

you have heard the most glowing accounts of the riches and value of the West. The white man has told you of millions and millions of bushels of wheat—wheat which is better than any that can be raised in other parts of the world. He has told you of thousands and thousands of cattle, and millions and millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver and coal. Then you have heard how many more acres of land are tilled this year than last, how much more wheat is raised, and how much more timber is being exported. The people have quoted figures until no one who hears could have the slightest doubt of the progress of the West. You could not begin to remember it all. It made you tired and dizzy to listen, so for a little rest before you start for home you go to visit an Indian reserve.

There are fewer Indians now than there were when the reserves were first formed. Those that are left do not look as their ancestors used to look. They are as different from the red men you read of before as the buffaloes in the corrals are from the buffaloes of those days. Perhaps it is because they are wearing white man's clothes, for the clothes of the white man are not nearly as picturesque as the blankets and feathers and pretty furs which the Indians wore in "No Man's Land." But, in spite of the clothes, they are still Indians, and they give you an Indian welcome. After you have shaken hands with them all, you have a chat with the old chief. He, too, talks about the country; but his talk does not make you dizzy. He does not tell you of bushels of wheat and bags of gold-dust, but he speaks of the good old days and the buffalo hunts