

On the occasion of his first ride on the cars—the train going at the rate of forty miles an hour—he was asked what he thought of rail-roads. He replied that they were about as he expected, but that they did not go as fast as he supposed.

Hole-in-the-Day was about forty years of age. He was, like all his tribe who can afford the expensive luxury, a polygamist; and in the course of his life has had several Indian wives, successively, and at the same time. His last wife, for whose sake he abandoned his seraglio, is a white woman whom he encountered and married a year or two ago on one of his frequent trips to Washington. One of his daughters was educated at the Catholic school in this city. He was in the city a few weeks ago, and left with a friend a statement of the manner in which the Indians had been treated by the Government agents—a sure sign that Hole-in-the-Day's treasury needed replenishing. We might fill columns with narratives of the exploits in which Hole-in-the-Day figured as the hero, but we postpone this to another time.

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## Murder of Hole-in-the-Day

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[From the St. Cloud Journal, July 9, 1868.]

Mr. A. D. Prescott, who has been connected with the administration of affairs at Chippewa Agency for several years past, arrived in town yesterday evening from the Agency. He was there at the time Hole-in-the-Day was killed, and says that all the reports of the affair published thus far are more or less incorrect. From Mr. Prescott we obtain the following, which is in every particular authentic:

On the forenoon of June 27th, Hole-in-the-Day came to the Agency from his home some two miles above. He was in a handsome, light one-horse buggy, and with him was another Chippewa, named Ojibbewa. They remained a short time, and then went down to Crow Wing, stopping at the latter place until half-past one o'clock.