

Soon he bade entered announcing supper in readiness, & left the way to out, & into the other lodge. I imagine my surprise at finding myself in a Dumb Lodge furnished with a round table in the center about sixteen inches high, formed by driving short forked stakes into the ground & laying in these straight Cedar poles, & upon these boards were laid across, the whole covered with a new red blanket in imitation of the red table-cloth at the Agents house. In the center of the table was a new Dish Pan containing the meat & soup, nice warm biscuits were upon a large platter & a pile of real iron stone plates, tea cups & saucers & while knives & forks were arranged where it was expected for the guests to sit. We were seated at the table on the ground, — the host at the pile of plates — the hostess by the biscuits & coffee cups. A pause of silence (as was observed at the Agents table) followed, after which the man helped the guests to the meat & soup, the woman served the biscuits & coffee. The whole was conducted with order & propriety — a civilized meal in a wild Indian camp.

Before I left this little boy Kow-cho-by by name presented me with a nicely tanned beaver skin, which I acknowledged by buying a nice vest for him, thus the Gale of perpetual & constant friendship was passed between us by the interchange of presents.

ONE PLACE WHERE WHITE MAN CANNOT GO.

A number of years ago an Arapaho chief asked a commissioner, who had been sent to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, what the white people thought of a future state. He replied that those who were good, — loved the Great Spirit, did not murder, lie, steal, or cheat, — when they died, would go to a good place, where there would be no sorrow or pain, and would always remain happy; but those who murder, get drunk, lie, and cheat, when they die will always be miserable. The chief, who had never seen a white man who did not answer the latter description, burst into loud laughter, at the same time clapping his hands with delight. The astonished commissioner inquired what he was laughing about. "O, me so glad!" he replied; "one good place where white man no come."

How Stumbling Bear killed the
Watch.

Darkness of Indian Conscience

While making my camp house in one of Stumbling Bear's lodges, he became much interested in my watch, frequently asking for it, & upon receiving it would examine its exterior very minutely, watch the movement of the hands (as it was open faced) listen to its ticking, & without being able to comprehend the mystery of the movement of its hands & its continuous ticking would re-