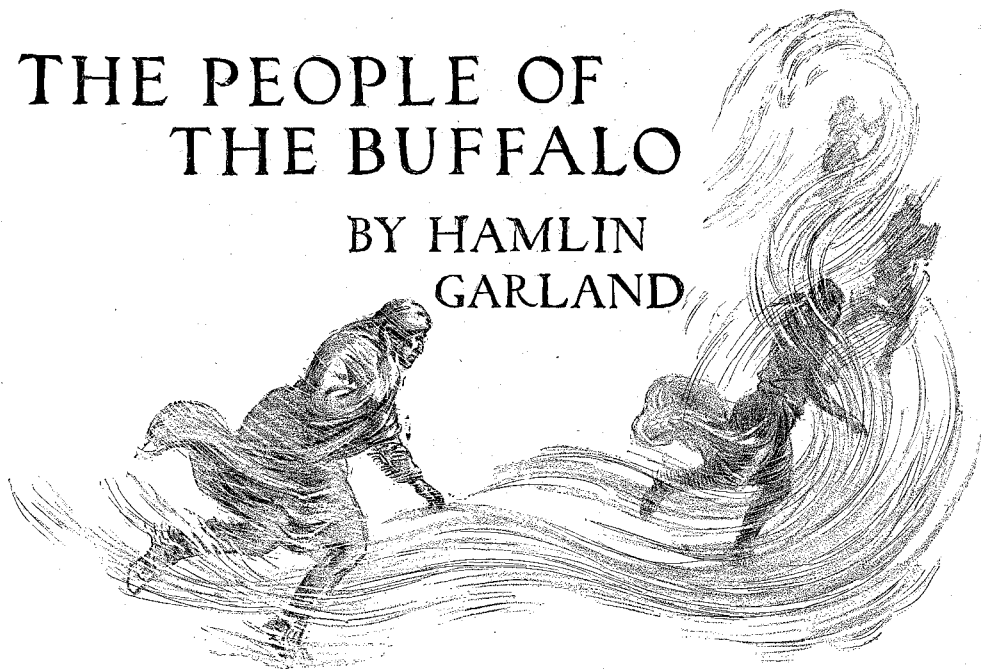


THE PEOPLE OF THE BUFFALO

BY HAMLIN
GARLAND



ILLUSTRATED BY H.D. NICHOLS

IN the shelter of the willows and cottonwoods of a wide, shallow stream which comes down from the mountains, a band of wild people were camped. It was mid-winter, and snow covered the ground, and the river was frozen, all save a dark blue strip in the middle where it rippled over its pebbles. In orderly arrangement, the tepees of well-smoked buffalo hide stood among the trees, emitting blue banners of smoke from their tops. Up and down the paths to the river and running from tepee to tepee were the women of the tribe, wrapped in vivid scarlet and green blankets. They walked with bent head, striding swiftly.

Around one tepee there seemed to be unusual throngs of people. A woman's voice wailing, with a hoarse, sighing moan at the ending of each cry, went to the heart's innermost fiber. It was the cry of one whom grief had degraded into a suffering animal.

Around her, as if to soothe her, sat a group of old women singing softly a sad, sweet strain on a falling cadence endlessly repeated. The mourner could not be comforted.

She lay upon her couch of buffalo skins, weak with grief as if with some acute disease.

"They will find it," the old women said; "the strong ones, the swift ones, will find your child. Tallfeather, is he not seeking? And young Graybear, has he not keen eyes?"

From their talk it came out that the young mother had lost her way in the storm, and that in searching for the path she had become separated from her little son of four years of age. She had lost her wits then, and had wandered in frantic search in ever-widening circles, till at last, in the deep



"Around her, as if to soothe her, sat a group of old women singing softly."



"Of a sudden a horseman loomed dark amid the flying snow."

night, the barking of a dog drew her to the camp.

The keenest-eyed runners at once got out into the storm searching. They returned afterwards, one by one, sad and discouraged, and others took their places. The snow blowing steadily covered all tracks at once, and it was only by a system of shouting that the scouts were able to return to the camp. As the morning broadened, one by one the last relay returned empty-handed; and the poor mother watched them with staring eyes, the foam of ceaseless wailing on her lips.

At last and of a sudden a horseman loomed dark amid the flying snow.

"A White Man!" shouted the dogs.

"A White Man!" cried the children.

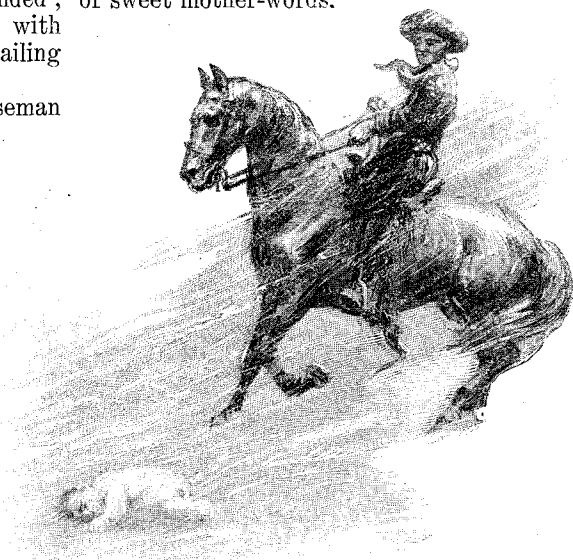
"He carries something," said a keen-eyed chief. "It is wrapped in a blanket. It may be the lost boy." He called to those who stood near the mourning tepee.

The man drew near. He rode a splendid horse and was fully armed. He was young, and the women saw he had a good face. He made the sign of a friend with his right hand, and old Graybear signed "Approach, friend."

The White Man lifted something in his arms and shouted :

"Here he is, your boy !"

There were shouts and loud cries on all sides, and then the whole camp came running and pushing round the young man, who smilingly pulled the blanket from the tear-stained face of the little fellow and dropped him into the outstretched arms of an old woman, the boy's grandmother. She ran with the child to the tepee, the wail stopped, a low cry of joy broke forth, and then the hoarse mutter of sweet mother-words.



" . . . Suddenly my horse snorted. . . . I looked down, and there was this little chap curled up like a fox in the snow."

The young man, smiling down at his hearers, told in lame Ogallalah, pieced out with sign-talk, how he had found him.

"I was riding hard for my camp," he said. "I was riding with the wind for a guide, and suddenly my horse snorted and leaped to one side. I looked down, and there was this little chap curled up like a fox in the snow."

"Ah!" cried out the smiling people who listened. "He was sleeping."

"He was freezing, also," said the young White Man.

shook his hand again and again, and pushed him into the tepee, where the mother and child sat bewildered and happy. The women ran swiftly, bringing food, so much food he could not eat it in a month—pemmican, pounded cherries, bread, and dried meat in strips. Some one had some coffee: this they brought with rejoicing that so great a delicacy was at hand for the young White Man. They fairly trod upon him in their eagerness to serve him.

The young man laughed and made many signs. He was hungry, but there were dis-



"They . . . dragged him from his horse . . . and pushed him into the tepee."

"Aye, aye, so he was," said old Graybear gravely.

"I sprang off my horse, and took the little cub on the saddle before me, and by wrapping him in blankets and rubbing his hands I warmed him up all right. I

couldn't turn around or stop for fear of getting off my road, so I kept right on till I struck timber. There I built a fire and waited till morning. As soon as it was light, I struck up the creek, for I thought—"

A tumult in the tent interrupted him; out of the door, with the boy in her arms, staggered the mother. She hurried to the side of the horseman, and with a smile on her haggard, distorted face, she said:

"See, he is well! You are a good man; his little hands are not frozen." She laid her hand on the rider's knee like a caress, then turned angrily to the crowd. "Why do you not feed the White Man? He is cold and hungry."

They seized him—three big Ogallalah warriors—and dragged him from his horse. They

tinct limits to his capacity for even such good food as pemmican. The young women shyly drew near to see him eat and drink, and spoke in guarded tones about his face and his dress.

At last, when he would eat no more, old Graybear began to ask questions: "Where do you come from?"

"I come from the Cimmeroon," he replied; "I keep cattle for 'Little Cow-chief.'"

"Ah! Where do you go now?"

"I go to visit a friend who lives on the Arickaree."

"Ah, so! What is your name?"

"My people call me Mose."

"Mos', Mos'," they all repeated, to fix the name in their memory.

The young man went on: "My friend, Comanche Jim, calls me 'Blazing Hand.'"

"Ah! Why so?"

"Because I shoot so quick."

Graybear uttered a low sound with a deep downward inflection, "Ah!"

The young man began to ask questions.

"You are Ogallalah. Where are you journeying?"

"We go to visit the Southern Cheyennes," Graybear replied. "It is cold and lonely where the Great Father has put us. We go to the South to make presents and to dance with our friends."

Suddenly a personable and smiling woman touched Blazing Hand on the arm. It was Sleeping Fox, the mother of the boy he had found. The change in her face and dress was so amazing he did not at the moment recognize her.

She pointed at the boy snugly sleeping amid buffalo robes. "See, my little one has eaten, he is warm, he sleeps safely. But for you he would be cold and still in the snow. You have a good heart. I wish to make you presents. My father, my brothers, all wish to make you presents. Even now the young men are building a dance tepee."

This being interpreted to him by Graybear, the young White Man laughed and shook his head. "I do not need your presents."

A drum began to beat, and an old man in a loud voice began to cry aloud the news in the camp.

"Come to the dance-house. Everybody come at once. Blazing Hand will be there. Prepare to dance and feast."

The snow still blew, but the wind had changed to the southwest and was warmer; the norther had spent its force, the equatorial current was setting in again. The simple-hearted people began to assemble, nearly every man, woman, and child in gala-dress. In all the tepees young dandies were painting and bedecking themselves. The women put on their best gowns and blankets. Their blue-black hair shone like a crow's wing, and rosettes of red paint beneath their eyes added luster and savage charm.

At last Graybear put away his pipe and said: "Come, friend, we will go."

Together they went to the dance-house. "Blazing Hand" sat in the place of honor at the chief's left hand. The roomy tepee was soon filled with the dancers, who sat upon folded buffalo skins, with blankets thrown over their naked shoulders. They filled one side of the tepee, while on the opposite side sat the drummers, the singers, the women, and those who were not to

dance, but all movement was quiet, almost ceremonial, even in preparation.

Graybear signalled, and the drummers broke into a low chant which grew wilder and the drum-beats louder and louder till the din seemed to voice ferocious intent. It then fell away to a low humming chorus accompanied by the muffled strokes of the drum.

At another signal, the young men rose and began their dancing, quietly, gracefully, their faces impassive but kindly, smiling now and again at each other or at the visitor. Their feathers floated, their brazen ornaments clashed and jingled in time to the beat of the drum. Their uplifted eyes had devotional intent, their extended pipes offered incense and prayer. Those who carried weapons did so in dramatic desire for grace and effect. It was a beautiful and stirring scene, the music savage, heart-shaking, with its pounding rhythm. The central fire attended by a gnome-like old man, the storm beating outside, the shifting shadowy figures, the acrid down-curling smoke—all united to fill the heart of the youth with a strange and suffocating emotion. That it was all done for him because of a simple natural act stunned him.

At the end of the first dance Graybear rose, and, advancing, began a speech:

"My friends, listen. This dance is to show our young white friend that we are grateful to him. We know how it is. Other White Men would have gone away, leaving the little one to freeze, and my grandchild would then be lost to me and his mother made crazy with sorrow. This young man did not so. He stooped from his horse and took the child and warmed it by his fire. He put it under his blanket, and so it is here—the child—sleeping warmly. For this reason it is meet, my friends, that we rejoice over the return of our son, and also do honor to the young man. I have talked with him in sign-language, which he uses swiftly, and his heart is good toward the Red Man and our hearts are good toward him. He will speak to the Great Father for us in order that we are not kept picketed like a starving horse in a barren place. I present the young man with my best robe."

At each pause in his speech the drummers boomed applause upon the big flat drums, and at its close others rose to speak, announcing themselves with due form and dignity, and ending by presenting the young white chief with a horse and robe. Shy women brought these in, and with downcast

eyes approached the amazed young man and laid their presents at his feet.

At intervals the dancers went on with the dance, which grew more and more passionate, and swifter and more violent and dramatic of action. It delineated the search for the child; and the trailers set forth, peering into the darkness, searching the ground, scrutinizing the sky. They were baffled, they lost the trail—wheeled, circled, found it again—lost it, and at last returned to their seats. Then one young man with a

The people laughed and shouted; the women began to sing in continuous, quavering, and nasal, yet sweet and touching, cadences, an improvised song, to which the actor gallops:

"He finds the child,
The young White Man,
He warms it at his bosom.
He has a good heart,
He does not hate the small one.
He hastens to warm it at a fire—
He will return it to its mother,
The young Blazing Hand."



THE DANCE.

hat like a cow-boy, and with one hand painted red with yellow streakings, dashed into the ring on a gallop. This was the rescuer. He galloped round the ring amid the happy laughers of the people, who looked slyly at the real "Blazing Hand." As he galloped, the dancer peered into the darkness, seeking his way. He held up his hand to feel the wind. He stopped, considered, then galloped on. "Boom!" said the drum.

Suddenly he stopped, drawing his horse back on its haunches. The drums became silent, the people held their breath while he peered downward. At last he stooped, seemed to take a babe in his arms.

"Boom! Boom!" sounded the drums.

Something great and glorious swept over the soul of the youth. Tenderness for these people, a feeling of his littleness and helplessness in their cause moved him. He seemed to melt into their world. He was oppressed by the simplicity and tenderness of this play, and when the actor laid the shadowy child in the arms of the happy mother his throat filled with emotion and he could not speak. Never again would these people of the plains be anything but a simple, child-like, and generous people to him.

He rose at last, and, pointing at the pile of presents, said to the old chief:

"I cannot take these presents. I have not earned them. I have done little. Many other

White Men would also have rescued the child. My heart is good toward you. It has never been hard against you, but now it is very soft. I have a good horse. I have clothes. Keep your presents for your dances with the

"We will teach you to dance, and we will find a wife for you. There are young girls looking at you now who would not turn away if you called to them."

There was a gleam of humor in the old man's eye as he ended: "And if they did, there are young girls among the people at the South."

The youth blushed hotly at this plain speech, and said: "I cannot stay with you. You are good friends, that I see, but my white friends expect me. They would think that I had been lost. I must go on my journey."

To this they were forced to consent. He went on: "But you must not forget me, and I shall not forget you. I shall carry in my heart all the good words you have spoken."

To this Tallfeather replied: "We shall not forget you. We will tell all our people that we have looked in your face at the feast and found your heart good. The name of Blazing Hand shall be known to all our people."

The low western sun was shining through the clouds, and the wind was gentle and soft as they came out of the smoky dance-house and took their separate ways. "The storm is over; to-morrow we travel again," they said.

Going to look after his pony, Mose found him in the shelter of some willows, humped and shivery, but no longer hungry. He had scraped away the snow from the thick grass of the swale and filled his stomach. Mose buckled a blanket round him and left him for the night; his suffering could not be avoided.

Back in the Chief's tent, the youth sat to smoke with Graybear and Tallfeather, while the sun went down below the mountains and



"I cannot take these presents."

Southern Cheyennes. Do not be angry with me because I return your presents. My heart is very warm because you give them to me, but I must not take them. Of your food I will take, for I have a long journey to go."

To this they protested, but the youth was firm, and at last food was brought in, a feast spread forth. The hearts of all the people warmed to the stranger; and when old Graybear rose to ask him to remain with them, to be one of their number, the people smiled and said: "Yes, yes; stay with us! The Southern people will be glad to know of you."

the darkness came on. Around them the laughter of girls could be heard and the cries of children at play. The silence between speech grew longer, and at last Graybear motioned to the young White Man and said: "Sleep there."

He rolled himself in the blankets and robes which had been set aside for him, but he could not go to sleep at once. He was seeing all over again the stirring figures of the dance and hearing again the booming of the drums and the nasal wailing songs of the women. Surely he was now among the people of the wild lands. They wished him to go with them, and he was strongly tempted to do so. He had been now two years with Reynolds, and had mastered the details of the cow-boy life. He was restless again. Jack was still in the East, Mary had not written, his father's letters were infrequent; there was nothing to hinder save the coming on of winter, and his horse.

The horse decided him. The living of an unstabled horse in winter was too precarious, too severe; he could not put his beloved Kintuck to that hardship.



"In the night a woman came into the tepee and softly replenished the fire."

Several times in the night a woman came into the tepee and softly replenished the fire. He thought he recognized Sleeping Fox, the mother of the little boy.

In the early dawn he rose as silently as one of the red men would have done, and sought his horse. No one was to be seen, but faint columns of smoke were rising from some of the tepees. The wind was warm, and the snow soft under foot. By noon the hillsides would be bare on their southern sides, and his horse could feed at ease. It was still possible to reach his friends in time for Christmas revel on the Arickaree—

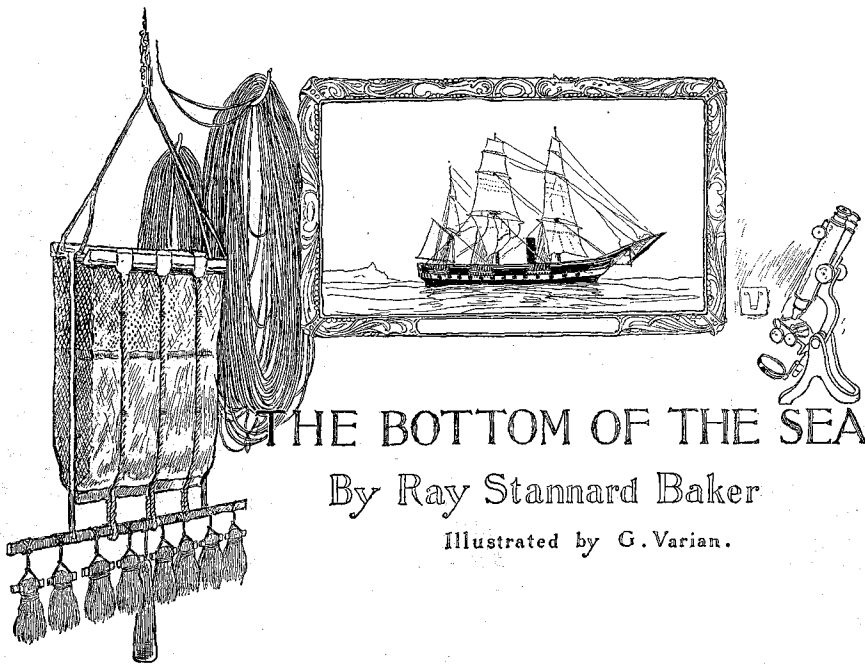
"He made a sign of hail and farewell, but she did not reply by word or by sign."



but to do so he must go hungry during midday.

As he rode away in the soft snow, noiseless as a shadow, a woman came out of a tepee and silently watched him. It was Sleeping Fox.

He made a sign of hail and farewell, but she did not reply by word or by sign; and out into a dazzling world of rosy snow and sun-filled glorious sky the young man rode with joyous heart.



AN AUTHORIZED ACCOUNT OF THE RESEARCHES OF SIR JOHN
MURRAY IN THE SCIENCE OF OCEANOGRAPHY.



For all the cargoes that the ships of the sea ever brought into port in all the years that ships have sailed, without doubt the strangest and most wonderful was the cargo of the famous ship "Challenger." In the year 1872 the "Challenger" sailed from Sheerness in England without a cargo and without a destination. She was a man-o'-war, a square-rigged three-master, commanded by officers of the Royal Navy, and having on board some of the most eminent scientists of Great Britain. For nearly four years she sailed the seas of both hemispheres, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, infrequently touching land and yet constantly accumulating her strange cargo. She dragged the ocean with nets, not only for the ordinary fish of the sea, but for the myriad forms of lesser life which feed in its vast blue meadows; she let down dredges and sounding plummets into the deep, mysterious valleys of the sea bottom; she explored all but limitless plains, desert with black darkness, and cold, and never-broken silence. In single dredgings she brought up for the eyes of man quantities of primeval ooze that had required the slow accumulations of a million centuries, perhaps, to deposit; she discovered submarine rivers, some of them flowing outward from the land

and rising like a fountain from the ocean bottom; she learned of new and mighty ocean currents, not the surface currents known to navigators, but those which creep along the sea bottom, a foot in a century, perhaps, carrying life-giving oxygen to the creatures of the deep sea; she located stupendous mountain ranges and volcanoes, with precipices and declivities so awful that it is well, perhaps, that they are hidden forever from the eye of man. And as evidence of the almost inconceivable strangeness of the bottom of the sea, she brought back some of its denizens, both vegetable and animal—the appropriate creatures of cold and darkness and the crowding presence of the seas—odd, pulpy, warty fishes, some blind, some with eyes greatly developed, some that peer their way about these depths with lanterns, and a thousand other forms of life equally strange. And of the thousands of specimens collected few had ever before been seen by the eye of man.

It is not often that a ship sails away for a brief four years and brings back a new science; but that was the accomplishment of the "Challenger," and the science thus founded is now known as Oceanography. Not quite four years was expended in exploration and observation; but it required nearly five times as long to place the results in orderly and comprehensive form before