

the top and set up; then other poles are laid against the forks of these, so as to form a circle, their bases being about two feet apart; on these canvas is spread, which is fastened down in front by skewers; an opening is then left at the top for the smoke to get out, and another round hole for a door, over which a blanket is spread on two sticks. There is a sort of dado round the edge, which greatly increases the warmth. A small fire burns in the middle of the floor, and the tepees are always warm, even in mid-winter. The Indians lounge round the edge of the circle, or lean against reclining chairs; these chairs are very simple of construction, being simply back, the ground acting as seat.

In these tents an Indian family will live, and apparently live very happily, his dogs lying outside, and his cayenses (ponies) graze round, never wandering far from camp. An Indian is a perfect hand at camping out, and naturally loves wandering about. Anyone who, like me, has camped out on the lonely prairie, far from the haunts of man, can hardly imagine any more perfectly enjoyable life than that, minus such drawbacks as the tent blowing down, not being able to find wood or water, or the horses breaking their picket ropes and straying off about ten miles and then refusing to be caught. These little things never happen to an Indian. Therefore I do not think the Indians will ever turn into ordinary hard-working farmers, at least not until that time when "the lion will lie down with the lamb." The nearest approach to it that they make is horse-breeding, and I certainly think the Government might help to make them a great deal more prosperous by supplying them with a good stallion on each reserve, as at present their ponies are small, owing to the miserable little native stallions they have to keep.

The Indian tents add greatly to the picturesqueness of the landscape, as they are beautifully shaded, being dark brown at the top where the smoke escapes, and gradually merging into yellow near the bottom. Some of them have grotesque figures of men and animals painted on them, which give them quite an ancient Egyptian appearance.

The Indian horses, or "cayenses," are scrubby little animals from 12 to 14 hands, of some of the most unearthly colours, mostly extraordinary kinds of piebald, with greyish blue eyes, which give them an uncanny look. But small and ugly though they are, they have nevertheless a wonderful power of endurance, and can travel immense distances on very little food. The Indians break them in when mere