

A Fourth With the Sioux.

BY SANDY G. V. GRISWOLD.

Full of truth, indeed, is the old saying that "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." How many people are there in this beautiful and thrifty city who have the faintest conception of life as it is lived on the northwestern borders of the state?

Presently we came to a beautiful hillside, and on the summit were scattered with low pine and cedars. Near it was a broad, well-kept meadow, softened and smoothed over with such a rural home-like appearance that it seemed almost a part of the life of the country.

It is also the home of the "kettle-wallah" Jack, a mysterious and repulsive character who inhabits a suite of tumble-down rooms on the main street of the town. We called on him. He is a man of about thirty years of age, with a big, shaggy wolf head which he has trapped this spring and which he had chained to the wall of his room.

Now, don't touch or speak to me, I'm performing with them. We held our breath as he slowly thrust his hand into his pocket, and the mass of four-foot bull snake, which he carried in his arms, fell to the ground with a crash.

ON THE ROAD TO THE AGENCY. By 9 o'clock we were en route for the agency, with Kettle-wallah Pete handling the reins in our train. In the distance were the hills. A drive of twenty-five miles lay before us. And what a glorious drive it was!

there, while to the south is a limitless sea of barren pasture land, and to the west the prairie rolling in larger and larger folds until the foot-hills of the Black Hills are reached.

It was once thought that rich minerals existed on this plateau, and it is quite certain that valuable timber and beds of coal do exist. Major Clapp has investigated into the supposed bituminiferous sections, but has come to the conclusion that the coal is not there now and is but the stray fragment of a lapse of ages had consumed or swept away the real body and substance.

There was no question of the general character of the land, and as the country was a mixture of the highest and the lowest, the soil was generally capable of supporting the products of the state.

Major Clapp had issued peremptory orders that there should be no war dancing until the autumn of the year. In question of the Sioux dancing, it was reported that there were no lights save those furnished by an hundred camp fires and in their weird and flickering illuminations, the air was filled with the sound of the tom-tom.

THE CAMP ON WOLF CREEK. After a brief rest and light refreshments our party moved on through the straggling hills, and on the prairie and on the wooded hills of Wolf creek where we pitched our camp.

to the beating of the tom-tom, and the low chant of a couple of musical pipes until the arena was filled to its limit. Then old Red Cloud arose and began to sing in the bright radiance of the big fire, he threw back his red blanket, lifted one naked breast and with finger pointing to his own tongue, which was translated to me in broken fragments.

It was a great sight to see these wild and unsophisticated children of the plain preparing for the battle, the bucks sullen and grim, the warriors in their war paint, and the children of larger growth, who tumbling over each other in the excitement of their early age, making themselves distinguished for that peculiar domination which marks the vast distinction between the child and the man.

RED CLOUD AND LITTLE WOUND. The rest of the day was occupied with the war dance, and the young warriors, in the evening came the crowing feature, at least to me, of the whole wild celebration, and the young warriors, in the evening came the crowing feature, at least to me, of the whole wild celebration.

THE DEATH OF JUMONVILLE. As each was the Indians' celebration of the Fourth of July, it is like to have been known on earth again. Old residents are being asked to assist in the carrying of a new and more fitting monument to the hero of the battle.

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Dr. W. D. Cooper, New Hartford, Iowa, says: "I was attacked by rheumatism nearly a year ago, and in spite of all that doctors could do, I grew worse, until finally I was obliged to go on crutches. About August 1, I began using Munyon's Rheumatism Cure, and after the first three doses the pain left me completely."

There was an amusing episode at the commencement exercises of the Georgetown University on June 23, writes a Washington correspondent. An Archbishop of Philadelphia delivered an eloquent address on "Civil and Religious Liberty."

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