

pressed that they retreated to a clump of ~~quaternary~~ trees and hid in the brush.

In the charge made on the retreating assailants Washakie rushed upon a Sioux warrior and killed him. The scalp was taken and the big chief stood with one foot on the fallen foe while he called to his men to witness the marksmanship of the old warrior. His favorite son, a young brave known as Nannang-gal, or Snow Bird, came rushing up, just from the range where he had caught his pony. His father upbraided him for tardiness and showing the white feather.

"Where have you been so long?" demanded the chief, while his eyes snapped indignantly and his lips quivered with rage. "I, an old man, have killed this Sioux, while you like a squaw man, come up later. I am ashamed of such a boy."

Young Snow Bird felt very bad over his reproof from his father. Making a courteous bow in recognition of superior power, he reined up his pony and straightening himself in the attitude of a proud bearing, such as should possess the son of a big chief, he thus attracted the crowd of savage spectators:

"I will make myself as great a name as my father, or die in the attempt."

With the fury of a mad Indian he charged upon the unseen foes in the trees. When near the clump of bushes a volley of musketry poured forth from ambush. Snow Bird and his pony fell to the ground pierced with many bullets. With a fiendish war whoop and brandishing half a hundred scalping knives the devilish Sioux came rushing like vultures upon their fallen enemy. Dashing upon his dead carcass they slashed the body into small strips of flesh and held them aloft as trophies of war and signals of victory, while they danced in ghoulish glee about the remnants of the brave son of Washakie.

This act of fiendish brutality and savage fury was witnessed by Chief Washakie, who was powerless to render assistance. Gazing steadfastly at the barbarians he experienced a change of demeanor, noticed by every warrior. His lips quivered, his teeth set and every muscle seemed to become rigid. His eyes wavered and the entire body seemed to sway as if in the throes of death. Medicine men rushed to his assistance. He motioned them away and spoke not a word. The battle waged until nightfall. Washakie was in the thickest of the fray and commanded his braves in a manner never known before. When the darkness came on he went to his lodge alone but not to sleep. Walking about all night, sighing and moaning and beating his breast he writhed in agony. On the following morning the Sioux had gone. Washakie had changed to an old man with white hair.

Sitting about the camp fire of a big medicine man the stranger is invited to partake of the fried fish of the Snakes. He may object to the method of preparing them but must submit to the ordeal of eating with the medicine men, or be regarded as a spy, and probably hanged for his peculiarities. The fish are taken from the river, which abounds in fine mountain trout, and broiled on the embers of a hot sage brush fire. Here they flounce and flounder about until thoroughly cooked when they are picked up by the head, the ashes dusted off and then eaten much the same as roasted potatoes. Some lodges are filled with these roasted fish during the early fall months and kept until the next spring. Dogs are roasted in a similar manner when such meat is desired.

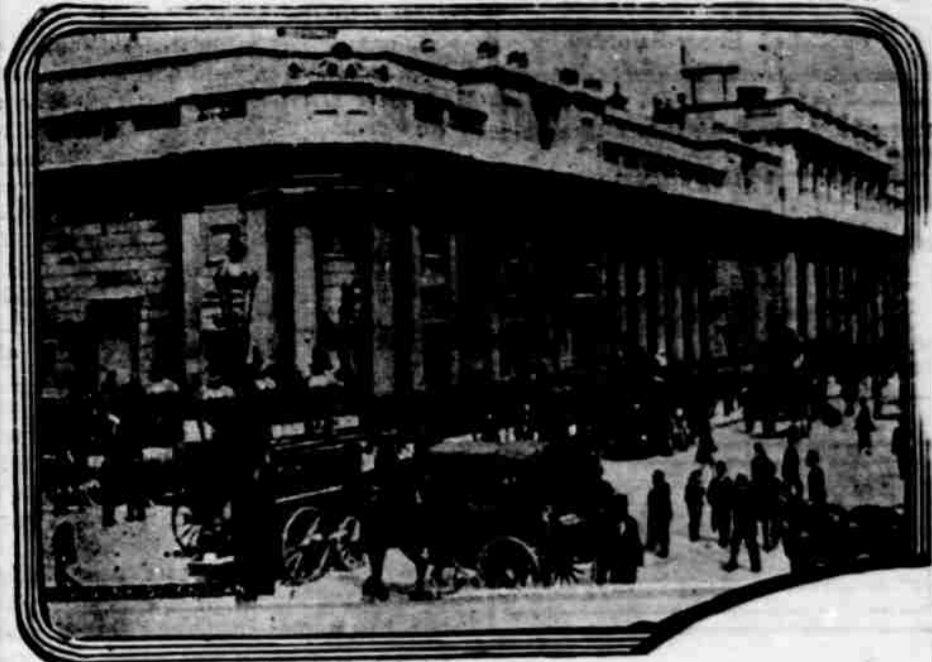
The medicine men never tire of telling stories about the lamented chief Washakie. One time, says a medicine man, the chief and a band of young braves prepared for a buffalo hunt in the Yellowstone Park country. Fearing a freshet in the Wind River before his return he ordered his youngest squaw to remove his lodge to higher ground. Her mother commanded her to let the lodge remain in its old place. When the chief returned and found the lodge unmoved he was angry. His squaw said her mother had stopped her from doing the work of removal. He called the old

squaw and when she admitted having so ordered her daughter he sent her out of camp with a band of warriors to be executed. When the work had been completed he bravely announced that hereafter he proposed to be master of his own family affairs.

The Indian agent never appealed to Washakie for relief from some thieving or insulting Indian without having his complaints promptly investigated. Washakie always listened to both sides of a story and made up his mind what to do. After remonstrating with a culprit or no good Indian two or three times, he simply ordered him shot and thus removed the cause of trouble. His band is fast diminishing and soon will be among the relics of a savage history, on whose pages may be written many stories of bravery, treachery and barbarism that future generations of readers will not believe.

Washakie died like a Christian. His baptism was solemnized after he had passed ninety-three years on earth as a heathen. His last request was that he be dressed up and buried in a coffin like a white man. This seemed out of place in Indian mythology, but was permitted. The many ceremonies of ancient customs were observed even though the chief had a Christian burial. He was succeeded by his son, Dick Washakie.

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