

a man named Frank A. Zabel, 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, shipping 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. Zabel & Bro. shipped over 200 tons last year. They were formerly buffalo hunters. Zabel says 50,000 buffalo went north in 1883. & never returned. Zabel 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 booming. It takes two ferriages to get across. \$4 cost. Came near upsetting the heavily loaded wagon on going into the boat. Packed specimens in afternoon. Put calf in Brown's livery stable.

Friday, June 11.

I went to Ft. Keogh. Packed bal of skeletons. Temp 118½° (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 engine car. dead head.

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

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

EXPEDITION FOR BUFFALO. PART II - THE HUNT.

Monday, Sept 20, 1886.

Left Washington for Miles City, accompanied by Mrs Harvey Brown, special assistant, C. Hornaday, bound to Yellowstone Park, & Josephine & Helen bound for Battle 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 N.P.

Thursday, Sept 23

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

Friday, Sept 24

Reached Miles City at 1.40 A.M. Cal went on to the Yellowstone Park. Went to Enver House, & had to sit up till morning. The first man I saw on entering the hotel was J. U. Davis. He chaffed me about curing out on a wild-goose chase, & then I gave him away by telling him he ought to be ashamed to let a tenderfoot come out here and find buffalo last spring & catch calves in a locality where he, an old fur buyer, said there were none! He almost got mad, it plaguesd him so, but he had to take his medicine. At 8 o'clock met Dr. Irvine Boyd, who has been here waiting for me, and another cowboy he has engaged, Latta 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 Z.M.D. at 10% above cost), a fine new Sibley tent, with wall, Sibley stove, camp kettles, etc. etc. Asked for a cook also.

Boyd produced a little roan pony he had bought for me. price \$45.

Saturday, Sept 25.

Bought a team, John + Goodbye, or "Brownie" + "Roney," price \$135, of Living B. Rea, of the CH ranch. Loaded up the 6-mule team and it got away at 2 P.M. after a deal of kicking from the men about the size of the load, swearing that they "won't walk for anybody!" etc. As the team drove down the street the swaddles on the load waved bottles of whiskey in the air. The six-mule could not haul all the load. I hired a team (\$10) to haul the rest of it to the ^{Orill} road ranch. 24 mi up. Ferry bill .84. Was told at the ferry the escort was uproariously drunk, + had 1 1/2 gal of rot-gut. Three miles or so from Miles City N. of the Yellowstone, old Joe, the team-steer, upset the whole outfit on a side hill, and the whole escort was buried under dishes + sundry big sacks of oats, potatoes, salt, boxes of canned goods + et cetera. The escort was dug out eventually, but several of them "felt their oats" for some time afterward. One man, McCarma, the cook, was sober, + as the wagon went over he jumped off on the uphill side, all safe. The whole hillside was strewn with the wreck, freight + camp equipage, all of which, over 4000 lbs of freight, had to be picked up, carried up hill + reloaded. Camped at Chapmans ranch, everything in frightful confusion, part of the crowd drunk, the rest mad. Very disgraceful state of affairs. A tent was put up for me, but the soldiers were too shiftless + drunk to put up theirs, + they slept out in the open. I had diarrhea all day, + felt more or less miserable. It is due to the accursed arterian well water of Miles City.

Mr Tom, Tom, of the HV ranch, + one of his men, Jim Dyer, go up with us as packmen.

Sunday, Sept 26.

a very hard wind last night, and dust + dust. Mr + Mrs Chapman are an old couple who live all alone, have a few sheep, but no horses. - very poor. Don't see how they live. They loaned us a lantern last night, and this morning I gave them some canned corn, + a pint jar of Josephine's preserves.

A stinging cold day, + windy from the N.W. Watered at Owens ranch, got a gal. of kerosene. Watered at Mrs O's store. Got to the Artell ("snake") ranch at noon. Halted for dinner. Mr Rea + Boyd met us with my new team; the wagon + harness. I have hired @ \$10. per month. Bought a sorrel horse "Baldy" @ \$60. Rea loaned Boyd a horse. Pulled out about 3 P.M. + made a dry camp 6 mi beyond.

Monday, Sept 27.

another cold day. Got a late start, - 8 A.M. Got to Red Buttes about 9 o'clock. Found the LV horse camp, in a ~~the~~ tent, still there. Met Billy Elliott, a cooper with the toothache, + Bob Andrews, who cooked for us. Had milk, bacon + bread + an appetite. Doctor'd Billy's tooth-ache with paregoric, + left some for him in a bottle. Windy. Went on at 3, + made a dry camp about half way to the crossing of Thompson Creek, in a flat, grassy hollow. During the day's ride lost my fine new field glass, but found it again. Russell + Brown brought in an antelope, + Boyd a fine coyote. Had a fine antelope supper, + I skinned the 2 with Brown's help. Old Joe counseled the soldiers by observing "I wud be a domel" - amable Indian that could hide in this grass.

Tuesday, Sept 28.

Off at 7.15. No water at Thompson Creek. That in the little dry was liquid mud, + the horses would hardly touch it. Joe's 6 mules did not all together drink a pailful. He said "One bucketful

of this water is enough to water all the
mules Uncle Sam's got." Boyd & I took a big
ride off E. of the road. saw 3 little antelopes,
& buffalo skeletons, nothing more. Got water
at Skunk spring. Jim Dyer shot a sage cock.
Had a hard ride. about 25 miles. Made a dry
camp on a little creek which runs into the
Big Dry. Plenty of wood here. but none between
this & Owens. on Sunday creek. Very dusty camp.
Dug in the stream bed for water & got a little. Met
some cowboys who told us about buffalo on
Sunday creek.

Wednesday, Oct 13th

A fine clear day. Boyd & Jim went over toward the Porcupine again. About the middle of the afternoon Mack & I saw a bunch of cattle rush down the hillside & stampede the 2 horses that were staked away up there where the grass was.

We rushed for the horses - which had pulled up their picket pins, and were galloping off dragging their ropes. Then we saw a cowboy galloping after them, but could not tell who it was. The horses circled around our camp toward the W. & after a 2-mile chase the cowboy caught old Selim, & we saw that it was Russell. Finally I caught Ranger. Russell said he had just chased a bunch of 7 buffalo, & wounded an old bull. Came upon the buff's lying in a coulee as he was piloting the wagon across. He took Selim & lit out for the buff's, & I saddled Ranger & set out to meet the boys with the wagon, "2 miles back." Met them, and as we got in sight of camp we looked across to the rolling prairie back of the camp, & saw a man on a dark horse chasing a bunch of dark-colored animals. He rode furiously, & presently I saw a flash, which I was sure must be a shot. Ranger was not fit to be ridden hard, so in a jiffy we had yanked the harness off old Brownie, clapped my saddle on him, & away I went. He galloped splendidly.

with speed, strength & surefootedness, & I said to myself, "This is the horse for buffalo." We went like the wind. Two antelope jumped up and skurried out of our way. We crossed the creek, galloped up the slope on the other side, but no buffalo was in sight. Rode on west, hoping to come up with the hunt or head it off somewhere, but saw no sign of it. Looked the whole country over, saw nothing but cattle, then as it was near sunset rode to camp. Russell was back, & the boys were in. R. & I went back & brought the wagon in. He had seen a man who saw the buffalo after he left them, running S-W. toward the bad grounds south of the head of this creek. We decided to strike their trail in the morning, by daylight if possible, & to that end we cleaned our rifles, filled our belts with cartridges, overhauled our saddles, & went to bed early, to rise earlier still. The boys told me to call them at 4 o'clock.

Thursday, Oct 14.

In order not to oversleep I was awake about 4 or 5-times during the night. Finally I called all hands at 4.15 & up we got instantly. It was a raw, cold morning, & looked like snow. Made hurried up the breakfast, & we hurried our preparations.

Our ration of antelope, gravy, bread & coffee was soon disposed of, & each man took a lunch for himself of 4 hard tacks. We were soon in the saddle, & rode away from camp just as the sky was beginning to brighten along the tops of the high ridges East of us.

We rode straight up Calf Creek for about 4 miles, & struck the trail of the buffalo fair & square. For a while Jim & Boyd doubted it, & Russell was sure, & I also, & presently we came to ground on which the signs were so fresh the most skeptical had to give in. At the head of Calf Creek we left the buttes behind us, & entered a tract of country composed of rolling hills, smooth enough to look at, but like the bottom of hell to get over. I never saw such ground elsewhere. It was loam, but loose like dry sand, so that the horses hoofs sank into it hoof deep every step. More than this, the earth was cracked open all over in great cracks sometimes 3 or 4 inches wide, into which the horses stepped very often. It was terrible ground. In some places sage-brush grew upon it, in others greasewood. Boyd says that in spring when that ground is full of water a horse ~~can~~ sinks into it half way to his knees. When it dries,

it cukes over the top. It is terribly laborious for a horse to get through it. There is a strip of it about ten miles wide extending from the head of Calf Creek clear to the McQuinnis fork of the Porcupine.

Well, we followed the trail through those bad grounds, & in so doing crossed a divide, which had on it not a single landmark. The trail led down a "draw" (coulee) clear to the other creek, & there crossed, & struck into some awfully bad bad lands. The trail was terribly hard to follow in the high grassy plain it led through at one place & on the hard buffalo grass in other places. The boys did splendid work in following it. Finally Jim proposed that we give it up, & as we all agreed we did so; but a little later Russell found it again, & stuck to it on his own hook. I went with him, & the other 2 went together.

Presently we got onto high ground, & as it was noon we halted, unsaddled & ate our lunch. Jim & Boyd had gone to a higher point than we, & presently they rode down to us & said,

"We have spotted the buffalo!"

"Where?"

"Do you see that high butte with the

rocks on top. - the one farthest north?"

He pointed S-2, & about 2 miles away.

"Yes."

"Well, the buffalo are lying down in a little coulee just this side of that, right at the foot of it."

Two miles of rugged ravines and deep coulees lay between us and the game, which was not to be seen from where we were, nor from the higher point either without the glass. We let our horses eat & rest for the full hour, & we lay on the short grass & rested also. Then we saddled up & made ready.

Finding my coat too thick to shoot in comfortably I tied it & my gloves behind my saddle. Russell imitated my example. Then I said,

"Now Jim, you are the old buffalo hunter you take the lead, & we will follow you, & do just as you say. Let's get a good standing shot at them, if possible, then for the chase. When we fire from the ground let the man on the left and right take the buffalo on their own sides, so that we won't all shoot at the same one. Now go ahead."

Jim led the way, then came Boyd, then I, & lastly Russell. We got down

in a coulee, & rode along its bed for some distance. We crossed ridges, rode along more coulees in dead silence, & when close to our game, came to a coulee that had water in it! We let our horses drink, & we also drank. In the last coulee, next to our game, we dismounted, left our horses & walked to the top of the ridge, ready to fire. Stalked up carefully, looked over, - no buffalo there!

Then we cautiously climbed up to a high point on the butte, & looked over. I looked across about 250 yds to the top of a flat-topped knoll, or low butte, & saw some very dark objects on top of it, which I thought were rocks, a moment later Jim espied them.

"Down, fellers! Git down! git down!"

We crouched & sneaked back. The dark objects were buffalo lying down! Jewell-kins! Buffalo at last.

Back we went to our horses, mounted, & rode through coulees up to the very foot of the butte on which the herd was lying.

Once more we dismounted, threw our reins over our horses' heads, then stalked up the rocky side of the hill. The first point we made was too far away, so we backed out & made for another a little nearer but still nearly 200 yds distant. We

reached the fringe of jagged rocks at the edge, & cautiously looked over. Of course we were on the leeward side of of game. On the flat top of the little miniature table-land lay a herd of about 16 buffalo, quietly basking in the warm sunshine, noses pointing up the wind. I said to Jim,

"Hadn't we better wait until they stand up, so as to get at their vitals better?"

"No, we must take 'em as the are, aim pretty low, a foot above the brisket. ~~Now~~ Now fellers, don't get excited, & don't fire too quick."

We got our guns in position, I took a dead rest, & drew on the buffalo which lay off to the left, sight up for 200 yds.

Russell it was who said

"One. two. three."

"Bang!"

Up sprang my buffalo and wheeled about as if he were in a fit. He was the first one up, All sprang the whole herd.

"Bang, bang," went the guns of the other fellows. The buffalo started to run from us, wheeled to the left, & got to an easier descent, and started down like mad.

"Bang, bang, bang!" went all our guns at them as they ran.

"To your horses, boys!" cried Boyd, & started down the hill at full speed. I lingered to get in one more shot, then ran. As I started down Boyd dashed off like the wind, & a moment later Jim was after him an old one-eyed Roxy.

Brownie had a good mind to run to, but I said "Whoa Brownie!" and like a good horse he waited for me. Before I was up, Russell was away, & by the time I was ready the whole hunt was out of my sight, around the bluff.

"Go it, Brownie!" I shouted when fairly in the saddle, & with a bound the old fellow was off. He seemed to realize that we were behind, and the way he lit out was a caution. He stuck his nose out straight so that he could see the way, & he seemed to just fly. Such tremendous bounds they were, so strong & swift, and as easy as a cradle. I did not touch him with spur or quirt but just said

"Go it, old man!"

In 300 yards we overhauled Russell on his favorite Selim, & passed him like the wind. The herd was a good quarter mile away, heading straight for the creek, about a mile distant, or more, & going like the wind. They ran in a close bunch, heads down, & the sun striking on the yellow hair of their humps & shoulders made them seem far more yellow than they really were. After them came Boyd on Hunter, not going very fast, & close behind him came Jim.

It was a pretty race. The course was a gentle slope, crossed here & there by nasty coulees, I must admit, & mostly pretty fair ground. As yet no one was within 100 yards of the flying herd. I soon overhauled Boyd & passed him, & then I gave old Brownie the spur. He gained on our game perceptibly at every jump. He leaped ditch-like coulees and sunken spots, dashed through a big prairie-dog town, with all the inhabitants barking at us

skurrying away as we dashed by. My great dread has been of chasding buffalo over a dog town. — & here it is the very first thing. But old Brownie was smart enough. He dodged the holes that lay ambushed for his flying feet, & never stepped in one.

Once we came to a dangerously wide coulie, & I thought of broken bones & the hereafter; but only for a second.

Old Brownie gathered himself at the right moment, leaped, or rather flew across to the other side, & kept on. As the buffalo reached the bank of the creek, an old bull left the herd & turned off to the left. Jim pulled up short, leaped down, & fired 2 shots at him, which hit. Then he turned his rifle on the herd, which was just coming to the level on the other side — 100 yards ahead of me.

If the ground had been clear, or if I had started when the rest did, I could easily have overhauled that herd in a mile & a half, or less.

Leaving Jim firing at the herd I turned off after the old bull, who was a monster, & chased him up the creek. I ran him a mile & a half, when

he made a circuit to the left, and Jim went for him full tilt. He was ahead of me; by this circumstance, so I turned back and made for a cow which had left the herd, & was hit pretty hard. I am sure she was the one I hit at the first fire.

She ran for the bad lands, back toward the buttes, & I soon got a shot, which nearly brought her down. A hundred yards farther I gave her another in the lungs, & down she came! She breathed & labored, so to put her quickly out of her pain I gave her a bullet squarely through the heart. She was a 12-year-old.

Jim joined me gleefully, claiming the \$5. I had offered for the "first big bull." He had got the old bull! Left him in a coulie alive, but with his back broken. He chased the old fellow into a terrible place.

We started to ride to where he lay, & on the way a couple of big bulls jumped up from behind a cut bank & started off. I banged away from my horse, & Jim jumped down & fired. His horse bolted, & I gave him nubes to catch his with while I got down & got two good shots

at my bull, one of which fettered him to his knees. Then he got up & ran. & just then Jim came up on his horse. & in a minute more we were after them. After a short chase, 200 yds. a shot through the lungs did the business for mine, and he tumbled down into a terrible coulee, 10 ft. deep x 4 ft wide! Without losing a moment we went on after the other bull, & chased him 2 miles, separately. But he ran into the hills & got away. Our horses were too tired to follow him up.

A little later as Jim was riding up the creek to join me he met a fine young 2-year-old bull, and killed him dead with one shot. As soon as we met we disemboweled that one & my cow, & then started home. The sun was about half an hour high, a cold wind had risen, and we were about $\frac{2}{3}$ miles from home.

Rode due north. Darkness soon caught us. Our horses were terribly tired & thirsty, & so were we. But we pegged on. Getting across that hell's bottom was awful. The moon

had not yet risen, & it was very dark. Could not see 100 yards away. There were no landmarks. Nothing but dry, loose soil, cracks, sage-brush, stars & cold wind.

"Jim" said I, "if you find camp tonight you are a good one!"

"Well, it's too damned cold to sleep out, & I'm awfully thirsty too. We must find it if we can."

"All right, old man, I'll follow you wherever you lead."

So we rode, & rode, & rode, & you bet it was a cheerless prospect. I had no idea we could find camp, for there were no landmarks whatever. But I encouraged Jim all I could, & told him that if we didn't find it, no matter, I wouldn't mind sleeping out in the least. We could get down in a coulee & be sheltered from the wind, wrap up in part of our saddle blankets, lie on the rest, & do pretty well.

But we toiled on, mile after mile. ~~The~~ Last night there was a brilliant full moon. The same moon rose presently, but it was hidden behind a bank of clouds, & did us no good.

I said,

"Never mind Jim, the moon will