed for the solemn occasion, most of the young persons carrying bundles of dry branches and twigs. On the way the procession stopped four times, each time singing the tobacco song, or else one belonging to the Mixer. The last halt was about a hundred and fifty yards from the planting ground, and here the medicine bundles were given to young men who were fast runners. The *Masákuu* stood alone, and no one dared go near her. From her relatives was selected the best runner to carry the otter-skin. Four warriors were chosen; each sang one of his sacred songs, and at the end of the fourth the young men rushed for the mound that marked the ground to be planted, striking it with sticks as if counting coup on an enemy. When the members arrived, the medicine bundles were restored to them, and the young people gave their fagots to them, receiving in turn a ball of pemmican or a buffalo-tongue. The members of the order cleared a space about fifteen feet wide and three times as long. The brush was piled and burned with the help of the dry branches, and around the garden was burned off a space for a fire-break. Then a great warrior was selected to run over the ground, down its length and back, after which he recounted his deeds, and added, "I went against the enemy, killed one, took his scalp, and came back with a clear honor; and the people had moved away, but I saw the tobacco growing green and tall. May this be the same!"

The Mixer divided the space among the leaders, who in turn assigned to each of the members, whom they severally had initiated, a width of four hands extending across the garden. A portion of the mixture was given to each leader, by whom it was divided among his initiates, each receiving his portion in a buffalo-skin bag, the same as that in which the leader received his. The leaders themselves did not plant, but the others paired off, and while one thrust holes about three inches deep with a pointed stick, the other dropped the seeds in and covered them with earth. After the planting, the members danced

around the garden just inside the ridge of earth and rubbish that had been heaped up. They sang the sacred tobacco song, wishing that the seeds might grow well; for failure of the tobacco crop signified an approaching defeat at the hands of the enemy. The tripe was divided among the planters, who tied the strips to their planting sticks, painted the latter red, and thrust them into the earth at the end of their respective pieces of ground. Each stick bore marks to help individuals remember the location of their tobacco. Poles were laid in the forks of posts set around the planted ground, and cottonwood brush and willow withes provided by young men anxious for honors in war were rudely woven into a fence. That night young men who had had no success in war asked permission from the Tobacco members to fast in the garden, and if the request was granted they lay all night inside the plot, between the garden-space and the ridge of earth.

On the fourth day after the initiation a member of the order was sent back to the garden. He crept upon it as if it were an enemy, and brought back the word, "It may be well." On the seventh day another was despatched, and his report was, "It is coming up." On the ninth a third man brought the news, "It is breaking through;" and on the tenth day a fourth messenger informed the people, "What we have planted is above the ground." Then there was great rejoicing throughout the camp.

THE SUN DANCE

Instead of attempting to describe in general terms the ceremony of *Ashkíshidhuu*, Make Lodge-like, Hunts To Die related the story of Big Shadow's remarkable dance, which occurred in 1844.

Big Shadow's brother, Dancing White Horse, was killed by the Lakota. The heart of Big Shadow was sad. In the spring following he announced to the people of the tribe through the chief medicine-man, who at the time was the head-chief Hair On Top, that he was going to make a Sun Dance. Soon thereafter the chief sent scouts throughout the country, especially along the river-bottoms, to see where the most buffalo were ranging. On the return of the scouts, Hair On Top rode through the great camp, calling, "It is reported that on the streams west of Wolf mountains are many buffalo! We will camp there!"

When the camp was pitched in the buffalo country the chief ordered

that each young man able to hunt should go out and kill as many buffalo as he could, skin them carefully, and take out the tongues. Many hundreds of buffalo were ranging there, and hardly one escaped, for our medicine was good. The morning after the hunt the relatives of Big Shadow sent out four mules and two horses, a man leading each animal; the men with the horses collected the tongues, which were strung together by tens, five hanging down on each side of the pack-horse, while those with the mules gathered the hides. Leading the way went Mountain Tail, the medicine-man[8] who owned the song of the creation, chanting his song and singing the praises of the men at whose lodges he stopped. At each place he left either ten hides or ten tongues to be prepared: the tongues sliced and dried, the hides stretched but not tanned. The tongues became sacred, and could not be touched by any person outside of the family that prepared them. On this occasion a hundred hides and a thousand tongues were thus distributed.

After this the chief said that all men who could come forward and say that they had led a war-party successfully should go out to look for a place on the river where the cottonwoods were tall and straight. These lodge-pole scouts returned and reported a favorable spot not far up the Little Bighorn, and men with good war records and of good character were sent to this place, where the dance was to be held. There they built a pile of logs and poles, raising it to twice the height of a man. Hair On Top had already ordered the camp forward to the place of the dance. Being the medicine-man and chief, he pitched his lodge west of the pile of logs, and the others in a circle about it, all facing east, in which direction was left an opening. Between the chief's lodge and the centre of the camp-circle was erected the dancer's lodge for Big Shadow. He lived there alone until the dancing began, eating little food. No woman was permitted to enter that lodge. In front of it four crotch-posts were set in the ground, supporting a framework covered with leafy branches on the roof and three sides. The ground within was spread thick with cottonwood leaves.

Next morning a crier rode about, calling, "Young men, prepare your hair, prepare your hair! Young women, make yourselves ready for the dance!" The chief selected the man with the clearest record for having counted a grand coup, led a successful war-party, taken a gun, and captured a tethered horse, and sent him out to find the four

[8] *Akbátsikyadé*, He seat Sings Praises, the Praise Singer.

principal poles for the sun-lodge. This man soon returned, saying, "I have found an 'enemy' where the river runs close to the hill. He is helpless, and we can kill him without harm to ourselves." Then Big Shadow came to the chief, and said, "For doing these things I will give you many presents. Now select what chiefs you need to help you, and they too shall have presents."

Then the Soldiers, fearless men who would carry out any order, went from lodge to lodge, looking in to see what woman was there, until they came to one whom they thought virtuous, and to her they said, "Consider yourself!" She sat and pondered, and then said, it "No, I cannot claim it."[9] So they passed on until they came to one who said, "From the time when I was a child I could not make up my heart to marry a man, but my husband bought me and made me his wife. From that day I am free from all men." They gave her a cooked tongue, which she passed to her husband, who ate it. At the head of the procession of Soldiers was the Praise Singer, Mountain Tail, and at his side the woman was led through the camp, while he in a loud voice announced, "Young men, look at this woman. See if you can put her back!" After she had been taken through the entire camp and no one had disputed her honor, all young men and young women came into the circle, and word was given that the centre poles were to be shot at.

The woman led the way with an elk-horn wedge and a stone hammer with rawhide handle. She was followed by the Praise Singer, Big Shadow, and Hair On Top, all in single file; then the chiefs abreast, the old men, and the throng of young men and women in a great semicircle. They came to the first tree selected by the scout and arranged themselves in the same order, the leaders about the tree, the others farther away. The Praise Singer called out, "Be quiet, the woman is going to speak!" She faced the morning Sun, held up her hand, and said, pointing her finger at the Sun, "Old Man Above, as you look down upon me, you know me. You know that my husband bought and married me. Since I was a child, to this day no man but

[9] The mother of Scolds was once brought forward by the Soldiers, but when she cried, "Young men, consider me!" a voice came from the crowd, "Her moccasin has no bottom" (that is, her pretention is false). The medicine-man at once said harshly, "Go back where you belong!" and she staggered away in disgrace to her lodge, where she threw herself upon a pile of skins, weeping and tearing her hair. It was never forgotten, and the children of her *ássakke* taunted her with reminders of this public humiliation.

him has touched my body. I have been appointed to do this thing. You have heard what I have said. Give this man an easy victory over his enemy. If the enemy walk toward my country, give me their scalps, their horses, all they have. May my young men come out without harm." The leaders then stood back, and the young men from the crowd prepared to rush in and strike the tree, as if it were an enemy. The woman held her elk-horn wedge close to the tree and raised her hammer, while the Praise Singer stood behind her and sang his song, at the end of which she raised her hand as if to strike. Three times more the song was given, and at the conclusion of the last, while the young men began to press impatiently forward with lances raised, the woman struck the tree, and at once the air was filled with shots and yells and cries of "*A$^{n'}$he! A$^{n'}$he!*" as the young men struck the "enemy" with lances, guns, and bows. A captive woman of the Lakota now came forward. She took a vessel filled with red paint, representing the blood of her own people, and with her hands painted one broad band about the tree. Then a berdash came forward, and raising an axe, said, "May all our enemies be like him," and felled the tree. Another great outburst of war-cries, and the young men struck again.

The other three poles and twenty more were cut down without this ceremony, young men doing most of the work, because the trees represented enemies. The poles were all cottonwood, about twelve inches thick and at least forty feet long, the four principal ones a little larger than the others. All were trimmed nicely, but left unpeeled. Warriors on horses dragged them out to the edge of the timber with ropes, and left them in a row a short distance apart. Then all stood back facing the logs, the successful war-leaders decorated with war-paint and each with a woman standing behind him.

The Soldiers were mounted bareback on the swiftest horses, ready to pursue any man who should try to get away, for the young men were trembling, knowing that some would now be chosen to bear the brunt of battle. The Soldiers went among the crowd, and selecting a brave man, seized his bridle; if he tried to get away, they took him by the hair. Big Shadow, carrying a pipe and an eagle-feather fan, came and touched the man's body with the sacred feathers, whereupon the struggling ceased and the man gave his death-cry. Then he dismounted, advanced to the logs, and made an attempt to lift the first one; sitting down on it, he cried, "My lodge-pole is heavy!" thus signifying that in the next battle, when hard-pressed by the enemy, he would not retreat,

but would jump from his horse and cry, "My lodge-pole is heavy; I can drag it no longer; I will die here!" Then his relatives and friends came forward and heaped before him a pile of presents, not for him, but for the Priest,1[10] who had already been appointed by the chief to paint the dancer and to do the other sacred things in the sun-lodge. Ten men in all were selected by the Soldiers, one for each of the ten poles, and each declared himself with the words, "My lodge-pole is heavy!" Each called for seven friends, members of his society, and the eight tied their reatas to the log in four places, four men on each side, mounted, and dragged it with songs and shouts around the camp-circle to the lodge-ground. As they passed the lodges, little boys rushed out and struck the log, crying, "Here comes the dead enemy!" The noon meal followed.

Soon after midday the crier called, "Remount! Remount!" and all did so, some of the men taking women behind them, and went to gather willows. This was an occasion of much merriment. Lodge songs were repeated over and over, the women joining in the singing. Great bundles of osiers were cut, and carried around the camp and into the centre of the camp-circle. With the close of the day's work fine garments were put away and all went to the river to bathe.

In the evening the Soldiers went through the village in search of four of the best hunters, men who could kill, skin, and butcher game most quickly. These men were to go out in pairs and kill two strong young bulls, whose hides were to be used in the sun-lodge to cover the eagle's nest. These bulls were not to be killed with guns, but each with a single arrow-shot. The announcement of the names was made that evening, and the men were instructed to go early in the morning for the bulls. The night was passed by the members of the societies in singing, dancing, and feasting, while the four hunters spent their time sharpening knives and preparing bows and arrows. Their horses were selected from Big Shadow's herd, five to go with each party: two for packing the hide and meat, two for riding, and one for chasing the buffalo. The Priest went the round of the hunters' lodges, giving each one a fine eagle down-feather with a deerskin thong attached. At the earliest break of day they arose, leaving behind all clothing, and dashed away, for to return late from this sacred hunt would bring

[10] *Akbaïéhtsia*, He That Does Sacred Things.

misfortune.[11]

One man of each pair was named to be the shooter, another to be the chief butcher. We ran our horses all the way to a hilltop, and it was just daylight when we arrived there. A bull was trotting along on the other side. I got on the buffalo horse and chased him, while my friend brought up the pack-horses. When I came up to the bull he held up his head, pawed the ground, and kept turning to look at me as I rode around him, so that I could not get close enough to shoot hard and kill him. So I rode fast and got behind him, and struck him many times on the root of his tail with my quirt. That made him throw his head down: buffalo always throw their heads down when they are hit on the tail. Then I rode around and shot him in the side, and the arrow went far into him. As he staggered, my friend came up, and we both jumped off and tied our eagle-feathers to his hair, one at the tail and the other at the head. This had to be done before he fell. The feathers were tied on because the skin was to be placed on the top of the sun-lodge, and they would show that the whole lodge was offered to the Sun. As the young bull fell, we took his horns and threw his head under the shoulder, which always keeps the body firmly on its back ready to be butchered. A finely tanned buffalo-hide that we had brought along we spread beside him. One at the head, another at the tail, we soon had him skinned. The skinning had to be done carefully, and every part of the buffalo had to be brought to camp. So we took out the entrails and cleaned them and laid them on the grass. We turned the buffalo over and skinned the back, and laid the hide carefully on the tanned skin. Then we cut up the meat and strung it.

While we were doing this, four men who had been appointed scouts the previous night had put on white paint and thrown coyote-skins over their shoulders, and two of them had followed each pair of hunters. At daylight they had observed us from a high hill, and when the meat was being packed on the horses they started back to camp, in sight of which they gave the coyote-cry and rode in a circle, waving their guns in the air. That meant that they had really seen the enemy and not a mere sign like smoke. Then they rode into the camp in a zigzag line, and reported, “We have seen the enemy and they are very weak.”

[11] From this point to the return of the hunters the narration is by Mad Wolf Bear, who was once appointed to fill one of these sacred positions.

We packed every part of the buffalo on the horses, except the head, and the hide wrapped in the tanned skin was placed on the buffalo horse. We loped back to camp and halted outside until a messenger came to tell us to come in. We entered the camp-circle from the east and stopped just inside.

Thence to the dancer's lodge the way was lined with two long rows of people. Down between them came Mountain Tail, singing his song. He stopped beside the first hunter, seized the bridle of his horse, and led him and his companion back to the shelter in front of the dancer's lodge, where the old people sat around the walls. There the Priest called two men who had counted grand coup on the Lakota. Each of them stood up, and said, "On a war raid that you know of, I charged the enemy and counted coup, which was good and clean. May these young men do the same. May those who are in mourning among our people have their revenge on the enemy without harm to the rest." Then the hunters were carefully placed on a robe spread on the ground outside the wickiup. The old people were there, because we had respect for the old and thought that behind them was some power that had brought them through the many dangers, and we wanted these powers to help us in the same way. Then the liver and other choice parts of the buffalo were cooked, and distributed among the old people, a small piece to each, and afterward the meat itself was divided among them. The other pair of hunters did the same things.

The Priest's herald charged the young people to put on their fine clothes, and the young men to search for poles to be used in raising the sun-lodge timbers. A man and his friend would each get a pole and join the two near one end with a short rope. On this rope the lodge-poles would rest while they were being raised. When the young men were ready, the four principal lodge-poles were raised, and their upper ends rested on the pile of logs that had been built before the camp was made. Then a man climbed to the top and wrapped the crossing place of the poles first with ground-cedar, the sacred wood, then with red birch, the strongest of wood, until it looked like a great eagle's nest. Next one of the buffalo-skins was placed over the top and the other under the nest, and the edges of the two were fastened together with large wooden pins. To the tops of the poles were fastened ten long rawhide ropes, four to be used in raising the lodge-covering and six by dancers.

When we raised the poles we always had a man whose medicine

was the golden eagle and who was known to be a real medicine-man. For Big Shadow's dance it was Hidatsa Horse, whose medicine was very powerful. The Priest called him, and he came forth. His medicine, an eagle's head with the tail fastened to it, sat on the top of his coil of hair, and he carried the two wings in his hands. He stood at the foot of the western pole and sang his eagle song:

This man with the golden-eagle medicine seemed now to partake of the nature of the bird, and to be no longer a man: he flapped with his wings and assumed an attitude as if he were about to fly up the pole; he had a whistle in his mouth and made sounds like an eagle, and after singing his song the second time he walked like an eagle up the pole to the nest. Then the young men rushed in under the poles. There in the nest he perched and sang his song, and when he had finished, the men all shouted and raised the poles once, then stopped to rest. This was enacted four times, until they were in the right position and the butts dropped into the holes prepared for them. The eagle man was all the time up there in the nest on his knees, making his medicine, flapping his wings, singing and whistling; and though there was no cloud in the sky, great drops of rain fell. All the tribe knows that. Everybody watched the eagle medicine-man anxiously, and trembled while the song was being sung for the fourth time and the poles were being raised and dropped into the holes; for there he was far up in the air, flapping his wings and looking down, just as if he were really an eagle. Then the men rushed eagerly for the other poles, sometimes ten men to a pole, and threw them up quickly to the crotch, where the medicine-man hopped about like a bird, getting out of the way of some poles and putting others into place, until finally all the twenty were arranged properly.

Next the young men thatched the lodge with osiers, tying them firmly and climbing up on them until they had nearly reached the top. Then the medicine-man came down. The hundred skins for the cover were fastened together with thongs into four large wedge-shaped pieces, each one of which was tied to the end of one of the long ropes. Some climbed up, raising the walls of buffalo-skins with the hairy side outward, while others on the ground pulled on the four ropes, which extended over the tops of the poles, until the whole lodge was covered. Before coming down the men at the top threw four of the dancers' ropes outside of the covering. The lodge was about twenty steps in diameter.

After the noon meal the young men and women were called to go into the timber and gather firewood for the sun-lodge. Each couple brought a bundle to a certain place, and sat down while the Soldiers selected a woman of virtue. She stepped forward, and said, "All young men, look upon me! If at any time I have committed any act that will undo me, come forward now!" No one challenged her, and she went to the place where the wood was piled, and addressed the Sun: "Old Man, you look down upon me and know what I have done. You know I have been true to what I say. As this dance is to be made, may all success come with it, that we may have revenge upon our enemies and live long upon earth." She then picked up a bundle of wood and took the horse of the young man with whom she had come out, and so led it into the camp. The others followed in the same way, the women leading the horses, and all the bundles of wood were placed outside the sun-lodge door in a great pile. A clansman of the woman's father took her arm and led her around the camp-circle singing her praise. Then all were sent back to bring earth from an open hillside, but first the Soldiers picked out a celibate to lead the party. That time they took White-bellied Wolf, a man about forty years of age. The young people returned with the fresh earth in small bags.

While the wood and earth were being gathered, the men who had led war-parties dressed and painted with their medicine just as if for war, and whoever had been a scout did the same, painting with his chief's medicine. They came to the sun-lodge, the scouts ahead of their chiefs, single file. As each party came to the rear of the lodge, they stopped and the chief made his medicine, singing his songs and making himself into whatever his medicine was, and whatever he then saw regarding the enemy he told at once. Then they passed on around and out, while the next party came in and did the same.

The herald called, "Young men, prepare for the dance!" This was only for Good Young Men.

The Praise Singer, Big Shadow, and the Priest had gone into the dancer's lodge, the one that was pitched inside the camp-circle, and the Priest sent the Praise Singer and assistants into the sun-lodge to prepare a bed in the rear for the dancer. This was made of fresh earth brought by the young people and was covered with ground-cedar. Back of it was planted a small cedar-tree. Then the Praise Singer returned to the dancer's lodge. All the Good Young Men were in their own lodges putting on war paint and dressing. A buffalo-chip lying in front of the

Praise Singer was lighted, and powdered leaves of ground-cedar were dropped on it from time to time to make incense, in which the Priest lowered the medicine objects four times. Then he put his hands into a bowl of white clay four times, singing a song, and each time stretching his hands out before the dancer's face as if to paint it, and the fourth time he really did so, brushing down over every part of Big Shadow's body. He put a skunk-skin on the dancer's neck, and a deerskin apron about his waist; then an eagle down-feather was tied to the medicine-lock and an eagle wing-bone whistle was put between his lips. Eight old men with strong voices came and sang twice, while Big Shadow slowly arose; and they sang twice more while he danced, just as if in the sun-lodge, holding an image of a Lakota in his hand before him. This image was of deerskin stuffed with buffalo-hair; its face was painted yellow, with two black stripes from the eyes across the cheek; an owl-feather was fixed to its head. It was hung in an oval hoop set with eagle-feathers. Eagle-feathers had to be used, for the hoop and effigy were an offering to the Sun, but the single owl-feather was in mockery of the enemy.

People had begun to gather about the sun-lodge, men, young women, girls, and boys, who, the moment the dancer entered, threw up the covering of skins and leaned against the willows, peering through. The Praise Singer replenished his incense fire, where he made the sacred smoke of ground-cedar. That fire was never allowed to die until the end of each day's ceremony.

Big Shadow came out and went to the sun-lodge, followed by the Priest, the Praise Singer, and the singers. They circled to the left, and the dancer sat at the end of the bed, the Priest at his right and the Praise Singer next, while the singers went around to the right and sat down beside the cedar-tree. Then the other men who wished to fast came in and took their places in little willow booths that had been prepared around the edge of the lodge, where the ground was covered with sage. Each one had painted himself and wore his medicine, and brought shield and lance, which he placed before him. In front of them sat the Good Young Men in two rows, one at each side of the lodge. Two women who knew the songs and had strong voices sat behind the singers.

With the first song Big Shadow began to dance, ever facing the image of the Lakota, which had been tied in the branches of the cedar-tree, and two Good Young Men, one on each side, leaped up, advanced

toward each other, and pretended to fight. If one had been wounded in battle, he fell down when the other shot at him. Then they returned to their places, and two more fought. As each pair rose the others sounded the war-cry, and this continued until all had taken part. Two old women were boiling buffalo-tongues in big pots hung over the fire, and as fast as they were cooked, forked them out with long sharp sticks from the handles of which dangled Lakota scalps. When the dance ended, at midnight, the tongues were divided among the Good Young Men, the singers, the Priest, and the Praise Singer. Some were passed out through the willows to the young men and their sweethearts. After the feast, all went home except the dancers, the fasters, and the fire-makers — two young relatives of Big Shadow appointed to keep the fire in the sun-lodge.

The dancer, covered with a buffalo-skin, lay on his back facing the east where the sun would rise, in anticipation of a vision. If at any time in the night the dancer went outside, the two fire-makers swept a path for him with willow brooms, and when he came back they brushed away his footprints, for they were sacred and no one was allowed to step on them. During the whole night the mourning relatives of Big Shadow continued to weep.

In the morning, just as the sun appeared, the herald rode through the camp calling with a loud voice, "Your friend has slept long! Your friend has slept long! Warriors, paint your wives and have them carry your honors to the sun-lodge!" Only great warriors could join in this. The Priest was already in the sun-lodge dressing the dancer again with his medicine things. At the same time came the men who were going to fast in the expectation of finding medicine. Each one had a medicine-man, with whom he came to a post about twice as high as a tall man, which his friends had set up in the ground just after the building of the sun-lodge. These posts, forty or fifty of them, were in a circle around the lodge, and two ropes hung from the top of each. The medicine-man painted the dancer with white and tied either his own medicine or the dancer's or the dancer's father's medicine on the top of the post. Their shields and lances were there too. Each medicine-man cut the breasts of his votary, pushed and twisted the skewers under the flesh, and slipped the two ropes over them. Putting his hands against the man's breast, he pushed him away three times, then threw him with all his strength. Two other men were similarly pierced and tied to the ropes leading down from the eagle's nest, dancing there in the centre

between the rows of people; and four others were cut and tied to the ropes hanging outside. This was all done at sunrise.

Inside, the Priest and the Praise Singer sat beside the dancer, who was still lying on his bed of ground-cedar and not yet painted for this day, and the burning incense rose before them. In front of the fasters stood a row of the old men. Then the men who had counted grand coup entered, each with all his wives, who carried on their left arms the trophies, or symbols of the trophies, their husband had captured in battle. Each woman was painted on the face with yellow, over which were close horizontal stripes of red. As each man entered, one of his father's clansmen took him by the wrist and called, "All men, consider my son! I want him to sit near the honor-place!" If a man's deeds were not sufficient, the sons of his father's clansmen shouted, "No!" and he was not allowed to sit with the men thus highly honored. But any who had counted a good, brave coup was given a place there, with his wives beside him, until the ones so distinguished formed two large semicircles extending from the Priest to the door.

The Priest raised Big Shadow and painted him again, for the sweat during the night's dancing had washed the other paint off.

Then the singing and dancing began, while fasters, old men, warriors, and women uttered war-cries, and all the people felt like striking the enemy, and sang their war-songs until it seemed like a great war-party. Inside of the lodge Big Shadow was dancing and praying for visions, and the two men were swinging and jerking on their ropes in an endeavor to break loose. Faster grew the singing to make them excited and brave to bear the torture. On the outside the forty men tied to their posts and the four to the long ropes were looking from their medicine to the eagle's nest and the Sun, crying, "O, Sun, I do this for you!" and always pulling and falling back on their ropes, crying and praying for strength and visions. All around these men fastened to the posts were many more who with thongs tied to slits in their shoulders were dragging fresh buffalo-heads, buffalo-hides, and bear-skins; they walked about with staffs in their hands, praying, crying, groaning, imploring for medicine, and asking the Sun to give them an enemy. The singers and people gave war-cry after war-cry, and fathers, friends, and relatives sang songs in praise of the fasters, that their hearts might be brave to do this thing.

This was a great time, and many men fasted for visions. All around the camp on every high hill or peak were men praying to the Sun.

They would cut off the end of a finger and hold it up, praying, "O, Sun, I give this to you; send me visions and give me an enemy!" Then hearing the sounds of the camp like a battle greater than their people had ever fought, their hearts would grow strong, and they would cut off the tips of other fingers and offer them to the Sun, and then flesh from their bodies, crying out again, "O, Sun, I give you this flesh from my body; give me some of your people!" In the camp men who claimed honors in single-handed combat mounted their horses and, with war-songs and shouts, rode up to the sun-lodge, thrust their spears through its skin covering, and shouted the deeds they claimed; and if no one disputed them they were given buffalo-tongues to bear away on their spears.

Occasionally the singing stopped, while the singers drank and smoked, and Big Shadow stood still, looking at the image of the Lakota. But in a moment the dance was resumed. As the day wore on, the shouting, singing, and war-cries became louder in the effort to excite the dancers and make them forget themselves and go outside of themselves. Some of those who had been pierced began to growl like animals and froth at the mouth and utter strange cries, while others made prophecies and described visions they were seeing. All day and until midnight it was like this; but four times during the day the singers had to stop and rest, and the dancer sat down. After midnight he lay down, and those outside went closer to their poles and lay on their backs; but if they let the rope slack too much, it touched the raw flesh of the breast and burned like fire. They remained there, tied to the posts, fasting, until they experienced a distinct vision, sometimes two, three, or four days. If the skewers were torn out before the vision came, they lay on the ground awaiting it; if it came before the skewers were torn free, the man called his medicine-man, described what he had seen, and if it was clear and satisfactory, the flesh was cut and the dancer liberated.

The rule was that the dance should last not less than four days and that the dancer had to remain until he obtained a clear vision. Sometimes dancers stopped in less than four days, having had their vision, but this was not often the case. Itsíhbadhish said in the beginning, "You will fast, shedding your tears on the ground, one, two, three days, and on the fourth day you will see something."

On the seventh day the Priest, thinking something was wrong with Big Shadow, — perhaps he was impure from contact with woman, for

he had experienced no vision, — decided to make medicine before him in order to determine if anything would happen. So he took the image of the Lakota from the tree and did before Big Shadow just what his medicine had done in the vision in which he received it. Suddenly Big Shadow fell dead. He was dead all day, his spirit travelling with the voice that was showing him his vision, and when that voice brought the spirit back to his body Big Shadow jumped up, but that was not until the evening. Nothing was done by the medicine-men to bring his spirit back to the body. The sun-lodge was filled with old men and women, waiting silently for his story.

Just before sunset his spirit came back, and the old medicine-men washed him, gave him a sip of water, and said to him, "You cannot lie. Never have the Apsaroke danced seven days in the Sun Dance. You, Big Shadow, are the chief man. Now tell us the truth, and tell us, without hiding anything, what you have seen."

He answered: "I heard a great shout as though two opposing war-parties were coming together, and a voice said, 'Come and see!' And I went up on a hill, and looking down into the valley saw many Lakota, forty or fifty, lying dead and scalped, their weapons strewn about, and victorious warriors gathering up the spoils."

Then a great shout went up from the camp, for we knew that Big Shadow would have his revenge. He was then put on a robe and carried to his own lodge, and the whole camp followed, but instead of rejoicing, turned into mourning to see a man so weak with fasting for revenge on the enemy. The image of the Lakota was put into the Priest's medicine-bag, and the hoop with its dangling eagle-feathers was tied to a bunch of sage, painted black, and hung from a long pole leaning against the lodge. To another pole was fastened a mountain-lion skin, a white buffalo-skin, eagle-feathers, and the skin of a silver-tipped fox. The lodge remained as an offering to the Sun.

The fulfilment of the vision is thus described by one of the old chiefs:

"'Between now and the time when the grass is green is my time,' said Big Shadow. 'My father has given me a great victory in that time; he has given me Lakota and no other enemy.'

In the following autumn we moved up the Bighorn to the Stinking Water [Shoshone river], in the Land Beyond The Mountains, and there had a great fight with the Lakota, one of the greatest we ever had. A war-party had sighted us and left their boys and inexperienced men

behind on Sage creek. They were hiding behind a hill, and as we came up they shot and killed the Pipe-bearer, Eats With Dog. He had been appointed in the place of the chief Hair On Top, who was off with most of the men on the north side of Stinking Water chasing buffalo, while we marched along on the south side. There were no scouts out. Red Bear did not do such things when he became chief. He was a chief!

"When the hunters saw the commotion in the line, they crossed the river and charged the enemy, driving them up to the top of a butte and surrounding them there. The fighting lasted about an hour. One man whose son was killed in the first part of the battle ran up the hill and, without pausing, leaped in among the Lakota. Another did the same thing. In all four Apsaroke were killed that day, and not one of the forty Lakota escaped.

"After all were dead ropes were put around their necks, and they were dragged down the hill and laid in a row. One of them had his face painted white. In the fighting, when they were all on top of the hill and our men were climbing up to them, shooting, he leaped out among them and stabbed three men before he was killed. His body was laid by itself ahead of the rest, for although he had not killed the men he stabbed, he was a brave man. As they lay there, all scalped, they looked like a lot of baldheaded men.

WAR AND THE CHASE[12]
CAMPAIGN AGAINST SHOSHONI

In 1858 about nine hundred lodges of the Apsaroke formed a camp along the Yellowstone near Rock creek and Clarkes fork, in southern Montana. The Whistle Water clan under Red Bear were at the mouth of Red Lodge creek, and the Kick Bellys were on Clarkes fork a short distance south of the Whistle Waters. The latter moved down to Red Bear's camp in early spring. Three months previously three strong warriors of the Kick Belly clan had been killed by the Shoshoni, and their relatives craved revenge. The parents of the dead men carried the pipe to Red Bear, and the rest of the band marched behind them, all wailing and mourning.

Red Bear's lodge was much larger than the others; the skin of a black bear formed the door. It was a sacred lodge, and before entering

[12] Related by Hunts To Die

people must make a noise outside to announce their arrival, and they must lift the flap over the entrance reverently. The people stood outside of this lodge crying; one of the men pulled aside the door-covering, and the man carrying the pipe advanced to Red Bear, who was sitting in the honor place. On the left sat prominent members of his clan. The pipe-carrier held the mouth-piece to the lips of Red Bear, and in supplication slowly laid his hand on the chief's head. After the pipe had been passed around, the relatives of the dead warriors brought in a young woman, and said, "Red Bear, we give you this woman for your wife," and she seated herself at his left. The men of the other clan entered and took places on Red Bear's right. All were silent.

The chief directed a man to cut the turf from a small space in front of him, and between that and the fireplace to dig a hole as deep as his arm. Another man brought in a smouldering buffalo-chip and dropped it into the pit, and on it Red Bear placed sweet-grass and fir needles. The rising smoke drifted toward the south, and as the people saw the good omen, they exclaimed, "*A^{n}hó, a^{n}hó, a^{n}hó!*" Then fresh earth was scattered over the cleared space, and on it Red Bear spread a white-tanned deerskin. He took his medicine bundle from where it hung in the honor-place, and after holding it in the incense, laid it on the deerskin. "I have been waiting for some of my tribesmen to bring me the pipe," he said; "we will have a great victory!"

From the medicine bundle he took some pelican-down, the head and tail of a spotted eagle fastened together, the head and neck of a pelican, the skin of a black fox, and a twisted strip cut from the back of an otter-skin, including the skin of the head and the tail. To the head of the otter was fastened a disc of brass, through which were inserted an eagle-feather dyed blue and a pelican-feather. As he brought forth each article he held it in the incense and laid it on the deerskin.

The elder brother of the chief put on his medicine, painting his entire face yellow, and across it horizontal stripes of red. The forelock he tied with a strip of flannel, so that it hung to the left. Red Bear himself fastened the otter-skin on the crown of his brother's head, in such manner that a feather stuck out at each side, and then painted his own face red, with a spot of white on the right temple. In their hands the two mixed yellow paint and applied it to their hair, and each had an eagle-bone whistle suspended from his neck. An eagle-feather was in Red Bear's hair.

Then the chief said: "Be silent. I wish to look over the country and

see what is before us. Throughout the camp let no one move from the lodges; keep the dogs and the children quiet." All knives, axes, and weapons were removed from the lodge. "We are looking for good," said Red Bear, "and these things are bad."

It was now dusk; the fire was burning low, and the people waited with bated breath to see the chief make medicine. He said: "When I fasted, I heard this song," and then commenced to sing

The song finished, Red Bear held up the black fox-skin,[13] and said "I shall go straight. I shall bring a white horse. I shall bring many horses." He sang: "I shall charge on my enemies all over the earth; they have been given to me. As I look, they are coming." The chief and his brother rose to their knees as he sang, and peered about like eagles in search of prey; they moved their arms like wings, and trembled. At that moment their souls left their bodies to roam about and look over the country. Red Bear sang his medicine-song

When the singing ended, wood was thrown on the fire, and as the lodge became lighted, one of the Whistle Water clan filled a pipe and offered it to Red Bear. After he and his brother had smoked, they removed their medicine, and it was wrapped up again. The chief turned to his brother:

"Let us hear what you have to say."

Black Eagle replied: "To the south of us, at the foot of the mountain, the real bird was throwing his head from side to side; in his beak he held a woman by the hair, her feet just touching the ground, and he was bringing her to me."

Red Bear said: "A little beyond where you saw the woman, I also saw the eagle carrying a woman in his left talon, and in his right a mottled sorrel horse." Then turning to the people he instructed them briefly: "Make many moccasins;[14] prepare yourselves. In three days we start."

The crier rode through the village, proclaiming the instructions,

[13] The scouts of Red Bear always carried this black fox-skin to aid them in discovering the enemy.

[14] A pair of moccasins with rawhide soles lasted four days in rough campaigning. In passing through rocky country or land where prickly-pear cactus was abundant they made a false sole, which was fastened to the upper part of the moccasin with a draw-string. A warrior usually carried ten pairs of moccasins, rolled up and placed in a rawhide bag, with awls and sinew for mending.

while runners went to the camp on the Yellowstone, and those who desired to join the party soon began to arrive.

On the third day we started, about two hundred warriors, with a few women, wives and sisters of the dead men. There is nothing in the world a man enjoys so much as a campaign of this kind, especially where there are a great many warriors and a good leader. At night the different societies, Lumpwoods, Foxes, Big Dogs, and Muddy Hands, camped under separate shelters.

After five sleeps we moved up Clarkes fork, half of us on foot and half on horseback; we crossed Heart mountain[15] and came to the Stinking Water. Here we stopped and killed many buffalo and dried the meat, for Red Bear said there must be no shooting from this point on. Crossing Stinking Water we came on the eighth day to Sage creek, where the sagebrush grows higher than a man. We made shelters of it. The scouts reported that they had seen nothing.

Early the next morning Red Bear went down to the stream to bathe, and when he returned, he announced, "The enemy has come over the mountains to the Bighorn country to hunt buffalo among the white grass."[16] He came to me and said, "Take another young man, a swift runner like yourself; go to the Old Woman's Sack,[17] and see what you can discover." I took Buffalo Comes From Below, and we started, running wherever we could, a little faster than a trot, and just as the sun was resting on the mountain we came to the Old Woman's Sack and climbed to the top of the highest butte. Through the chief's telescope I saw a black streak in the distance, the Shoshoni trail, and we went down to examine it. We found where they had broken camp three days before, counted the spots where seventeen lodges had stood, and picked up some worn-out moccasins, several pieces of fresh meat, and a broken arrow, to take back to Red Bear. We could see the tracks of horses and of women and children leading to the northeast.

Long afterward, when we made peace with the Shoshoni, we learned that this band under Split Nose had left the tribe after the chief

[15] A spur of the Shoshone range.

[16] Salt-weed, a very nutritious plant on which the buffalo fattened in the spring, while the herds to the far north were poor and lean.

[17] A cluster of hills south of Stinking Water, so called because it is a jumbled mass of rocks, broken country, and high buttes.

Washaki had warned him against separating from the main body and going so far north. “There is no Split Nose among the Crows,” he had answered. “Take me and eat without fear.”

We returned to the scouts, who looked like pine-trees on the hill, far in the rear, and together we went to the camp. Wood was heaped on the fires until the whole camp was lighted, for now it was so dark that it seemed like holding your hand over your eyes. We threw down the moccasins, the meat, and the arrow before Red Bear, who looked at them closely and showed them to Spotted Horse. Roasted meat and buffalo-back fat were placed before us, and we ate. Many of the warriors were singing medicine-songs, and the women were wailing for the men who had been killed. Holds Back The Bear said, “When I hear these mourners it makes my heart cry. To-morrow their sorrow shall pass away.”

When I had finished eating, and put on fresh moccasins, the chief said, “If you were leading this war-party, I would return to the Old Woman’s Sack, where I would have a good view of all the country at daybreak.” So I understood that I was to return to the butte. Six other fast runners went with me, afoot, for the country was so rough that we could travel faster than horses. Just at day-break we reached the butte, and by the time we had climbed it the sun had risen. I turned the telescope toward the Bighorn river and saw the smoke from the Shoshoni camp hanging in the trees. I could see even the horses. Farther to the south was the smoke of Washaki’s band on Sunlodge creek. “It is good,” I said; so we painted our faces with white clay, and started back to Red Bear’s column, which looked like a shadow creeping over the land. We followed a little dry creek, and just as we ran into a hollow we gave the wolf-cry, and though they had not seen us, when they heard the cry they halted.

As we came nearer we heard them singing the song that many tribes use when the scouts return with news of the enemy - Apsaroke, Lakota, Hidatsa, Mandan, Assiniboin, Piegan, and others

“What have you seen?” asked Red Bear; and we replied, “On Sunlodge creek is a large camp, but nearer is one of seventeen lodges, whose trail we found yesterday.” Everyone was trembling to meet the enemy, eager to kill. The chief sent out the crier, who rode along the column, shouting “We are near the enemy! Remember our young men who were killed and cut to pieces! Fight bravely, and we will wipe out their camp! Do not talk, but think of victory!”

We moved on to the butte and remained there the rest of that day in a hollow at the top, where there was plenty of grass, and water from a melting snowdrift. We scouts slept a short time while Red Bear and several other chiefs went to the highest point and carefully scanned the country. When the sun was low we started in single file down a dry creek, Red Bear in the lead. His plan was to reach the Bighorn river that night, and strike the Shoshoni camp in the morning while the men were running buffalo.

Twice that night we stopped to make medicine, but not until almost morning was the great medicine-making begun; then the chief lighted a buffalo-chip and burned sweet-grass on it. The warriors sat at each side of him in a half-circle, while he sang a medicine-song and held his gun in the incense, and said, "I want you to strike the enemy in the head and thigh." All in turn we held our guns in the incense and struck them with our gun-rests, singing the chief's medicine-song in low tones, so that the guns would shoot straight. He told us not to bring bows and arrows to the incense. One man did so, and Red Bear said, "You must not bring these weapons here, for I saw only guns in my vision, and if bows and arrows are held in the incense, some one of us may be killed."

We slept until morning. Then we saddled our horses, but after going a short distance Red Bear halted us, and said "Spotted Horse, look upon me. If you have good medicine, bring it forth; do not hide it. There are many mourners among us, and they seek revenge. The enemy is before us, and they are many." Spotted Horse was stripped to the loin-cloth; his body was painted yellow, and red was around the scars on his breast and arms where he had cut off flesh for the Sun. His hair hung in a long braid behind, and in it were eagle-feathers and brass rings. He made his medicine, and went slowly toward a pool of water, his body bent as if he were looking for something. Suddenly he leaped back, turned about, and sang the victory song. "What I see in the water is men, women, children, horses!" he cried. "Blood flows in the stream!"

One of the men said to him, "Spotted Horse, if I capture a gun, you shall have my horse." The sun was shining, and Spotted Horse pointed his finger at his Father, and said: "This man has given me a horse. Help him to take a gun this day!"

Everyone was opening his medicine bundle, and little clouds of incense were rising all about the place. Bear Cap painted his forehead

with a reddish-black paint, and burned a root for incense, over which he stooped, and sang: "When the paint touches his body, he is mad. When the paint touches his face, he is proud." Then he imitated a bear, and the teeth seemed to show between his lips as in a bear's jaws.

I went to the chief, and said, "You have worn me out on this march. Look upon me. If I win honors I will give you a horse." Red Bear carried a buffalo-horn, half black, half white, and decorated with bells. We went to a freshly made buffalo-wallow, where he rubbed the horn in the mud, and pawed the ground like a bull. Then he threw on the ground the loop of otter-skin that was fastened to the horn, and told me to step in it. When I did so, he fastened it around my body, and rubbed some of the mud from the wallow upon my chest.

Finally we were ready to start, and I was sent ahead to locate the camp and to see if the country was such that we could charge upon it. We left our blankets in a heap, and wore only loin-cloths, war-paint, and medicine. When I returned with my report, Red Bear gave the order to charge, and we swept down upon the camp like a herd of stampeded buffalo. The few men left in the camp were too surprised to fight much, and we shot them down like prairie-dogs. The women and children ran for the stream, which was covered with ice; but we caught nearly all of them, and dragged them back by the hair. The Shoshoni had beautiful lodges of elk-skin. We threw them down, pulled out the parfléches and tore them open. War-bonnets, shields, elk-teeth, food we found, and some tobacco. The tobacco was the best thing we found, for ours was gone. Whatever we did not want we threw into the fires. Some of the people had not finished cooking breakfast, and we overturned the kettles. Split Nose lay behind a log. He had two guns, and it was hard to kill him, but at last some one shot an arrow through his neck. We scalped the dead, and then, with the captives in front of us, started away. Behind us were bare lodge-poles and a few stray dogs. We left a child in a carrier leaning against a tree.

In all we had about forty captives. A Shoshoni woman came running out of the woods making signs, and we stopped until she caught up with us. One of our men who knew Shoshoni asked her why she came. "My child is with you," she said; "I came to take care of it." She was the wife of Split Nose. When she learned that her child was not with us, she wanted to go back, and begged us very hard to let her go, but we took her along. We had rounded up a big herd of horses, so there was a mount for everyone.

We had not gone far when we found that one of the women was shot in the side, and the man who had captured her tried to pull out the broken arrow, but it would not come. Some one cried, "Kill her!" We called an Apsaroke woman who was mourning, and she came with a club; but when the Shoshoni woman saw her, she jumped up, and the Apsaroke woman turned and ran, the other chasing her. Crazy Head crushed the skull of the Shoshoni woman with a stone. We scalped her and went on.

Long afterward we learned that a Shoshoni boy herding horses near the camp when we attacked it rode to Washaki's camp and told the news. The men were excited, and wanted to follow us and avenge their friends, but the chief said, "Split Nose said there was no Split Nose but himself. He wanted to give away his horses and children, and now he has done it. No man shall leave this camp." And no one did.

We travelled the rest of that day and all night, and in the morning camped on Stinking Water. On the way home as we passed through Pryor Gap we made the Shoshoni women sing their own songs and dance with the scalps of their dead.

A SIOUX INVASION

Just below Lodgegrass cañon, where the creek emerges from the mountains, is a level but stony place. Here occurred a battle[18] between the Apsaroke and the Arapaho, in which three of our enemies were killed and the rest driven across a gully. On the other side they drew up and stopped, and we were on this side along a low ridge. They looked pretty with so many different colors shining in the sun.

One man rode out from their line, came down into the gully and up on this side. We said to one another, "Keep quiet, and when he is close we will kill him." When he came near he made signs: "Be quiet, my friends. I am coming. I am Horse In The Night." So he came to us and we took him among us. He was an Apsaroke of the Bad Coup clan, born in captivity, for his mother had been taken by the Arapaho. He could speak Apsaroke. The members of his clan took him to one of their lodges and gave him many presents, and the Arapaho moved away.

Horse In The Night said: "Listen well. Do not think I am lying to

[18] The date is placed, with a fair degree of accuracy, at August, 1864.

you. I have put my life in your hands by coming among you, hoping to save your lives. Right behind us the warriors of all the Lakota tribes are coming. They mean to kill every man and take your country, your women and children. They are coming. Perhaps they have seen you already. Move westward to some place where you can make a good fight, for they are very great in number. I begged these Arapaho not to have this battle, but they were foolish and it is good that you have killed some of them. But now throw away your lodge-poles and go. The big bands have smoked the pipe together and are coming!" Soon after his speech the things that had been given him were packed on horses and he went back to the Arapaho.

We were then on the headwaters of the Little Bighorn, whence we moved northwestward, but we did not throw away our lodge-poles. It was dark when we stopped on the Bighorn, about twelve miles south of where Fort C.F. Smith was afterwards built. In the morning, before sunrise, the crier went through the camp calling, "Horse In The Night did not lie! Be on your guard against the enemy and keep moving!" We were sure that Horse In The Night had not lied, because in the darkness a certain man had heard his horse, whose voice he knew, nickering; then the sound was repeated from a greater distance, then came another sound as if a man had struck its face trying to make it be quiet. In the morning the horse was gone, and we were sure that Lakota scouts had taken it.

As we learned afterward from the Lakota, they got to that camp while the fires were still smoking. We had no time to put out fires. They placed ten men at each camp-fire, and even then there were men left. Seeing how great they were, they all gave war-cries, and shouted, "This day we shall take their wives and children and have their country! Their women shall be ours and their boys shall herd our horses!" We were about four hundred lodges: some were with the River Crows visiting, and some of the Kick Bellys were away in the Gallatin valley. With the Lakota were some of the Cheyenne and Arapaho.

That day we moved around Pryor mountains on the north, and on the night of the following day the camp was between East Pryor and Tattooed Face creeks. There we danced with the three Arapaho scalps. The boys were playing outside, filling their loin-cloths with dust and throwing it at people. Two men crept up on them, seized one of them by the arms, and began to run with him. The other boys thought they were Apsaroke men playing with them, so they pursued and threw

stones at the men, while the boy cried and finally threw himself down bodily, and the men released him. He came back, and the boys ran to camp and told what had happened. The boy himself said the men were Lakota, because they used a kind of perfume different from that of the Apsaroke. Then the old men rode through the camp cautioning the people to be watchful: the enemy were growing very bold. That night and the next we spent in moulding bullets for our flintlocks. Some had Springfield rifles and made their own cartridges. There were neither Lumpwoods nor Foxes, everybody was only Apsaroke.

The next day, as we moved down Tattooed Face creek to Arrow (Pryor) creek, two or three hundred warriors rode in front leading their fast war-horses, and as many more behind. Others rode at the sides. White On The Edge, an old man and a great medicine-man, carried the pipe. Blackfoot and Iron Bull were the chiefs, but their medicine was not potent enough to enable them to carry the pipe at the front in such a time of danger. About a mile below where Keiser now is, we camped on level ground. On the east was Arrow creek, and on the south another small creek; on the west was hilly, broken ground, and on the north a small dry ravine. Inside these four protections was a high, level piece of ground on which we camped. Many of the stragglers halted in the bottom, some of them five or six hundred yards away from the main body. The Lakota would have to cross the creeks and the ravine to attack the camp, and between them and the high place the low land was narrow. We had about five hundred good warriors of more than eighteen years of age, but counting the boys of fifteen and upward there were more.

On the march from Tattooed Face creek to this place a small war-party, which had left us on Lodgegrass, rejoined us and reported that a great army of Lakota were following us. A few of this party were missing. Early the next morning, while the women were packing, — we intended to make our stand at the Yellowstone, — an old man crossed Arrow creek to look for his son from the high places. White On The Edge had announced that he would smoke four pipes, while the stragglers closed up, and he sat smoking with his chiefs, when the old man across the creek was charged by three or four Lakota, who had crept upon him in a ravine. They chased him down the hill and stuck him in the back with a lance, tumbling him off his horse. Some of our men, having by that time crossed the creek, rescued him, and the Lakota went back. Then all the Lakota in the world charged down

from behind the hills in two great divisions, one on each side of East Pryor creek. The line was half a mile wide, and they were thick. We galloped down to the creek. One of them, riding a roan horse, crossed to meet us, and Wolf Head struck him and was struck by him, but the Lakota, instead of coming into the thick of us, turned and rode toward his people. He was stuck full of arrows in the back, and Bear Cap following put an arrow through him, and the man fell into the creek. It was about the time when the sun is half-way to midday. Someone shouted*Návadhi, návadhi, návadhi!* "Now charge!", and everybody yelled the war-cry and dashed across the creek.[19]

We drove them back up the hill, but when they reached level ground at the top there were still coming behind them so many Lakota on foot that we could not move them. They were like ice in the river when it breaks up in the spring. Then they began to push us back, but after we had given way a short distance High Swallow and His Horse Is Spotted turned into the thickest of the enemy's line, and the rest of us, seeing that, charged after them and pushed the Lakota up the hill again. High Swallow was shot through the head with an arrow, but His Horse Is Spotted was not hurt. When we forced them back to the thickest part of their line again their numbers checked us once more, and as we were pushed down the hill, Fights Recklessly jumped off his horse to fight and Shot In The Hand started toward him to rescue him. By that time the whole Apsaroke line had got almost to the creek, leaving these two alone. It seemed as if every Lakota there shot at them. They swept down upon the two and covered Fights Recklessly, but Shot In The Hand rode down the hill surrounded by Lakota, who stripped him of everything he had - shield, bow, quiver, and lance; but before they could kill him he galloped over a place that no horseman since has ever dared to descend. When they pushed us back it was little by little, not on the run. We were fighting for our home that day! While the fight was going on, a great many Lakota were up on the hilltops smoking and looking on.

When the first charge came, the lodges had been quickly put up again in a close circle, and the women, after gathering all the horses inside and hobbling them, had dug a trench inside the camp-circle; and between the earth thus heaped up and the lodges, they lay with

[19] The command to charge did not necessarily come from the chief; any good warrior might shout it.

the children out of the way of stray bullets. The lodges were so close together that one could not pass between them, and the covers were turned inside out, so that everything was black. This looked war-like and fierce, and reminded the Sun of the skin-covered sun-lodges that had been erected for him.

About noon the Lakota succeeded in forcing us across the creek. We gathered between the camp and the two creeks, and they combined their two forces and crossed. I was tied on my horse, for this battle was after I had my bad wound that took away my hip, and every time I shot he bucked and reared. It was fine that day! Everybody except me dismounted there, so that the fighting should not go up the hill to the camp. On the west side of the creek the prairie-dog village was covered with horses, some lying dead and some kicking. In one small space[20] were eighteen horses dead.

Some of the enemy came around to the north where the dry ravine was, and we placed men there. Four of these men were like mountain-lions: they did not yield; every time they shot, somebody on the other side fell. The Lakota spread out to the west too, and men had to be stationed there in a washout.

We were being pushed back toward the top of the hill. I rode up into the camp-circle, got off, hobbled over to the ravine on the north, and got into a little washout. I was going to stay there. Bullets were striking the lodges like hail. I shouted to the men below me, "Face the enemy!" Sometimes the Lakota, with war bonnets streaming, would appear above the edge of our side of the ravine and then fall back shot. They looked pretty. Those four brave men were like that many angry bears. They would push the enemy back clear across Arrow creek, and then run back to their places south of the ravine. We shot so much that our guns were hot. When the sun was close to the hills in the west, all along the line men were shouting, "Powder! Powder!" and women came running down from the camp with powder.

In the ravine some young men rushed forward into a clump of brush, from which a draw led to an open space where about thirty Lakota were standing and shooting from a distance. These young men were only about twenty yards from them. They fired together, and the Lakota fell like a lot of sticks. The rest of them ran, and the sudden killing of so many seemed to dishearten the enemy all along their

[20] About three acres.

line. Besides, a woman had stolen out of the camp and set fire to the timber down the creek, and the Lakota thought that the cloud of smoke was a signal from another band of Apsaroke. The shout arose, "The Lakota are running!" *Kadhákinadhu, kadhakinadhu!* "Mount again!" My young nephew brought my horse as soon as he heard the shout, and I got on and tied myself in the saddle. It was like a nest of ants swarming out when one kicks into their hill as we charged all along the line and pushed them into the creek. We drove them up the hill, and some in the panic threw away their dead and wounded; they left seven behind, and we lost eight altogether. The men on the hilltops stopped smoking and got on their horses and went. I wondered why those men had come.

When we got to the level above, we stopped driving them, and they went away moving slowly like a big herd of buffalo after they have been chased. All along their line we could see them repacking the dead on their horses.

APSAROKE AND NEZ PERCÉS AGAINST LAKOTA

Five years after the fight at the mouth of East Pryor, about two hundred lodges of us - the rest were away with the River Crows — were hunting buffalo along Arrow creek, and some animals were seen with Lakota arrows sticking in their backs. Scouts were sent out, and we moved northward to the Yellowstone country where we could have a good fight.

We found the Lakota along Crooked Face creek,[21] about four hundred of them, a war-party in search of us, living there in little low lodges that looked like sweat-lodges. They saw us at the same time, as we could tell by the signals they flashed to one another. With us were eighteen lodges of the Nez Percés under Looking Glass and White Bird, who had been visiting us.

That night we had a war-dance, and so did the Nez Percés. Looking Glass came forward and struck the drum, and said, in signs, "Crow Men, look at me. To-morrow I am going to get off my horse and fight. Beat the drum once for me." White Bird stepped out, and said, "When my friend jumps off, if no one helps him, I will. If a Lakota gets off his

[21] A stream flowing into Pryor (Arrow) creek, a few miles upstream from Huntley, Montana. The fight occurred in 1869.

horse and is surrounded by Nez Percés and Crow Men, I will dismount and take his gun away from him. Beat the drum once for me."

In the morning scouts were sent out, and they reported the enemy divided, a portion being on each side of Pryor creek. So we separated to meet them. As the sun came above the earth, the division on the west side charged down from the hills and one of our parties went to meet them. Those on the east side, seeing our camp empty, charged down from the hills, intending to cross the creek and strike us in the rear; but just then our other party, which had been concealed in the hollow, rose in front of them. They were surprised, and went back. I was with this band, and the Nez PercÉs were divided among the two forces. They were proud men. The Lakota on the west side were pushing the Apsaroke back when Looking Glass dismounted. The Lakota came on each side of him, so that we could not see him for a moment; but the Apsaroke turned quickly and charged, driving the enemy back. Looking Glass still had his horse with him: the Nez Percés and the Flatheads, when they dismounted in battle, kept their horses and did not turn them loose as we did.

A Lakota horse was shot, and his rider ran on foot. A young man who had been captured from the Shoshoni when a child rode after him and struck him. The man on foot shot him through the stomach. Another man caught up and struck second, and was shot through the breast. A third Apsaroke counted third coup, and the Lakota shot him through the thigh. Then suddenly another of the enemy appeared from somewhere and took his friend on his horse and went.

White Bird kept his promise. When a Lakota was on foot and shooting, he rode up behind, jumped off, seized the gun, and ran.

We always knew when the Lakota were ready to run, and now when the time came we gave war-cries and charged. They began to run, and their friends on the other side went too. We chased them over the heights, and stopped there to catch horses, pick up robes and weapons, and to plunder their abandoned camp. In the running fight we killed eleven horses and then broke the heads of their riders. War-bonnets were flying loose, and they threw away robes and led-horses. There were about a hundred and fifty of us and about twenty Nez Percés; we lost three and our friends one.

DEATH OF IRON EYES AND ESCAPE OF AMONG THE WILLOWS

Bull Rises Small and Blackbird On The Ground raised a war-party against the Lakota to avenge the death of ten Apsaroke, who had been killed some time before. Iron Bull was in this party. He was always doing strange things, yet he afterward became chief. Probably it was he who had the warriors of the party ride through the camp before dusk, their women behind them, stopping before different groups of lodges, singing the song that was always used before leaving for war against the Lakota. The swiftest runners among them were wearing long wolf-skins whose tails swept the ground. I went out for my horse and began to saddle. My father usually said nothing when I wished to do anything, but now he said, "My son, from the time I was born to this day never have I known our warriors to sing the war-songs in broad daylight. Something will happen to these people. Do not go." So I threw off the saddle.

Iron Eyes sat in the midst of his friends, and his father, No Neck, came and beat him on the breast, and cried, "My son, when your friends have fear on their faces and weep within themselves, and run this way and that before the enemy, stay behind and fight! Do not come back! Death comes, and you cannot leap over him. I want to cry before I am old!"

There were many great fighters in that party, and one of the greatest was Big Otter. He was the chief who would call the young men to him and try their bows, and if they were not good, break them, and say, "Go to a certain man and have him make you a good bow. Pay him." He would test their other weapons in the same way. With the seventy warriors were five women and a child, and three boys learning how to fight.

Passing near the country of the Hidatsa, they turned southward and on the fortieth day camped at the foot of Rainy Hills.[22] Scouts informed the chiefs that in the east they had seen the smoke of four fires. Everybody began to paint, but Bull Rises Small said, "We know that many sit around one fire. There are four. This day we will be no more!" They left their women and boys at the foot of the hills, and

[22] North of Grand river, South Dakota.

went on to the east toward the camps of the Lakota, some of whom were already on their way to the west, a great hunting party, and the two passed each other without knowing it.

The enemy came upon the women, children, and horses. Two of the women, the little child, and the three boys escaped; the other three women and the entire camp outfit were captured. The last band to leave the villages was attacked by the Apsaroke, who got there just about that time. Our men killed two or three, scalped them, and withdrew, when another large party came and struck them. In the first fight the Apsaroke had become divided into three parties, two of which made their escape from the field. In the third party were forty or forty-five men. They rode rapidly toward where they had left their women and children, but they were set upon continually by fresh parties of Lakota returning from the attack on the women and boys.

As they retreated, fighting, Iron Eyes and Bull Rises Small, who were mounted on fine horses, would turn and hold the enemy for a moment, then dash forward and join their friends, who in the meantime had got a good start. At last Bull Rises Small leaped from his horse, and, dodging from side to side, shot at the charging enemy. The Lakota surrounded him, dashing around and back and forth, and finally killed him. They covered him up with their numbers and came on. Then Iron Eyes would turn and hold back the enemy alone. His friend, Three Thighs, was put on the ground by a shot through his horse's hip, and Iron Eyes took him on his own horse. Then he shouted, "My friends, I have helped you long enough! My flesh is hot with running, and I go no farther! The words of my father No Neck are sticking in my throat! Tell him for me that I died like a brave man!" When the Lakota came close enough to hear, he sang the Apsaroke death-song, the one a man uses when he is going to dismount and hold the enemy:

Just then Only Boy found himself afoot, and called on Iron Eyes for help. He also was taken on the horse, and then Iron Eyes leaped down and shouted to the others to go home and tell his father how he died. The others wheeled the horse and jumped off , slapped it in the face, and stayed with him. Three more men turned their horses and went back, leaped down, and stayed: Iron Eyes was not the only brave man. These three were Big Forked Horn, Loin, and Golden Eagle. They were surrounded by Lakota, a great swarm, while the most of them continued the chase. It took a long time to kill those six. Iron Eyes was left lying alone nearest to the Lakota camps.

Big Otter was in another division of this large party, for they had become further separated in the retreat. As the enemy pursued them, he looked back and saw a man[23] pointing, and directing his warriors. He said, "I will see if he is a man, that person who talks and points!" and leaping from his horse, he went back. The Apsaroke stopped, and the Lakota held back as their chief jumped down and came forward to meet Big Otter. He put an arrow to his bow and shot as he ran. Big Otter ducked his head and the arrow struck on the top and glanced off high into the air. The Lakota shot again, striking him in the shoulder. Big Otter fired his gun, a flintlock, but the powder had fallen out, and the bullet merely rolled out of the barrel. He threw the gun behind him and ran forward, and before the Lakota could draw another arrow from his quiver, Big Otter grasped him by the left wrist. The Lakota raised his bow and began crying aloud. He was afraid to die. Big Otter was a strong, big man. He pulled out a long knife, and taking his enemy by the throat, plunged it into his breast and ripped him open through bones and flesh down the breast and out to the side below the ribs. Then he gave him a push and the man fell, and all his entrails gushed out on the ground. Big Otter turned away and walked toward his friends, then looked back, and shouted, *Lakóta bíukate, návadhi!* — "Come on, Lakota women!" But when they gathered around their chief and saw what that strong man had done, they signed to him, "Go on!" and cried for the dead man. Big Otter mounted behind a friend who had ridden back, and they went on.

The whole prairie was dotted with little parties of Apsaroke retreating before swarms of Lakota. In another band of our men was Strong Falcon. His mother's brother jumped from his horse and cried out, "Strong Falcon, when you get home to the Apsaroke camp, whose horses are you going to ride?" Strong Falcon had taken care of his horses and ridden them, and he meant that he was not going to return home, but would die there. The young man at once turned back and dismounted beside him. They were quickly surrounded, and the older man was soon killed. Strong Falcon kept on fighting, and as his medicine began to manifest itself — it was bear — his teeth came out between his lips and froth was on his mouth. He rushed at the Lakota, just like a mad bear; they fell back, and finally ran and left him.

[23] This was the father of Sitting Bull, say the Hunkpapa of Cheyenne River and Standing Rock reservations.

In that day's fight eighteen Apsaroke were killed or captured, including the women and children. Many Lakota were killed.

When the warriors got back home they sneaked in at night like whipped dogs. No Neck came to the lodge of the first one, and asked, "How is it?"

"Many will not return," was the answer.

"Tell me about Iron Eyes," said the old man; "how did he act?"

"The last time I saw Iron Eyes he was facing the Lakota, fighting to give his people a little time to run; then I saw a hundred Lakota surround him and from a hill I saw him covered by the enemy."

No Neck tried to laugh, and started to walk to his lodge, but stumbled and fell. When he was alive again he took a knife and slashed his arms and legs. "Iron Eyes, Iron Eyes, I did not know it would be this heavy or I would not have said what I said! I thought it was a good thing when I said, 'Stay behind!' but, my son, it is bad!" So he wept and cried. The wife of Iron Eyes wore a dress covered to the ankles with elk-teeth, and two long strings of them hung from each ear. As soon as she heard the mourning of No Neck, without waiting to take off her elk-tooth dress she seized a knife and stabbed her head many times, and slashed her arms, so that the blood ran over her clothes. Every night after that No Neck sat in his lodge, weeping, and crying over and over, "Iron Eyes, and the bay horse with the split ears, I shall never see you again! I did not know it would be this way. If I had a hundred sons, none would be like you, Iron Eyes, Iron Eyes, my son!" All night he would wail such words, and the whole camp heard them, and the hearts of the young men became hot against the enemy. In the daytime he was alone in the hills, mourning. His hair was shaved close, and he wore nothing but a piece of old lodge-covering. As he sat with his head on his knees, the magpies would perch on his shoulders and peck at the old buffalo-skin, and mountain-rats gnawed holes through it. For more than two years he mourned thus, until a great victory was won over the Lakota. Then for the first time he washed the blood from his face.

Among The Willows, one of the women captured in this battle, relates her experience among the Sioux:

I was twenty-one years of age. There were seventy warriors in that party, and as they moved away, my husband, Bull Rises Small, came back and said to me, "North of here on the river are the Hidatsa. They are our people. If you get on that fast horse and make yourself light,

you can pass the line and outrun anything." We five women and a small child and three boys were on a knoll from which we could see far to the east, but to the north was broken country.

A Lakota hunting antelope saw us and crawled away through a coulée. We did not see him until he was far away, and then we thought it was one of our men. He went back and met his people, who had already broken camp and were on the march toward where we were. They passed to the north of our men, so that they did not meet. I saw something moving far away on the crest of a hill north of us, and said so, but another woman said, "No, it is sage brush." So we sat and looked to the east where our men had gone, hoping they would take scalps, and fearing some would not return. We had a large herd of horses down in the hollow, more than a mile off. Two women got on their horses and hurried away, and called for me to come, but I stopped to straighten a pack. We had not seen the enemy yet; they were down in a hollow.

First they went among our horses and quarrelled over them, and we saw men hurrying about in the herd, but we thought they were our men returned for fresh horses. The two women were far away. Another one said, "Sisters, I am talking through the pipe stem. Those are not our people!" She made ready to ride off. The men were about a mile away, and one made a sign to stay where we were, so then we thought again they were Apsaroke. As they got closer we could see a lance which looked like that of Iron Bull, and when, about two hundred paces distant, the bearer shook it at us, we saw for the first time that they were Lakota.

We tried to escape, but one woman could not get on her horse, and looking back I saw the Lakota striking her on the head with their coup-sticks, while she defended herself with an axe. The three boys rode fast and got away. I was on a buckskin horse and leading a black mare, the fast runner, and as the first one was not good I pulled the other up beside me and scrambled over on her. But in doing so I lost my quirt. In that act my fate came upon me; for fate came upon me; for without the whip I could not do much, though I kicked the mare and did all I could. The other woman rode behind me and whipped my mare, and that did some good. I looked back and saw a great many Lakota chasing us, all strung out along the prairie, and one young man was near us. He made signs, meaning, "Stop, you will not be killed." We stopped, and he struck us and all our six horses with his coup-

stick. As he then grasped my arm, another man came up and seized the other arm, and they pulled me this way and that until the second one became angry, raised his lance, and struck at me. I threw up my arms, and the spear went through the right forearm. The other woman had been struck in the head, and blood was flowing.

All this time the Apsaroke men had been fighting with the other Lakota, and some of the enemy whose friends had been killed would rush up to us and try to kill us, while others stood between and protected us. Good hearts and bad were mixed that day. I could see a little of the fighting, and it was like a bad dream. When we got back near the hill we saw someone shoot at the woman they had captured there, and we thought we would find her dead, but the bullet had only gone through the bosom of her dress and made a furrow in the palm of her hand.

When we were taken back to the Lakota camp we found four large circles of lodges, and I recognized many horses of our men, who that morning had been so anxious for the fight. Some of them had arrows in their bodies; others had run so hard that they were standing with their noses touching the ground. I saw a man named Kill, who had visited among us: his sister had married an Apsaroke.

In the village was one lodge very much larger than the others. I went into that and saw a large bundle in a calf-skin, and knowing that it contained the sacred pipe, I sat down under it. It was hanging on a tripod. The lodge had two beds in it, with head-rests covered with buffalo-skins, and the owner was a No Bows (Sans Arcs) man, who wore his hair tied in the back in a bunch. The other Apsaroke woman was there too. A Lakota woman carrying a child came in, took the pipe-bundle, rubbed it over my body, and put it into my hands, telling me to hold it. Kill entered and sat beside me. Another man came in, and Kill said, These are poor people. Let us help them to escape." "No, their husbands and brothers are like mad bulls," said the other; "I shall have nothing to do with them." Then another man came, and said, "The River Crows spared my life once. I am going to do what I can to help you get home." That night I stayed in the medicine-lodge.

The second night I was in the lodge of the man who took me, and a brother of Sitting Bull came and cried, and wanted to kill me because his father had been cut open by Big Otter; but the people of that family gave him many presents and he went away with them. The same night the young man gave me to his uncle, and then later he came and took me back. That made the uncle angry, and he was going to kill me; but

I ran to the lodge of another man, Yellow Buffalo Tooth, who had been among the Apsaroke. Some men followed and wanted to kill me, but Yellow Buffalo Tooth said, "If you kill this woman you will have to kill me!" So they went away.

Soon after that I heard that the other two women had run away, and I screamed and cried, for I was alone. The man said, "Woman, do not cry. Your tears make my heart bad. I will see that you go home."

The Lakota moved to another stream and held the Sun Dance. I had a hard time then. In the sun-lodge they had an Apsaroke scalp hanging, and a man cut off a braid of my hair, tied it to the scalp, and raised them both to the pole, as an offering. The man who had been released by the River Crows came and stood by me and prayed to the Sun, "Grandfather, you see all things! Let this woman go to her people!" Another man came and prayed, but I do not know what he said.

After the dance the people in the lodge where I was living began to make moccasins for me, and one night they packed food on my back and sent me away. They told me the foolish young men were north of there waiting for Apsaroke who were said to be in the country, and that I should keep on to the south until I could see the Black Hills, from where I would know the country. I ran, then walked, then ran again. I slept only a little at night. My soul was gone from my body and I did not think of myself. I did not get tired. In four days I went from north of the Black Hills to the Little Bighorn, near where the Custer fight took place later.

There I found the Kick Belly band in camp. The tops of the hills were dotted with little brush shelters of people mourning for the men lost in that fight at Rainy Hills. They all came down to meet me, and Blackfoot, the chief, came cutting his body and arms with a sharp knife, and threw his arms about my neck. The other two women had got back in ten days. They had started while the Lakota were east of Rainy Hills, and I when they were north of the Black Hills.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST T HE SIOUX

In 1858 the camp of the Apsaroke was on the Bighorn at the mouth of Dipper creek.[24] The Kick Belly band's leader, First Feather Of The Tail, and a man named Three Owls had been killed by the Lakota and

[24] Beauvais creek, an affluent of the Bighorn.

Cheyenne, and the Kick Belly people sent a sacred pipe to Spotted Horse, a great war-chief, in order to enlist his sympathy and have him lead them in a great expedition against the Lakota.

Spotted Horse at once had the crier announce that warriors should come to his lodge prepared for war, the scouts with wolf-skins and others with buffalo-robes, and all with moccasins tied to their bodies ready for a rough campaign. We came to his lodge. After hearing his talk, we took our guns with the gun-rests tied to them and went about the camp singing the songs that were used only before going to war against Lakota or Cheyenne. Young women rode mounted behind us, assisting in the singing and praising us. That was at night. Then we went back to our own lodges and prepared, and early the next morning started, one hundred warriors — a little more. All the people in the camp were stirring to give their young men a good start. I was a scout. We took the very best horses, only one each, and no one was allowed to ride except a few who drove the herd, for we wanted to have them strong for the charge. Some had no horses, but led dogs on which were packed moccasins and food. It was midwinter. The snow-drifts were whirling. We followed Rotten Grass creek to its head in the mountains the first day, about thirty miles. As we moved up the creek, Spotted Horse told us scouts — there were thirty of us — to spread out to the sides of the valley, and, if no sign of an enemy were seen, to kill some buffalo and bring in meat. When the halt was made, many of us brought in buffalo-humps on our backs. In the woods the snow was deep, but on the heights the wind had blown it away.

That first night with dead logs we built a sort of stockade in a circle, and filled the cracks with dry grass; overhead we piled brush, leaving a smoke-hole. Within was a good warm shelter. Each man had one buffalo-robe, and the horsemen had for saddles large pieces of old lodge-covering, which were now hung around inside the lodge. We wore cloth shirts, which our women had made of stuff bought of the traders; and each had a flannel overcoat with a hood, also made by the women. We had a good many flintlocks. At night the horses were placed in sheltered spots by herders from each society, who then returned to the lodge and rubbed their bodies warm with dry buffalo-chips. The trees were covered with frost.

The next morning was so cold that the smoke went up straight. I did not stay inside much, but was always up on a hill, looking. Balky was chief of the scouts for this party, and we scouts had to obey him.

He sent different ones to different hilltops, and sometimes if we saw no enemy we sang to our sweethearts back at home and taunted the men belonging to other societies. Scouts had only one meal a day, and that was after going in at night. That day we moved to the head of the Little Bighorn. Nose That Shows, whose brother had been killed by the Lakota, had shaved nearly all the hair from his head, and sang as he went along, "Young men, I have no one to run to!" That was to excite us young men.

Our third camp was at the place where Aberdeen, Montana, now is, and in that country the snow was becoming very deep. All this time we had had no buffalo cows, only bulls, but between there and Tongue river we found plenty of buffalo and killed a great many cows. The back fat was half an inch thick. We camped northwest of where Sheridan, Wyoming, now is. Then we followed up Tongue river for some distance, and saw the trail of the Lakota and Cheyenne who had killed First Feather Of The Tail and the brother of Nose That Shows. There had been about forty of them. The same day, the fifth, we came to a frozen lake that was surrounded with buffalo. We scouts crossed on the ice, but it was thin, and cracked a good deal. In the middle was an open hole: we thought that was a mystery-place.

The next move was to Piney creek, toward the place where they afterward put the Piney creek soldiers,[25] and the seventh camp was on the south fork of Piney. Then we went to Crazy Woman creek, thence to a place about half-way from there to Powder river, and next nearly to the river, on a creek flowing into it.

On the morning of the eleventh day Spotted Horse, who had been very quiet, was more active, and said, "My men, it is good. I am growing excited. The enemy has moved camp toward us from Rattlesnake Hills to Powder river, and they are camped there. It is a big camp. Half are Cheyenne and half are Lakota." He had made no medicine, but had seen these things in the night. He sent ten men on toward Powder river, picking out only the very best scouts, telling them to go to a certain butte on the north side of the river and look over the country. They were to go afoot. I was one of them.

When we got to the butte we saw smoke rising straight into the air on the north side of the river. With our glass we could see herds of horses. The sun was still low, and we sang the war-song of the

[25] Fort Phil. Kearny.

discovery of the enemy

We went back to the camp, all except two who had been told to stay and watch the enemy, to see if they moved, and if they did not, to learn just what they were doing with their horses, and then to come back in the night. After we had journeyed a short distance back, we stopped and painted with white clay, and when we approached the moving party we gave the coyote howl. They spread out into a half-circle and threw up a heap of buffalo-chips. We ran zigzag in single file, and when close to them trotted in a circle, then started again singing and howling and giving the war-cry. That made great excitement in the party. Then as we shouted and sang, we got to the heap of buffalo-chips, and the leader kicked it over. We were all out of breath. The young men were on their horses, racing back and forth, singing their medicine-songs. We stopped before Spotted Horse, and said to him, "We saw the smoke, we saw the horses, but we did not see the camp."

Some young men were trembling with excitement. Medicine-men began to make medicine for little groups of warriors. "This is what we have been looking for; now make your medicine," they would say. The sun came out, and it seemed warm. Spotted Horse said, "I am going to make medicine. Now everybody be quiet and look at me." The young men opened a path toward the enemy, and Spotted Horse began to strip off his clothing, throwing his leggings down to his ankles, and some young men were called forth to paint his body yellow. Then with red he was painted wherever he had offered flesh of his body to the Sun. While being painted he stood like an eagle, feet apart, body bent, and arms spread out like a bird's wings. One man tied the chief's hair all in a mass on the top of his head and strung many metal discs along his medicine-lock, putting an eagle-feather into the central hole of each one. He had an eagle-bone whistle in his mouth all the time. Some old men were shouting, "Hurry! Hurry!" Spotted Horse sang his song, "Whenever I open my eyes, I know." He stepped proudly about like an eagle, and sat down. Then he sang again, making motions like an eagle, and again, looking at the Sun and saying, "His spirit has come to me." Then he sang the fourth time, stepping high and twisting his head like a bird when he looks about. After that he sang other songs and held his finger toward the Sun, then put it on a piece of red paint and marked a circle all about his face, and a spot on each cheek-bone. Then the Sun, which had been shining clear, put on his paint. Whenever Spotted Horse painted, the Sun seemed to paint too. Finally

the chief sang a song in which he said, "I am the only bird." He called out, "Did you see that bird just flying by, carrying a man and a horse in his claws? Did you see him?" Then he said, It is well; it is time."

Just then the other two scouts came over the hill, giving the coyote cry. The buffalo-chips were piled up, the two came in brandishing their guns and kicked the chips over, and cried, "They are coming toward us; they will pass just to the north of us!" Spotted Horse called, "Men, be brave, be strong!" Everybody then put on his own paint, and we were all ready. We mounted bareback and left our packs in the hollow. Following a ravine that led to the way the Lakota were coming, Spotted Horse guided us. We could hear the bells of the moving party and the beat of horses' hoofs on the frozen ground. We came out on the top of a hill, and there down below were the Lakota and Cheyenne.

Down we charged like a big bird and broke the line. Everything was upset, travaux carried away by the stampeded horses, children and women crying. I was third in the advance. Guns were banging everywhere. I grasped the arm of a pretty woman, but she put her hand to my face and pushed me away. I was young and proud, and no woman could put her hand in my face: I thrust my gun against her breast and fired. There were eleven bullets in the gun. She had a fine-looking boy; his hair was wrapped with otter-skin. I took him. All along the line I saw people falling everywhere, and men taking women and children. We routed the rear half, drove the herd of horses away, and retreated. The first half of the line did not turn to help the others, but went on as fast as they could and made a camp; the others that escaped went back to Powder river and camped.

As we moved up the hill we saw some warriors from the first band ride back to the place of the fight, singing death-songs. We went to the hollow where our packs were; a natural stronghold was on one of the hills that surrounded it. The Lakota and Cheyenne came toward us and stopped opposite on a knoll. Then the shooting began, and the smoke was like a thick fog. Shields and lances appeared all along above our ridge. Leading out from it was a little spur that reached almost to the enemy. A man named Shipíu took that place and held it, shooting over the edge and boasting back to us of his bravery. I shouted, so that everybody could hear, "Shipíu is not the only man that is proud!" I sang my medicine-song of the sparrow-hawk, "I am rising, I am rising," and then jumped out between the two lines, leaping from side to side, while arrows and bullets were whistling around my head. I

joined Shipíu, and we were only about ten paces from the enemy. Soon my friend was shot, and I took him on my back and ran to our line.

Then Spotted Horse gave the command to retreat to level ground, where we would have a better chance. Everybody ran for the horses, which were tied to sage-brush in our rear, and we drew back to a level place. One man had a long-haired Lakota girl whom he had captured, and in the retreat he took her by the hair and threw her from his horse. She ran to the Lakota. The enemy thought we were running in a panic, and when we stopped suddenly and dismounted we knocked over a good many of them. We retreated again, for Spotted Horse was trying to get to a certain ravine, since our enemy outnumbered us. Once more we retreated; this time one of our men had a horse shot under him, so everybody again dismounted. We were fighting so close we could see the gun-wads flying. I and another were shot here, but no one was killed; I was helpless then. Just before we came to the edge of the ravine and dismounted, a man had his backbone shot in two, but was not killed outright. We loaded his gun for him with two bullets, then stood behind on the other side of the slope. A lone Cheyenne loped toward him to count coup, but he shot and killed both rider and horse. After some fighting they forced us from this place, and we retreated again; but from the next place we did not move. After shooting a while there the Lakota and Cheyenne gave up, and cried for their dead.

We lost only two men; we killed twenty warriors and three women, and captured six boys. It was just about sunset when the fighting ceased. The enemy were moving back to their people in a great column, crying. We returned for our packs and started home, arriving on the eighth day. I was carried on the top of a big pack on a horse. Bull That Turns Around, a medicine-man, had doctored my wound in the hip right after the fight, and had taken care of me on the way home, and I felt all right.

When we arrived in sight of camp, in a long column, with scalps on our lances and guns banging, we caught sight of a great crowd of women and children coming out to see if their relatives had been killed. Those who had counted honors painted their shirts black, and all of us painted our faces black. The women, dressed and painted for the dance, stood in a line to receive us, and we gave our lances and scalps to our relatives. Old men led the sons of their clan-brothers around the camp, singing their praises; while other warriors marched before the lodges, with the women carrying the scalps. Then a great ring was

formed by all for the Long Dance, women and men alternating, taking short steps and swaying from side to side, moving about slowly in a circle. Everybody sang.

The next time the camp was moved and the procession came to a narrow place, the warriors who had just returned stood in line on each side as the people passed through. They sang songs like this: "You men who did not go out to fight, your enemies are the buffalo!" That made those men very much ashamed. This was called Make The Narrow Road, and it was a thing we always did.

A BUFFALO HUNT

The Mountain Crows under Red Bear were moving northward from the Yellowstone toward the Musselshell. One night, when the stars had moved nearly across the sky, I was sent out to search for buffalo. Long before daylight I was gone. I ran most of the time, and when I came to the top of the hill to which the chief had told me to go I looked down and saw the lake surrounded with great herds of buffalo. It was as if a black blanket had been spread over the earth. After watching the animals for a time and noticing that everything was quiet, I started back, and at sunset came to the camp of my people, not far from the Yellowstone.

They had just finished eating. I went to my lodge, and when Red Bear heard that I was back he sent for me. He was sitting in the rear of his lodge, and around the wall sat a circle of the chief men. He asked, "How is it?" and I replied, "At the head of Long creek the buffalo are so thick I could not see the ground. From there to the lake and all around it are big herds lying quiet." His crier, Medicine Crow, a large man with a very strong voice, went out and announced to the camp: "The scout has returned. He says that at the head of Long creek and from there to the lake near the Shell river the country is covered with buffalo. Grind your knives; see that your bowstrings are strong. To-morrow before day comes the lodges shall be thrown down, and we move on to Raven Woods to camp. From there we shall go forth and kill the buffalo. All young men who wish to get fresh meat for your sweethearts, now is the time! Young women, this is the time to tell young men what you wish! "

On the march at such times Red Bear rode ahead, with his robe

tied at the neck, the hairy side outward. He looked like a big black eagle. From time to time he would pluck hair from the robe and throw it back over his shoulder to keep the wind from going to the buffalo. He stopped to smoke, while the Soldiers went among the people and selected a man who was not only a war-leader but a good hunter and a medicine-man with control over the wind. They took him by the arm and led him before all, saying, "We wish this man to be the leader of the hunt."

When the women began to put up the lodges in Raven Woods, I was sent out again to see where the buffalo were, and before the sun went down I saw them and came back to camp. The next morning we started out early, the hunters leading fast horses for the chase, and the scouts far in front. The leader rode ahead, and at the sides were the Soldiers, keeping us in our places. If any one tried to ride around to the front, his horse was clubbed. There were about three hundred men riding, and behind were many young women, more than a hundred of them, finely dressed and painted to deceive the eye of man. Young men who had sweethearts among them sent friends back with their hunting horses for them to ride. We stopped about a mile from the herd, waiting for the scouts to return, and when they came, the leader of the hunt announced, "Now is the time! Mount your fast horses!" The maidens brought up the fast horses, and we gave them our slow ones.

This hunt took place in the fall, when the fur was at its best, and we were looking for robes for the winter, as well as meat. In the spring we hunted for skins to be made into lodge-coverings.

We took our left arms out of our overcoats to give our bow-arms play. Six-shooters were strapped at our right sides. Our horses were wild and jumped into the air, so that we could not hold them back, and the Soldiers were beating them in the face, and crying, "Keep back!" Red Bear was with us; but he was a hunter now, and not careful and dignified as when he led the march. On his left arm he carried a long gun, and he rode a buckskin horse, which kept rearing in the air. I was watching him. He was a man! The Soldiers kept riding in front and holding us in line while we rounded a hill, and as we caught sight of the herd, about gunshot away, the leader of the hunt gave the word, and we charged.

The buffalo began to move away, but they could not go fast, for the herd was so big there was no place to run. Cows of two and three

years were what we wanted for robes, so we singled them out, rode alongside, and, to avoid making large holes and spoiling the skins, used arrows, shooting from behind so that the arrows entered just back of the ribs and went into the heart or the lungs. The skins of older cows had to be split before they could be tanned, and then sewed up again to make a robe. Old men and women wore these, but they were not handsome enough for young men. After killing four or five young cows, we looked for good fat ones for meat, and shot them with guns. I killed six that day, two for meat and four for robes.

When I began to butcher, my sweetheart came, and I cut out the soft bone in the nose for her, took out the manyplies and cleaned it, cut the gall and squeezed its water into some blood into which I dipped the manyplies to give it flavor. Then I broke off the shin-bone, and got a stick with which to take out the marrow. These parts I gave to her, and she sat down nearby, but turned her back so that I should not see her eating.

Sometimes one man killed as many as fifteen buffalo in a run. He would then cry, "I do not take the arrows back, nor the skin," and it was known that all but a few, which he kept for himself, were for the use of the poor old people who had come hurrying out from the camp when the butchering began. When the buffalo were not so plentiful, a poor man with a weak horse might not kill any; then he could come to others who had killed, and take whatever meat he wished, but not the hide. Even if he took all, the other was a man and said nothing.

After the hunt a broad level stretch of land was dotted with dead buffalo, men butchering, old men hurrying to and fro receiving a piece of meat from this one and that, girls in bright-colored dresses sitting on the ground eating, and horses standing by cropping the grass. That was fine!

We young men who had no wives loaded the horses of our sweethearts with meat and hides, and packed the remainder on our riding horses, covering it with hides, on which we sat. The girls rode our hunting horses and led their own: everything belonged to them! Other members of our families, our fathers and elder brothers, provided for our lodges. The sun was low when we reached camp.

The next day old women were to be seen everywhere, slicing the meat and hanging it on long poles to dry, and young women were staking out hides on the ground at the edge of the camp. Old men were repairing arrows, young men rubbing down horses, while some

returned to the hunting-ground to bring in the meat and hides they had left. To keep wolves from the meat in the night, a stake was thrust into the ground and a shirt hung on it. At this time of the year nearly all the meat was taken; but most of the heads were left on the ground, a few being brought in for roasting in pits.

We remained in that place eight days and hunted during the first three, but after that the buffalo scattered, and we spent the rest of the time drying meat and hides. The second and third days I hunted for my family. There were about six hundred lodges, some of them having as many as four men, and only the very old men remained in camp during the hunt; men of my age [about seventy-five] still hunted in those days, but the number of horses fast enough for chasing buffalo limited the number of hunters: if there was only one good horse in the family, they could send out but one hunter, and the other men followed to do the butchering. Besides, many parties were away on the war-path, and that was one reason why there were only half as many hunters as lodges.

A WINTER HUNT

One summer, about the year 1860, Red Bear led a war-party of about forty men into the country of the Nez Percés, and did not return until the winter was half spent. In his absence there was no order in the tribe, no strong leader to make the people obey, and everybody did about as he pleased. So the buffalo were scattered by many small parties that did not hunt together, and but little meat was dried.

When the chief returned, the tribe divided into small camps and moved about looking for game. With about a hundred and fifty lodges of the Whistle Water clan he went up Bighorn river, then across the Bighorn mountains into Amité (Land Beyond The Mountains — northern Wyoming). There was much snow on the ground, and the Shoshoni had been there hunting, but were gone, and the buffalo with them. So we found nothing, and meat became scarce. When we came to Stinking Water (Shoshone river), opposite Heart mountain, the whole country to the westward was black with some living things.

I was sent out as scout, and through my glass saw a great band of elk. I went back and reported to the chief, and we all started out to hunt elk, each man with his slow and his fast horse. Crossing to the southwest we divided into two bands, and one on each side of the herd we chased them like buffalo, for down there the soil is soft, so that the

elk could not run fast. We killed a great many and had something in our stomachs.

Then the chief and his old men talked together: "There is nothing in this country; let us run back to the Bighorn and see what there is north of the Place Of Many Fasts" (Pryor mountains). So we moved north. That night we camped on Many Dry Heads;[26] it was very cold. Red Bear instructed me to scout ahead early in the morning. "We shall move northward to Muddy creek," he said. "Go up on the high places and look to see if there are any buffalo." I put on my belt of cartridges, hung my gun over one shoulder and the telescope at my side, and started out before camp was broken. When I got on the high places on the north side of Many Dry Heads, the snow was deep everywhere, even down below. It came about half-way to my knees. All the country from the Bighorn river on the east as far as I could see toward the Yellowstone in the northwest was dotted with buffalo. In the meanwhile the people had passed by me on the east, and about sunset I joined the camp at Muddy creek.

That night the chief gave orders: "In the morning camp must be broken early, and we will go to the creek beyond East Pryor creek." This was a long journey, but we made it. During the night at Muddy creek everybody was grinding knives, sharpening arrow-points, and testing bowstrings, for the next day the hunters were to start out while the camp moved down East Pryor to Pryor creek. We were very anxious to kill buffalo, for though everybody had parfléches full of buffalo-berries and a little elk-meat, that did not taste good; too much elk-meat is not good.

Early in the morning, when the women began to throw down the lodges, we started, wearing flannel overcoats with hoods of buffalo-hair, and buffalo-skin mittens fastened to the shoulders with strings. Besides the coats we had buffalo-robes, for the weather was very cold. We crossed Pryor creek, and just then a hard cold wind fell on us and the fine snow was thrown in our faces. That was the coldest day I can remember. It was so cold that the order was given to run the buffalo, kill some, cut out a few pieces of meat, and then rush for camp. I rode a big bald-face horse, the fastest one in the party. My saddle was a little pad cinched around the horse, and it had stirrups. My father was

[26] A creek running at the bottom of a steep-cut bank over which buffalo herds were frequently driven. The bottom was therefore strewn with buffalo-skulls.

with me; though he was an old man, he was strong, and I gave him my riding horse, saying, "I will kill a fat buffalo, and you come to me quickly." The cold went into the skin, and we could not even throw off our robes to shoot. When we got very close to the buffalo they began to run through the snow, but I was soon in the herd and alongside of one whose back was broad. My knees almost touched her, and I put an arrow into her side. Then before my hand was bad I sent another arrow into another fat one and jumped off my horse, and while he ran around me I put my hands under my arms. They were stiff and had no feeling.

My father rode up and cut the buffalo down the belly, took my hands and thrust them in between the two sides. It was just like putting them into fire; the ends of the fingers pricked as if cactus needles were going into them, and I wanted to pull my hands out, but he held them there. When he took them out, the finger-nails were black. He rubbed my hands in the snow, then I put them under my arms again, and soon I was able to use them. In a short time we had the buffalo cut up and the pieces strung together as they should be; we threw them on the horses, hurried to the other buffalo and cut it open, took out the calf, and ran for the camp. Most of the men took only a few pieces. My father was riding the fast horse and I the pack-horse, sitting on the load of meat; but it was too cold, so I jumped off and drove the horses before me on a run.

We found our lodges all pitched, and inside the fires were leaping and cracking. The moment the heat struck our bodies it made them tremble. Every man in the party had either hands or face cooked by cold, but that night we all feasted and were happy. The next morning the weather was better, and we took short-handled axes and cut up the meat that had been left on the ground. We stayed in that place a long time, for buffalo kept coming in from different parts of the country for shelter along the creek.

MYTH AND LEGEND

CREATION MYTH

In the beginning water covered all the earth. Itsíhbadhish, He First Made All Things, wandered about on the water hunting for thoughts,

looking for land. He called to a small black duck, a hell-diver, flying overhead: "Come here, my brother; dive under the water and see if you can bring up mud. With that we will make land." The duck dived thrice unsuccessfully, but the fourth time he came to the surface with a little mud in his bill. Itsíhbadhish laid it in the palm of his hand and kneaded it; then he blew it out of his hand, and it scattered over the water and became the land. With his thoughts he created streams and mountains.

Itsíhbadhish pondered deeply, and from a lump of the newly-formed land he made four small images, which he rocked four times, singing slowly:

At the fourth repetition of the song he cast the images from him, and as they struck the earth they sprang up living creatures of human form and size, two men and two women. The two pairs were placed in different valleys and commanded to multiply. Thus the human race began.

For food Itsíhbadhish caused plants bearing roots and berries of many kinds to grow. Then he moulded clay into the shape of animals with four legs and with a hump on the back. "Live!" he commanded, and buffalo filled the prairies. The deer family and other animals he made in the same manner, and the birds, to whom he said, "You shall give songs to the people, and supernatural strength to those who fast and cry."

Then the creator thought, "I have made everything, but out of this earth come creatures that I do not know." He looked closely, and saw that they were ants, and their bodies became tobacco seed. He thought, "The people I am making shall live over all the earth, but those to whom I give this plant shall be few, and it shall make their hearts strong."

As the people multiplied, he scattered them, and gave them different tongues, and a desire to fight with one another. To the Apsaroke he gave tobacco seed, saying, "When you meet the enemy, this plant will make you as strong in proportion to your size as are the powerful little ants from whom these seeds came."

CORN-SILK AND THE SEVEN STARS

In the long, long ago, the chief had a very beautiful daughter. Long

and brown like corn-silk was her glossy hair, so they called her Apísh.[27] Handsome young men, brave warriors and good hunters, wooed her, but she gave them no encouragement. Neither the greatest deeds in battle nor lavish bestowal of presents could soften her heart.

One day, when she refused an unusual profusion of gifts brought by a young man hoping that he might be accepted with them, her brother in anger said, "Apísh must be waiting to marry Ishbishétbishe."

Ishbishétbishe lived far away, and his medicine was so strong that women fell in love with him on hearing his repulsive name of Worm Face. Thus he had married successively three of the most beautiful women from other tribes, but after a short time he had fed them to his fathers, monsters of the water. So when the brother of Corn-silk spoke the name of Ishbishétbishe, her heart left her, and from that time the thought of him was in her mind constantly.

While her parents and brother were away from the lodge one day, she prepared a soup of turnips and marrow-fat, and a bowl of choice pemmican, and invited several old women noted for their wisdom. Placing the food before them, Apísh said, "Grandmothers, tell me something about Ishbishétbishe, and where he lives."

They were so amazed that for a moment they could not speak; then one of them said, "We cannot tell you, for your father would kill us;" and leaving the food and presents they went out hastily, murmuring, and shaking their heads. Apísh threw herself on her couch of buffalo-robes and said weeping, "Ishbishétbishe, no matter where on the earth you are, I am coming to you!"

Her mother, returning, noticed her red, swollen eyes, and asked, "Apí,[28] what is the trouble?"

"My heart is bad," replied Corn-silk, "from remembering my brother, whom the enemy killed. It came to my mind and made me sad."

Again when the others were away, she called in an old woman whose poverty would cause her to tell what Apish wished to know. "Grandmother," said Corn-silk, after the old woman had eaten and accepted presents, "where does Ishbishétbishe live?"

[27] The name Corn-silk proves the tale to be either a relic of an earlier agricultural life with their former brethren, the Hidatsa, or else a myth borrowed bodily from the lore of that tribe.

[28] The final *sh* of personal names is dropped in the case of direct address.

The woman clapped her hand over her mouth. "*Hidá, hidá!*" she exclaimed in her surprise. "My pretty daughter, how did you ever think of him? He is a monster who lives in the form of a man and with his invisible arrow steals the hearts of beautiful young women! When they come to him he throws them to his monster fathers in the water. Ishbishétbishe lives far toward the rising of the sun. How far I cannot say, but beyond that hill, in a coulée covered with rose-bushes, is a lodge where lives a family of old women who can tell you. Take this root-digger, which will protect you from harm. Kick this ball before you, and its speed shall be yours."

Now Apish became very light-hearted. She spent her time in preparing pemmican, and moccasins for herself and Ishbishétbishe. She wore a beautiful dress of mountain-sheep skin, embroidered with colored porcupine-quills and fringed with rattles of deer-hoofs. One day, when her preparations were completed, she stole away. From the top of a high hill she looked back at the great circle of lodges over which her father was chief; she thought of the many lovers she had had, some of whom had even lost their lives trying to win her — and now she was going to a strange land to marry a man she had never seen! She turned again to the east and kicked the ball toward the land of Ishbishétbishe, and its mysterious and wonderful power carried her through the air with it.

When she stopped, she looked back and found herself in a strange land. Nearby was a lonely tipi; an old woman was gathering sticks. As Apísh approached, the old woman saw her, and in surprise exclaimed, Apíi-i" and scurried into the lodge. Corn-silk could hear others asking, "What is the matter?" and the answer, "Apísh is far from her home. What can it mean?" She entered, and saw that they were old women of the Mice people.

"What can we do for you?" asked one of them.

"I wish to go to the country of Ishbishétbishe," answered Apísh.

"*Hidá*!" they exclaimed. "We cannot tell you anything about it, but in the second coulee from here live the White-breasted Mice, who perhaps can help you."

So Apish travelled on and was directed by the White-breasted Mice to the lodge of the Gophers, who said to her, "You are going in the right direction but the Mole people in the next coulee can tell you just where to find him." At the end of the fourth day Apish came to a dirty little lodge, discolored by the smoke of many winters. The old women

who dwelt there were blind, and they travelled under the earth. One of the oldest said, "My daughter, Apísh, listen well; do as I say and you will come to no harm." Then she explained carefully what Corn-silk was to do.

Apísh kicked the ball and again she flew through the air toward the home of Ishbishétbishe. When the sun rose she was standing on the top of a hill looking down upon a great village in a beautiful valley. Men were playing the hoop-and-pole game, and they seemed to divine her mission, for they remarked as she passed, "Ishbishétbishe will have another wife." She asked the way to the lodge of the chief, and when they pointed out a miserable smoky little lodge near the water, her heart was heavy and she sat down to rest. A Mole came out of the ground, and said, "Apísh, do not forget what we told you." That cheered her a little. Ishbishétbishe was not at home, but when he returned later in the afternoon, Apísh found him so handsome that she was delighted. "You have come," he said; "I sent for you long ago; you have worn my patience." But she threw her arms around his neck, and he treated her kindly.

In the early morning she awoke, and, stirring the embers of the fire, was terrified to see that her husband's face was covered with worms!

"It is not morning; come back to bed," he said impatiently.

She lay there thinking sadly about all the handsome young men, her tribesmen, who had wooed her.

"On the fourth day I shall give you to my fathers for thinking what you are thinking," said Ishbishétbishe, who seemed to know her thoughts.

In the morning he was again handsome; only at night was his face repulsive.

On the morning of the fourth day the crier went about shouting, "Ishbishétbishe is going to throw away his fourth wife. All people come and witness the sacrifice!"

Everyone rushed to the heights. Ishbishétbishe came leading Apísh by the hand, and addressed the water far below the bluff:

"Fathers, because you asked it I have destroyed three of the handsomest women in the land! Here is Apísh, who considered herself better than any other woman of her tribe!"

The water heaved and waves dashed against the rocks below.

Stand on this," the chief commanded, pointing to a whitened buffalo-skull near the edge of the bluff; but Apísh retorted quickly:

"I will not; I am to die anyway," and she kicked it over the brink.

Before the skull could strike the water, one of the monsters leaped upward for it, baring his long white teeth. Apísh stepped on the spot where the skull had rested, and sank into the earth to her ankles, for the Moles had dug away the earth beneath, and all the underground people laid firm hold of her moccasin-strings. Ishbishétbishe pushed her thrice, and the fourth time threw all his weight against her, when the ground gave way beneath her and Ishbishétbishe plunged over the edge of the bank, with her blanket tightly grasped in his hand, and was swallowed up by one of the monsters below. The people all shouted, and opened a pathway for Apish, who ran back to secure her ball and stick and started through the air for the distant hill, taking with her the sacred red paint of Ishbishétbishe, his porcupine-tail comb, four sacred arrow-shafts, and his arrow-straightener.

"Brothers," said the creature that had swallowed IshbishÉtbishe, "I am sick. I think I have swallowed our son," and he vomited him up on the land. "Wherever she has gone, follow her and bring her back to us," said they, as Ishbishétbishe started after Apísh.

The medicine-power of the ball was almost exhausted, and Ishbishétbishe was gaining when Apish scattered the red paint in his path. It became a fog, so dense that he knew not in which direction he was travelling, and as it settled to the ground he had to stop and pick up all the paint, piece by piece, for without it he was powerless.

Again he approached, and Corn-silk threw back the stone arrow-straightener, which became a high wall extending across the path in each direction as far as the eye could see. He searched for a place where he might climb over, and at length scrambled to the top, but on the opposite side there was no foot-hold. So he shut his eyes and leaped. He picked himself up sorely bruised, and looking back saw only the little stone arrow-straightener, which he recovered, and started on.

As he once more shortened the distance between himself and Apish, she threw the porcupine-tail comb behind her, and it became a great forest, the trees so close together that he could not force his way through. He climbed one of the trees and crawled over their tops to the other side, and when he again reached the ground he found only the porcupine-tail behind him.

"I shall catch you and feed you to my fathers!" he shouted; but she threw back the arrow-shafts, and a whirlwind carried them just above his head. Ishbishétbishe followed them, springing up into the air in

order to reach them, and they took him back a long distance before they fell to the ground.

By this time Corn-silk had reached the stone lodge of the eight brothers, of whom the Mole woman had told her, and she called out,

"My brother, let me in! Ishbishétbishe is behind me, and I have run a long

way!"

A voice replied, "Run around the lodge four times and enter."

She did so, and the stone doors closed behind her just as Ishbishétbishe came up and stood outside, breathing hard.

"Apísh," he called, "come out! Ivakidhúsh, open the door!"

Ivakidhúsh was a dwarf, who received the name of Greasy Breast from his habit of dipping the tail of a wildcat into a kettle of soup and licking off what did not drip down upon his breast.

"If you do not send her out," threatened Ishbishétbishe, "I will kill you!"

But Ivakidhúsh continued to eat his soup, pausing now and then to shoot an arrow at a mark on the ground. Ishbishétbishe continued to storm and threaten, and at last the little man said, "I shall go outside and throw him to the ground." First telling Apísh what to do, he spoke a word, and as the wall of stone slipped aside he rushed out and grappled with Ishbishétbishe. After a fierce struggle he threw Corn-silk's enemy to the ground, and she quickly covered the two with wood and lighted the pile. As the sparks flew aside she carefully gathered them and threw them back into the fire. When only ashes remained, she stirred them with a stick, and found a small hard lump, which she rubbed with grease, painted red, and rolled up in the robes of Ivakidhúsh. Suddenly the dwarf stood before her, boasting, "I am great! I have killed Ishbishétbishe!"

Later in the day he said, "Conceal yourself, sister, for a little while; my brothers are coming." She crouched behind a pile of skins, and soon heard the rumble of deep voices as the seven brothers entered and threw off their packs of game. Black Wolf, the eldest, had noticed the bare spot where the contest had taken place, and murmured:

"*Haaaaa*^{n}*!* Ivakidhúsh is always doing something. He must have found some one with whom to play!"

While the meat was boiling in the stone pot, the brothers sat around the fire, telling of the events of the day's chase.

"I do not care what you killed," interjected Ivakidhúsh, "I have

something very beautiful."

"You must have stolen one of my arrows," said one.

"I make better arrows than you," replied Ivakidhúsh, quickly.

"I left my eagle-feathers up on the rock; you must have taken them, said another.

"I can catch in my pit all the eagles I wish," retorted the little brother. Then he called out, "Sister, come here!" and Corn-silk stood before them, her long hair gleaming in the firelight, her eyes downcast before their gaze of astonished admiration. They leaped up, each one eager to marry her, all except Black Wolf, who said, "You are all fools; this is our sister!" So it was decided.

When the next hunt was arranged, Ivakidhúsh, who had always remained behind to guard the lodge, said, "My sister is here and she can guard as well as I;" so the seven took him along. Before they started, he said to Apish, "If any strange woman comes near here, tell me at once when we return."

They had not been gone long when Apísh heard a woman's voice singing, and uttering the name of Black Wolf. Her body chilled, and she was even more frightened when the voice sounded in front of the lodge. "Apí, my daughter, I have heard about you and have come to see you" it said, and there entered an ugly old woman, very bony and with white hair. It was Red Woman. Apísh prepared for her a dish of buffalo-tongues, which she greedily devoured. Soon the old woman departed, and from the distance came the sound of her song. When the eight brothers returned, Apish was kept so busy with the meat that she forgot to tell Ivakidhúsh of her visitor.

Three times, while the brothers were away on their hunts, Red Woman visited the lodge, but Apish always forgot to tell them about her. After the fourth visit she wrapped a strip of deerskin about a stick and put it in her hair to remind her that she must tell Ivakidhúsh. While they were hunting that day, Black Wolf noticed that Ivakidhúsh was gloomy, and said:

"My brother, why are you sad?

"Because in my dreams I see our home being defiled," was the answer.

As soon as they returned, he saw the stick in his sister's hair, and knew that something had happened.

"Apísh, what have you in your hair?" he asked.

She drew in her breath sharply and clasped her hands together,

while the other brothers stopped eating and looked up.

"Has Red Woman been here?" demanded Ivakidhúsh.

"Four times," said Apísh, "and her medicine has caused me to forget everything."

"We can live here no longer," said Ivakidhúsh; "our home has been defiled, and Red Woman can now do us injury."

He told his brothers and Corn-silk to stand under the smoke-hole of the lodge and to hold each other tight. Then he shot one of his four medicine-arrows, and they all followed it through the smoke-hole and

until it fell to the earth a long distance from the lodge.

"Now, Ivakidhúsh, which way shall we run?" asked Black Wolf.

"Of all animals the swiftest is the antelope," he answered. "Let us become antelopes. Our sister shall keep watch on this high hill, and when she sees a cloud come from the east, she will know it is Red Woman, and she can warn us."

So Apish sat upon the height, her eyes fastened on the clear blue sky. Her gaze wandered, and when she again looked up, a heavy cloud was almost over her. She started up and ran swiftly to the antelope in a little green valley through which ran a clear stream fringed with willows and birches.

Said Black Wolf, "Rather than die upon some barren hill, let us remain here." So they resumed their human form.

Red Woman came up to them, and cried tauntingly, "O, Black Wolf, shoot me through the heart; it is right here," and she placed her hand on her left side. Black Wolf shot her through the breast, and she said, "How good that feels! Shoot me in the eye, Black Wolf." He sent an arrow into her eye, and she mocked him, "Now the other eye!" and when he had shot that eye, she suddenly leaped toward him and beat him to death with her stick.

The other brothers rushed to his rescue, but she killed them in the same manner. When Ivakidhúsh alone was left, Meadow Lark standing behind him whispered, "Her heart is on her head," and looking closely the dwarf saw a bit of eagle-down floating above her, held by an almost invisible thread of sinew.

"Of all men, Ivakidhúsh is the most clever. I fear he will kill me," said Red Woman, sarcastically.

"*Kotkáshik!*" cried Ivakidhúsh. "It is really so!" An arrow flew at the thread of sinew. When Red Woman knew he had discovered her

secret she turned to flee, but his second arrow severed the thread, and she fell lifeless.

Ivakidhúsh built seven sweat-houses in the shape of the stars of the Dipper, and in each he placed the body of a brother, and by the sacred sweat he restored life to them. He left them for a time and went in search of a place of safety. When he returned, he said, "All things on this earth perish, my brothers. You shall dwell in the sky and be called the Seven Stars, and at night all people shall use you as a guide. I shall be a screech-owl."

Before they separated he told Apísh that her home was toward the east. "On your way you will meet four infants; do not touch them, for if you do, disease will come upon your people." Then as the seven brothers went up into the sky and Ivakidhúsh flew away in the form of a screech-owl, Apísh started on her way. She passed three of the infants in safety, but the fourth, a pretty child, ran after her, calling, "Mother! Mother!" She thought, "Perhaps I can take this child home and people will believe it is mine." So she carried him on her back in her blanket.

The people all rejoiced at her return, and her father made a great feast in her honor; he was happy, for now he had his daughter to lighten the burdens of old age. Soon after this, when all was still one night, the child arose, and, passing up through the smoke-hole, went to another lodge in a distant part of the village and killed all the people in it by sucking out their hearts. The next night another family was mysteriously killed, and the people becoming alarmed, the chief summoned all the medicine-men and the wise ones of the tribe to consider these strange happenings. Now, one of these medicine-men had a wonderful arrow, which helped him to discover hidden things; if one of the feathers became loosened, he would look through the aperture between the feather and the shaft and behold things that others could not see. He took this arrow and threw it in the buffalo-trail, where it would be trampled and the feather loosened, and the spirit that was doing the mischief would suspect nothing.

The third night the imp slowly put his head out of the smoke-hole of the lodge when everyone was asleep, and looked carefully around. He caught sight of the arrow, and noticing that one of the feathers was loose, he dodged back, exclaiming, "He sees me!" In the morning the medicine-men assembled again, and the owner of the arrow said, "The one we are seeking is among these lodges. He saw that this feather did

not quite touch the shaft in the middle, and he dared not come forth."

That day it rained and the shaft swelled so much that the feathers fitted tightly to it, leaving no opening, and at night when the evil child looked at it, he saw all the feathers close to the shaft, and ventured out to kill a third family. The medicine-men were as greatly puzzled as ever, for the mysterious arrow, of course, could tell them nothing. But the bad weather continued and caused the sinew that held the feathers to the shaft to loosen, and so there was a very small space between the shaft and the feather next to the ground. When the child looked out of the smoke-hole that night, all seemed as usual to him, for the loosened feather was hidden from his sight. So he went out and destroyed a fourth family.

The next morning the crier called all men to the lodge of the medicine-man of the arrow.

"How is it?" they asked.

"The child that Apísh brought is destroying us," said the medicine-man; "he is an evil spirit, a disease in the form of flesh."

They resolved to burn him alive, and the women were all told to gather wood and place it in a huge pile in the centre of the village. They came to Apísh, and said,

"Apísh, is this your child?"

"Yes, it is my child," she wept.

"You are lying!" they said. "If you do not tell us the truth we will burn you with him!"

So she then told how she had found the child and taken it home and pretended that it was hers.

They burned the child until only ashes remained; then the lodges were struck and the people all moved to another locality far away. Apísh was disgraced forever: no one would associate with her, and in spite of her youth and beauty she lived alone, poor and forsaken, in a solitary lodge by the river.

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