

and hollow cheeks, and a grizzly black beard which stuck out in front of him, and the stump end of a fiddle buried in his chin; his right hand was on the move, and he was getting his strings into working order.



FIDDLER.

Beside him sat two big Indian boys, one with a bass viol, the other with another fiddle. The man with the shaggy black hair and the sticking-out beard, we were told, was the carpenter; and he it was who always led the dances. We had no reason to doubt this latter piece of information, for in a moment more he was performing his part might and main, standing in semi-erect zig-zag form, scraping away at his fiddle,

and shouting, in a sharp cracked voice, his directions to the dancers. The dance, we were told, was a quadrille, and all, so far as we could judge, kept excellent time, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Rather a different sight, I thought, to the Indian dances which I had witnessed a couple of weeks before at Zuni. After the dancing came coffee and cake. And after the coffee and cake—just as the clock struck ten—all went to bed.

And now our long trip among the Indians was about coming to a close, and next morning, December 12th, my wife and I bade adieu to our kind friends at Genoa, Nebraska, and started upon our homeward journey. At five o'clock that evening we reached Omaha, crossed the Missouri River to Council Bluffs, and by 11.45 p.m. had arrived at Des Moines, in the State of Iowa, and put up at a hotel for the night. We were up again at 5.30 next morning, and were to have had breakfast at six; but the niggers were too slow in getting it, so we repaired to the station, got a cup of coffee there, and started away at 6.25 a.m. Nothing remarkable occurred during the remainder of our journey eastward; but the names of the stations were some of them rather remarkable. One place was "Mary Ann Johnson," another "As you Was," and another "Evermore." Americans try sometimes to be too funny. At 6.40 that same evening we reached Minneapolis, had a good supper of stewed oysters, hot chops