

a war club, made of a pointed stone and rawhide handle, such a weapon as Capt. Wallace, of the Seventh Cavalry was recently slain with.

This is a would-be-warrior, and he neither looks to the right or left, but straight ahead, probably after some imaginary enemy.

At another point will be found a council or pow-wow among some of the middle-aged men, seated in a circle smoking very large pipes, which are passed from one to another. These men are great jokers and enjoy a hearty laugh. Yonder are some squaws having a high old time dancing. They get in a circle and in the center there are two or three squaws beating on an old tin pan.

At a given time all arise and with their hideous, monotonous, music, they jump up and down, making the same motion, each jump moving a little to the left. In this way they soon go completely around the circle, when they sit down and eat something. Unmarried squaws seldom join in the dance and squaws are not permitted to dance with the men.

A short distance from the agency building a large crowd of men and boys will be found racing ponies. They are great gamblers by nature, and bet considerable in the way of ponies, etc. Many beg the agent for coveted articles, while others do their trading at the Indian store. In this way the day is passed. At night they have a big dance at some camp, and the following day, Sunday, is spent in visiting each other. Monday the regular subsistence rations are issued, composed of coffee, sugar, bacon, flour, rice, baking powder and soap. This day is very much like Saturday. Tuesday morning every Indian must return home and remain there until next ration day. Paint, feathers and dances are at a discount during this period, as they are strictly forbidden by the agent, and this rule is rigidly enforced.

Affairs at this agency are probably in the most satisfactory condition of all the Sioux agencies. The agent, Maj. James McLaughlin, is a man of