

They love these evidences of their handiwork and skill, and while in this day of trade and barter many are made for sale, the old basket maker only parts with her treasures because old age has robbed her of the power of gaining the necessities of life by hard labor, and stern want looks in at the uplifted curtain of the tepee.

They love them, and though their uses are homely, they weave into them their prayers and hopes, their impressions of the beautiful world of Nature, and the completed work is as dear to them as the canvas of an artist, when the finished masterpiece brings him enduring fame.

The savage is an artist pure and simple; her unlearned and untutored mind seeks her designs in the vivid flash of lightning, the fleecy clouds, the seed pods of plants, the ripple of a stream, the scales of a fish, the graceful interlacing of twigs and stems, and the flight of birds across the sky.

Why should their work so prized, become so rare? The commercial value alone, should appeal to the powers that be, the grasses should be cultivated, and the secrets of dyes understood; the young should as well be taught that in the schools as the trying intricacies of the less congenial lace making. It is an art in which they excel; the demand is increasing, and the supply should be equal to it. How deplorable, that our enlightened government does not foster and encourage a beautiful and valuable industry that is passing away, with the passing of this generation!