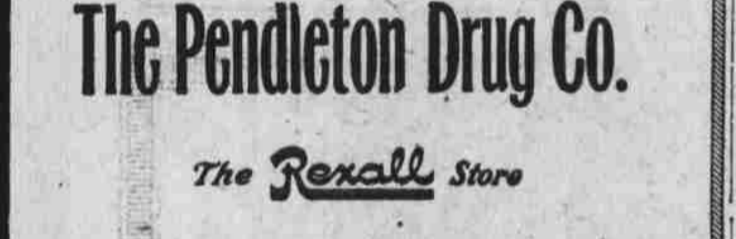


"COWBOYLAND" WAS FOUND BY THE LATE COL. ROOSEVELT TO BE PEOPLED BY MEN WHO WERE BRAVE

(Continued from page 4.) the middle geyser basin. Here we found a troop of the 1st cavalry camped, under the command of old friends of mine, Captain Frank Edwards and Lieutenant (now Captain) John Pitcher. They gave us hay for our horses and insisted upon our stopping to lunch, with the ready hospitality always shown by army officers. After lunch we began exchanging stories. My traveling companion, the surveyor, had that spring performed a feat of note, going through one of the canyons of the Big Horn for the first time. He went with an old mining inspector, the two of them dragging a cottonwood sledge over the ice. The walls of the canyon are so sheer and the water is so rough that it can be descended only when the stream is frozen. However, after six days' labor and hardship the descent was accomplished, and the surveyor, in concluding described his experience in going through the Crow reservation.

The Last Word in Blouses



Tailored blouses change very little from the standard form. Given the long-pointed neck and the round Peter Pan neck or the high collar... we have the same general effects this year as last. But Forsythe models have many original touches. One tailored blouse of silk, broadcloth has a collar almost Don Juanesque. Beneath the rolling collar is a blue tie. Another hand made blouse has exquisite drawn work, with dot embroidery in a panel. This work also is on the Peter Pan collar and cuffs. Still another dainty model with tiny fluting shows the tucked shirt collar.

Brings Cloudburst.

Meanwhile a mass of black thunderclouds gathering on the horizon threatened one of those cloudbursts of extreme severity and suddenness so characteristic of the plains country. While still trying to make arrangements for a party, a horseman started out of the Crow ranks and galloped heading down toward the troops. It was the medicine chief, Sword-Bearer. He was painted and in his battle-dress, wearing his war-bonnet of floating, trailing eagle feathers while the plumes of the same bird were braided in the mane and tail of his fiery little horse. Once he came to a gallop almost up to the troops and then began to circle around them, calling and singing and throwing his crimson sword into the air, catching it by the hilt as it fell. Twice he rode completely around the soldiers who stood in uncertainty, not knowing what to make of this performance, and expressly forbidden to shoot at him. Then paying no further heed to them he rode back toward the Crows. It appears that he had told them that he would ride twice around the hostile force, and by his incantations would call down rain from heaven, which would rage the hearts of the white man like water, so that they should go back to their homes. Sure enough, while the arrangements for the party were going forward, down came the cloudburst, drenching the command and making the ground on the hills in front nearly impassable; and before it had dried a courier arrived with orders to the troops to go back to camp.

Indians Are Shot.

Immediately the Indians sent (Continued on page 6.)

A Second Performance.

Sword-Bearer then started to repeat his former ride, to the intense irritation of the soldiers. Luckily, however, this time some of his young men could not be restrained. They, too, began to ride near the troops, and one of them was unable to refrain from firing on Captain Edwards' troop, which was in the van. This gave the soldiers their chance. They instantly responded with a volley, and Captain Edwards' troop charged. The fight lasted but a minute or two, for Sword-Bearer was struck by a bullet and fell, and as he had boasted himself invulnerable, and promised that his warriors should be invulnerable also if they should follow him, the hearts of the latter became as water and they broke in every direction. One of the amusing, though irritating, incidents of the affair was to see the painted and painted warriors race headlong for the camp, plunge into the stream, wash off their paint, and remove their feathers; in another moment they would be stolidly sitting on the ground, with their blankets over their shoulders, rising to greet the pursuing cavalry with unmoved composure and calm assurances that they had always been friendly and had much disapproved the conduct of the young bucks who had just been scattered on the field outside. It was much to the credit of the discipline of the army that no bloodshed followed the fight proper. The loss to the whites was small.

Murder Herder.

The other incident, related by Lieutenant Pitcher, took place, in 1890, near Tongue River, in Northern Wyoming. The command with which he was serving was camped near the Cheyenne reservation. One day two young Cheyenne bucks met one of the government herders, and promptly killed him—in a sudden fit, half of ungoverned blood lust, half of mere ferocious lightheadedness. They then dragged his body into the brush and left it. The disappearance of the herder of course attracted attention, and a search was organized by the cavalry. At first the Indians stoutly denied all knowledge of the missing man; but when it became evident

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