

arrive at our destination, cold, tired and hungry. The house, in the gathering darkness, appears a very large one for this country, and if it is cold and dark without, all is warm and bright within. The missionary's busy, bustling little wife, welcomes him home, and I, her guest, come in for my share of it too. Our hunger is appeased by a dainty but sumptuous repast, of wild duck, potatoes and bread, and delicious home made butter. The missionary's house is a large building, but only half of it is for his own private use, the wing or addition being for the use of the school, which is at present taught by Mr. Bourne himself. The lower part being the school-room, is also used on Sundays for Divine service, and the upper part consists of three rooms, a dormitory for boys, one for girls, and a room between them for the lady missionary, whom they hope to have some day not far distant, when the new day school can be built up to be a boarding-school for Indian children. The morning after my arrival, I was invited in to see the school. Eighteen were present, from little fellows of four or five, to children of sixteen. To me they all look alike, the same dark skins and hair, but their kind, patient teacher, knows each boy and girl by his or her Indian name, many of which are very funny. I cannot pretend to write them in Blackfoot, but give them as they were interpreted for me. For instance, a nice looking girl of fourteen is called "Nearly Dead," another is "Stolen Thunder," another "Kills by Night." Some of the boys are "Many Guns," "Burned Bones," "The Man who Scratches his Head," etc. Some of these children can read and write a little English. They know something of arithmetic and geography, and sing hymns both in English and in Blackfoot. They are dressed in a variety of costumes, but most of them wear a blanket over whatever they may have on underneath. The squaw's dress is a queer looking garment, made of a single piece of cloth, with a hole cut in the middle, through which the head is thrust. This is belted at the waist, and comes to the knees or below, and the blanket is worn over it, and sometimes over the head also; but frequently the squaws and even the men, wear a red or bright coloured handkerchief over the head. If they wear a hat at all, the crown is usually cut out, and there will be a feather or the tail of an animal attached to the brim. They are very fond of ornaments, rings and bracelets, made of brass wire and necklaces of beads, intermixed with small bones, and perhaps a thimble or two by way of variety. Moccasins on their feet, though in summer the young ones wear nothing—not only on their feet, but on their bodies. A new-born baby is put into a moss-bag, which is shaped something like a coffin, with only its face in sight. It is kept in this for three or four months, and comes out of it as healthy and fat as a young seal. In sum-

mer these Indians live in lodges, made by stretching cotton over poles, and in winter in log houses, some of which are quite comfortable. If a death occurs in a family, the house is vacated for a certain length of time. The mourners give away all they have in the way of worldly goods; they fast, and many of them cut their bodies. Gashes are made in the arms or legs, and frequently a finger is cut off. The dead are seldom buried, but are put up in a tree, or carried into the hills, far from any habitation. If a chief dies, a horse is killed, and its carcass put beside him. One morning, being informed that one of the chiefs was in the kitchen, I went out and was presented to him. He is called "Big Swan," a tall, solemn looking man. He had brought three wild ducks which he wanted to exchange for flour and rice. Later in the day I was presented to the head chief, "Crow-Eagle." He was told that I was the sister of their late farm instructor, "Sic-o-kio," (Black Bear), and he gave a grunt of satisfaction, as he shook hands with me. A drive over the reserve, showed me the R. C. Mission house, a nice substantial building; the agent's house, and several others, besides a great many Indian lodges and houses; also a Turkish bath, or literally a "sweat bath." It is made of willow twigs formed into a circular house of basket-work, about three feet high, and eighteen feet in circumference. Blankets are thrown over the top, and when an Indian wants a bath, it is taken by pouring water over heated stones and the steam arising from that is all that he requires.

Rations are issued three times a week. They consist of flour and beef, each person getting one and a quarter lbs. beef, and half a pound of flour. My visit to the reserve happened to be during Treaty-payment time. They receive their treaty money once a year. There are about 800 Indians on this reserve, and each man, woman and child receives \$5, while a chief gets \$15, and the head chief \$20. Now a chief may be quite a rich man. He can have several wives and several families, and therefore take in a good many \$5, besides his own \$15. After the money is paid to them they get ready to go to town. Whole families go, taking all their horses and dogs along with them. Some go in big waggons but most of them on horseback, often the same horse drawing a travoie, in which there is a papoose or two. A travoie is made by crossing two long poles, the upper parts of which are on the horse's back, and at the horse's tail, below where they are crossed, is a cross-piece or two, interlaced with twigs or strips of skin, which forms a sort of cradle.

My pleasant visit at the Reserve being over, I followed the Indians to town to see how they would spend their money. The town is filled with Indians, Indian Cayuses and Indian dogs. Enter one of the stores, and one can hardly