

THREE LITTLE SUN WORSHIPPERS.

A TRUE STORY, BY A HAMPTON GIRL.

INDIANS are naturally religious people, and whether their religion is a civilized or heathen one, they are very earnest in their belief.

I well remember being one of a party of three little girls between the ages of six and seven, who tried to follow the example of their elders in religious things.

The people of my tribe believed in worshipping the sun as a god. They thanked it for all that they received, for they thought the sun was the one who sent them all their blessings.

They even gave thanks to it for every morsel of food. No matter how small, or what time of day, they broke off the best part of the food set before them and offered it to the sun as a sign of thanks from a grateful heart.

One very warm day in July or August (I forget which), my two little friends and I went in for a swim in the clayey Missouri River. As people usually feel faint after they have been splashing about in the water for a long time, we were so.

We began to look about to see what there was for us to get to satisfy our hunger. The Indian village is situated on a high plateau overlooking the Missouri River. And on our way back we spied a watermelon patch right on our way. When we reached it we unconsciously came to a stand-still wondering if we had a right to help ourselves to what was not ours. We did not hesitate long, however, for our appetite got the better of our thoughtfulness for others, and the eldest one of the three picked the best looking melon she could find.



THREE LITTLE THIEVES.

How we managed to open the melon, I do not remember, for we had no knife.

The eldest, acting as the leader, divided the melon into three parts. For if we didn't know anything about "thirds" we could understand about "equal parts."