

Bear, are self-explanatory. In one case a little girl, not yet named, was at a trading post, with its parents and friends, when its mother bought a white collar for it and fastened it around the child's neck, when another woman, coming in, noticed the collar on the dark skin, and uttered the Chippewa name for the ring-necked plover, which name was at once given the girl, and she is known by it.—*Emigrant*.

THE BEEF ISSUE.



IN the summer of 1889 I was visiting the Blackfeet Indians in Alberta, and saw the "beef issue." First two wild steers from the prairie—a red one and a red-and-white one—were driven up by two mounted cowboys, and, with the help of the Indians on their ponies, efforts were made, but unavailingly, to get them within the high fenced enclosure adjoining the slaughter-house. Then, as they were becoming savage and charging the riders, they were one after another shot dead and rolled over on the grass. After a time waggons were brought, and the meat, dressed and quartered, was conveyed to the ration house. Here behind a counter, the farm instructor, in a white but blood-stained apron, might be seen weighing out the meat and giving dippers full of flour to the expectant Indians. A little to one side of him, his assistant, a young Englishman in greasy overalls and an Indian jacket ornamented with feathers at the shoulders, was handling and dividing up the wreaking flesh which lay in piles and heaps all over the counter and all over the wooden floor. Standing in the midst of these piles of red meat was an almost naked Indian, a tall stalwart fellow, by name "Cross Eagle," jointing up the beef in Indian fashion with an axe and throwing the pieces together in a heap near the counter; he had a leathern strap round his waist from which hung a flour sack for an apron and a leathern knife-sheath studded with brass knobs. He had no other clothing and his long black hair hung in plaits on each side of his face over his greasy shoulders. Another half-naked Indian, named "Bad dried meat," was opening sacks of flour and pouring them out as needed into the flour bin at the farm instructor's elbow. The Indians, men, women, big boys, and young girls, all attired in the most fantastic costumes, their necks and ears and wrists loaded with strange ornaments, came hustling one another up to the counter, indulging in what appeared to be a good deal of good-natured badgering. Each individual as he came up produced a ticket with his number, name, and the number of individuals in his family, and was served accordingly, the farm instructor referring to the list hanging in front of him, and repeating aloud 3, 4, 6, or whatever the number in the family might be, and his