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the Indians carried the lines far out
 gigantic V. Brush and sod were

at the mouth of the upper
 and feet in height. This com-

was guided by their medicine,
 to lead them by their god.

"Long time for buffalo. Some-
 the buffalo quick."

"Not few, did as their medicine
 the man a-shout, and some-

the man was able for the drive,
 the man was nearer and nearer.

the man was quietly at the
 the man was close together.

the man was little wing on eagle
 the man was stand up and walk."

the man was from the center who had
 the man was walked slowly away from

"When holy man walk away
 the man can smell holy man: only

the man and medicine. Buffalo heap
 the man very brave: walk after man

the man heap brave, now go forward
 the man lead buffalo."

the man medicine, the holy chosen
 the man perceiving how the bulls

the man into motion. The young

herd toward the wide mouth of the V. Sometimes an old bull
 hastened a bit, gaining on the Indian. Sometimes the sniffling, snort-
 ing leaders crowded close behind the holy man, who, never hastening,
 never looking back, never pausing in his song, led onward toward
 the brush heaps of the stockade. Miles away, watchers on the
 battes above the distant camp saw the coming of the herd.
 Swift runners carried the word. The hunters of the tribe slipped
 quietly away across the prairie and secreted themselves beneath
 the brush piles they had built. The women folk, the old men, the
 youngsters, and the maidens filed silently up the river banks to the
 lower stockade at the foot of the bluff. The camp dogs were tied
 up and muzzled. Silence pervaded the scene. The stage was set for
 the drama!

By now the holy chosen man had imperceptibly quickened his
 pace. The leaders of the herd, sniffling, curious, hesitating, yet ever at
 his heels, shuffled lumberingly forward. The herd had gradually
 bunched somewhat nearer the leaders; while far back on the prairie
 came the stragglers, the very old and the mothers whose little calves
 had had to rest. The cows called, and the little calves answered;
 but the way was long and the little ones must rest.

The wind stilled and wax blew toward the stockade. Across the
 undulating swells of prairie the first rumbling of the trampling herd
 came faintly to the ears of the waiting tribesmen. The dark blotch
 slowly resolved itself into detail. Through the blur of the dust of
 the oncoming herd they saw the holy man striding majestically for-
 ward in the lead of an immense multitude of buffaloes.

It was going to be a wonderful kill. Plenty of meat for the winter!
 Plenty of hides for the tepees, and for warm robes! Wokan was very
 generous.

The trampling, crowding herd by now was well inside the first
 brush piles. The leaders, brave and strident, were pressing faster
 and faster on the heels of the holy man. Fifty, one hundred, two
 hundred, other hundreds beyond counting, buffaloes of all sizes,

jostling and pushing along! At last only the cows with the very
 young calves were outside the far-flung line of brush heaps.

SUDDENLY lithe bodies flashed into the air. The brush heaps
 rearward vomited forth the hunters. Blankets were waving
 wildly. The air quivered with the shrill of the war whoops as the
 Indians rushed across to close the opening behind the main herd.
 The press thickened. The buffaloes gathered themselves more com-
 pactly. With the terrific clamor billowing behind, they broke into a
 run. The holy man was running now—only a few yards between him
 and the foremost of the stampeding leaders! Straight for the narrow
 opening at the edge of the bluff he ran. He was still the leader.
 Panic stricken behind him thundered the herd. His work was still
 incomplete. Should he swerve either to right or left for safety, the
 herd might be swung too, and the drive be made futile.

As the maddened herd plunged along the gradually narrowing alley
 of brush heaps, Indians sprang into action in their rear, driving the
 crazy, terrified animals ever forward.

The bluff was close at hand. The converging lines of the brush and
 sod had pinched them into a solid flying wedge. Closer and closer
 they pressed. The holy man was barely clear of the huge leader's
 horns. He had need of Wokan's help now. With his last spurt of
 strength he flung himself over the stockade. Just beyond him the
 leader of the buffalo herd checked himself a fleeting second, reared
 panic stricken on the edge—then toppled over.

The stockade groaned and creaked and splintered with the enormous
 pressure of the crowding, driven mass. Above this came the dull
 slap-slap as the hustling bodies fell crashing far below, beside the quiet
 river. Friends were carrying away the exhausted chosen man, who
 led the buffalo so well, to the quiet camp.

The conflict at the upper stockade was awful. The sturdy wall
 in places had given before the terrific impact of that numberless herd.
 Indians thrust with their long lances, and shouted, and waved blankets,
 and drove and forced the buffaloes over the edge. A small band
 stopped just short of that yawning brink. The howling of those
 which had gone over was terrible. The last pitiful rear guard of that
 immense herd now stopped, wheeled, and charged blindly, wildly,
 back through the throng of Indians, along that trampled path to free-
 dom. But the wolfish camp dogs were loose, tearing and ripping at
 their flanks.

From below the watchers, peering through the rocking dust, had