

would have been no trouble. McLaughlin was the best friend Bull ever had, and he did have sense enough to realize that fact. Bull was a false prophet and among the Indians at Standing Rock there is little dissatisfaction over his death.

By the way, a visit to an Indian agency in one of the most novel and interesting to be found in this country. The writer hereof spent 2 years at the Standing Rock Agency, as its chief clerk, and can testify to that fact. Ration or issue day is the time of greatest interest, as the Indians are there in full force, 'diked' out in paint, feathers, furs, etc.

At that agency from 150 to 200 head of cattle are killed by the police every fortnight, and issued to the Indians. As soon as the first shot is heard, the squaws begin to sing, and long before the cattle are dead the young bloods jump the corral fence and cut the tongues out. Beef tongue is a great delicacy, and it is almost universally used for the dance, which takes place the night following Beef Day. This day is probably the happiest of their existence, as they are permitted to butcher as suits them, after the cattle have been killed. The beef hides are issued at the same time, which they immediately sell to the Indian traders, receiving therefor tobacco, paint and sugar and a small amount of flour, etc.

After they have gorged themselves, and had a little time to prepare their toilet, you can see the noble red man in all his glory. This is their great gala day and a looker-on will see the beautiful Indian maidens. Possibly the first one will have red spots painted on each cheek, with the balance of her face covered with irregular spots of different colored paints. The next one will probably have one whole side of the face covered with green, while the opposite side will be yellow. A third one will have her face covered with 'poka dots' made from all the bright colors. Each one of them is 'on to the latest' and is making her chewing gum pop like snapping your fingers. Next comes one of the old men smoking