

INTERESTING PICTURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION CEREMONY



The above halftone reproduction of an old steel engraving of the coronation of Queen Victoria is particularly interesting because of the tragic postponement of the ceremony that was to have taken place in the Abbey on the crowning of Edward VII as king. Like all other court ceremonies and observances, a coronation service follows strictly on the prescribed lines of ancient custom.

**In the Land  
of Big Snakes**

A gang of snappy dogs resembling the hungry coyotes of the plains, greets the traveler as he enters the borders of the Wind River Indian reservation in northwestern Wyoming. Long rows of smoke and dust begrimed lodges, covering the heads of decrepid warriors and ugly squaws mark the spot where for more than a century the Snakes have smoked the pipes of peace, danced the scalp orgies and planned great battles against their common enemies the white and redmen of the west. The strong sage scented smoke curls slowly over the huts of barbarism and seems to weave a magic wand which calmly waves before the modern representative of civilization and warns him of impending danger should he attempt to enter the sanctuaries of the savages.

Far away into the interior of the Wind River Mountains where the white man has seldom trod the virgin soil is the headquarters of the once great and powerful tribe of Snake or Shoshone Indians. Here they have made their homes since 1781, and successfully battled against the strong Arapahoes, the big Sioux, the mighty Crows and the savage and treacherous Cheyennes. Many scalp dances have been held around the lodges of Washakie, celebrating the victories over their would be conquerors, and scores of dried bunches of hair indicate the trophies of those great events. Some of the battles were fought a century ago, years before the white men troubled their peaceful hunting grounds.

The Snakes have grown up in an atmosphere of exclusive barbarism surrounded by the mysteries of a century and the superstitions of a longer period. Where they came from the medicine men do not know and will not signify an expression, but many of the hoary headed warriors have passed the days since 1781 on the reservation. With much Indian characteristic mysteriousness the veterans will minutely describe every snow of an hundred years, with its peculiarities, wars, battles and victories. Since 1868 the Snakes have had peaceable possession and ownership of a tract comprising 1,810,000 acres of mountain and plain situated around the headwaters of the Big Horn and Snake rivers. Their people now number 1,810 men, women and children.

For fifty years the tribe was ruled over by Chief Washakie whose word was law and whose commands were never disobeyed except on penalty of

immediate death. The medicine men recognize him as the only great chief ever known to the Snakes, and bow in humble submission to all that he ever commanded. He left for the happy hunting ground a few moons ago and the entire tribe went into characteristic savage sorrow, spending weeks and months without food and beating their breasts in mourning for the good man. Dogs and squaws were killed to go with him and assist in making the future life pleasant. His trusty bows and arrows were buried by his side to give weapons of defense should he meet enemies on the road. Knives and belts, encased in finely ornamented skins occupied their accustomed places in the lonely grave.

Washakie was a typical western Indian, having numerous wives and professing to be a big Mormon. He entered into the usual alliance of the Utes and surrounding Indians, by which they were to become the battle axes of the Lord in subduing the armies of the United States and delivering the government into the hands of the Mormons. This was used as a strong argument by the colonists of Salt Lake basin, to get the friendship and assistance of the redmen. A strong affinity between Mormonism and barbarism thus caused the burning of many wagons and the capturing of numerous emigrants looking toward the land of the Golden West, during the '50s, and until peace was made by the treaty of 1868 at Fort Bridger.

The Arapahoes were formerly bitter opponents of the Snakes and fought them on many bloody battlefields. In 1875 they were conquered and forced to surrender. They came to Chief Washakie as a homeless, friendless and subdued band of vagrants. He pitied them in their poverty and with a spirit greater than most conquerors, threw open his lodges and invited the naked, despised and forsaken enemies of his people to make their homes with him. To this proposition the now thoroughly repentant tribe cheerfully submitted and took up their abodes with the Snakes. Since then they have been known as one tribe, and have fought side by side in the many battles for home and country.

In 1876 when the Sioux were causing such an uprising in the northwest that General Crook was put in command and ordered to the front with a force of troops, Chief Washakie tendered his army of braves and enlisted them in the cause of the United States. A band of 213 trained Indian scouts, under the command of Washakie, routed the hostile Sioux and chased them from the mountains of warfare to the reservations of peace. After the campaign was over General Grant sent Washakie a nicely decorated saddle

and bridle, in token of his esteem for such a brave chief. The Indian agent delivered the present and awaited some signs of pleasure or dissatisfaction.

The great chief of the Snakes sat motionless and gazed on the ground, seemingly not noticing the gift from the white general. Finally the agent aroused him from his apparently dormant condition and asked what he should say to the big general who sent the present. After reflecting a moment Washakie arose, straightened himself to the highest point of superiority and thus exclaimed:

"You may say this to the big general. Do a favor to a Frenchman, he feels it in his head and the tongue speaks; show a kindness to an Indian, he feels it in his heart. The heart has no tongue."

Washakie was a brave man and quickly resented any imputation of cowardice in himself or any member of his family. On one occasion, say the medicine men, during the Indian troubles of 1886, the big chief and a party of warriors were attacked by a band of hostile Sioux. The Sioux numbered 200 braves and made the attack at daybreak, when the Snakes were the

least expecting anything but a band of buffaloes they were hunting. Washakie saw the danger and at once rallied his braves to the emergency of the occasion. A fierce battle ensued and many were killed. The Sioux were so hard

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