THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

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AMONG THE ROSEBUD SIOUX.

A Bee Man Spends Three Days at the Reservation.

HE TALKS WITH THE CHIEFS.

Their Opinions on the Treaty Question —Why They Will Refuse to Sign— Some Interesting Statistics and Experiences.

Spotted Tail's Followers.

ROSEBUD INDIAN AGENCY, Neb., August 25.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Thirty-five miles to the northwest of Valentine (a way station on the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad) lies Rosebud, the largest and most important of the Sioux Indian agencies. It was first established ten years ago, immediately after the Custer massacre, and was set apart for the use of such of the Sioux Indians as chose to follow the fortunes of Chief Spotted Tail. For some years it was known as the Spotted Tail agency, in honor of the chief, who built himself a neat two-story house, and used all his influence in restraining his more hot-headed braves from returning to the warpath. The house still stands but Spotted Tail is dead—killed by Crow Dog, who was tried for the offense and sentenced to hang, but had the sentence reversed by the supreme court on the ground that it was not in the jurisdiction of the court to punish an Indian for an offense committed upon an Indian. He still lives and can daily be seen around the agency, where he had his photograph taken only last Monday. The house is occupied by

THE WIDOW OF THE MURDERED CHIEF

and her eldest son, William, her second son, Polly, being employed as a herder, and her youngest, Spotted Tail, jr., having died a few months' ago. The latest fatality in connection with the feud occurred two years ago, when Thunder Hawk killed White Thunder. He, too, was acquitted, and is a daily visitor at the agency. He is a firm believer in education, has two children at the Genoa Indian school, and has expressed his willingness to send his wife there too, but the board of examiners concluded to decline the offer. The old agency bids fair to once more become prominent in Indian affairs, as it will be one of the last agencies visited by the present Indian commission, and upon the assent or dissent of its people, the fate of the proposed treaty in a great measure rests. While there are a great many dissatisfied braves who would no doubt willingly restore the old order of things, they are in a great measure guided by the wiser counsels of their chiefs and of the agent, Colonel L. F. Spencer, of Rochester, N. Y.

THE AGENCY BUILDINGS

lie snugly in a hollow, surrounded on all sides by hills, through which the road from Valentine finds its way after traversing long stretches of prairie land. A small creek runs through the valley, but at times it becomes a rushing torrent, and Saturday night last it rose several feet, sweeping away banks, bridges and buildings that obstructed its course. The agency proper covers about four acres of ground, and contains business offices, the agent's residence, quarters for employes, commissary store house, ammunition warehouse, school house and shops. The grounds are tastefully laid out and are ornamented with a fountain and a tall flag staff, from which the stars and strips float daily.

A miniature waterworks system has been devised, which conveys clear spring water to a reservoir at the top of an adjacent hill, from which in turn the offices, buildings and fountains are supplied. Small hydrants are also scattered over the ground for which suitable rubber hose has been obtained to be used in case of fire. Additional precautions have been taken and constantly filled water buckets, fire extinguishers, and other contrivances abound. The improvements are due entirely to the energy of Agent Spencer, who is reducing everything to a system and apparently

GAINING THE CONFIDENCE

of his Indian charges at the same time. He is assisted by a corps of assistants, one of whom is a full-blooded Indian boy, whose clerical work would be a credit to the department at Washington. Dr. Woodburn, late of Omaha, is in charge of the medical department, and is kept constantly busy attending to the numerous ills that Indian flesh is heir to, and has apparently made many friends among his patients.

The commissarat is presided over by Mr. H. W. Dunbar, with two assistants, one Indian and the other white. Mr. Dunbar is evidently cut out for the business, and during the year distributes 200,000 pounds of bacon, 8,125,000 pounds of beef, 12,000 pounds of baking powder, 30,000 pounds of beans, 80,000 pounds of coffee, 250,000 pounds of corn, 800,000 pounds of flour, 50,000 pounds of hard bread, 30,000 pounds of hominy, 30,000 pounds of rice, 60,000 pounds of salt, 160,000 pounds of sugar, and 60,000 pounds of soap. Five years ago soap and baking powder were unknown, but now the squaws insist on having their full rations. Five years ago when flour was issued, the braves would open the sacks and throw the flour out in order to keep the canvas, but since then times have changed, and now they ask for and use all the laws allow. The distribution calls for each person per week 4 ounces of coffee and 8 ounces of sugar; for seven persons, 1 pound of coffee and 2 pounds of sugar; for twelve persons, 3 pounds of sugar and 24 ounces of coffee; for two, 1 pound of sugar and ½ pound of coffee. In addition to this, flour, bacon, hominy, beans, rice, soap and salt are issued monthly.

THE FARM

will be under the control of W. S. Sager when it materializes. At present, prospects do not warrant the establishment of a model farm, and Mr. Sager is kept busy superintending his six assistants, who in turn are endeavoring to instruct the Indians in the way they should go—with a plow. He also attends to the distribution of farming implements among the natives, and although he consults the agent for all expenditures, he finds that he has a hard row to hoe. The principal sources of attraction to the Indians are the stores of the

LICENSED TRADERS

of whom there are two. One is that of Charles P. Gordon, who spent upwards of a decade on the frontier, and the other that of E. J. DeBelle, at one time physician and surgeon at the Pine Ridge agency. Visitors wishing to become acquainted with the celebrities of the Sioux nation can at any time find them at one or the other of the trading posts.

THE POLICE FORCE

is the most interesting of all, consisting of forty-three officers and men, not one of whom can speak a word of English. They are nearly all full-blooded Indians and two of them were present at the Custer massacre. One of them bears on his body the scars left by participating in the Sun dance, when he himself tore the flesh and muscles from his naked breast in honor of the great spirit and in proof of his bravery. They are all mounted and wear neat semi-military costumes, and are armed with Winchester carbines and revolvers. They are well up in both cavalry and infantry drill, and carry out the agent's orders without fear or favor. None but those who have visited an agency can understand what the sacrifice of their long flowing locks and the wearing of a stiff uniform cost them, but they made the sacrifice and are making the best of it, and the agent reports them honest and trustworthy in every case. The men on duty have sleeping apartments in the guard house, and it, and the one cell it contains, are always kept clean. The following is the latest guard detail, and may prove interesting, the numbers opposite the respective names, being understood to be regimental:

Captain, A. Ledoux.
No. 42—Lieutenant Hollow Horn Bear.
No. 8—Sergeant Bring the Arrow.

ON GUARD.

No. 26—Poor Thunder.
No. 30—Black Bear.

FATIGUE DUTY.

No. 22—Little Wound.
No. 43—Yellow Thunder.
No. 39—Stiff Arm.

SUPERNUMARIES.

No. 21—Crooked Leg.
No. 34—He Dog.
No. 12—Bear Louse.
No. 11—Afraid of Bear.
No. 18—Kill Deer.
No. — —Bone Shirt, jr.

The force is in charge of Captain Ledoux, with Hollow Horn Bear and Little Dog as lieutenants, and the pay is $8 per month for privates and $10 for the officers.

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM

is all that can be expected, and about 550 pupils attend the reservation schools for ten months in the year. There are thirteen day schools among the camps, which the children can attend and let their parents draw their rations; and there are four boarding schools where the children are cared for, and draw their own rations.

The latter are under religious management and are St. Mary's, Episcopalian; St. Francis, Roman Catholic, and two small schools in care of the Presbyterians. For these thirty-seven teachers are employed under the direction of Principal E. A. Bridger, superintendent, who devotes his time conscientiously to the discharge of his duty. They are distributed as follows: Day schools 24; St. Francis 6; St. Mary's 5, and the Presbyterians 1 each. The day school at the agency is in charge of Miss Spencer, and is a model of neatness. The desks for the senior class are the same as those that can be seen at any school in the east, and there is an industrial department where girls are taught the art of sewing and other feminine accomplishments. In the evening Miss Spencer devotes an hour or two for the benefit of any adults who wish to profit by her teaching, and she generally has a full class. The same routine is followed as nearly as possible by the teachers at the camp schools, and goes to show that a teacher's life on the reservation is not a continuous round of pleasure. Their teaching, however, has not been without effect, as

THE FOLLOWING CENSUS

will show: Last year the official count showed that there were 7,404 souls on the reservation, which was three hundred less than the previous year, but not an absolute decrease in population, as some of them had been transferred to other agencies. Of this number (7,404) 340 were of mixed blood. One hundred and thirty-five adults on the reservation can read English and use it, and ninety-three can both read and write English and Dakotah. One thousand have learned to wear citizens' clothing wholly or in part, and 1,200 full blooded Indians are engaged in civilized pursuits. There are 700 dwellings erected wholly by Indians and 750 full bloods are cultivating farms. Three thousand, five hundred acres are under cultivation and 3,000 acres have been fenced. They own 7,000 horses and 2,500 head of cattle, for which they last year cut 6,000 tons of hay. One thousand two hundred and fifty of them have joined the various churches and during the year they transported 3,000,000 pounds of freight from Valentine to the agency, for which they got pay. There has been no one killed for the past two years, and no quarrels or riots of any importance. As a class the people are rapidly advancing in civilization, and the following letter from the most influential chief on the reservation, Swift Bear, shows how deep an interest he takes in the educational matters of his nation. It was handed by him to THE BEE reporter, who spent three days at the reservation, and is published verbatim. It was written for the chief by an interpreter:

SWIFT BEAR'S LETTER.

ROSEBUD AGENCY, D. T., August 14.—To the Editor of THE OMAHA BEE: I am again say to the people of the united states, that I am in favor of the order of the indian department issued in Sept. 87 Forbidding the use of the native language in all the Schools up on the reservations Whether those under Government patronage or under private or missionries control. We are all of us indians now face to face with the White men, and we want to do away with the teaching of our language in all the schools in Dakota, and I hope our great father (the president) Will enforce the order of the indian department, and not mind those missionaries talks. Those missionaries teaching religion in our language are sowing ruin among our nation. We do not want those missionaries teaching us in our own language which do us no good. We are indian enough without those missionaries teaching us more indian. We want our children to be teached in english and be educated in english like White people, so they can do business with the White people without interpreters. Those missionaries did not obey the order of the indian department, they still continued teaching our language among us. SWIFT BEAR, Sioux Chief.

Such being the character of the leaders who are opposed to any surrender of lands,

THE TREATY QUESTION,

from an Indian point of view, will no doubt be interesting, and as the night was falling, THE BEE reporter sought an interview with Swift Bear, who, as before stated, is, without doubt, the leading chief of the Sioux at the agency. He is a tall, well formed Indian and has the entire confidence of his tribe. He shows a remarkable knowledge of what is, and what should be, although he cannot speak a word of English. He is bitterly opposed to any surrender of the reservation, and his expressions voice the sentiment of the 7,400 Indians at the agency. So strongly does he oppose any surrender of his people's rights that he came 160 miles to tell them never to sign a treaty, because the treaties he had signed in years gone by had never been fulfilled. THE BEE reporter found him in the cabin of his nephew, Louis Bordeaux, (who is also an extremely well informed man, and who acted as interpreter when the Western Indians visited Washington in 1874). The chief leaned gracefully on a long handed tomahawk, as he replied to the reporter's queries.

"Tell him that THE BEE is the friend of the Indian, and that it considers him to be one of the leading chiefs of the Sioux," said the reporter, and he replied with the ever expressive "Ugh."

"Tell him THE BEE wants the white people to know what the Indians think of the commission, and ask him if they are going to sign the treaty?"

THEN SWIFT BEAR BROKE LOOSE,

and, emphasizing every word with a gesture, he said:

"Before this, when the commissioners came out, they brought with them papers, and these papers always lied. Before this, they came out and asked us to sign these papers, but we always found that these papers lied. We did not know they lied—we believed them and we touched the pen, but they deceived us. They never fulfilled the promises they put on paper, and we can't believe them any more. Heretofore they came to us with papers. We could not study the white man. We did not know any better, and we signed them, but we found they were frauds. So now we have made up our minds that we would not sign any more treaties, that we will not give up any of our lands. I have seen the great father many times. I have seen him for my people. In 1868 he promised the Sioux to fulfill all his promises, but I have found out by studying, that there is a great deal of money due to the Sioux that has not yet been paid to them, and I don't believe in any more promises. The treaty of 1868 promised to give the Indian children schooling for twenty years, but it never gave it to them until nine years ago, so now the great father owes us for eleven years schooling. They promised that every thirty children should have a teacher on their own reservation, but instead of giving it, they took the children away and gave them their education somewhere else. This treaty of 1868 became a law, but the white man's government has forgotten all that, and do not keep the law they made themselves, but they want to make a new law. I and my people will never sign it. I have spoken, it is all I have to say."

"Tell him all he says will go in print," said the reporter, "and tell him we will send him a paper so that he will know all the white men will understand what he thinks," and when the message was given a gleam of satisfaction shown from his eyes, and he extended his hand and said "How de.'"

The reporter "How de'd" and made his way across the creek to find

STANDING BEAR,

who was investing his hard earned money in the trader's store. He, too, is an Indian of more than average intelligence, and has considerable influence in the councils of his tribe. He cannot speak English, and the reporter had to interview him through the medium of Louis Robedeaux, an intelligent interpreter. His answers were straight and to the point, and were given without any hesitation, thus showing that he had made the best interests of his tribe a life study.

"Tell him THE BEE is a great paper, and recognizes his influence among his people," said the scribe, "and tell him they want to know what he thinks of the proposed treaty."

"There are a good many people on this reservation," he said in reply, "and the treaty of 1868 gave each head of a family 320 acres. I thought they meant us to keep it, but now they want to take it away—that is fraud. We shall not make any more treaties with the white people to give away our land, because we've got a very small reservation now for our own use. The other times we did not know anything—we used to sign our land away for nothing—but now I know soil (land) is very high among the white people. We send all our children to the white men's schools because then they can make our bargains with the white people for us. Since they have been to school and have come back they say it is wrong, and we depend on them. Now our children go to school and we are keeping the land for them and their children and the children that come after them. I am an old man, and I have got 320 acres of land, but all my grand children must have 320 acres too, the same as I do. If we give our land away they can't get it, and we won't sign any treaty because it would hurt them. We have given a good many lands to the government, and they have promised us lots of things, but they have not yet fulfilled them. That's why we want to see the great father, because when he made the Black Hills treaty with us it has not come to be law yet. That's why I want to see him, because we're all under him. There is one other thing I will say, and I want you to print it. Captain Pratt has tried to educate Indian children, and now he comes and tries to take the land from our poor boys. We don't understand him. We would rather have someone we knew, someone who has lived with us and whom we could trust, because we like the great father. He is our main friend and I think is for the Indians. The reason why I say he is for us, is that when we sign the papers, they will become law. He told us so, and so I know he did not want us to sign them unless we knew what we were doing. A railroad, the interpreter said it was the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, once made a treaty with us for a strip 100 feet wide, to the Black Hills, and they surveyed it, but they were too poor to pay for it, and they never got through yet. That's why they want us to sign this treaty—to get the land for nothing, that they are too poor to buy. But they will never get us to sign."

"What does he think of the Indian schools?" asked the reporter.

"I believe in the schools, they will do the Indians good. I have three girls and two boys now in school at Genoa. I am in favor of educating them because I don't want my children to get lost."

"I know the government wants to buy our land at 50 cents an acre," he said in answer to another inquiry, "and I know they will sell it for $1.25. I know the same land is worth $4 or $5 an acre, and I know that many other people are holding as much land as we do, and are not using it as much as we do."

The reporter then said that THE BEE would send him a copy of the paper to show him that the white people had been told why he would refuse to sign the treaty.

"I would like to meet the people like that," he said. "I'm forty-eight years old."

Then he asked for the reporter's address, and it was given to him.

"He says he would like to write you a letter some time," said the interpreter.

"Tell him I'll print it any time he does, and ask him to write one now, and tell him I may come and see him at the council meeting when the commissioners are here," said the scribe.

"My heart will be good to him if he comes. We want white men to be like that, but we don't want to owe the government any more land. One thing more I would like to print. We have three white men on our reservation that we know and have confidence in. We know them many years, and we can trust them. I mean Mr. Curtis, Mr. Jordan and Mr. Louis Roubadeau. They have Indian children on the reservation and are married. That's all I want to say, and the Indians have confidence in them."

Then Standing Bear arose, and, extending his hand, said, "Howdy." The reporter did the same, and said the same, and the interview was over.

From that time he asked the opinion of everyone he could meet on the treaty question when an interpreter was near, and one and all answered with the same vigorous "Heh" (no). He tried to find out whether or not they would fight before they would sign, but on this question they all kept an ominous silence and would not say they would or would not.

THE SQUAW MEN,

as the settlers who have been married to Indian wives are called, are equally firm in their opinions as to the fairness of the proposed treaty, but they are not alone in them. They are not instigating the Indians to resist government orders, but since they have cast their lot with them they have in some cases taken an interest in the question, as their interests have become identical with those of the Indians, and they have been looked to for advice as to the ways of the white man. As a rule they are educated, and one of them voiced the sentiment of many others when he said to THE BEE reporter:

There appeared in the press dispatches the remark of an ex-member of congress (Kleiner), to the effect that the Indians could be easily persuaded to part with their lands, were it not for the influence of the "squaw men," inferring that they opposed any measures tending to induce the Indians to sell their country. Why should these ambitious aspirants for favor in Dakota politics suspicion that the squaw men opposed their philanthropic designs for the welfare of the Indians if such designs were for the interests of the Indians. The fact is this, that these men are not so much distressed lest the Indians be influenced by the squaw men against their interests as they are fearful that their own plans for seizing reservation land may be defeated. The squaw men are felt to be an obstacle to the success of any scheme against the interests of the Indians, because they can generally read and write, and therefore are posted as to the true state of affairs, and as they reside among the Indians—or their wives and children reside there—their interests, or those of their wives and children, are identical with those of the Indians. Inasmuch as it is plain to be seen that squaw men, because of their ability to read and write are therefore in a position to post the Indians, are condemned and found an obstacle. Why should the same arguments not apply to the hundreds of Indian boys and girls now at the different schools in the states or on their reservations? Squaw men are all in favor of the Indians taking land in severalty and going to work, and on a number of reservations they are employed by the agents as farmers to encourage and instruct the Indians, but they are not in favor of the Indians being coerced into selling their land at a price set by the proposed purchasers, when there are millions of acres of unoccupied land, held by aliens, in the United States, and held intact.

ANOTHER SQUAW MAN,

who had evidently made the question a study, handed in the following, as a reply to the questions propounded by THE BEE reporter. They are given verbatim, and will tell why he, for one, thinks the commission is on the wrong track, and why he, for one, will oppose the treaty:

General Crook declined to serve on the commission, stating that he would not ask these Indians to sell their land for fifty cents per acre. General Ruger also declined. After the expense of the commission, the survey of the reservation and the expenses of allotment are taken out of the proceeds of the land sale, it would leave the Indians about fifteen cents per acre for land that would average $6 or $7 per acre if put into the market to-morrow. There are hundreds of thousands of acres in Dakota lying idle. It is not settlers who want the land, but the railroads and land-grabbers. It is certain that under no circumstances can the commission get the consent of even one-fourth of the Indians, still less three-fourths, as required. The attempt is a complete waste of money. This constant legislation tends to retard the progress of the Indians. They are constantly being worried about their land, and now Judge Wright, of the commission, is telling them that if they refuse to sign this bill the troops will distribute them among other reservations, and they will lose their land without compensation. The commission has taken possession of the telegraph, and no dispatch can be sent without being inspected. Are these star chamber proceedings authorized by the president? The Standing Rock Indians have repeatedly refused to sign the bill, except a few individuals who have signed. Why not accept their decision, or is the commission working in the interest of the railroads? Rev. S. A. Biggs, the venerable missionary who has spent a lifetime among the Sioux, denounces the bill in unmeasured terms, stating that there is so little real good land in the reservation that the Indians should have it all if it is the intention of the government to make them self-supporting.

WHAT NEIGHBORS THINK.

Then to find out how the adjoining country would suffer, THE BEE reporter asked W. S. Barker, of the Valentine Republican, his opinion. "I think the government has made a mistake in appointing men not versed in the ways of the country," he said. "When they send out commissioners let them send out men who understand their business, and who understand the Indians. For one, I have always found the Indians honest, and they were among the hardest workers at the fire that destroyed a large portion of this town last spring, and they never stole a cent. When the commissioners offered the tribes 'red' and 'black' ballots to say whether they meant yes or no for the treaty, they forgot that 'red' meant war, and 'black' meant death. When the Indians had only those to choose from they would not take either."

"Tell the people that the proposed treaty is an outrage," said a surveyor, now at work near the reservation. "I know something about the surveying of this country and the work can't be done for less than 30 cents per acre. Then the cost of allotting, and the expenses of the commission will cost not less than 3 cents per acre, which will leave the Indians about 17 cents per acre for land that is worth anywhere from $2 to $8 per acre."

"Tell the people of Omaha and the west that if they allow this thing to go through, they, and the state of Nebraska, will be the sufferers," said a trader. "If it's looked up, it will be found that the Milwaukee & St. Paul road is trying to divert the trade from Omaha and send it over their own line. They can't do this unless they get a route over the reservation, and when they do get it they will kill the traffic of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad and not benefit anyone."

Then the scribe for THE BEE thought it was getting too much for him, and looked up his notes. He found the Indians had

NO OTHER CAUSE OF TROUBLE

and he wrote as follows:

Having heard both the Indians and their allies state their case the reporter thought that possibly their might be some other cause of complaint, and he once more procured an interview with Swift Bear, as being the spokesman for the nation.

"Ask him if he has any other grievance besides the land question, and if he likes the agent?"

"Our agent (Colonel Spencer) is a good friend to the Indians and has tried to help them all he could," was the ready answer. "He tried to learn them in the white man's ways, and that's what I call a good agent. I have a farm 160 miles from the agency, but although it is so far away he helps me and encourages me in farming, and I'm raising corn and wheat. He is a man that don't stop in the office, where he is hard to see, he is everywhere, advising everyone to do what's best. That's what i call a good agent. We always listen to what our agent says. We have confidence in him, he always tells the truth. This is our third agent, but only two were good. Major Wright and Colonel Spencer tried to teach us. I am farming and getting rich, but I am getting old and must die soon, and I want my children to have something to live on. I am pretty close to the white men now, for I can raise everything they do. The government gave me a few head of cattle five years ago and now I've got 160 head. The white men's ways are very good. I have spoken."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The trip that took THE BEE reporter to the agency was full of interest, and the interest centered principally (so far as the reporter was concerned) in Frank Cross, who represents W. A. Paxton of Omaha, and furnishes the beef necessary to keep the Sioux alive on the reservation. Thirty miles of the thirty-five that stretch between Valentine and Rosebud were hardly worth counting while listening to the stories that Frank could and did tell. Then came the last five miles. Night was falling and the roads had already fallen, and to inexperienced eyes, they seemed to be anything but safe. "I'm afraid that the bridges were washed away in last night's storm," soliloquized Frank, just loud enough for the reporter to hear him. "There's a place where a young fellow from New York lost his scalp, because he couldn't ride," he added, pointing to a hill about half a mile away. "This was a hard country when I came to it first," he continued, "but nearly all the bad men are dead—what's that?" and he pointed towards a light where the reporter could see a hundred. "I guess it must be a Sioux camp," and visions of home floated before the eyes of the scribe as he heard an unearthly wail float through the darkness towards him. Frank kept on driving all the same, and kept up the spirits of his companion at the same time by saying, "If we don't get there to-night we won't get there at all." That companion could not say whether or not it was a sigh of his own or a gust of wind from the hills that came next, but he grasped his only weapons (a pair of brass knuckles) and prepared for the worst, as he saw a dark form emerge from the gloom. What followed cannot be authentically reported, as the conversation was in the Sioux language, but it is enough to state that the bridges had been washed away, and a Sioux policeman had been sent out to warn all incoming travelers to take some other route. Frank took another, and after climbing up two or three hills, found himself at the house of Louis Bordeaux—and the reporter was with him. It was explained that there was no chance of crossing the creek and reaching the agency that night, and it was decided to remain where luck had left him. Then the work of unharnessing the tired out team of broughos commenced. While it was in progress another dismal howl floated across the prairies, down the hillside and approached the chair upon which the reporter sat awaiting developments, and by the time it reached him he had remembered all the uncanny stories he had ever heard. "What is it?" he asked. "Oh, its only the Sioux death song," said Louis, and although there was a creeping of the scalp, THE BEE reporter felt that he had done his duty to his country by getting his head shaved and so saving the scalp. The moon, which was advertised in the almanacs to be on hand about this time, persistently kept behind the clouds, and rendered the "darkness more dark." In fact, it was so dark, that one of the Sioux policemen crept upon the reporter unawares, and with malice aforethought extracted a bottle of medicine from his hip pocket, under the impression that it was contraband liquor. He withdrew the cork, smelled it and tasted it, and then returned it with that very comprehensive word, "Ugh."

About this time the reporter recovered his senses, and learned that the death song he had heard was a genuine one, and that it was sung for the repose of the souls of two Sioux braves who had come to draw their rations of beef and had been killed by lightning just two weeks before. Their relatives had camped on the same camp ground for more beef and were celebrating the event—that is, the lightning part. Then the reporter took a late supper, retired to rest and arose in the morning to see

A BEEF ISSUE.

Before he saw it he had to wade across a creek and report to the agent that he was there. Then he took stock—or not stock, but observations. He met a lot of people he had heard of through the newspapers, but they did not recognize him. Crow Dog, who had killed Spotted Tail, was there, and so was old Two Strike, who had won his name by killing two Pawnees some years ago with one stroke of his war club. Paint His Ear White was on hand looking for more victims, having a record for killing three men single-handed. Thunder Hawk, who killed White Thunder, was looking after the other two, and then there was a lot of other man killers who had quit the business and were only waiting for a chance to kill beef—as soon as the agent would issue it. From fifteen hundred to two thousand Indians were present, and their dress not only rivaled the colors of the rainbow, but of half a dozen different kinds of rainbows. They were all that fancy paints them, and were it not that an occasional dude sported a hat with the crown cut out and decorated with feathers, or wore a pair of pants beneath the usual leggings, memory would recall the days when Cooper's heroes were still in existence. Their manner of arrival was as varied as their costumes. Some came on horseback, and sometimes two or three came on the same horse. Some came in farm wagons, some in buckboards, some in buggies and some in top buggies, but they all came and they were all Sioux. The squaws all came with them and so did the papooses, but just how the latter came is a mystery that is still unsolved. The only affidavit that can be made is that they all were there—lots of them.

Shortly after 9 o'clock they all left the agency for the beef corral, about a mile and a half distant, and the man on the best horse generally got there first. The reporter was coaxed to mount that most deceptive of all animals—a broncho. Suffice it to say that he dismounted before he left the agency (deponent sayeth not how), and held on to the tail board of a government wagon, until it broke down at the fort creek, and then he was the first to reach the shore. He still followed in the procession and watched "Lo, the Poor Indian," dash past him on a pony, with feelings of disgust at his own inability to ride, that are better not expressed, and can't be described. Finally he reached the corral, and found that all the 2,000 Indians had reached there before him, and that there were some more coming on after him. As there were no trees in sight, it would be improper to say "the woods were full of them," but it is quite within the bounds to say the prairie was covered with them. And it is here that pen cannot depict nor word describe the picture. Braves and squaws, young and old, covered with paint and attired in every variety of costume, or wrapped like ghosts in sheets or like typical aborgines in blankets, dashed madly over the green sward without any apparent object in view. The reporter had one object in view, and that was to get out of the way. The only way he could succeed was by climbing to the roof of a corn crib that stood in one corner of the corral for the purpose of deceiving the cattle that were to be butchered into thinking that they were about to have a soft thing. There were 255 of such cattle deceived last Monday, but before they finally realized their position they obtained a short lease of life.

The brass band of the Genoa Indian school was on the ground under Bandmaster Schmeese and they were there to show how much could be learned at that popular seat of learning, and to induce other Indian boys to go back with them. Soft and sweet were the strains they played, and they were not without effect, for they were at once the centre of attraction. Braves and squaws left their diversions and quietly came up, until a ring was formed around the players, and then for nearly an hour the silence was only broken by the music of the band, or the bellowing of the steers. At last that was over, and while the cattle were being weighed and branded the Indians passed away the time in riding impromptu races and enthusiastically "ough-ough"-ing the winners. At the corral, all was business. Cowboys were busy sorting out the herd that was to be butchered and each six head were forced upon a scale, weighed and branded. Then they required a second brand and were driven into a narrow chute that opened on the prairie. When all was ready an interpreter announced the fact in stentorian tones, which at once broke up the games, and from all points of the compass the Indians made one mad rush for the corral. The sight was not only grand but terrific, and, perched upon the top of the corncrib, the reporter could not but imagine what would be the effect if those 2,000 Indians were bent upon the destruction of the agency instead of the cattle. He tried to think whereabouts he would hide in such a case, but as the prairie offered no friendly shelter he gave it up.

Then the Indians formed in two lines in front of the chute facing inwards, and once more silence reigned, while more than one painted warrior gently puffed at a cigarette. The sight of an old-time murderer, seated upon a horse, bedecked in ribbons, feathers, and light colored blankets, wearing a cast-off crownless hat, grasping a rifle, and smoking a cigarette with all the nonchalance of a Farnam street dude, is too much for the reporter's powers of description and he leaves it with regret—to the reader's imagination.

A short speech from the agent and another from Principal Chase of the Genoa Indian school were duly interpreted, and then the trouble began. Each head of cattle was to supply thirty Indians with beef for the next twelve days, and they were driven out one at a time between the two rows of Indians. The name of the Indian who represented the thirty that were to be fed was called out, and he broke from the ranks, followed by a few friends, and chased the terrified animal out on the prairie, where after displaying many of the feats of horsemanship so often read about, he finally put an end to the chase and the steer at the same time, by a well-directed shot from his carbine, or—as in two or three instances—with an arrow from his bow. It was a study to watch the countenances of the men, as they anxiously awaited the calling of their names, criticized the animals that had been selected as their victims, but the selection was soon made, and 255 maddened steers dashed wildly about the plains in as many different directions, followed by howling, yelling Indians in all the picturesqueness of their many colored costumes. Soon the crack, crack crack, of the rifles, told that the Indians were weary of the sport, and that the work of slaughter had commenced. Fifteen minutes more, and the 255 carcasses were surrounded by as many groups of paint bedaubed squaws skinning and cutting them up, while their lords and masters sat idly by. Half an hour later, and the division was made, the meat packed in the various conveyances, the different families wending their way across the hills to their camping grounds, and the blood stained plain alone showing that the Indians had been provisioned for another twelve days.

The hunt is but a reminiscence of the buffalo hunt of other days, and while it has much of the picturesque about it, there is a great deal that is too much for tender stomachs. One feature, that destroyed the reporter's appetite for at least one meal, was the sight of wizzened old boys greedily eating the entrails and an occasional brave cutting off and swallowing slices of the still warm heart and liver. But such is life in the far west.

A SQUAW DANCE

at the agency came next on the programme, and was for the benefit of the Black Pipe camp—members who struck the agency broke and who immediately bedecked their squaws in their brightest costumes and Sunday paint and sent them out on a begging expedition. To give tone to the affair seven of the braves wrapped in badly soiled white sheets accompanied them as an orchestra and furnished the music. One of them carried a square oil can and the other a regulation tom-tom, and both of them pounded them to the tune of "one two, one two" with the utmost regularity, until they reached the front of a trader's store. Then the braves consistently took a shady spot and squatted down, while the squaws sat in a circle out in the sun. The oil can evidently gave the man carrying it the post of honor, and when all was ready he gave vent to a most dismal howl, which was repeated in different keys by all present. A tap on the can brought the squaws to their feet, and one or two of them to the center as soloists, for they at once began a monotonous chant, and to judge from the dismal strains they must have been in very hard luck. Once in a while they evidently touched some tender spot in the memories of their fellows (perhaps it was the recollection of by-gone feasts), for the whole outfit would give vent to the most unearthly yelling. When the storekeeper stood it as long as he could, he came out with a supply of groceries and they at once attacked the other trader, who also had to succumb and gave them a number of remnants of cotton prints. These were received with marked approval, and they were about to besiege the agent when he bought them off by giving them a box of hard bread. That was sufficient, and they struck for the side of a hill, and proceeded to divide. They all sat down in a circle, with the orchestra and the plunder in the centre. Then the braves proceeded to cut up the calico into suitable lengths for the squaws, and two of the squaws were called out of the ring to divide the provender. The division was apparently satisfactory, as it was conducted with all good humor and everyone got a share.

THE WHITE CHIEF

at the agency is no doubt the most influential man there, and in days gone by has done more than any other white man to protect his countrymen in times of peril, and to aid the government in restraining his adopted brethren from going on the war path. Charles P. Jordan, brother of Lieutenant Colonel Jordan, Nineteenth United States infantry, cousin to the late General Custer, and also to the late General Pettigrew, first entered the service in 1873, and in 1874 was appointed quartermaster clerk at Fort Robinson. In 1876 he was made chief clerk of the Red Cloud agency, and when the military took possession he was made acting agent. He was acting in that capacity when Custer was killed, and even then he continued to issue rations to the dissatisfied Indians, when no one else would go near their camps. He also received Crazy Horse, when that chief surrendered, and took his rifle from him with his own hands. He was on hand when the Cheyennes surrendered, and continued in office till 1879, when he was put in charge of the supply department for the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies. After again serving as chief clerk he quit the service in 1883, and since that time has been engaged as a licensed Indian trader. He married Weab-Wash-Jay, the hereditary princess, and acknowledged belle of the Sioux nation, and in that manner gained the position that he has since won by fair and upright treatment of his subjects, who constantly come to him for advice and council. Before Spotted Tail, jr., died last summer, he expressed a wish to have his favorite horses killed on his grave, but on the advice of Mr. Jordan, relinquished the idea and had them sold to pay for a tombstone. The remainder of his stock he left in his hands in trust for his children.

Having heard so many contradictory stories of how Crazy Horse, who led the hostiles against General Custer, was killed, Mr. Jordan promised to give THE BEE a true version of an event to which he was an eye witness. Mr. Jordan's statement will appear in another letter.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"Human nature is the same all the world over," said Agent Spencer Wednesday morning, and a glance at the square in front of the office proved the truth of the assertion. It was the day chosen for the departure of thirty-two children (selected by Prof. Chase from among the camps during the week) to their new home at Genoa, where they will be fed and educated for periods of from three to five years. In the center of the square stood the Indian boys' band from that institution, dressed in a neat military costume, and for a while they were the principal object of attention. Many a bright young squaw could be seen casting a covert glance at the tall, slender band boys, who, with all the stoicism of their nation, appeared to be utterly oblivious to all. Under Prof. Schmeese they have attained a high standard of proficiency, and air after air rang out on the prairies as they bade them farewell. Indian wagons crowded in around them and anxious-looking squaws hugged closely the boys and girls they were so soon to lose. The band played the "Sweet Bye and Bye," and then, as the melody changed softly into "Home, Sweet Home," tears glistened in the eyes of more than one who was far away from the home of his childhood. As the music ceased the first wagon started out, and in a minute it was surrounded by the friends of the children it contained. Sobs and cries could be heard on all sides, and they grew louder and louder as wagon after wagon passed out, until the last one was gone and the square was deserted once more.

SAM E. PETTIGREW.

COMING WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Important Measures to be Considered by the Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, August 26.—The unfinished business of the senate, the bill to admit Washington Territory, will probably be laid aside again to-morrow, temporarily, and thereafter from day to day until the debate on the president's message is over and it is referred to the committee on foreign relations. Senator George has the floor for a speech upon the message when it comes up. Another matter which will interfere with the consideration of unfinished business are the Jackson, Miss., political riot resolutions. These were called up on Thursday merely for the purpose of giving Senator Wilson, of Iowa, an opportunity to deliver a speech, which speech is not yet finished. If, upon its conclusion, Senator Pugh, or any one on the democratic side, wishes to reply, custom and courtesy will require that opportunity be given. The bills to admit North Dakota and Montana are likely to be taken up after the Washington Territory bill.

Whether or not the week will be a blank in the house from a legislative standpoint will depend on the measure of success attending the effort to secure the presence and continuous attendance of a quorum. It is the present intention to suspend the hostilities engendered by the French spoilation claims long enough to allow the house to act upon the conference report upon the sundry civil appropriation bill, which is expected to be ready to-morrow. After that has been disposed of the struggle will be renewed upon the general deficiency bill. Later, conferences on the army appropriation bill are expected to report. The foreign affairs committee may report to the house during the week the Wilson retaliatory bill.

ANOTHER BIG STRIKE.

The Men on the Mackey System of Roads Ordered to Quit Work.

CHICAGO, August 26.—A special from Evansville, Ind., says: All trains have been stopped on the Mackey system of railroads, owing to a strike declared against the roads therein embraced by Chiefs Arthur and Sargent to-day. The system includes the Peoria, Decatur & Evansville, the Evansville & Indianapolis and Evansville & Terre Haute roads, having a total length of 700 miles. The trouble grew out of discriminations said to have been made by Master Mechanic Smith against brotherhood men.

The Maxwell Grant War.

TRINIDAD, Colo., August 26.—Late last night L. R. Wooton and D. D. Finch left for Stonewall to arbitrate matters with the settlers, if possible, and allow the sixty deputies to return to Trinidad. On arriving at Stonewall the besieged house was found vacant, the deputies having escaped at 11 o'clock last night, arriving at this city late this evening. In the fracas yesterday Francisco Petigue was shot through the head, R. D. Russell seriously wounded, and eight or ten settlers more or less disabled.

DENVER, August 26.—The managers of the Maxwell land grant this evening called upon Governor Adams, to ask him to issue an order for the state militia to suppress the uprising. The governor refused to interfere until the sheriff had told him that he was unable longer to maintain the peace.

A K. of P. Lodge Instituted.

STANTON, Neb., August 26.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The event of the season was the institution of the Knights of Pythias lodge in this place last evening. The ceremony was conducted by D. D. G. C. Dailey, of Omaha, assisted by Marathon lodge, No. 82; Oreole lodge, No. 76; Nebraska lodge, No. 1, and Virginius lodge, 75, all of Omaha, and Madison union