

unpolished human skulls (Ponca Indians, I was told afterwards), resting upon it and leering down at us through their great black hollow eyes. I noticed that there were two desks in the room ; also that the floor was carpeted and the wood-work grained, and that there was a glass case full of photographs. While I was thus meditating and making my mental notes, my wife also sitting by me, the door opened, and in came the head of the establishment, Dr. Bridgeman. Dr. Bridgeman welcomed us most warmly, and said that he had been looking forward to our visit ever since he heard of our intended tour through the States. Breakfast was ready ; Mrs. Bridgeman joined us, and we went together to the Teachers' mess-room. We were introduced to all the teachers, bobbed to them, and they bobbed to us. After breakfast my wife was carried off by the ladies, and I returned with Dr. Bridgeman to his office. "Now," said Dr. Bridgeman, "I want you to make yourself perfectly at home, and lay out your time exactly as you wish. If you would like to visit our class-rooms and work-shops, I am entirely at your service and will show you round." I thanked Dr. Bridgeman for his courtesy, and said that I would like to know first what particular Indian tribes were represented by the pupils at present in his school, as I was preparing a comparative vocabulary of the various Indian dialects, and would like to add to my stock.

"Well, sir," said Dr. Bridgeman, referring to a note book, we have Omahas, and Pine Ridge Sioux, and Rosebud Sioux, and Winnebagoes, and Poncas, and Mandans, and Shoshonees, and Arapahoes—and we have two little Flat-heads—both girls. You can have any of these children that you wish, and procure from them such information as you need about their languages."

I did not require to interview all the tribes mentioned, as I had already secured several of those languages ; but I asked for a Mandan, a Shoshonee, and the two little Flat-heads. The Mandan came first, and answered the questions well. The Shoshoni had forgotten a great part of his mother tongue, and was obliged to withdraw after giving me a few words in a rather hesitating manner. Then came in an Arapaho boy, named Gabriel, who said he knew a lot of Shoshoni words, and would tell them. Gabriel was a funny-looking boy of fifteen, with a cropped head and a tongue that could talk.

Gabriel was determined to tell me every Shoshoni word he knew. Unfortunately not many of them happened to be on my list ; but, nevertheless, Gabriel was bound I should have them.

*(To be continued).*