Blessing the Tree.
people, to have been called from the morning of the world by the compelling music that rumbled and shouted from the great feathered drum and the tom-toms of the orchestra.

The first was a young Hidatsa clad from head to foot in superbly embroidered buckskin, who frolicked with the wild grace of a young Faun dancing to the piping of Pan. The other was a young Cree whose speciality was "The Panther dance." We could believe it, for he was tall and as lithe as the animal he personated, red as Hiawatha, bare to the waist, and wore red cloth leggings with long red fringes from hip to heel, arm-bands of copper with red feathers bunched at the elbows, a red tuft in his hair, and he carried a fan made of a red wing.

Through the night the Medicine Man continued to pray for his vision, and in the morning we were told that as soon as he and his attendants passed into the grove on the river bank we might follow at a distance, for they were going to select the tree which would form the centre pole of the Medicine Lodge, and on which would rest the symbolic nest of the Thunder-bird.

Richly appared and mounted on ponies vividly painted, the band of elders vanished into the trees, where the scouts spread out and faithfully repeated all the precautions of the early days when a bodily enemy lurked to destroy them and the ever-present spiritual enemy hovered near to attack.

After they had beaten the covers and posted sentinels the Medicine Man stepped into the space thus cleared and guided by some inward monitor went among the trees searching, examining, rejecting. In his hands he carried two long twigs which had been cut on the river bank, with elaborate washings of the hands and immersions of the twigs in the water. Suddenly he stopped, his head up like a stag at gaze, and then walked swiftly to a cottonwood and bound about it two green withes; stooping before it he made an offering of sweet tobacco, and he and the older men gathered in a half-circle about it and sat smoking the prayer-pipe (a straight pipe) and incensing the trunk with its sweet smoke. Each in turn invoked and blessed the tree and, lifting their faces to what they saw above and beyond it, chanted a petition for the special intention each had most deeply at heart.

Fronting the east at every prayer, their features fine-drawn by the intensity of their invocation, they offered several unusual types; but the Master of Ceremonies and the Buffalo Medicine Man presented
THE GRASS DANCE.
rigid as death, and in the early days death was the penalty for infringing these laws, even in the gayest of the Grass dances.

In 1907 the spring was so belated that the moon of the full leaf included the 4th of July, and the news having spread, as if borne on the winds of the snow-hills, that again the lodge might be raised at Belknap, three thousand Indians assembled to dance—Hidatsa (Gros-ventres), Assinaboines, Piegans, Blackfeet, Arapahoes, Dacota-his (Sioux), a few Crows (Absaroka), and a number of Cree Bloods and Assinaboines from Canada.

The Crees had begun their Medicine Lodge in their own country and had completed twenty-four hours of its black fast and tremendous exertion, when the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police raided and dispersed them; then they came on down to Belknap to finish this duty so dear to the hearts of the old, so easily foregone by the young who find its requirements too severe for bodies weakened by civilization.

The tepees were set up in an enormous circle, whose four openings were at the cardinal points, and many of them were decorated with the sun, or stars, or both, and, where the bleaching poles of other Medicine Lodges stood, a wide space was left for the new one.

The Medicine Man of the American Assinaboines had died during the year and the aspirant for the office had been in his tent for several days before our arrival fasting and praying to qualify as his successor; but on the eve of the festival a great wind sprang from a clear sky and mowed a narrow path of destruction through the tents, overturning his among them and dying out as suddenly as it came. This destroyed his chance, for it was a portent, and the Medicine Man who had led the Cree dance was invited to preside. But that night his wife died, and the morning dawned on the wailing of the women as their dead visitor was wrapped in her blankets and with her bedding, her ornaments and her finest clothing was laid to rest on the hillside—above ground, for their dead lie in the open air, with the wind for their messenger and the stars for their camp-fire and their names and places are not forgotten.

And so it came about that the Medicine Lodge dance was not begun until the midnight of the 5th of July; but the 4th was celebrated with extra feasting, and the March-past and the Squaw dance opened the ceremonies on that day.

The March-past was a gorgeously picturesque cavalcade of old
warriors—many of them distinguished in the wars of the '70's—and young braves splendid in bead work, porcupine quill embroideries and painted symbols, all mounted on ponies likewise decorated and painted, and riding like a whirlwind, their shrill, exultant charging cry waxing and waning fantastically as they swept in circles about us.

Horses and riders were of the fine old types fast vanishing, but even among these one youth was pre-eminent; he rode in the van and led a horse which galloped stride for stride with his own. It was caparisoned with every adornment barbaric wealth could lend; but the saddle was empty, for the chief had died during the year, and this his son was leading his charger in memory of the dead.

As they vanished towards the far circle of tepees we mounted and rode, for the drums announced the opening of the Squaw dance. Moving around the main flag-pole in a close-locked circle, facing inward, with a sidewise step and a rhythmic stamp went the squaws and their attendants, the drums and chanters marking time and the soft rustle of the bead work, the click of the elk-teeth, wampum and tiny shells making good harmony with the silvery note of the small bronze bells worn by a number of them.

A rayless sun, red as a painted warrior, hung in the West and the tepees were outlined against the sky like fine etchings; stalwart men, handsome, laughing women of all ages, and the jolliest, sturdiest, prettiest babies by the dozens and twenties were met at every turn as we went on to one of the Grass dances near by.

The dancers in this were all men; some were naked from the waist up, but painted in such fashion that they seemed clad; many wore nothing but breech-cloths of brilliant ribbons interwoven in designs, with war-bonnets, or crowns of grass or fur, and here and there a pompon or flare of bright color twined in the scalp lock; others wore richly ornamented leggings, and moccasins the very soles of which were solid with beads, and they all danced with every muscle of their bodies.

A third set of dancers filled a large tent with their graceful motion—a Tea dance, which gave unalloyed satisfaction to the triple row of spectators. The figures of the dance were complicated, but carried out with the precision of military evolutions, and as the night fell and the lanterns were swung aloft and the great stars looked in through the roof there passed and repassed among the dancers two figures that seemed to embody the ideals of a primitive
THE FORBIDDEN DANCE

(Da-hépi-ke.)

For many centuries in North America, at the awakening of spring, there arose a stir in the Indian tepees and the Medicine Men began their preparation for the most solemn festival of their year—the Sun Dance, a festival in which by prayer, fasting, ceremonial dances and music, they and the tribes worshipped the Creator of life in the life He had created. But the celebration included such ferocious tests of courage and endurance, such mutilations and torture, self-inflicted by the devotees in their frenzy, that the United States Government, as it gained control, forbade it.

Unhappily the order was interpreted to mean extinction, and its many beautiful and impressive features would have been hopelessly lost had it not been for the discretion and courage of Major William R. Logan, of Belknap, Montana. The son of Captain William Logan, U. S. A., who was killed at the battle of the Big Hole, he was born and raised on the frontier when it was the firing-line of the white man's advance guard. His own commission was given him for the extraordinary and daring services he rendered at the time of the Custer massacre; and his thorough knowledge of Indian character and his unerring judgment enable him to lead the tribes over whom he is set steadily and firmly toward the best civilization without injuring their ethnological value or destroying their individuality.

He allows them to retain certain of their ways and permits them to devote the week that follows the long-grass and the full-leaf to this Dance, which is carried out in every particular minus the mutilations and torture.

Its ceremonies include petitions, the giving of presents, initiation into various Societies, the conferring of names on children, speech making, much feasting, and a great number and variety of dances, some joyous, some solemn, all symbolic; but its culmination, its supreme act of devotion, is the Medicine Lodge dance, the sharers in which must fast from food and water during its forty-eight hours, and must dance as long as the drums and chanters sound the ceremonial music. Every step, every movement is regulated by laws as
crude theory, to the prejudice of truths held sacred by so many generations, may have caused some individual Catholics at different periods to take up an ultra-conservative attitude.

Finally, a healthy and a hearty hatred of religious error in its every phase and form, no common dislike, but a deep-seated aversion for whatsoever doctrines or principles conflict in any way with the sacred truths of revelation, is a striking feature of the Catholic sense, without which a member of the Church is liable to degenerate into a mere neutral, devoid of any pronounced religious character. The erring man, if truly honest and sincere, deserves consideration and compassion, how great soever may be the errors in which he is involved; but error itself, the negation of God’s eternal truth, deserves nothing but the stamp of ignominious reprobation, and no true Catholic will be tempted to make light of it. In this way, the fatal blight of liberalism and indifferentism, that subtle and insidious foe of divine truth, much more to be feared than open antagonism, is kept far away from the hearts of the faithful. “Christian, wouldst thou learn to love, first learn thee how to hate,” exclaims Cardinal Newman in one of his poems, and it is a self-evident principle that our hatred of error must be strictly commensurate with our love of the truth. In the case of the Supreme Model of all perfection both exist in infinite intensity. The typical Christian man, as depicted by Christ Himself in the Gospel pages, is anything but a neutral, indeterminate specimen of humanity. On the contrary, he is a very pronounced personality, ardent in his love of the faith, unflinching in its profession, and ready at any moment to seal it with his blood. Bitterness and bigotry will find no place in his zeal, but he will act on the maxim of a great champion of Christian truth. “Diligite homines, interficite errores—Love men, kill errors.”

“Da nobis in codem Spiritu recta sapere—Grant us in the same spirit to know what is right,” is a petition frequently made by the Church. The few pregnant words which express it seem to refer simply to that Catholic sense of which we have been speaking. This gift must be possessed in virtue of our union with the spirit of God. “In the same Spirit”—a fact explained by the declaration of the Apostle: “He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit.” It is for this same reason that he boldly asserts “Nos autem sensum Christi habemus—But we have the mind of Christ.” The mind of Christ is the mind of the Church, the Catholic sense. These three are certainly one.

Wm. Power, S.J.
E.L. Dorsey was a close friend of Mrs. Thos. H. Carter's and something of an amateur (?) ethnologist. This piece re the Ft Belknap Sun Dance in 1907 was apparently published in the Catholic Messenger, undated.

In 1906 a biography of Pocahontas by Miss Dorsey was published by Geo. E. Howard, and copyrighted by E.L. D.
the sharpest contrast—the one with his serene ascetic face, the other with his strange mask of white paint, his head covered with a white cloth and crowned with wild grass in the likeness of the buffalo skull that plays so prominent a part in the ceremonial.

The dedication finished they mounted and rode toward the camp. Their appearance created the most profound sensation: vedettes leaped on their horses and raced, signalling to the watchers that the tree was found, and ready for the women to cut. The guard of honor hastened their preparations, and the selected women hurried across the hills to the grove where, among the bleaching stumps of other Lodge-pole trees, the mystically selected one stood bathed in sunshine, with the strong sweet wind harping in its branches and shaking the censers of the wild-rose and sagebrush about it.

In entering the camp the same precautions of scouting were observed and from our vantage point we watched the stealthy advance of the scouts, who, with grass tied on their heads and shoulders to conceal their movements, crept on all fours towards the Field of the Medicine Lodge-poles, as silently as the cloud-shadows that swept over them.

Gathered in circles all over the enclosure were groups of old men, visitors and home-tribesmen mingled; they were listening gravely and courteously to the orations given in turn by some one of their number, who, in half chant and with graphic gestures, recited the deeds of his youth. Sometimes these were so stirring that the orator was showered with gifts, in all cases he met with close attention and praise.

Among the tepees hospitality reigned; viands strange and rather awful to our ideas, but highly prized by hosts and guests, were incessantly served, until the drama of the day’s ceremony quickened so suddenly that every one rushed from the tents to look. Even the sick, and the blind old grandfathers were brought out and set in the sunshine near the road, so they could at least feel the pole go by at that end of the camp, or hear the shouts at the other as the scouts “found.” The “enemy” was a pair of warriors, hunters perhaps, who lay asleep under their blankets in the grass, never dreaming of the approach of a foe. With a realistic war-whoop and firing blank cartridges the scouts closed in on their quarry, who with equal realism fought, rushed about in a frantic effort to escape, and fell dying with fine dramatic effect. Then, with acclaiming sounds and signs, the scouts advanced to a point a
few hundred feet from last year's Lodge-site and signalled up the
priests.

Meantime the elaborate ceremonies with which the women cut
the tree were proceeding to a finish; videttes began to dart in like
arrows shot from a bow, and topping the hill came a cloud of feathers
dancing on war-bonnets, coup-sticks, horned hoods, streaming
scalp-locks and the tossing manes of the horses. Then like an ava-
lanche the hundreds of riders poured down the slope shouting their
most exultant cry, and firing a joyous fusillade as they followed the
pole. This was drawn by a dozen or more of their number, each of
whom held one of the light ropes that were tied about it, and they
rode at such a furious pace that the great tree-trunk slipped over
the ground like an ice-boat in a gale.

After it came sedately a wagon on which was piled and bound
every branch and twig cut from it, for the Medicine Man's vision
had made the chosen tree straight and bare; and behind that an ever-
swellng crowd gathered to watch "the bringing in of the brush." All
the horses pressed into this service carried double, for a man
and a woman, or a youth and a girl must bring it in (which makes
the occasion the favorite time for announcing engagements and mak-
ing offers of marriage); and as couple after couple in festival attire
returned with the ribs for the roof, the side supports and the brush,
the glad message flew through the camp that the Lodge would be
finished before midnight and the dance could at last begin.

The fork for the Thunder-bird's nest was artificially made, and
we hoped to see the carving of the pole. But whether it was be-
cause the Medicine Man had touched the dead so recently, or whether
he had not time, or for some reason connected with his vision, it
bore none of its symbols this year.

These symbols embody the reason of the ceremony, and are the
illustration of its special prayer, which may be roughly abstracted as
follows:

"O Creator of Life, send us rain by the Thunder-bird.

"Let it come down by the trough of the air to make the grass grow
so our meat (the buffalo) will not go from us; to make the rivers
and streams full of water so our food (the fish) and our clothes
(the otter, beaver and other fur-bearers) may be plentiful.

"O Thunder-bird, King of the Eagles, Bearer of the Rain, liv-
ing between the clouds and the sky, bring down the rain."

The order in which they appear on the pole, below the nest, is:
BUFFALO MEDICINE MAN

The leader of the Foot Dance
The Thunder-bird with outspread wings hovering between a reversed crescent and a crescent proper; the trough drawn in long perpendicular lines; the skull of the buffalo.

And they are all carved on the side of the pole that faces the east.

At midnight the summons of the great drum and the iterant call of the tom-toms came over the hills and from tepee and tent the dancers gathered to begin the long, long fast and the still severe ordeal of this extraordinary ceremony.

We did not see them until the next morning when the dance was ten hours old. They faced the east in a half-circle, hidden to the waist by a screen made of the twigs of the Lodge-pole tree and roofed with its branches. They were bare, each coated solidly with some one color paint and decorated in contrasting colors with designs that stood out like gorgeous enameling. There were twenty-one in the crescent, half on each side of a space draped with red and yellow cloths, said to contain the Medicine.

The actual steps of the dance were unseen, but the motion is up and down, the whole body sharing it, and it is rapid, energetic and incessant.

Each man had his eyes riveted on the nest of the Thunder-bird and carried in his mouth an eagle-bone whistle on which he incessantly piped, while in each hand he held braids of sweet-grass, or fans made of eagle plumes, or wings. The arms, bent like those of a runner, hung loose from shoulder to elbows, swinging lightly outward at each step, for sound and motion are said to be in imitation of the flapping and calling of young eagles.

Several had the Thunder-bird painted on their faces: others had the buffalo head with crescents and sun-circles; others had the claws of the Thunder-bird; one had the sun-circle in white drawn directly about his features; one showed a vivid green forehead above a brown mask, (symbolic, perhaps, of the grass and earth); two with pure yellow masks had their eyelids painted red, with streams of red paint trickling down their cheeks (in memory, presumably, of some ancestor who in the ancient dance tore out his eyes or lacerated them until they streamed blood); one was a deep sapphire-blue, the red design picked out with white bird’s down; along the sides of another on a yellow ground ran waving lines of green, forked like a snake with open mouth, or a zig-zag of lightning; two were sky-blue with head ornaments of red-tipped weasel-skins; one wore the sun-
blazoned on his breast—blue lines on a yellow ground. The Thunderbirds were painted blue, outlined in white dots on a red ground, the buffaloes in red, blue, or green. But there was nothing haphazard about the choice of colors; each one had its own ceremonial significance and the designs are said to differ in symbolic character at each stage of the dance.

To the right of the men, in an isolated booth of twigs, the Medicine Woman danced and on the North side of the great circular space around the pole, were grouped the orchestra, and a little apart a number of young women who were dressed in their gayest finery, their cheeks and the parting of their hair stained a beautiful red with the juice of the "Indian paint brush."

Otter-Robe, Bushy Head and the other chiefs were seated at the foot of the dancers' screen, in front of the draped space at the centre of the crescent. Before them the tiny ceremonial fire was burning and certain members of their group replenished it from time to time, although a guardian of the flame was on duty, watching and tending it.

On the top of the pole was the Thunder-bird's nest, its contents concealed carefully from view. It was decorated with broad streamers of crimson, yellow and red that fell nearly to the ground, and as the sun poured through the ribs of the roof open to the East it threw into bold relief the permanent, beautiful figure of the Master of Ceremonies and the constantly changing groups who carried out the programme of the dance.

As he moved from point to point, graceful and tireless, introducing, translating, answering, or instructing that great throng with its thousand secret hopes, its hundred public petitions, this Master of Ceremonies fixed the public eye. His costume was almost as rigid as armor with beautiful blue and white bead embroideries, flecked here and there with a thread of crimson beads that burnt like the spark of opal or the ray of a ruby; heavy necklaces of wampum hung about his neck, and he carried a large eagle wing fan; an eagle plume rose from his braided hair, and fringes of weasel skins fell from shoulders, arms and breast, and whether he fed the ceremonial fire, or smoked the straight pipe, or made a petition, or addressed a candidate, he displayed the serene dignity that makes him the controlling spirit of this strange and impressive ceremony whose origin lies beyond the perspective of history.

Whenever the thrilling reverberations of the prayer drum and the
throb of the tom-toms ceased in obedience to the sign from the leader, the dancers sank like shadows behind their green screen, and the interludes were filled with the prescribed ceremonies. Many of these related to their dead, whom they hold in faithful remembrance, as when “Cloud-Eyes” stepped into the circle. He was an old chief, clad in a long coat made of a Canadian blanket of many points and carried an otter skin in his hand. In a half chant, plaintive and rhythmical, he lamented for his son who had died during the year, and then he gave for his sake many gifts; these were placed at the foot of the pole and some were given for friendship, some for memory, some for charity—as a fine blanket, which he laid on the ground and turning from it called:

“This goes to an old woman, any old woman,” and a murmur of approval ran through the multitude as one of the oldest and poorest stepped into the circle and walked off with the next winter’s comfort assured.

Following Cloud-Eyes, came a little boy who could scarcely walk for the stiff magnificence of his bead-worked finery. His eyes peeped from under a priceless war-bonnet, and, although he faced the unknown, he held confidently to his sponsor’s hand. A squaw richly dressed and a little girl in a small duplicate costume stood near while the speech was made; the old chiefs received it with approval, and the gifts were brought in and distributed—a blue-eyed calico pony among them.

Another incident was the naming of the baby of one of the daughters of the tribe. She had married a French Canadian and her little son must have a tribe name. The Medicine Man made an invocation, smoked the straight pipe and wafted its smoke about the chubby face. Then the Master of Ceremonies shook hands with the baby and addressed him in apparent explanation of the meaning of the pole, the older men stepped forward and shook hands with the mite, who was as grave as they, and one old chief announced that his name should be Kee-on-ker-nee (Returns-with-the-Pipe) and he should further be called Returns-flying (like an eagle), because of a dream he had had in the night about the child. Alas, even as I write, the little soul has “returned flying like an eagle” to Him who gave it, and the young parents mourn for their first-born.

The tenderness these Indians show children is remarkable, no matter where or when the demand comes. For instance, a stalwart
INSIDE THE MEDICINE LODGE.
(Courtesy of Major Wm. Logan, Ft. Belknap, Montana.)
"HORSE-BOY."

THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

THE ASSINABOINE MEDICINE MAN.
and rather truculent looking brave stood in the shadow of the Lodge-pole holding a handsome pony by the bridle ready to present it, when his little daughter broke into loud lamentations and stretched out her hands to him. With no loss of dignity he turned and picked her up, whereupon she promptly throttled him with her fat arms and burrowed into his neck, where she remained (with her little plaits sticking out like spikes) to the end of the speech. The pony meantime had objected to facing the drums and crowds (perhaps he suspected sacrifice), but the steel-like grip that pulled him bodily along contrasted oddly with the gentle hold that other arm had on the child.

The generosity displayed is lavish. The rolls of goods piled in masses of splendid primary colors, the boxes of edibles, and heaps of ornaments continued to change hands, ponies came and went, but when Eyes-in-the-Water entered a stir ran through the silent, decorous crowd, as the old chief began his speech; for even among those who love to give he is pre-eminent, and the year before he gave away everything he had on except his breech-cloth. Many years have gone over his head, and many sorrows have left their footprints on his face, but the fire of eloquence remains to him and he poured it out for and about the little grandson he led in.

The child was in the full costume of a warrior, with the handsomest war-bonnet of the camp. He was mounted on a fine blue-eyed pinto equipped with gorgeous gun-case, saddle, saddle-cloth, bridle and ornaments, all of native design and make, and these seemed to be presented for the spiritual benefit of the child.

One of the most touching incidents was the prayer of a mother for her sick baby. She and her husband were dressed in the richest type of ceremonial garments and the gifts they offered were equal to those of Eyes-in-the-Water. As the petition was explained by the Master of Ceremonies, she stood with the little creature held in the curve of her arm, her eyes searching the many-deep circles of spectators; they were eyes whose tears were held back with effort and her breast heaved as though the ache must break into sobbing. At each pause she would indicate some special person and it always proved to be one who was poor and old and blind. When he was brought forward and the gift was announced to him, she would take his hand and guide it to the tiny head and implore him to help. The old hands rested very tenderly on the forehead and eyes of the baby, and the old voices made kind response; her husband seemed as
deeply concerned as she, and when they went from the shadow of
the Lodge-pole a murmur of sympathy followed them.

Now and then, grateful for the hunger and thirst and fatigue
the dancers suffered, men or women summoned one or more of
them to receive offerings, or to implore a share in their petitions.

After each such interlude the prayer drum gave out a sharp ar-
resting note, and the chanters with a wild and eerie cry began a new
strophe; sometimes the squaws, waving small boughs of the Lodge-
pole tree, would burst into a full chorus not unmusical and strangely
exciting, and always the dancers rose to the summons and the shrill
piping of the eagle-bone whistles dominated the wave of sound.

The day was drawing towards four o'clock, and already several
of the devotees wore a tranced look, their eyes were fixed and their
movements had become automatic; but the tossing head-dresses of
fur, feathers, grasses, and oddly twisted scalp-locks outlined against
the sloping sun showed there was no dimunition of energy and fire.

The Medicine Woman's tuft of yellow feathers also answered
the call of the drum, and the chant, but at longer intervals; and in
another booth the mother and widow of Cloud-Eyes's son had joined
the semi-circle and danced in memory of their dead. A strange
modern touch was added to their mourning and the lament of the
old chief by the passing about of the young brave's photograph—
he was an officer of the Indian police, and was such a gallant figure
on his handsome pony in the past year that a camera enthusiast made
a snap shot and sent a copy to the unconscious model.

One of the happiest anguries at the Medicine Lodge dance is when
water flows down the pole. A passing shower may furnish this, or
it may run from a buffalo horn said to be filled by the magic power
of the Rain Medicine Man.

But that year Cloud-Eyes entered the circle carrying an eagle-
skin with head, feathers, and claws complete: he circled about the
pole with it, carrying in the other hand a plant of sagebrush. As
his movements grew more and more animated he filled his mouth
with bits of sagebrush and after chewing them sprayed the contents
about the circle and into the open beak of his eagle-skin, which he
swung several times through the light smoke of the ceremonial fire.
Then he resumed his circles around the pole, running about and hold-
ing up his eagle-skin as though catching invisible moisture from the
air, and once in a burst of fervor he crammed the whole top of the
sagebrush into his mouth and chewed it for a few moments.
The result was an amazing flow of liquid from his lips, with which he drenched the brush and sprinkled the half-circle sitting below the dancers, sprinkled them wet. Half an hour later, as he still toiled, a smart little shower swept across the hills, and a bit of a rainbow flung out its flag, so the happy belief obtained that the grass would grow at Belknap and the beeves wax fat in the coming year.

During the above ceremony a tall, finely-built young Indian had come into the enclosure and entered into conversation with Major Logan. He was the Captain of Police and announced that the two great open-air ceremonial dances—the Fly dance and the Fool dance—were ready for presentation and that the Flies would march in about fifteen minutes.

As it was the first time for fifty years that the former had been given we withdrew from the Lodge and drove to the neighborhood of the large tent where the Flies had gathered for the ceremonies of initiation and painting, and out of which they came in single file.

Barred with red and white they were bare, except for handsome ribbon breech-cloths, and each carried a gad made of a rod tipped with feathers in which was hidden a prickly pear (cactus).

They marched eastward and made the circuit of the camp, pausing at each of the cardinal points, and sitting down on their heels in a circle with a blanket held over their heads; after a few minutes the leader would rise and scatter a handful of dust on them to which they responded by casting a small quantity across the circle; then they, too, would rise, and all holding their blanket would shake it vigorously, with a long joint cry that sounded like the loud humming of a swarm of bluebottles. As they re-entered the circle and made their progress through the camp they were at liberty to chase with their gads anybody outside of the tents, and every now and then there was a wild rush with shrieks of laughter as they charged the curious crowds that followed and hung about them.

Except that it was a purification we could learn nothing of its ritual, but the Fool dance is said to be a historic pageant held in memory of their wandering into the country generations ago, starving, ragged, driven by hunger and poverty and beaten upon by bitter storms, with no weapons but slack bows and blunt arrows. However, "foolish" hunters though they seemed, they trailed and killed a sleeping buffalo and so saved their lives, then later settled their tribe (Hidasta) in the grassy valleys and on the long upland slopes
that sweep higher and always higher until their green surges break at the foot of the Little Rockies.

In the dance a bull represents the sleeping buffalo, and after what seemed to be a vivid representation of that first drama, the dance ended in a feast, and a return-march. The dancers wear masks and are dressed in all sorts of fantastic costumes, and during their return they indulge in many pranks, chief among which is an evening-up of old scores.

As the weapons used in the latter are offal it was rather dreadful for those who received their attentions and we gladly turned out of the shouting throng to watch a Star dance with its wide range of costumes, effective figures and graceful action.

Two of the dancers in this were painted soot black, perhaps to represent the darkness of night: it was the only instance of such coloring seen, and the camera revealed the curious fact that under this coat of black a full-rayed sun was painted on each man's breast.

The last dance we saw was one which presented the stirring spectacle of a four-deep circle of dancers moving in such close formation that there was not a foot to spare between the ranks. The style of the music for this dance was unlike any we had heard. Presents had been given in such quantities that they were piled nearly to the ribs of the roof, the dance was at its most furious movement, song and drum-beat were whirling the dancers along like dead leaves in a wind storm, when suddenly from the great drum rose a shuddering note that swelled into a roar such as a mad buffalo might give—a roar so amazingly out of proportion to the instrument making it as to be incredible; and before its vibrations had ceased dancers, Indian spectators, gift-givers and receivers had melted away in the twilight leaving the lodge to the shadows, the vagrant breezes and our startled selves.

The short, bright night of the far North was falling. Home voices called and lights sprang up in the tepees; fires blazed in the Council tents where the old men discussed the glad hope the young Secretary of the Interior (Garfield) had just brought to their children and their children's children; and as the darkness settled upon the great circle of the encampment and its myriad noises died away there came through the soft silence, insistent, pervasive—like the beat of its heart, the call of its blood—the mysterious summons of the prayer-drum and the passionate quick note of the tom-toms in the Medicine Lodge, where with faces grown thin and haggard,
their sides fallen in, and their laboring lungs scarcely able to force
the breath through the eagle-bones, the dancers still trod their bitter
measure—on, and on, and on, until the stars made it midnight and
the new day wheeled in at the gate of the East.

Then the staggering crescent marched out to meet the sun and
the long petition was finished, ended the long ceremony of praise
and prayer to that Lord of the white man and the Indian whom the
Arapaho calls "The Man above."

Ella Loraine Dorsey.