

lar to the Sioux quartz used for paving, were found near the fire-place; some of these pieces fit together, and form one stone as large as a man's hand and half an inch thick. I have not yet learned where this rock came from; it is not a drift boulder, but is from a quarry of semi-stratified rock. All the flint found is from Kansas, and is the blue chert so extensively used by the aborigines of this state.

Last, but not least, I gathered from this circle a peculiar burned clay, from coal black on the outside to a bluish, or, in some cases, a brownish tinge in the center. This can scarcely be called pottery; it has no tempering, and to all appearances is simply masses of burned clay decayed until it falls to pieces much as the surrounding earth when thrown out, after which it has nothing by which to distinguish it but its color. The curious part is the form in which it rests in the earth; often it is in a circular form like a vessel having the imprint of split wood on the inside and the impression of leaves and flags or some wide-bladed grass on the outside. By using my spade with care, I succeeded in bringing a number of such masses to light, intact, but they crumbled as soon as touched, and only the parts which were burned the most remained. A number of specimens, upon being dried and carefully brushed, show the impression of rude wicker work. The clay seems to have been made very plastic and poured among split sticks, leaves and grass, then the whole mass burned, some parts more than others, and all until it became quite black. The earth worms have worked it through and through and small bits are mixed with the soil all the way down. I supposed it to be charcoal until I tested it. Often a piece shows that some vegetable material has been bedded between two bits of clay and then burned, leaving its impression in very black relief when the piece is split.

A few specimens of similar burned clay have been found on the Roca site, but nothing like the quantity found here. This subject demands more investigation, as nothing has been written on this subject that I can find. At first I thought that the conglomerate mass of burned clay might be caused by the lodge being destroyed by fire, and this was the clay of the roof matted over the logs and leaves used as a covering; but upon sluicing the dirt of the floor I find one-half of the substance is pieces of burned clay made round like pebbles from constant wear and powdered to very dust, yet not soluble in water, as is the earth not burned and the decayed bits of burned clay.

Small bits of bone were found, and in every case they were decayed and crumbled to dust. The age of this circle is much greater than any I have opened in the state, but it has enough

points of similarity to class it as Harahey if the Roca site is Harahey, which all authorities seem to agree in concluding. I hope to make a more thorough investigation of the vicinity at a later date. In the mean time, if any of my readers have seen any evidences of the aborigines anywhere in the state I shall be pleased to make note of them and investigate them in turn.

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## THE CONDITIONS IN CUBA.

The health and morals of our soldiers in Cuba are matters of the widest public importance, furnishing as they do an index to the conditions which are to be met and provided against, so long as Americans are on Cuban soil. In this connection it is particularly interesting to have an opinion from so close and careful an observer as Charles M. Skinner, the naturalist and writer. Mr. Skinner, whose books on nature, "Flowers in the Pave," "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions," and "With feet to the earth," have been widely read, recently went to Cuba to study the conditions at first hand. He says of what he noted there at the army stations which he visited: "The courage of the soldiers is not always evidenced on the firing line. Ever since the yellow fever hospital has been in operation at Mari-

## TREE PLANTING FOR PRISONERS.

### Mr. Balfour Suggests a New Employment at St. Helena.

Mr. B. R. Balfour, writing from Red Hill, St. Helena, under date of April 8, says: As a visitor to St. Helena in a private capacity, I cannot help wishing that some further employment could be provided for the prisoners of war. I hear of some cases of insanity, and it is only to be expected that the long-continued seclusion, enforced idleness and anxiety about their families should tell on the minds of some of the prisoners. There are many who would be grateful if some employment could be provided for them, and who would be glad to work at the rate of one shilling a day in addition to the rations received from the government, at some work which would be of public advantage. One of the things which appears to me to be the most needed on the island, is tree planting. It is lamentable to see how St. Helena is being denuded of trees. Forests within reach of the camps are being cut away, simply to provide firewood for the prisoners.

I wish to suggest that a fund should be opened at once to provide employment for a selected number of prisoners of war at tree planting, subject, of course, to the military regulations being complied with, to the satisfaction of the authorities. I have been consulting on the subject, both with the governor and with the officer in command of the troops, and I have reason to hope that arrangements can be made which would enable many of the Boers to be employed in this way for the permanent benefit of the island, provided funds are forthcoming.

Should my plan be taken up, I propose to invite any two members of the council of the Charity Organization society, of which I am an old member, and also the Dutch minister here, the Rev. Mr. de Vos, to join with me in administering the funds. For personal references I beg to refer to the secretary of the Charity Organization society, and to the secretary of the Colonial institute.—London Standard.

## RAMBLES IN COLONIAL BYWAYS.

Some six years ago, Rufus Rockwell Wilson, a New York newspaper worker, spent a week on the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia. The article which he wrote about that quaint and venerable region was promptly taken by the editor of a well known magazine, who, in his note of acceptance asked, "Why don't you do a book on our colonial landmarks? The subject is a ripe one, and you could handle it well." This suggestion gave the newspaper worker food for thought; sent him, whenever opportunity offered, to other middle state regions with a history, and bore final fruit in "Rambles in Colonial Byways," which, issued a few months ago by J. B. Lippincott Company, has proved one of the most welcome of recent travel books.