

# **ON THE WARPATH**

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On the warpath by James Willard Schultz & George Varian

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**JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ & GEORGE VARIAN**

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(p. 20)

PITAMAKAN RELATED THE KILLING OF A SIOUX

# ON THE WARPATH

BY

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ  
(AP-I-KUN-I)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
GEORGE VARIAN



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# ON THE WARPATH

## CHAPTER I

**A**BOUT a week after Pitamakan, José, and I arrived in Fort Benton from our long journey into Apache Land, the Blackfeet packed up and trailed northward. They were to hunt buffalo on the plains of the Marias in order to get hides to tan into leather for new lodge-skins; and then they were to move up to the foot of the Rockies for new lodge-poles. During the week they had traded fine buffalo robes, and their winter catch of various furs, for about all the freight of the steamboat that had brought us up from St. Louis. Pitamakan, of course, went with his people, and he had not been gone twenty-four hours before the "blues" had a solid grip on me. I sorely missed him. The spring trade was over and there was not a thing for me to do in the Fort: loafing is the hardest kind of work!

## On the Warpath

“Our son is uneasy; his heart is away down,” said Tsistsaki to my uncle one evening, as we sat before a small blaze in the fireplace of our quarters.

“I have noticed it,” he replied. “He has n’t enough to do. We will appoint him post hunter.”

“But that would be to take old man Revois’s job away from him,” I objected.

“Never mind about that. The old fellow is also uneasy, as your aunt says. I’ll send him out beaver trapping for a time.”

So it came to pass that in the morning I went out to make a killing of meat for the fifty or more inmates of the Fort. Two men followed me with two-wheel Red River carts, the huge wooden wheels tired with buffalo rawhide, the wooden axles groaning and squeaking with a noise that could be heard a mile away. We were back at the Fort long before night, the carts piled high with all the buffalo and antelope meat that each straining carthorse could pull. But I took no joy or pride in my success; the day had long passed when