

SIGN LANGUAGE.

I WAS amused by a conversation which was carried on last Saturday by "Daniel," the Blackfoot boy, who is with me on his way home from your school at Elkhorn, and a Cree Indian whom he chanced to meet at this place, in the sign language. Neither spoke a word, but they recognized each other as having met a year ago at Maple Creek. The Cree asked Daniel what he had done with his hair, as a year ago he had long ringlets and wore a blanket; but now wears his hair short and has a good suit of English clothes. He informed the Cree that he was now a Christian and produced his Testament out of his pocket, and told him he was going to his home on the reserve; but next spring was coming back on the staff of the new Industrial Schools at this place. All this took place by hand signs, which I am told are understood by all Indian tribes. The hand drawn across the mouth means Blood Indian, across the cheek Peigan, down the moccasin Blackfoot. It is proposed to hold a service here on Sundays for the Crees at one of their Teepees. There are always 50 to 100 here; they make quite a trade, selling polished buffalo horns to the passengers on the C. P. R. The other day a passenger tried to photograph a Cree woman at the station, with a hand camera, and she was so furious she dragged him half the length of the platform. They think photographing takes away some part of their bodies; the women and girls always cover their heads directly they see a camera.

Medicine Hat, Oct., 1890.

W. W.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XX.—ANCIENT RUINS—*continued.*

THE next morning I started for the ruins. Oliver went with me and drove me in the same buckboard as before; but this time with horses instead of mules. It was a lovely bright frosty morning, and the five-mile drive was quite enjoyable.

The first view that we got of the ruins was a dilapidated-looking stone wall, high up on a sandstone cliff to our right. I had brought a pickaxe with me and my sketch book, and while Oliver was picketing the horses, I climbed up on the rocks towards the stone wall. This was the first time that I had seen any ancient American ruins. It struck me that they were very different to any English ruins; the stones were not brown and grey and covered with moss, and choked with a tangle of hanging