

as pertinacious as ever, then the white brother "begin angry." Instead of provisions and tobacco, he receives only sour looks and abusive language, it being about as well that the latter is lost on him. Should he not feel disposed to "take himself off," he is most likely kicked and cuffed from the vicinity of the camping ground, exhibiting in the meantime the most stoical indifference, which, we may safely say, is assumed. This may be borne for a time, provided Uncle Sam's agents in the vicinity are tolerably liberal in the matter of grub, blankets and general supplies; but should this fail or slacken, then the well-beaten "war-path" is travelled over again, and the defenceless settler and ill-armed emigrant ruthlessly murdered. It matters not that game is both abundant and fleshy—the result is the same. These supplies are not taken as an act of bounty, or anything of that kind, thus leaving the Indian in the position of a licensed pauper, and, consequently, destroying any independence of spirit which he may have possessed. We now gladly turn to something else.

In these days when there is so much talk about cremation, and so much trouble and uneasiness as to how the dead shall be disposed of, it may be well to glance at the Sioux and Cheyenne manner of finding a final resting place for their defunct friends. It has none of the lonesome and repulsive features of our barbarous and unrefined mode of sepulture. We really ought to feel ashamed of having allowed the red brother to travel, in this respect, so far in advance of us. The red brothers' grave-yard at first puzzled us considerably. On gazing upward at the limbs of a large and spreading tree, we were completely puzzled to account for the capricious manner in which they seemed to enlarge and diminish, and the facility with which an enlargement, apparently foreign, was localized in this peculiar region. We, wishing to get all the information possible, make enquiries in regard to them. We are coolly told that this tree, like many more of the same species, is used as a place of rest for the dead brother, a kind of intermediate station between this earth and the happy hunting grounds. There is nothing like travelling for information. We ascend the tree and have our reward. There are no less than four of them occupying this one tree. The defunct brother is securely wrapped in buckskin, laid on his back and well fastened to the limb or trunk, as the case may be. That his line of vision may be as extensive as possible, he is laid on his back, this position affording enlarged

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