

man or men be made to go to the Kickapoos and live for a while, as a punishment that I cannot vouch for, but I do know that he had the dog layed out in rich stile, had a grave dug, and according to the Indian mode, had a wolfs tail put up on a pole at the grave, and hired an Omaha Indian to go at stated times for several days and crye at the dogs grave, as the Indians do for their lamented dead dureing the Cols. last few years of his life he suffered much, had several savere attacks, and at last died at Plattsmouth, Neb. his relatives liveing in St Louis his remains were taken their for final interment, it was said that he left a property of some seventy five thousand dollars, most of which was in St. Louis, he had one brother John B. Sarpy who died before him who was a member of the American fur company, and when I came west in 34 had charge of most of the fur companies business, the firm consisted of Pier Schauteau & Co. Mr Cheauteau, John B. Sarpy, Bernard Pratte, Capt Sears, Majr Sanford, and a young Chauteau, Gov. Clark of the noted Lewis & Clark expedition was then Supt. of Indn. Affairs whose hed quarters was at St Louis, who was supersceded by Major Joshua Pilcher, whos history I have previously mentioned, and at Major Col. Mitchell, and in Mr Buchannans administration removed to St. Joseph and a Doct. Robinson, Supt. and was supersceded by a Gentleman I disremember the name, and from St. Jos. the office was removed to Omaha when Col. Taylor was Supt. and so on to Supt. Jenney at the present day The Indian trader (Mr La Clair) I mentioned in connection with Mr. Cabanne, ended his existance by shooting himself, he had been intemperate and took a solemn oath that he wouldnot drink any liquor for a certain time and lived that time almost out, and was met by some of his friends who persuaded him to take a drink with them, he did so, and in after sober reflection took a pistol and deliberately shot himself. Lucian Fontenelle, the father of five interesting chilbren by an Omaha woman, was a man of talants, and well liked by all who knew him, he also had great influence with the Indians aspecially the Omohas, he was a gentleman in his manners, was kind and affectionate to his family, and a successful Indian trader, he in company with a Mr Drips had a trading post at Fort Larama, or Blackhills, and in the spring of 35 built a log house to store their goods, which they took on pack animals to their fort up the Platte, the house in which he died stands yet near the river bank at Bellevue, close by where the cars of the South Western R. R. run daily, notwith standing his eccelant qualities, and refinement as a gentleman he followed the wake of most Indn traders and finally died."

The unimpeachable statement with which the document ends is not such a commonplace as it appears. There is a neatly cut hole in the paper immediately following the word "died," which causes confusion in the catalog of Indian agents on the preceding page as well. This hole is the workmanship of one of the five interesting children mentioned before, who, inspired by most praise-worthy filial piety, upon reading this narrative one day, took his knife and excised the words "of delirium tremens" with which it originally concluded.

A. T. R.

A PIONEER LETTER.

Bellevue, Dec. 31st, 1854.

My dear sister Emma :

We were made exceedingly happy the day before yesterday by the receipt of two good, long, letters from home, one from mother, and one from our dear sister. You cannot imagine what a glorious effect those little sheets of paper have upon us, especially when they come from our dear homes. We are always looking for them, always delighted to receive them. How I wish you all could visit us. I am sure you would enjoy it, for we could play ball, grace-hoops, and shoot, with bows and arrows, in the open air, and without our bonnets on. You have no idea what pleasant weather we have. If it were not for the dry grass and leafless trees, it would be summer indeed. The sunsets here would vie with world-renowned Italy — and the moonlight! Words cannot express its beauty. We have all kinds of melodious music at pale moonlight—the dulcet strains of Indians, wolves, and sleepless dogs have the same effect upon the air as the perfumed breezes of the South, but to the ear they are far from pleasant. We have such beautiful, high bluffs all around us. From the summit of one near our house we can see up and down the Missouri a hundred miles, and, in imagination, we can also see the spires of the three new Presbyterian churches in Detroit. On the top of this bluff is an Indian burial ground. They have a strange way of interring their dead. Thy do not dig a grave, but wrap the deceased in his blanket, place him either on his feet or in a sitting position and cover him with earth. You will find these mounds all over the country. The Indians frequently put a biscuit or piece of cake, with a bottle of coffee, on the grave, and think the spirit eats it; but the "spirit" is always a hungry wolf or prairie dog. There are a great many Omaha Indians here now, as they have all come in from their hunt. They have quite a little village in sight of our house—I should think fifty lodges. We spent Christmas very merrily, at St. Mary's, Mills county, Iowa, on the other side of the Missouri river. The Germans, about twenty families of them, in that pretty village, which has three windmills for grinding grain, celebrated it as they do in Germany. It was called a "Christmas carol." The ladies had a conversation and coffee at three, while the gentlemen practiced target shooting. At seven we all went over to the "Astor House," partook of a warm supper, and finished the day and evening by joining in the merry dance. We had some beautiful singing with piano and guitar accompaniment. We continued our Christmas by visiting Council Bluffs, and found Dr. and Mrs. Miller from Syracuse, New York. Mrs. Miller is a sister of George Dickinson, of the firm of Higby & Dickinson, of Detroit. I like her very much. They are going to live in Omaha, twelve miles from Bellevue. We have heard several re-

ports lately respecting a new governor's being appointed. Good-bye,
CARA JOY MORTON.

THE CONSERVATIVE has already published a number of letters written by Mrs. Morton during the years 1854 and 1855, and may give some more containing records of events of great importance to the then sparsely-settled rim of Eastern Nebraska. The author of them, the mother of Joy, Paul, Mark, and Carl Morton, died at Arbor Lodge June 29th, 1881. But her influence upon the home she so bravely aided to establish remains in immortal strength, and its trees, flowers, and books and pictures are her constant eulogists.

NATIONAL CONSCIENCE.

A celebrated educator is exercised over the alleged fact that our country is gradually changing to an empire. He ascribes it to the lack of public conscience. There is some danger. When the fears of a great educator and benefactor are awakened, it becomes a sign of the times. Such men are not moved by every wind that blows.

As science means knowledge, conscience means self-knowledge. But the English word implies a moral standard in the mind.

It is true that, in the struggle for office, the moral standard, some form of the golden rule, is frequently lost sight of. It is more frequently the case in the struggle for wealth. But there comes a time, in the lives of politicians and speculators, when, like Solomon, they arrive at the conclusion that, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" then they begin to found libraries and to pension the poor who have been the source of their wealth. What we need is to awaken this conscience in the schools, before the boy has overburthened himself with wealth or fame.

In some part it is a dispensation of Providence. It is not very hard for a temperate, patient, industrious person to gain a competency, but, when one sees his wealth piling up beyond his ability to apply it to the increase of his own happiness and that of his family and immediate friends, it is time to unload.

He should not spend it in direct acts of charity, except in cases of emergency. Help others to help themselves. This is the motto for philanthropists.

Boys should be taught not to wrest wealth from those who are honestly struggling toward a competency. They should be taught to do right, even when there is no law to compel them to do right. A poor laborer once gave his promise-to-pay. When it came due, he could not meet it. The note became worthless by time limitation. He struggled on and was, at length, fortunate. He paid the note, saying: "The law does not bind me, but conscience does." That man at length gained a competency, because everyone trusted him. When such men are placed in the councils of the nation, it constitutes a national conscience.

JOSEPH MAKINSON.

Holdrege, Neb., May 6, 1901.