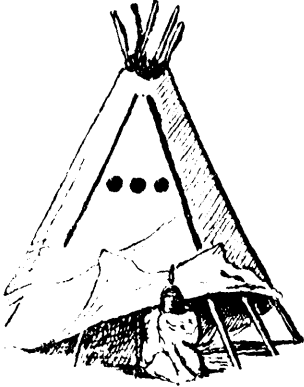


CONCEIT OF TWO INDIAN CHIEFS.



T one place where I stopped there was a characteristic exhibition of Indian foolery. Two chiefs thought I should be more impressed with an idea of their greatness, if, instead of coming out to greet me in the usual fashion, they remained at home in state, and compelled me to hunt them up in order to pay my respects. I learned this at once on entering their village, and told my driver to proceed. We had gone a mile or two on our way when the two

pompous old dignitaries came galloping after us. They were very angry, and with imperious and threatening gestures, and much vociferation, ordered us to return to the village. I did not halt, but bade the driver tell them I would talk with them at the next camp, some miles ahead. After scolding a while they planted themselves in the road and tried to stop my horses, but as we drove rapidly upon them they gave way, and suddenly rode off at a great pace. When I reached the next camp, a large one, there was much bustle and excitement, and a great crowd gathered around as a messenger came to meet me. With much formality he told me the chiefs were in council to arrange for a great dance; their business was very important, and I must wait till it was concluded, then they would see me. I replied that dances were not affairs for men in my country, but for children, and at once drove out of the camp. A procession of riders followed, with furious messages, but I went on two or three miles to a convenient camping place, and halted for dinner. Then, after all their flurry and noise, those fussy fellows came out quietly enough, and we had a talk in the usual style.

HARRISON.

"HIS NAME WAS NOAH!"

AN eminent ethnologist once said that, after great trouble, he had, at least as he thought, got hold of a tradition of the flood, among the North-west Indians of America, but he could only get it bit by bit out of the old man who was the repository of this and other such-like lore. It cost him many blankets and other presents, and the labour of hours to write it down from the aboriginal language. At last he came to the final. "Now what was the man's name who got away with his wife in the big canoe?" The old Indian could not recollect, and went in search of another who knew the name. The two came back in pride, and related to him, as he stood in breathless eagerness, "His name was Noah!" It