

a joint of a finger: this last is practised by the Cheyennes and the Kiowa women. During the season of mourning all ornaments are put away, as well as all gayly-colored clothing. These are usually burned or buried with the dead. The mourner wanders alone, in solitary places, giving utterance to the most dismal wailing. However they may have felt towards an individual while living, when dead he is always spoken of with praise, though his name is seldom uttered by them. They are animated in conversation, and sometimes imaginative. Exploits of former chiefs form a large portion of the evening entertainment, and are greedily listened to by the young, who, through the natural vividness with which youth receive exciting events, in telling them in after life are apt to get them exaggerated. Hence the deeds of former times far exceed those of the present degenerate days. Traditions are also told over to the young by night, some tribes refusing to tell them in the daytime.

The young men and warriors have many games of chance, which they play, accompanied by singing and sometimes drumming; these are often continued throughout the entire night. Indeed, in large camps of from one hundred to two hundred lodges, seldom a night passes without hearing the sound of the drum, continued until long after sunrise.

The girls and young women are not without sports, different, it is true, from those of the young men, but equally exhilarating. The children, of both sexes, have their evening dancing fires, where they exercise until late in the evening. Night, indeed, is the season for mirth, revelry, and voluptuous enjoyment in an Indian camp, and there is usually more noise then than in the daytime. Day sports with the men consist of horse-

racing, and exercising with the bows and arrows; with the women, of ball playing. Most of their sports, except the last, and their dancing, are a species of gambling, in which horses, blankets, robes, bows and arrows, in short every article of value, are wagered, won, and lost. Perhaps I ought not to have excepted from the latter class of sports the young women's game of ball, as here many a heart is smitten by the blind god and lost. A little past the middle of the afternoon of a pleasant day, the work having been accomplished, except the preparations for the evening meal, all the belles of the encampment, in their best and most showy attire, and highly decorated with paint and ornaments, armed with a crooked club, assemble on the ball-ground. This is a level piece of ground just outside of the camp, which has been freed from brush and other impediments to the coming conflict. Several old women, having charge of young children, gather in groups around. Stakes are set twenty rods apart, preliminaries arranged, the party divided, and the game commences. This is a violent contest, by each party, to drive the other to its home stakes, by scrambling, running, kicking, and knocking the ball from the ground with their clubs. Some of them acquire such expertness as to send it half way to the stake with a single blow.

As the game goes on, the ground becomes surrounded by spectators of the other sex, who watch, with excited eagerness, the activity of the fair (?) combatants. Some of the latter, by their clumsy gait, awkward and ill-directed efforts, secure to themselves various appropriate epithets, of no over-pleasing character, from the old women, while the graceful figure and movements of others, with their well-timed blows, raising the ball high in