



THE START.

MY WIFE AND I.

ROVE is the title of a book, which the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of the Shingwauk Home, is preparing for print. It will be a humorous narrative of his recent trip among the Indians, and will be illustrated by a dozen of his sketches and about 60 of his little comic pictures. Following are a few extracts from his manuscript and two or three of his funny pictures:—

CHAPTER I—EXPLANATORY.

My wife and I live in the wing of a school—a large boarding school for Indian children. It is very prettily situated on the bank of the broad Ste. Marie River, which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron.

Our house, though small, is considerably occupied. We have ten children. . . Now, however, our youngest, a fair haired boy, is seven years old and past. My wife thought she would like to go on a little jaunt with me. So we planned a little journey. It was to be through Indian country,—all among the Indians. We counted up the miles which our proposed trip would cover, and we found that it would be in the neighborhood of 7,000 miles; we counted up also the approximate expenditure which such a trip would involve;—a large family and a small income have trained us to be both systematic and economical in our movements—and we found that the cost would be about \$700. We had just come in for a little legacy which would go a long way towards covering a part of the expenditure, and we thought we could see our way to meeting the rest; so we said we would go, God willing, we would go.

My wife's object in this trip would be to see and make friends, to cheer me with her presence, and in a general way to enjoy herself. My own object in making the trip would be to see as much as possible of the Indians, and, perhaps, if pen and pencil would yield their powers, to enlighten the public by and by as to the present condition and chances for improvement of that interesting but little known and little understood people.

Ever since we were united in matrimony twenty years ago, my wife and I have lived among Indians. I like them all. My wife likes a few and bears with the rest. We both have Indian names. . . . But we have not always lived among Indians. Our home is England. We were married in a dear old ivy-clad church with a great old Norman tower in Gloucestershire, and thence, while the bells were clanging, we walked together, as bride and bridegroom amid a throng of smiling villagers to the dear old Rectory mantled with clematis and jessamine and honey suckle, and within the Rectory walls we had our wedding breakfast and cut our wedding cake; and then we bade adieu, and went to Chepstow and Clifton and Cheltenham for our honeymoon.

Since then our lot has been cast in Canada, and our work has been among Indians. We have a big Indian school for Indian boys at Sault Ste. Marie, which we call the Shingwauk Home. . . .

The journey that we planned for ourselves was as follows: We would go, first to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, where I hoped to obtain letters to the authorities at Washington, which would aid me on my way; thence we should proceed to Kingston, on Lake Ontario, cross the St. Lawrence to the United States, and take the train to Philadelphia to visit the Lincoln Indian Institution; thence west to Pennsylvania to visit the great Carlisle School with its 600 pupils; then to Washington to confer with some of the Bureau of Ethnology and others interested in Indian history; then to Chillicothe in Ohio to visit the ancient Indian mounds, of which so much has been said and written; then to St. Louis on the Mississippi; then south-west into the Indian Territory to visit the Cherokees and other civilized tribes who were said to have their own Legislative Assembly, their own judges, lawyers and other public officials, and to support their schools and public institutions entirely out of their own funds without any help from the United States Government; then west through Indian Territory to visit the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other wilder tribes who still wear

blankets and paint their faces. Then into New Mexico and Arizona to see the Pueblo, Moqui and Zuni Indians, who build miniature cities, the houses one above another in a succession of terraces, and who are supposed to be the only remaining representatives of the ancient semi-civilized Aztecs,—to see also the Navajoes who have immense flocks of sheep and goats, and weave on looms of their own construction the most beau-



Looking for the mounds. (Ohio.)