

sciousness they tell their experience to the four wise men under the tree. All their tales end with the same story about the two mountains that are to belsh forth mud and bury the white man, and the return of good old Indian times. They lose all their senses in the dance. They think they are animals. Some get down on all fours and bob about like buffaloes. When they cannot lose their senses from exhaustion, they butt their heads together, beat them upon the ground, and do anything to become insensible, so they may be ushered into the presence of the new Christ.

"One poor Indian, when he recovered his senses, said that Christ had told him he must return to earth because he had not brought with him his wife and child. His child had died two years before, and the way the poor fellow cried was the most heartrending thing I ever saw. At the end of the dance they have a grand feast, the revel lasting all Sunday night. They kill several steers and eat them raw, drink and gorge themselves to make up for their fast.

"At last Friday's dance one of the braves was to go into a trance and remain in this condition four days. At the close of this period he was to come to life as a buffalo—he would still have the form of a man, but he would be a buffalo. They were then to kill the buffalo, and every Indian who did not eat a piece of him would become a dog. The man who was turned into a buffalo was perfectly willing, and I suppose they have killed and eaten him by this time.

INDIAN CHILDREN'S TALK.

"SATURDAY I did not go took a walk, I was scrubbed in my room."

"One day I was in the tree the bee came and it bit my head."

"I used to don't like to go into school, but now I like to know some time."

"We going to have pickneck, and I am very glad."

"I was at to the my home, only stay one month, when I went to the school again. I sitting down, and I imagination to the school, then I say I must go."

"My scissors is very shine because its new one."

"I saw some kind of a bugs. They were working hard. They had a big bunch of some kind of his food seems like a marble. They try to put it on top this little hill. When they got it half way and roll down again. One little bug behind pushed. One in front pulled."

"I am learning very slow, I cannot remember anything, but I try's remember as much I can but I can to it save my life."

"I am not feeling well, and when I get through cutting grass and when I lay down my bed and I get tire all my legs and my arms and my head and my lung both all over."—*Carlisle Red Man.*