

or that his son or daughter will tell you. Neither will he say "my wife," but he will always say "she," and the wife will speak of her husband as "he." In speaking of the children, their names will not be mentioned, but they will be called first born, or youngest, etc. Names seem to be given for purely ornamental purposes, and not for use.

One tribe is very much afraid of another tribe; so great is this fear that it can hardly be measured. Prisoners of war become slaves.

The Pappoose

Indian babies are wonderfully well-behaved. The reason, we imagine, is one that might be profitably pondered over by many a mother. The baby is strapped to a board, and there remains quietly most of the time, and is not tossed, twirled, rolled and tumbled till it can hardly breathe, as many a baby we wot of is; hence the papposes seem always serene. Colic, surely isn't jounced into them.

The Legend of the Red Swan

This legend is one that seems prophetic, and to refer to these days of railroads. It happened, once upon a time that a young man was out hunting, and as he journeyed he came to the shore of a beautiful lake, and there he saw, floating a red swan.

"To his bow he whispered, 'Fail not'!

To his arrow whispered 'swerve not,'

Sent it singing on its errand."

And as he shot, the swan flew upwards, taking its course towards the West, and leaving in its track an exquisitely mellow hue, which the young man followed. At night-fall he came most unexpectedly upon a wigwam; upon arriving at the door-way he looked in, and saw there an old man, and his daughter, a beautiful maiden. The old man was engaged in making bows and arrows. The daughter was making moccasins. The old man gave him the usual welcome, saying: "Come in, my son, sit you here. My daughter, prepare food for the stranger who has come in upon us," and, as he sat there with them, the young hunter related the adventures of the day, and asked if they had seen anything of the