

The Indian man has now an adequate inducement to work ; but that has not relieved the squaw from any of her burdens. She has still to bear her share of the toil, and more than her share. The Indian, going to fish on the frozen lake, stands by while his squaw digs the hole in the thick and compact ice ; and returns home on horse-back, unencumbered by any impedimenta, followed by his wife on foot, heavily laden with the results of his skill. The Indian kills a steer, but it is the squaw who skins the carcase, carries it home, dresses the meat and cures the hide. The Industrial Schools are quietly giving the death blow to this sort of thing by teaching civilized methods of housekeeping. The Indians still enjoy boiled dog or roasted gopher, but the cooking is none the worse for the school training of his daughters ; while sewing, knitting and even fancy work (to say nothing of the artistic productions of pen and pencil) are revolutionizing the home of the more civilized, where sewing machines, clocks, organs and other musical instruments are now to be found.

The belief in charms and love potions lingers among the squaws, as it does among Europeans, but promises to die more quickly among the red-skins than amid the "pale-faces." The women smoke quite as much as the men, and drink tea,—fifteen to twenty cups of "the only intellectual drink" in one day being quite common. The beverage is taken without milk or sugar and is imbibed for its toxic qualities.

No notice of Indian women would be complete without a reference to the papooses, that is the infants. These are cared for with the most motherly affection. The mode of carrying the youngsters is peculiar. The little one is strapped to a board, its feet carefully embedded in moss or soft grass, and there is an ample covering over all. Babe and board are then bandaged to the mothers' back and the child is thus carried about, whatever the mother's task or however laborious the work. In this unique cradle the child, sleeping or waking, is in comfort, and is restless only when not so cared for, ever crying for its cosy nest on the board, and immediately soothed on being hoisted on its mother's back.

HENRIETTE FORGET.