

with much interest among these braves. When the Orphan heard this announcement he immediately determined to join the hunt and, if possible, to secure the white calf. He began preparations. Many were the remarks about his dun horse. "Do you expect to secure the white calf and get the beautiful princess? How nice she will look mounted on your dun horse!" and many more like taunts.

The poor Orphan became discouraged and felt their thrusts keenly, but he had no notion of giving up.

Now the dun horse, himself, took a hand, and when they were alone he spoke to the Orphan: "Lead me over to yonder bank of clay by the creek and smear my body all over with clay; then, when the hunt comes off, be ready to mount with the rest. I will see that you get the white calf, if you do exactly as I tell you." You may be sure that the Orphan was rather excited, not only because his horse talked to him but also because he had prospects of securing the greatest prize in all the world.

He did not think of his poverty now! He hastened to do the bidding of his dun horse. So completely did he cover him with the slimy, yellow clay, that all his bare bones were hidden and he looked like a well kept horse bedabbed with mud. As he rode into line ready to start for the hunt when the signal might be given, a roar of laughter greeted his slow, lame old horse all covered with mud. He did not mind this, however, for he knew he was to capture the white buffalo calf. These coarse jests continued as the restive steeds impatiently awaited the signal to start. Then all else was forgotten as every warrior and brave urged his horse onward to the chase. The poor Orphan's heart sank within him as his old dun horse hobbled over the rough ground and his rich companions dashed by him until they were nearly out of sight in advance.

Then he noticed that his dun horse had grown wonderfully sleek and fat, that his speed increased and he was no longer lame, that his silken tail streamed far out behind and dragged the ground. Soon he noticed that he had attained the speed of the wind, and he rapidly gained on his companions. His spirits revived and he held his prancing steed hard by the bit; but the harder he held the faster the dun horse seemed to go, until he had passed even the chief, himself, and the herd of buffalo were in plain view. On went the dun horse into the very center of the herd and to the very point where the white calf was by its mother. Stooping as he dashed by, the Orphan caught up the white calf and held it before him as he continued with the herd, killing young cows to right and left as he went, until the hunt was over. Then he counted his hides and found plenty with which to make a new tepee for his grandmother and

plenty of meat for a whole year. He found himself mounted, not on a poor, lame horse, but he was riding a most beautiful dun gelding that was the envy of every brave in the whole tribe and before him was the white calf as a present to the chief's daughter.

A new disappointment awaited him, however, for, when he presented the white calf to the princess in the presence of her father, the old chief frowned.

The princess smiled sweetly as she stroked the beautiful white calf and she seemed very much pleased. This made the Orphan very happy.

When he asked the chief to keep his promise, however, the chief remarked that he was so very poor, that he had but one horse and that if his daughter should marry him while he was poor she would be obliged to walk in their travels as his old grandmother had long done. Of course the Orphan could now hunt and get plenty of meat and plenty of skins for tepees and new robes but, as he had no horses, he must wait until he should get more horses. Then, too, he had never been in battle and the chief wished to see him "count koo" (strike an enemy) to prove he was no coward; then he should have his daughter for his wife.

The Orphan knew the wisdom of this remark, but he was very much disappointed and he fancied that the princess was not well pleased with what her father said. There was no help for it, however, and the Orphan went to his grandmother's tepee in a bad humor.

Very soon the camp was in a commotion and the herald announced that a large band of Sioux were near at hand and every brave must be ready for battle. The Orphan went for his beautiful dun horse to have everything in readiness for the battle. This was lucky for the Orphan. Now he would have a chance to prove his bravery and "count koo" on the enemy. Soon he could claim the princess!

As the preparation went on, the dun horse again spoke to the Orphan: "When the battle comes on you must single out the head chief, make a dash and "count koo," and do so four times. You will kill the four chiefs but beware of the fifth time; do not try to count koo but four times."

The treacherous Sioux made ready for the attack and at dawn the war whoop was sounded. Every Pawnee was ready and anxious, for had they not just caught the white calf, and did not this foretell the result of the battle?

Swift as the wind the dun horse bore the Orphan to the very center of the enemy's rank and he struck the great chief from his snow-white charger and returned to the Pawnee ranks flushed with victory. Once more he wheeled and dashed into the thickest of the fight and his victim was gathered to his

fathers. So for four times did the Orphan "count koo" until every old warrior was green with envy. But the battle still raged; the enemy had not been put to flight, and once more he turned the head of his dun horse toward the bloody field; he remembered what his dun horse had said, but four times it seemed so easy to "count koo," why not once more? A certain strength seemed born of success and he feared nothing. No sooner had he reached the line of battle than an arrow pierced his dun horse and he fell to earth. It was with difficulty that the Orphan escaped with his life; the Sioux knew that he had killed their great chief and thirsted for his blood, but they also knew that his prowess lay in the dun horse, and they gathered around the horse. In their fury they severed his prostrate body limb from limb and scattered it over the field of defeat before they were compelled to fly from the victorious Pawnees.

The battle continued over the prairie all day, and when the Sioux had all been killed or driven away and when the dusk of evening hid his movements, the Orphan found his way to the battlefield and wept over his fallen dun horse. He carried his head and placed it near the body in its rightful place and each leg in its place, then he sat on a rock nearby and groaned out his repentance for disobeying his dun horse.

As he sat thus weeping he saw the head begin to move, then the legs and he beheld the wounds healed and a sign of life in the prostrate beast. He brought water from the creek and sprinkled it on the horse.

Soon the dun horse arose and said: "This time I have come back to you, but if you ever disobey me again I will not return but will be lost to you forever. Now take me over in the valley near the creek and tie me to a bush and see what will happen."

You may be sure the Orphan did as he was requested, and at daylight when he went after his dun horse, lo! a beautiful black gelding kept his dun horse company. The Orphan mounted this new horse and capered through the village and past the chief's lodge. He was the envy of every brave in the tribe. Then he presented the black horse to the chief's daughter.

The next morning there was a magnificent snow-white charger keeping his dun horse company. The next day there was a grey horse, and so every morning there were beautiful horses of different colors so long as he wished for horses. He became the richest warrior in all the tribe and the chief was glad to give him the beautiful princess for a wife. The other warriors were glad to make him their chief when his wife's father became old.

E. E. BLACKMAN.

Roca, Neb., Aug. 16, 1901.

NOTE.—The above legend was told me by Capt. L. H. North, who has heard it often in the original Pawnee tongue. I have tried to reproduce it exactly as told by him.

E. E. B.