

face: "Go out into the storeroom and get three plugs of tobacco; bring them in and give them to the old fellow." The messenger soon returned and handed the three plugs of tobacco to the indignant advocate. Immediately he whirled towards Furnas and looking at him with indignation flashing from his great, dark eyes, said in a tone of intense scorn: "As I told you a little while ago, I have traveled a great deal; I have seen all the headmen and braves among the white people and the great chiefs among the Indians on the plains—all sorts of men—white men, red men and black men I have seen all over this country." Then, looking still more intensely wrathful and bending his huge form over until his hand nearly touched the floor, he said: "But," (looking straight at Furnas) "never before did I see a man only about that high."

The distance of his hand from the floor of the agency office when this remark was flung into the face of the agent was so small that neither Tom Thumb nor any other Liliputian could have marched under that indignant and trembling hand.

**WHITE COW'S
LAST REQUEST
OF GOVERNOR
FURNAS.**

The foregoing did not, however, disturb the amicable relations between Indian and agent. A few months after that event, during a very severe storm in midwinter, a messenger called at the agency and informed Furnas that White Cow was very sick and near unto death and desired his immediate presence. It was a night of storm, wind and snow, and the thermometer was away below zero. But the demand for his presence was so importunate, and supposedly coming from a man just about to depart from this life, that Furnas immediately through the blinding blizzard found his way to the habitation of White Cow. The old Indian was laid out on a pallet of robes and skins. He was much emaciated. But after being bolstered up he shook hands with Furnas and expressed his gratitude that he should have come to him in that supreme moment. Through the interpreter he again repeated the story of his lifelong friendship for the whites and finally wound up by stating that having been so long on their side he felt in his heart like a soldier of the government and that therefore he desired as a last favor that Furnas should promise him that he should be arrayed for the grave in the uniform of a cavalry soldier of the United States. He said he wanted one of those short, round-about coats with yellow stripes on it and across the sleeve; that he wanted pantaloons such as the horse soldiers always wore with yellow stripes down the sides, and that then he would be ready to go to the happy hunting grounds in the way that a

man of his note and long service to the white people ought to go.

Governor Furnas admits that the scene was pathetic and that his heart was really touched by the words of the aged and emaciated man, for "The tones of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony." And so he promised White Cow that his request would be granted and that he would be buried in the attire which he had described. Again White Cow renewed his strength of voice and said: "My brother, I feel sure that you would not tell me a lie at any time; and I am very certain that you could not tell a lie to a dying man. But when a man is dead he cannot tell what kind of clothes he has on; he don't know anything about them. So I wish that you would send a man right up to the agency and get those clothes for me now and have me put right into them. Then I shall die happy and know that I am going into the other world dressed just as I wish to be."

This appeal was too much for the sympathetic heart of the agent. Immediately a messenger was dispatched for the cavalry suit and in due time returned with the same, and into it, after a good deal of a struggle, the limbs and body of Mr. White Cow were placed. With a smile of supreme satisfaction the old man laid down again and soon passed into peaceful slumber.

Two weeks afterwards, however, Governor Furnas was very much surprised to receive a call from Mr. White Cow, who lived to enjoy and wear out that suit of clothes with great comfort to himself. During its use, however, he did secure from Governor Furnas a promise that after his death he should be buried in a sitting posture on a high bluff of the Missouri river just above the city of Decatur in Burt county. He desired to be placed in a chair facing down the channel of the Missouri river. He said he wanted to sit there forever and see the boats coming and going, to see the white people crossing over into Nebraska and making homes, putting trees, orchards and hedgerows all over the great plains where he had in his youth so many times hunted the buffalo, the deer and the antelope. And again his appeal was triumphant, for Governor Furnas promised him that he should be so buried. And the day came and the life went out of the first, original, famous and great orator of Nebraska. Precisely the promise made by Governor Furnas was fulfilled and the mortal remains of Mr. White Cow were disposed of as he desired they should be, on the high bluff of the Missouri river, the waters of which are seldom now disturbed by steam craft. There in a sedentary posture the remains of this aboriginal orator are enclosed by brick masonry. This final resting place overlooks a portion of Iowa and the city of Decatur, and its occupant may not wait

many years before the waters of the Missouri river shall be vexed by the bottoms of barges which may be towed to St. Louis or New Orleans by light draught steam tugs. The utilization of this great stream for the transportation of the staple commodities of the Northwest to the Gulf can not much longer be delayed.

But later in the history of Nebraska other distinguished barbarians have appeared as orators and elicited the attention and admiration of those who were among their auditors.

GENERAL GEORGE had perhaps as **D. CROOK** good knowledge of the intellectual ability and moral trend of the prominent savages of northwestern Nebraska as any man living in his day and generation. To him the author is indebted for the following specimens of eloquence from the tongue of Spotted Tail.

During the Hayes administration it was determined to reform the Indian Bureau and to so manage its affairs that the annuities and the goods due the Indians should be honestly distributed. A first step in this direction was to appoint only Quakers and Episcopalians to the office of Indian agent. This policy was carried out quite rigidly for some time. During its domination a special commission to interview the Sioux Indians at Camp Robinson arrived at General Crook's headquarters. In due time the council was held. Eastern philanthropists who knew nothing of Indian character, except from Cooper's novels or "Hiawatha," appeared to give advice and instruction to the Indians then and there assembled. Long speeches were made relative to the dignity of labor and the necessity of constant work for every human being. A tedious speaker informed the Indians that the white man, his wife and his children were always well housed, well fed and well clothed because all white men labored. The speech was lengthy and didactic and very tiresome. When it was finished

SPOTTED TAIL said:

"My brother, the words you have spoken sink deep into my heart. You say all white men have good houses, good food and good clothes because all white men work hard. Those words burn in my heart. Go back to our Great Father in Washington. Tell him that I have heard what you have said and remembered it. Tell him therefore that I want him to send out to my band of Sioux Indians a whole lot of big tables with square legs, tables which are covered with green cloth on the top and which are always accompanied by red and white balls and long arrow-like sticks with which to punch the balls. Tell him that when these tables and sticks and balls get to the Sioux we will all go to work punching balls all day long, and sometimes far into the night, just as his headmen and braves do down