

Following p.388.

Story of Zebaddle and Family

As an illustration of the susceptible nature of the Indian mind to outside influence whether good or bad, I will relate the case of Zebaddle and family with whom I made my first camp home. The lodge was untidy even for an Indian home. A dirty little boy perhaps ten months old was creeping about upon the dirt floor, the scanty garments with which he was clothed, and the skin of his hands and face were scarcely distinguishable from the ground floor upon which he was crawling; his hair covered his head with matted tangle whilst his sparkling eyes shone like diamonds. At first I was an object of terror to him, but this soon gave place to unbounded curiosity. His eyes were scarcely off me for a moment while I was in the lodge. He watched every movement I made, taking care however not to stray too far from his mother's protecting arms. After some time however, as I manifested no mischievous designs, he grew more bold and ventured to creep around to my side of the fire pit, in the center of the lodge, frequently measuring the distance to his mother with his keen and sparkling eye. Nearer and nearer he came on each trip until after several tours of investigation he had approached until stretching his arm and finger to their utmost he could touch me drawing back to watch the result, still measuring his distance from his mother to whom he would return for a renewal of his courage before every experiment. Perhaps about the second morning of my sojourn in the family he had become so familiar as to make an attempt to crawl into my lap a proceeding I did not permit. I noticed that the mother appeared displeased with this. She made signs for me to take him up;