



INDIAN BOYS.

AT six years of age Indian boys are employed to herd the ponies. In time of peace they are absent from the "tepee" from early morning until late at night, in charge of several hundred horses. Every boy in some way obtains a lasso or "riata." When herding they lasso horse after horse, mount and ride bareback at a furious speed, and perform many feats of daring and skill.

Horse-racing is a daily amusement, combined with betting. The little Indian has pockets or bags, made of elk skin, hanging from his belt. In these are to be found knives, strings, nails, pieces of glass, stones, buttons, fish-hooks, and countless odds and ends. All these treasures, together with the bow, arrows, and lasso, are the stakes in the horse race, and change owners many times a day. If a poor boy loses, his father beats him severely because he has not been shrewd. A chief always keeps a strict account of his son's bets. Baseball is a favorite sport, but for some reason is not played well. An Indian boy will stumble awkwardly through a game, and a few hours later run a foot race with the utmost grace.

During the winter an Indian camp is given up to idleness. The only occupation of the boy then is making horsehair ropes. These ropes are round, elastic, and very strong, and the making of them resembles the knitting with worsted over pins.

When a boy is twelve, he is a man in his own and his father's estimation, and seeks admission to the council lodge. With a large party of his friends he starts from his home to win the right to be called a chief. The tepees and herds of neighboring tribes suffer from their raids.

When they return from the warpath the boys rush, shouting, into the village, relating their exploits. The head chief listens to their story, and, if the boy has done well, proclaims, in the principal lodge, that "this boy," calling him by name, "is now a dog soldier, and as such can sit in the councils of the tribe."

On the hunt or warpath the little Indian wears nothing except his paint, and a girdle of skin around his waist, reaching to his knees. In the "medicine lodge" and the tribe festivals he appears in all the finery his family can afford. The son of a chief wears a suit of elk-skin trimmed with elk teeth. This dress is very costly, as an elk tooth, among the plain tribes, is equivalent to one dollar. His leggings are sometimes trimmed with a fringe of human hair. From his belt hang many ornaments made of skin covered with gayly-colored beads. Fringes of soft elk skin tipped with tin hang from them. Around his throat is a necklace of blue, black, white, and purple beads, from which hangs his razor—a piece of folded tin, to be used after the manner of tweezers.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

NELL AND BERTHA.

IT was mean of the girls to decide that we must all wear flowers at the Juniors' reception," grumbled Bertha.

"Why, we are a part of 'the girls,' and so we helped to decide," laughed Nell; "we didn't say anything against it."

"What could we say? They would have been sure the only reason was because we couldn't afford it, and so I wouldn't say anything. It's all very well for Eva Myers and those girls to plan such things, but it isn't so nice for us. I had a dollar saved to buy mother a pair of gloves for a birthday present—she needs them too—but now most of it will have to go for a few roses."

"Mine won't," said little Nell, stoutly. "I'll get my flowers by going down through the meadow, pulling off my shoes and stockings, and wading across the brook. That's all it will cost me to get plenty of lovely violets."

"Just wild flowers!" said her cousin, disdainfully. "Everybody will think you wear them because you hadn't money enough to buy anything else."

"Well, I haven't," answered Nell, honestly, "but I don't see why they should think anything about it; I'm sure the violets are beautiful."

She was sure of it the next day when, with basket well filled, she sat down on the mossy bank to rest. Still she could not help thinking of Bertha's scornful assertion that they would "look cheap," and that she "would rather never go anywhere than not go as other people did."

"But, then, I'm not 'other people'; I'm just myself," mused Nell, with her gaze wandering from the blue blossoms to the blue sky. "If I try to be like girls that have plenty of money, it will just be pretending; it won't be real, and it won't be honest."

So little Nell wore her violets, and Bertha grudgingly bought roses. "And I might as