

even converse with them, (having no interpreters,) we are compelled to submit to our loss in silence. Perhaps we should even be thankful that we have not lost more.

While these people were smoking the pipe of peace with us, after breakfast, I observed that Richardson, our chief hunter, (an experienced man in this country, of a tall and iron frame, and almost child-like simplicity of character, in fact an exact counterpart of *Hawk-eye* in his younger days,) stood aloof, and refused to sit in the circle, in which it was always the custom of the *old hands* to join.

Feeling some curiosity to ascertain the cause of this unusual diffidence, I occasionally allowed my eyes to wander to the spot where our sturdy hunter stood looking moodily upon us, as the calamet passed from hand to hand around the circle, and I thought I perceived him now and then cast a furtive glance at one of the Indians who sat opposite to me, and sometimes his countenance would assume an expression almost demoniacal, as though the most fierce and deadly passions were raging in his bosom. I felt certain that thereby hung a tale, and I watched for a corresponding expression, or at least a look of consciousness, in the face of my opposite neighbor, but expression there was none. His large features were settled in a tranquillity which nothing could disturb, and as he puffed the smoke in huge volumes from his mouth, and the fragrant vapor wreathed and curled around his head, he seemed the embodied spirit of meekness and taciturnity.

The camp moved soon after, and I lost no time in overhauling Richardson, and asking an explanation of his singular conduct.

"Why," said he, "that *Injen* that sat opposite to you, is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendezvous with letters for St Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte river, (just a short distance beyond us here,) I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I therefore felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlement. No—I should have nothing, and if I did not

start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river. And," continued the excited hunter, while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage, "that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognized me, and knew very well why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever, and I again declare that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man." "But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?" "To be sure they did, and my blankets, and everything I had, except my clothes." "But how did you subsist until you reached the settlement? You had a long journey before you." "Why, set to *trappin'* prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head." I should remark that his hair was long, so that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders. "But squirrels in winter, Richardson, I never heard of squirrels in winter." "Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow." "Well, really, this was an unpleasant sort of adventure enough, but let me suggest that you do very wrong to remember it with such blood-thirsty feelings." He shook his head with a dogged and determined air, and rode off as if anxious to escape a lecture.

It is a pity that Mr. Townsend did not learn the name of the offending Otoe chief. Probably the continuation of the story would account for the disappearance of one or more members of that tribe—or else for that of a member of the Richardson family. The aggrieved hunter would seem to have been the Paul Richardson, spoken of by Farnham, Parkman and some others; he was of a Connecticut family, and I never learned what became of him. He told Mr. Townsend that he meant to go back to New England and settle down on a farm.

A. T. R.

TREE - PLANTING AND THE CONSUMPTION OF WOOD.

J. Sterling Morton, who has long been an authority on tree-planting, says, in a recent number of THE CONSERVATIVE that every twenty-four hours the consumption of wood in one form or another in this country equals all that can be produced on 25,000 acres, and that the new acreage planted every day does not exceed twenty-five acres. On that showing it will not be long before we begin to feel a shortage.—San Francisco Daily Call.

THE "SILLY SEASON" IN POLITICS.

The "silly season" in politics has come with the advent of summer weather, and Chauncey M. Depew and William J. Bryan are its advance agents. The former said at Chicago, June 5, 1901, that there is no reason why William McKinley should not be elected president for a third term, in November, 1904; the latter, at Kansas City, that if the supreme court decision had been rendered before the election of November 6, 1900, the result would have been different. It is hard to decide which theory is the more ridiculous. Sensible people realized last fall that it was an even thing which way the majority of the judges would go, and it would be hard to find anybody who refused to support Bryan seven months ago who would think of voting for him now. Indeed, he seems a much cheaper figure to-day than ever before, and national weariness of his tiresome chatter becomes steadily more pronounced. As for the third-term suggestion, it is based upon the twin ideas that fine crops, business prosperity and good luck generally will continue to help the administration straight along, and that the millions of voters in the opposition party will always be ready to see its chances sacrificed in order to gratify the egotism of a political mountebank. "The man who will believe that will believe anything."—New York Evening Post.

A WINDMILL BOOK.

The man who knows most about windmills has written a book. It is a 40-page book, with more than 100 pictures. Every page of the book is interesting to a man who wants a windmill. Not a word will he skip. And when he is done, he will know all that anybody knows about windmills and what they should do. He cannot be fooled; but the man who buys a windmill without reading this book will regret it. Simply send your address, and the book will be mailed to you free.

The writer of this book is president of the Aermotor Company.

But the book is not biased, nor unfair. It is a book of information, written by the man who knows more than any other man about windmills.

The writer of this book started in twelve years ago to make Aermotors. The field was overcrowded. Makers with millions of capital, and tens of thousands of agents, controlled all the trade there was.

The Aermotor Co. had little capital, no trade, no agents, no reputation. 'Twas a pigmy among giants.

That was twelve years ago. Today the whole earth is dotted with Aermotors, and more Aermotors are sold than of all other windmills together.

That is a record with scarcely a parallel in the history of invention. The book will tell you how it was done. Write Aermotor Co., 1268 Twelfth St., Chicago.—Adv.