

great deal, and he thought it was part of the white man's road, and he would try and cheat him just a little. The logic was good, and as George had been paid, the trader could recover nothing, and had to consider the explanation satisfactory.

WHAT BECAME OF THE CATTLE.

At the time of the council held at Old Fort Cobb, on the Washita River, in the summer of 1872, rations ran short, and a small party of Comanches were sent into the Wichita Agency for a supply of beef. The acting agent turned out eleven head of cattle to them. On their way out, passing a Caddo farm, they saw a quantity of watermelons, of which the wild Indians are passionately fond. The sight of this luscious fruit was too strong a temptation to the Indian, to whom the cattle had been intrusted, and he immediately struck up a bargain for what melons he and his companions could eat, giving five steers for them. While engaged in eating the melons, another got away, and they saw no more of him; so that they went on to the council with only five, instead of eleven beeves. The paper he brought from the acting agent giving a greater number than they delivered, led to an investigation of the subject. The leader of the party explained the transaction, pleading as a palliation for the offence that he did not make the trade so much because he wanted the melons, as to encourage the poor Caddo to keep on in the white man's road, which he was working and struggling to follow. He was surprised that the white chief should call him to account for doing what appeared to him to be a meritorious deed. Ten Bears, the head chief of that band of the Comanches to which the party belonged, then took the subject up, and

said he was surprised that a "big fuss" should be made for what appeared to him to be a praiseworthy act. He thought the deed in itself indicated an advancement in the white man's road beyond what he had an idea any of his people had attained. If he had been following the old Comanche road, he would have stolen the melons, instead of paying liberally for them. This was putting the case before the commissioner in a new light, and as nothing more could be done, the Indian was fully exonerated.

WHY THEY CRIED.

Several years ago a delegation of wild Indians were induced to go to Washington. On their way, as usual, they stopped a short time at Philadelphia. A worthy Friend of that city, anxious to cultivate good feelings with them, invited a couple of the prominent chiefs, with an interpreter, to dine with him. Upon the table was some horseradish served in vinegar. One of the chiefs, at the suggestion of the interpreter, who wished to see some sport, helped himself to this rather largely, and taking a mouthful by way of tasting it, it proved rather pungent, and brought the tears to his eyes, accompanied by some contortions of physiognomy, which attracted the attention of the other, who asked what he was crying about. He replied he was crying about his father, who was killed some time before. The other thought he would try the horseradish, and it having the same effect upon him as upon the first, he was asked, "What for you cry?" "O, me so sorry," he replied, "you no die when your father did."