

into a fit, and some months afterwards I met him again and he was still enjoying that joke.

Indians are always very reserved amongst strangers; but when at home they, especially the squaws, relax, chatter and laugh.

I am sorry to say that the morality of the squaws is almost *nil*.

Of the Indians' religion I know nothing personally. From what I have read it seems a logical enough belief. They say that as the world is full of evil, it must be governed by an evil spirit, for no good one would permit evil, but there is also some good which argues that there is a good spirit, too. They believe that they must worship the evil spirit, or he will persecute them; but they say what good is it worshipping the good spirit, for, of course, he will do his best anyway. There is a Roman Catholic mission amongst the Blackfeet, which is doing a good work, and has a large industrial school for them.

Indian names strike the stranger as slightly peculiar, when translated. They are usually given them only when they have done something to distinguish themselves. Thus, a good runner is called "deerfoot," "running horse," or something that way; but some others, as that of one rather good-looking squaw called, "The woman with the big gun," are unique. Also that of a buck called, "Tried to fly, but could not."

They used to call me "Splittoan," which means a tall, fine-looking and inexpressibly handsome young man. Another fellow translated it "a longlegged silly-looking son of a gun," but I don't think it means that.

I did not like the name much, as it led to the fellows on the ranch calling me spittoon.

I do not know anything about the Government of the Indians, and can give no statistics to show whether they are dying out or not, but I should think they will never actually die out, though I believe that a pure-blooded Indian will soon be a thing of the past, and that the Indian of the future will be a half-breed, owing to the loose morals of the squaws.

