

in the Orient) but ^{did} this merely out of neighborly sympathy, as something similar may sometimes be observed among the lower classes of white people.

Another and more touching mourning scene I observed was the widow of Spotted Elk going around the camping circle with her limbs scarified so that the blood ran down to the feet. Her gray hair hung loosely about her shoulders & she leaned on her staff as she walked. She sang this mourning song:

KehiKa Saleska, Toki he? Toki he?
 EOK Spotted where is he where is he

Repeat: " " " "

Tiwe amayaka Kta? (repeat)
 Who will look after me?

The "song" was rather spoken than sung, in a rather high voice, often interrupted by sobs.

Short Bull's prayer tipi, the one I bought, was painted on the outside but a missionary told me about one he formerly had that was covered with picture writing on the inside.

The small Buffalo skin lodge in the Berlin museum of which I published a colored illustration and a detailed account in the "Globus" many years ago — I think I gave you a copy — had the numerous