

if you can ever forget them. The old men are the finest, but there are beauties among the young men as well. There is one who, with lofty form, lean face, sloping forehead, high cheek-bones and eagle nose, might have come bodily out of the old picture books. He would be a handsome man in evening-dress, but in his gorgeous native trappings he is a thing to remember.

Neither are the women uninteresting to observe. One may conjecture that

THE WOMEN. the elderly ladies came because their husbands did, but that some of the younger ones might have been selected for good looks. Many will recall one young squaw, whose dense black hair, cut just short enough to clear her shoulders, hung all around her head save for an oval opening in front, through which showed a plump brown face, by no means ill to look at. But, young or old, they are with one accord hostile to the white man, and you need not expect any but sour looks in return to your respectful address; except from some young persons in Wild West costumes, who talk perfect English and have monstrous bead things to sell, or, standing a short distance from an archery target, made in Chicago, shoot arrows at it with no startling degree of skill.

But he must be hard to amuse who does not find pleasure in the youngsters.

THE CHILDREN. They are here of all ages; some about as young as any body gets, strapped to boards, each with a gay hoop standing out about his head; some just able to balance sitting in the doors of the lodges, watching the passing show with apparent satisfaction; some with slight locomotive power, inching about over the ground; some crawling with surprising speed, and some able to run about on tottering bow-legs, but not big enough to join the band of boys and girls that play about the stack of baled hay—near where the buffalo stands in his pen, which you must not approach too close. All babies are pretty, but some are cleaner than others. And as white babies cry when their faces are washed, so a copper-colored baby cries when his mother scours his face with the skirt of his garment.

Here is one playing by herself. She has some apparatus, however, in which there are infinite possibilities; a spool and a scrap of strawboard. You roll your spool off your board, and it goes off fast across the ground, with you after it as fast, in order to arrive before you tumble down. "See her scoot!" says a little boy to his mother. He is eating a white boy's lunch, out of the regulation shoe-box; the little savage sees and desires the bread and butter, the layer cake, the Concord grapes; her stomach prevails, and she staggers up to little boy, offering him, *manibus plenis*, spool and strawboard. Little boy is

much abashed at the sudden publicity, but makes out to do the generous thing.

Here are four, busy in the shade of an Assiniboine tent, making a play-house with sticks and strings, as children no doubt do all the world over; but it is a curious house that the little Indians are engaged upon. There is a circular stockade, in the centre of which is a square sanctuary, made of chips split off with the butcher-knife, and having a roof and a door-way; this door-way faces the opening in the stockade, which has a tall post on either side, with a lofty cross-bar or lintel overhead; the walls of the stockade are continued outward from this entrance, so as to form a confined avenue of approach to it. It is not likely that these little Indians ever saw a dwelling-place like that; and still it is very much like the Indian forts depicted in the old Virginia histories; and there are writers who claim that the games of the children of today are the representations of grown-up people's labors of yesterday. These children's play-house may be the surviving tradition of the village structure of their forefathers, before the arrival of the pony gave them the means of moving freely about.

The older youngsters seem to be more numerous than they were earlier in the season, and decid-

THE BOYS AND GIRLS. edly less bashful, as regards either garments or manners. Under the former head may be cited an unhandsome youth of the Crows, who is wandering about the grounds all morning and attends the war dance in the afternoon, always alone, as if he could find no birds of his feather to flock to. He attracts attention by reason of his shirt, which would appear to have shrunk. Out of deference to modesty, however, he has painted his legs red, and adorned his long black hair with some very fetching ribbons. As a rule the boys wear leggings and moccasins, which are often handsomely beaded and fringed. The leggings are made separate, rights and lefts; this accounts for an occasional youth being seen wearing only one. The intention is always to have two; they are pulled up as high as possible and tied together and around the wearer's waist with a string. Over this then descends the loose shirt or blouse.

As to their manners, while they do not appear impudent, to judge from their faces, yet they are certainly not retiring. In some parts of the grounds the solitary investigator is suddenly surrounded by a picturesque band, while a number of small brown palms are extended towards his face and a chorus of small voices is heard crying "zhink-anee?" Others call for cand', and others for penn'; and it is quite possible that they know more English than appears. One who likes to see youngsters grin cannot do better than to provide himself with some small candies, which he can

get from the pious Mussulman on the Midway, or lay in a few pennies in advance. The young marauders are hard to satisfy, however, and when the tribute is no longer forthcoming they have no objection to going through your pockets themselves to see if you have forgotten anything. But this is not approved by their elders, and a shout from the nearest lodge presently sends them all scattering.

This is a great year for America. The most flattering news yet is that there is a movement in France for choosing an American pope, when that desirable position next becomes vacant. Of course we have never tried, but there is no reason to doubt that we could produce a good article of popes. At first glance, we cannot see why Mr. John Wanamaker would not answer every requirement, with possibly some little assistance from the Ladies' Home Journal.

An anti-treating league is being actively boomed by officials of some eastern railroads, its members to wear a badge, and neither give nor receive treats. This is certainly a move towards temperance and economy, as it limits a drinking man's consumption to what he wants and can pay for. But it is no novelty; there was a wide-spread P. Y. O. B. club—pay your own bills—among bicycle-riders ten years ago or more.

It is a long way indeed to the scene of our speculation in the Philippines. Harper's Weekly of September 17 prints letters from its correspondent there, dated July 16, when they were still wondering what the German fleet was going to do. That seems a long time ago.

The same number contains a full and very interesting letter from Santiago de Cuba, giving the most explicit report that we have seen of the process of making this an American city. The paper is on file at the Public Library.

All through the war, while the mills of the gods ground out the fate of nations, two unfailing springs of United States fiction never ceased their trickling in the Harper publications. Mr. Howells is still rambling on and on through one of his amiable narratives in the Weekly, and Mr. Stockton's ingenious paradoxes continue to daze those who like that sort of thing, in the Bazar.

People who visit the Omaha exposition and write it up for their papers on returning home, seldom fail to mention, among their statistics, that Chicago, Kansas City and South Omaha do the most of the pig-killing of the country.

And still, to the funny men of the New York papers, Cincinnati is headquarters for pork-packing, and their jokes for the next hundred years will no doubt continue to be based on that belief.