

a blanket & tried to carry it. No go, then they tried to lead it behind a horse. No go. Then they put it across Mr Hedley's pony, & walked beside it & held it there. Finally they strapped a roll of blankets on each side of the saddle to make a regular pad. & put the calf across it, where it rode beautifully. Once when the pony jumped down a bank the calf fell off, but Mr Hedley caught it in his arms. And as it got safely to camp, where it drank water twice & lay down, times enough. Nibbled at the grass, also.

At night Mr Hedley & I took our blankets & rifles & went out to the spot where the calf was taken, to stay all night, & watch for the return of the herd. Andrew & Moran went to the ranch & returned again about 10 o'clock. Beautiful & red sunset. Feet sore & stiff. Hard walk to our watching place. Did not ascend in

finding it until after dark. Then we chose a bare spot in the sage-brush at the very bottom of the ravine between the buttes, so that we could look up toward the horizon in whichever way we looked. Spread down our blankets & went to bed, with all our clothes on, of course. Every half hour or so we looked around sharply, and listened for the footfalls of buffalo. The night was very still, only the occasional chirp of a sparrow breaking the silence.

Saturday, May 22.

Our bed was hard, & rough, but being tired as dogs we slept. The moon rose about midnight, & then the night was beautiful. At dawn we arose, stretched our aching limbs & stiff joints, & rolled up our blankets to leave them. Put them up on the top of a rocky butte, to carry home

on horseback. Then we had a hunt for antelope. Saw one very soon after we awoke, but it saw us first, & said good-bye. Chased around generally, & saw one other, but that was all. Saw some rabbits that were very tame. Walked home, & found everybody sound asleep.

Sgt. Farre pulled out with the wagon and all the escort save Private Jones, & drove down to Phillips ranch.

Took the buffalo calf along to get it to a cow. We kept the Sibley tent, & 40 days rations. Will now have more room, & be much more comfortable.

In the afternoon I tried to take Mr. Hedley over on the other side of the little dry, & where we lost the field-glass. Went to the little dry, but didn't strike it at the right place, & couldn't find the spot at all. Tired & hot we rode back.

Sunday. May 23.

Mr. Hedley & I made a big circle on the prairie (divide) south of our camp. Fewer buttes, and country more level & sightly. Had several good shots at antelope, but shot poorly, & got none. For instance, saw two antelope feeding in a little hollow, & they did not see us. Fired at them without hitting. Later we saw 4 coming over a hill toward us, & we "laid" for them. Got off & lay down. They stopped some distance off, and with my hat I kept their attention until

Mr. Hedley succeeded in slipping around to one side, & getting in a shot at close range. (100 yds.).

He missed. Today we rode over about 15- sq. mi. of territory, but saw no buffalo. Just before noon we thought we struck a trail of buffalos, & followed it up with

airily until we came upon
a herd of cattle, at a water hole.
Drove them away, & drank after
them. The water was warm, and
very strongly flavored with cattle.

Then we picketed our ponies, &
climbed to the top of a rocky
butte where on the N. side we
found a cool shady spot, in
which we lay down & rested &
snored for an hour. I was very much
afraid Mr Hedley would go to sleep &
roll down the steep rocky declivity,
but to prevent such a catastrophe
he kept awake. We were about 50
feet above the plain, & enjoyed
for the first time in this country
(away from camp) the luxury of
shade. Think of it. Found a
hawk's nest with an egg in it.

Had a very pleasant day. Neither
not so hot, & there was very little
wind.

Monday
Sunday, May 24th

Today we rode south until we
got onto the divide, then rode West,
toward the head of Phillips Creek. We
had our morning at the highest
water-hole on that stream. There were
newts (?) in it, catching grasshoppers.

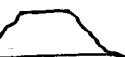
After our lunch & rest of an hour,
we rode up to the very head of the
creek, & there found that only a
narrow ridge ten feet wide divided
our creek from the streams that make
Sandy Creek. Saw ten or a dozen pine
trees on the high bank where the
divide breaks off. We started to go
to them and lug them. They looked
so good, but it was too far.

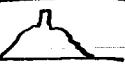
Went to the ~~to~~ top an immense
butte, the highest point up there,
that stands immediately east of the
sources of Sand Creek & Phillips Creek.
A hard climb, but a grand view.
What a prospect. In every direction

the view swept over from
ten to twenty-five miles of
wild, rugged country, composed of
buttes, divides, coulees, wash-outs,
and rugged ravines & creeks,—
nothing but bad lands. It was

one endless succession of buttes,
of all sizes & many shapes. For
instance, there is one kind which
might be called haystack buttes; 

others " " " wheat-pile " 

" " " straw-pile " 

Here there are the flat-topped
and " " " chimney " 

and many others, many
of which are rocky buttes. These forms
are multiplied endlessly, & when they
stand thickly it is the hardest task
in the world to find ones way
amongst them, or return to a given
spot after once leaving it. There are
no prominent landmarks, none which
may not be duplicated half a

dozen times in a square mile.
& one soon gets hopelessly confused
in trying to remember a given set
of landmarks. I never saw such
a blasted country for getting lost
in.

But the view was truly grand,
& impressive. We seemed to be
looking over the whole territory
Montana, indeed! With a vengeance,
. too. We saw Sand Creek for 5
miles of its course, & could see the
sources of the Big Dry, Little Dry, the
Porcupines & many small creeks.

Thought we saw buffalo down
in Sand Creek bottom, but a nearer
approach proved they were cattle
only. Made a big circuit west
South, then rode home, arriving
about 6 P.M. Found Boyd at the
camp, waiting for us. When we
first saw a black horse at camp
we puzzled son to know whether

its rider brought good or ill news.
The cow-boy had merely ridden up to
say the calf needed some doctoring.
— and that the Sargent & his
crowd had lost their six mules!
Strayed away Saturday evening, &
they had all ridden all day Sunday
without being able to recover or even
hear of them. It is supposed they
have gone back to the fort. Here is
the chance to pay. Moran & another
private have posted on to see what
has become of them.

Tuesday,
Wednesday. May 25.

Mr. Hedley & I rode down to the
ranch in the morning, 2 hours ride,
8 miles. Saw a big flock of sage
cocks. Found our Cheyenne Indian,
White Dog, at the ranch, arrived
last night from Keogh. Brought
letters from Josephine of May 10 & 12.
Dog has been 8 days in getting to

us. so he says. He has his own
pony. & a Springfield carbine cal 45.
He won't talk hardly any. Not a
bad looking cuss. pants are red
overalls, & his other clothes are
also all European. I am to pay
him \$35. per month. & his grub.

We doctored the calf. With an
old rusty gun barrel we made a
syringe by putting a cork and a
pipe-stem in one end. Then we
gave the little fellow an injection.
& it had the desired effect. The little
fellow is very weak. Drank milk
yesterday, & water today. Also sucked
the cow.

Pricised at a mark with our
rifles after dinner. I made the
best shots. but all the shooting was
poor. Back to camp with
Dog. in the evening. Wrote a
letter, & gave to Sgt. Gerome. for
Josephine.

Wednesday, May 26.

Intended to start out for a 3 days hunt. but it rained all the forenoon, so we had to give it up. Boyd came up to go with us to look for the field glass. a blank day. Dog's pony has a very sore back.

We are now enjoying our life here very much. Very comfortable.

Thursday, May 27.

George, Dog & I took a frying pan & grub for 4 days, and our blankets behind our saddles, & set off South to swing around the half of a big circle. Boyd went with us to help look for the field glass. Rode across the Little Dry to the spot where it was lost, & Boyd tracked up the horses all through the chase, but after a long search we had to give it up as lost forever. Then Boyd left us, and the rest of us rode some distance west,

toward the Porcupine. Dog distinguished himself by killing an old sage hen that was setting. He stalked her a foot, took a rest with his two sticks, and shot her dead. George took the eggs in the empty case of my field-glass. Saw no signs of buffaloes. Camped at night beside the Little Dry. Care very small. It was a glorious evening. Went to bed at sunset, in the level creek bottom. In the early twilight we heard the peculiar snort of an antelope (as violent and hissing inhalation immediately followed by a more violent & hissing exhalation, accompanied by a stamp of the forefoot), and when we sprang from our blankets & looked around saw a fine big buck standing stock still, staring hard at us, a hundred yards away. I grabbed my rifle, but Dog, who was much nearer the antelope, was ready first, & blazed away. He missed, & away went the antelope, much to our disgust.

Friday, May 28.

Early in the morning I shot an antelope, & skeletonized it immediately. Went on and soon saw another, a fine old buck. Dog asked leave to stalk it, & went. Soon he was out of sight. George & I waited, watching the buck intently. Presently we saw him fall over broadside, & then we heard the report of Dog's gun. Took the skull of this, & bones to repair other skeleton, which was fully shot. Changed our course, crossed Little Dry where it was so small we could scarce recognize it as a creek, & rode North. A fearfully hot, & terribly trying day. Air dry as a furnace. We felt the heat keenly. Camped early, about 4 P.M. on a little creek that runs into Sand Creek. George & I went up on a high butte nearby, & staid there an hour. I felt ~~the~~ overcome by a dreadful lassitude, & wished I was back in Washington! Almost despaired of ever finding buffalos. Below is a rough sketch of our camp, & my companions.



Head of "So Little Creek".
So says Dog. There is no such creek.

Saturday, May 29.

Crossed Sand Creek, rode off 2 mi. toward Big Dry, then struck E. down the divide. No buffalos. Dog always said "Cattle!" Hot as blazes, stifling. Am riding a dangerous horse with an entire antelope skeleton, with curredly long horns, 2 blankets, frying pan, canteen, rifle, etc. My horse is a devil when anything unexpected happens. Just about 4 P.M. concluded to swing for the head of Phillips Creek, & camp. so turned due South, & crossed Sand Creek. Up to this point I had all the time led the way. Now Dog was ready to take us to camp! Struck Sandy Arroyo, & rode up it. As we rode along the edge of a deep gully 30 ft deep & 50 ft wide, came upon a fine ♂ antelope drinking at the bottom. As he scrambled up the steep side opposite us Dog got down, bent, and as the buck hatteth at the top & turned to look at us Dog fired, distant 30 yds. Never touched a hair! Worst miss I ever saw! In any country! Up on the divide shot an antelope, carried it on George's horse to upper water hole at head of Phillips Creek, & camped there. Awfully thirsty & tired. Camped just at dark. Our last grub except antelope was a can of beans. Newts in the water hole. Alkali all around.

Sunday, May 30.

Rode to camp with Antelope. While lying in the tent resting a couple of cowboys arrived from the west & told us they had killed a bull buffalo that morning about 15 miles west, & we might have it if we wanted it. Took directions, and Geo. & I. (with Dog) started at once for the dug out 8 miles above on the Little Dry. I piloted all the way, & struck the dug out fair & square by the description. The sign was this: Two pillars, on a butte,

Found no one at home, but stopped just the same & cooked our supper. (For picture of this dug-out see Cosmopolitan later). About dark Jim Harrison & Dutch Charley came in. They are LW men, & have just arrived here from the round-up, with a lot of cattle to "gold". Jim cooked their supper by frying bacon, mixing some flour & water in an empty trough can & frying in a frying pan for bread. He burned it to a crisp on one side, then turned it over & burned. totter. & in the middle it was raw. Dinted us to partake, but fortunately we had supper.

Tuesday May 31

Jim Harrison piloted us to the buffalo bull, about 5 miles up the creek. Fine morning. It was a big old bull, hair all shed off body, new hair on head. Meat spoiled of course. We flew in & skeletonized him. Measurements: - Height at shoulders, 5' 4". Length, head & body 8' 8", tail 13", & brush 13." Circ. of neck, 5'. Made Dog rough out 2 legs, & it nearly killed him. At last he quit & laid down on his stomach, & pretended to be sick. When we got through he got better. On the way back to the dugout came upon an old sagehen & brood of chicks, 2 or 3 weeks old. The old hen would not leave them, but flew around very close to us, & clucked & called pitifully. The little ones scattered & hid promptly, but in spite of my shaming George took in the whole lot old ones and all. I carried the skin of the buffalo head on my horse in spite of his objections, but it was risky. Returned to our camp by sundown. Tired.

Tuesday June 1.

The capture of the calf & the killing of the bull proves that there are buffalo here, but it is too late to hunt them now, for their skins are no good. So decided to return to Wash. & once, & come out again in the fall prepared to do the thing up brown. Wrote letters to Fort asking for 2 escort wagons, & started Dog to town with them. Dismissed him. He is n.g. Too lazy to take care of the sore on his pony's back, too sullen to talk English. Received herd of buffalos.

Wednesday June 2

George & I went down to Phillips Ranch. Mr P. was at home, & received us with quiet but hearty cordiality. Calf is doing well. But the great question is, how to get it from here to Lewis's ranch, where milk is? Mr Phillips offered to carry it on his buck-board tomorrow, at one drive, & take Andrew also. Mr Hadley went back to camp to tell Andrew to come. I fixed buckboard for the trip by making a body for the back of it, padded with hay. Andrew took a big drink of whisky before leaving the tent, & as a result could not follow the trail to the L.V! Went back to camp like the fool that he was, & just then a cowboy came along bound for the ranch & piloted him along the plain trail. He got in too late for me to go back to camp that night. A very calfish & vexatious piece of business. Next trip A. will stay at home.

Thursday. June 3.

Sent calf away to Owen's ranch 45 mi. where there are cows. We tied its legs together, and put it lying down in the back of the buck board. I returned to camp, & on arriving Geo. met me with the news that another buff. has been killed by Cowboys, beyond the dugout. Rode at once to the dug-out, & subsidized Jim Harrison to go and show us where the bull lay. Took the wagon. I drove, & Jim rode a horse & hunted. Drove & drove, and he hunted & hunted, but couldn't find it. Lost 2 or 3 hours. Finally, when almost in despair, and the sun only an hour high, George Hellley climbed a tall butte and pointed to a deep ravine where he thought it might be. Right. It lay at the bottom of an awful ravine, & to get to it I did some very scary driving with the mules. Had the lock broken, or the burners given way we would all have gone to Davy Jones. Right in the scariest place passed an old sage hen with a flock of young, close. They did not stir. Buffalo Bill was a big one, but body bare of hair, saved skin entire however, with great labor. Worked with frantic haste to get through by dark. To get the skin up the steep side Jim hitched up to it with his rope by the horn of his saddle & snaked it up. We were late getting home long after dark, & we were tired, cold, hungry & sleepy. Getting to that forlorn little dug-out, a hole in the hill side with a roof over it, seemed the next best thing to home!

Friday. June 4.

I prepared the skin, & skinned head. George took the wagon & drove to Buff. no 1. & brought back the skel. Cured a lot of meat. Met McCaughan (HV man) with nipped trousers. Drove back to our camp in the P.M. Moran arrived from town with mail.

Saturday. June 5, 1886

All day at camp, working on skin & skull of the 2 buffaloes. As we left the dug-out yesterday Dutch Charlie came riding in breathless & said he had just chased 8 buffaloes (1 a calf) only 2 miles away, & wanted us to go for them. We declined, because buffs are useless now, & begged him to let them alone.

In afternoon Moran & I went to prairie-dog town 2 mi above to try to dig out a burrow. After digging down 4 feet we shoved down a long pole, which went down 9 ft more without touching bottom, so we gave it up. Shot & shot with shot gun at dogs, but did not get one!

Sunday. June 6, 1886

Jones & Moran took horses & went hunting to the dug out. One escort wagon arrived from Ft. Keogh. The remains of the other team is at the L.V. ranch. One mule of it is dead, one ran away, & 1 is lame. A pretty mess.

Monday. June 7.

Broke camp & started to Miles City. Stopped at the L.V. Made a sketch of the ranch for Phillips. (Got 3 dry skeletons above the ranch - on our way up). George & I slept at the haystack.

Tuesday. June 8.

Drove to the Red Buttes. Killed 5 sage grouse, I shot a fine buck antelope at the Red Buttes, & in less than half an hour afterward steaks from him were in the frying pan. Skinned & George went off with Moran & shot a lonely little coyote 2 mos. old. I made a skin of it, & it took me till 11.30 P.M. Tired! Rather.

EXPEDITION FOR BUFFALO.

a man named Frank A. Zahl, from Terry, Custer Co. was guided to us by the light of our fire, & showed hospitality. He had a wagon. He and his brother collect buffalo bones along the Missouri River, slipping on the steamboats. They have them crushed, & get \$28. per ton in Mich. Cost \$10. per ton to ship. They get \$23 per ton not crushed. Zahl & Bro. shipped over 200 tons last year.

Zahl were formerly buffalo hunters. Zahl says 50,000 buffalo went north in 1883. & never returned. Zahl thinks there are 5000 head now in the U.S. all in small bands. This is a great mistake.

Wednesday, June 9.

Drove to Owen's Ranch, & camped there. Calf & Andrew all right. Hot weather.

Thursday, June 10

Put on good clothes & reached Miles City at 10 a.m. The river is burning. It takes two ferrages to get across. \$4 cost. Came near upsetting the heavily loaded wagon in going into the boat. Packed specimens in afternoon. Put calf in Brown's livery stable.

Friday, June 11.

I went to Ft. Keogh. Packed bag of skeletons. Temps $118\frac{1}{2}$ ° (in the sun). Sent Andrew across river to get a buffalo skull.

Saturday, June 12.

Shipped boxes, sold ponies, & started home at 1.30 a.m. Carried calf in crate in baggage car. dead heat.

Sunday, June 13. Dakota. Monday " 14 St Paul. Tuesday " 15 Chicago. Wednesday " 16 Harrisburg.

Thursday, June 17. Medina. Wednesday " 23 Rochester. Thursday " 24 Washington.

PART II - THE EXPEDITION

Monday, Sept 20, 1886.

Left Washington for Miles City, accompanied by Mrs Harvey Brown, special assistant, C. H. Hornay, bound for Yellowstone Park, & Josephine & Helen bound for Little Creek.

Tuesday, Sept 21.

Reached Chicago at 6.25 P.M. Josephine & Helen left for B.C. at 8.15. Rest of us at 10.30 for St. Paul. over the C.M. & St. P. Free passes for all.

Wednesday, Sept 22.

St Paul at 2, left at 4 P.M. over the S.P.

Thursday, Sept 23.

All day on the N.P. in Dakota country.

Friday, Sept 24.

Reached Miles City at 1.40 P.M. Cal went on to the Yellowstone Park. We to Drivne House, & had to sit up till morning. The first man I saw on entering the hotel was J. W. Davis. He chaffed me about coming on a wild-goose chase, & then I gave him away, telling him he ought to be ashamed to let a tenderfoot come out here and find buffalo. In spring & catch calves in a locality where, an old fur buyer, said there were none! He almost got mad, it plagued him so, but he had to take his medicine.

At 8 o'clock met Drivne Boyd, who has been here waiting for me, and another cowboy he has engaged, Latte S. Russell, from the L.V. outfit. Didn't like Russell's looks, but he was already engaged, both \$50. per month, & they furnish their own horses. Went up to Ft. Keogh.

saw Lt-Col Cochran, in command, asked for a 6-mule team, and an escort. Got stores, (purchased of L.M.D. at 10% above cost), a fine new Sibley tent, with wall, Sibley stove, camp kettles, etc. etc. Asked for a cook also.