



Mary the Indian

There was no "Sunset," nor any Bon Echo story for 1917 because I was busy helping to put New York State over the top for Suffrage that year, and now that I begin to write the Bon Echo story for 1919, I find the most distinctive personality, not in the folks from out front, nor the ones from across the line but in the person of Mary, the little Indian. Mary is the daughter of Sawatis, whose biography I may one day write. Sawatis, who rivals Sir John A. MacDonald in the things in which Sir John most excelled. An Indian, when Indian rights of hunting were concerned, but a Frenchman when whiskey or voting was the question. Mary was next to the oldest of a family of twelve, and at the tender age of six was adopted by a white family. She married an Indian in her early teens, but both her adopted and married ventures were checkered by adversity and misfortune.

Having no children, she adopted a beautiful baby boy, and her sacrifices and devotion to the child would put a halo about a worse tempered woman than Mary. We must stand at a distance and view Mary in perspective to get her real value.

Mary's second adventure in the matrimonial market was more successful, and her devotion to her perfectly good-looking Irish husband was a source of joyous gossip for Bon Echo guests.

Mary is a psychic, and many a prediction following a prophetic vision when gazing at the mystic leaves of one's tea-cup, came true.