

me *under* the white oak. An' Milly, poor little thing, she helt out an' declar'd she thes wouldn't 'ithout her Aunt Faithy say so, an' she done the same 'ith Jes. An' I driv' Jes off, an' Milly she runned from Lawson; but they followed us plump in *to the very house*. An' I pleaded an' *pleaded* 'ith Jes, that ef it have be'n the will of the good Lord, I were old enough to of be'n his own lawfuld mother. An' Jes he come back at me amejiant, an' he say, that as sech were *not* His will, it foller as a natchel conshekens, it *were* His will fer me to be his lawfuld wife. An' Lawson then he up an' say he never heerd a more clinchiner argiment than Jes have use, an' that he have me whar I couldn't cherrip. An' it did look like the boy did. An' *so* we had it *up* an' down all day long, Creecy, she gone to town, an' *nobody* to help stop their pessecutin' untwell finiul me an' Milly, to get some peace *in* our mind, we thes had to knock under an' give our consents. An' then Lawson, Jes him a-backin' him up, argy that we well have the business settled accordin' to the law an' the gospel, so Creecy could git reconciled quicker to the way things was a-goin', an' Sol Pringle could see for hisself that as for his claim o' titles to them minder children, he were at the end of his row an' a-barkin' up the wrong tree."

The bride paused, and after a brief rest resumed:

"An' yit, ef you'll believe me, child, a-not-withstandin' all I be'n through before, when I hear Brer Sanford an' them a-comin' an' me an' Milly settin' thar with our white frocks on an' what few taslets we could *gether* up, an' Milly, she were coold, same as a cowcumber, but *me!* Betsy Keenum, I were that 'shamed that ef it have be'n lawfuld an' decent, I'd of


not let Jenny lit candles, but of ast Brer Sanford to pe'form his cer'monies in the dark. An' I *do* think he use the pootest words about marryin' bein' honerble an' to the app'intment o' scripiter. An' *when* he put up that pra'ar I couldn't of holp from cryin' ef I'd of be'n a-dyin' 'stid of beginnin' on a new life."

After another brief pause she continued:

"But I'm thankful that before so very long I got another sort more riconciled an' compoged in my mind. An' them come quicker when Creecy an' Mr. Pringle—look like they done it so quick to spite me an' Lawson,—but tell you the truth, me an' Lawson was glad when they married suddent that way, because bein' his sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law both, we was bound to support him, an' we settled 'em back on the place whar we give Creecy ag'in, an' it 'pear like they livin' very kintented in thar mind, a-knowin' me an' Lawson not goin' to let 'em suffer. Lawson already a-buildin' by our other spring whar he showed Milly the very mornin' of the day the fracasas begun. Oh, he's deep, Lawson is! Him an' Milly calm an' gayly as two young pullets, or, ruther, him bein' a man person, I'll say two young kittens. It please Lawson an' make him laugh when Milly ketch him by the jaw an' tell him she wouldn't want him to be a day younger. But Jes know I don't want no sech talk about me. Yit Jes good to me as he possible can be. Ah, well," she ended, wiping her eyes, "I can but hope the good Lord'll send His blessin' on a poor sinner in the takin' *sech* a venter at this time of life. He know how many times I drap on my knees what little time I had before it all taken place, an' He know what my daily pra'ars is now to the throne of grace."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

AN INDIAN HORSE-RACE.

N the summer of 1879 we — that is, the American people — were trying to settle the Methows, Chelans, Weenatchees, and half a dozen other tribes upon the reservation Secretary Schurz had marked out for them. Although there was to be no compulsion used, still homes were to be broken up; many of the interested parties had been hostile only the summer before, and concessions were to be made on both sides. Indian negotiations are ponderous. They cannot be hurried. I was the adjutant-general of the expedition, that is to say, the scribe or reporter, and I expected to have none of the responsibility, and

all of the fun. The first general meeting was at the mouth of the Weenatchee, in the heart of the ruggedest Alps of America. The great Columbia tore through the mountain pass in a grand sweep, tossing and foaming. This bend of the river inclosed a level plain some mile or so broad, and just opposite the blue Weenatchee came from the mountain glens to join the Columbia. This plain was the council-ground. We arrived first and went into camp. The pack-mules luxuriated in good rolls in the sand, the canvas village arose, and very soon bacon and coffee led us to supper by the nose. Next morning our friends began to arrive. The news of our presence flew in that way so mysterious even

to those who know the Indian's tireless night-and-day riding and system of signaling. Hour after hour the Indians arrived, singly, by families, bands, and almost by tribes, trooping in with herds and loaded pack-animals, men, women, and children—for they brought their homes with them.

The tepees of buffalo-skin were put up, the smoke of many camp-fires arose, and the hill-sides became dotted with grazing ponies. All the life was barbaric. The smoky smell and flavor of everything belonging to these people were not more characteristic than each one of a thousand other things. The picturesque troop just coming in, the shy women in buckskin shirts and leggins (riding astride), their saddles hung with bags, strange utensils, and sometimes the papoose swinging in his swaddling cradle at the pommel; wild-eyed, elfin-haired, little bronze children, perched naked on top of some bales of household goods; the untamed, half-naked boys on their bare-back horses, and galloping along in premature dignity; the motley horde of patient pack-horses loaded out of sight under mats, robes, tepees, poles, pots, bows, spears, guns, and a thousand barbaric things of shape and color defying description. Last, or perhaps first, in the train came the grave, anxious-looking men in fur mantles or loose buckskin shirts, or with yellowish copper-colored, naked bodies, and only the breech-clout and fringed leggins, their hair loose or braided, and their faces painted black, red, yellow, white, whatever color pleased best their idea of an imposing toilet. Each had his gun, perhaps slung in a gayly fringed case, but more generally carried in the hand across the saddle. Then the saddles, most of them of native manufacture, curious, often profusely decorated. The ponies with tails and manes sometimes clipped, sometimes gay with interwoven feathers, and sometimes ears, tail, and mane all cut close to the body in very wantonness of the grotesque.

Then the camp with its wild groupings, its color, its gorgeous setting in the evergreen and snow-clad hills; the eternal snow-peaks high in air against the blue sky; the irregular streets of dusky tepees; the lounging men, the playing children, the sneaking dogs, and the working women! It is the thrilling life of the wilderness. What a pity it should all be passing away and no great artist think it worthy of his brush!

There were on this ground the best horses of the whole North-west, belonging to rival tribes that had been renowned for horses from the time of Lewis and Clark. There were races almost every hour, but the one I choose to describe came off on the last day

of the council, after morning adjournment, so that the elders of the tribe could be present.

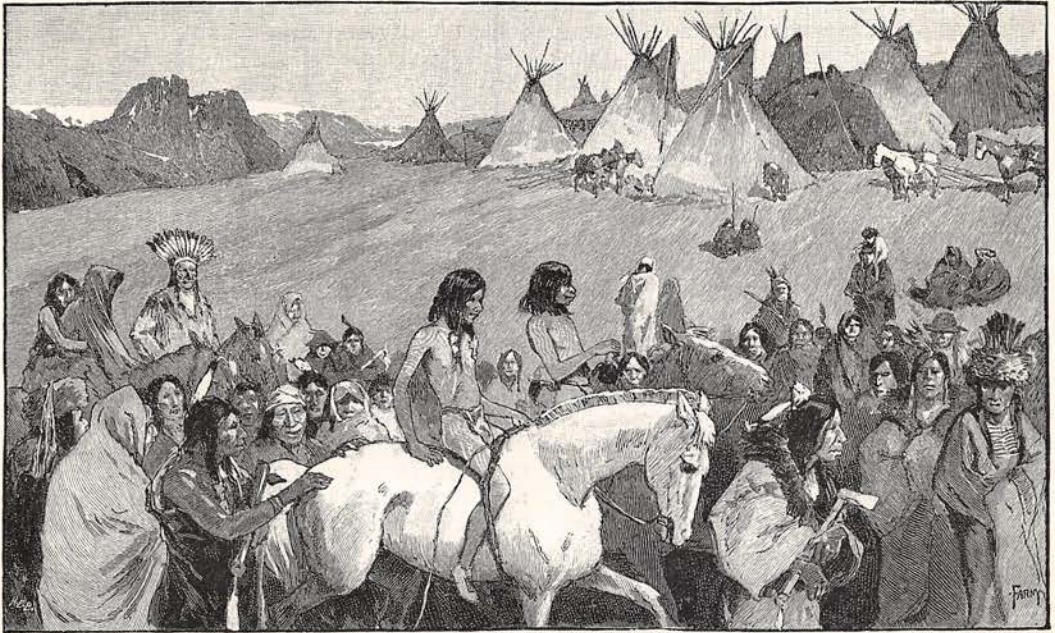
The course was a straight stretch of about a mile along the half grass-grown plain between the camps and the foot of the mountain. The starting-point was marked on the ground; the finishing-point was determined by a horse-hair lariat stretched along the ground and held by two Indians, one from each of the competing tribes.

The finishing-point was nearest the camps, and here the horses took their stand, stark naked, save the fine buffalo-hair lariats knotted around their lower jaws. They were little beauties, clean cut as barbs, one a white and the other a gray; the skin fine, the sinews clean and silky, nostrils immense, heads small, bony, necks graceful, slim. I say little, for they were undersized, as compared with our thoroughbreds, though larger than the average Indian horse. Their tremendously deep chests led one to believe the assertion of a twenty-miles' galloping race which the gray had won. By each stood its rider, a young Indian boy, slim and sinewy as his horse, and as naked, save the most meager breech-clout. These horses were each the pick of the tribe to which he belonged, and as a matter of course all the members of these tribes adhered to their own especial steed.

Crowds began to flock to the stand. The racers were examined again and again; hands were passed over their bodies a thousand times, it seemed to me. I believe there are no better horsemen in the world than our horse-Indians. These examinations were made to see that all was sound and fair, and also by individual bettors to aid their judgments. The crowd naturally ranged themselves into two parts, each on the side of its favorite horse.

Presently the owner of the white horse stepped out and threw to the ground a new saddle and a bundle of beaver and other pelts. Some one from the opposing side threw in a separate place a bundle of blankets. This was their wager, one against the other; each would remember it, for now all the bets would be piled indiscriminately in two opposing heaps, guarded by appointed watchers. As each threw down his stake, he must watch who matched it, and with what. If he accepted, well; if not, he refused the bet, and either some other took it up or the stake was increased to satisfy the first bettor. The women and young boys were fringing the outer edge of the assemblage, many of them guarding the household treasures, which were in readiness for their husbands or fathers to stake.

It did not take long for the Indian excitement to grow, and soon the bets were showering down and the pile "swelling visibly" with



ON THE WAY TO THE STARTING-POINT.

such rapidity that it was marvelous how account could be kept. Blankets, furs, saddles, knives, traps, tobacco, beads, whips, and a hundred other things were staked.

Ponies were led apart in two groups, some wealthy Indians betting six and ten ponies at a time. The excitement grew to a fever. The men even tore the robes and belts from their persons and threw them as wagers. They whispered to boys, who hurried to camp and came up with new things.

Squaws appeared with armfuls of buffalo, wolf, bear, and fox robes, beaded garments, brass pots, etc. Their lords snatched these and bet with seeming recklessness. They took ear-rings from their ears and blankets from the backs of their wives (after having stripped themselves almost naked). The women seemed to enjoy this contribution they made to the wealth and pluck of their husbands. The more ardent bet the last pony they owned in the world, leaving themselves afoot, and some risked their rifles on the race. Their rifles are the last things parted with, but under the all-conquering gambling passion these too will be sacrificed and the bow and arrow resorted to till another weapon is procured.

The excitement, the surging crowds, the calling, the hurrying to and fro, the reckless shower of bets forming at last two piles five or six feet high and twenty in diameter—all were in strange contrast to the little jockeys who stood by their horses, apparently all uncon-

cerned, while the betting was going on. Those in charge had fastened around each horse's body a thick horse-hair lariat doubled; this was knotted tightly but hung loosely, leaving a space of several inches between it and the horse's belly. When all the bets were laid, the riders vaulted to their places, and bending their knees, thrust them between the lariat and the horses' sides, thus drawing the lariat very tight and binding themselves like centaurs to their slippery steeds; and yet by simply straightening their legs they could throw off the band and be released.

The racers now walked with long, supple strides down the course to the starting-point, accompanied by the starters, friends, admirers, jealous watchers, etc., some on foot and some on horseback. The whole mile of track soon became a lane hedged by groups and lines of Indians. The intentness, the care, and the suspense were catching. I began to feel a thrilling excitement and an impatience to know which of the beauties would win and which tribe be beggared.

The eagerness to watch the start made them crowd up the track at one end of the line, in spite of the shrill cries of the Indian watchers to clear the track. But the track would be cleared soon enough.

A faint cry at the other end of the line, a whirl of the horses, a tumult down there, a waving of whips, a wild yelling growing nearer, louder, and here they come—flying. Side

by side, the naked riders plying the lash with every terrific bound; the Indians bordering the track packed to a dense mass, surging to and fro, yelling and throwing up their whips; the mounted ones running their horses at full speed after the flyers, but being rapidly left. Here they come! heads out, eyes strained, nostrils stretched, forehoofs seemingly always in the air, the whip-thongs falling with quickening vigor. A hoarse, wild shouting, a deafening burst of yells, a *swish* in the air, an apparition before the eyes, a bound over the finish line, and the race is over, the white just half a length ahead, and there they go down toward the river, the boys pulling them in for dear life.

Ere they were led back the bets had been claimed, each person taking his stakes and those things which had been pledged against them. Other races were made. The piles of wagers grew again, and again dissolved. Bets were all that was needed to prolong the sport, for if the stock of swift horses — their regular "race-horses" — should by chance be exhausted, slower ones were speedily matched. In these intertribal contests the tribe never deserts its own horses, so that if their antagonists have superior animals, the losers will be stripped to beggary. A transfer of property takes place, and the paupers with happy carelessness hobble off with a few sore pack-animals to carry their diminished possessions.

The Indians are shrewd jockeys, but their own races are as a rule fair and honest trials of speed. The decision of the umpires is never demurred to unless palpably unjust, and on these rare occasions the settlement is either by a quarrel or more usually by a renewal of the race. And while an Indian is willing to gamble on anything, even a tortoise race, his true delight, the very exultation of his soul, is

in a long race between horses of wonderful speed. There is nearly always with each band some one favorite steed of supposed all-surpassing powers, and it is the races between these pets of the tribes that inspire the chief interest. The great spring gatherings are among the most picturesque features of Indian peaceful life. The bands and tribes meet near some vast plain or meadow bordered by the forest or the mountains and watered by pleasant streams. Here the women dig the edible roots, and weave mats and baskets. The children hunt in the edge of the woods with mimic bows and arrows or fish for trout in the swarming brooks; while each band bring forth their favorite and trust their fortunes to its speed.

The victor over all for the year gains a wide reputation, and is coveted by some three or more thousand Indians. They cherish their race-horses, but apparently from selfish motives, for in the races they are utterly merciless; the most gallant efforts of a defeated brute seem to inspire neither admiration nor gratitude.

Our assembly was not one of these gala meetings, but with savage thoughtlessness our tawny friends turned from the breathless debating of vital affairs of state to the hilarious excitement of horse-racing. The chiefs, it is true, stood aloof, with a dignity partly natural and partly affected, to impress the white dignitaries; or they mingled in the crowd in a stately way, keeping their keen interest tempered with the gravity begotten by their responsibilities.

After dusk the Indian lads would take possession of the deserted track and run their ponies in break-neck scrub-races.

C. E. S. Wood.

CALM.

HAST thou been down into the depths of thought
 Until the things of time and sense are naught;
 Hast sunk — sunk — in that tideless under-deep
 Fathoms below the little reach of sleep?

Dark, there, and silence; sound is not, nor sun;
 The heaving breast, the beating heart, have done;
 They lie no stiller whose stopt pulse and breath
 Respect the dread repose in realms of death.

Hast visited below, where he must go
 That would wisdom's last-yielded secret know?
 Hast been a guest where, lost to smiles and tears,
 The quiet eye looks on beyond the years?

Hast thou been down into the depths of thought
 Until the things of time and sense are naught?
 Then toil and pain blend sweet as evening psalm,
 Then doubt is whelmed in hope, and care in calm.

John Vance Cheney.