

with the matter, but the Indians that live on Cherry Creek don't know any better, and are very wild. I hope they won't go too far or make any trouble."

Surely the house-wife, the Church, need not fear that every jar, jug, cask and keg in her Indian pantry is in a ferment and about to burst. This is rather the time for her to be proud of, and encourage her Indian members. The disposition to classify the Indians, good and bad, all together, creates in the loyal Indians a deep sense of wrong. We are sad, they say, to see our country flooded with soldiers, when every day we are hauling freight for the government and taking care of our little homes.

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Why are we friendly Indians left adrift and not enlisted in the support of the government? We have relations, friends, acquaintances, among the crazy dancers, and, under the protection of the military, can better than others, bring this craze to a close. Why are we left unemployed and helpless between two fires, the dancing Indians taunting us and despising us, as no better than whites, and the white settlers fleeing from our borders (must I add, the Church suspecting us) as though we were savages?

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